

The Journal of the Friends of Bushey Museum

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**FRIENDS OF
BUSHEY
MUSEUM**



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Welcome to the latest edition of the Friends of Bushey Museum's *Journal*. As I write these words the wind is howling and the rain lashing against the windows once more. However the articles about gardens and gardening remind us of more pleasant times of the year.

Also included are some recollections of Lynleigh School. Many small private schools have flourished in Bushey over the years. If any of you attended one, we would like to hear from

you; small private schools like Lynleigh and Bournehall Kindergarten often leave little trace.

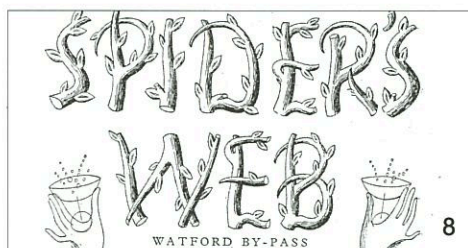
As ever I am indebted to Bryen Wood for finding the photographs and to Michael Pritchard for the technical side of the production and to you the contributors. Thank you to you all; without you the *Journal* would not be the success it is.

Janet Murphy

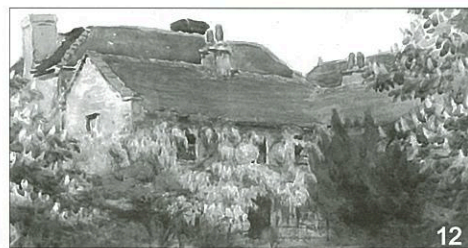
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Bushey's First Bank: The London and South Western Bank

Richard Garner

Richard mounted a display of local banking memorabilia at the Museum in 2005.

This article traces the history of the London and South Western Bank Ltd which was the first bank to open an office in Bushey in 1897. Twenty years later it amalgamated with Barclay and Company Ltd, and continued to operate from the same premises. During the twentieth century several other banking offices came and went, but in Bushey only Barclays has survived into the twenty-first century, though there is a branch of HSBC Bank, formerly Midland Bank, just outside the boundary in Chalk Hill.

Before the 1870s the suburbs, with their huge populations, were completely neglected, with the result that there was no banking office between Euston Road and Watford and St Albans. The Bucks and Oxon Union Bank had opened a branch in Watford High Street at the junction with Market Street in 1856. The branch was rebuilt in 1889 and the ground floor became a shop in 1984. The upper floors continue in use today as Lloyds TSB Bank, the Bucks

and Oxon having amalgamated with Lloyds Bank Ltd in 1902.

