

FRIENDS OF BUSHEY MUSEUM

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THE JOURNAL OF THE

Welcome to the latest edition of
the Friends of Bushey Museum
Journal. With such a variety
of topics I hope there will be
something of interest to everyone.
Again Bushey Heath is well represented,
with Mollie Thomas's memories of Bushey
Heath in the thirties and early forties.

Whilst I was looking for illustrations
for Mollie's articles article, I came across
some photographs from the log book of
the 3rd Bushey Heath Guides for the
forties and fifties. Does anyone
remember their experiences in the
guides? Where did you go to camp? And
what about the scouts – do you have
happy memories of scout camps or did it
always rain?

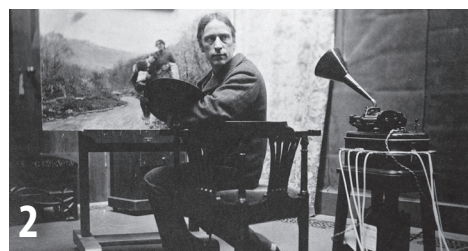
I already have some items for the next
issue but more are always needed.
My appeals for articles on the musical
and sporting history of Bushey have gone
unanswered! Someone somewhere must
have some memories.

As well as contributing an article about
the early bus services, Ian Read has been
helpful in finding photographs to
illustrate the articles and Nick Overhead
is responsible for the layout and design of
the *Journal*. Thank you.

Thank you to all the contributors.
Please keep the articles coming in:
without your support there will be no
Journal.

Janet Murphy

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The Artist

Dianne Payne

On 9 June 1908 The Times newspaper published the following item in its Burglaries column:

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER'S RESIDENCE

In the early hours of Sunday morning burglars broke into Lululaund, the residence of Sir Hubert Herkomer at Bushey. They entered by a door in the studio. The articles stolen included a large silver bowl and a large silver loving cup, both presentation pieces, a silver tray of Indian workmanship given to the artist by Sir Thomas Lipton, a salver, which was a wedding present, two double silver inkstands, a pair of candlesticks, some napkins rings and salt cellars, a collection of coins and a silver and agate presentation snuff-box. The thieves seem to have made a regular tour of the house. In the gallery they cut a picture from its frame, but after rolling it up they left it on the landing. They ransacked all the living rooms, but did not open any door which was fastened. The burglars left finger marks on a large engraved copper plate, and this clue may be valuable.

A number of items of sentimental value were stolen and several presentation gifts, notably a silver tray given to Herkomer by Sir Thomas Lipton, the grocer and yachtsman. Herkomer painted Lipton's portrait in 1896, capturing the benevolent gaze of a relaxed figure with a bushy moustache, sitting comfortably beside a desk strewn with papers and correspondence. It is intriguing to speculate what Herkomer and Lipton might have discussed as the portrait took shape for they had much in common.

Hubert Herkomer was born in 1849 and Thomas Lipton a year later and both were the sons of impoverished immigrants. Herkomer's father, a woodcarver, left his

German homeland in the hope of a better life in America but, after two unsuccessful years there, he came to England with his wife and young son. Lipton's father, a poor labourer, left Northern Ireland to escape the potato famine and settled in Scotland. He opened a small grocer's shop at 13 Crown Street in Glasgow and Thomas, his only surviving son, was born in a tenement there.

At the age of fifteen Thomas Lipton sailed as a cabin boy to New York where he undertook a variety of jobs. A young man with energy, drive and a natural aptitude for figures, he returned home five years later to set up his first 'Lipton's Market' and his career as a provisions dealer began in earnest. Herkomer, meanwhile, showed early artistic talent and, supported by his hard-working parents, studied art. At the age of nineteen he moved to rented rooms in Chelsea and gradually established a reputation in the artistic community of the capital. In 1869 two of his watercolours were exhibited at the Royal Academy and he soon achieved distinction as an illustrator. By the time he arrived in Bushey with his parents in 1873, his career as an artist was assured.

Both Herkomer and Lipton made vast fortunes by their own efforts. Lipton was a pioneer in the art of publicity and soon established a chain of grocery stores offering customers provisions at reasonable prices, which he promoted with verve and attention-grabbing gimmicks. By the time he was thirty he was a millionaire controlling an empire of shops and by 1889 he owned branches in 243 towns and cities across



Sir Hubert Herkomer 1849-1914

Britain. Herkomer had a talent for self-publicity, which propelled him to the height of renown. In 1879 he was elected as an Associate of the Royal Academy and began to focus on portraiture, the main source of his wealth. In 1883 he opened an Art School in Bushey and two years later was appointed Slade Professor of Art at Oxford. An Art School could not have been more different from a chain of grocery stores, but Herkomer and Lipton were both businessmen who promoted themselves and their entrepreneurial endeavours with immense vigour.

In 1889, Lipton, in a dramatic fashion, moved into the tea trade, purchasing his own tea plantations in Ceylon and processing and packaging his own brands of tea. His grocery stores continued to flourish and he diversified further by establishing a printing and paper bags works and a meat-packing



Dining Room at Lululaund

& the Grocer

factory in Chicago. At that time Herkomer too was demonstrating a variety of talents in addition to painting. He was an instrumentalist and composer; the author of several books, a playwright and a theatre-set designer. Later in life he pioneered technology for the new art form of film-making.

The acquisition of wealth enabled both Herkomer and Lipton to enjoy extravagant life-styles and indulge their passions. Herkomer lavished much of his fortune on Lululaund, his eccentric home in Bushey village. His Sunday afternoon teas there were glittering affairs, where he entertained theatrical personalities like Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt. They mingled with writers such as Thomas Hardy and Edmund Gosse and businessmen and industrialists whose portraits Herkomer had painted. Perhaps Thomas Lipton came to Lululaund as one of Herkomer's guests. Lipton lavished his fortune on yachting, the passion of his life for thirty years. His keenness for yacht-racing won him an international reputation in sporting circles and he was a genial host with many friends. Herkomer too had a penchant for speed and excitement in his later years. His Daimler, featured in automobile magazines of the day, was his chosen mode of transport to portrait-painting appointments and for speeding round the countryside.

Herkomer and Lipton worked hard to achieve their respective goals and both were knighted, Herkomer in England and in his German homeland. Herkomer acquired friends in high places and in 1901 was summoned to Osborne House to create an image of Queen Victoria as she lay on her death-bed. Lipton mixed with the cream of Edwardian society and was a personal friend of Edward VII, frequently invited to Buckingham Palace and Balmoral.

Despite their similarities, the life experiences of Lipton and Herkomer diverged. While Lipton remained single and enjoyed yachting and his many friendships, Herkomer married three times, suffered domestic stress and the tragedies of a stillborn child and the death of his young wife. Dedication to his work and his students provided a focus for his life.

Lipton was one of the most shrewd, hardworking and honest businessmen of his generation and was generous with his wealth and possessions. During the First World War he fitted out his steam yacht as a Red Cross hospital ship and transported a field hospital

to France. He never forgot his humble origins and bequeathed most of his fortune to hospitals and charitable institutions in Glasgow. His London home became a hospital for retired nurses in memory of his mother. He donated his yachting trophies and press cuttings to the Kelvingrove Museum and Art Gallery. Today the Lipton brand, now owned by Unilever, is still going strong.

Herkomer died in 1914 and so was spared the anguish of war with his German homeland. He had family responsibilities but he was generous too. In Bushey he gave charity performances at his theatre for the poor of the village and financial help to provide for a village nurse. He estimated that the Art School was worth about £10,000 a year to the local community and Bushey became more affluent than most Hertfordshire villages while art students were in residence. Herkomer's greatest legacy is cultural as his contributions to art galleries in Britain and in Germany testify. His sketches and water colours immortalize the nineteenth-century peasant life of his homeland and his portraits faithfully record personalities of the Victorian era. His connections with Bushey provide unique historic interest for the village, where the centenary of his death will be marked by a special exhibition at Bushey Museum and Art Gallery in 2014.

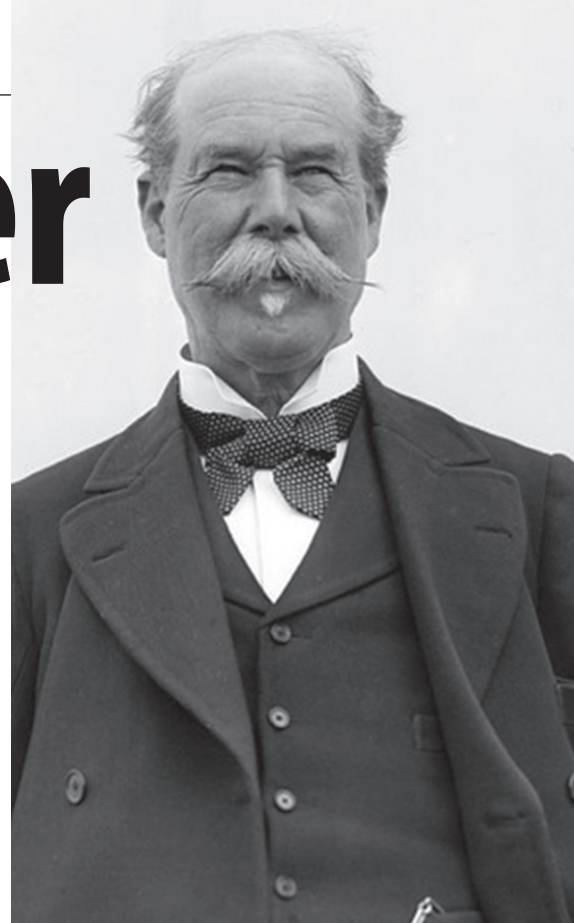
Sources:

Lee MacCormack Edwards, *Herkomer: A Victorian artist*.

