

FRIENDS OF BUSHEY MUSEUM

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The *Journal* is published by the Friends of Bushey Museum and is mailed to all friends and selected local organizations. Contributions on all aspects of Bushey's social and artistic history are welcome and should be sent direct to the editor at the Museum. The Friends support the activities of Bushey Museum and can be contacted via The Secretary, 119 Aldenham Road Bushey, Herts WD23 2LU

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The Journal of the

Welcome to the latest edition of the Friends of Bushey Museum *Journal*. I hope there is something of interest to everyone. This time Bushey Heath is well represented, with an article about the Children's Convalescent Hospital; another about life in Bushey Heath in the Twenties and Thirties; and Bushey Cycle Speedway. The latter is particularly welcome as it is the first one about Bushey's sporting history and also it covers a more recent period than many of the articles published in the *Journal*. What was it like being a teenager in Bushey in the Sixties?

More than ever I am grateful to members of the Friends who have helped with this issue; to Pat Woollard, who now knows more about cycle speedway than she did

before; to Margaret Sibley and Dianne Payne who helped with the article based on the recollections of the late Shirley Goslett; and to Ian Read, who found photographs for me. Michael Pritchard has been responsible for the layout and design of the *Journal* since the second issue in Autumn 2001. Unfortunately, due to pressure of work, Michael can no longer continue to be responsible for the technical side of the production. I am extremely grateful for his help over the years. Fortunately Nick Overhead, who already does some work for the Museum, has agreed to take over the task. Lastly, but not least, thank you to the contributors. Please keep the articles coming in: without your support there would be no *Journal*.

Janet Murphy

IN THIS ISSUE



The British Newspaper Archive
Janet Murphy on Herkomer
in the press

2



A Life-line and a Legacy
Dianne Payne on Florence Derham

4



Bushey, St James- M.I. Day
John Pearson on kerbs,
headstones and crosses

6

Bushey Cycle Speedway Club
Around the local track

8

Life on Bushey Heath in the 20s and 30s
Jennifer Parker
talks to Shirley Goslett

10



Mrs Middleton and Bushey Crested China
Christopher Jordan on Goss

12

Rough Justice?
Dianne Payne and the law

14

Some more Bushey Characters
T W Hedges on Johnnie Green

15

Choral Singing in Victorian Bushey
'A well-trained group of singers'

16

Index 16

The British Newspaper Archive

Janet Murphy

In November 2011 the British Library launched the British Newspaper Archive, an ambitious project to digitise 40 million newspaper pages over the next 10 years and make them available through the internet. At the time of writing (June 2012) there are over five million pages already available, the majority of which are from 19th century. So far there are nearly 9,000 index references to Herkomer although the *Watford Observer* has not yet been added to the Archive.

Curiously there are only two references to the ball held by Herkomer to celebrate Siegfried's 21st birthday. Madam Rose, the editor of the 'Mothers and Daughters' column of the *Falkirk Herald and Midland Counties Journal* was quite restrained.¹

The event of the week, in artistic society, was the coming of age ball given by Professor Herkomer at his palatial residence at Bushey, in celebration of the 21st birthday of his eldest son. Such spacious reception rooms are not met with every evening: neither are special trains and the Blue Hungarian Band every day occurrences. The Professor and his charming wife may, therefore, be heartily congratulated upon the success of their very delightful entertainment. The dresses were of the freshest, the diamonds of the finest, and the fair women who wore them of the most beautiful that London could provide, while the clever host alone shone conspicuous in his Court suit of black velvet adorned with diamond buttons. Of the 400 guests, not a few were celebrities of note, and I think I have seldom seen more beauty, wit and genius under the same roof.

In conclusion, let me add that the flowers were a dream, the supper appetising, even to the gourmand, and the beautiful house itself was never seen to better advantage.



The editor of the London column of the *Star* published in Guernsey was rather more flamboyant.²

Professor Herkomer's ball at Bushey on the coming of age of his son Siegfried, was very large and a great success – the Professor himself was a success, in a garb of purple velvet with silver buttons. He did not perhaps look as if he belonged to the same century as his wife, in white, with a huge bouquet of many colours, but wherever he did belong, was satisfactorily picturesque.

What a house! And what a floor too! The electric light of the great room was as cleverly treated as might be expected of Herkomer at "Lululaund". Amber, plush or scarlet velvet walls were lighted by luminous bouquets issuing between vast silver wings; an electric bell was supported by an angel lighted from below, no not a demon, really an angel, and everywhere the eye was caught by unexpected delights as the ear was rejoiced by the blue Hungarian Band. A curious window,

painted on linen, between lined (sic), apparently represented a woman with arms outstretched, and real drapery pressed into form on the painted limbs. The guests strayed about upstairs, down stairs and in my lady's chamber, from the big carved oak hall and the little alcove where there were curtains, and a draught, to the galleries and the smoking-room. Splendid carved oak, in bold Flemish relief, of course manifested itself here there and everywhere and in one room great groups in alto-relievo, in papier-maché, and painted in colours, adorned the golden walls, of which the flat gold was broken by rough ridges made by the chisel. The figures are powerfully modelled with garments flying – why such figures always seem to be struggling in a high wind I know not, but they do – and the untiring fancy of the great artist who has designed "Lululaund" showed at every turn the science and skill directing it. The guests did not get home till morning, naturally about 5am, the special train taking them all together to and fro.



First page of Siegfried's 21st birthday book

Perhaps he dashed off his column on the train back to London and did Herkomer change his apparel during the evening? The *Watford Observer* merely stated that Herkomer sent out 500 invitations, that the ball lasted from 9pm until 8am and that there was a special train fro Euston.³ Perhaps the editor didn't get an invitation.

Herkomer's links with Wales are well known; he evidently had plans for art education in Wales, but a letter to the editors of papers in the locality revealed that his plans could not immediately be carried out because of his ill health.⁴

Gentlemen, – I have every reason to believe that a great number of art lovers in Wales are awaiting with interest the realisation of my scheme for art education in the Principality, and I am fully convinced that they have recognized the full-heartedness with which I took up the cause. It is, therefore, with positive pain that I declare that I am compelled to abandon it, on the simple, but imperative, ground of health. An attack, some months since, of influenza in a mysterious form has convinced both my

medical advisers and myself that I have to reduce all manual labour to the utmost, and I am positively not to launch out into anything likely to entail mental anxiety and mental strain beyond my necessary work.

I had planned schools of arts and crafts, where work could be done which was purchasable by the public. This meant that the schools were pre-eminently intended to be self supporting when once fairly started. I should have opposed the present system of technical education on the most vital point. For such an original experiment Wales seemed to me admirably suited, because it afforded practically clear ground.

Although my plan was to make things that belonged to daily life, I did not lose sight of the painter in my forms of tuition. But I intended to evolve him out of the craftsman. It would be futile here to give my programme of tuition in detail, but I am quite prepared to entrust the full scheme, as far as I have thought it out, to anyone nominated by Wales to carry it out.



'The figures are powerfully modelled with garments flying'

Although he would have been happy for his scheme for art education to be widely publicised, he probably would not have been so happy at the publicity his accident received in several papers when he cycled down a steep hill near Conway, without applying a brake. He lost control of the cycle, and, jumping off, he cut his hand!

Searching the Newspaper Archive is free, but to view articles it is necessary to take out an annual subscription or to purchase credits.

1. *Falkirk Herald and Midland Counties Journal*, 22 April 1896, p. 2. 2. *Star (Guernsey)*, 16 April 1896, p. 2. By coincidence the same issue carried a report of a visit to Guernsey by the West Herts Reserves Football team 3. *Watford Observer*, 9 April 1896. (not yet in the Newspaper Archive) 4. *Liverpool Mercury*, 5 July 1897, p.7.

A Life-line and a Legacy

Dianne Payne

In August 1889 two journalists working for *Chambers's Journal*, a magazine with a wide circulation among Victorian readers, made the journey from central London to Bushey Heath.¹ Their destination was Heathbourne Cottage in Heathbourne Road, where a small experimental convalescent hospital for sick children from London had recently opened. On arrival they were greeted by Miss Derham, a qualified nurse, who was the lady superintendent. With a friend she had undertaken the running of this hospital as a labour of love. Her aim was to provide surgical nursing of the type not usually provided in convalescent homes, accepting only a small number of children and creating a homely atmosphere, where each child could be known personally.

Miss Derham welcomed the journalists into her *pretty parlour* and through the low French-windows they could see a small group of children busily weeding in the garden. *'Master Johnnie, the eldest of my convalescents'*, she informed them, *'is nearly well'*. Johnnie hurried past with an *indescribable hop, skip and jump*. His walking was simply shocking. *'It's not elegant'*, admitted Miss Derham, *'but he is able to walk without a splint now. He was a healthy enough child, but crawling about, he got a needle into his knee and that has meant years of abscesses, operations and stiffness. If he goes to St Thomas's when he leaves, they may be able to do something more for him'*. Mary, a poor stunted specimen standing on spindly legs, approached. *'Cockney Mary'* had known much illness and pain in her twelve years but was now enjoying respite in the country.