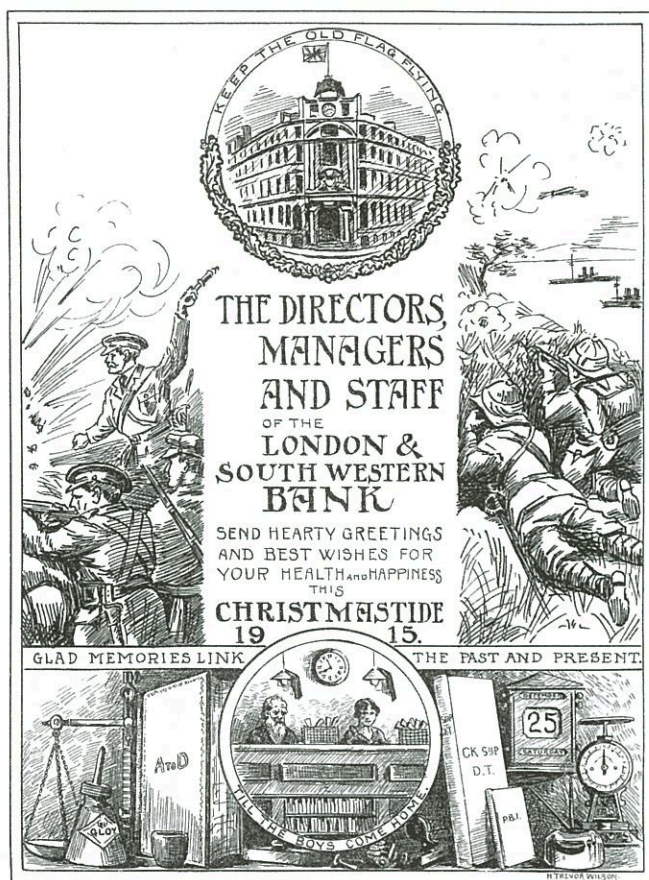
The London and South Western Bank

to a single London office. The Bank struggled to find sufficient business, and was compelled to close all but four of its original branches including those in Plymouth and Penzance by the mid-1870s. In tandem with the closures a bold new strategy emerged involving expansion into the London suburbs. At this time the idea of the suburban population as worthwhile customers was treated with contempt by larger banks, leading to the void described above. For most banks the only attempt to attract what they called the 'great unbanked', a term suggestive of a malodorous class, was through savings accounts with home safes, locked moneyboxes that could be emptied by the cashier and paid in. For the outer suburbs in the 1870s the only local service was probably the Post Office Savings Bank, although on a small scale Bushey Penny Bank operated from the Parish Reading Rooms every Monday evening from 1866 until it was wound up in 1904. The London and South Western Bank showed skill in opening branches in developing suburbs, and built a

successful business on the custom of working people and small traders.

In the next twenty years the Bank opened more than seventy branches in London, reaching New Barnet in 1890. When a Watford branch was opened early in 1897, a sub-branch was established in Bushey High Street. Initially it opened three days a week, but by 1908 the Bushey office had become a full branch, managed by Mr Charles E Head, who was later also responsible for a sub-branch at Bushey Heath. Mr Head became very involved in the local community, serving as Honorary Secretary for the Parish Hall, acting as treasurer for

The unusual sight of a woman cashier in the Edwardian period, but she was the wife of Mr Charles Head, the manager of the Bushey branch of the London and South Western Bank.



Bushey Museum Archive

was founded in 1862 with the intention, as its name suggests, of establishing a network of branches in the western counties linked



Bushey Museum Archive

The unusual sight of a woman cashier in the Edwardian period, but she was the wife of Mr Charles Head, the manager of the Bushey branch of the London and South Western Bank.

various associations and working as a Church Warden, even beyond his retirement in the early 1930s.

Illustrations show the front view of the Bank in about 1905 and an interior view with Mrs Head, wife of the manager, at work at the counter. The sight of a married woman at a bank counter would have been very unusual at this time, and it may date to the period of the First World War. A Christmas card of 1915 in the Museum's Collection, printed to accompany a war relief parcel to be sent to World War I troops on behalf of the London and South Western Bank, has a cartouche showing a young woman and an elderly bearded man serving at the bank counter 'till the boys come home'.

A cheque book from 1899 used by Mr H T Cox, the fine art printer, also in the Museum's collection, is a reminder that banks used routinely to return customers' paid cheques to them. The used cheques have been reattached to the counterfoils with remarkable care using gummed paper. A cheque for £1 was used to buy printing plates for 'HH', Hubert Herkomer, from the London firm of E Robinson and Company (see picture below).

The London and South Western Bank celebrated its Golden Jubilee in 1912 with the publication of a short history and the opening of an elegant new head office at 170 Fenchurch Street, London. At this time it had expanded to 178 branches, mainly in the London area, and had also developed sizeable foreign exchange business and overseas interests. A list of the branches in about 1911 is printed in a pass book in the Museum's collection; Bushey appears among the 'Country Branches'.

