FRIENDS OF
BUSHEY
MUSEUM

A registered charity in support of Bushey Museum

Journal No. 8 Winter 1994/95

Goodwill

WITH the season of goodwill not quite yet a distant memory, it is timely to reflect upon what has been achieved over the last ten years by a large and diverse group of people working for the love of it instead of for money. (It seems hard to believe that this coming November will mark the Friends' Tenth Birthday.)

The Museum has already been widely recognised as one of the best volunteer-run local museums in the UK. Admittedly, Bushey's unique arts heritage does give us a particular advantage over most other local museums. But that would count for little without the goodwill shown by the many people who support and maintain the Museum by generously giving their time in various ways.

Why do they do it? Part of the answer may be that it is a response to the quality of leadership provided by Bryen Wood and Grant Longman, joint curators of the Museum. Both retired early, partly to devote themselves fully to the opening of Bushey Museum. They have been as inspirational as they have been tenacious in pursuit of a shared goal. Without them, we would not now have a museum in Bushey. Because of them, we have not just a museum – but a museum of high quality.

Our Museum is a focus for the expression of the natural impulse most of us have to give something of ourselves to what we can clearly see as worthy of support. This could be another reason for the number of willing volunteers.

Yet another pleasure to be gained from involvement is the sense of being part of a group of like-minded people. Whilst that can be

Continued on Page 16

Grant Longman, Chairman of Bushey Museum Trust and Joint Curator, presents his review of our first year:

'A new onward momentum ...'

LAST October Bushey Museum celebrated its first anniversary as a fully registered, fully functioning museum. So it is timely to review the major events of this first year.

The Opening came as the consummation of a great deal of work and without the tremendous help provided by the Friends it would not have been possible. Equally the sustaining of the Museum is dependent on the Friends' continuing support in a multitude of ways, together with the other museum workers who bring the day-to-day support in the Museum to the equivalent of five full-time staff. As supporting a fully registered Museum run entirely by volunteers, the Friends of Bushey Museum stands out as an exceptional organisation in the museum world.

...without the tremendous help provided by the Friends, it would not have been possible.

After the Opening there followed a few months when we settled down, the public came to see what the new Museum was all about and the stalwart band of stewards grew accustomed to their tasks. In this context we are all greatly indebted to Margaret Craig-Gray for organising the stewards' rota. The Opening was also followed by an upsurge of gifts of various items to the Museum, and one feels that a new onward momentum has begun. The Museum shop has been, from the start, a valuable added attraction and has been very ably managed by Bryon Parkin. The Museum' s annual report gives more detailed acknowledgements.

In the spring of 1994 we began to show a 'Picture of the Month' and intend to continue this focus on a succession of selected works of art for the foreseeable future. It provides a splendid opportunity to draw attention to an unusual or significant picture or to advertise an important new acquisition, sometimes both at once. Prime examples have been 'Marine' given to the Museum by Douglas Chowns in August and the two major acquisitions of the year funded by the Friends with grant aid from the V&A/M & GC Purchase Fund and the Hertfordshire Heritage Fund on both occasions. These were 'Bushey Church and Pond' (with two of her inimitable horses' heads in the foreground) by Lucy Kemp-Welch and 'The Foster Mother' by Sir Hubert von Herkomer (an important genre picture by him showing the rear of the Old Red Lion and Bushey High Street in the background).

The summer saw the beginning of our educational support to local schools and the appointment of Marion Gee to the position of Education Officer has made this very effective. Already several school parties have visited the Museum for special lessons and some have had their resulting work displayed in the Museum entrance hall. In addition Marion has organised activity sheets for school use and provided a children's version of the Bushey Village Trail.The first major change in the displays was the mounting of a 1994 Bushey Festival Art Exhibition showing the work of Allan Robert Brown and his son Hugh Boycott Brown. Both were art masters at the Royal Masonic Schools for Boys, but Hugh Boycott Brown also became a professional artist of considerable repute. We are delighted to have had twelve works by these artists donated to us by the Brown family as a result of this Exhibition, including several local landscapes.

... the Friends of Bushey Museum stands out as an exceptional organisation in the museum world.

The other Festival event provided by the Museum was an 'artist-in-residence' in the person of Douglas Chowns – an artist known internationally, now living in New Zealand, but born and bred in Bushey. He gave generously of his time and talents for four weeks and the highlights of his 'residence' with us were the Life Class, a sketching party at Lipscomb's Farm,

Continued on Back Page

Winning team: left to right: Trustees of Bushey Museum Bryen Wood, Grant Longman and Nick Browne.

PHOTO: ALEC JUST

What's so special about a brick?

. . . asks Chris Jordan, sitting in a queue of traffic on Chalk Hill, gazing at an old brick wall.

A SUNDAY TIMES article in a recent series on Design Classics described the brick as 'the most individual and friendly of mass-produced products'; it 'is a natural, re-usable, deeply satisfying and thoroughly primitive thing'.

PHOTO: PETER JUST

How many of us have noticed this capping brick impressed with the maker's name and date?

aroused. Evidently a commemorative date of some sort – but of what? Victoria's Jubilee was in 1887, the Kiel canal opened in 1895 and Pears Cyclopedia says that the infamous Jameson raid was December of that year; but what else?

PHOTO: PETER JUST

The cutting on Chalk Hill, showing the old brick retaining wall: a local scene familiar to everyone in Bushey

Alec Clifton-Taylor in his popular tv series and supporting books 'Six English Towns' focused our attention on vernacular architecture, in particular emphasising how much duller our streets would be without the regional varieties of brick colour and texture and the artistic skills of the bricklayer in the creation of patterns by the different bondings of headers and stretchers.

Grant Longman mentioned to me some while ago that the road from Watford through Bushey Arches and up Chalk Hill was at one time a formidable climb for horses pulling heavily laden carts. To ease their burden the road was trenched to form an even gradient from the Arches to beyond Villiers Road. On the south side a high brick built pedestrian walkway was created, broken only by the junction with Villiers Road.

Sitting in my car on Chalk Hill in the usual long queue waiting for the traffic lights to change, I noticed that the capping bricks on the edge of the footpath were of blue brick, and some of those between King Edward Road and Villiers Road were impressed with the words: JOSEPH HAMBLET 1895 WEST BROMWICH. My curiosity was

Sandwell's Local Studies Officer J K Maddison kindly sent me extensive material about brickmaking and Mr Hamblet, the full text of which is available in the Bushey Local Studies Centre.*

My previous knowledge of bricks could have been written on a postage stamp. It has now been enlarged by one particular excerpt from the Midland Chronicle & Free Press of 7th July 1944 on the 'Rise and fall of blue brick making'. Joseph Hamblet, founder of the firm, died in 1894 and was succeeded by his grandson Joseph Hamblet Davies who dropped the name Davies and became Joseph Hamblet, junr. Maybe the date signified to the trade the new ownership.

Why was that important? Hamblets had an international reputation for their blue bricks. The bricks of Chalk Hill have nobler brethren in the bridges over the Forth (1890) and Tay (1887), Mersey Tunnel and, closer to home, Tower Bridge (1894) plus exports to India and South Africa. At their peak, the works produced 500,000 bricks per week weighing 2-3000 tons, transported by canal in a fleet of 40 barges from their Albion works to railheads at Albion or Swan village railway stations.

What was so special about blue bricks? Known all over the world as the 'iron brick', in various forms it has a crushing strength of between 500 and 1750 tons.

Made from marl, said to be 'midway between clay and stone', it is very hard in its natural state and was mined by blasting before being pulverised and mixed with water to become a soft and pliable paste. The blueness arises from the intense heat of burning at the top of the kiln. Those lower down would shade (and decrease in hardness) through brindled to red at the bottom. The vitrified surface of the blue brick makes it impervious to water and frost and ideal for protecting softer and cheaper courses below, hence its usefulness.

So much for my Bushey brick. Do you have any other ideas about the significance of the year 1895?

Chris Jordan

**The Local Studies Centre at Church-House, by the Pond, a unique resource centre in Bushey, is open on Tuesday evenings 7-10pm.*

Pat Simmonds answers a question you've always wondered about . . .

Why stained glass windows don't fade

AT a Friends' meeting in April 1993, when Anne Blessley spoke on William Morris, I raised a question about colour fastness in fabrics and in stained glass. Tapestries fade over time but stained glass retains its original brilliant colouring. If ultra-violet light was the cause of fading then why was stained glass exempt from this problem?

It appears that the dyes and materials used to make fabrics are organic, that is to say, they have carbon in their molecular structure, whereas the colours used in glass are inorganic, as is the glass itself. Light is able to break down the relatively loose molecular bond in organic substances (hence fading in fabrics) but is unable to have any noticeable effect on the molecular bond (a very 'tight' one) which exists in the inorganic stained glass.

Pat Simmonds

Editor's note: This article had been intended for publication in the previous Journal but unfortunately had to be held over for lack of space.

PHOTO: COURTESY ERIC COBB

LONDON ROAD SCHOOL

Kay Clark, a member of the Friends, recalls her experiences of a less enlightened educational era than that enjoyed by Bushey children today.

I WAS a pupil at London Road School for a few years from 1935. It occupied the site in London Road between the woodyard and the green, where the Health Centre now stands. The School building was between two playgrounds – (one for the boys and one for the girls). Next to the boys' playground, with the green on its other side, stood the Domestic Science Centre, raised on a bank and approached by steps.

The main building housed the boys upstairs and the girls on the ground floor. Each had their own entrance and were administered separately. Never the twain would meet during a school day. We were conveyed to school from Oxhey Lane by taxi with a family of boys called Prentice from Little Oxhey Lane.

The building had high windows so that as you sat at the desks, all that could be seen of the outside world was the sky. This, of course, was to shut out all distraction from one's studies, but I found it very claustrophobic, having come from Leggatts Way School – then only a year old and with low windows that revealed trees with squirrels swinging among them and netball being played. Inside, all the woodwork was a dull green, considered to be restful to the eyes, wooden block floors, and corridors glazed with dark green tiles, as was the cloakroom with its rows of pegs.

The girls' school was presided over by Miss Bontell, a strict disciplinarian with a grim smile. On Armistice days, she always wore deepest black with a large spray of poppies on one shoulder. She would conduct a memorial service at Assembly with great solemnity and it was believed among the girls that she had lost her fiancé during the Great War (1914-1918).

Miss Bontell's room was on a mezzanine floor up a short flight of stone stairs. To reach it one walked through the hall, through double doors, over which was an arch which bore the inscription 'Onward and Upward' (the school motto) but it seemed to me like a direction to Nemesis. She would send for a girl to answer for any misdemeanour – one dreaded the call. She had very high standards, and would count the rows in the palms of a pair of knitted gloves and if they were one row different she would fling them back at the knitter with the comment: 'they are not a pair'. She taught English Literature – I remember how meticulously we studied 'The Merchant of Venice'.

I remember particularly two teachers. One was Miss Pavis, teacher of Needlework. She was elderly (or did I just think that then?) and had the unpleasant habit of chewing the chalk with which she wrote on the blackboard and sticking her finger up her nose then putting it in her mouth. It was a good thing I was a good needlewoman and did not need to spend a lot of time close to her for instruction. We had to darn holes made in loosely knitted fabric and pick up every loop and stitch. We laboured over this seemingly useless task, but it did teach me the art(?) of darning that was useful during the war days (1939-1945) of 'Make Do and Mend'. My lisle stockings were indeed a work of art then.

... if they were one row different, she would fling them back, commenting 'they are not a pair!'

Another teacher was Miss North, a nicer, gentler, and younger lady. She taught English Grammar and French, also Craft. She showed us how to frame pictures with 'passé-partout', a black sticky tape, which held together glass, picture and backing.

The Domestic Science Centre consisted of a large room with benches and a round iron stove; a small sitting room, furnished simply and containing a crib with a doll in it that had had its face almost washed away. In my first year there, we all put stitches into a canvas carpet that was eventually finished and laid in the sitting room. There was also a small kitchen and bathroom.

Each year we would have a term of Cookery, Laundry and Housewifery. For Cookery we took ingredients for a dish to be made and while it cooked we would learn all about food values and how to shop economically and keep a store cupboard. The store cupboard in the Centre held large amounts of dried goods. I was once locked in it by two girls who considered it a great joke. They got me out before my shouts raised attention from Miss Pine who was in charge. She was a pleasant lady with a smiling face, though like most teachers of that time she could be scathing and any mistakes were held up before the whole class and used as an 'awful warning' or to press home a point, as when I starched a huckaback towel thinking it was a pillow case, 'How could an intelligent girl like you make such a mistake?'