Miss Derham showed her guests the children's ward on the ground floor and they found it difficult to believe that Heathbourne Cottage had not been purpose-built. The ward extended the whole depth of the house and contained eleven little beds with spotless counterpanes. The walls were bright with pictures, the floor was well-polished and a harmonium, a gift from a friend, was used to accompany the children's singing. Little Florrie, who lay all day and every day on her face, was a *bright little skeleton* despite her pain and weariness. She took great delight in a scrap-book, created in a home where *healthy, happy children were taught to give time and pains to the brightening of less favoured lives*. Like a number of Miss

Derham's patients, Florrie was unable to read as she had never been well enough to go to school. Her recent operation had roused the innocent envy of others in the ward. *'Tarn't me have toroform?'* pleaded a mite of four. *'Oh! I don't like chloroform'*, remarked an older hospital habitué, *'ether suits me best'*. A couple of bronchial children, racked with coughing fits, sat on either side of the fireplace protected by a screen even though the day was warm. One, called Gertie, was an amputee and the sight of a doctor produced a monotonous wail of *'Don't want t' lose me other leg'*. There was no danger of that but the wound had stopped healing and Miss Derham hoped the fresh air would help the process.

The journalists were led into the garden where the children were enjoying the bracing air wafting across Stanmore Common. Baby Dot, demanding to be taken out of her pram, was irresistible. Her hip injury was the result of being kicked out of bed by a brutal, drunken father and she had endured many months' hospital treatment. The father, after a term of imprisonment, had paid Dot a visit at Heathbourne Cottage but the child, even though very young, had cried out in alarm. Miss Derham intimated that he was now in prison again for wife-beating. Dot was recovering, unaware of her future, but the journalists shuddered at the thought of what might lie ahead. *Poor wee Jamie*, one of the worst cases, was enjoying a bunch of freshly gathered forget-me-nots, which grew luxuriantly round the garden. At eight years of age he was a physical wreck and his wounds could only be loosely dressed. *'No hope for him, I fear'*, said Miss Derham, *'but he is so dear and good, he shall have every chance'*.

As they talked, Miss Derham took her visitors through the bright kitchen next to her *parlour* and up a flight of stairs to the two rooms above the downstairs ward. The larger one, overlooking the garden, had been used a few times for adult patients but, as Miss Derham remarked, *'It would make a beautiful ward for eight children'*. She opened the door of the adjoining room, where her co-worker, another trained nurse, was caring for Annie, who had been suffering from bronchitis, pleurisy and pneumonia. For days the child had been in a tent-bed with a steam-kettle going constantly and jacket poultices kept hot for her treatment. Annie, now white and thin, needed watching day and night but there was *a tone of triumph* in the kind nurse's voice as she said: *'We shall*

pull her through'. Miss Derham hoped to employ more staff and this room would then become the nurses' sitting-room. Another small room, a *cosy nest* with a sloping ceiling, was reserved for visitors and had a beautiful view over miles of heathland, trees and water. Heathbourne Cottage was ideal for its present purpose except there was no bathroom but Miss Derham hoped they might be able to build one leading out of the downstairs ward. *'You see, it would just fit in there'*, she said, pointing to a spot that might have been made for the purpose.

Some of the children, whose parents were very poor, had arrived at Heathbourne Cottage ill-clad and without adequate footwear. Charitable ladies had donated clothing and children at a working-meeting had made red flannel jackets for wearing in bed. Miss Derham still needed pinafores and boots and longed for a second pram. *'So few of the children can walk any distance and, nice as our garden is, I do not like to keep them always in it'*. The garden at Heathbourne Cottage was very attractive. Beyond the lawn, with its borders of flowers and shrubs, lay a good kitchen-garden, capable of supplying a large share of the household's vegetables. A gate at the bottom of the garden opened onto Stanmore Common.

The journalists asked about the funding of the hospital and Miss Derham explained that her patients invariably paid or were paid for. *'I have had too much experience not to make this a rule'*, she said, *'but the payments only just cover the maintenance. Unless I get outside help I shall never be able to complete my number'*. Fresh air sharpened the children's appetites and, besides plenty of good nourishing food, they consumed *an alarming amount of their beloved cold-liver oil, which is not by any means a cheap dainty*. Miss Derham met expenses other than maintenance by making herself responsible for everything and relying on a portion being met by friends and helpers. The visit ended and the journalists returned to London but, as their article on this experimental hospital revealed, they were extremely impressed:

We wish our readers could share the sight of the happy group of children seated at tea in the bright ward, made brighter by the glow of the setting sun. Each little face is gravely intent on doing justice to the bracing Bushey air, an intentness fully shared by terrier Tip, the house-friend, who is on capital terms with the children, especially at meal times.

¹ The first part of this article is based on 'Hospital work on Fresh Lines', *Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science and Arts*, 10 August 1889, 6:293, pp. 508-11, accessed via Periodicals Archive Online.



Heathbourne Cottage, substantially altered over the years, still stands today opposite the Spire Bushey Hospital. This photograph was taken in 1947.



Caldecote, Hilfield Lane South, Bushey Heath today

Picture: Rightmove

Florence Emily Derham, who at that time was 33, was born in Lancashire, the daughter of a wool and cotton broker.⁵ Emma Dunn, two years younger, came from Wales, where her father was a land owner and a JP for Pembroke.⁶ The lady probationers who joined them from various parts of the country were young educated women from wealthy backgrounds. Notable among them was Jessie Cadbury, the eldest daughter of Richard Cadbury, a cocoa manufacturer and member of the chocolate producing family.⁷

The oldest probationer was 43 year-old Lucy Darwin Collinsplatt, the daughter of a landowner in Devon.⁸

The census took place on 5/6 April 1891, when the children's convalescent home had a generous allocation of staff and probably a full complement of patients. All seemed to be flourishing but a month later on 20 May, Florence Derham died very suddenly

2. According to *Channell Packet*, the catalogue of an exhibition at the Fine Art Society, *John Henry Monsell Furse* (1860-1950), studied at Trinity College, Oxford, before joining the staff of the British Museum. He began studying art under Herkomer and then went to the Slade. He exhibited at the Royal Academy as a sculptor, 1892-1907. Accessed www.victorianweb.org.

3. 1891 Census, RG 12; Piece: 1117; Folio 26; Page 19; GSU roll: 6096227.

4. English Heritage, Building ID: 164180, Listed 12 August 1985, www.britishlistedbuildings.co.uk/en-164180-caldecote-bushey.

5. 1861 Census, Class: RG9; Piece: 2723; Folio: 27; Page: 24; GSU roll: 543019.

6. 1871 Census, Class: RG 10; Piece: 55 12; Folio: 62; Page: 10; GSU roll: 850852.

7. 1871 Census, Class: RG 10; Piece: 3082; Folio: 55; Page: 34; GSU roll: 838893.

8. 1881 Census, Class: RG 11; Piece: 2186; Folio: 32; Page: 12; GSU roll: 1341526.

Who was Miss Derham and who was her unnamed co-worker? Did they, as they hoped, continue to gain support for their hospital, which provided a life-line for sick children from the capital? Were they able to increase their numbers and employ more staff? A glance at the 1891 census for Heathbourne Cottage, taken two years after the journalists' visit, does not look promising. By then it was occupied by John Henry Monsell Furse, an art student who came to Bushey to study at the Herkomer Art School and lived there until about 1897.² However, my speculative search under 'Derham' and 'Bushey' in Ancestry.com produced further information and answers to these questions.

The 1891 census shows that 'Miss Derham' was Florence Emily Derham. She had moved from Heathbourne Cottage with her staff and patients to Caldecote House, a former private residence, which she named Caldecote Hill Convalescent Hospital for Children.³ This eighteenth-century Grade II listed building, now called 'Caldecote', is in Hilfield Lane South, a turning off the Elstree Road just below Rosary Priory.⁴ In 1891 Florence Derham was caring for eighteen children between the ages of one and sixteen and three adult patients. She and her ward sister, Emma Dunn, recruited five lady probationers training for hospital nurses and employed five domestic servants and a garden boy.

BUSHEY,

John Pearson, Projects Co-ordinator, Hertfordshire Family History Society reports on a successful visit to St James's to transcribe memorial inscriptions.

The weather was almost ideal for most of us, not too hot, not too cool. The early morning rain had dampened the ground slightly, but had stopped before transcribing began. The rest of the day was a mixture of shady cloud and warm, sunny spells. Unfortunately, the poor weather forecast reduced our usual turnout to only 20 members who turned up to help from all over the county for part, or all, of our 2011 M.I. Day at St James's churchyard. The Rev. Canon Guy Buckler had given his blessing and the Parish Office had made available toilet facilities and some limited car parking. We had also been permitted to copy the burial plans from the PCC office and some records kept at the nearby Bushey Museum of the 1990s survey of the old churchyard carried out by the late *Bryen Wood* and his wife June for the Friends of Bushey Museum. This archive comprises 550 memorials and it provided an invaluable start to our project.