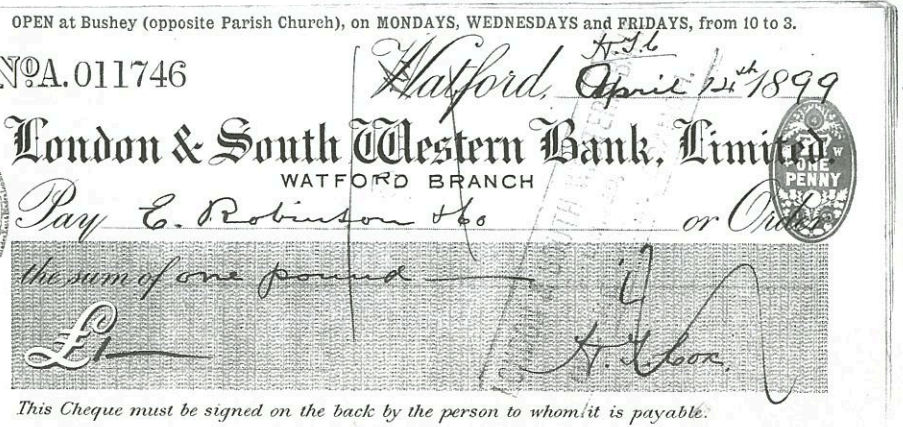
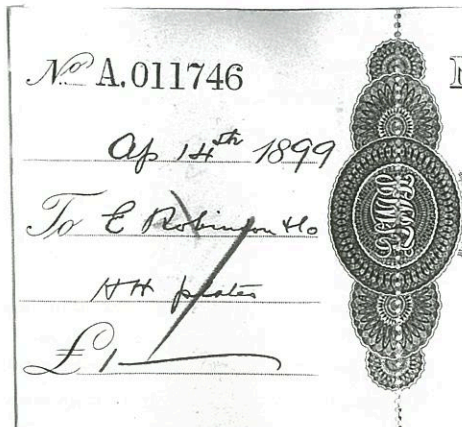
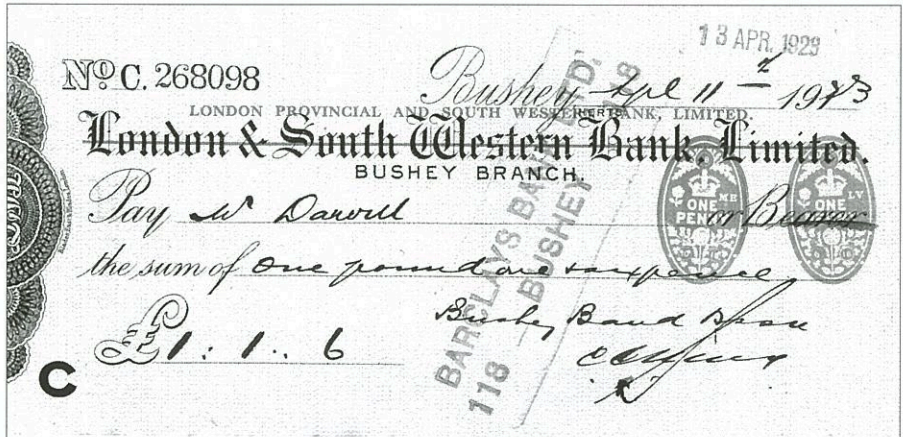
Below: H T Cox was Herkomer's printer who ran his printing works at Printholme on the south side of Melbourne Road's junction with the High Street. *Right:* A very rare cheque showing three variants of the bank name ending with 'Barclays' shown on the cancellation stamp.



The Bushey sub-branch of the London and South Western Bank opened in February 1897 in Lewis Cottage where the present building occupied by Barclays Bank was built in 1906.

Although the London and South Western Bank had remained unaffected by the frantic mergers and takeovers that characterised banking in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, eventually the pressure to have a much wider branch network became irresistible. Realising this, in 1917 the Bank amalgamated with the London and Provincial Bank to create the

London Provincial and South Western Bank, expanding its reach to the east of England and to Wales. Less than a year later, this new bank joined with Barclay and Company Ltd to create a truly national bank, one of the big five in England and Wales along with Lloyds Bank, Midland Bank, National Provincial Bank and Westminster Bank.