Laundry meant washing in deep sinks, blueing, starching, mangling and finally ironing with flat irons heated round the stove. These could get very dirty and had to be cleaned and inspected carefully before beginning to iron. There were a few electric irons being introduced, but as they had no thermostats then they often got too hot and scorched one's carefully laundered household linen.

Housewifery included child care and we each had to bath the baby, dress it, or prepare it for bed and prepare feeds. We had to clean the grate and lay a fire, sweep, dust and polish (no vacuum cleaners), clean baths and sinks etc. and learn how to run a home. Scrubbing played a great part in hygiene of the home and we laboured among the suds but had some fun too.

Laundry meant washing in deep sinks, blueing, starching, mangling and ironing with flat irons heated round the stove.

We played netball. The rules were never properly explained and to this day I have a very hazy idea of what I was doing. Being tall, I was usually in goal or defending it. However, it got us out of the classroom and into the fresh air.

It is hard to believe now that the school was ever there – but I can testify to its existence even though I cannot say with truth that I really enjoyed my days there.

Kathleen F ('Kay') Clark

PHOTO: BM ARCHIVE

A class of girls at London Road School around 1915, some years earlier than the time Kay Clark was there.

'Missing Herkomer portraits turn up in Hungary'

So ran the headline in the *Landsberger Tagblatt* of 12 March 1994. Kate Morgan explains:

WHEN Hartfrid Neunzert, the Museum Director of Bushey's cultural link-town of Landsberg-am-Lech invited me to take part in a concert on March 30th slap in the middle of Holy Week my first reaction was 'impossible!' After further thought and discussion I decided to go.

The occasion for the concert was an exhibition in Landsberg to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the birth of the great German conductor Hans Richter. He was immensely influential and championed many composers, notably Wagner (he conducted the first performance of the Ring Cycle at Bayreuth) and Elgar, for whom he conducted the first performance of 'The Dream of Gerontius' in Birmingham and also made the Enigma Variations known in Germany. There was also a connection with Herkomer (who died 80 years ago on March 31st).

In 1889 Herkomer painted portraits of Richter and his wife. They became great friends – so much so that Herkomer felt able to invite the great man to conduct several performances of Herkomer's music drama 'An Idyl' in Bushey!

Hartfrid Neunzert knew these portraits existed but no one seemed to know where they were. He eventually tracked them down to the Hans Richter Conservatoire in Györ, Hungary. He discovered the pictures in a disgraceful state of repair, wrapped up in old clothes and stuffed behind a wardrobe.

Hartfrid took them back to Landsberg with him, wondering whether they would survive the journey and had them restored at the Landsberg Museum. They

He discovered the pictures, wrapped up in old clothes and stuffed behind a wardrobe.

were then put on show there for a few months before being returned to Györ (and it is to be hoped, to a place of honour in the Town Hall there). They are splendid full-length portraits – Herkomer at his very best.

The concert was sponsored by two local newspapers to help defray the expense of the restoration. The Landsberg Youth Choir, an oboist (a Landsberger who is now in the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra), three local Bavarian pianists and a choir conducted by Sibylle Neunzert took part, as well as a Trio from Györ and myself – representing three towns with a connection with both Richter and Herkomer.I felt immensely honoured to be there – and taking part. I sang a group of songs by Grieg, another composer with links with Richter.

I didn't see the exhibition until after the concert and this was the right way round. It was a small display occupying just one gallery on the ground floor of the Museum. The room was of course dominated by the two Herkomer portraits. The rest of the exhibition consisted of panels of photographs and texts illustrating various aspects of Richter's career from his birth and early days in Györ through landmarks such as collaborations with Wagner, Liszt and Elgar to his retirement to a villa in Bayreuth where he died in 1916.

If you would like to know more about Richter and his visit to Bushey, get the recently published book called 'True Artist and True Friend' by Christopher Fifield in collaboration with Frau Leonore Schacht-Richter, the conductor's grand-daughter. It includes a nice story about how he asked for tickets to London at Bushey station – 'One ticket for me to return and one for my wife not to return!'. The book is published by Oxford University Press.

Kate Morgan

THE present community spirit in Bushey owes much to Kate Morgan. In 1983, as the new Rector's wife who happened to be both musical and strong-minded, she decided that Bushey needed a new festival. Without more ado, she founded the present Bushey Festival, a modest venture at first. Under her leadership the Festival has developed into the biggest event in the Bushey year with something for everyone: from madrigals to marathons. Even though she and Philip have moved on to Winchester, her legacy to the people of Bushey shows every sign of continuing to flourish. Kate has left her mark on the Bushey community which has been enriched through her imagination and creative energy. She and Philip take with them to Winchester our thanks and best wishes for the future. AJ

Model museum

CANON PHILIP MORGAN, Bushey's Rector for many years until promotion last Autumn, had been a Trustee of Bushey Museum Trust since its formation. In his letter of resignation made necessary by his move away from Bushey, he added the following:-

" ...I'd like to put in writing my gratitude to my fellow Trustees, now erstwhile, for drawing me into the most important development in the life of the community I experienced in Bushey. I can't help feeling this is a model for both bringing together material, and setting up a museum in which to house it all. Thank you very much ..."

Andrew Ridgeley poses on the final afternoon of the Exhibition for Gawan Vesey, President of the Friends until his sudden and unexpected passing on Boxing Day (see Page 16). Andrew's mother Jenny looks on proudly with Keala-Maree Longman, the Exhibition Organiser.

PHOTO: ROTN. ALBERT RIDGELEY

WHAM! Exhibition success

The WHAM! Memorabilia Exhibition mounted in Bushey Museum in October 1994 was something of a first for Bushey. As everyone will now know, Andrew Ridgeley and George Michael, the founders of the illustrious pop group of the 1980s, spent their formative years in Bushey.

When the idea was first floated in 1993, there were some reservations expressed that the subject may not be appropriate to a museum devoted to culture. Other voices suggested that popular music, enjoyed by millions of people was just as much part of culture as the most serious-minded art.

After a period of reflection, the proposal was agreed, albeit with some trepidation. Keala-Maree Longman, daughter of the Chairman of the Trust and a fan of the pop group, offered to organize the Exhibition with technical assistance from Bryen Wood, John English and other members of the Friends. With the support and encouragement of Jenny and Albert Ridgeley, a truly remarkable array of artefacts, costumes, letters, photographs, etc was assembled.

The exhibition was featured internationally on radio and television (Keala-Maree, Jenny and Albert giving live tv interviews). Over 1000 people including many from overseas visited the Exhibition. All the original doubts evaporated as not only was an outstandingly successful Bushey pop group celebrated in style, but also, through the exhibition, Bushey Museum reached out to younger people who perhaps would not spontaneously enter a museum. One of the lessons of it all? Culture is universal.

Alec Just

Jim Singleton's article in 1993 has prompted ...

More memories from the 1930s

IT WAS INTERESTING to read Jim Singleton's account of his memories of the Masonic Schools, in the 1930s and 40s [Journal Autumn 1993]. These were the years when I was growing up in Bushey; we regarded the Schools as part of the local scene.

The crocodiles of pupils issuing from the Junior School at weekends and the groups of older boys from the Senior, were also accepted as the norm. I must say though from my own knowledge that some association between Senior boys and local young ladies took place long before it was official.

The Bushey Historical Pageant, written by Mr T R N Crofts, the Headmaster, to commemorate the Coronation of King George VI was quite an epic and I recall attending a performance at the Senior School. Mr Crofts took the part of 'The Guardian of the Sacred Fire' and my school, Ashfield, under the direction of the Headmaster, J H Brothers, acted scene 2, Edmund Ironside AD 1016.

A senior pupil, H J Oliver, who lived in one of the cottages which stood where Storey Court now stands,took the part of King Edmund. Sadly, he died soon after leaving school, not very long after the Pageant. I note also that one of the peasants, R K Martindale, who took part, was a descendant of one of the figures portrayed in the painting by Herkomer, 'Our Village'.

Another event which I understand took place at the Senior School, in about 1930 and organised by the British Legion, was advertised as 'A Night Behind the Lines' with a bread, cheese and onion supper. My father, a veteran of the First World War attended.

The school band and Cadet Corps, always enhanced any local event, the boys carrying rifles at the trail, Rifle Brigade style. In their black-buttoned uniforms and badges, they were always smartly turned out and drilled. They were a feature of the Remembrance Day Parade, as were the band and pupils of the Caledonian Schools. Another feature of this parade was a contingent of the RAF from Bentley Priory. I remember them particularly in about 1933, uniformed in breeches, puttees and wearing capes. They were under the command of Warrant Officer Budden, who whilst at Bentley Priory, sang in the choir at Bushey Parish Church. He was posted there again during the War, but by then was a Squadron Leader.

Another event of which I have a photograph *(see below)* was the Proclamation of King Edward the Eighth. This took place outside Ivy House, where the Council Offices had taken up temporary residence as the offices in Rudolph Road, were in the process of extension. The Lord Lieutenant, Viscount Hamden, I think read the Proclamation. He is accompanied by Mr Mellor, Chairman of Bushey Urban District Council and Mr Sidney Payne, the Clerk. Also on the dais can be seen Mr Blackley Senior and I think Dr Shackleton Senior. The top-hatted figure on the right was ex-Police Sergeant Hannah, I think. The Masonic Schools provided the Guard of Honour and the Caledonian School Band was also in attendance.

This band was regarded with great affection locally. It is said that when they travelled to the Royal Albert Hall (by public transport in those days) for Scottish events, their Bandmaster, who was always turned out in full Highland Dress, would take them there but the boys would bring him home.

Bushey always had the ability to put on a good show to mark any event, far superior to its neighbours, even Watford. This was to a large extent due to the assistance given by the Masonic Schools and the Caledonian Schools. During the War years, when there were a number of parades to promote 'War Savings' there were some grand parades organised by Major Armand Blackley and his wife. They had connections and organising ability which made it possible. My father who was a military band enthusiast could not believe his eyes when he saw the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the command of their Director of Music, marching along Bushey High Street.

I have always been proud to say that I came from Bushey.

John Storey
(now living in Somerset)

Bushey always had the ability to put on a good show, far superior to its neighbours ...

PHOTO: COURTESY JOHN STOREY

Local proclamation ceremony outside Ivy House in 1936 for King Edward VIII (see full description of the scene in the article above)

The Red House

Another in a series of extracts, selected by Jenny Just, from letters to 'Hertfordshire Countryside' written in the '60s by local historian T W Hedges, father of Norman Hedges who is a member of the Friends.

... THE owner in those days of the fine red-brick residence in the High Street was a charming elderly lady and her daughter; the latter was my morning Sunday School Mistress, of whom more later.

The Red House was a notable feature of the High Street with its large bay windows and an array of the usual frontage of solid railings and shrubbery. The ground floor was once the ornate drawing and dining rooms. The house is now [1960s] a doctors' surgery and a radio and electrical store. What has happened to the rear flower gardens, tennis and croquet lawns I hate to speculate.

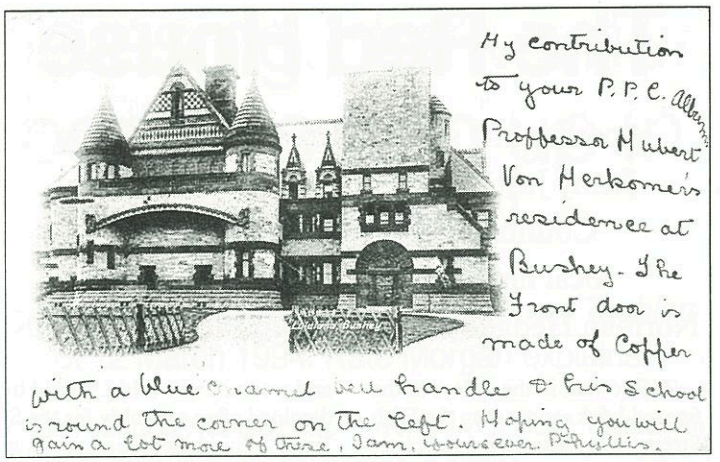
The Sunday School mistress was a strict disciplinarian, allowing no breach of the rules of good conduct; she also insisted that the Collect for the day should be learned and recited from memory.

On one occasion my performance was not up to the high standard expected and there were 'words' and worse. I was told I should be detained after assembly for the St James' Church Service – kept in, in Sunday School!

I struggled against arrest, but Miss Evans' strong right arm was more than a match for mine, and a rather sheepish pupil had to join his colleagues alone at the morning service. I was afraid I should not be invited to the usual tea party at the Red House, but I was forgiven. That afternoon the young lady gave a display of her skill with the tennis bat; I then understood why I was unable to escape from her right-hand hold.

Miss Evans was a resident in Bushey until a few years ago – but not at the Red House.