Despite our number being only half the usual turnout, enthusiasm was not diminished as 380 headstones, kerbs, crosses and other memorials in the churchyard were transcribed. 25 memorials inside the church were also recorded. Several memorials bore lengthy inscriptions and very many in the churchyard needed to be cleaned and cleared of decades of overgrowing vegetation.

There were at least another 180 memorials left to transcribe in the last area we had worked on, and I am grateful to the dozen people who volunteered to return on some follow-up days in the next two months. Unfortunately our weather forecasting was not good, as the first day was rained off by lunchtime, and the second called off before the start. However, a third day was fine, and the remaining transcriptions were duly completed in August. This also included some checking in the oldest part of the churchyard and adding of more recent M.I.s in that area. We also found there are no fewer than 33 memorials in this churchyard that are registered with the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

I had never believed that we could manage to survey the entire churchyard in one



The Bushey Heath Friendly Societies parade, 1890

of heart disease.⁹ Emma Dunn stayed on at the convalescent hospital, although the admission of London children seems to have been phased out. Re-named 'Caldecote House Convalescent Home', it was used by local residents as Bushey Heath's first hospital.¹⁰ In the early 1890s Bushey Heath Friendly Societies united to mount parades and street concerts to raise money for it. Nursing continued there until 1898, when the facilities were considered 'inadequate for the growing needs of the increasing population' and it became a private house once more.

In its place Bushey Cottage Hospital, purpose-built in Windmill Lane, was financed by Lucy Collinsplatt, one of Florence Derham's probationers. In 1901 Lucy was resident at the hospital, actively involved and continuing to make donations.¹¹ In later years she retired to the West Country, where she died in 1929 at the age of 82.



The Bushey Heath Hospital children's ward in the 1930s

Initially attracted to Bushey Heath by Florence Derham's experimental work with sick children, Lucy Collinsplatt's legacy became a valuable institution, which served the Bushey community for more than a hundred years.

⁹. *The Times*, 6 June 1891.
¹⁰. *Peacock's Directory*, 1894 & 1896.
¹¹. 1901 Census, Class: RG13; Piece: 1314; Folio: 82; Page: 24, and *Bushey Cottage Hospital Minutes*, where her name is spelt 'Collins-Splatt'.



Bushey Heath Cottage Hospital

Pictures Bushey Museum Archive

St James - M.I. DAY

(11th June 2011)

day. It had always been my plan that we concentrate on the oldest areas in order to produce sufficient data for our normal maximum booklet size of around 100 pages. However, I should be able to produce a larger than usual book that will include our work and that of the Wood survey, totalling over 1100 memorials, which will serve as St James's M.I. – volume 1. The large western churchyard extension, known as The Croft, contains approx. 950 graves, all post 1942, most with memorials. So a survey of The Croft will be left for another season and will form St James's M.I. – volume 2.

As usual, inputting of the data we have collected will be carried out in the winter months and this task will be undertaken by three people. Checking and editing will follow around Easter time next year and I would hope to publish the book later in 2012.

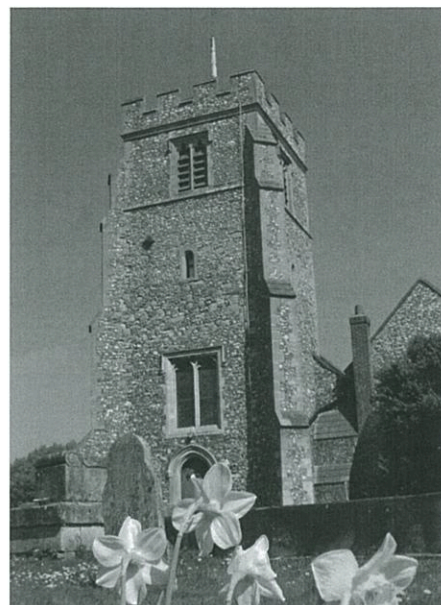
I would like to record here my thanks again to The Friends of Bushey Museum, in particular Hugh Lewis, Jane Parker and June Wood; and the Church and Parish Office, in particular Christine Woods, and everyone else who helped to make this a successful M.I. survey project.

The main purpose of this project of the Hertfordshire Family History Society is to transcribe memorials that will sooner or later be lost due to erosion or other causes. Names and dates of people interred can be found in the Parish burial register, but we often also find on memorials details of their lives and work, relations and friends or employers. These details will provide useful, often crucial, information for family historians worldwide that will not be found in records elsewhere. We have surveyed about 130 of the parishes in the county, published 99 books to date (with another five in the pipeline), some with two or three small churchyards. These books vary in size from around 40 to 100 pages and most are illustrated with plans and pictures of the church and one or two of the more notable memorials.

Just three examples are given below from our survey at St James's churchyard:

cross, kerbs

In ever loving memory of my beloved husband Robert George **WOODMAN** born December 14th 1869, died July 3rd 1930. Also of his beloved son Captain Roland



Henry Corn **WOODMAN** R.A.A.O.P. who died on active service May 7th 1946 aged 25 years. At rest in the military cemetery Udine, Italy

Here rests in peace Edith Mary **WOODMAN** born 23rd April 1875, died 16th June 1965 aged 90 years, beloved wife of Robert George **WOODMAN** and mother of Roland.

kerbs

In loving memory of Harry **RAWORTH** who died August 15th 1942 aged 72. Also of Florence Edith, his wife, who died September 25th 1927, interred at Lincoln.

low headstone, rugged kerbs

In affectionate memory of Florence **BISHOP** who passed over December 14th 1941 aged 72 years. This stone is erected by her husband (not named), her son Leslie and sister Emily and her four step-children (not named) as an appreciation of a task well done. *At rest.*

For more information about the Hertfordshire Family History Society and its many other projects and publications please visit www.hertfhs.org.uk or write to the Secretary at 30, Blenheim Way, Stevenage, Herts. SG2 8TE

Update

The group will be returning to the churchyard before Easter to make final checks before preparing part 1 for printing in time for the Church's Open Day on 23 June. The Society's M.I. Day this year will be on 16 June to record the remaining 900+ memorials in the Croft in order to produce part 2 in 2013.



Nick Overhead

Hertfordshire Family History Society

Unfortunately the name of the author has become detached from this article. Anonymous articles would not normally be considered for publication but this is too good to miss.

During the summer of 1946 a group of lads returned from watching a motor-cycle speedway meeting at Wembley Stadium and assembled at the local recreation ground in Windmill Lane where they tried to imitate their heroes' skills on bicycles. After a few weeks practice, the small group took up challenges with other groups from Bushey and Watford. In the following year matches were arranged between the Bushey Heath representative side and teams from Water Lane and Radlett Road, Watford. From those early beginnings Bushey Heath Aces was formed by Frank Males and Bill King. They persuaded Mrs Idris Males to become manager and Miss Joan Males to act as team secretary, who approached Bushey Urban District Council, the owners of the land where the track was situated, for permission to use the site on a permanent basis. With much support from Councillor Frank Collins and the local residents, the Council agreed.

In 1948 Bushey Aces registered with the North West Middlesex Cycle Speedway League and the National Amateur Cycle Speedway Association and became an official cycle speedway club. Matches were of 16 heats for league matches and 18 heats for cup and test matches. Each heat consisted of four laps of the track with four riders taking part, two from the home team and two from the visiting team. The captains from the two teams tossed a coin to see who claimed the prime starting positions at the commencement of the match: then each team alternated their position every other race. Each team consisted of eight riders and competed in matches on home and away basis. The very first riders to represent Bushey Aces were as follows:

1. Johnny Sparrow
2. Terry Brabant
3. Frank Males
4. Bill King
5. Peter Thorne
6. Tommy Day
7. Dave Stuart
8. Albert Males

The Bushey Aces achieved third place in the League table that year at the first attempt. The League consisted on Northwood Broadsiders, Harefield Pirates, Hillingdon Racers, Iver Heath Eagles, Hillingdon Phoenix, and Harefield Hornets.

The NW Middlesex League also organised individual championships and four-a-side and cup competitions. However the National Amateur Cycle Speedway Association Individual and Team Championships were sponsored by the *News Chronicle* newspaper. Mars Confectionary Ltd sponsored the National Gold Helmet and Silver Helmet for County winners, which were competed for monthly.



Bushey Cycle Sp

Terry Brabant (first left) and Tommy Day (third left) in action for Bushey Aces against a Hillingdon team in 1950.

