Welcome to the latest edition of the Friends of Bushey Museum's Journal. This time it contains articles about students who attended the Art School as well as a variety of articles on other subjects. Philip Kirby’s article about This Happy Breed in the previous issue obviously brought back happy memories to Mollie Thomas.

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. Do you have some interesting photos tucked away? Articles can be as long or as short as you like, hand written or in digital form and please send them to the Editor c/o Bushey Museum.

Janet Murphy

IN THIS ISSUE

Memories of a Student 2
Part Two of Mary Sloane’s student days with Hubert Herkomer

The 1st Bushey Scout Troup 6
Janet Murphy on our local pack

Joseph Syddall 8
Janet Murphy on an artist who was born in Chesterfield and studied with Herkomer

William Chewett 10
Katharine Whitaker on a Canadian pioneer with a Bushey connection

You’re on Next 12
Mollie Thomas treads the boards

Emily Carr 14
Pat Woollard on one of Canada’s esteemed painters

The Herkomer Konkurrenz 18
Philip Morgan and a unforgettable few days

Ivy House School 20
A short lived school in Bushey.
Memories of My Time as a Student at Bushey under Professor Herkomer

Mary A Sloane

When I first went there used to be a set of students known as the lilies of the field because they were not fond of work – “they toiled not” and even might be described as rowdy.

There was another set known as the Christian name set. About a dozen girls who were devoted friends and called each other by their names, and then there were the tramps. About half the school were tramps and the lilies looked down on them with supreme contempt because they worked hard and were not given to social affairs – perhaps not much accustomed to them or have much money to waste. Almost every one of the geniuses has come from the ranks of the tramps but that made no difference to the lilies they did not care how clever a man or a girl might be if he or she was a tramp. I and my friend kept out of all parties and were called the twins I believe, because we stuck together and were inseparable. The rest of the school was unclassified and now I believe there are no cliques of any sort.

One of the life rooms was panelled with old oak from one of the old city churches pulled down a few years ago and it had a very good floor and was just the place for a dance and every now and then a petition was got up and sent in and if we could get leave a school dance was organized. There was generally no difficulty – occasionally leave was refused for some reason and then someone would offer their own studio and the dance came off just the same but if we got leave to use the school a committee was formed to arrange everything. Programmes were put out to be painted by the students. I have brought one to show you it has a view of the cloisters of the school and the minute the models left the furniture was turned out, the floor polished and the class rooms transformed into sitting out rooms and when we arrived in the evening we hardly knew the place.

We were never allowed fancy dress. Prof. H had some prejudice against it but in the dances at other studios the wildest fancy dress prevailed.

Invitations were sent out to a ghost dance and everybody went in the most blood curdling arrangements of sheets and blood stained daggers and rattling chains and one boy carried his head under his arm. It must have been disgusting. (They didn’t ask me to it.)

There was a prehistoric dance another time. Everybody who was not asked was wild to know what they wore. One man sent to London for his get up and it not come in time so I believe he went in an arrangement of door mats on top of his dress clothes. The rest wore skin rugs and ivy leaf crowns and all sorts of funny things.

Four girls borrowed the biggest studio in Bushey and gave a magnificent series of tableaux in which nearly all the guests took part. They did the chief of the Academy pictures Nettleship’s * Big Drink, a huge tiger at a pool, a tiger skin was in nearly every one of the tableaux. Samson and Delilah by Solomon J. Solomon with the tiger skin on the couch. Pygmalion and Galatea, Burne Jones with the tiger skin on the floor and several classical scenes by Weguelin and other masters where the tiger skin came in again as a drapery. They
were the best tableaux I have ever seen anywhere and they ended with a Bacchanalian procession round the studio, all the guests being in some sort of classical costume. The men’s dress was very funny as they were obliged to do a festive compromise between classic and modern evening dress but they showed great powers of invention and resource and wound red braid in their hair and cross ways around their stockings and looked quite unconscious of anything queer about it.

As the men and girls work together in the Prelim and all live in the village they naturally go out sketching together, and go for rowing parties and even sometimes become very friendly. It has been known that they become engaged.

There used to be a strict rule that the instant that happened the girl must leave the school but there seem to have been a good many of these engagements lately and I have not heard if that stern rule is still enforced.

It was not that he considered the girl solely responsible for the engagement but Prof. H used to hold that the instant a girl became engaged she must drop painting and begin at once to study cooking and housework all day long and nothing else. I am sure he has been making exceptions to that law lately because some extremely clever girls have got engaged and married and they are still on speaking terms with him but he used to implore clever girls to break off their engagements and stick to painting and if they would not do that at least not to call it “an engagement” but an “understanding”.

The students generally refer to the parties in these affairs as uncle and niece because it once happened that some new students were really shocked at the regardless way when two people went about together and when they heard the explanation, Oh don’t you know he’s her uncle – they thought it over for half a minute and said Oh and is Mr. Smith Miss Jones’s uncle and Miss Brown to Mr. Robinson - and Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson were always afterward alluded to as uncles.

The students as a rule live in lodgings, there is no large boarding house, though a great many private families take in one or more as boarders. One of these ladies made objections to the student from her house going out to any students’ picnics or parties. She uncivilly called them “John and Mary” parties and told the girl if she went to them she could not mix with the other residents as she could not serve god and mammon. The girl thought that at all events the students had little enough to do with mammon poor things.

The residents are not all like that. They are generally very friendly...
The first time Miss Lucy K. W. took him anything he was really overcome...
sorry he had nipped the paintings in the bud. He was always very severe on the practice of students who wanted cows in their landscapes and carefully represented them standing in grass so excessively long that it spared them the trouble of drawing any legs for the cows.

Since I first went to the school the Professor has got his new house something like finished and has moved into it. It is a monument to his father he says and it is filled with his father's carvings. In my early days it used to be covered with scaffolding and was used for workshops and lumber rooms. There was one room there stored with old canvases and some rude person had chalked on the door “Chamber of Horrors Beware” but we went in and turned the things over. They were failures and unfinished things and some of them were truly awful so that was encouraging to us though, we all do awful things ourselves. A huge picture of the Emigrants arriving in New York or somewhere was in that room among the rest. I believe I have heard of it being exhibited some long time ago and getting badly abused. It was consigned to oblivion in that room. At that time no building was going on. I fancy the celebrated Bushey plays had taken all PH’s energies and everything else was at a standstill, but afterwards the workshop and chamber of horrors and all the rest disappeared and the great new house was gradually finished and made habitable. I am sorry to say I have not a picture of it to show you. It is like nothing else. The stone for the walls came from Bavaria and the architect was American but he died years before it was finished.