Editor's note : Mollie Evans had been a Herkomer art student. As it happens, the Trustees will be showing some of her work in the Festival Art Exhibition to be held this summer in the Museum Art Gallery.



A postcard dating from 1902 showing on its face a photo of 'Lululaund', Herkomer's mansion in Melbourne Road. Space was left for a message.

An early colour postcard (postmarked 1904) of a delightful painting by 'KL' of a view of Bushey High Street. Who was 'KL' ?

PICTURE POSTCARDS

A short history by Bryen Wood on the occasion of the centenary year of the picture postcard.

SEPTEMBER 1994 marked the centenary of the British Post Office first permitting the sending of picture postcards using the postcard rate of a halfpenny stamp. The Austrian postal authorities were the first to allow the sending of postcards as such in 1869. Several European countries soon followed and in October 1870 the British Post Office allowed the sale of a pre-stamped plain card for a halfpenny. They proved very popular with the public, but although some countries soon allowed pictorial printing on postcards, the British Post Office resisted this development until 1894. Even then, despite pressure from the International Postal Union, the British authorities insisted on the use of the small court-size card of 3½" x 4½". As the picture side had also to contain the message, picture postcard development in this country was very slow at first.

By November 1899, Tuck's in particular finally persuaded the British Postal authorities to agree to the standard 3½" x 5½" size. This gave much better scope for designs and pictures, although the picture side still had also to bear the message. It was not until 1902 that the divided back was permitted and the address and message occupied the whole of the other side. It was this development which established the postcard much as we know it today.

From 1902 until the end of the First World War, there was enormous growth in the use of picture postcards and many millions were sent each year. The craze for collecting postcards became almost universal and most homes kept albums for visitors to browse through.

The pictures on the cards were by no means all of places. Many themes were exploited and collectors specialised in comic, glamour, celebrities, animals, advertising, art, religion, events, royalty and so on. The postcard had its functional role as well. At this time in many towns there were several postal collections and deliveries each day . A card posted in the morning would usually be delivered later that day; it was quite common to send a card inviting friends or family to tea that same day. Events were recorded with similar speed and local photographers competed to produce cards of local events or disasters and have them delivered to the shops within the day. A modern collector prizes a card postmarked for the day of the event described.

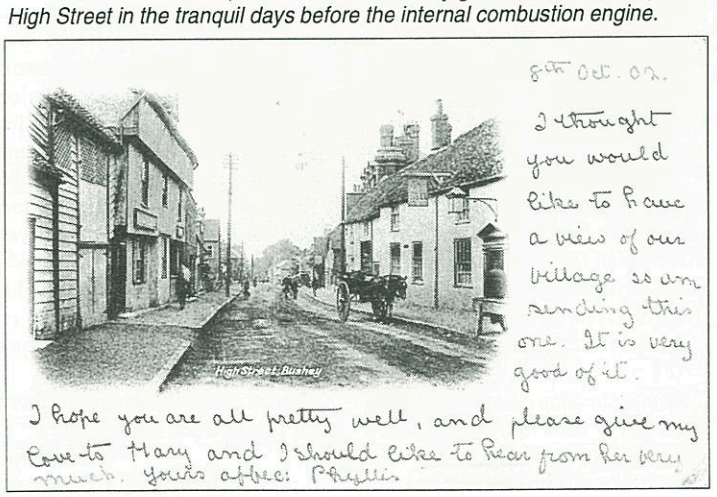
Local historians in particular are grateful for the postcard craze and especially for what are known as the topographicals. The Edwardian scene in many towns is often better recorded than later periods. I know of at least 600 different picture postcards of Bushey and Oxhey from this period but far fewer from later years. I have not yet come across a court-size card of Bushey although there may have been one.

The earliest publisher of Bushey cards seems to have been Chester Vaughan who produced undivided backs of key Bushey views from early 1902 or before. The earliest post mark I have seen so far is on a card of Lululaund posted on 8 August 1902 (pictured above). Although strictly it was by then allowable to write the message on the address side, people continued to use the picture side for a year or so. Another sent in October 1902 is a good early view of the High Street. The earliest disaster card I know is one by Coles of one of the many floods in Water Lane (also known as Bushey Hall Road). Illustrated below, it shows 'Jerry', the horse and cart provided free by Watford Council on 16 June 1903.

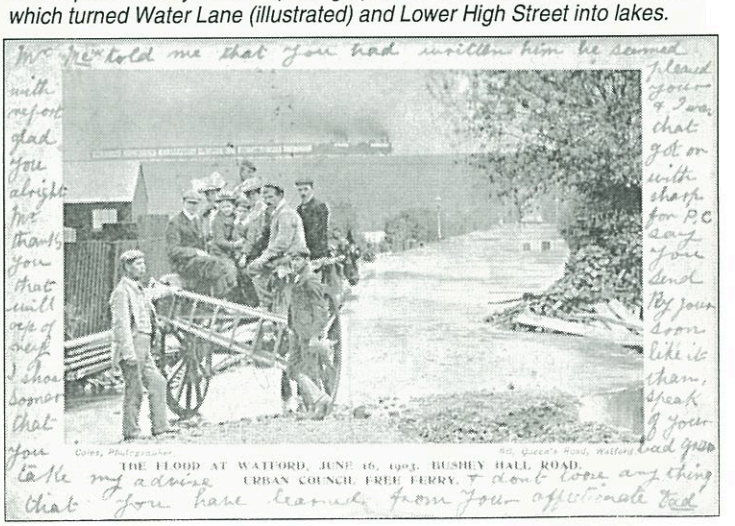
Bushey's art history even impinges on the history of postcards in that a number of Herkomer School students later supplemented their income by producing designs for postcard publishers. Notable are Sybil Barham for Faulkners, Ernest Ibbetson for Faulkners and Gale & Polden, Kate Cowderoy for Raphael Tuck and Star, and May Bowley for Valentines. Other Bushey artists published on postcard are W P Starmer, Mabel Gear, Evelyn Beckles, Mary Horsfall,

Continued on Page 7

Written in October 1902, this card shows a 'very good' view of Bushey High Street in the tranquil days before the internal combustion engine.



A card published by Watford photographer Coles of the flood of June 1903 which turned Water Lane (illustrated) and Lower High Street into lakes.



As others see us

Last March a party of 30 members of the Friends of Harrow Museum came to Bushey Museum on an organised visit. This is an extract from their newsletter report of the visit, written by Lorna Price.

WE WERE welcomed by the Curators Grant Longman and Bryen Wood, given a succinct resumé of the background of the Museum, divided into two groups and escorted round with clear explanations.

We were full of admiration
– for the enthusiasm and dedication which had led to the foundation of the Museum in former Council offices;
– for the professional appearance of the displays with super lighting in the well designed cabinets;
– for the wide range of local history memorabilia on the ground floor;
– for the wonderful display of art on the first floor, stemming from the Herkomer Art School founded in Bushey in the 19th century.

If you haven't yet discovered this gem of a museum, make plans to do so. It is in Rudolph Road, just off the main road and is open from Thursdays to Sundays, 11am to 4 pm. Admission is free.

If you haven't yet discovered this gem of a museum, make plans to do so.

Revel in the well displayed local history information on houses, people, schools, hospitals and activities of an area not so very far away. Admire the illustrations of the 'celebration' arches for which Bushey became renowned. Indulge in nostalgia over past revelries, school photos and dire pill-making machines.

Introduce yourself to Herkomer, a man of many artistic talents, born in Bavaria in the late 19th century and thank him for influencing so many other artistic talents in the area. Buy tasteful greetings cards of Bushey scenes in the small well-stocked shop.

As you leave, note the certificate by the door from the Gulbenkian Museum and Galleries Awards 1993 to the Bushey Museum as winner of the award 'for the most outstanding improvements achieved with limited resources'.

If you have time, visit as we did, St James' Church just across the main road, with a lovely timbered roof and five hatchments. Make time to explore the surprisingly large churchyard.

So many of us hasten through Bushey en route for Watford and all points north . . . Do find time to 'stand and stare' – you will find it very rewarding. *Lorna Price*

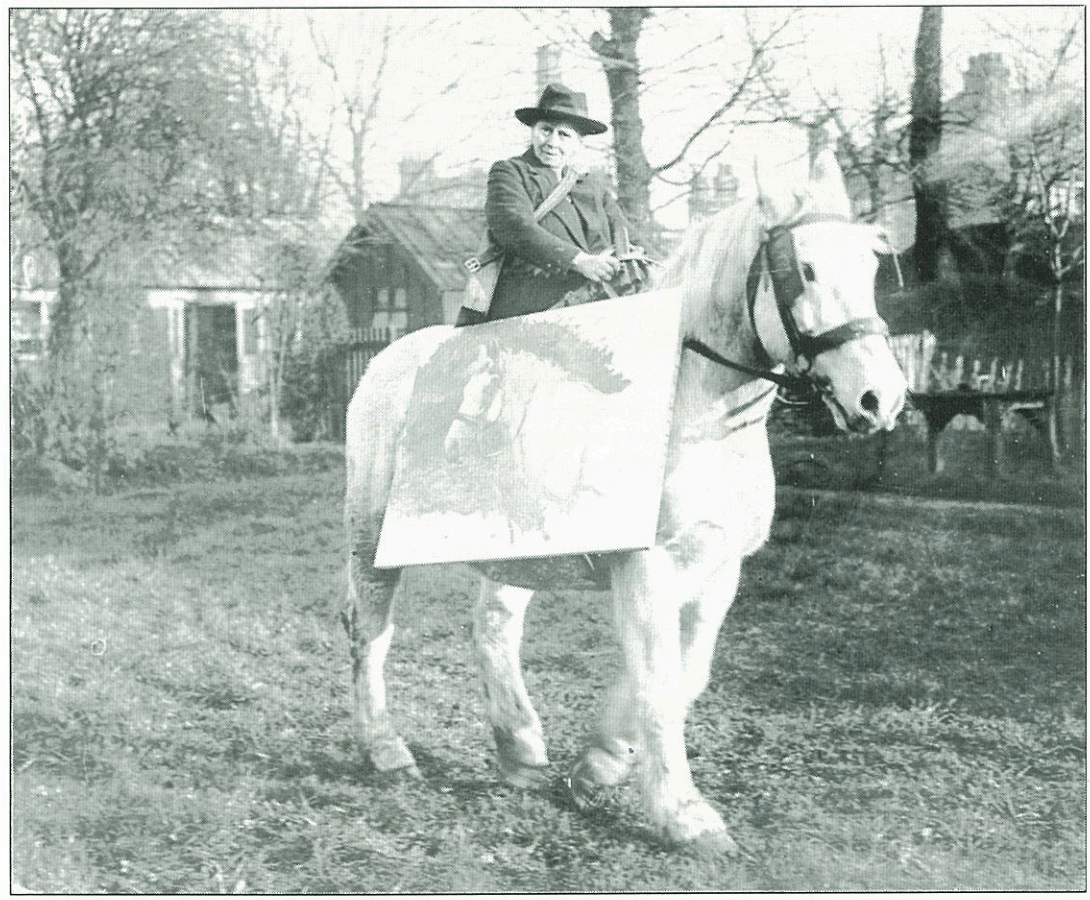


PHOTO: BM ARCHIVE

Lucy Kemp-Welch in the garden at the rear of her studio and riding the subject of the painting she is carrying. The painting was never finished and today hangs in the Museum Art Gallery.

HERKOMER IN CHESHIRE

TATTON PARK, seat of the Egerton family since the 16th century, is now a National Trust property and well worth a visit. The face of the Mansion house as seen from the nearby public road is unprepossessing but its modesty belies the fine interiors of this large and comfortable house.

The mansion has a vast collection of pictures to suit most interests, reflecting the artistic taste or otherwise, to modern view, of each generation. Family portraits abound and; surprise! surprise!; in the Dining Room there is an almost life-size, full-length study by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, painted in 1901 of Wilbraham Egerton, 2nd baron and 1st Earl Egerton of Tatton 1832-1909. Hirsute and magnificently robed, at first glance I thought it was in fact the future Edward VII. One begins to feel that Herkomer painted these by the yard but this example is better than most.

In the same year Wilbraham's wife Alice Montgomery, Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos also had her portrait done, but by Herkomer's contemporary, Sir Frank Dicksee PRA. Of a similar genre, but more freely painted than one suspects would have been done by Herkomer, it is a relaxed and glamorous portrait in the late Victorian or should one say early Edwardian style. Hung across the chimney breast in the same room it makes an interesting comparison and foil to that of her husband. I know which one I prefer.

Don't just go to see the pictures. The formal and informal gardens are a delight. With the parkland, fern house, orangery and model home farm you will need a whole day to do them justice.