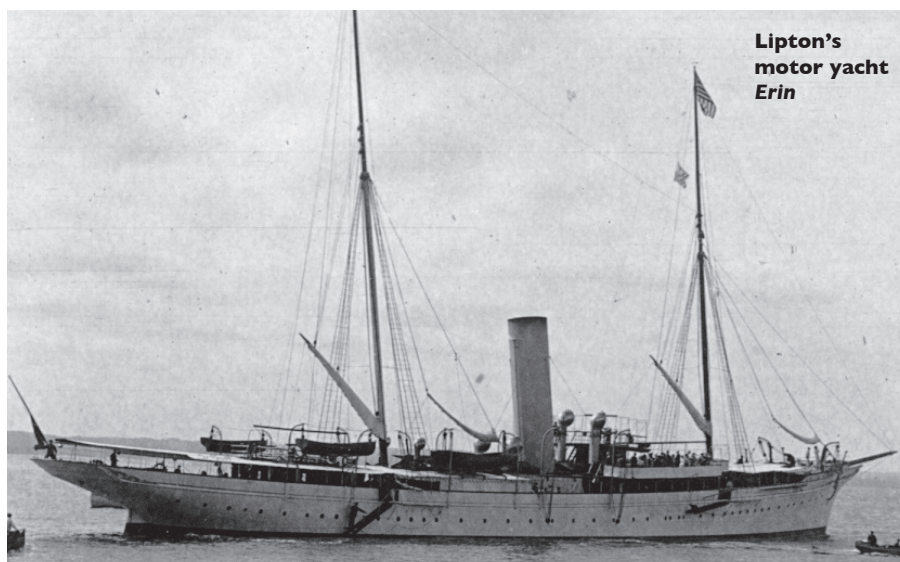
'Lipton, Sir Thomas Johnstone',

H. D. Grimsditch, revised by Gareth Shaw, *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* online edition.

Herkomer's portrait of Sir Thomas Lipton is in the Glasgow Art Gallery



Sir Thomas Lipton 1850 - 1931



Lipton's motor yacht Erin

Early days: The Heath

Mollie Thomas

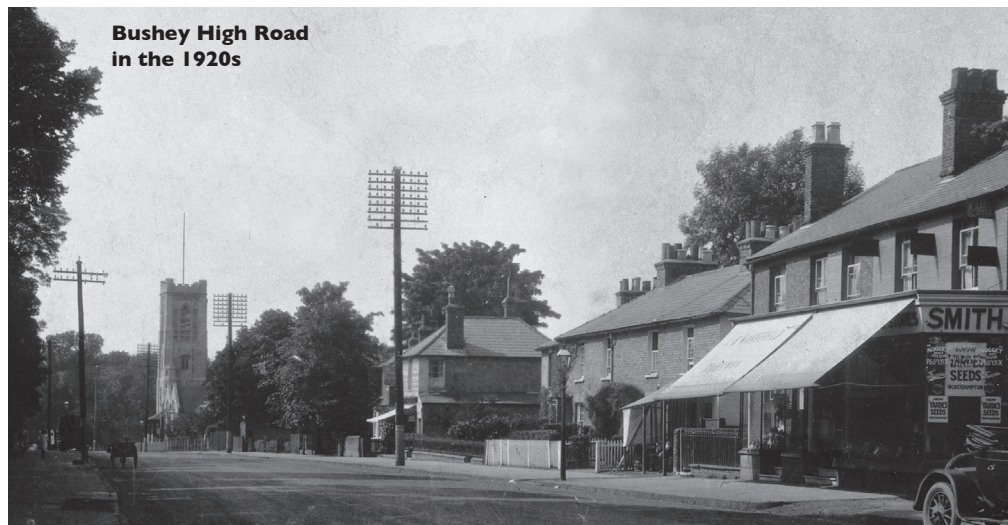
A few years ago, after an absence of many years, I visited Bushey Heath. Approaching from The Windmill, as it once was, I looked for the church which had figured in my life for as long as I could remember; and there it stood. But in the days that followed, I saw so many changes, and memories of how it had once been came flooding back.

In the 1920s we lived in a cottage down The Rutts, my parents, my grandfather, my sister and I. Most days my grandfather would take me for a walk on the Heath, and that always meant a visit to Mrs Johnson's sweet shop. She was a little woman and the village was shocked when she was attacked. Her business was taken on by Mrs Dimond and her daughter Phyl. They became very popular, and ice-cream came to Bushey Heath, made by Mrs Dimond and sold in halfpenny and penny cornets. Very good it was too.

There were two main grocer's shops, Reeves' and Asbery's, and I'm afraid Mr Asbery was usually referred to by the local children as Mr Raspberry. Next to his shop was the telephone exchange, run by Mr and Mrs Streetly until the new telephone exchange was built on Sparrow's Herne. It then became Bound's the butchers. There was a long-established butcher's shop on the Heath, Lipscomb's. It was not unusual for people to shop quite late in the evening, and I remember waiting with my sister outside Lipscomb's on a Friday night listening to the music of a barrel organ, complete with monkey, which had come up all the way from Watford.

Perhaps the shop most frequently visited by everyone was Anthony's, the paper shop. Although small, it was packed with all manner of useful things as well as newspapers and magazines, cigarettes and tobacco. There were strings, stationery, greetings cards, seasonal decorations and dress patterns. For two pence (less than 1p in today's money) I bought a cardboard cut-out theatre complete with characters. Winter and summer the shop was lit by one little gas lamp and Mr Anthony would be behind the counter; never without his cloth cap and a cigarette. Sometimes he went out on his motorbike and sidecar to distribute papers, and then Mrs Anthony or their daughter would take over. Tragically, their son, Ron, was killed at Arnhem.

Our milk was delivered in those days by Harry Payne and his horse, Daisy, and was



Bushey High Road
in the 1920s

measured out into your own jug. Later on a new dairy was built and it was run by Mr and Mrs Smith, whose daughters were evacuated to Canada during the war.

We had a bank (the front room of a private house), a post office which also sold haberdashery, a greengrocer's, and also a hardware shop where we took our wireless batteries to be charged. We once had a library which was situated in the garden of a large house in Hartsbourne Road. This was closed when the new library was built on Clay Hill.

Despite the fact that the main London Road ran through the village, there was little traffic, apart from public transport, until the outbreak of war and the influx of military vehicles.

Few people had cars. In summer we would see large groups of cyclists riding through, coming out of London, and then returning in the evening with large bunches of already drooping bluebells strapped to their bicycles.

As well as the London Transport buses, the 142 from Kilburn to Watford and the 158 from Harrow to Watford and the 306 which went to New Barnet, there were Green Line Coaches which always seemed quite

glamorous, travelling as they did from Berkhamsted or Tring to East Grinstead. But the local Kirby's Coaches were very popular and enabled us to make day trips to the seaside.

There were three garages, Fuggles at the Alpine, Byway & Coleman next to The Foresters Arms, and Hawkins' further down the Heath.

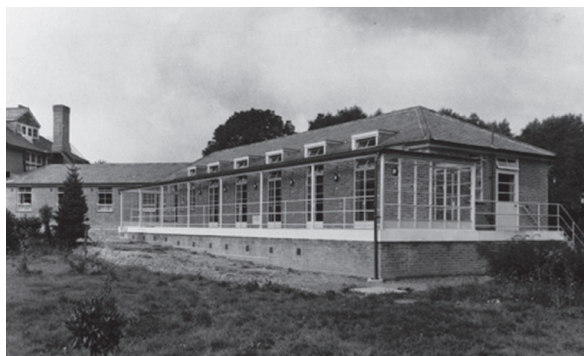
We were well off for pubs too, The Windmill (now the Harvester I believe), The Devonshire Arms, The Foresters Arms, The White Horse, and The Three Crowns opposite the church. It was said that the organist would slip across the road to the pub during the sermon, but this was probably apocryphal.

There was a well-established chemists shop kept by Mr Spiers. Despite his gruff manner he was the kindest of men. Sadly, his son, who helped him in the business, was killed in a motorcycle accident. Next door, the sweet shop was kept by the equally kindly Mr Knowles.

Another village character was Mr Andrews who bred wire-haired fox terriers, and it was quite usual to see him taking as many as six of them, all on leads, out for a walk.

The Cottage Hospital, now closed I believe, was in Titian Avenue. It gave excellent service to the community, and a new children's ward was

The exterior of the new children's ward at Bushey Heath Hospital in 1937. On fine days the beds were wheeled onto the covered verandah.



remembered

opened in November 1936 by the Marchioness of Reading. I remember the occasion well, for I was a patient, recovering from appendicitis which I developed four days after my 9th birthday. Visiting was strictly limited in those days, even for children, but we were splendidly cared for and I remembered it as a happy time.

An annual event to which everyone looked forward was The Flower Show, held in the grounds of Lord Bethel's House in Bushey. Very few people missed it, enjoying not only the competitions for produce and crafts, but also the fun fair. We would prepare our entries well in advance and wait anxiously to see who had won a prize, and the day would end with the long walk home back up the hill to the Heath.