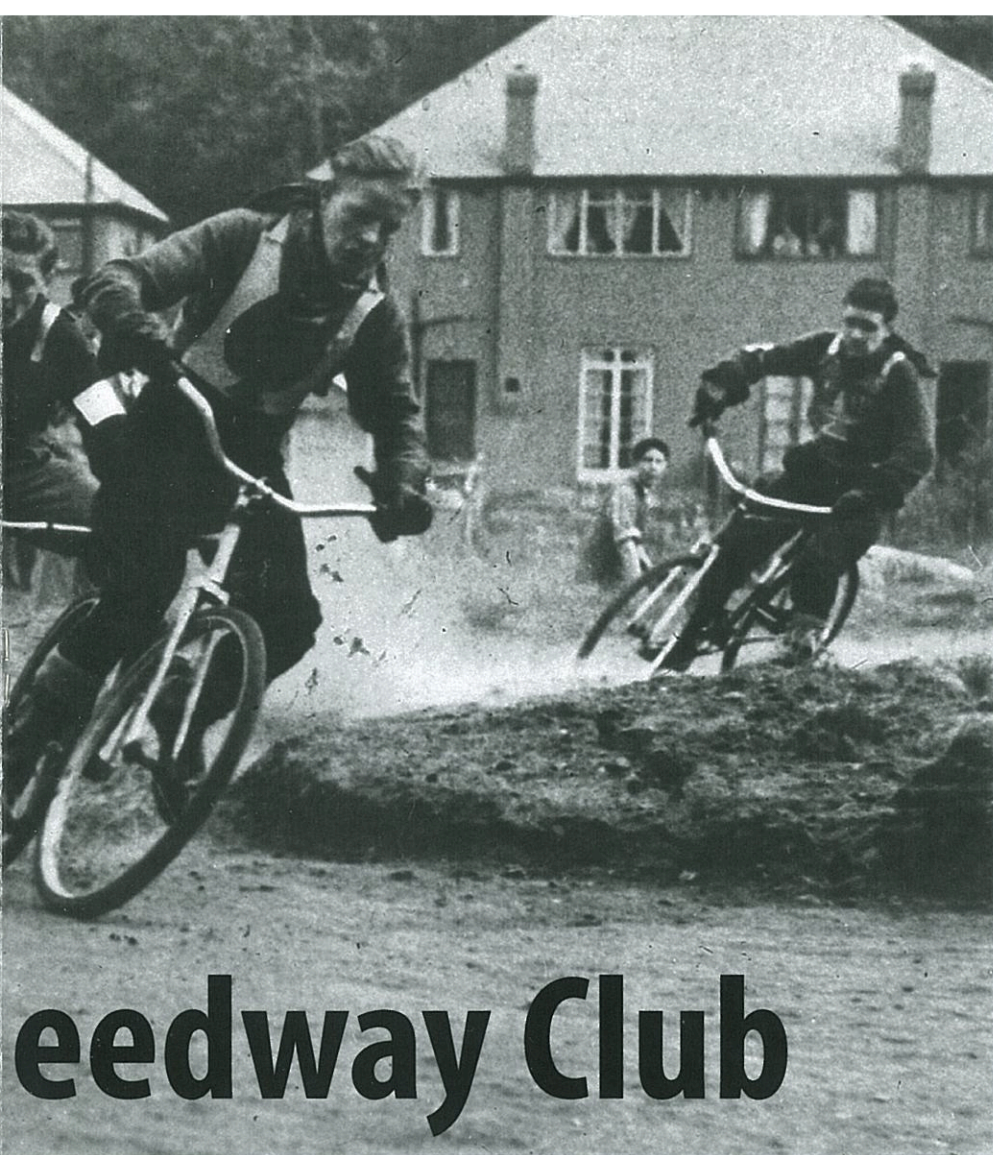
One of the sport's biggest handicaps was that, when riders began to show potential, their careers were interrupted by the call of National Service for over two years. Because of the loss of some riders, Bushey Aces management recruited Terry O'Connor from Stockwell Aces and Dennis Manucci and Harry Teasdale from Northwood. The Bushey management team also encouraged the expansion of the Watford and District League with the view to using it as a nursery for future riders. That League consisted of

Water Lane Rockets, Riverside Rookies, North Watford Wasps, North Watford Black Panthers, Oxhey Eagles, Paddock Road Pirates, Mill End Tudors (Rickmansworth). From then on Bushey went from strength to strength, with many of Watford and District League riders appearing for Bushey in the higher levels of the sport.

With a surplus of riders wishing to ride for Bushey, a second team was formed, known as Bushey Bulldogs, which entered the second division of the NW Middlesex



Left to right Joan Males, Terry Brabant, Frank Males, Johnny Sparrow, Harry Teasdale, Brian Birch, Albert Males, Bert Dearman, Cliff Wise. Mrs Idris Males at the speedway track.



eedway Club

League. Bushey was represented at county and area level in competitions.

As very few teenagers owned their own motor vehicles, the Bushey management hired Garrads, a Radlett Road removal firm, to transport riders and machines to away fixtures. The bikes were stacked at the rear of the van with the riders, etc, sitting in a canopy above the driver's area. At the rear of the van there was a tail board with canvas curtains, which was left open for ventilation. They also hired a double-decker bus from Elm Coaches, Kenton. During this period Bushey Aces never finished below 3rd position in the NW Middlesex League and monopolised the Watford and District League Championships, with their riders winning individual honours. The Club also had a Match Race Individual Championship, held monthly, with the highest points scorer of the month challenging the Match Race Champion.

Bushey Aces also competed in the 1951 Festival of Britain Cup held at Battersea Park and the 1953 Coronation Cup.

Bushey Aces fortunes reached the low ebb following the death of the manager, Mrs Males. Frank Males acted as temporary manager until the end of the racing season when he went into hospital to have an operation.

In 1957 he negotiated with Bob Saunders,

manager of Bricket Wood Kangaroos, to make use of the Windmill Lane track. This was the end of Bushey Aces, but Frank and a couple of local riders joined the Kangaroos as riders in the London and Home Counties League, consisting of teams from Uxbridge, Hendon, Raynes Park, Chessington, Tolworth and Weston Stars, and also competing in the County and National competitions.

In 1958 the club changed the name to Bushey Kangaroos. During this period Bushey Kangaroos engaged in tours of counties with successful results, visiting Essex, Surrey, Suffolk, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Hampshire, Sussex, Wiltshire, Buckinghamshire. It was during one of these tours to Swindon and Cleverton that Frank's and Bob Saunders's transport failed to arrive, so they had to travel by a London Black Taxi with their bikes strapped on the roof-rack over the Wiltshire Downs – a very unusual sight in those days. Many amusing and strange stories could be written of happenings within the Cycle Speedway Community.

Many county and area honours were being won by the Kangaroos. New electric operated starting gates came in to operation and the track and surrounding area were upgraded. There was better presentation and wider publicity. There was insurance of the track, riders and machines against damage

during official meetings. New jumpers, two breast plates were purchased and a 6ft x 4ft team flag was also purchased.

In 1964 Bushey Kangaroos were renamed Bushey Saints and entered the British Federation of Cycle Speedway, which was the Premier League of Cycle Speedway, consisting of Tottenham Kangaroos, South London Rangers, Broad Oak Aces, Hellingly Lions, and Bushey Saints.

Owing to heavy financial commitments and the long travelling distances involved the club was forced to resign from the Premier League and to rejoin the London and Home Counties League. The Saints had to start from the bottom again and entered the 2nd division of the League, consisting of Bushey Saints, Uxbridge Lions, Chessington Aces, Hackney Aces, Hendon Stars, Tolworth Tudors. Bushey Saints won the 2nd division on first attempt, being unbeaten in the League. It also won the four-a-side championship. The successful season meant automatic promotion to division one of the League. Frank Males announced his retirement from the sport at the end of the season of 1965 and also resigned as manager and, although a replacement was sought, one could not be found. So a very successful Cycle Speedway Club came to an end, one which was widely hailed as the 'Aces' of Herts, with the riders winning national, area, county and local awards throughout this period.

Editor's note

Cycle speedway became popular after the WW II when young people raced on tracks cleared through the rubble on bomb sites on bikes not otherwise roadworthy. The sport today is organised by British Cycling. Each race is contested by up to four riders racing round four laps of the track in an anticlockwise direction. Competitors use a lightweight single-speed bicycle equipped with a free-wheel but no brakes. Riders slide their left foot along the track as they negotiate curves. Physical contact is legal and often necessary!

Further information, including some of the information in this article may be found on the website:

www.cyclespeedwayhistory.org.uk



Pete Saunders in action for Bushey Saints

Life on Bushey Heath in the 20s and 30s

In June 2006, Jennifer Parker interviewed the late Shirley Goslett, then 92 years of age, at The Laurels, Bushey Heath on behalf of Bushey Museum. This is an edited version of the interview.

When I first lived in Bushey Heath it was very rural with lots of big houses and lots and lots of very nice ordinary people.

I was brought up at the Wintons down at the bottom of The Rutts. It was a beautiful family house and adjacent to it were three garages and an old stable, which was lovely, with a loft which we reached by climbing a ladder - we used to keep our guinea pigs and our mice up there.

There were four of us, two brothers and a sister, and my mum and dad who were absolutely lovely. Unfortunately they both died very young, in their early fifties.