Chris Jordan

POSTCARDS

Continued from Page 6

Lucy Kemp-Welch and Herkomer himself. The strangest are an early set of six paintings of scenes around Bushey by someone initialling her- or himself 'KL' for Raphael Tuck's Aquarette Series. Tuck's records were destroyed in the last War and we have so far not found out who 'KL' was.

If any Friend knows of earlier Bushey cards than those referred to above or other Bushey artists on cards we would like to hear about them. In fact, any information on postcards and any gifts would be warmly received. *Bryen Wood*

LETTERS

From Mrs BETTY GOODISON:

I was very interested to read Jim Singleton's article on the Royal Masonic School during the thirties and forties. I am writing to report on the work of the RMS in the community with which I was involved in the late Forties and Fifties.

As Jim Singleton reports, when Mr Sinclair returned from his war service, he made sure that the RMS should make a worthwhile contribution to the quality of Bushey life and that his boys should make contact with the local community. Mr Sinclair was (with Miss Birney, the then Headmistress of St Margaret's School) one of the founder members of the Bushey Youth Committee.

I joined as a representative of London Road Youth Club and in 1948 I became secretary. Mr Sinclair made the resources of the Masonic Senior School freely available to the Youth Committee. Athletic sports meetings open to all youth organisations in the area were held in the RMS sports ground and boys of the school supported all Youth Committee events with entries which set a high standard of achievement and sportsmanship.

RMS boys (and St Margaret's girls too) attended local church services and their chaplain helped to organise Bushey Youth Services on special occasions. Individual youth clubs were helped too. We were able to have tickets, posters, programmes etc printed for free and equipment for any youth club activity was willingly lent. I recall borrowing all sorts of things, from stage curtains to a starting pistol, and used their high jump pit for a girls' sports practice – anything was made available for youth work.

There was also a great deal of social contact with the community of Bushey in general. There were invitations to the Senior Masonic annual play and although the cast was all boys at first (and actually I have never seen a better Lady Macbeth than the one played by a Masonic boy), girls from local youth organisations were later invited to take part.

To ensure that the boys should lead as full and normal a life as possible, Mr Sinclair wanted them to have family contacts in Bushey. We were encouraged to invite small groups of boys to Sunday afternoon tea. My own efforts in this were not very successful (my three daughters and the three invited boys were so stricken with shyness that we soon gave up the embarrassing occasions). Despite our lack of success, other families forged permanent links with those who came to tea. The fact that several members of RMS staff lived outside the school campus with their own families meant that we never felt that the school was in any way closed to everyday contact – quite the opposite: the 'Masonic' was an integral part of Bushey life.

This all changed when Mr Sinclair left, but under his headship the RMS was, for the youth of Bushey at least, a place where support, generosity and understanding could always be found.

Betty Goodison,
Coldharbour Lane, Bushey

From GEORGE CUSACK:

I read with great interest, the contribution by Jim Singleton in Journal No. 7, Autumn 1993, prompted, he said, by my previous contribution, Journal No . 6, Summer 1992, entitled 'Of Town & Gown and Other Things'

I enjoyed the article immensely, and learned more from it about the Masonic Schools than I had previously learned in my 30-odd years as a Bushey resident born and bred. My own latest contribution to the Journal, also in issue No 7, had some surprising and pleasing results, prompting letters from two old friends from whom I had not previously heard in the 39 years since leaving for Australia.

First was a letter from Frank Gillett (who, you may remember, appeared in the photograph which accompanied my very first contribution, in Journal No.5, Summer 1991). Frank gave me some information on two of the people I mentioned in the Journal No.7 article, Hugh (Pat Floyd) and Frank Chester; he also informed me that my maternal grandfather, George William Durley, is shown as a member of the crew of the Merryweather Frederick Fire Engine in 1927, whose picture is displayed in Bushey Museum.

Next was a letter from Kathleen, wife of Tom Chester, to whom I had made reference in the article. She very kindly brought me up-to-date with news of a number of Bushey residents of my vintage, still alive and well. She also apprised me of the whereabouts of other Bushey ex-residents, who live in the same area of South Australia as us, and whom I have already contacted.

Thus the Journal has been a source of great pleasure for me, with its renewing of friendships, reminiscences of very happy years and memories of well-loved scenes.

Long may it endure!

George Cusack
15 Crosby Court
Encounter Bay 5211
S.Australia

PHOTO: COURTESY TONY TOMS

History was made on 17 April 1994 when two Bushey ex-pats and regular Journal correspondents Tony Toms and George Cusack met in Australia for the first time. They live 500 miles apart and made contact with each other again through the Journal after half a lifetime 'down under'. Tony Toms is on the left of the picture with Elvira and George Cusack. There is yet another letter from George on this page.'

Extracts from a letter to Marion Cox and staff of Bushey Museum from DENNIS CHUA, a Malaysian student of Thames Valley University, Ealing:

I'm writing this letter to say a very big thank you to all of you for showing me around this lovely museum. It may be small but it had a lot of beautiful paintings and told me a lot about the history of the pleasant village of Bushey.

I was determined to explore Bushey since a friend of mine was called 'Bushey'. Like me, she was a foreign student – she is from South Africa and has since gone back, while I'm from Malaysia and am staying until June [1994]. The opportunity for me came on 18 February 1994 when I was having my semester break. Bushey (my friend) had been to Watford and told me that it was a nice place to visit. But instead I decided to go to the place which bore her name!

Arriving in Bushey by tube and bus, my first impression was of a

typical English village – small, green and peaceful, with warm and friendly folk. I was right indeed. In fact, Bushey was a very green and lush village and I thought it ought to be called Bushey Green!

As I was browsing in the Bushey Library I saw an advertisement for Bushey Museum. I was keen to see how the nice little village had grown over the years and thus I was tempted to visit it.

In the museum I saw pictures of Bushey over the years. It had not changed very much but I liked it because too much change would make it lose its uniqueness. I also saw advertisements of the days before, which were certainly more simple and decent than those we have today. I thought to myself: people then were not as obsessed with consumerism as they are today.

I also learned that even a little village like Bushey had its share of heroes who put their homeland on the map. One such man was Sir Hubert von Herkomer, and he certainly made an everlasting impact on Bushey Village.

Herkomer was an artist, educationist, sculptor and film producer. He was also an actor – having made a cameo in one of his films. Herkomer was really a child of three nations – Germany, the USA and Britain. He was born in Germany but eventually settled in Britain. Bushey was very lucky to be chosen as his home, when he could have settled in London. Not only did he paint many beautiful paintings, he also built a beautiful castle dedicated to his second wife, Lulu. Sadly, the castle has been destroyed, but many of its treasures have been salvaged and proudly stand in the museum.

Miss Cox told me that Herkomer built more than one castle. One more castle he built stands tall today in Germany. It was a gift of a devoted, loving son to his [dead] mother. Sir Hubert von Herkomer, I now realise, has indeed a cherished place in Bushey history. I thank Bushey Museum very much for keeping his memory alive.

Another painter and teacher like Herkomer was Lucy Kemp-Welch. I did not get to see many of her works in the museum but I saw her name engraved on one of the houses.

I thought the museum was built by Herkomer since it looked so original and homely. However, it was not, but despite this I am very glad to find that it has retained its charm and beauty over the years. Its lavatory is sweet-smelling too! I found out when I had a wash.

Before I left, another thought of Bushey's history came into my mind. I asked the kindly gentleman in charge whether Bushey was the birthplace of that famous British rock group 'WHAM!' 'Half of it', was the reply.

Finally, I'd like to thank all of you for your excellent work in maintaining this nice little museum and for your interesting information on the heroes of Bushey, the many people of humble beginnings who put Bushey on the map. Leaving this little green and friendly village, I feel a little sad. However if all goes well I'll be returning to the Museum for another visit during the Easter break in late March.

Dennis Chua
15 Lorong Raja Di Hilir
31400 Ipoh City, Perak State
West Malaysia, Malaysia

[Editor's note: Mr Chua did indeed return for a second visit in the spring before returning home.]

Letter from Mr J P HOLDER of Blacktown, New South Wales:

Recently I received a letter from a Mr F Gillett of Bushey in which he referred to the museum.

I am seventy-eight years of age and for the first twenty of these I lived next door to the Merry Month of May, on one side and the Gransby family on the other. I also lived for a very short time at 25 Rudolph Road and finally in Merryhill Mount.

I have been away from Bushey for forty-six years and came to Australia with the Navy in February 1945. I was discharged from the Navy and with my wife, whom I married in Sydney, I arrived back in Bushey in March 1947. I should add that we were married in St Mark's Church, Darling Point, Sydney. The Ship's Padré officiated at the wedding: a Rev. A Bird whom, I think, had a calling in Barnet. Many years later Elton John was married in the same church. I returned to Australia in August 1948.

I went to London Road School, then under the aegis of Mr H Burnham and his staff. The boys occupied the upper storey and the girls below. Considering the raw material with which they had to work – and I include myself in this category – the teachers did a pretty good job and I like to think they taught us more than the three 'Rs'. Some of the names that come to light as I write these lines are – Lovelock, Toms, Lumb, Rumney and many more.

The Bushey Flower Show was, perhaps, the highlight of our year. It was held in the grounds of Lord Bethel's Estate and was a credit to the horticultural efforts of the village people. I also remember an occasion, in the mid-twenties, when the Stars and Stripes flew from the top of Bushey Church. It was in connection with someone living in Falconer Road who had fought in the American Civil War.

I recall also a sign outside a pub at the bottom of Clay Hill which bore a sign saying 'Please slacken the bearing rein going up hill'. Obviously a reference to the days when Dobbin had some heavy loads to drag up Clay Hill.

In the days of our childhood hoops and tops were the order of the day. I broke my hoop and remember taking it to a blacksmith very close to the Red Lion to have it forged together. Later I did a paper run for the shop on the corner of Rudolph Road. I hope I am right in referring to a Mr Knight who owned a Hire Car service near the Parish Church next to the pond. The reason I mention this is because when I was quite young we were told at school that a Pat Knight (a girl) had died of meningitis and how sad it made us all feel.

Another event I recall was the year 1935 when the streets of Bushey were decorated in honour of the Silver Jubilee of King George V *(see below and photo on page 13)*. It was a wonderful gesture of loyalty and people came from surrounding districts to see it. Herkomer's mansion in Melbourne Road is also worthy of a mention. On our way from London Road School to the swimming pool in King George Recreation Ground we would go down Melbourne Road and some of the bolder spirits would go into the mansion's grounds and 'scrump' a few apples. On another occasion there was a film being shot in the grounds and I think I am right in saying that Betty Balfour, an actress of the day, was present on the set. But in those days the 'pictures' were not so easy to come by as a form of entertainment.

Referring to Crook Log where I lived. We were a close knit community but without being in and out of each other's houses. We used to play round the 'Top Pond' next to the pub but in the years to which I refer there was never a pond there. Sometimes we would climb over the fence and play in Attenborough's field, and many a budding Hobbs and Sutcliffe made their début there.

The first time I heard the wireless was in the home of Mrs Gransby, whose eldest son, Bill, placed a pair of earphones on my head and I heard Station 2LO. We could get a packet of Smith's Crisps for tuppence and a Brighton Biscuit for a penny from the Merry Month of May. I can also recall being taken by two of my classmates along Aldenham Road to the site of what was to become the Watford by-pass.

Since 1988 I have been in hospital three times and sometimes I have difficulty in remembering things so, if there are any chronological or factual errors in this letter, I hope the reader will bear with me.

To the Custodians of the Bushey Museum I wish every success in their endeavours. Although much water has passed under the bridge since the days of my youth in Bushey I still like to regard myself as a product of the London Road Council School and a Bushey boy.

J P Holder
64 Harold Street
Blacktown
New South Wales
2148 Australia

George V 1935 Silver Jubilee carnival procession emerges from the High Street through a specially erected celebration arch. See also page 13.