Portraits appear one week with only the face painted in – perhaps a scrawl underneath to say it was done in one sitting of one and a half hours, and later on the same portrait will turn up again half-finished and in a few weeks we see it again. We have a great advantage over the public for they do not see his portraits at their best – he nearly always works on them too long and spoils them only it does not do to say so. There was a large landscape at the Academy last year which had been magnificent at one time and then something went wrong with it and it was laid aside and he very nearly made a present of it to one of the students but unfortunately he thought better of it and finished it and spoilt it.

Sometimes we have new books to look at their illustrations and sometimes a phonograph with reproductions of concerts. Once it was a special lecture by Prof. H. by phonograph and students had to go up by half dozens to listen to it. If he has been painting anybody really interesting we always hear of it and though we are not supposed to mention what we hear I will tell you about his visit to Sandringham as this was a special year. (There is no account of this. A.D.)

Another of the students’ privileges is that every now and then there are special occasions when the Professor sees work. That means that half the school and all the old students who happen to hear of it gather in his studio directly after breakfast with piles of sketches and all the pictures from the studios are brought to light. Then you file before him and show one picture after another and he gives advice or admiration or makes fun of them according to circumstances. It is a most unpleasant ordeal for the students hang about to see and hear everything he says and it is very seldom that he loses himself in admiration. The first time Miss Lucy K. W. took him anything he was really overcome and kept on murmuring over and over again ‘it is a masterpiece’ but naturally that cannot often happen especially as all the really great work by Miss Kemp-Welch – the great genius of the place – is a great deal too big to be conveyed across the village and in these cases he has to go to their studios and give them private criticisms all to themselves.

I must not forget to say that for all this he does not receive any pay at all. The students fees go to keep up the school and pay the models and to pay dividends to the company and it is the rule that the Head Master is always to work for no remuneration only for the love of art give his services and for no other reward and not for money.

A.D. notes

*Nettleship, John T. painter of animals (London Zoo) poet, writer etc.
Following the success of the camp at Brownsea Island in 1907, Scouting for Boys was published in six fortnightly instalments in January and February 1908; at four pence per copy it was expensive for the average family, but it did have 70 pages. In April the first copy of weekly magazine The Scout was published. Boys were soon calling themselves Lone Scouts and eagerly awaiting the next issue of The Scout so that they could carry out its ideas such as knot tying, signalling and pathfinding. Soon Lone Scouts joined together to form Lone Patrols. In Bushey the Bull Patrol was initially formed from boys who attended Watford Grammar School, but lived in Bushey. It met at Ashfield School, which was hardly surprising as the headmaster, Ralph James, had three boys.

Patrols became troops and the 1st Bushey Troop was formed. During the Easter holidays in April 1909 they held a camp at Burnt Farm, home of Mr Turpin. The Watford Observer described their exploits.

A part of the field was made into a camp kitchen and each scout cooked his own food. A programme similar to the following was drawn up for each day:
- Reveille, 6:30; wash, &c., 6:45; breakfast
- 7 to 8; tent and uniform inspection, 8 to 9:15, scout work
- 9:15 to 12; dinner, 12 to 1, compulsory rest, 1 to 2; scout work
- 2 to 4:30; tea
- 4:30 to 5:30, cricket, football &c., 5:30 to 7; camp fire & to 8; supper, 8; lights out 9. …

Sentries were posted each night from 9 to 11.

One night about half-a-dozen village youths tried to enter the camp, but although their attack was unexpected, they were quickly discovered by the sentries, who called out the guard, upon which the invaders retreated.

More welcome were the parents and friends, including a patrol of girl scouts, who came to inspect the camp on the last day and who were entertained by a demonstration of fire lighting, boxing, wrestling, ambulance drill and the game of ‘Bang the Bear’ – the latter was said to be much appreciated.

Back home scouting activities continued. Orders for the week appeared in the Watford Observer. Some boys left the troop – possibly the discipline of monthly tests was too much for them – and there were advertisements for new recruits. Trips to Stanmore Common were frequent with boys.
Clad in full uniform of hat, scarf, knickerbockers, belt, haversack (usually with packed lunch or tea) and shoulder tabs — often signalling flags had to be carried, but for variety there was the occasional paper chase and there was also the opportunity for shooting at the rifle range. Mr Painter began his series of lectures of first aid. This was the beginning of his long association with Bushey Scouts.

So successful had been the first camp that planning immediately began for a seaside camp in the summer. The scoutmaster at the time was Mr Gerald Ash of Bushey Heath. His father lived in the Manor House at Blakeney on the Norfolk coast, and in August the scouts were able to pitch camp at Blakeney for a few days before moving to Blakeney Point. From there, daily excursions had to be made to Blakeney by boat to collect provisions — on one occasion these consisted of 18 gallons of water, 40 loaves of bread, a basket of vegetables, a joint of meat and a box of groceries. During their time there more than half of the boys learned to swim and a good number learned to handle a boat successfully. It’s unlikely that many of the boys had been far from home before — to them it must have seemed like a trip to another world.

The Scout Association was founded in 1908 and with such a rapid growth of interest it was obvious that a framework was needed as a guide to anyone setting up their own groups. Percy Winn Evans was tasked with establishing an organisation for scouting in Hertfordshire. He was an editor with C. A. Pearson who had published *Scouting for Boys*. He set up 16 districts, each with a management structure. The first Hertfordshire Troop met formally on 20 February 1908 and by November 1909 there were 29 troops and 787 boys and leaders. At a meeting held on 3 November 1909 at Bank House, Watford the South West Herts Scout Association was formed to ‘generally supervise and encourage Scouting’ in the area which included Aldenham, Bricket Wood, Bushey, Bushey Heath, Chorleywood, Croxley Green, Garston, Letchmore Heath, Oxhey, Rickmansworth and Watford. A few weeks later Flaunden and Sarratt were included.

In 1913 the troops of the South West Herts Scout Association were renamed in order of seniority and 1st Bushey became 7th South West Herts.
Joseph Syddall

Janet Murphy

Joseph Syddall was born at Old Whittington, Chesterfield in 1864, son of Samuel Syddall, Master Carpenter: his elder brothers became joiners. After leaving school he was employed in a local solicitor’s office and joined classes at Chesterfield Central School of Art, where in 1887 he won a National Book Prize from the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. The first annual distribution of prizes for the school took place in December 1887 when Joseph Syddall won a prize for the best study of a head from the antique. The headmaster of the school Mr Harris went on to say that:

One of the most successful students of the school – to whom the highest Government prize has been awarded that the school has obtained – has the honour conferred upon him of being admitted as student into the Herkomer School in Bushey, Herts. Mr J. Syddall was only with us about six months before his removal, during which time he produced the greater part of these drawings that bear his name. The oil studies from life in colour, are a selection from the set he painted during his first term with Mr. Herkomer. Everyone who examines these will see at once that his industry is backed up by genius, and that he has powers in reserve, which if rightly developed, will make of him an artist. And for my part I am glad for his sake – though sorry to lose him as a student – he has been so fortunate before performing any style, as to be placed under the care of such an able painter as Mr. Herkomer, who is not only the principal of the Herkomer School, which he founded to help young painters in developing their individuality, but is also Mr. Ruskin’s successor as Slade Professor at the University of Oxford.