'O wad some Power the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us!'

Michaela Kaiser

Michaela Kaiser, from Landsberg, spent seven weeks in Summer 2005 doing voluntary work in Bushey Museum and Reveley Lodge as part of her training to be an English teacher. She had to write a report on the cultural differences between Germany and England, based on these experiences. Some extracts are printed below; they make interesting reading.

For my Intercultural Project I spent seven very interesting weeks in a little town called Bushey, north-west of London. This would never have been possible without the aid of some very nice, helpful and hospitable people whom I had met on holiday there last year. This year they turned out to be really good friends.

On my arrival in Bushey I was heartily welcomed. The woman I stayed with for the first week was already waiting for me and I met with a warm reception. Her name is Anne, she is in her 80s and is a very quick witted and intelligent lady. On that first evening we already had an interesting and, as I saw it, rather demanding conversation.

The man who helped me so much with the organization of my Intercultural Project is called Jim. I met him and his wife Margaret last summer when I visited Bushey together with some people from Landsberg. The latter is my native town and the unofficial twin town of Bushey. This partnership is due to the Anglo-German painter Hubert von Herkomer, who was born near Landsberg and who lived and worked in Bushey.

A big part of the Museum of Bushey is dedicated to the artist, showing a large and important collection of his works. Bushey Museum is a registered museum with most of the work done by volunteers. Besides the work of Herkomer, the Museum's collection and displays tell the story of Bushey with emphasis on the artistic history of the community. The 'engine' of the Museum is a group of people called the Friends of Bushey Museum. Most of them are retired and seemed very dedicated. Many members take an active

part in running the Museum. They raise funds for new acquisitions, work in the Museum as stewards and organize meetings and events. They also offer an active programme of support to local schools and a great variety of changing exhibitions.

Bryen Wood, who is the director of Bushey Museum, looked after me during my volunteer work. I had to help in the museum shop, which got me in touch with people from Bushey and visitors from other places. My main activity in the Museum, however, was auditing. I hid in the dusty stores checking the order and existence of pictures of all sizes. Whenever I felt like returning to the public, I went to the office to my computer to draw up lists. There were always a lot of people there, either working on something or just sitting there to have a little talk. These people were never in a hurry, which I found very pleasant.

Reveley Lodge is a Victorian house which Bushey Museum inherited from a rich old lady in 2003. The garden I worked in belonged to the house. They had just employed a man called Nick, the head gardener, who was my 'boss' for the time I worked there. It was my first experience with an English gardener. In the course of my working days I found out that he was very humorous and we got on very well. In fact we had a nice, interesting time together. It was mainly he who introduced me to the real English humour which can be very subtle but also a bit rude.

The day I arrived in the garden for the first time Nick took me to a specialist store and bought me safety boots, gloves and other useful things I needed for my work. I was very excited, because my knowledge of gardening was very basic. And what is more, I remembered that English gardens are said to be famous for their accuracy and perfection. To me Reveley Lodge garden already looked perfect when I arrived there and I wondered what I actually would have to do. As I saw it, this place was rather a park than a garden, with lots of flowers, perfectly cut lawns, what we would call an

'English lawn', a vegetable garden, a greenhouse, a secret garden and much more.

In the first few days Nick taught me basic things like hoeing, digging, weeding, edging and raking. Although these things are not very exciting, it became clear to me that they were necessary. After two weeks time I realized that it was important to deal with them every week, over and over again.

On my first Tuesday in the garden I met several other volunteers who helped to keep the garden in good condition. They were mainly elderly, retired people who were very interested in gardening. From the first moment I noticed that most of them were very dedicated. They were extremely friendly and helped me wherever they could. Everyone told me of their own gardens and I could feel that they were very proud of them.