PHOTO: BM ARCHIVE

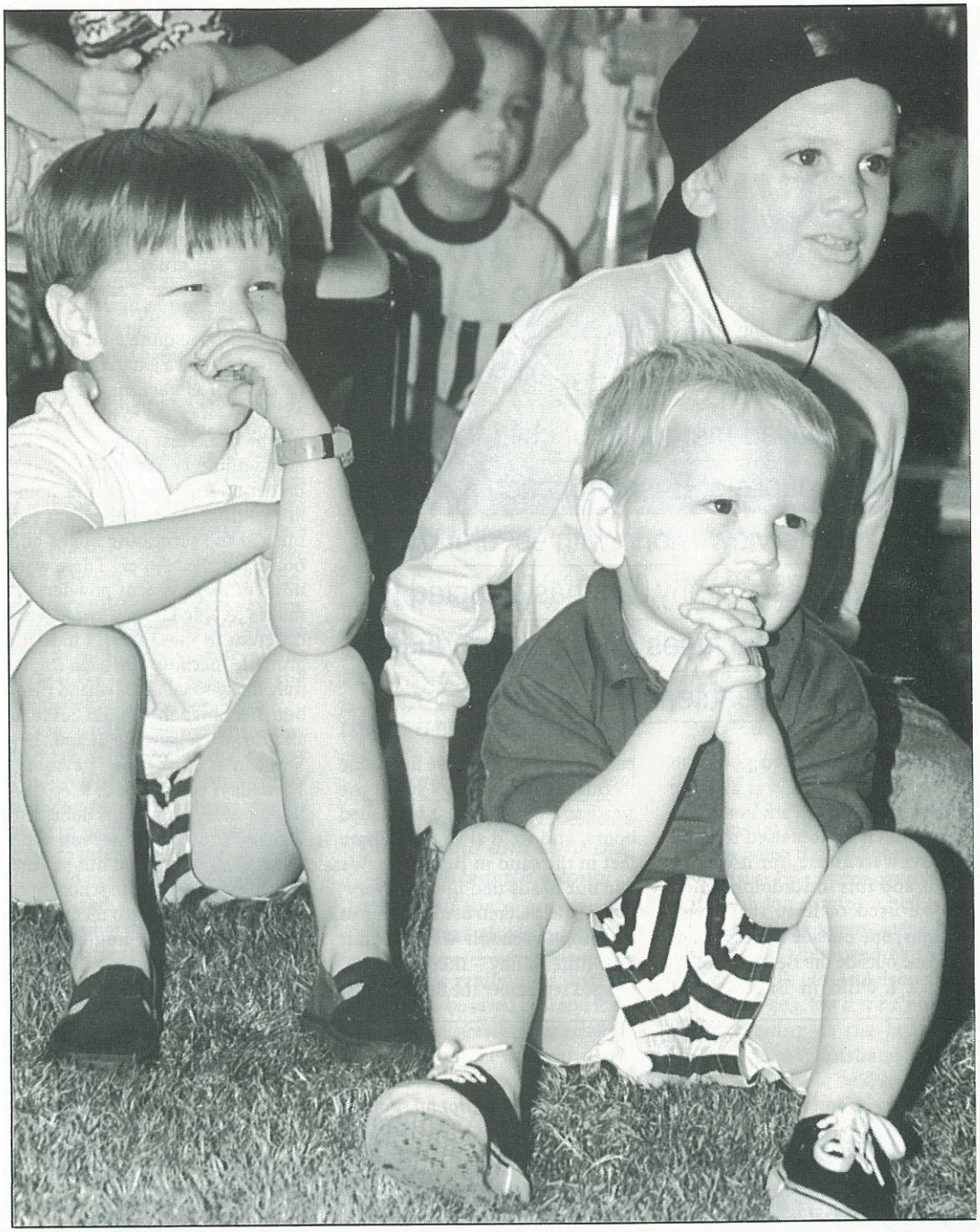
above: *The lovingly restored billiard room at Reveley Lodge housed a small Trust exhibition of works by Bushey-related artists, now an established Garden Party feature. The 1994 exhibition, on the theme 'Gardens', was voted one of the best.*

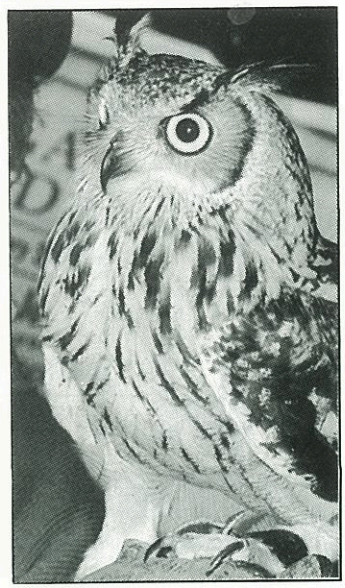
below left: *The Friends' book stall, piled with bargains, helped make the afternoon a financial success. Pictured left to right are Hanna and Fiona Brameld with Kay Arnould.*

below right: *Mrs Jenny Ridgeley with James Clappison, MP for Hertsmere, who enjoyed his first visit to one of our Garden Parties.*

Garden Party 1994

Pictorial highlights of an enjoyable August afternoon as seen through the lens of Albert Ridgeley's camera. Over 700 people attended our fifth Garden Party at Reveley Lodge which was again blessed with warm, sunny weather.





above: *This ferocious-looking but friendly eagle owl was one of several kinds brought along by Ray Lindey-Jones. His Garston Bird Sanctuary owls were one of the chief attractions of the afternoon. Ray was heard to remark wistfully that Mrs Chewett's garden would make a wonderful bird sanctuary.*

left: *The children were entertained by Jenny Wren and her Punch and Judy show. Does anyone know the names of these children?*

below: *Councillor and Mrs Jim Kentish, Mayor of Hertsmere with* (right) *Mrs Eila Chewett, through whose kindness and generosity, we are able to hold our Garden Party in what is undoubtedly the most extensive and beautiful private garden in Bushey. Here they pose for the camera in the Billiard Room at Reveley Lodge with, in the backgound, some of paintings exhibited in the Trust exhibition, 'Gardens', mounted as one of the attractions at the Garden Party.*

The Mrs Barnet Interview

Mrs Emmeline Barnet lived for most of her life in Bushey. In her youth she had worked in domestic service in a very different Bushey from that of today. In 1973 her richly detailed memories of childhood and early working life were recorded by pupils of Bushey Meads School as part of an oral history project. The interview, along with several others, was published as 'Bushey Eyewitness'. Jenny Just has selected this further extract from the transcripts of the tapes and it is reproduced here by permission of the present headteacher, Mr Paterson.

I was born in November 1894 in Old Brompton prison; my father was the chief warder there and we all lived in the prison. We went from there to Bermuda in 1896, to a prison, just the same, and we came back in 1902 to Rudolph Road, when my father was made Swimming and Musketry instructor at the Royal Masonic School , when it first opened in The Avenue *[in January 1903 – Ed.]*.

On the other side of the road to the school was Bushey Manor House. The Harfords used to live there: they were big carpet manufacturers. Then some French people by the name of Gabain took it. We used to go there for our children's crêche – it was a lovely place. There was a very high wall in the front and all the people who'd been ill in Bushey and were convalescent used to walk down under this wall because it caught all the sun. It was a beautiful place to walk. There was Attenborough's fields on the other side and Dr Shackleton's house called Grove House; that's done away with now. *[Grove House Flats next to the Sacred Heart church now stand on the site. – Ed.]*

The Conservative Club was a weaving school then, and in the churchyard, at the back of the weaving school, was the school where Amy Carter, my husband's great-grandmother, made the sampler I gave you. It was a little wooden shed then in the churchyard; of course the churchyard wasn't so big then and Bushey church was different then too. On the other side as you go up to the churchyard was a Rectory cottage; I used to live in that cottage, next to the Institute. There was a coffee tavern at the top of Park Road, and the Council Offices used to be in the big warehouse, for it was all fields and ruts in Rudolph Road.

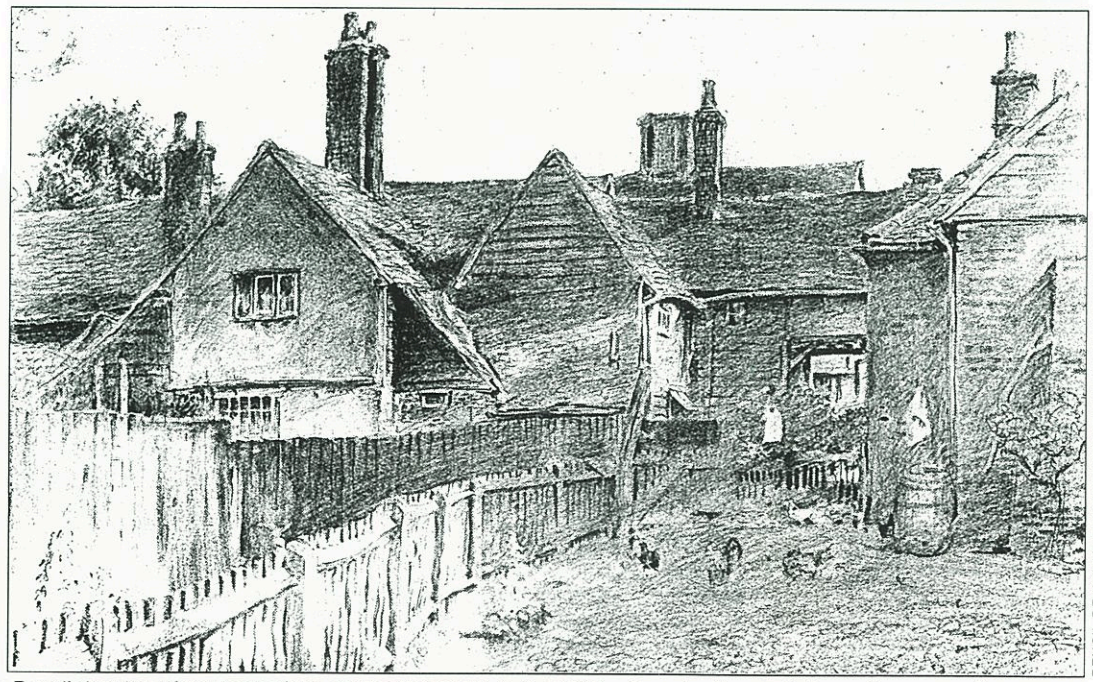
We used to have two horse troughs, one outside the Red Lion and one outside the Bell. I bet there wasn't a child in Bushey who hadn't been pushed in. Either that or fell in the pond – we had a much bigger pond then in front of the church. At skating time it was smashing.

Aldenham Road School I went to; we used to do that four times a day, down in the morning, then back to dinner. When we first came to Bushey we couldn't stand the weather, we had to wear hobnailed boots, and we'd always had bare feet in the sand in Bermuda. We had our heads tied up and everything – the children used to laugh at us going to school! We walked it four times a day – there were no buses. I remember the first bus that came to Bushey, and the first motor-car – a man walked in front of it and rang a bell!

We used to go by standards [in school] in those days – one, two, three, four. We always found that standard three was the hardest to pass. Of course, teaching was different in those days, we just had our ABC and our numbers. They were strict too – you never hear a child say 'yes Sir' and 'no Madam' or anything like that today. Even at home we didn't speak without we were spoken to, and we had a board with a list of rules written up, even at home. I remember some of them. 'We mustn't talk unless spoken to'; 'we must turn our heads to cough or sneeze'; 'say yes please' and 'no thank you'.

There were quite a lot of rules. And we all had a job to do: a set job to do. On a washing day – on a Monday – we used to have to wash up the breakfast things when we came home at dinner-time, and dinner things when we came home at tea-time. My mother was too busy at the scrubbing board and boiling at the copper. There were none of these patent powders. It makes people lazier. People were different in those days. I mustn't grumble, because I've been frightfully lucky since my husband died, but then anybody would come in and do you a good turn, and they wouldn't look for payment. Nowadays you've got to keep paying for everything that's done. But Bushey's too vast now; you can't have everyone in and out of your place. We used to go to school from nine till twelve and two till four, but we didn't have the holidays they have now. A fortnight in the summer, Christmas Day and Boxing Day off, and Good Friday and Easter Monday.

We made our own amusements; we used to tie knockers together, then knock on the door and the person would come and open the door, and that'd knock next to them! And the lamplighter would



PENCIL DRAWING: ROBERT MORTON NANCE / BM COLLECTION

Pencil drawing of the back of the old Red Lion pub in the 1890s. See also lower photograph on opposite page..

come round and light the gas lights with a long pole, and we'd go round and put them out. We used to go to Bricket Wood to a Fair with the Band of Hope, and once a year we used to be taken to the Crystal Palace where all the Bands of Hope used to meet. We used to have the Royal Mail through here with horses. It used to fascinate us; they changed horses at the toll gate where the Arches are. They used to come through at nine o'clock at night – it was quite a sight to see them with this great wicker basket thing they had and these four horses. We had hoops, skipping ropes, five-stones, all those sorts of things; Band of Hope on Tuesdays.

My husband was in the church choir for thirty years, so he had choir practice on Fridays. There was the Boys' Brigade too. There was always something to do. Holiday times we had a sixpenny dance at the Parish Hall in Falconer Road, and we had marvellous Peace celebrations, when the Gabains had the manor house.