Following his time at Bushey, Joseph returned to Whittington where he lived with his brother Edmund. In the 1901 census, Joseph is described as a landscape painter. He also gave drawing lessons to the young ladies of the town. In 1914 an exhibition of his work was held in Chesterfield which was described in the local paper.

**ART EXHIBITION AT CHESTERFIELD**

Whittington Artist’s Beautiful Work

Under the auspices of the Chesterfield branch of the Workers’ Educational Association, an art exhibition of exceptional interest is remaining open for a short season in the Toynbee Room at the Settlement, Vicar Lane, Chesterfield.

The work on view, numbering about 60 examples, has all been done by Mr. J. Syddall of the Studios, New Whittington, and for those hitherto unaware of the artist’s ability, is a revelation in all-round technique and general excellence. Mr. Syddall, who studied under the late Sir Hubert Von Herkomer, at the Bushey Park School, has an extraordinary command over his gift. His studies range from the most delicate pencil drawings over...
sepia, watercolour, pastel, and oils to
copper plate engraving and modelling.
In these he shows a fidelity in drawing
– as attested by familiar figures
and places – which gives his work a
particular view, and in at least two of
his colourings, ‘Chesterfield by Night’
and ‘Viewing the Fireworks’ his ability in
effect is surprising. In the former he has
merged the town in sombre tones and
yet preserved its individuality – the pin
points of light being cleverly introduced,
and in the latter, the reflected hues of
group of rocket stars on a night crowd
being wonderfully caught. Among the
local figure studies a large equestrienne
subject – Miss Deacon, daughter of Mr.
Maurice Deacon, of the Sheepbridge
Works, mounted on a splendid black
hunter, is full of life and charm. A pastel
painting of Miss Gratton, daughter
of Mr. Richard Gratton also shows
warm and artistic treatment, and light,
unconventional pencil drawings of Mr.
and Mrs. E. R. Morris, of Chesterfield,
and the Rev. H. T. A. Peacock are
exquisite in their way. Whilst formerly
engaged in a studio in Kensington, it
is understood that Mr. Syddall was
eminently successful in portraiture, but
in the work on view pencil drawing
makes the strongest general appeal.
Some of his heads, particularly of
elderly people and street types, are
quite arresting, and his study of the late
Sir Hubert, drawn from life at Bushey
Park, is a further exposition of his
power to seize expression and ‘mood’.
Landscapes in varied lights, a bird’s
head, rich in sheens, a bit of Venice, a
pastel study of an old farm kitchen
at night, book illustrations (including
two of the six done for Hardy’s ‘Tess
of the D’Urbervilles’), a copper plate
etching of St. Bartholomew’s Church
Whittington, in 1879, broadly suggested
oil scenes, and two perfectly arranged
and lettered addresses – one to Mr.
E.D. Swanwick, M.A., for his services to
the Chesterfield Students’ Association,
and another to Mr. Geo. Broomhead,
on retiring from the position of warden,
after 27 years’ service – are among
other exhibits, and as the collection
is being maintained in the Toynbee
Rooms over the holidays, everyone
with the least inclination to art in its
pictorial aspect, should take advantage
of seeing what the Whittington artist
has generously loaned to help the
Association in its educational work.

The Derbyshire Courier
11th April 1914
Edmund Syddall died in 1915 and in
1920 Joseph moved to Hampstead
to live with his lifelong friend Annea
Spong whom he had met at Bushey.
On his death in 1942, he bequeathed
his works to Annea who, in turn,
donated much of it to Chesterfield
Museum and Art Gallery.

Although best known as an artist
Syddall, designed the war memorials
at Old Whittington and Dronfield
and among the collection donated
to Chesterfield Museum is this
statuette of a lady golfer.
Canadian Pioneer—William Chewett

Katharine Whitaker

The following article was published in July in the Ontario Professional Surveyor’s Journal, Volume 60, No. 3 Summer 2017.

It is 127 years since the Association of Provincial Land Surveyors of Ontario honoured William Chewett, pioneer land surveyor, draftsman, soldier and public servant at their Fifth Annual Meeting held at Toronto in February 1890.

In July 2017, Reveley Lodge in Bushey Heath also honoured William Chewett with a small exhibition entitled Canadian pioneers, William Chewett and Son. Why an exhibition about one of Toronto’s esteemed families so far removed from the place where they made their mark?

The last owner of Reveley Lodge was Eila, wife of Albert Ranney Chewett (1877-1965), great grandson of William Chewett. In 2003 the estate and house was bequeathed to the Bushey Museum on the death of Eila Chewett. A charitable trust was established to preserve and look after the estate including the artistic and cultural heritage of the Chewetts.

Much is known and documented at Reveley Lodge about Albert Ranney Chewett’s activities and artistic life in Bushey/Bushey Heath from 1898 till his death in 1965 but very little is known to the Bushey community about his Canadian ancestors. It seemed a fitting tribute in this 150th anniversary year of Canadian history to highlight in particular the role of William Chewett in the pioneering days of Upper Canada and how he, his son James and later his grandson William Cameron Chewett became esteemed members of the Toronto community during the 1800s.

Whilst researching for the exhibition I made some very interesting discoveries. Canadian sources tell us that William Chewett had left England in 1771, after being trained as a hydrographic engineer at the East India Company College in London. I went to the British Library in London which holds the records of the East India Company, to discover that there was no record of William Chewett having attended this college.

Next I looked for William Chewett’s birth record through the many church parish records for the City of London, held at the London Metropolitan Archives. Here I was more successful, but this search revealed that William Chewett had been born on 21 December 1757, not 1753 as recorded in Canadian secondary sources. He was the first child of James and Sarah Chewett and baptised on the 8 January 1758 at St Katharine Cree Church, Leadenhall Street, city of London. This church is of particular importance as it is one of eight churches to survive the fire of London in 1666 and today still stands intact with its Tudor tower and significant Jacobean interior and exterior dating from 1623-30, including the font at which William was baptised.

So where was William Chewett in 1771 as he would have been only thirteen-years-old? My next clue came with a discovery at Reveley Lodge...
Lodge. On the back of a miniature oil painting of William Chewett (I believe this painting is by Hoppner Meyer and referred to in the report of the Fifth Annual Meeting in 1890 – see figure 1) was a note that he had attended Christ's Hospital's School, in the handwriting of William Cameron Chewett. Christ's Hospital, a school founded by King Edward VI in 1552 for the care and education of poor children living in London, moved from the City of London to Horsham in Surrey in 1902. The school still exists but is now an elite public school compared with its humble origins.