School for us could scarcely have been closer; just up the lane, across the road by the Guide Hut and the gas lamp, and we were there. We were taught at The Rutts School by



**The Rutts School
open day
June 1920**

Miss Coe and the headmistress, Mrs Gibbon. Miss Coe taught the Reception Class, and she spent 45 years at the school. She was strict but kind, and was held in much affection and respect by the villagers. The 2nd Class was taught by Mrs Gibbon, a tall, grey-haired, dignified lady. I believe she had been widowed in the 1914-18.

We were lucky in having a large field behind the school and a covered area where we could play on wet days. When it was too cold to go out, we stayed indoors and enjoyed looking through boxes of picture postcards and greetings cards, which lived on the shelf behind a curtain in old cigarette boxes from Anthony's shop. Sometimes we were allowed rides on the old rocking horse which stood in Miss Coe's room and was known as Dobbin.

A welcome arrival each morning was Harry Payne and his horse, Daisy, with the milk. It was decanted into a big white enamel jug, which stood on the shiny black stove in

winter. Miss Coe poured it into mugs and there was much competition to see who could get the mug with the goldfish on. Afterwards two girls washed up the mugs in the cloakroom; they could spin it out until dinner time, when we all went home, and the school was locked up until 2 pm.

We used boards and chalk for our work with bits of rag for dusters. One task we all hated was weeding the large gravel patch in front of the school. We each had a little green pail and a trowel. In the middle of the patch was the Jubilee Memorial which had been put there a few years earlier. My sister, Eunice was one of the little girls who danced round it. She had a special white dress for the occasion.

We learned our letters and their sounds; after two years when we left to go to either Merry Hill Junior School (girls) or Ashfield (boys) we could all read and write and knew our 2 x table. One thing I discovered whilst at Merry Hill was that the lime trees in the playground and newly cut grass made me sneeze. I had hay fever, which has troubled me all my life, and I'm now eighty!

Two exciting events which occurred during my time at Merry Hill School were the 1935 Silver Jubilee, celebrating 25 years of the reign of King George V and Queen Mary and then, in 1937, the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth (later the Queen Mother).

For the Jubilee, Bushey put on a wonderful display, and all the schools took part. Merry Hill and Ashfield combined to produce The Old Woman in the Shoe. One of Mr Faulks' lorries was turned into a very realistic version of the shoe, and Mrs Stride, infants teacher at Merry Hill, was The Old Woman. I was lucky enough to be chosen to be one of the children, and we were very proud to ride on the shoe in the procession through Bushey. I wonder if Ernie Cronshaw remembers the occasion.

I am not sure that the drama of Edward VIII's abdication had much impact on us. We sang a few silly and not very complimentary jingles, but, for the girls, our main interest was in the two princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. My sister, three years older than me, was in the Brownies, and after each Tuesday evening meeting she would come home and tell me that she had been to tea with the princesses and always that they had chocolate cake and ice-cream. For a while, I believed her. I clearly remember the morning when my



The Old Woman in the Shoe float in the Carnival Parade for 1935 Jubilee. Mollie is the small blond girl in front row on top of vehicle looking straight at camera.



father came upstairs with cups of tea for my mother and we girls, and he told us that King George V had died. It was a very solemn time across the country, and special services were held. The old lady, who lived next door to us, gave my sister and me black-edged handkerchiefs to take with us to church and we both ended up in tears.

But soon, the excitement of the forthcoming Coronation of George VI and Queen Elizabeth took over the nation and life became red, white and blue.

A remarkable pageant was performed at The Royal Masonic School. All the schools in the area took part, and we girls from Merry Hill had a lovely costumes, meant to be medieval I think, and we learned many country dances to perform at the pageant. It was a remarkable achievement to bring together so many children and grown-ups. I believe the pageant was written by the then headmaster of the Royal Masonic School, and included special songs, one of which was, 'I know a rippling streamlet, in sight of Alban's fane'. Particularly spectacular were the pupils of the Royal Caledonian School in their kilts and tartan dresses. What a day to remember.

In the evenings, the children who lived along the lane and The Rutts came out to play and we tied a skipping-rope to the lamp-post and



Schoolchildren dressed as pikemen and halberdiers in the courtyard of the Junior Masonic School.

swung round. I can remember the lamplighter with his ladder; and occasionally the Muffin Man. Even on winter nights we played out until called in and we invented our own games. We played in Mr Gregory's field next to the school, unless the cows were in it. Usually he left us to play, but if he appeared we scrambled back over the gate or through the hedge. In the summer we fished for tiddlers and tadpoles in the pond on the common.

At the end of the land stood the Guide Hut, a green corrugated iron building which had had several uses, but we knew it as the meeting place for Brownies and Guides and Jumble Sales. Miss Florrie Cobb ran the Guides with the help of Lady Marjorie Stopford and someone we called Luty. It was a lively group: very well run and attended. Each Christmas we gave a concert in St Peter's Parish Hall on the Heath. There was a very old and tuneless piano in the Guide Hut and I was usually given the job of playing it. I can hear it now!

St Peter's Church dominated the Heath, and, except those who attended chapel, most children went there at least twice every Sunday and also to Sunday School in the Parish Hall. This was run by Miss Sivell and Miss Westmore, two lovely ladies, quiet and gentle, who had no trouble at all controlling a room full of lively children. I still remember many of the little hymns we sang.

I liked school, and at Merry Hill we were really well taught. We respected our teachers, and even in classes of over forty girls, there was never any indiscipline. At Christmas time there was a party, with current buns, sandwiches and lemonade, balloons and perhaps a conjurer. In summer we climbed aboard one of Kirby's Coaches and went off for a day by the sea, usually Shoeburyness.

After we outgrew Sunday School, many of us joined the Church Choir and, or, became bell-ringers, and we all joined the Youth Club which met in the Parish Hall. In 1938, I passed the scholarship for the Girls' Grammar School in Watford.

Many of our families had been touched by the 1914-18 war and we were always taken to the Armistice Service at the War Memorial half-way down Clay Hill in Bushey. The seriousness of the occasion was impressed upon us and I believe fear crept into our lives and we became aware of our nationality. Another important annual occasion was Empire Day, May 24th. We wore red, white and blue ribbons and carried flags as we marched round the school playground. Then some local dignitary would give us a talk about The British Empire, before dismissing us for a half-day holiday.

They were happy childhood years, but war was looming.

Note. Before she married Mollie was Mollie Norcutt and her elder sister was Eunice.

Some memories of World War Two in Bushey Heath

Mollie Thomas

Life was about to change for us all, as the outbreak of war became a certainty. We had talks and demonstrations about air raid precautions, and were fitted with the gas masks which were to become our constant companions for the next five years.

People of my generation will always remember Sunday, September 3rd 1939. On that morning at 11 o'clock we had crowded round our wireless sets as the Prime Minister spoke: *'And I have to tell you that we are now at war with Germany.'* The vicar had even taken a portable radio into Church.

We had no illusions about the horrors of war; for we had heard accounts of the Sino-Japanese War and also the Spanish Civil War. That evening I think everyone in Bushey Heath had gone out for a family walk, which was the usual thing, to meet others and talk and wonder what was going to happen next. Bushey Heath was changing. We'd already had one air raid warning – a false alarm. It was a

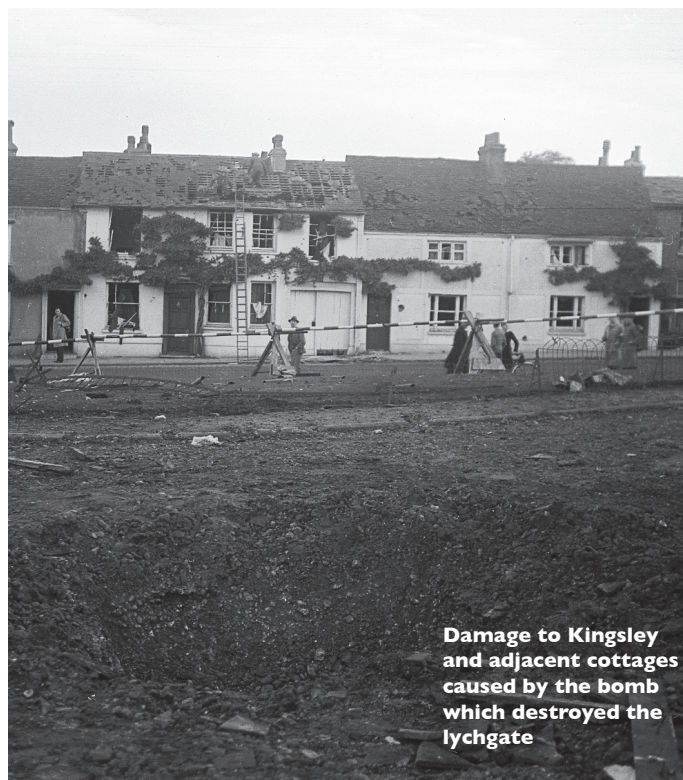
sound we were to know well. We were used to the RAF at Bentley Priory, but now the first soldiers were already arriving and some houses had been taken over as billets for them.

The Convalescent Home next to The Windmill pub had been commandeered as a Sick Bay, and trucks marked with a red cross became familiar sights and we learned to call them Blood Wagons. These soldiers were very young and some had come straight from T.A. Camp. Men like my father; veterans of the 1914-18 war; were keen to talk to them and to offer them hospitality which they gladly accepted. We grew used to finding them sitting round the kitchen table enjoying bread and my mother's home-made jam and cake. For some it was their first time away from home. It might have been exciting but they were homesick.