My mother was a very good artist and of course she knew the artistic people up here. She painted lots of watercolours, including some reproductions of Turner. When I took the Turners to London to be reframed, they thought they were real Turners, which was very exciting. With four children and a little one that died, she didn't really have time to paint at the Art School.

My father had an enormous lot of different businesses but his main one was cement; he had a fleet of barges and a wharf, but he was always home by 6 o'clock. We had a lawn, where we all had to play bowls practically as soon as he came back, and we were given a penny if we could find a weed on it. My father owned all that land where the flats are now.

To look after us we had a cook and a butler, but we were only allowed through the green baize door to the kitchen on Sundays. We also had a chauffeur and his wife, who worked in the house.

Along the road there some quite small cottages and they were mostly for people's staff. There was a tiny little school across the road. The headmistress was quite famous but I can't remember her name. There were two more lovely houses on the right and Sir David and Lady Rutherford lived at Powis Court. They were charming; their son, Lieut. David Alfred Rutherford, MC was killed in Ireland October 1920. They gave the bells to

St. Peter's in his memory.

We all went to Miss Trentham's school at the Hollies, which was just across the road from here. One day we were all sitting listening to her when Henry Pepys - he was a naughty little boy - cut the sailor collar off the boy who was sitting in front. After that we went to St Hilda's and then we went away to school: the boys to Harrow and we went to Battle Abbey.

As teenagers we had an active social life in Bushey Heath. It was a lovely place to live; there were a lot of extremely nice houses with ordinary nice people living in them. We had a junior bridge club which was great fun - no spirits were allowed - only beer, and we used to meet in different people's houses about once a fortnight.

The Coles lived at The Warren; the Fishers lived at Yew Croft, Bushey Heath, a beautiful house; the Grapes lived at Holly Grove, he was my very first boy friend; the Vasmers lived at Caldecote. Everybody had tennis courts so we used to play a lot of

tennis and Auntie Phil lived at Hill Mead. She was my husband's aunt and used to have fêtes and everything and he was a very, very good gardener and it was a beautiful, beautiful house - we used to spend a lot of time playing tennis there. We used to go to Stanmore quite a lot.

I was married to Maynard Goslett in 1937: they were a local family who lived just by Stanmore ponds. My husband's mother used to come to Bushey Heath, because it was like going into the country for a day out, with tea at the Alpine. The Alpine wasn't well known then. We were married at St James's - a lovely church; my sister was married there as well, I think my mother and father knew the vicar - Montague Hall. We had a big marquee in the garden at Wintons. My father gave me my first little house, Shapwick. I came back from my honeymoon to find my little cottage a fairy land of flowers, and with a maid installed. I was given £5.00 a week to live off, and that paid for the maid and the laundry. The maid was living in although she came from the bottom of California Lane - she was a little bit older than me I think.

I had my first baby, Sally, the following June and then I had a live-in Nanny. We all had our babies at Marsh Lane - it was a beautiful little maternity home run by two Sisters, one of whom was Sister Payne: all the doctors were terrified of them. The children were quite spread out because of the war. Sally was born before, David was born in the middle, and Nick after the war.

We all had lovely great big prams, and we used to leave them outside the shops; people used to peer in the prams and say what beautiful babies - you wouldn't dare do that now. When the children were all little I didn't know how to make a cup of tea or boil an egg so, on the nanny's day off, I took them all to the Alpine - you can't believe it.

We used to shop in Bushey Heath where there were adequate shops - very good shops. There were two lovely grocers: one was called Aspreys, and one was called Reeves, and you only had to phone them up in the morning and round came the delivery before lunch. Harry Payne was the milkman and you put your jugs outside the back door and he filled up the jugs for you.



Harry Payne



Lipscombe's butcher shop in the High Road on Bushey Heath in the 1920s. Until recently L J Cook butchers occupied the sight

He also brought the coal. The butchers were the Lipscombs, a Cook married one of the Lipscombs I think. We had a greengrocer but I cannot remember where that was, I'm not sure if we had one or whether Reeves and Aspreys did it. The Post Office was where the Post Office is now but it was a little shop with knitting wools and haberdashery all down one side, and the other counter was, I think, sweets. There was a sweet shop ² run by Mr Corke, he was loved by everybody, and Mrs Corke was a very fine gardener. During the war he used to keep sweets under the counter for the children.

It was a pleasant ordinary life of tennis parties and dances; all the men worked, but were nearly always home by six. Almost everyone worked in London and they mostly took their cars. When I was first married, we young marrieds used to go down and fetch our husbands from Stanmore station ³ and all ended up at The Windmill which was lovely, lovely and Fuggles, Dick Fuggle, who was a lovely pianist, used to come and play the piano with my husband quite a bit.

When I was 22 war broke out and that finished all that. My husband was drafted into the HAC. ⁴ My in-laws thought I shouldn't live alone at the cottage so I let the house to the Hon. Brian Lewis, a racing motorist and his very attractive American wife, and they kept the cottage absolutely beautifully. I went to the farmhouse where my in-laws lived, which is now the Grail in Pinner. I lived in Pinner for about a year then I got very tired of having my husband's leaves in

somebody else's house so I went back to the cottage. Because I had a nanny I had to do a certain amount of work so I worked in the underground canteen at Bentley Priory during the night. I had a nanny then and she said: *'You'll never sleep again properly at night'*. It was really terribly exciting because there were no cars - so we had bicycles and we had to bicycle in and a sentry would say: *'Stop who goes there?'* and you had to present your credentials. It was very exciting because I was working there during the Battle of Britain and my brother was one of the pilots in the Battle of Britain. It was very exciting because I could see them moving all the planes. After he was shot down twice he was billeted here by the famous Sgt. Ellis and so I used to have half Bentley Priory here playing bridge and going to the dances.

When my husband was in the HAC, they had their gun on the Watford by-pass and then they had all the Mayfair playboys in their Rolls and their Bentleys parking there, and they used to come up to have baths in the evenings. They were camped down on the by-pass until they were all relocated. Then he was drafted into the London Scottish and then he went straight overseas. He was in Africa one moment, but it was mostly Europe, because he was moved to Italy. He was wounded at Casino and wouldn't leave his gun. They were all very young and it was quite an extraordinary time.

There was very little traffic. When I was pregnant I was allowed to keep my car with a certain amount of petrol in it in case I

had to take myself down to the Home to have the baby. There were a lot of raids on London that we could see. I was an Air Raid Warden as well and I used to parade up and down the road in a pink siren suit, in which I fancied myself enormously. If there was a chink of light of anyone's windows you had to bang on the door and tell them, but they didn't get fined if it was only a bit of light when they came to the door. The billeting officer was not very well liked - he tried to billet an air force man on me in my house. The only room was through my bedroom and I was heavily pregnant and so I refused, and he said: *'I'll take you to court'* I said: *'Right I shall go to court.'* Fortunately old Mr. Goddard was the judge and I defended my own case - there was I, heavily pregnant, and I was let off. There weren't a lot of evacuees but if you had a spare room you had to have somebody.

After the war my husband was Chairman of the Bushey Urban District Council and, when he died, he was the Chairman of the Housing Committee as well. He was very much loved and when he died they asked me if I would sanction the naming of Goslett Court in Bushey and I had to open it, which was rather terrifying, by cutting the ribbon and making a speech.

¹. The tiny school was the two-roomed Bushey Infants School and the 'famous' headmistress was possibly Miss Boto, who appears in photographs of the school, but who would have retired by then.

². Now Primrose Cottage on Bushey High Road.

³. Stanmore Underground Station was opened 1932.

⁴. Honorary Artillery Company.

Mrs Middleton and Bushey

Christopher Jordan

Some years ago Bryen Wood and I discussed the Museum's curious display of souvenir crested china in numerous different shapes. All were made of fine porcelain with a transfer print applied of the heraldic device of the former Bushey Urban District Council. Bryen explained that not many Bushey examples seemed to have been made and they had taken some finding. Recently I have been looking at why and when they were made, who collected them, how much they cost and where you could buy them.

I discovered that between 1881 and 1934 the Stoke on Trent ceramic manufacturer William Henry Goss produced a huge range of heraldic china, the original idea coming from his son, Adolphus. He thought there would be a market for a variety of shapes on high quality porcelain, all embellished with the coat of arms of the places visited, such as holiday resorts and other what we call today 'visitor attractions'. Father and son shared an interest in heraldry and archaeology and felt that the production of such items, many based on historically significant objects, such as the model of a formerly traditional form of Cornish pot, called a Cornish Bussa (Rd. No. 594377), would also encourage an interest by the middle and working class in the objects themselves (Fig. 1). They were immediately popular. To foster the collecting urge of the soon rapidly expanding numbers of collectors, the company created and patented an ever expanding range of new designs, but increasingly in competition with many other companies who latched onto their ideas. Beside new designs, new locations were constantly sought that might prove a market for these novelty souvenirs.