On Bonfire night the artists used to have a big fire at the end of Rudolph Road, and on Sunday evenings my mother always used to read to us. We all sat round the table to listen. There was one book she read to us and we all howled: it was so sad. I can't remember a word of what it was about now, just all us crying. And on Sundays our Sunday school teacher would let us choose one of her books. I remember getting 'Jessica's Prayer'. I was thrilled with that book. And 'Eric, or Little by Little'. I've read that time and time again.

There was poverty in those days, real poverty. If a man was out of work there was no dole. You had to get tickets for coal and things, and they used to give out loaves of bread up at the church.

I can remember Aunt Lizzie standing at the wash-tub all the week, just to get money to live. She did the washing for a big family at Reveley Lodge in the Elstree Road. The boys would carry it all the way up the hill to Reveley Lodge. They fetched it dirty and took it back clean.

We always thought of School Lane as the really poor district. They had to be given coal and food. It was very distressing, especially in the winter time. I was married on eighteen shillings a week. There was work to be found; people used to walk miles to work. My husband used to walk from here to Edgware. We knew everybody, and we all married each other. We didn't go outside the village for our partners.

'... the lamplighter would come round and light the gas lights with a long pole, and we'd go round and put them out.'

I used to think my husband was a stuck-up little thing when I first saw him singing in the choir! I never thought I'd marry him; we had fifty-four years together. He died two years ago. It takes some getting used to. I'm all right in the day but at night I just draw the blinds and up to bed at eight o'clock to read. My husband was in the War [1914-18] – in the Tank Corps. He was in France and Germany for four years.

Here, when the fire hooters used to go, it was by a motor-car coming from London ringing a bell – we didn't have any sirens, just a bell ringing and they used to shout 'Take cover!'. No Anderson shelters or anything, but it wasn't nearly as frightening as the last War [1939-45]. My husband was at Bonn and Aachen; he'd seen some shocking things but he came back quite safe. He joined up to go into a horse regiment because he was passionately fond of horses – and they put him in the Tank Corps! He got an iron horse instead. But he was lucky, very lucky – his brother wasn't so lucky.

PHOTO: BM ARCHIVE

A decorated Bushey High Street at the time of the Silver Jubilee of George V in 1935, showing the celebration arch.

He was buried in the Dardanelles. There were a lot of Bushey fellows lost. His cousin went over the top and was never heard of again; he was in the Post Office Rifles.

We had [food] rationing then. I had nineteen shillings a week to keep myself and two children, but you can't compare the prices, we got a quart of skimmed milk for a penny [less than half a modern penny].

'I thought my husband was a stuck-up little thing when I first saw him singing in the choir!

We had quite a lot of gentry in Bushey at that time, you know. They all used to come to church in a carriage and pair, and all the gentry houses kept big staffs. You never saw a big house without four or five maids in it, besides gardeners, coachmen, footmen, butlers, valets. When I was in service I lived in a family with a chauffeur, a footman and two parlour-maids. There was nothing but service for girls in those days. It was grand. You met people you'd never have met in your ordinary life, and you saw how things should be done. We had to do the carpets with wet tea leaves and newspaper.

Later, when my husband was in the Army, I used to take in needlework. I worked for a Mrs Walter Smith at Sparrows Herne, which is now the children's home. I did all her needlework, made his pyjamas and everything. Five shillings for two pairs of pyjamas. In the gentry houses we never put the silver on the table without cleaning it. You don't find that now. They haven't got time any more.

Interviewed by Gail Tingey and Jane Counsell

(Where are they now? – Ed.)

Bushey High Street around 100 years ago. The old Red Lion pub is in the centre of the picture.

PHOTO: BM ARCHIVE

MONEY PAGE

Because convention demands financial statements that are not always easy to understand, less interest is taken than is healthy in the financial side of many organisations. These tables attempt to translate our treasurer's professionally prepared accounts into a simplified form more readily understandable to those of us for whom accounts are not our usual bedtime reading.

Where the Friends' income came from

	1993/94 £	*1992/93 £*
Subscriptions	2364	*2172*
Garden Party	1663	*1157*
200 Club	912	*664*
Sundry fund raising events	677	*111*
Donations	638	*243*
Interest earned	317	*741*
Tax refunds	315	*237*
Outing	296	–
Christmas raffle	121	*57*
Surplus on Christmas Social	99	*58*
Surplus on refreshments at meetings	53	*39*
Total income before expenses	**7455**	***5479***

Our expenses and surplus income

	1993/94 £	*1992/93 £*
Publications *(no Journal in 1992/93)*	1012	*224*
Postages and stationery	178	*97*
Meetings expenses	247	*204*
Sound equipment	-	*702*
Sundry expenses	304	*132*
Total operating expenses	**1741**	***1359***
		–
Total income before expenses	7455	*5479*
Less total operating expenses	1741	*1359*
Surplus income	**5714**	***4120***

How we used our surplus income

We used our surplus income as follows:	1993/94 £	*1992/93 £*
To help pay for acquisitions for the Museum	5266	*3099*
Added to our General Fund	448	*1021*
Total surplus income	**5714**	***4120***

Where the money spent on the Museum came from

From our surplus income for the year	5266	*3099*
Transferred from our Acquisitions Fund	2694	*1536*
Total spent on the Museum in the year	**7960**	***4635***

What we spent on the Museum

	1993/94 £	*1992/93 £*
Contribution to the costs of Opening	3000	*1500*
Locks for the Museum (covered by donation)	105	–
2nd instalment of cost of two Herkomer oils	1250	*1250*
Contribution to Kemp-Welch watercolour	3000	–
Other works of art etc*	555	*1885*
Sundry donations	50	–
Total	**7960**	***4635***
*Other works of art bought in *1993/94* were:		
'Flaunden Chapel' by Henry Edridge	425	
'The Holly and the Ivy' by Tony Slaney	130	
Total	555	

Our financial state at the year-end

These assets were in the Friends' name:	at 31.7.94 £	*at 31.7.93 £*
Loan to Bushey Museum Services Ltd	–	*1500*
Loan to Bushey Museum Trust	2000	–
Cash at Bank and in Building Society	8143	*11768*
Bills due to the Friends awaiting payment	335	*191*
Total assets	**10478**	***13459***
They are funded or financed from:		
General Fund	4395	*3947*
Acquisitions Fund	2937	*5631*
200 Club Fund	1338	*1583*
Life Members' Fund and sundry items	1808	*2298*
Total liabilities	**10478**	***13459***

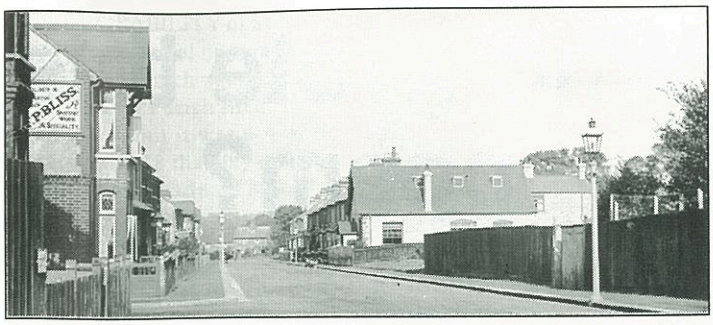


PHOTO: BM ARCHIVE

Wot, no Museum! Looking down Rudolph Road soon after it had been driven through to Back Lane (Herkomer Road) in the early years of this century.

How the Museum operates

After only a year or so since opening, Bushey Museum is already widely recognised as a local museum of high quality, both in its collections and its displays. Read how it all works.

LIKE MANY hundreds of local museums, Bushey Museum is run by volunteers. The Museum gets a support grant each year from Hertsmere Borough Council to cover most of its running costs such as insurance, consumables, conservation and maintenance costs.

What would be by far the biggest single item of expense, namely rent and rates, is covered by the Council leasing part of the old Council offices to the Museum Trust on a back-to-back basis. This is a book transaction whereby no money passes between the parties and the Museum has premises whilst the Council is meeting its civic duty to provide a museum facility.

Hertsmere also makes a capital grant to help purchase items like security systems, display cases, a computer, environmental control equipment, lighting etc. Although generous in present circumstances, the Council's funding is inadequate to meet all the expenses involved in operating a high quality museum. This is where the supplementary support (financial and otherwise) of the Friends of Bushey Museum has been a key factor in enabling the Museum to acquire important Bushey-related works of art which would otherwise be beyond our reach.The Friends also provide the essential human resources required to staff the Museum as a public amenity.

Behind the scenes, members of the Friends' Committee between them carry out the many ongoing tasks that are essential for the efficient operation of the all-important support group which is what the Friends' organisation is.

These range from membership administration; financial accounting; editing publications; running the '200' Club; organising meetings that not only include illustrated public lectures but also social events and outings for members; and fundraising events. The hugely successful Friends' annual Garden Party has now become one of the premier events in the Bushey year.

Bushey Museum's principal founders, Bryen Wood and Grant Longman now act as joint curators. They are both retired and devote a great deal of their time and energy to the day-to-day management of the museum as well as to longer term considerations, fitting in the planning and mounting of temporary exhibitions along the way.

Although they are joint curators, Bryen Wood's role is akin to that of a 'hands-on' managing director. Grant Longman (chairman of the Trust) deals principally with documentation, lecturing etc. Bryen and Grant are both local historians and have a strongly academic approach to their work although they divide their joint museum responsibilities on the lines described. Overall, they complement each other very well.

As to staffing the 'back office', otherwise unemployed people nominated by the Department of Employment under various schemes provide valuable assistance to Bryen and Grant in a variety of ways. Such is the work satisfaction available at Rudolph Road, that many even stay on voluntarily beyond their six months' authorised work experience!

Another rewarding development is the mutual benefit derived from the museum research projects undertaken by a number of graduate students. The fruits of the first of these will be published quite soon.

The custodianship of the collections of art and artefacts are vested in the Bushey Museum Trust, a registered charity. The Trust is a separate and distinct body from the Museum which is the physical repository for the collections.

The Board of Trustees of Bushey Museum Trust comprise Grant Longman, Bryen Wood, Nick Browne (the financial director), chairman of the Friends Anne Blessley, and myself. Until his sad death in December, Gawan Vesey, President of the Friends, was also a Trustee. The Trustees meet quarterly to consider their duties as to custodianship and presentation of the collections as well as general museum matters.

The management policy of the Museum is the responsibilty of a Museum Management Committee (MMC) which also meets quarterly. The members of the MMC include, in their private capacities, local councillors Peter Riches and Michael Colne, as well as members of the Board of Trustees.

Stewarding within the Museum is organised by Margaret Craig-Gray and currently she has about 70 regular members of her stewards' panel, each of whom has undergone a training course. Another member of the Friends, Marion Gee, with a background in education, is ideally qualified as the Museum's Education Officer. This is yet another voluntary job in support of the Museum.

The remarkable success of the Museum to date is the outcome of the combined efforts of hundreds of people volunteering their time and skills under the dedicated guidance and total commitment of our Joint Curators. Future consolidation and development will depend crucially upon the continuing active participation of those members of the Friends' organisation who are able to help in the many and various tasks needing to be done.

Alec Just

Leslie Wright, part-time secretary to the Joint Curators, provides essential help in the ever growing volume of correspondence etc. In this picture, Leslie is admiring one of 1994's most prized acquisitions, a delightful Lucy Kemp-Welch watercolour entitled 'Bushey Church and Pond'.

PHOTO: COURTESY WATFORD OBSERVER

MEMBERSHIP

WE go from strength to strength. Since the Museum opened in October 1993, our membership has risen from 615 to over 700 (end-January 1995). We now represent a significant proportion of the entire adult population of Bushey. Despite that impressive fact, every day we come across local people who are surprised to discover that there is a museum in Bushey. So, continue to do your bit in spreading the word!

Jenny Just

GAWAN VESEY

1920-1994

PHOTO: ROTN. ALBERT RIDGELEY

Gawan and Esmé Vesey with Canon Philip Morgan and Anne Blessley at the Opening of Bushey Museum in October 1993.

We record with great sadness the untimely and sudden death of Gawan Vesey on 26th December 1994. For older Bushey residents and until his retirement in 1985, Gawan had been a familiar figure as Librarian at Bushey Library. However, for most members of the Friends of Bushey Museum he will be remembered as our Chairman, an office he held for six and half years until his retirement last November at our Annual General Meeting.

On handing over the baton to Anne Blessley, who had been Vice-Chairman during most of that time, he had been invited to become the first President of the Friends of Bushey Museum, an honour he had been delighted to accept. It was typical of his sometimes self-deprecating sense of humour to enquire, tongue-in-cheek, whether the President was to have a chain of office!