Further research at the London Metropolitan Archives where the records of Christ's Hospital School are held, revealed that William Chewett's mother died in April 1761, leaving her husband James with two small children. James Chewett petitioned Christ's Hospital School (also known as a Bluecoat school because of its distinctive uniform), in a petition dated 10 March 1762, to admit William. James could do this as he was a bricklayer by trade and a member of the Worshipful Company of Bricklayers and Tylers which gave him the right to be a Freeman of the City of London, one of the criteria for admitting poor children into Christ's Hospital School. As a Freeman, James could live and work legitimately in the City of London, a practice inherited from the Guild system in the medieval period. Another criteria was that James Chewett had to provide proof of his wife's death and of William's baptism, which was certified by the curate, P.

James of St Katharine Cree Church, in December 1764 and January 1765, respectively.

William Chewett entered Christ's Hospital School on 17 January 1765, aged just seven, where he was cared for and looked after for the next ten years. Aged fourteen and half, William Chewett was enrolled into the Royal Mathematical School of Christ's Hospital, founded and granted a Royal Charter by King Charles II in 1673, for the purpose of educating young boys in the art of navigation for His Majesty's Navy. The book, 'The Elements of Navigation,' formed the basis of the course which included Geometry, Plane Trigonometry, Spherics (spherical trigonometry), Geography, Plane Sailing, Globular Sailing, Astronomy, Day works and Fortification.

William would have produced a navigational workbook which he took to sea when he joined his ship the British Queen, in the Quebec trade, in March 1775. He was apprenticed to Joseph Judge for seven years unless required by His Majesty for military service (see figure 3). Upon discharge, Christ's Hospital School provided William Chewett with a complete wardrobe of sea clothes and some navigational instruments such as a quadrant, fore staff and Gunter's rule. William would also have taken his silver badge with him, a safeguard against the press gangs of the day who would then have proof that William was serving an apprenticeship at sea.

William Chewett arrived in Quebec, Canada in 1775, at a time when the American Revolutionary War had broken out the previous April. William was soon drafted into the Quebec militia, where his mathematical skills became an asset during the siege of Quebec in 1775-76. There being no engineer in the Province, he was employed, by order of His Excellency, Captain-General Carleton, Governor of Quebec to draw plans of the fortifications and determine the distances of the enemy batteries. William Chewett remained on active service till 1783 when he entered the service of the Director Surveyor General, John Collins, in the Quebec Surveyor General's Office. William Chewett received his commission as a Deputy.
Surveyor in 1784 and was immediately involved in the Loyalist resettlement programme in the Townships established along the St Lawrence and around the Bay of Quinte.

However, it is recorded in Canadian secondary sources that William Chewett was commissioned as a Deputy Surveyor in 1774, but I have shown in this article that this cannot be correct. How that came about I can only guess at. Perhaps the date was originally written down incorrectly and then taken at face value. Like William’s birth year, there was no way of checking the date then, as no birth certificates were issued in the 1700s and only came to be issued in the United Kingdom from 1853.

In the book ‘They Left Their Mark’ Surveyors and their Role in the Settlement of Ontario,’ by John Ladell, published in 1993, he states that the earliest known surveyors to be commissioned by the Crown to survey Crown Lands in Canada were Philip Frey and Alexander Aitken in 1783. John Ladell goes on to say that there were plans submitted to Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe for the townships of Marysburgh and Sophiasburgh, surveyed by John Collins and William Chewett in 1784 and 1785 but he questions whether Chewett was in fact active in the Loyalist settlements as early as 1784, despite stating that William Chewett received his commission in 1742, which cannot possibly be true, as Chewett was still at school in London. I can only deduce that William Chewett was commissioned in 1784 and that the date of 1774 was incorrectly recorded at the time.

However, there is proof that William Chewett was active in the resettlement of the United Empire Loyalist programme established by the British Government after the end of the American Revolutionary War in 1783. The Reveley Lodge Trust holds a number of William Chewett’s journals, field note books, account books and letters, etc. in the collection of the Chewett family papers. In William Chewett’s journal entry for 16 May 1784 he writes: ‘List of plans delivered into the Deputy Surveyor Generals Office – viz General Plans of the five Townships from Catararqui to the head of the Bay of Quinte’.

I hope this article goes some way to correct William Chewett’s record of his early life because his story demonstrates the power of education, and how he was able to adapt to the rugged conditions of Colonial life and make good. The Reveley Lodge exhibition was a brief history of this remarkable family whose contribution to the development of the Town of York (renamed Toronto in 1834) is still revered there today.

Notes
1 ‘They Left Their Mark’ by John L Ladell, 1993, p. 73
2. ibid. p. 76

The exhibition opened on Sunday 2 July, to coincide with Reveley Lodge’s Canada Day Garden Party. Although the exhibition is now closed at Reveley Lodge, Bushey Museum will host it in November till the end of the year. If you missed it in July, now is your chance to view it at Bushey Museum. All are welcome.

Mrs Mollie Thomas (nee Norcutt), lived in Bushey Heath with her parents and older sister, Eunice, from 1927-1949. Mollie attended The Rutts (Infants) School, Merry Hill (Junior Girls) School and then Watford Grammar School for Girls 1938-1945. Mollie says that in the 1930s, Bushey Heath considered it had its own identity, bounded by fields and countryside and separate from surrounding settlements such as Stanmore, Bushey, Harrow Weald, Jet alone Watford. She says locals thought Bushey Heath then extended from The Alpine, down the High Road, past St Peter’s Church, down to Ashfield Avenue, where 4 shops were built. (These included Knight’s Newsagent’s shop, and an excellent fish & chip shop, 2d Cod and Chips, which would be about 1p in today’s money). Beyond that was Bushey.

Oh! How we loved those long, blue velvet curtains in the Bushey Heath Parish Hall, and endless were the games and tricks we played with them, all strictly forbidden by authority of course, but that was part of the fun. To sneak up the steps and wriggle your way behind the curtains, then peep out, perhaps pull a face or wave a hand, and on performance evenings to look for a friend or family member in the audience, well, all simple pleasures, but we loved it, and it was well worth risking getting a telling-off. It sounds childish, but those were simple days, very little glamour, even if we knew what glamour was, which I doubt.

Many years later, when I made my first return visit to the Heath, I sneaked inside the Parish Hall, still the same unforgettable smell, but was saddened to see the beloved blue curtains no longer there. To me
they were as much Bushey Heath as the clear ring of Mr Taverner’s hammer on his anvil in his Smithy next door to the Parish Hall.

I suppose there must have been performances of plays for adults, but I can only recall the ones put on by the Sunday school and Church. These were mostly with a missionary theme and were performed in the summer in the beautiful grounds of Howton on the High Road, the home of Archdeacon and Mrs Dray. We loved dressing up, mostly in old curtains and bedspreads and blankets, and submitting to having a mixture of gravy browning put on our faces, arms and legs. “You’ll catch your death of cold,” muttered all the mothers when they saw our bare feet. Then, before an admiring audience of friends and family, we pranced about the lawn and said our lines, and enjoyed the cake and goodies which followed our efforts. Did it ever rain on those occasions? I don’t think so.