A network of Goss agents was appointed throughout the country supplying items

relating to each locality. The attraction for the dealer was that each town's badge was only available through that one location. It created a collecting frenzy. In time Bushey was also included, but not, it appears, until the Middleton family opened their shop at 2 High Street at the beginning of the 20th Century. The international success of Herkomer and his School of Art had evidently put Bushey on the map.

Coincidentally or otherwise, Mrs Middleton was appointed to be a Goss agent. By chance the museum is fortunate to have an early photograph showing the shop

The heraldic device adopted for Bushey china was that (see above) of the then Bushey Urban District Council, which existed as an administrative unit 1894-1974, before becoming part of Hertsmere. The attractive Bushey device reflects the principal aspects of the locality: its numerous mature trees, a hart and an artist's palette, the whole on a shield with a yellow ground.

Unfortunately Bushey UDC records, now stored at Hertfordshire Archive and Local Studies, only cover the period 1906-1974, so how and who commissioned and created the design is undocumented. According to the College of Arms Bushey UDC was never granted arms and it therefore appears to have been a local and unofficial design. Bryen Wood said that he thought it was designed by Lucy Kemp-Welch, but there does not appear to be any surviving evidence to confirm this.

So, who were the Middletons, and why did they open a shop in Bushey? The 1901 census notes that Owen Woodbourne Middleton (1867-1941), his wife Sarah (c. 1867-1954) and their two young children Cyril 4 and Hector 1, were then living at 7 Rudolph Terrace in Rudolph Road. Owen stated that he was a sorting clerk and telegraphist. Members of the Middleton family ran the Post Office as Middleton & Sons at 39 High Street so it is possible Owen also worked there. In later years he listed himself in trade directories as an insurance agent.

However, by 1903 the Owen Middletons had moved to 2 High Street, the corner property on Falconer Road, until recently the veterinary practice of Mr. Vos, now part of the Blythwood Group. Whether as a matter of financial necessity, with two young children, or enterprise, Sarah Middleton, trading as Mrs Owen Middleton, opened a



A chat outside Mrs Middleton's shop. Note Goss sign.

little china, glass and toyshop on the premises with a front door facing onto the High Street.

The photograph of the shop shows how each side of the door were two agency signs, one for the starched collar cleaners Pullars of Perth and the other for Goss Mrs Middleton had become the sole agent for Bushey Goss China. It would be interesting to know who took the initiative, Mrs Middleton or Goss. While Goss were the evident leaders in the trade, the various companies besides Goss also issuing Bushey crested china suggest that Goss faced stiff competition. These included J.W. Botolph & Co. with its beer flagon (Fig. 8), Coronet Ware, another using the named 'Clifton'; and Alexandra China. Arkinstall & Son Ltd. (trading as Arcadian China) had many of their own designs, a number reflecting what was happening during World War I, including the British invention of the tank, introduced into battle in 1916 (Fig. 4). This was made by Arcadian under licence from Goss who patented the design, Rd. No. 65858 29 November 1916; six days after a tank was first illustrated in the *Daily Mirror* as the new weapon that was hopefully going to help to win the war. The tank design was initially secret, so models by Goss and others (some apparently pirating the patent) were made in various forms based on the *Daily Mirror's* officially approved image. As more information became available models were updated, but still quoting the original patent design number. The example illustrated is a later model, but still incorrectly places the twin steering wheels at the rear inboard, when in fact they trailed at the rear of the tank. The models were very popular and can be found with the badges of numerous different boroughs on them.

Another item, bizarrely, of a shell from the war; is inscribed Model of Russian Shrapnel. The Original was captured by the Huns & fired by them at the British (Fig. 3). Whether Mrs Middleton sold them all is unknown, but as the only china dealer in Bushey it is



Bushey High Street, c.1910? Middleton shop left.

Crested China



possible this was the case. Some localities such as Hitchin (Fig. 7) with its model of an Ancient Posset Cup found at Hitchin (Rd No.521971, 1908) had historical designs made of items relevant to their locality, but none is known that were exclusive to Bushey. This example with a Bushey crest still has its price of 1/3d (6p) on the bottom. The wide range of items displaying the Bushey crest, all on shapes also available elsewhere, suggests Mrs Middleton displayed a range of designs which would have included the piano (Fig. 5) and the clown (Fig. 6). Arcadian's Clown Bust Put me amongst the girls Rd. No. 522477 (1908) demonstrates how shapes became more populist and definitely less archaeological! Clarence Wainwright Murphy (1875-1913), a prolific British composer of music hall and music theatre music wrote the tune to Put me amongst the girls with lyrics by Dan Lipton. With music by George Arthurs, it was performed in the USA in the musical comedy The Hoyden in 1907. The clown, whose identity is so far untraced, does

not feature in this production. It appears therefore that, as the tune became popular, it was used in a later so far unidentified British production. The words, to an arrangement by Levine, were re-released in the 1950s, as readers may recall, by Davy Jones of The Monkees – he can be seen online in a (1965) audio clip singing the tune.

The piano and clown must have been more expensive models but cleverly, manufacturers made the shapes in bulk, only applying the badges to order from outlets like Mrs Middleton. However the designs seem to have been made without much regard to the aesthetics of how they appeared when adorned with a crest (Fig. 2). The pig, factory unknown, looks slightly offended to have been badged.

The relative scarcity of Bushey examples suggests that Bushey was a niche market. The enthusiasm for collecting crested china tailed off in the 1920s and production ceased in 1934. Such sales must have been a very small part of the Middleton business. A familiar feature of the street, the business was long

lasting, trading until Sarah died in 1954.

Jessie Stockman recalls making a number of purchases from Mrs Middleton who kept a good range of china. As a child Molly Brain says she used to pass the Middleton shop on the way to London Road School, and at Christmas entered to choose a toy. Mrs Middleton herself is remembered as, by then, a stoutish lady with a round chubby face in dark clothing, keen to close a sale without much dithering.

Crested china collecting even as an antique is less fashionable than it used to be but, given its local interest still have its followers. The museum sells its own Bushey transfer ware so perhaps it's time to re-introduce the pig!

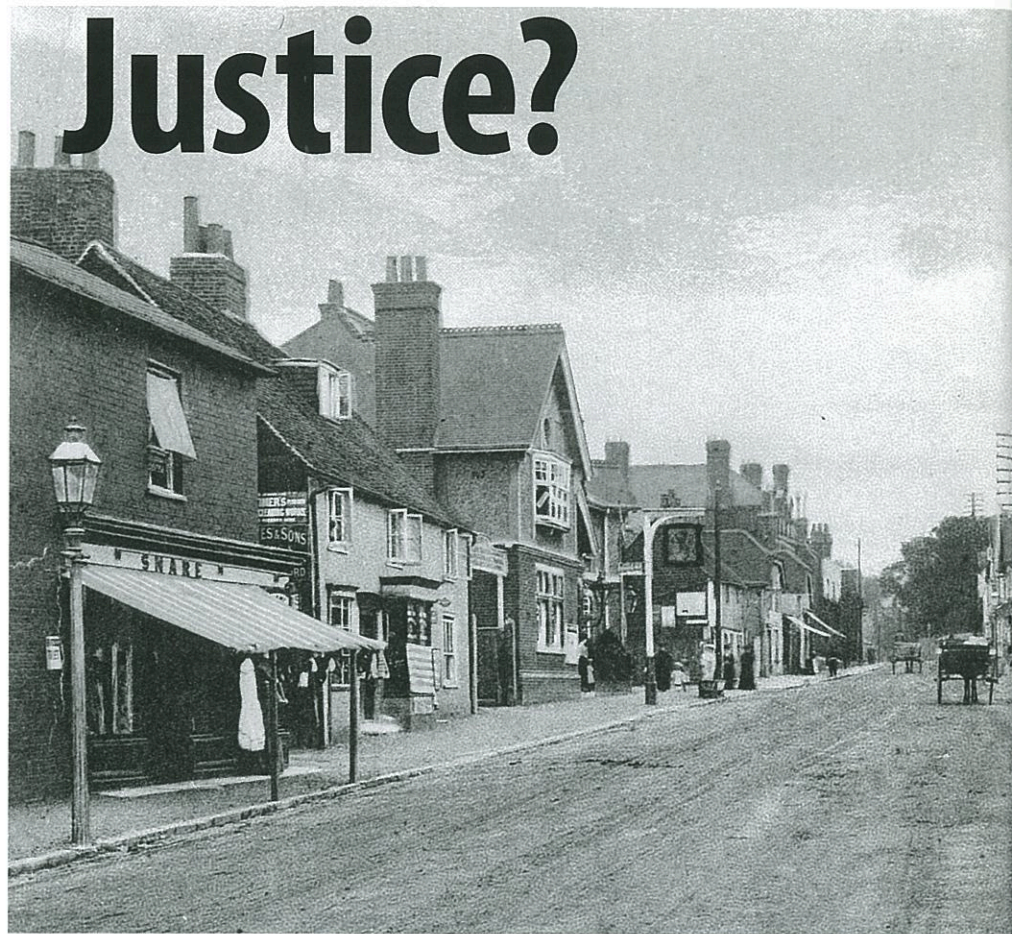
- 1. Goss Cornish Bussa. *Private Collection*
- 2. Maker unknown. Pig. *Bushey Museum Collection*
- 3. Goss Shell. *Bushey Museum Collection*
- 4. Arcadia World War I tank. *Private Collection*
- 5. Arcadian Piano. *Bushey Museum Collection*
- 6. Arcadian Put me amongst the Girls. *Private Collection*
- 7. Goss Ancient Posset Cup. *Private Collection*
- 8. Botolph Beer Flagon. *Bushey Museum Collection*

Rough Justice?