Bushey Heathens seemed reluctant to split up that night, but finally we walked home and as we stood in the kitchen, long past our usual bed time, I realised that even my parents were uncertain what to do. Should we get undressed, or keep our clothes on, just in case of an air raid? As we walked upstairs we were told to put our pyjamas on, but keep our shoes and gas-masks handy. We were wakened by the siren, but it was another false alarm, and we were so tired that we soon fell asleep.

Quite early in the war, an observation post, complete with telephone, was established on the tower of St Peter's Church. I believe it was run by the Observer Corps and, as our cottage was quite near, we made a point of waving to the observers in case they were lonely. I don't suppose they saw us.

The Autumn Term was due to start, but we had a letter from the headmistress of Watford Girls' Grammar School (I still have it!) telling us not to return until notified. When we did, we discovered that trenches had been dug across the hockey pitch. They soon filled with water and we never used them. For a week or so we worked to an impromptu timetable. I remember being taught how to make crispies from corn-flakes and melted chocolate by one of the physics teachers, who turned out to



Damage to Kingsley and adjacent cottages caused by the bomb which destroyed the lychgate



Four Civil Defence ambulance ladies, three of whom are wearing decontamination gear, assisted by a dog wearing an A (ambulance) helmet.

Accustomed to the usual red London Transport buses, we quite enjoyed travelling on the 'strangers' – coaches which came from other parts of the country to replace vehicles lost or damaged in air raids. They came in all shapes, sizes and colours and some were so old they had staircases on the outside. These had a real struggle up Clay Hill and Chalk Hill. If no buses came we walked the three miles from the Heath to Watford. Most of us had bicycles of varying pedigrees, and we thought nothing of cycling to Radlett or Barnett, armed with no more than a bottle of pop and a packet crisps, – and our gas-masks.

Apart from military traffic, there was little on the roads, and I don't think our parents worried, not like parents would nowadays.

We really enjoyed the marches which took place, usually on a Saturday afternoon, and

be quite amusing and human once out of the science lab. But normal work soon resumed and it was made quite clear to us girls that no excuses would be accepted for homework not done, late attendance, or failure to wear the correct uniform, and that, when it was our duty to help wherever we could and not be a nuisance.

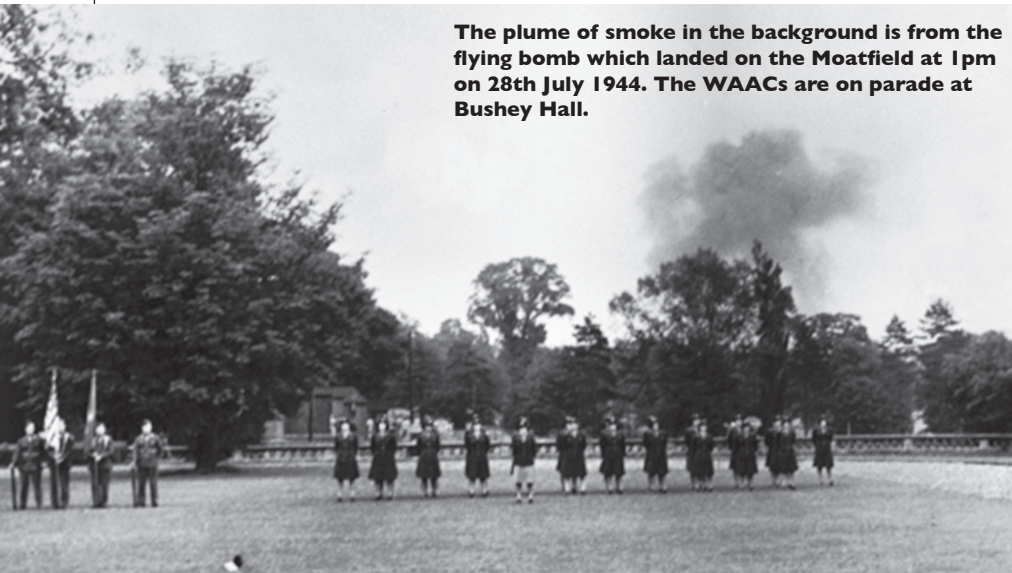
The cloakrooms were in the basement of the school, and these became our air raid shelters. When the sirens sounded, we left the class we were in and walked in a quiet and orderly fashion down to our allocated places. The mistress would call the register and then lessons would carry on until the All Clear sounded. It says much for the attitude of all concerned that when we took our General School Certificate examinations, most of us gained Matriculation Exemption. The only casualty was swimming, as Watford Baths were closed. Sometimes we had a practice drill, and this involved escaping through the below-ground windows and scrambling through the gratings outside, a very undignified procedure, which thankfully we never had to do in an emergency. I don't think our teachers ever tried it. We had to take our gas-masks with us everywhere, and if we arrived at school without them, we were sent home to fetch them. One unpleasant event was a trip to the local gas centre where we spent a short time in a shed filled with tear-gas so that our masks could be tested. Many emerged with very sore eyes. I found that from upstairs windows at school it was possible to see Bushey Heath Church, and after a raid, would sneak up to reassure myself that the church tower was still there, and that by association, my mother would be all right.

In and out of school, youth groups flourished, and we all belonged to at least one. We were taught basic First Aid, how to use a stirrup pump and deal with an incendiary bomb, and how to help in an emergency. The general emphasis was being useful. We were constantly exhorted: *'Don't just sit there: do something useful.'* And I feel that we did. We helped collect salvage, especially paper, going round the Heath with a wheelbarrow. We washed up at the local Forces Canteen in the basement of the Methodist Chapel, our reward being a cup of coffee made with milk, a luxury. We gave little concerts among friends and neighbours to raise money for the war effort, and in the growing season we were always needed to help at the allotments in Windmill Lane. Most girls were very good knitters and under the Comforts for the Forces Scheme we were given navy, khaki, and Air Force blue wool and patterns to knit scarves, gloves, balaclava helmets and even sea-boot stockings. We became very competent make-do-and-menders, and my friend Frances Ruddock and I became well-known for our stripey socks made from whatever scraps of wool we could beg or borrow, and even skeins of darning wool bought from Woolworths. We knitted them on four steel needles. Does anyone do that now? We looked forward to jumble sales, when, for a few pence, we might find a treasure which could be turned into something wearable. One misguided lady held tatting classes during the dinner hour, the theory being that we could learn how to repair fishermen's nets and make netting for camouflage. In fact we wasted many yards of precious string and broke many finger nails and rulers.



Miss Marion Cox in her Salute the Soldier costume

The plume of smoke in the background is from the flying bomb which landed on the Moatfield at 1pm on 28th July 1944. The WAACs are on parade at Bushey Hall.



in which our youth organisations took part, as well as service personnel. We had *'Salute the Soldier'*, *'Wings for Victory'*, etc., all to raise money for the war effort. We would assemble down in Bushey, march up to the Alpine, turn around and disband or march back. There would be several bands playing to keep us moving, one of the best being The Royal Masonic School Cadet Force band. I can't remember any of the marches being called off because of bad weather. We just got wet. Also particularly popular were the ballroom dancing lessons given to members of the Bushey Air Cadets and their friends in St Catherine's Hall in Police Station Alley, by a couple of jolly, buxom WAAFs from Bentley Priory. Our quarter-turns and fish tails were soon second to none. Amateur dramatics flourished and the Grammar Schools regularly put on Shakespearian and other plays. The boys had Owen Scott, later to become famous as Terry Scott, who was their star performer. We had Valerie Hatton, whose parents were already quite well known in the theatre. As King Herod she kicked the Head's footstool right off the stage – spectacular! Well, we did have fun, and a weekly visit to the cinema was usual despite the air raids. If a warning was flashed on the screen we tended to ignore it, unless the action was overhead, when the film was stopped.

In 1944 some of us were taken to a theatre to see a performance by the London based Comedie Française of a play by Molière which we were studying for Higher School Certificate. It was at a time when exciting and frightening things were starting to happen across the English Channel, and there were many Free French personnel in the audience. The atmosphere was therefore highly charged, and at the end there was a spontaneous singing of *La Marseillais*. Most of us were in tears.

We were not eligible for evacuation, but some local firms ran schemes whereby children could go to America or Canada, and several friends went. Our impressions of the USA were based on visits to the cinema, and

we thought how lucky these children were. However, when they came back, six or seven years later, with changed accents and strange clothes, we were amazed to find that they envied us: *'We missed all the fun'* they said. They found it difficult to settle down scarcely recognising their old childhood friends and a few returned across the Atlantic.

Like most families, we had an Anderson Shelter at the bottom of the garden. My father used the top for growing marrows and nasturtiums, and my mother made the inside a home from home. We had bunk beds, a couple of chairs, and even lino and carpet on the floor. Torches were precious and only used when strictly necessary, as batteries were hard to get. Then there was a flask, a cake tin and a bottle of water. But I never got used to sleeping with my nose about 6 inches from the metal ceiling. For some reason, the corrugated iron was stamped all over with the blue outline of a merino sheep. I was told it was because the metal came from Australia.