One Tuesday in August the volunteers were particularly excited. It was the week before the big day, the annual Garden Party. I attended the Garden Party last year, but just as an ordinary guest. This year I was involved. We harvested lots of vegetables, weighed them and made them look neat in order to sell them in our Reveley Lodge Garden stall. Another important thing was to tidy up the garden. Everything had to look perfect. I had the pleasure of mowing the lawn. Unfortunately the day before the big event it was pouring with rain. So we had to postpone some of our plans. The evening before the party it suddenly stopped raining and we built up the stalls. After the work was done we rounded the day off with a big barbeque.

The next morning we had to get up early to prepare the last things for the big day. I worked at the bric-à-brac stall, where we sold all kinds of old stuff. I was amazed what people buy at these occasions. Things that others would consider as junk were easily sold. Together with the other volunteers who worked at this stall I had a pleasant afternoon. Fortunately I also had time to look round. There were not only stalls from Bushey but also from other neighbouring villages.

They mainly sold books and more old stuff. I also realized that the English were fond of raffles. While having a cup of tea I watched the Morris Dancers, an orchestra, the speech of the mayor and, last but not least, 'Punch and Judy', which I considered to be very brutal. The children, however, seemed to love it. As far as I can remember the German equivalent, the 'Kasperltheater' was not very harmless either.

I came to the overall conclusion that Garden Parties are a very English thing, popular mainly among upper and middle class people.

I was very lucky to meet people who showed me at least one part of real English culture by really involving me into their cultural habits.

The most striking feature about English people as I got to know them was their politeness. Although I already knew that the English style of conversation is not as direct as for example the German one, I was surprised how obvious and omnipresent this feature seemed, especially among people from the middle and the upper class. From the very first moment I realized that I had to pay attention not to be too direct. Of course I did not want to offend anyone. As I saw it, it was very exhausting to be so polite all the time or rather to express your politeness in every single statement. It is true that I would consider myself as a very frank and direct person, but I do not think that I am really impolite, at least by German standards. This was a typical example of a cultural clash. Very often I really had to restrain myself not to say the things I had in mind.

Another feature that struck me was the English patriotism. In my opinion, German people, including myself, try to avoid being patriotic and proud of our nationality. That is not least because of our national history. Consequently patriotic events like the *Last Night of the Proms*, with patriotic pieces, including the British national anthem, seemed a bit odd to me, but not in the negative sense. This example showed me how much my own culture influences me when it comes to assessing other habits and features.

The people I met in Bushey were all very interested in the Victorian Age and they seemed to be very proud of this historical period. One of my host couples, Jim and Margaret, lived in an Old

Rectory. It was one of the most beautiful houses I have ever seen, with a big garden including a pond, big yew trees and vegetable beds, two conservatories and a traditional furnished interior. It reminded me of one of the Jane Austen books and I really enjoyed living there.

I already mentioned the head gardener Nick. He enlightened me about 'simple' things like 'pub culture', football and cricket. But we also had more profound conversation about environmental awareness of people and about politics.

All of my host families were very eager to know everything about Germany although I must say they had already a great amount of knowledge about it. Most of them had already been to Germany and other central European countries. Jim involved me in conversations about linguistics and philosophy which were sometimes almost too much for me. But it was very interesting and helpful. I was very grateful for his aid.

The importance of education and knowledge I noticed in the English culture may exist in Germany as well. Moreover, we also have symbols which might indicate our social status and we also have a kind of class system. In contrast to England we do not really name it. I was never so much aware of the importance of knowledge and education in connection with social status. The reason behind it is certainly the lack of reflection. In other words, I think that I do not reflect so much about my own culture. In my view this cultural reflection only makes sense when one culture is compared to another culture or another country. The more I think about conspicuous cultural peculiarities, the more I become aware of striking things about my own culture.