Dianne Payne

Robert Snare, the son of a flint merchant from Suffolk, came to Hertfordshire in the late 1850s and found employment with a linen draper in Watford High Street. In 1862 he married and he and his wife, Harriet, moved to Bushey village.¹ He took over a drapery business in the High Street established there in 1840. The shop was on the corner of Cow Lane, where 'Mavis', the wool and art needlework shop, stands today. Robert Snare's new enterprise flourished and he and his family became well known in the local community. He had an eye for business and adapted to the changing times. The coming of the Herkomer Art School in the 1880s provided new trade and he seized the opportunity to expand. To his basic stock of household linen, sheeting, blankets and muslin curtains he added window blinds, floor coverings, rugs and carpets. His advertisements for everyday hosiery, underwear, skirts, aprons, trousers, jackets and children's clothing for working villagers began to include silk blouses and fancy dress for student events at the Art School. As Bushey became more prosperous, fashions changed among the villagers too and some were able to afford a few luxuries. Robert Snare provided suits for weddings, funerals and formal occasions, with over 100 patterns to choose from. By the turn of the century he described himself as a 'draper, milliner, outfitter and boot manufacturer'. His boot and shoe department offered not only 'warranted' heavy-nailed boots for labourers but also 'calf and satin hide' shoes for leisure wear. When the motor car came to Bushey he offered motoring hats for gentlemen and wraps for the comfort of ladies travelling in the latest vehicles. Robert Snare's business at 44 Bushey High Street prospered and he set up another shop at 4 & 5 Church Row, Stanmore, managed by his eldest son and one of his daughters.²

On 19 August 1871 when Robert Snare was first establishing his business in Bushey village, Lilford Evans, a lad of about seventeen, went into his shop and enquired about a cap. It was about eight o'clock in the evening and a range of goods was hanging outside. Robert Snare noticed that the boy was wearing two jackets and suspected he had stolen one priced at 2/6d from his display. When challenged, Lilford Evans claimed he had bought both jackets at a



High Street Bushey with Snare's shop on the left and the White Hart on the right

shop in Watford but Robert Snare examined one of them and found his private draper's mark inside. Lilford Evans ran off but was pursued by a police constable and arrested.

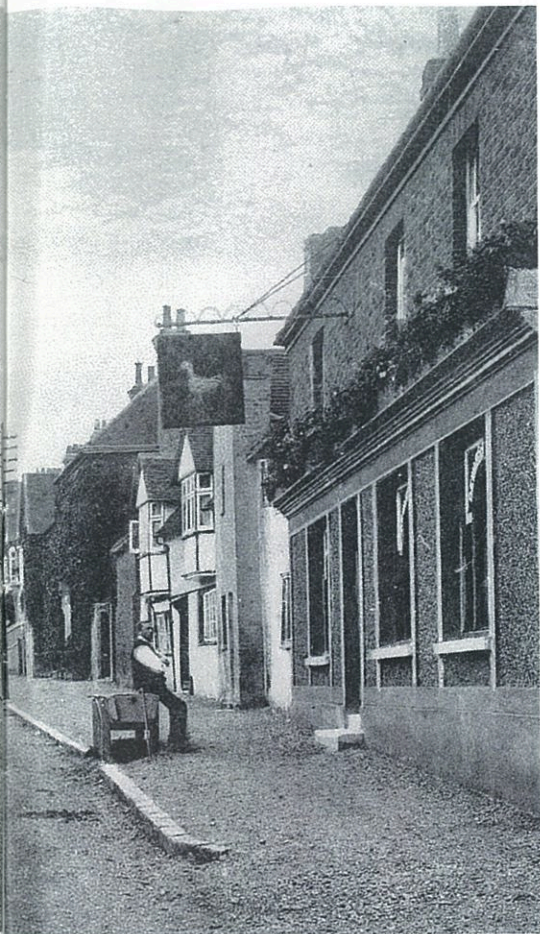
A few days later, the case came up at the Petty Sessions Court in Watford, where Lilford Evans *humbly and sorrowfully admitted his guilt*, declaring that if the Bench would let him off this time he would never be guilty of a similar offence', stating also that he did it under the influence of a little drink he had just taken. He told the magistrates that he lived with his mother at Crook Log in Bushey and worked at the nearby brickfields, if there was work available. He earned 15 shillings a week and gave eight shillings to his mother. On the day of the theft, he went into Watford, where he bought a jacket and spent some of his money on drink before returning to Bushey. Robert Snare, who owned the shop, strongly recommended Lilford Evans to the clemency of the magistrates and the police sergeant gave him a good character. Although his parents were much given to drink and set a very bad example, the boy had never been known to steal or commit a dishonest act. Lilford Evans was, nevertheless, sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour.³

Law and order was a major issue at this time and the authorities believed prisons should be unpleasant places that acted as a deterrent. The prison diet was deliberately

monotonous and prisoners slept on wooden boards. They were kept in silence and given hard, boring tasks such as walking a treadmill or picking oakum. A pointless device known as the crank had a large handle that a prisoner had to turn thousands of times a day. This could be tightened by the warders, making it harder to turn, hence their nickname of 'screws'. This punishment was not abolished until 1898.⁴

In 1870 a series of scathing attacks appeared in *The Watford Times* on the 'inconsistency of police magistrates and the apparent absurdity, as well as cruelty, of their decisions'. Following the Lilford Evans case the editor, highly critical of the punishment the boy had received, questioned whether the magistrates had considered the likely outcome of their decision. He suggested that after imprisonment the lad, who had a job, would probably not be able to return to it or find alternative employment. Ultimately, he could be driven to beg or steal and become a thief or a vagabond. In the editor's opinion a little clemency and a firm but gentle admonition on Lilford Evans's first step into crime might have saved him and enabled him to become a useful and respectable citizen.⁵

What happened to Lilford Evans? The census returns offer a few snap-shot views of his childhood and of his life following his prison sentence. He was a member of a large family, the seventh of at least eight



children. His father and two older brothers were labourers and his sisters worked in a silk factory. In 1871, the year he was imprisoned, only he and his younger brother, James, were still living at home. Their mother died in 1880 and by the 1881 census, they and their 77 year-old father were all working as labourers. By 1891 James was married with three children and Lilford, single and described as an 'orphan', was living with them and employed as a bricklayer. Ten years later, James had seven children and on the night of the census Lilford, aged 46, was a visitor at his home. Lilford died in 1910 at the age of 57.⁶ The pessimistic prediction of the editor of *The Watford Times* in 1871 that Lilford Evans would be unable to find employment following imprisonment and could become a thief or vagabond does not seem to have been fulfilled. In an age when life for many was harsh and imprisonment was often the beginning of a downward spiral, Lilford Evans from Bushey was very fortunate to find employment and receive ongoing support from his family.

1. Census returns 1851, 1861 & 1871.
2. *Picturesque Bushey and Bushey Heath* (1908), advertisement for Robert Snare.
3. *The Watford Times & West Herts Advertiser*, 23 Aug 1871.
4. *The Victorian Prison*, The National Archives.
5. *The Watford Times & West Herts Advertiser*, 26 August 1871.
6. England & Wales, FreeBMD Death Index: 1837-1915 [database on-line].

Some more Bushey Characters

From the Bushey Horticultural Society Yearbook 1966

T W Hedges

I am sending few additional details of Johnnie Green as I promised in the last year's issue of the *Year Book*.

In the first place Johnnie was not a tramp. He was in fact an old Bushey resident and was, I have reason to believe, born in Bushey. Furthermore, there are living in the district today, many of Johnnie's family descendents and I think that the dairyman, who lived in the old house on Back Lane (Herkomer Road) below Bournehall Road, was a relative.

I am sorry to have to destroy a picturesque legend about the derivation of the word 'Been' but Johnnie's full name was Johnnie Bean Green.

As a further fact, he at one time owned Otterstone, 38 Sparrows Herne. In the voluminous documents concerned with Otterstone, he is described variously as Hay Dealer and Farmer. He seems to have become possessed of this, then copyhold, property in May 1866, for which he paid £340. In the archaic language of the deed, it is stated that *John Bean Green and Jane, his wife, came before the Deputy Steward of the Manor ... and prayed to be admitted to the Cottage Land ...* In a marginal note it is further stated, with superbly unconscious humour, that 'Green's then wife is dead ... and that he has since married another woman who is now living. John's large sprawling signature is there in full with traditional wax seal complete.