The usual early warning of a raid came when the BBC Home Service suddenly went off the air. That was the signal to gather up your stuff and head down the garden for what was often a lengthy stay. Bushey Heath escaped with little bomb damage, but on one particularly noisy night, an ack-ack shell fell short and hit the scullery and kitchen of a cottage in Springfield, whose garden joined onto ours. We huddled together as we heard it whistling down, and I know my poor father was taken back to his years in the trenches in World War I. Sometimes we climbed out of the shelter and watched as searchlights probed the sky, catching a plane in their crossed beams. Then all hell would break loose, and we'd scramble back down the steps. It was impossible not to be moved by the sight, knowing that our own men were undergoing a similar experience over enemy territory. Sometimes if the raid was particularly noisy our nearby neighbour would come hurtling down the shelter steps, usually clutching one of her cats, which made for a lively evening.

Even at the height of the war, two postal deliveries a day were taken for granted. As few people had telephones at home, letters were especially important. I had several cousins in the Services, and Sunday became a regular letter-writing day. They said after the war how much they enjoyed hearing of our village activities and exploits at school and in youth groups. And of course we looked forward to their spells of leave.

When we became 16 we had to register for National Service of some kind. Several friends had already registered and were working in local aircraft factories. Some were called-up for the Forces and came home resplendent in uniform and with a whole new vocabulary.

So many books have been written about food rationing, which went on well after the war, that there is little left to say. My father was a keen gardener and my mother bottled fruit and preserved vegetables. She said she could make jam if we gave up taking sugar in our drinks, so we did, and still do to this day. We were given lots of excellent and practical advice in pamphlets and on the radio and learned how to make the best of what we had, and not waste anything, habits which we have kept into old age.

As far as the war in Europe and the Middle East was concerned, things were progressing. Church bells, which were silenced at the start of the war, to be rung only as a sign of invasion, suddenly pealed out for the victory at El Alamein, and our hopes were raised that the end might at last be in sight.

But we still had to experience ordeal by flying bomb. To see one overhead, hear its engine cut out, meant only one thing – GET DOWN! At the start of a half-term holiday, I was walking down the lane to our cottage when this happened to me. Luckily my mother never locked our front door, and I fell through it as the house and ground lifted. Pictures and ornaments fell down. That was close.

May 8th 1945 was declared VE Day. Part of the war was over. We had a day off and some of us went to London, standing outside the Palace and calling for the Royal Family and Mr Churchill to come out onto the balcony. We wore red, white and blue ribbons in our hair and went to Church for special services, but in our quieter moments we talked about the atom-bomb, and the possible effects its use might have. In August we found out, when the war in the Far East was over.

Few families on the Heath were untouched by the war, and as a close-knit community, we were aware of each other's troubles and there was much kindness and support. Looking back I never cease to be amazed at the courage of my parents' generation. They went out to work, raised their families and did endless voluntary jobs. Theirs was the so-called Battle of the Home Front, and they won it with honour.

The Beginnings of the Local Jewish Community

Dianne Payne

Today, in the second decade of the twenty-first century, Bushey has a substantial Jewish population. Bushey United Synagogue now stands in Sparrows Herne and Immanuel College, an independent co-educational Jewish school for pupils aged 4 to 18, flourishes in Bushey Heath. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, wealthy Londoners moved into the area to settle in the Hertfordshire countryside or buy a second home, but the Jewish community did not start coming to Bushey in significant numbers until the 1950s.

During the eighteenth century most Jews were far too preoccupied with earning a meagre living to consider purchasing a country home. A few who could afford to buy were unsure of the legality of the 1723 Act, which did not make explicit the relative rights of native-born and naturalised Jews. With rare exceptions, it was the wealthiest and those with access to the best legal advice who went ahead, so the number of large country houses and estates owned by Jews in England at that time was small. Cromwell House, now 104 Highgate Hill, is traditionally accepted as the earliest surviving 'country' house in Jewish ownership, purchased in 1675. In the eighteenth century some Jews chose sizeable properties near London in places such as Wimbledon, Totteridge, Mitcham and Teddington, while others ventured further afield into Essex, Leicestershire and Devon.¹

As far as we know, no Jewish families occupied any of the country houses built in Bushey or Bushey Heath during the eighteenth century. In 1747, however, the Duke of Chandos, whose family had suffered considerable losses to its fortune in the financial disaster of the South Sea Bubble, advertised in several London newspapers the sale of thirty acres of land on Stanmore Common quite close to Bushey Heath.² The Common, heavily-wooded and beautiful, was surrounded by magnificent countryside but had a reputation as the haunt for thieves and highwaymen. Few landowners invested in land or property on the Common but Jacob Pereira, a Jew of Portuguese extraction exiled from Holland, was undeterred.³ Fortunes might be lost in ill-advised ventures and land was the surest haven for surplus resources. He decided to buy a stake in the country of his adoption and he purchased 30 acres from the Duke of Chandos, known as 'The Thrifts'. He later added a further 62 acres to his land



Sir George Jessel

on Stanmore Common and converted it into a 'large and curious plantation' or pleasure ground, laid out elegantly with lawns, gravel walks, wildernesses, vistas and amphitheatres, exotic trees, shrubs and flowers.⁴ There was no mention of a house on the title deeds, but Rocque's map of 1754 shows a small dwelling on the site.⁵

The plantation was sold on to Aaron Capadoce, another exiled Jew from Holland, who named the house and grounds 'Mon Plaisir'. Like his predecessor, he travelled out from London to see his investment and spend time in his pleasure garden. With his purchase came the cares and duties common to landowners everywhere and in 1762 his fishponds, gardens and plantations were robbed and quantities of evergreens and valuable plants were stolen. Trespassers had already damaged his land and destroyed game so Aaron Capadoce advertised in *The Times* newspaper a £5 reward for every offence resulting in a conviction. To deter further intruders, gins and gun-traps were placed among the plants and throughout the grounds.⁶ Aaron Capadoce continued to visit his plantation and in later years moved to Stanmore, where he died at 'Mon Plaisir' in 1782 at an advanced age. Jacob Pereira and Aaron Capadoce were among the earliest Jewish landowners to live in the area.⁷

The 1851 Anglo Jewry Database, a developing website using the 1851 census as its starting point, currently shows just one Jewish family in Bushey during the nineteenth century. Solomon Solomons, born in about 1801, came from a modest background and started life as a street hawk. He arrived in Bushey village from Middlesex in the 1820s with his wife, Susannah Steinberg, who was born in Germany. They lived in a cottage on Bushey High Street, where they raised four

sons and a daughter. Solomon established himself as a cattle dealer and his sons joined the business. Their daughter, Fanny, married Charles Cohen, a Prussian naturalised Jew, who manufactured sticks for umbrellas and parasols and later employed 25 men and 5 boys in his sizeable business in London. Solomon's eldest son, Abraham, also married and moved to another cottage on the High Street, where he and his wife had at least seven children. Solomon's three younger sons remained single and stayed together in their parents' home. The family business continued in Bushey beyond the end of the century.⁸

A Jewish family further up the social scale came to light while I was researching the family of Catherine Boto, the first headmistress of Bushey Heath Infant School. Catherine was not Jewish but her sister, Elizabeth, went into domestic service and appears in the 1881 census as a housemaid to Edward Jessel, a barrister, who lived with his family at 'Renaissance', a house on Clay Hill. Curious to find out more about him, I traced him back through earlier decades of the census returns and discovered he was a member of a wealthy Jewish family. His father, Zadok Aaron Jessel, was a diamond merchant of Polish origins, who raised his family in *Savile Row* in London during the 1830s and 40s.⁹ Zadok's three sons, Henry, Edward and George, all studied law but Oxford and Cambridge universities denied them access because they were Jewish. They went instead to University College London and qualified for the bar at Lincoln's Inn. Edward Jessel's younger brother, later Sir George Jessel, had a remarkable legal career and was the first Jew to take a seat on the judicial bench of Great Britain. In 1873 he was appointed the first Jewish Master of the Rolls.¹⁰

Edward Jessel came to Bushey with his wife during the 1870s, probably near retirement for by 1881 he was no longer in practice. In addition to his home, 'Renaissance', he owned 'Upton Lodge', a substantial three-storey house at Sparrows Herne with fine views over the countryside.¹¹ Upton Lodge Close, just above Bushey Library, now occupies the site. Both George and Edward Jessel died in 1883. By the 1880s attitudes to university entrance had changed and Edward Jessel's elder son, Frank, studied law at Merton College, Oxford and became a barrister, while his younger son, Reginald, graduated from Trinity Hall, Cambridge and followed an army career, serving as an Honorary Major on the Recruiting Staff during in the First World War.¹²

1. Malcolm Brown, 'Anglo-Jewish Country Houses from the Resettlement to 1800', *Transactions & Miscellanies of the Jewish Historical Society of England* (1982).

2. CHC and ML Baker, *The Life and Circumstances of James Bridges, 1st Duke of Chandos*, (1949) pp. 443-5

3. Will of Jacob Pereira, 22 June 1759.

4. *The Times*, 1762. 5. Malcolm Brown, 'Anglo-Jewish Country Homes from the Resettlement to 1800', *Transactions & Miscellanies of the Jewish Historical Society of England* (1982). 6. Richard Durrant, 'The Grove by Any Other Name: Its First Owners and Occupiers', at genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~the_grove/intro/html (2007).

7. *British History Online*, Victoria County History, Great Stanmore (1976). 8. 1911 Census. 9. Censuses 1841-1871. 10. Gareth H Jones 'Jessel, Sir George 91825-1883' *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (2004).