Gawan had been involved with many other organisations both local and national, including the Friends of Bushey Festival, Bushey & District Footpaths Association, Bushey Forum, the Citizens' Advice Bureau, the Rotarians, the National Trust. In retirement he continued his professional interest in librarianship through his active support of the regional branch of the Library Association. With the support of his wife Esmé, he had been responsible for the Watford and District branch of the National Trust being second only to Birmingham in the number of new members recruited!

He was a man of insatiable curiosity and his wide variety of interests complemented well his life-long hobby of photography. Gawan was indeed a prolific and expert photographer of the world around him and many of us have enjoyed his annual slide shows that followed recent AGMs of the Friends of Bushey Museum, the Friends of Bushey Festival, and on many other occasions.

His quiet dignity and charm, his gentleness and generosity of spirit, inspired those around him to become more civilised, more humane and ever more understanding and appreciative of both the beauty of nature and the finer works of man.

That familiar capped figure, camera over shoulder, knapsack on back, will be much missed in Bushey. *AJ*

Who wrote this poem?

John Carr is a member of the Friends. For as long as he can remember, the poem below had been displayed in a room above his grandfather's book-shop in Queens Road, Watford. Its origin was never known and John wonders if any member of the Friends may be able to provide a clue. Can you help?

When blitzed out from our little flat,
we near and far did roam,
In search of half a house, or rooms
Where we could make a home,

We came at last to Bushey, Herts,
And there to meet our need
We found a room, and more besides-
Two kindly friends indeed.

They welcomed us with friendly acts,
They shared with us their store.
Their kindness and their thoughtfulness,
It gave us hope once more.

It made us feel, in this old world
There still are some who care,
Who when they find someone in need
Will gladly with them share.

Our gratitude, it has no bounds,
For all they give and do.
We have no means of proving it,
But it's sincere and true.

———"———

Continued from Page 1

Goodwill

said of any club or society representing a special interest group, there is a important difference where the Museum is concerned. One of the important functions of the Museum is to reach out to everyone and not simply to provide for the interests of its supporters.

It could be argued that this puts the Museum in the same category as other sectional interests like political parties which have an evangelical aspect, believing that they see the light more clearly than their rivals.

Again, there is a key difference. Because our Museum is concerned with the story of man in the context of the history of our own locality, we have the opportunity to see that there is so much more that unites than divides us; and it could be that the subconscious awareness of this truth is the real reason why so many people have shown so much goodwill towards what the Museum is doing. Our Museum is a symbol of open-mindedness and real values and will prosper. *Alec Just*

Acknowledgements

As with other aspects of museum-related activities, our Journal is a collaborative effort by the contributors, the editor and his expert advisers. Those who contributed words and pictures are named within and grateful thanks are due to them. That the Journal reflects the Museum's high standards is due to editorial guidance and support given by Bryen Wood and Grant Longman. Literal accuracy is again substantially due to the professional proof reading skills of Jim Singleton.

Any remaining deficiences are the responsibility of the Editor.

Alec Just

Editorial address:
22 King George Avenue, Bushey, Watford, Herts WD2 3NT.

The Friends of Bushey Museum is a registered charity (1039713).

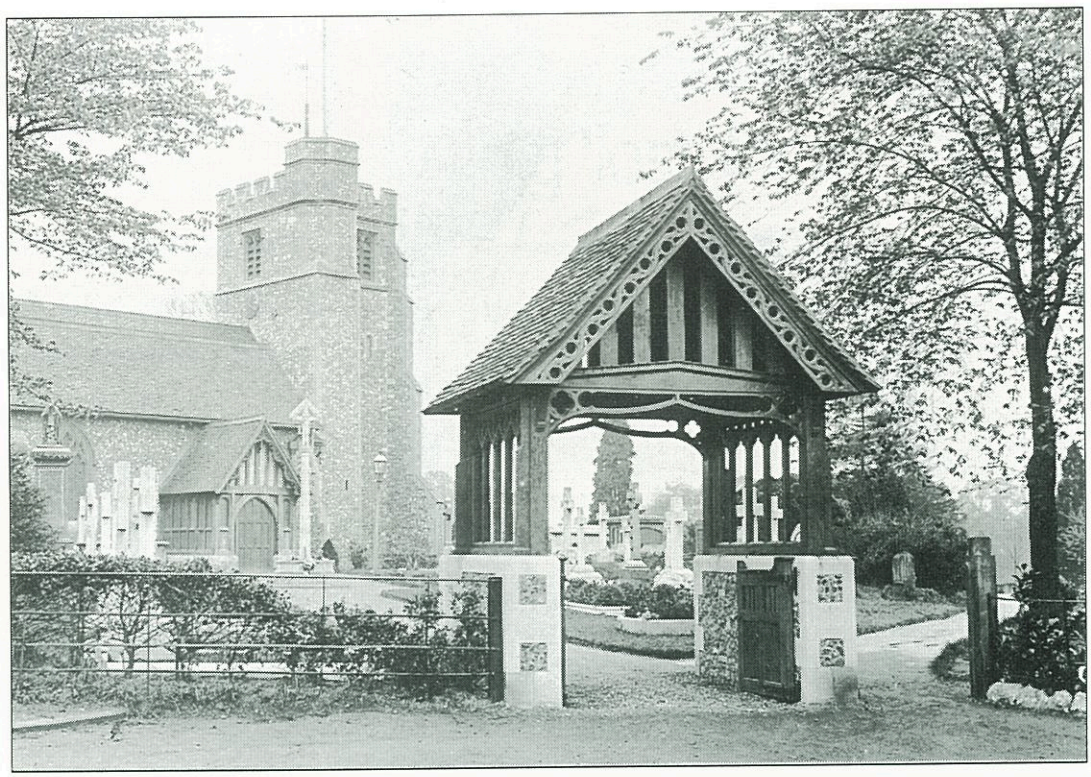


PHOTO: BM ARCHIVE

Following recent plans to rebuild the lych-gate to the Parish Church to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the end of the Second World War, Bryen Wood reports on some personal research into

Bushey's Parish War Memorials

THE DESIRABILITY of a permanent war memorial or memorials for the parish church was first raised at the annual Parish Meeting in April 1917, but it was not until December 1918 that any definite moves were made. Then the Church Officers conferred and called a Special Parish Meeting for 8 January 1919 at Falconer Hall.

The Hall was full and heard from Rev G Montague Hall that the Church Officers proposed that the memorial(s) should be:

'... something sacred, visible and distinctive, something to remind future generations ... of what the War has been, of the suffering through it ... of the spirit in which it was carried on and of the sacrifice of life that was made'.

He announced that the cost of a beautiful stone cross had already been donated anonymously and that it was proposed subscriptions be sought for a lych-gate to replace the 'present unseemly iron gate', also described as 'a mean and rickety gate', at the entrance to the churchyard. There would also be a tablet to bear the names of the fallen. The Meeting was unanimous in its approval and a Committee was elected. It was understood that the civic authorities were encouraging Bushey churches to generate their own memorials in addition to the efforts being made to provide a 'general District memorial'.

The Committee appointed Mr A Whitford Anderson as architect and organised a Parish appeal for his estimate of £350, but already £150 had been given before the Appeal was launched. The balance of the money was given in three weeks. The total sum was to cover the lych-gate, the brass tablet, professional fees, legal and ceremonial costs. However, Mr Anderson had not allowed for the post-war increase in wages and the new high price of oak. In the event, the lych-gate alone cost £389 and there had to be another appeal to make up the funding to the new overall cost of £499. This was much slower in reaching its target. Field and Hemley were commissioned to build the gate, but Miss Hendy (one of the artist-craftswomen who had settled in Bushey as part of the arts and crafts community which had grown up consequent on the Herkomer Art School) was asked to carve the tracery and the barge boards. She had carved the vestry doors shortly before and set up her workshop in the Institute (where Church House now stands).

Field and Hemley started the joinery at their workshops in May 1919 but there were many delays due to shortages of materials, the influenza epidemic, bad weather etc, and all was not completed until March of the following year. It was agreed that the new Bishop of St Albans would dedicate the Memorials when he came to Bushey for the annual Parish Confirmation on 16 May 1920.

At the dedication a large crowd was marshalled by stewards and police. At the end of the service Mr Quibell of the Bushey Band played the Last Post and Reveille from the top of the church tower. It could be heard all over Bushey.

During the evening of 7 October 1940, one of the 90 consecutive nights the London region was bombed, six bombs fell on Bushey. One high explosive bomb fell at the side of the Conservative Club, seriously damaging it and completely destroying the lych-gate. Houses and shops in the High Street were extensively damaged. The Church lost several stained glass windows and many memorials in the churchyard were damaged. The worst result of this bomb was that two soldiers patrolling near the lych-gate were killed. Twelve civilians were injured.

So far I have been unable to discover why the lych-gate was not rebuilt from war damage and reparation funds after this last war.

Bryen Wood

Footnote:
What is the purpose of a lych-gate? Lich or lych is an Old English word for a corpse. A lych-gate is a covered gateway at the entrance to a churchyard where the bearers of a coffin would await the arrival of the minister to lead them and their burden into the church for the funeral.

PHOTO: BM ARCHIVE

'Peace Day' thanksgiving procession passing St Peter's Church on Bushey Heath in July 1919

COURTESY OF ST HILDA'S SCHOOL, BUSHEY

HERKOMER

Katherine's perceptive portrait captures the true essence of Bushey's great artist/craftsman, teacher, academician and entrepreneur whose presence dominated the local scene a hundred years ago.

Katherine Pershall, a 9-year-old pupil at St Hilda's School, was one of a party of children visiting the Museum in the summer of 1994. The children were asked at the end of their visit to draw something that interested them. Katherine was very impressed by the story of Professor Sir Hubert von Herkomer and the Art School he ran in Bushey.

She spent some time contemplating the bronze bust of Herkomer. Her drawing shows a remarkable, if intuitive, insight into various aspects of his personality.

Who can doubt the great man's somewhat pompous self-assurance, tinged with more than a hint of egotism and, perhaps occasionally, by a willingness to express disapproval of the clearly observed inadequacies of lesser men than himself!

Herkomer's 'castle'

The great Romanesque mansion Herkomer built for himself in Melbourne Road. To the inhabitants of the agricultural village that Bushey then was, it quickly became known as Herkomer's 'castle'.

THE HERKOMER ROOM in the Museum has several relics from the interior of Lululaund, Herkomer's grand mansion (named after his second wife Lulu) that stood in Melbourne Road. The sketch gives some idea of the scale and strangeness of the building.

Sadly it was demolished in 1939, having been offered to the local council for a nominal amount. Bushey UDC were unwilling to meet the costs of making good the dilapidated state of the house which had been unoccupied for about twenty years.

There is an interesting story behind its conception and design. In the early 1880s Herkomer had built the Mutterturm in Landsberg as a memorial to his mother who died in 1879. His 'mother tower' was built in a Romanesque/Bavarian style, a symbol of the land of his birth. It is likely that Herkomer would have wanted to build something in Bushey reminiscent of his beloved Bavaria, where he spent his long summer holiday each year.

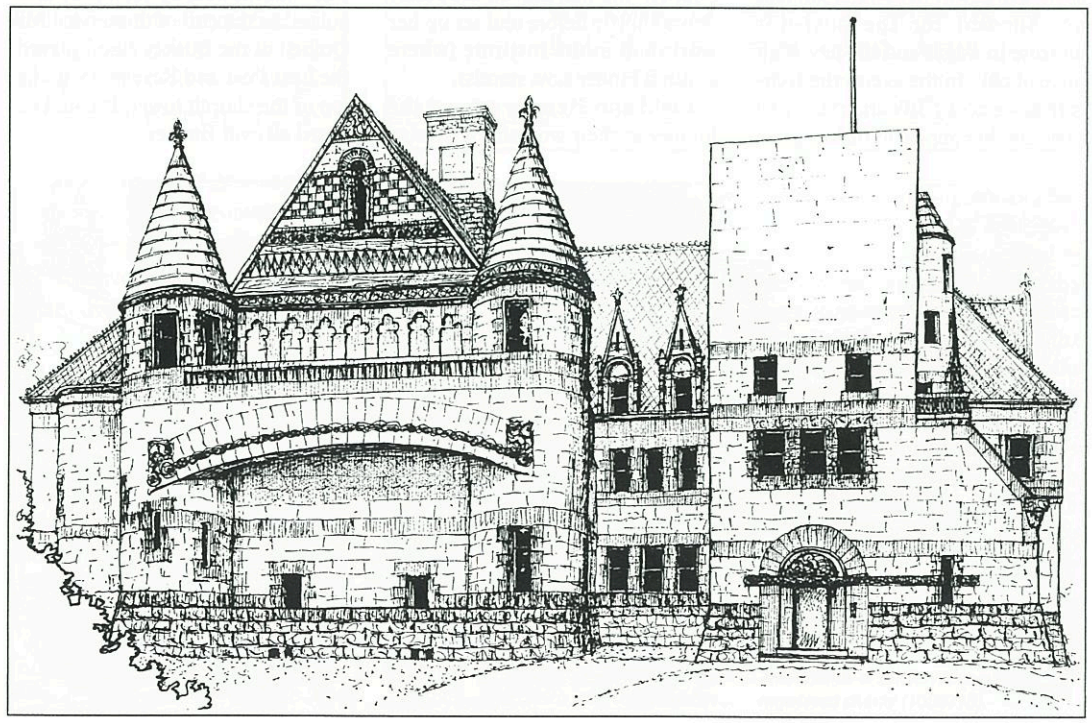
During one of his many visits to the United States he had met an American architect of high repute called H H Richardson. Now with the wealth to indulge himself, Herkomer decided to commission Richardson to design a grand, if outwardly exotic, mansion for himself and his family in Bushey. Not only the style was Bavarian, the 'tufa' limestone facing was specially imported and generally no expense was spared in quality of construction and interior fitting out.