One evening in the winter we performed in St Christopher’s Hall in Police Station Lane, – it was before black-out regulations applied. It was another missionary play of course, and I remember taking the role of a goody-goody named Drumisani, and being very scared I’d forget my lines. I didn’t forget them of course, – wouldn’t dare, and I’d been learning them for weeks. But St Christopher’s Hall did not have blue velvet curtains to add a touch of glamour to the evening. It wasn’t the same.

It was the long-standing custom for the Guides (3rd Bushey Heath) to put on a concert each autumn. Dear old Florrie Cobb, and her helpers had us well and truly trained, and we loved it, especially the Backward Drill. We wore our Guides uniforms back to front and put painted facemasks over the backs of our heads, then stamped, clapped and gyrated to Blake’s Grand March, thumped out on the Parish Hall piano. Super!

We demonstrated more serious things such as First Aid and the essence of Good Camping – ever tried putting up a tent on a hard wooden floor? Not easy! But the laugh came when the sisters of the two Guides who demonstrated Good Camping demonstrated with great enthusiasm the elements of Bad Camping. It didn’t make for good sisterly relations, but I think we all enjoyed it.

Under the Rev. Eeles, the Youth Club flourished, and we put on our annual show, making the most of the not inconsiderable talent within the group. How lucky we were to have Philip Kirby, first class musician and accompanist, who gave our performances such a touch of class. Some of us joined in the Christmas Play, put on by members of the Church Choir; the story of the Nativity, done with reverence and real pleasure on the part of the participants. For this we actually wore stage make-up, and brawnily went to school the next day wearing blue eye shadow. No complaints! Those were the days!

I haven’t mentioned the little concerts we used to get up amongst ourselves, to entertain our friends and neighbours, and even raise money for the War Effort! Friendships were made in those early local rehearsals and performances, and we learned to trust each other to do their part as well as possible, just as we were trying to do ours. After all these years I am still in touch with some of those co-performers and we always recall those early happy simple days, and hope our audiences enjoyed them as much as we did.

If I give the impression that our local exposure to the elements, drama and theatre was limited, maybe that’s right, but we enjoyed these simple pleasures and I think our audiences did too. We had grown up in the shadow of wars, the Sino-Japanese war, Spanish Civil War, and now our own conflict of 1939-1945. I think we reflected a simplicity which in later years seemed naive and unsophisticated. We would have the years ahead when perhaps we would appreciate theatrical talents even more because of our early simple experiences.

This may be an example. In our final year at school, and most of us were already 18, we were given the chance to go to London with members of staff to see a performance of the ballet in which the famous Robert Helpmann was dancing; for most of us this would be our first experience of the live ballet and the London theatre. But before we were accepted to be taken, a letter was sent to our parents explaining what we were going to see, and making sure that we knew the meaning of the word ‘brothel.’ Well, we went, and I don’t think any of us were permanently affected by what we saw.

For professional performances we had to go to Watford’s Palace Theatre, where the annual Christmas Pantomime (which continued through the war) perhaps set standards for our own future performances. We couldn’t replicate the costumes, the dancing, the scenery, but they did not have our lovely blue velvet curtains, and who did not feel a shiver of excitement to be told, “You’re on next!”
Emily Carr

Pat Woollard

In March, as part of the Museum’s Canada Day celebrations, Pat gave a talk about the life of Emily Carr, one of Canada’s most esteemed artists and her connection to Bushey, which is reproduced here. Emily Carr’s paintings are copyright and so cannot be used to illustrate the article but they may be viewed at the Vancouver Art Gallery’s Emily Carr Website.

A good many Canadians first became aware of Emily Carr as a writer – a writer about her childhood in Victoria, Vancouver Island and her experiences among the First Nations people. These publications appeared just before and just after her death in 1945 and had been compiled into published books from jottings she had written during her life, notes, poems and her memory, which was often very economical with the truth – she was careless about such things as dates and her writing could be extravagant and excessive, but the books were an instant success and internationally popular.

The Friends of Bushey Museum arranged an outing to Dulwich Picture Gallery in the spring of 2015 to view an exhibition devoted to Emily Carr’s work. Amongst other sources, I have referred to the catalogue of this exhibition and to a book entitled Emily Carr in England, written by Kathryn Bridge, who came to the Museum and was lucky enough to have Patrick Forsyth, long-time Friend, supply the information she required. I was introduced to Emily Carr way back in the early 1980s by Bryan Wood and Grant Longman, who discussed with me a donation of a book they had just received for the Museum. I have concentrated mainly about the first part of her life – to detail the later part will need another talk.

Emily was born in Victoria, Vancouver Island in 1871. Fort Victoria was established in 1843 as a trading post for farm produce and lumber and, around 1857, gold was discovered in the canyons of the Fraser River across the main land. This brought hundreds of miners and traders to the island. By the time Emily’s father Richard Carr arrived with his English wife and two girls, Edith and Clara in 1863, government and community buildings and private villas were already well established alongside the makeshift dwellings of the opportunistic wealth seekers, including the native Indians. Richard Carr knew this scenario well – he had made a modest fortune in the goldfields of California as a trader in San Francisco. Arriving in Victoria he established a wholesale business in the wharf area and within a year he had had built a fine house on the edge of Beacon Hill Park – the new street on which the house was built was named Carr Street, it later became part of Government Street.

While I was reading up about Emily Carr, I was struck by the parallel lives of Emily and of Lucy Kemp-Welch. Emily was born in 1871, Lucy in 1869. They both grew up close to forests, very different forests but forests just the same, each with its own unique eco-system, where both fauna and flora were in abundance and available for study. Both of their fathers were very keen students of nature and shared that interest with their daughters; both girls became orphans very early in their development, Emily barely 17, Lucy 22 and they both left home to seek art tuition. They both absolutely doted on animals, with an empathetic approach, and always surrounded themselves with pets – Emily earned money at one stage by breeding English sheepdogs. Neither artist married, each having had a short affair of the heart, decided to devote their lives to their art. And perhaps most important of all, they both acquired the habit very early on in their lives of sketching.

On the other hand there were also some marked differences, particularly in terms of their personalities. Emily was the youngest daughter of five with a brother four-years-younger. From the time he was middle-aged, Richard Carr became more and more religious and the older girls adhered to his practices of strict Presbyterianism. At the same time their mother became more and more of an invalid. Emily’s eldest sister, Edith took on the arduous task of bringing up her four sisters and a brother; an authority Emily deeply resented. Emily was not exactly a rebel because in the end she always returned home never having been able to break away from the family. Although the youngest girl, her father’s favourite and...
spoiled by all, she was very often jealous, very quickly took umbrage, was contrary, and hated the religious piety and dutiful works and narrow-mindedness of Victoria society. All of her life she felt she was different, that other people were critical of her – not on her side, but at the same time – just like Lucy – she was single-minded in her pursuit of art, but with a very different outcome. Lucy gained success early in her career, having a work displayed in the Royal Academy at 26 and having one of your paintings bought for the nation of England – truly the height of any artist’s ambition. Emily, on the other hand, had no real success until she was in her mid-50s – dejection, disappointment and animosity was something she lived with pretty well all her life.