11. This house was later purchased by a member of the Chewett family. 12. *Ancestry.co*, Oxford and Cambridge Alumni.

How it all began

This article, written by Bryen Wood, first appeared in the Friends of Bushey Museum Trust Newsletter in February 1986

As far as we know the first public exhibitions held in Bushey were those of the Bushey Arts & Crafts Association, which was formed about 1894. Herkomer had his own private art gallery of course and individual students, sometimes the School as a whole, mounted private exhibitions. Various, in large private studios, the Institute and Falconer Hall, they showed metalwork, woodcarving, jewellery, weaving and lace all from Bushey craftworkers, together with the basketwork and needlework from the Church Boys' and Girls' Clubs, as well as historical material such as samplers. It was only later that they also showed paintings and prints. In 1909, the Bushey Society of Artists was formed and they opened a permanent gallery in Rudolph Road (where Robert North & Sons now are)*. They also held special summer and winter exhibitions for charity, which included quite distinguished artists' work. We think these two societies faded away after the 1914-18 war.

Rector Montague Hall (1898-1937) took a great interest in Bushey history and it was he who recovered some of the ancient parish records and relics including having to buy back some seventeenth century accounts from a junk shop and retrieving medieval stained glass taken from the Church. At the end of his life he wrote the *History of Bushey* which was published posthumously in 1938 and is now very scarce. In 1937 Bushey mounted its own historical pageant as part of the Coronation celebrations for George VI.

The '30s to the '50s, however, was a period of great change without much popular interest in conservation and, to our lasting regret, a great deal was lost. There was an exhibition of local artists' work for the Festival of Britain in 1951, but it was not until the '60s that more general interest in local history, the arts and the environment revived. Grant Longman began his talks and the *Bushey Then & Now* series of books. His work and that of other local historians such as the late Horace White led in due course to adult evening classes and small exhibitions in the Library.

The opening of the Lucy Kemp-Welch Memorial Gallery in 1967 at the instigation of



Tim Groves, Grant Longman and Bryen Wood standing in front of an early exhibition in Church House



the late Marguerite Frobisher was a major event and several exhibitions were later held there of artists who had worked in Bushey. The Lucy Kemp-Welch Collection Trustees exhibited work by such artists as Wynne Apperley, Sewell, Soord and Myrtle Broome and Herkomer's *Our Village* was even brought to the Gallery from Aberdeen. Rector Chivers organised exhibitions of living artists for various Festivals and in 1980, a major exhibition of the Monro Circle with nearly 100 items.

In 1981, three local historians Grant Longman, Bryen Wood and Tim Groves set up the Bushey History Research & Conservation Group as a working group committed to promoting local history activity and to continue to mount exhibitions. The Group's first major exhibition was *The Herkomer Years 1870-1914* mixing memorabilia and original works of art. This was followed by *Bushey War to War 1914-1945* with a similar mixture of 'artefact and art' from this period.

The most recent exhibition in 1984 *Pubs, Pews and Pictures* covered a range of subjects and was planned to coincide with the Group's first book *From The Wheatshaeaf to the Windmill*. Over 3000 people (including 1000 children) came to the exhibition in school and club parties. More than 400 items were shown.

The great interest shown in the exhibitions and the growth of the Group's collections of local material led in 1983 to the decision to form the Bushey Museum Trust with the object of setting up a permanent museum in

Bushey. Jennifer Parker, Nick Browne and Philip Morgan joined the original three as Trustees. A special objective carried forward from the earlier Group's objectives, is that it should be a 'working' museum, that is, a local history and local studies resource centre where members of the local community can work on various research projects and can participate in its activities.

The Trust has taken part in the last three Bushey Festivals with a pictorial history of St James, a highly successful Village Trail and art exhibitions first of Francis Gower and Charles Browne, then last year William Titcomb when it also published his biography.

The Trust realised a small part of its ambitions in October last year when it was able to lease an office in Church House and open the Local Studies Centre which is well attended and about which we shall write more in a future.

* Now houses stand on the site.



A corner of the 2000 exhibition Herkomer's Bushey

Onwards and Upwards: Part 2

Pat Woollard

Since I first produced the Newsletter in 1988 a great deal has happened in respect of Bushey Museum and the Friends of Bushey Museum, as I indicated in No. 147 of the Newsletter.

A while before 1988 – 1983 in fact – 30 years ago this year, a small group of enthusiastic local historians got together and formed Bushey Museum Trust. The Friends of Bushey Museum Trust was instigated in 1985, which is when Alec Just produced a *Newsletter* until 1988 when I took over from him, with his help and guidance. Alec, in the meantime, produced the occasional *Journal*. The *Newsletter* at this time was printed by Ron Gunton in Bushey Methodist Church and collated solely by Marion Cox in her dining-room and collected from her and delivered by a few distributors.

The Local Studies Centre, the upstairs back room of Church House, was opened in 1986 and there Bryen Wood and Grant Longman offered their advice and information in respect of local records on Tuesdays between 7 and 10 pm and, as Bryen wrote: 'in the White Hart afterwards'. The main upstairs room in Church House was used for exhibitions. The Friends organised talks and meetings and a Christmas Social in the lower hall of Church House; outings were also arranged.

By January 1987 membership of the Friends had risen to 323 and it continued to grow. There were 2,000 visitors to the exhibition *Bygone Bushey* and exhibitions the works of A.R. Chewett and George Owen Wynne Apperley also proved very popular.

Early on Bushey Museum Trust became a registered charity, a stipulation for membership of the Association of Independent Museums and AMSEE (Area Museums Service for South East England), which assisted in applying for grants, conservation, technical advice and record keeping in accordance with the Museums Documentation Association.

The Friends numbered nearly 500 by 1988, and the number was still growing steadily. Friends were now very active in stewarding exhibitions, packaging cards, distributing posters etc etc. The 200 Club was established, as was the Oral History collection.

Links with Landsberg in Bavaria, birthplace of Hubert von Herkomer, were established when a group of Bushey people paid a visit there in 1988 and an International Herkomer Exhibition was shown first in Landsberg and then in Bushey and Watford.

By now various fund-raising events as well as regular meetings and outings were being arranged by the Friends and in 1990 the first Garden Party took place at Reveley Lodge with kind permission of Eila Chewett.

All this helped when the Trust sought to acquire office and storage space in the old Council Offices in Rudolph Road. As far back as 1987 it had been mooted that the Rudolph Road offices might be used to house a Museum for Bushey, especially in light of the Bushey Museum Trust's collection and activities. By 1991 Rudolph Road was having partitions removed; re-decoration, restoration and general maintenance was taking place. With the help of Hertfordshire Museum Conservation Service, all-important light levels were attained and temperature controls were installed. And at last Bushey Museum Trust was given a 3-year lease by Hertsmere Borough Council and a planning application for change of use was submitted. This lease was later extended and Hertsmere Borough Council has continued to give the Museum support in many ways, particularly financially. Registration by the Museums and Galleries Commission was assured, recognising that a new museum would have the necessary documentation and conservation standards and that it would be eligible for grant aid and professional guidance. Indeed Bushey Museum Trust now received qualified curatorial advice from Museums – East Herts Area. Also in 1991 the Museum Management Committee was set up to co-ordinate the business and resources of the Museum.

The lease of the Rudolph Road site was formally signed in 1992 and we were on our way. 20 years ago this year in October 1993, the heading in the *Newsletter* was: *'The countdown to opening begins....'* and in the *Journal* it was *'Bushey Museum at last a reality'*. And in 1993 Bushey Museum won the Gulbenkian Museum and Gallery Award for the Most Outstanding Improvements Achieved with Limited Resources.

And limited they certainly were. A few years later, in April 1998, the Museum had to be temporarily closed for a year in order for accessibility improvements – including a lift – to be installed.

One very important decision was to form the Museum Education team, which continues to do such sterling and important work with local children and various schools in Bushey and outside, who are happy to come and take part in activities in the Museum and Reveley Lodge.

The acquisition on long loan of the Lucy Kemp-Welch paintings, which had been in store for so long, and the hanging of them in the Lucy Kemp-Welch Gallery in 2007 was a

notable occasion, as was the transference of the Marguerite Frobisher Studio in the same year from Glencoe Road to the site behind the Museum.

For all these years the *Newsletter* has reported news of acquisitions; exhibitions, – who remembers *At Home with the Romans* in 2004 and *Dinosaurs* in 2008/9? – talks on local areas, stained glass, conservation, costume, David Hockney, etc; outings to other major museums, gardens, stately homes, cathedrals, London sites, as well as the holidays from Northumbria to Bath; social events, such as the Christmas Social, Murder Mystery evenings, Quiz Nights, Musical Evenings at the Purcell School and at Reveley Lodge, as well as the Garden Parties at Reveley Lodge.

All arranged with the willingness, enthusiasm, energy, excitement of, and sheer hard work by, all the people involved, all voluntary, with limited help from a very few professionals. Speakers are booked for the meetings, outings arranged, exhibitions mounted and dismantled by various members of the Friends' committee with the support of the members.

Of course I cannot recount past years without mentioning Grant Longman and Bryen Wood. I remember having delivery of meticulously handwritten and wonderfully interesting accounts of the history of Bushey by Grant Longman. And, I may say, not so beautifully handwritten, but very articulate and detailed accounts of the Museum's progress by Bryen. God forbid that I should change a comma. I did eventually persuade him to write personal names in capitals so I could be sure that I typed them correctly.

The *Newsletter* has always kept up with the technology thanks to Alec Just and I know that it will continue to keep members of the Museum and the Friends up-to-date and informed. As I wrote in the October 2012 *Newsletter*: *'From my vantage point I saw it all unfurl'* so I feel I have reason to acknowledge the very great achievement of Bryen and Grant. Without them none of the above would have happened.