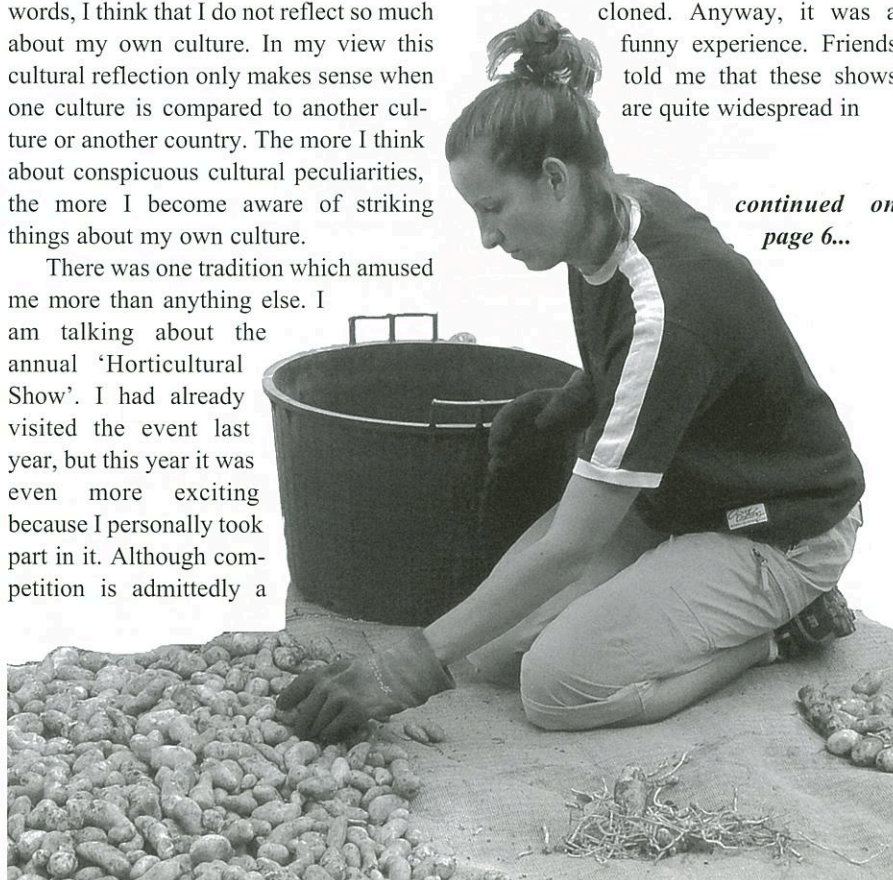
There was one tradition which amused me more than anything else. I am talking about the annual 'Horticultural Show'. I had already visited the event last year, but this year it was even more exciting because I personally took part in it. Although competition is admittedly a

very natural human feature, the fact that people compare the size of their onions, the shape of their raspberries and the weight of their marrows sounded a bit peculiar to me.

The members of the Horticultural Society organize the event every year at the beginning of autumn. Everyone who is registered in the Society can take part by handing in plants, fruits, vegetables and cookery in different divisions. Shape, size, weight, taste or looks are important, according to the specific division. This year I had to substitute for Gulvie, my host lady, as she was away for that weekend. She told me to collect five blackberries of the same size and shape and to put them in for her. That sounded much easier to me than it in fact was. On this particular morning I spent an hour and a half finding five similar blackberries, presenting them neatly on a plate and taking them to the show. Since I am a competitive person I wanted to win a prize, of course. Unfortunately, on my way to the show two blackberries fell onto the ground and were damaged. I was clever enough to take some spare ones with me, although they were not perfectly suitable in size and shape.

In the end I did not win a prize and when I saw the winner's raspberries (the division was called 'five soft fruits') I came to the conclusion that I did not have the slightest chance. They looked cloned. Anyway, it was a funny experience. Friends told me that these shows are quite widespread in

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Photograph: Nick Overhead

Michaela sorts and grades the potato crop at Reveley Lodge to be ready for sale at the Garden Party and at the Museum.