She did make some very lasting friendships, from childhood to old age and she had a great deal of admiration for people who were willing and able to give her advice and she herself very often saw the funny side of her exploits, as exemplified in her cartoon work. However, her characteristics and her pursuit of her idea of art led to her growing eccentricity as she grew older and no doubt her battle against her family and society in general affected her inner emotional life and equilibrium. She always suffered with bad health and was very sensitive to surroundings that didn’t suit – they had an almost psychological effect on her and the strain very often proved too much.

Victoria in the 1880s was a working town. In the lives of its inhabitants there was neither time nor space for culture. However, Emily did have a primary school teacher who encouraged her and later her father arranged for her and two of her sisters to have private tuition. The death of their father in 1888 obviously upset the family – he had arranged for a sizeable legacy, but it was put into the hands of a male guardian, who was not the best manager. However, Emily convinced this guardian she could aim for an artistic career. An allowance and travelling companion was arranged and Emily travelled to San Francisco in 1890 to the California School of Design. By 1890 San Francisco had developed quite a sophisticated cultural society. The teachers of the school had all been trained in Europe and the students were given opportunities to paint still life and landscape. Emily found painting out of doors was what she most enjoyed and she relished the life of the art student. After a year she was joined by three of her sisters, which brought back to her all her antagonisms. Her sisters were never interested in her art, which was a great cause of resentment for her. In 1893 their brother Dick became very ill and a sanatorium had to be paid for. Emily had to return home in the December of that year.

She was by now a young woman with a longing for independence and Victoria’s art society was beginning to develop. To avoid her sisters’ fault-finding, she adapted a hay-loft into a classroom for children. She found she enjoyed the children and she could do her own work, although within the confines of Victoria she felt restricted. She knew Beacon Hill Park very well, but she also knew that Vancouver Island had another society, a significant population of native Indians – there was a large reserve on the edge of the city – and Emily since her childhood had been used to the canoes moored in the harbour, as a series of watercolours she painted exemplifies, and the Indians trading in the town.

Her sister Lizzie was helping missionaries in Ucluelet, further north and Emily decided to join her. Unfortunately 1898 was a time of epidemics of German measles, TB and whooping cough amongst the native Indians, who were very prone to European diseases, especially smallpox, which had had a fatal affect on the population. They also had alcohol and gambling problems. Emily empathised with the Indians, ignoring their transgressions and blaming their condition entirely on the European interventions. They in turn responded to her spontaneous delight at greeting them – they liked this friendly girl with a smile, who happily communicated by gestures – not ignoring them or treating them disdainfully. She was given a native name Klee Wyck, meaning laughing girl. Emily worked hard on this excursion, painting the houses, totems and children – watercolour and pen and ink drawings. These drawings she felt opened up her art, they crystallised her ideas and gave her direction. They exist in her sketch book, which is in the possession of the Vancouver Art Gallery. She greatly admired the native art, particularly the totems.

She knew instinctively that she needed more instruction and the money she earned teaching, together with an allowance from Edith, amounted to sufficient funds for a trip abroad. She chose England, possibly because of language problems, but also she knew that contacts from Victoria were there. She chose to attend Westminster School of Art, more than probably through...
recommendation. Unfortunately it was not a good choice at that time. The choice showed how remote Victoria was – in fact and in fashion. Westminster had had a very good principal, Frederick Brown, assisted by Henry Tonks, but he had moved by 1899 to the London Slade, where he would nurture such artists as Gwen and Augustus John, Wyndham Lewis and Paul Nash. Westminster, however, was caught in a time warp and Emily’s day-long life-drawing classes and evening classes in design, anatomy and clay modelling, for her, felt dull and old-fashioned and did not advance her work beyond what she had learned in San Francisco. London itself felt oppressive, crowded and dirty. Her inbuilt paranoia made her feel an outsider, an out-of-touch colonialist with a strange accent. She had found her Victoria contacts and after a while made English friends and in particular a landlady who welcomed lady boarders.

As Muriel Spark wrote some years later in The Girls of Slender Means: ‘The Club exists for the Pecuniary Convenience and Social Protection of Ladies of Slender Means below the age of Thirty Years, who are obliged to reside apart from their Families in order to follow an Occupation in London’. One imagines the same sort of arrangement existed when Emily was sharing with other young ladies in rooms partitioned off by curtains.

Hearing of her brother’s death from TB in Santa Barbara – too far away to attend the funeral did not help her peace of mind. Her one release was to leave the chaos of London and she took various forays into the countryside – and she even travelled to Paris with a woman she knew from Victoria and visited the picture galleries.

It was after her Paris trip in 1901 that she arrived in Bushey, which we can only assume she had heard of through the artistic grapevine – from her writings it would appear that she had made no previous arrangements. Herkomer’s claim that his school had a rural setting and seclusion from the seductions of city life, would have attracted her, but by now, Emily in 1901 would be coming up to the 30 mark, older than Herkomer’s age limit of 28 for unmarried women. ’He had built a theatre in connection with his Bushey art school: more time was now devoted to drama, they said, than to Art. For earnest Art I was advised to go John Whitley No: 9 Meadow Studios’.

Such was the influence of the master, quite a few of his students had set up as art teachers themselves. John Whiteley was one such teacher. There is no indication that Emily knew anyone in Bushey. She herself wrote that she got off the train, and asked the newsagent the way to Bushey. However, somehow she managed to gain a place with Whiteley and find somewhere to rent, presumably that same day.

The cottage in which she found accommodation was Ivy Cottage on Merry Hill Road. All the accommodation near the Herkomer School was already taken by his students. The landlords were a young working class couple expecting their first baby. Emily from her middle class cultural colonial perspective viewed with an amused, and one might say, a fond eye on the life and views of the young family.

Emily came to have great respect for John Whiteley, whose inclination was towards figurative work, but covered landscape and he encouraged her to look at the movement in the trees, not to paint them as inanimate; you could say he was the first teacher who brought to her painter’s eye trees as living subjects, which would become so important in her mature creativity. Later in 1901 she heard that her sister, Alice, was to join her in England for the summer. First London had to be endured taking Alice around the tourist venues.