Sadly Bryen died in March 2009 a few months after he had welcomed the 100,000th visitor to the Museum. Grant died in 2010.

Thank you Bryen and Grant for years of inspiration and determination – Bushey has its own community Museum – a centre of culture, history and information, of which we can all be inordinately proud – and long may it progress.

Note 1. Part 1 appeared in the *Journal* of Winter 2005/6 to mark the 20th Anniversary of the Friends of Bushey Museum

Early motorbus services

Ian Read

Following his talk to the Friends on 19th February 2013 Ian recounts some details of the first motor buses to operate public services through Bushey. All photographs are from the author's collection.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century the London General Omnibus Company, which had been formed in 1856, was the major operator of horse-buses in London.

Outside London, most major towns had horse-bus and tram services and the inhabitants of smaller villages such as Bushey relied upon Shank's pony or local horse-buses to take them to the nearest market town or railway station. The internal combustion engine made its first appearance in the early 1890s and by the turn of the century petrol engines had been installed in purpose-built buses as experiments. Progress was rapid and the various bus operators could see that here was a more cost-effective form of motive power than the horse, which incurred intensive labour, fodder and accommodation costs. Such was their success in London that, by 1914, the LGOC had withdrawn its last horse-bus from service. The changeover to mechanically propelled, passenger road transport had taken a mere fifteen years or so.

On Monday 30th July 1906, the London & North Western Railway commenced a motorbus service between Watford and Harrow via Bushey and Bushey Heath. A diary entry survives which records the first motorbuses running through Bushey but notes that the service apparently was not operating on the Thursday following commencement due to breakdowns.

The buses ran from the forecourt of Watford Junction Station via Queens Road, Watford High Street, Bushey Station, London Road, Bushey High Street, Sparrows Herne, Bushey Heath High Road, Common Road and Wealdstone High Street to terminate in the forecourt on the west side of Harrow & Wealdstone Station. The service operated at roughly hourly intervals on Mondays to Saturdays, from 8.30am to 9.30pm, taking 45 minutes to cover the whole route. A through fare of 8d was charged and passengers could take up to 60lbs of luggage each at 3d per parcel.



Bus No. 9 (LC 8052) poses with conscripted 'passengers' prior to commencement of the Watford-Harrow service through Bushey.

This was the first use of motorbuses through Bushey on a regular service and was an early example of the use of double-deck vehicles outside London. The operation was part of a series of routes started by the L&NWR at this time in the Watford, Harrow, Hemel Hempstead and Tring areas mainly to replace the horse-buses that had previously connected various parts of those towns with their stations.

The services in Watford, which ran initially from the Junction to Croxley Green, were partly in response to the various proposals to construct electric tramways in the area and the motorbuses were designed to feed, and thus protect, the L&NWR's developing and projected suburban railway services. Milnes-Daimler buses with 34-seat bodies built by Messrs Dodson to the standard 'London' design of the time were used. They were painted in the L&NWR's chocolate and spilt milk colour scheme, as used on its railway carriages, with the Company's name or initials on the front, back and sides of the upper deck and its coat of arms proudly displayed on the lower side panels.

L&NWR motorbus No. 5 (LC 3311) posed before commencement of the Croxley Green service.

Some of the buses were modified to create a large luggage compartment behind the driver and this reduced the lower saloon seating capacity to 12 from the normal 16, with seats for 18 passengers on the open upper deck. The L&NWR originally held no powers to operate motorbuses or to carry mail by road, but this was corrected under the London & North Western Railway Act of 1909.

In service, the buses stopped anywhere on demand, except on steep hills. It was a common occurrence for passengers to be asked to disembark and follow the bus up the hill if the load was too great for the incline. This was especially tiresome in wet weather!



through Bushey



At first, the drivers had to provide their own work clothes but later the Company issued uniforms. Conductors were given a suit of blue serge with a matching cap. The driver above is firmly wrapped up in a heavy coat of his own provision to protect him on the draughty and dusty journeys which he undertakes without the benefit of an enclosed cab. In Bushey the Council was most concerned about the dust nuisance created by the new motor buses.

The Watford – Harrow service had carried 156,000 passengers by May 1907 and had taken over £1,000 in fares. The buses had a sealed compartment to carry two bags of mail to and from Bushey Heath for which the L&NWR held a contract with the General Post Office worth £15 per annum.

Around April 1908, the Watford – Harrow service was diverted in Watford to run via Clarendon Road and the Market Place instead of Woodford Road and Queen's Road. Buses on the original L&NWR Watford – Croxley route (which opened on 23rd April 1906) operated via Queen's Road. Thus, the two routes between them provided a cross-town service in central Watford.

From Monday 13th July 1908, the L&NWR extended their operation in Harrow by

commencing a local service between Harrow & Wealdstone Station and Harrow Town Post Office. This replaced a local horse-bus service and was operated by the Watford-based buses which worked out and back each morning and evening on the main route via Bushey.

The advent of motor vehicles in the Bushey area, whilst still a novelty, was the cause of some concern, particularly with regard to safety. There is a tragic entry in the Merry Hill School daily journal dated 23rd April 1909 to the effect that young Willie Sexton had been 'killed by a motorbus'.

After five years in service the original five buses were replaced with seven new Leyland vehicles, the increase in numbers representing the enhanced levels of service now being operated on the Watford, Harrow and Croxley routes.

The hazardous nature of daily life working on the railway buses is illustrated by an account of an accident that befell one of the bus conductors. The local press reported: *'As the result of a fall from a London and North-Western Railway motor omnibus, Albert Beal, a conductor, now lies at his home in Watford, some injury having been done to the spine, which gives rise to considerable anxiety. It appears that one day last week, at Bushey Heath, Beal ascended to the platform of the 'bus, above the driver's head, for the purpose of drawing a trunk up by means of a rope from the ground. The handle of the trunk broke, and Beal fell backwards on to the road. He was conveyed home in a cab.'*

The Metropolitan Electric Tramways Company (MET), which operated trams in the northern, north-western and western suburbs of London, was becoming increasingly concerned about competition from the rapidly developing motorbus services of the LGOC and others. Its response was to form its own motorbus subsidiary, the Tramways (MET) Omnibus Company Limited, in order to open bus routes, termed 'feeders', connecting with its tramways and to offer competition to the other bus companies. An agreement was reached with the Daimler Company to supply

This MET Daimler bus No. 62 (LF 9514) clearly shows how convenient the 105 service was for the Flying Ground at Hendon.

a number of double-deck, petrol-engined motor buses.

However, before operations could be started, agreements were made which merged the interests of the MET tramway company, its bus subsidiary, and several other bus and tram companies within the British Electric Traction group. In turn an agreement was made between the BET and the Underground group (which included the LGOC within its portfolio of London rail and bus companies) whereby the latter took over responsibility for operating the Daimler buses then in course of delivery.

On Good Friday 21st March 1913, nearly seven years after the start of the L&NWR Watford – Harrow motorbus service, the London General Omnibus Company (LGOC) commenced their motorbus service number 105 from Kilburn (Queens Arms) via the Edgware Road, Cricklewood, Hendon, Edgware, Canons Corner, Stanmore, Bushey Heath, Bushey and Watford High Street to Watford (Market Place).

The new route 105, which was intended both as an extension from the MET trams' outer terminus at Canons Corner on the Edgware Road through the countryside to the market town of Watford, and as competition to the LGOC's own bus services along the Edgware Road, was operated from the outset by the LGOC itself using the blue-liveried Daimler double-deckers.

This route was part of the LGOC's Summer programme of bus services into 'London's countryside' and operated on Sundays and Public Holidays with a bus every five minutes. The through journey took around 70 to 80 minutes and the service needed 30 buses. On weekdays these buses and their crews were used on routes running into central London from various points in the northern and western suburbs.

The Flying Ground on the Edgware Road at Hendon, where the latest wonders of the air were displayed, was an obvious attraction for entertainment on Sundays.

The service was operated at first from the MET's own garage at Colindale, purpose-built



for the new buses as an extension to the tram depot there, which had opened for business on 10th February 1913. One branch of the proposed, but never constructed, system of tramways in the Watford area would have connected Watford with the MET system at Canons Park via Bushey and Stanmore. The MET line from Cricklewood to Edgware had opened in 1904 and had been extended to Canons Park (Canons Corner) in 1907.

Motorbus service 105 was, therefore, an indirect result of the MET's earlier, abortive, attempt to run trams through to Watford in agreement with the promoters of the Watford area tramways. In the first month of operation 38,409 passengers were carried on route 105. Such was its success that, from Monday 2nd June 1913, the service was introduced on weekdays as well. The Monday – Saturday timetable showed a bus every 10 – 12 minutes whilst the Sunday service was increased to every three minutes and an extra six buses were needed. A week later the route was extended in Watford to terminate at the Clarendon Hotel in Station Road.

The bus stand for route 105 (and subsequent LGOC/LT Central Area routes 142 and 158) was on the forecourt of the hotel. This was adjacent to Watford Junction station whose forecourt was used by the London & North Western Railway's own buses on the Watford-Harrow and Garston-Croxley Green services.

Presumably, the railway company barred the use of the station forecourt to other bus operators. Bus destination boards/blinds and timetables referred to 'Watford (Clarendon)' or plain 'Watford'. The destination 'Watford Junction' was probably not fully introduced until after the Second World War.