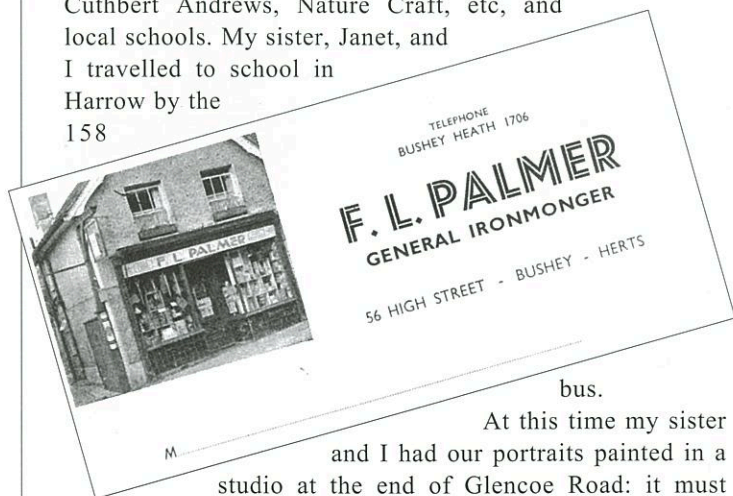
Bushey Sixty Years Ago

Frank Palmer

Sixty years ago on 1 April 1946, my father, Frank Leslie Palmer, took over the small ironmongers business at 56, High Street, Bushey; previously this shop had been run by W H (Billy) Nichols who continued the other side of his business as blacksmith and farrier at the rear of the shop premises making wrought iron gates, large quantities of stop-cock keys for the water company, and shoeing horses. Earlier still the property had been the Robin Hood pub.

The first winter, 1946-47, turned out to have the heaviest snow falls in the south east for, I believe, the whole of the twentieth century, and it was very cold for many weeks. At this time open coal fires or paraffin stoves were the usual forms of heating and father spent many snowy evenings delivering fire-wood and paraffin to many households in and around Bushey. I helped on some weekends and evenings and remember delivering to the Meadow Studios, which even then seemed rather derelict. I also delivered the Christmas post that winter, my round being the High Street. At this time, students were always in demand to deliver the Christmas post. The landlady at The Bell gave me half a crown (12½p).

At the shop, customers included Lucy Kemp-Welch (who gave me her autograph), Miss Frobisher, Miss Woodward, and A E Matthews as well as local businesses such as North, Cuthbert Andrews, Nature Craft, etc, and local schools. My sister, Janet, and I travelled to school in Harrow by the 158



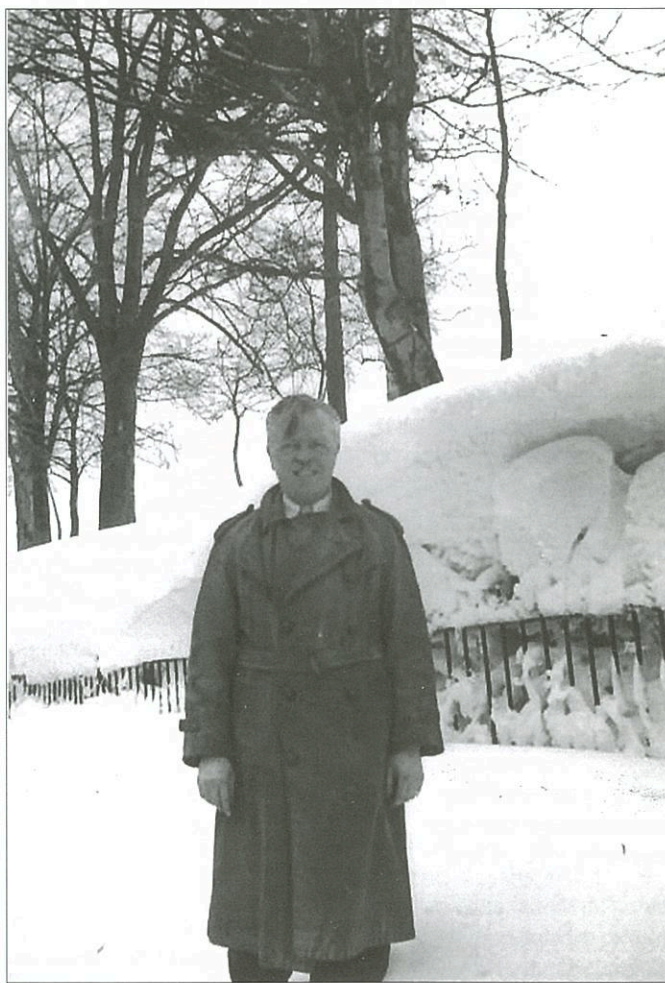
bus.