Together the sisters travelled to St. Ives, which by 1901 was well known as an art colony, but, in any case, John Whiteley, as a fellow student of Herkomer’s art school, more than likely recommended her to contact Algernon Talmage. St. Ives was a mecca for many budding artists and two other Herkomer students, Mia and John Arnesby Brown spent their summers there. Talmage with a Swedish painter, Julius Olsson ran an art school. Olsson was very enthusiastic in terms of exploiting the combination of sea and light, which Emily found too glaring in full summer. Olsson and Talmage were contrasting teachers and Emily found her sessions were confusing, but she preferred Talmage’s approach to landscape and when she discovered Tregenna Wood up the hill from St. Ives, where the sun was less intrusive, Talmage insisted he come and instruct her there. He told her to look for the sunshine in the shadows.

After the strains of London, the Cornwall air and warmth should have been very beneficial to her, but instead she found the boisterous sea and dazzling light gave her headaches. However, she stayed for eight months painting out of doors in all weathers. By April 1902 she was back in London, but instead of enrolling again at Westminster she came to Bushey to work with John
Whitely, with whom she obviously got on extremely well. This time she resided in Rudolph Road. By her own account by now, however, her health was deteriorating and her return to London exacerbated her weak state, which resulted in her becoming bedridden at the home of a friend. Having heard the news her sister Lizzie arrived from Canada. Unfortunately Lizzie was the least appropriate sister to have with her and Emily, aware she needed treatment, booked herself into the TB sanatorium in East Anglia. The diagnosis was hysteria by the female specialist there – her symptoms were headaches, sickness, bouts of crying, numbness on to paralysis, general malaise, which could all have been psycho-somatic. It took 15 months for her to recover and then was she was still fragile. But, instead of going straight home to Canada, she made a third visit to Bushey to spend another spring here. However, she had described Bushey thus ‘everything was yellow-green and pearly with young spring. Larks hurried up to Heaven as if late for choir practice’ – the new foliage the lush grass the Cuckoos and bluebells and primroses and anemone were just intoxicating. I used to sing and sing and sing in the woods.’ No wonder she came back, if only for the last time.

Any painting she did in England may or may not be in her archives and whether her coming to England progressed her art is debatable – it certainly brought her nowhere near her final mature powerful visions, but the experience of being on her own in a foreign land and meeting a variety of personalities and artists no doubt helped to consolidate her painting journey.

She returned to Canada and spent time teaching in Victoria, but largely in Vancouver – a happy period for her. In 1907, with sister Alice, she embarked on an Alaskan cruise, where in Sitka they discovered the Totem Walk a tourist venue, which went towards determining her to try and capture the native Indian heritage before it was too late. This marked a turning point for Carr: it was at Sitka, she decided to pursue her project of documenting the totem poles and Aboriginal villages in the province. After a number of painting trips around Vancouver Island to visit native villages recording the art, in 1910 she and Alice set off for France.

With a letter of introduction, she sought out an English painter, Harry Phelan Gibb. Gibb had been living in Paris for a good long time and had exhibited with Bonnard, Seurat and Manet, he was a friend of Matisse and Braque and his paintings were modern, but lacked the French artists’ innovatory touches. He advised Emily to attend classes at the Academie Colorossi, but Emily was confused by the language and left to join the private studio of Scottish colourist, John Duncan Fergusson. But, of course, she fell ill again very soon and Sweden was the chosen place to recuperate. Through 1911 she studied under Gibb and then, as she herself said, after four months of good work, she found an artist/teacher in Concarneau. Frances Hodgkins was a New Zealander, who had travelled throughout Europe and in fact had resided at 3, Rudolph Terrace in Bushey in 1903 – she was attending classes by Ernest Borough Johnson at the time at the North London Polytechnic – she had just missed Emily, who at that time was in the East Anglian Sanatorium. Hodgkins by now had developed a Fauvist palette and with her Emily discovered that brilliant colour could be produced in watercolour as well as in oil, as she had been using with Gibb. One thing she took on board during this trip in a big way was a fresh way of seeing, which produced a major change in her work. She began to understand that a painting ‘was more than what was before us’, not strictly representational, but colour; shape, light and form. She learned to use short quick brushstrokes boldly. She described it thus: ‘simplification to express depth, breadth and volume, brighter, cleaner colour, simpler form, more intensity’ – the energy and the vibrancy she gave to her art was now very obvious.

She returned once again to Canada in 1912 and again set off on various painting trips, including to the Queen Charlotte Islands making sketches of old totems. She felt that the resulting paintings of these trips should be part of a provincial government collection, but an eminent ethnologist advised that her rendering of native Indian artefacts were nothing like the real thing – too brilliant and vivid to be true. Her reaction was true to her nature – the chapter in her autobiography is entitled Rejected. Her sisters begged her to go back to her old way of painting, but she knew that would be a retrogressive step now that she had discovered modern art. Realising that she would have to give up any idea of a successful art career and earn a living she turned herself in another direction. Victoria once a thriving port was now feeling the strains of depression and her sisters had to sell her father’s property and with her share, Emily built a small house and, keeping accommodation and a studio for herself, she let out the other rooms – she would eventually write about her experiences in this regard. She also made pottery, which she decorated with native Indian designs.

From 1913 to 1927 she produced 20 paintings. Very early on Emily had had lessons with another Victoria female painter – a daughter of a wealthy father who could afford to send her to Paris and later to the Slade, her name was Sophie Pemberton, who had made a professional artistic career. She always remained a friend to
Emily and on making a visit to Emily’s studio in the early 20s she advised art enthusiast, Harold Mortimer-Lamb, of her work. He was responsible for the Vancouver Art Gallery and in turn he mentioned Carr’s work to the Director of National Gallery in Ottawa, Eric Brown, who coincidentally was the younger brother of John Arnesby Brown, a Herkomer student. Brown visited Emily in 1927 and invited her to take part in the ‘Exhibition of Canadian West Coast Art – Native and Modern’ – her paintings would hang alongside those of the Group of Seven, a renowned collection of landscape artists practising in Toronto and environs – all male – and it was one artist in particular, Lawren Harris, who received her into the group and also inspired her to include a spiritual dimension to her work.

Emily at 56, at last, accepted as a member of an artistic brotherhood, was very excited by the Group of Seven’s work, especially that of Lawren Harris, whose work particularly impressed her, and whose theosophical approach – the artist’s relationship to God through nature – appealed to her life in general.

This idea of nature slowly imposed itself on the totem art she was painting and she found she was concentrating more on the trees of the forest and it was Harris who told her to ‘create forms for yourself, direct from nature’.

The next decade or so saw Emily’s most prestigious body of work – she kept up her sketching trips, visits to the East and production of the most substantial and vibrant artwork. She travelled to America and met Georgia O’Keeffe and one other American artist, Mark Tobey, who introduced Cubism to her. In 1937 she suffered her first heart attack. Never strong of course, travelling caused her health to suffer and a number of heart attacks made it more and more difficult for her to pursue her life’s work in paint but by then, she had taken up writing in earnest. Her main stories were written between the age of 63 and 71. Three of her books were published while she was alive and her autobiography, Growing Pains, in which she has a chapter on Bushey, and one book with her jottings were published after her death.

