

## **An extract from**

### **“Rememberings”**

**by Mrs Ethel Margaret “Meg” Carter (née Kensett) (1893-1951)**

I wonder if the Band of Hope still exists. We had a branch at the Board school which I attended. Mr Edwards and Mrs Edwards, the headmaster and his wife, were responsible leaders of it.

It was a temperance body for younger children. The Temperance Association catered for older children and grown-ups.

At Christmas each year the Band of Hope members were entertained to tea and games by their parents. Then they, in their turn, entertained the entertainers. For weeks beforehand Mrs Edwards coached them and the result was a very creditable concert. Even small things of five went on the stage and performed.

I am now setting down my first performance, some of it told to me many years after it took place. I was five and a half years old and had just commenced to learn to play a violin. I had the dearest little half-size fiddle, I remember. I could only just have got over the squeaking stage, but I was put up on to the platform to play “Three blind mice”.

It must have been atrocious. Even I could tell that the sounds were making a terrible disharmony and I suspect it was only Mr Edwards’ accompaniment on the harmonium that kept us going until the end. However it must have been exceedingly funny, for there was great applause.

The cream of the matter came as we were walking home when I suddenly said “Wasn’t it a pity that Mr Edwards played my piece all wrong”.

The egotism of youth!