His multi-talented family all took part in the embellishment of the interior. His uncle Anton specially designed and wove the curtains (an example hangs in the Herkomer Room in the Museum). Hans (another uncle) and Lorenz (his father) produced the magnificently carved furniture and wall panelling and much else. Some items of furniture are in the Museum; some of the panelling is now in the Chapel of the old Masonic Senior School.

Had Lululaund survived, it would undoubtedly be today one of the most remarkable buildings in Hertfordshire as well as a fitting memorial to Professor Sir Hubert von Herkomer RA.

It is a such a pity that our civic forebears failed to recognise the value of what was offered to them.

Alec Just



Major Herkomer landscape returns to Bushey after being 'lost' for a century

AS reported in the December issue of the Friends' newsletter, a recent discovery in the unlikely location of an Australian gentlemen's club led to a missing Herkomer coming home to Bushey.

Bryen Wood recounted the story as follows:

'I took a phone call during the summer from a distinguished dealer who had been recommended to contact us. He told me he had a Herkomer painting to offer. I was cautious in response, as we do get offered portraits from time to time and they canbe very variable in quality – and in price! "It's called The Foster Mother", he said and I nearly fell out of my chair.

'This was a well-known, but long lost Herkomer. It was painted in 1892 and was exhibited at the Fine Art Society. Herkomer altered it and then exhibited it in Brussels in 1893 and in Munich in 1894, after which it disappeared. We knew of it, as it is illustrated in its original form in Courtney's and, in its altered form, in Baldry's biographies of Herkomer.

'Apparently, an Australian sheep farmer had bought it in Munich and taken it home. Later, it had been hung in the gentlemen's club, where the dealer had discovered it covered in grime. He had brought it back to the UK, cleaned and restored it, and now wished to recover his outlay. We said we would have it, of course, and then set about raising the money.

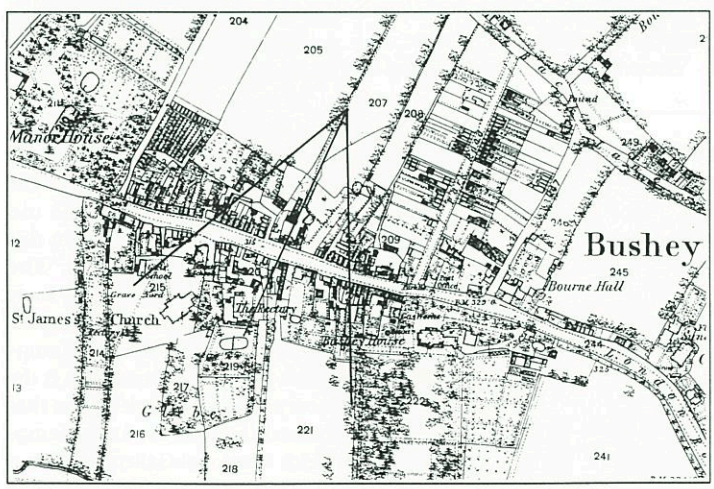
'Despite having helped us so recently with the cost of the Lucy Kemp-Welch "Bushey Church and Pond", the V & A/Museums and Galleries Commission Purchase Fund and the Hertfordshire Heritage Fund agreed to help us again with grants for more than half the cost. The Friends and the Mary Christian Fund subscribed the rest.

'The special interest of "The Foster Mother" is that Herkomer set the scene in the (then) meadows behind Bushey High Street. Straight ahead is the Old Red Lion and on the right is the Cow Lane Barn. Ivy House can be seen on the left in the gap where Rudolph Road was shortly to be cut through.'

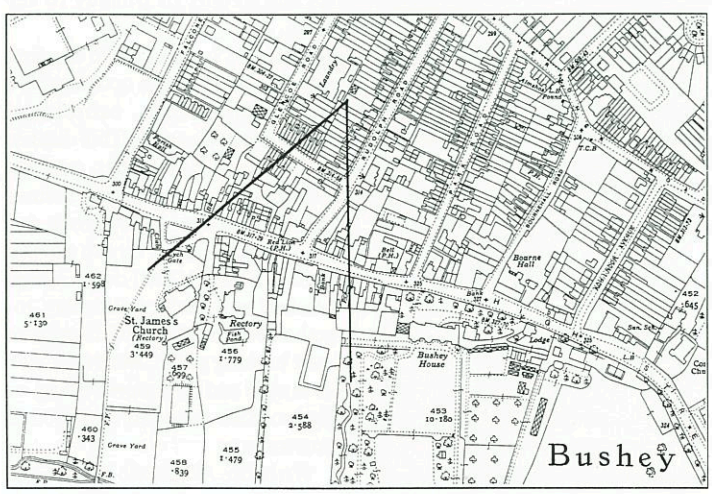
Since Bryen wrote those words, the picture has been hung on the staircase wall in the Museum. He has also plotted on contemporary and later large scale maps the presumed viewpoint from which Herkomer painted the scene.

The comparison makes an interesting study and illustrates the extent of change in the Bushey landscape over the last century. The rural scene painted by Herkomer had probably not significantly altered for some 500 years.

'The Foster Mother' painted by Herkomer in 1892, measures 5ft by 7ft and is now on view in the Museum having returned to Bushey by a circuitous route. Herkomer painted in Merry Hill in the background afterwards; its position being subject to some artistic licence. The maps below show the viewpoint for the picture.



The probable viewpoint for the painting plotted on a copy of an Ordnance Survey map current in 1892. Straight ahead is the back of the old Red Lion (see drawing on Page 12). On the right is the Cow Lane Barn where Rudolph Road was shortly to be cut through. (You may need to turn the page upside down in order to relate the maps to the picture!)



The same viewpoint superimposed on a more recent map shows how much Bushey has changed. Herkomer painted the picture in 1892. By the time of his death in 1914, the meadows behind the High Street had given way to houses. A landscape probably little changed for 500 years had been completely transformed in less than 25!

In these days of concern over the many environmental hazards to life, Dr Patrick Forsyth draws our attention to some reassuring words published in a letter to The Times of 12 October 1878, on the controversial subject of the new

Electric lighting

To the Editor of The Times

Sir, - Writing to The Times of the 8th inst, "M.O." condemns the idea of using the electric light as a means of lighting picture galleries on account of its ghastly and unnatural tint, and he says that the weird appearance of the crowd at the Brussels Railway Station and in the Avenue de l'Opera in Paris is an illustration of this peculiarity.

The fact is that this apparently bluish tint is not real, but only the result of contrast. When the eye, accustomed to the yellow light of gas, is suddenly brought within the sphere of the electric light it is true that the effect produced is somewhat weird and ghastly.

This may be particularly remarked at the Magasin du Louvre, which is lighted partly by gas, partly by electricity. On passing from a gas-lit portion of the shop to another illuminated by the white light of the electric light, a certain ghastly and unpleasant effect is produced, which however, entirely disappears after a few minutes. On leaving the electric light and returning to the gas, another and equally unpleasant sensation is felt. There is a sense of murkiness and dinginess even more disagreeable than the change from gas to electricity.

The composition of the electric light is almost identical with that of the sun, and in consequence all tints and colours have precisely the same appearance in both cases. On this account the electric light is particularly suitable for picture galleries, provided that it is used alone. The gas and the electric light must not be mixed.

The amount of nonsense written and spoken about the electric light is inconceivable. It was stated at the meeting of the South Metropolitan Gas Company (The Times, October 8); that the amount of light lost by the use of opal bulbs is 95 per cent. It is really only 20 to 25 per cent. At the meeting of another gas company it was asserted that the conducting wires became red-hot; whereas, in fact, there is not the slightest rise in temperature.

Then again, it is said that the glare of the light is, and always will be, insupportable, and that it is impossible to modify and regulate it.

There is no theoretical impossibility about producing a light of very moderate intensity suitable even for domestic purposes, though there are as yet great difficulties in the way. I have seen lately an electric lamp producing a light not exceeding that of 12 gas burners; and with an ordinary ground glass globe (not opal), the effect was rather pleasant than otherwise. The lamp, I admit, was rather delicate, and was apt to get out of order, but the light was very steady. I have myself constructed an arrangement by which it was possible to turn the electric light up and down, if not with the same facility as gas, at any rate, so as to modify it within very wide limits.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant

W S SQUIRE

Paris, Oct. 9 [1878]

Republished in The Times dated 12 October 1992, and reprinted in the Colour Group (Great Britain) Newsletter dated November 1992.

BUSHEY MUSEUM

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME

An exhibition marking one hundred years of electricity in Bushey homes and elsewhere.

16 February - 26 March 1995

Exhibition open during Museum opening times
Thursday-Sunday 11am-4pm

Admission free

Continued from Page 1

'A new onward momentum ...'

Merry Hill Road; and his one-man show in the Lucy Kemp-Welch Memorial Gallery. The last one was accompanied by videos on various arts subjects, including a very stimulating one about Emily Carr, the famous Canadian artist, a student in Bushey in *c.*1902.

Following the Festival came the very successful Friends' Garden Party, once again held at Reveley Lodge in August. The Museum mounted a small art exhibition on the theme of gardens, displaying many pictures from the collection which had not been seen before.

At the end of August the curators rehung the art gallery and the Council Chamber with a largely new selection of pictures from the Museum collections, some old favourites being retained. In this rehang the centre piece is 'The Launching of the Lifeboat' by Lucy Kemp-Welch lent to the Museum by the trustees of the Lucy Kemp-Welch Memorial Trust. This is the most significant work by her that formerly hung in the Lucy Kemp-Welch Memorial Gallery and it is a great pleasure to have it available for the people of Bushey to see again.

October, leading up to the first anniversary, was the occasion of a very contrasting exhibition: 'WHAM! Memories'. This display, in the Council Chamber, concentrated on photographs and memorabilia of the famous pop group and not previously seen by the general public. The WHAM! duo, George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley, together with Shirley Holliman from their backing group, were educated in Bushey and their work reflects an aspect of life not often displayed in museums.

With the WHAM! Memories exhibition the number of visitors to the Museum in its first year surged past the 6,000 mark.

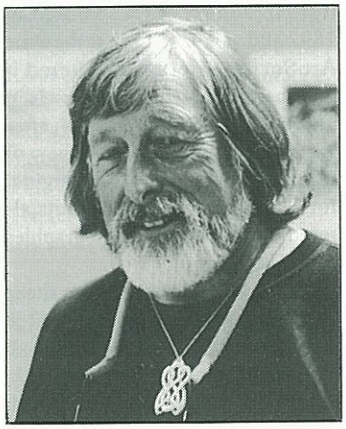


PHOTO: GAWAN VESEY

Douglas Chowns, Bushey Museum's summer '94 'artist-in-residence'.

Another innovation and attraction has been the start of craft demonstrations on occasional Saturday afternoons.

A sadder aspect of the first year has been the necessity for there to be some changes amongst the Trustees of the Bushey Museum Trust, which is the guiding body for the whole enterprise. Tim Groves resigned because living as he does in Norfolk he is too far away to be able to participate in the Trust. Similarly, now that Canon Philip Morgan has moved to Winchester he also will be unable to be effective as a Trustee. Anticipating these changes, the Trust appointed three new Trustees during the year. These were Anne Blessley, Alec Just, and Gawan Vesey who sadly passed away in December (see Page 16). Our thanks go to Tim Groves for his support and efforts in the early days of the Trust and to Philip Morgan for his support and encouragement during the many years he has been Rector of Bushey.

Looking to the future we intend that Bushey Museum will encompass a wide variety of subject matter and appeal to many sections of the community.

Grant Longman, Joint Curator