How long John resided there I cannot say, but on the enfranchisement of the property in 1874, he paid to the Steward of the Manor, one Henry Mitford Boodle, the sum of £90 for that purpose.

I knew the old gentleman quite well. He used to wear an old billycock hat and always carried a stout stick. His great days – when he appeared dressed in his best – new ribbons and the like – were on Oak Apple Day (why is this day not now celebrated by schoolboys?), May Day and Guy Fawkes Day, and on the occasion of big events, like the Attenborough – Harford, and later, the Adams Clarke – Shackleton weddings in 1897, when he attracted almost as much attention as the brides and certainly more than the bridegrooms. He was a great figure at the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations and



regarded himself as second only to John Middleton, the village postmaster-cum-grocer:

Johnnie always appeared to be in a good humour, but like a good many 'cracked' persons, he had a keen sense of values. For example, he would not give excerpts from his repertoire, until he received payments beforehand. He would then sing his songs in a very thin, piping voice, invariably including the famous Father's Cow, a Rabelaisian effort, the words of which I am sorry to have forgotten, and then retire into some hostelry, to enjoy the proceeds. One of his favourite ports of call was the King Stag in Bournehall Road, whose tall, genial, white-haired landlord, William Hunt, was one of Johnnie's favourites.

John had an observant eye too, for I remember on one occasion when the local roads had been copiously watered, he saw one of the lady students holding her long skirts well above average height, and exposing six inches of a white garment, at which Johnnie chuckled to himself immensely. On my mother reproving him for his lack of manners, he promptly retorted: 'You don't see sights like that in Bushey every day.'

Johnnie sang his last song in Bushey many years ago, and no minstrel has risen to replace him.

Choral Singing in Victorian Bushey

A number of the major choral societies that exist today were founded during the reign of Queen Victoria. A remarkable musical revival took place in Britain during her reign, headed by English composers such as Parry, Stanford and Sterndale Bennett, and oratorios and cantatas, the traditional repertoire of choral societies, were supplemented by Stainer's *Crucifixion* and widened by the new choral works of Elgar. In Bushey there seems to have been a strong tradition of choral singing during the late nineteenth century and although Bushey choirs have left no records, musical journals of the time offer brief snapshots that confirm their existence and record a few of their activities. Choral societies

recruited heavily from churches and non-conformist chapels and provided an opportunity for the mixing of social classes. Bushey Choral Society was described as 'a well-trained body of singers' in *The Musical World* of 1871. 'The Minnesingers', a group of choristers selected from church choirs in and around Bushey, gave charity performances and *The Musical Standard* reported large audiences at their concerts of songs, glees and part-songs during the 1880s. The Church Oratorio Society, consisting of leading amateurs from Bushey and surrounding districts, gave a performance of *Messiah*, one of the most popular choral works, at St Matthew's Church in Oxhey in 1883. The Society also performed William Sterndale Bennett's



Woman of Samaria, an oratorio for four solo voices, chorus and orchestra, at Bushey parish church in 1887. It is quite likely that students from Herkomer's Art School sang in the choir or were members of the audience on that occasion.

Selective Index to the Journal of the Friends of Bushey Museum

- Adams Clarke family 7, 12-3
 Ashfield School 1, 3; 2, 2-3; 8, 20
 Attenborough family 2, 7-8
 Benskins 8, 5
 Bentley Priory 9, 2-3
 Bouchier, Arthur 4, 12
 Bournemead, 6, 14
 Burchell-Herne family 2, 16
 Burnt Farm 3, 4
 Bushey
 A Bushey childhood (1890s) 8, 16-7
 Bushey characters 9, 10-1 10, 15
 In 1946-7 7, 6
 In the 30s and 40s 1, 3-6
 In the 40s and 50s 5, 14-5, 17
 Bushey Co-op 2, 9
 Bushey Darby and Joan Club 8, 8
 Bushey Flower Show 2, 5-6
 Bushey Grammar School 2, 2
 Bushey Grange 2, 16
 Bushey Grange Farm 5, 19; 6, 7
 Bushey Hall 8, 6-7
 Bushey Heath
 In the 20s and 30s 10, 10
 Bushey Heath Clinic 5, 10-1
 Bushey Museum
 Art Collection 6, 10-3
 Chairman's year 4, 5
 Costume collection 3, 5
 Education services 1, 12; 4, 5, 7
 Local Studies Centre 3, 7
 Museum Officer 2, 11
 School visits 4, 5, 7
 Work experience 7, 4-6
 Bushey Scouts 2, 4-5
 The Bushey Story' 1, 2
 Bushey Woodcraft Folk 5, 2
 Caldecote Towers 9, 7-8
 Coldstream, William 1, 8-9
 Coronation celebrations
 Edward VII 4, 14
 Elizabeth II 4, 2-4
 Crime 8, 13-4; 10, 14-15
 Cycle Speedway 10, 8-9
 Elstree Aerodrome 5, 3
 Evans, Lilford 10, 14-15
 Field & Hemley Ltd 3, 8-9
 Film Studios 2, 10
 Flint Hall 8, 15
 Fowler family 6, 5-6
 Friends of Bushey Museum
 Holiday 2004 5, 8-9
 Millennium Embroidery 1, 1-2
 20th anniversary 6, 2-4
 Fuchs, Emil 8, 19-20
 Gardens
 Lost gardens 7, 9-11
 Rose Garden 7, 14-5
 Godsall, Mary 5, 12-3
 Green, Johnnie Bean 10, 15
 Green Line Coach Services 3, 11-3
 Grove Cottage 6, 18
 Grove House 7, 12-3; 8, 2-4
 Haydon Hill House 2, 7-8
 Herkomer 3, 15-6; 5, 12-3; 6, 15-7; 8, 19-20;
 9, 13-4; 10, 2-3
 Herkomer family 5, 14-5
 Herkomeriana 5, 10-1
 Herkomer's Art School 2, 14-5; 5, 16-7
 Hertfordshire Association for Local History
 3, 6
 Hobcob 9, 14-5
 Houses
 Bournemead, 6, 14
 Bushey Grange 2, 16
 Bushey Hall 8, 6-7
 Caldecote Towers 9, 7-8
 Flint Hall 8, 15
 Grove Cottage 6, 18
 Grove House 7, 12-3; 8, 2-4
 Haydon Hill House 2, 7-8
 Howton, 4, 10-1
 Lululaund 1, 7-8
 Manor House 3, 9-10
 Reveley Lodge 4, 16
 Rosedale 6, 8-9
 Sparrow's Herne Hall 5, 4-6
 The Warren, 6, 8-9
 Howton, 4, 10-1
 Jersey cows 6, 5-6
 Jewish Cemetery 3, 2-3
 King George Recreation Ground 5, 7
 Swimming bath 7, 16
 Laundries 2, 9
 Longman, Grant 9, 4-6
 London and South Western Bank 7, 2-3
 Lululaund 1, 7-8; 10, 2-3
 Lynleigh 7, 7-8
 Machin G D 6, 19
 Manor House 3, 9-10
 Memories of Bushey in the 30s and 40s 1,
 3-6
 Monumental Inscriptions 10, 6-7
 Mostyn, Tom Edwin 2, 13
 Music 9, 16
 Choral singing 10, 16
 Nelson's Sword 4, 4
 North & Sons Ltd 8, 18
 Population trends 9, 12-3
 Proclamation
 1952
 Queen Victoria 3, 13
 R C Tween Ltd 4, 6-7
 Reveley Lodge 4, 16
 Rosedale 6, 8-9
 Royal Masonic School 4, 8-9
 Schools
 Ashfield School 1, 3; 2, 2-3; 8, 20
 Bushey Grammar School 2, 2
 Caldecote Towers 9, 7-8
 Lynleigh 7, 7-8
 Royal Masonic School 4, 8-9
 Watford Technical High School 2, 3
 Scott's sledgemeter 8, 18
 Shackleton family 7, 12-3; 8, 2-4
 Snare, Robert 10, 14-15
 Sparrow's Herne Hall 5, 4-6
 Spider's Web 3, 3; 4, 15; 7, 8
 St James' Wayfarers 5, 13
 Swimming bath 7, 16
 Van, Gogh 3, 15-6
 The Warren, 6, 8-9
 Watford Technical High School 2, 3
 Wheelwright, Amy 9, 11
 Wheelwright family; 8, 2-4
 White, Dennis 6, 7
 Wood, Bryen 8, 10-2
 World War 1
 Bushey Hall – officer training 9, 14-5
 War Memorial 4, 13-4
 World War 2
 Anti-aircraft units 1, 8-9
 Green Line Coach Services 3, 11-3
 Lysander Aircraft 5, 3
 Recollections 2, 12-3
 WAAF 9, 2-3
 Women's Land Army 1939-50 1, 10-1