From 9th October 1913 route 105 was diverted away from Chalk Hill to run via Aldenham Road and Pinner Road in order to serve Bushey & Oxhey Station as the L&NWR buses had done since that service

commenced. The L&NWR had opened the 'New Lines' from London to Watford on 10th February 1913 (electric train services started in April 1917) thus providing a regular all-day local train service for Bushey residents for the first time.

On Sunday 29th March 1914, LGOC route 105 was renumbered 142 and this number has been associated with the service ever since. This was part of a wholesale renumbering of routes by the LGOC that included the creation of a block of numbers ready for use on new routes in the Watford area. From the same date a basic 20-minute interval service was introduced on weekdays with an enhanced service operating on Sundays and Public Holidays.

Meanwhile, the railway-operated buses on the Watford - Harrow route continued to serve Bushey as they had since 1906. Around twelve vehicles were needed each day to provide this service and the Croxley Green to Garston route through the centre of Watford town. The local Harrow service was further extended from 1st May 1914 to replace the horse-bus route to Pinner & Hatch End Station.

The desire of the mighty London General to expand its operations well beyond the London suburbs was soon to overtake the railway buses. On Monday 13th July 1914, the LGOC commenced new route 173 running from South Harrow Station via Wealdstone, Uxbridge Road, Church Road and Stanmore Hill to Bushey Heath and then via the existing 142 route to Watford (Clarendon). The service operated every 15 to 30 minutes on weekdays and the through journey time was shown as 61 minutes. The service was maintained by AEC B-type double-deck buses from the LGOC's Cricklewood garage



This rather indistinct image was taken from a much larger photograph of Watford High Street but shows MET Daimler No. 186 (LF 9663) displaying the new route number 142. It was taken sometime between 29th March and the end of September 1914, during which time the 142 was operated by the blue buses prior to their 'call up' for military service.

where the 142 buses had been based since the previous March. It was the last new route introduced by the LGOC before the outbreak of war on Tuesday 4th August 1914.

Given this intense competition, the L&NWR decided to severely prune its Watford - Harrow service which ran over roughly the same route between Harrow Station and Watford as the LGOC's 173 but less frequently. The last day of full operation was 11th July 1914. The L&NWR continued to operate its local services within the Harrow/Pinner area and the buses for these routes continued to travel in service over the old main route between Watford and Harrow via Bushey at the beginning and end of each day in order to position the vehicles to and from their yard at Watford. In April 1915 most L&NWR services ceased because of the Great War.

The London General route 142 from Kilburn Park to Watford has survived in almost its original form for nearly 100 years. It was cut back to operate between Watford and Colindale (later to Brent Cross) in 1970 but is one of the few London bus routes to have retained its number and original route since the dawn of the motor bus age. Its centenary will be celebrated on Sunday 30th March 2014 with a heritage bus Running Day replicating most of the routes which have operated in and around Bushey since the early days of London Transport. These will include 142, 158, 306, 311 and 312 with some authentic vehicles from the 1940s and 1950s. Some journeys may also be operated on erstwhile Green Line coach routes 706, 707, 708 and 719. The public will be carried free of charge but will be encouraged to buy supporting programmes. Full prominence will be given in local publicity nearer the time.



An early LGOC B-type double-deck omnibus on route 142 stands on the forecourt of the Clarendon Hotel in Station Road, Watford awaiting its next departure to Kilburn.

Bushey-on-Thames... or the Colne flowing backwards

Dougie Chowns

– Bushey Artist in New Zealand

As a bit of a dreamer I have always been fascinated by Hertfordshire puddingstones, flints and the way the first rivers formed. Even in my vivid imagination, to be standing on the hill in Eastbury Road, above Oxhey Park, watching a river from Rickmansworth flowing east towards today's railway arches and Chalk Hill, there to sweep through a deep, sharp bend, then north and east up what is today the river Colne coming down, then to cross towards Bushey Mill Lane; the M 1; St Albans and Hatfield is quite an amazing scene. Not a figment of imagination, but a fact.

Bushey was once high on a bend above this massive river that flowed from the Cotswolds to Windsor before turning north-east to Denham, Rickmansworth past Bushey, Watford and St Albans to Hatfield, below a thousand foot towering ice-cliff stretching into the distance both north-east and west, before its eventual outfall beyond Clacton, where it joined the river Rhine in a lake valley.

We talk daily, with concern, about climate change, how we are responsible, and how we might contribute to reversing the Greenland ice-melt and global warming. But it appears this is nothing new – it's all happened several times before; the last ice age was only 400,000 years ago. Our village might have been named 'Bushey-on-Thames' even when the Lea valley became the main channel and the river diverted south digging the river bed that today carries Lea water through the Olympic Stadium, then to wind its way east as it now does to the lower levels off Essex.

By-passing Bushey, this great river would still exist, passing through west and south Hertfordshire, if the towering ice-cliff on its northern bank had not collapsed at Hatfield.

Temperatures were rising and a melt-pond was forming close to the M25 at London Colney, the glacier had stopped advancing southwards and was melting. Massive chunks of blue-green ice crashed to block the river completely. The ponding ice-melt and the river both rapidly increased the melt pond, which quickly backed up the water; back



through Bushey; Rickmansworth; Denham and even to Staines a wide lake formed. In only weeks this 35 mile lake grew larger and larger; wider and longer; very deep on the bend below the chalk bluff, but narrow as water rose creeping up today's Bushey arches and Chalk hill towards Aldenham Road.

My Eastbury Road viewpoint had become rather like looking across Loch Ness or Lake Windermere.

The high ground of Hounslow Heath, now London Airport, and its southerly ridge held the water back, but just a little lower at Staines the water level started to flood from the expanding lake, flooding the bank and finally forming a small channel eastwards.

At first only a trickle, but ever increasing, the trickle became a stream, then a gushing torrent, steadily digging its own channel through the soil. As the channel deepened a new river course quickly formed, finding its

way through the low ground to Twickenham, Richmond – finally London. It joined its previous flow down the Lea valley, now a separate river of ice-melt, rounding the loop, so well known in TV's EastEnders, beyond Blackwall Tunnel and Canning Town on the far bank. Greenwich enjoyed both the first and the second river course over the centuries.

From Staines the river quickly deepened, fed by both the Cotswold flow as well as from the massive lake 35 miles long blocked by ice at Hatfield. The lake began to empty, and, as Staines is lower than Bushey, the flow reversed in Oxhey Park, the ice-melt pond feeding the new river, the Colne, in the same river bed. The Ver, the Gade, the Chess all contributed to the Colne eventually to outfall in the Thames at Colnbrook where today's reservoirs supply water to London.

Numerous streams, the Pin from Pinner; the Crane, the Mole and Beverly Brook were swelled by the new Thames flow into tidal islands near Westminster. The Fleet and many other existing streams all followed a course of least resistance as the course of modern Thames birthed as we know it. As glacial ice melted, the waters rose, the primeval Rhine and Thames parted company as their river valley flooded to form the North Sea.

Back in Hertfordshire it would be an amazing experience looking north from Bushey to the towering 1,000 foot high mountain of ice only five or six miles distant. The groans and crashes I have experienced here in New Zealand, much like the sounds from Franz Josef glacier in South Island. From my window we have a similar mass. A primordial volcanic plug, now a bush clad mountain behind our home – the mass effect is overpowering and quite magnificent. In Bushey it would have been shimmering white, blue and green much like the cliffs at Dover but four times as high – I assure you it would be awesome!

Where are you now?

In September 1995 Betty Goodison M B E wrote her *Memoirs of Fifty Years of Youth Work*, which was published by Hertfordshire Youth and Community Service.

In it she recounted her experiences with the London Road Youth Club and the St James' Youth Club. The latter began in 1966 and had its origins in the Church Youth Group at St James Church. The Church Youth Group required its members to attend church services and members could not bring along non-churchgoing friends. This caused difficulties but eventually concerned parents managed to persuade the Parochial Church Council that a Youth Club, open to all regardless of sex or religious persuasion, meeting in the Parish Hall, would better suit the youngsters' needs. Unfortunately the Parish Hall was almost derelict and un-insurable, but, with the aid of a substantial grant from the Youth and Community Services, and a lot of hard work, a new St James' Youth Club was able to open in Falconer Hall.

The *Memoir* includes several photographs these are just two of them. Unfortunately there is no indication who took the photographs. Is anyone able to identify the people on the photographs?



St James Youth Club on the way to camp – Bank Holiday 1966.



St James Youth Club – Canoe Camp at Fairthorne Manor – Summer 1972

Those of you who have read *Bushey During the Great War* might remember the plane which landed on the roof of the house on Hillside Road. Imagine my surprise when I found that the Museum had a photograph of the incident. Fortunately the pilot and the occupants of the house escaped unharmed, although much inconvenience was caused to the occupants by oil pouring through the roof one night and rain the next! **Janet Murphy**

In August 2014 the Museum is mounting an exhibition, in conjunction with Bushey Academy, to coincide with the 100th anniversary of the outbreak of WW I. Do you have a box in the attic that holds your great-grandfather's letters or diaries from 1914 – 1918, his army medals or a photograph with a story behind it? Much less is known about the part played by women, whether at home or overseas. Were any of your ancestors nurses, workers in the local munitions factories, or on the buses? If you have any stories to tell or memorabilia Dianne Payne and Adele Taylor at the Museum would like to hear from you. Further information about the exhibition will appear in the Newsletter nearer the time.