After the war and Emily’s death in 1945, a growing awareness ran through the Western Art world. In 1971 an art critic, Linda Nochlin wrote an essay entitled Why have there been no great women artists? This was followed in 1976 by an exhibition in L.A. Women Artists: 1550-1950. Germaine Greer wrote her book on women artists, The Obstacle Race, in 1979 and Roszica Parker and Griselda Pollock in 1981 wrote Old Mistresses, Women, Art and Ideology. England did catch up – later – with an exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery in 1996, entitled Inside the Invisible. An elliptical traverse of 20th century art in, of, and from the feminine. Two of Emily Carr’s paintings were in this exhibition. It was not until November 2014 at last an array of this artist’s work was able to be seen at the Dulwich Art Gallery.

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Philip Morgan
Rector of Bushey 1981-1994

A n immediate response to my article in the 2015 Journal about Herkomer and rallying came from Hartfrid Neunzert, acknowledged expert on Herkomer and former director of the Museum in Landsberg am Lech. It was Hartfrid who brought the Herkomer Konkurrenz back to life in 1997, and it now runs every other year. Cars qualify if they were made in 1930 or earlier. Hartfrid invited me to the 2016 Konkurrenz; over two days, drivers would cover two routes on Upper Bavarian country roads, one to the west and the other to the east of the start and finish in Landsberg. Each day would cover about 100km. I accepted with great enthusiasm, and on Friday 8 July, my son Dan and I were on the Parc Ferme close to the Mutterturm, looking at a collection of remarkable vehicles.

The sound of engines varied between roars and rattles, and every variation in between. Most cars were tourers and as it was a lovely morning, most of them had their hoods down. The oldest I saw was a 1902 Oldsmobile single-cylinder two seater, with a tiller to steer by and no windscreen; thank goodness the weather was lovely on both days. The most modern was a 1930 Singer Le Mans – anyone remember those? In between were about 65 cars, mostly German and American, with a smattering of French: Peugeot, Citroen, Delage, Renault and Hotchkiss. From the UK, all with German owners, there were an MG 18/80, a 1930 Sunbeam and a Rolls Royce Phantom I, as well as the Singer.

Dan and I were with Hartfrid at the start, as the cars began to roll by. Suddenly Hartfrid stopped the driver of a 1924 Mercedes, who had no passenger; the next minute
I was climbing into this enormous car to begin a really exciting journey. Michael was an engineer with good English, and knew everything about his car. Dan was soon in a 1925 Chevrolet, whose owners, husband and wife, wore matching plus four suits. As we charged through the town and up the hill, all the primary school children were on the pavements waving and cheering. We waved back. So it went on. People cheered us through every village till mid-morning.

From time to time we stopped in villages to have the route card stamped. This meant there was some way of establishing a result, but there was absolutely no hurry, and the way the winner was calculated was beyond me. Stops were frequently accompanied by coffee, and visits to the local churches with their baroque or rococo decoration, and onion domes. The Alps were splendidly visible to the south. Michael drove with verve, and the Mercedes roared and swooped along under his guiding hands and feet – right hand drive, large steering wheel, accelerator between clutch and brake, gearchange on the right of the driver. We had a lovely lunch in the courtyard of an inn, and a further major stop in Bad Worishofen, birthplace of Herr Dr Kneipp, founder of the wonderful Kneippbaden, which allow one to bathe the feet in springs of cold water; there can be no better way of revival after a tiring day. Dan and I made do with suntan lotion.

Dan was by this time travelling with Reinhard in his Licorne. He said it was somewhat warm in this saloon. Reinhard told him cars in Germany had right hand drive until about 1930 because it was deemed easier to see errant pedestrians if the driver was in the seat nearest the side of the road. Drivers, on the other hand, were thought to be invariably well-mannered; and that is the reason there was no speed limit in Germany for a very long time. Back in Landsberg, we all met for dinner at the sports centre, where a fine meal was provided, and we sat with a family from Zurich who were running an immaculate 1915 Buick tourer. After a beer, I found I could once again speak some German.

On the second day, another sunny day, the route took us east of Landsberg. Ella, Hartfrid’s daughter, persuaded the owners of the plus four suits, Heinz and Sandra, to take me, while Dan went with Hartfrid to one of the check points. Heinz stopped in a village where there was a small crowd, and encouraged the children round the car, so photographs could be taken – a kind gesture. He also drove with dash, and it was great fun sitting up in the back seat. We had glimpses of the lovely Ammersee at Schondorf, and lunch under the trees in the surroundings of the vast Baroque church at Furstenfeldbruck.

After lunch, Dan and I swapped seats, and I came back with Hartfrid to Landsberg to await the arrival of the cars in the Hauptplatz. They were received by a large crowd, and everyone must have felt the Konkurrenz had been a great success. For Dan and me, the whole event had been a wonderful experience, and well beyond our expectations. The result was announced at dinner; I’ve no idea who won. For us, the winners were Hartfrid and Ella, whose hospitality knows no bounds, and Michael, Reinhard, Heinz and Sandra, who welcomed us into their cars, and enabled us to motor in a different age in the benign and beautiful Upper Bavarian countryside. Our Konkurrenz ended with the awards dinner at a local hotel, another fine occasion. I met some who had visited Bushey during the more active years of the link, and was glad to see them again. Hartfrid ensured that Dan and I were mentioned as contacts from Bushey.

A superb few days.

One other thing. The question I raised in my article was answered by Hartfrid. Herkomer bought his first car in 1903. It was a Panhard & Levassor which rumbled along High Street. French technology was at the head of the field.
there have been many schools in Bushey, but Ivy House School must have been one of the shortest lived. A brochure advertised that the Ivy House High Street, Bushey was to be opened on May 4th 1933, as a Preparatory School for Boys between the ages of five and fourteen years. The aim of the school was to prepare boys for the Public Schools and the Royal Navy. Both day boys and boarders were to be admitted and day boys could stay for lunch for a small extra charge. Additional information given was that the bus fare by Green Line Coach from Stanmore (coaches stopping outside the house) was 6d return for boys under 14.

Half tuition fees only were to be charged for the first term.

Whether this was because it was a short term or to encourage families to enrol their sons is not apparent. However the school clearly was popular as in September 1935 it was announced that the school would be moving to Tanglewood, at Stanmore, which had been the home of the late Rt. Hon. Sir Montague Lush, a former judge who offered much financial support to Bushey Heath Cottage Hospital. Tanglewood had grounds for extensive playing fields and more room for boarders. When the school moved its name was changed to Tanglewood School.

On 24 January 1936 Lt. Colonel W. H. Wild, D.S.O., the High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, read the proclamation of the accession of King Edward VIII outside Ivy House. Judging by the number of people watching from the windows Ivy House did not remain empty for long after the school moved out.