At this time my sister and I had our portraits painted in a studio at the end of Glencoe Road: it must

have been the Frobisher studio. The artist was Maurice Blockley, who achieved excellent likenesses, even though the studio was freezing cold. He painted many pub signs for Benskins of Watford (following in the footsteps of David Cox at the Royal Oak at Betws-y-Coed).

And then it was Spring.

Frank Leslie Palmer in London Road by what is now Bushey Hall School where the drifting snow cut off Bushey for some days in 1946/47.



Courtesy Frank Palmer, Jnr

...continued from page 5

England. They also mentioned horticultural competitions where people got so ambitious that they even dare to cheat by, for example, destroying or damaging their neighbour's fruits or plants in the garden. I could hardly believe that. As far as I can see, these shows are mainly popular among wealthy, elderly people, although there was an extra division for children.

One thing I learnt about myself was that I can deal with different aged people. I already knew that I have no problems with children and young adults. During my Intercultural Project I found out that I could also accept the values and attitudes from these mainly middle-aged and elderly people and that they accepted me. In fact I had a lot of fun with all of them. I especially liked their subtle kind of humour.

When I first heard the term 'Intercultural

Project', I saw myself as a go-between for two different cultures that have only little in common. In fact, during my stay in England I found that it was quite easy to talk to people, but it turned out to be fairly complicated to get used to English cultural features, customs, behaviour and way of communication. It is amazing to realize there are so many differences in a country that is as civilised as our own and that seems to show many parallels, at least on the surface.

Some Memories of Lynleigh School 1946-1952

Carolyn Noble

Lynleigh School was on Hillside Road. The house was either semi-detached or at least on the end of its row. We used to go up a path on the right hand side to the cloakroom, as I recollect it now, it was probably a lean-to conservatory of its day. We had a peg each, labelled with our own names. Our home-made shoe bags contained our indoor shoes (black plimsolls) which we had to change into without fail, putting our outdoor shoes under the bench which ran all round the cloakroom. Being able to tie your shoelaces was a milestone. From here you went straight into a classroom, which I think was Division II, the classes were known as Divisions: I, for the youngest, up to IV, for girls of 10-11 years, since boys could only go to the school from 5-7 years. Division I led off from II, back and possibly to the right. The front room was private, Miss Richardson's sitting room and the 'headmistress's study'. Divisions III and IV were upstairs in what would have been bedrooms. The rest of the house was unknown territory to us.

Miss Elsie Richardson was known to everyone as 'Richens'; she came from Ashby-de-la-Zouche and retained the accent from that part. 'Now, children ...'

she used to say. She was a staunch Methodist, and instrumental in Lynleigh supporting Dr. Barnardo's. The Museum has some badges marked BHL (Barnardo Helpers League), and also cards printed for us on our annual visit to the Open Day of The National Children's Homes.

Schooldays began with a short act of worship - there is a hazy memory of a piano at the front right in Division II for a hymn. But most definitely remembered were the mysterious phrases of the Lord's Prayer - 'hallowedbethyname' and 'forgiveusourtrespassesaswe ...'. It was an era of learning. Tables were learned initially from a chart, which was unrolled and hung from the board: a pointer tapped it as we moved down line by line, then they were memorised, chanted in unison or individually and, most unnervingly, the single question shot at any one of us to keep us on our toes. There were spellings - 'i before e except after c' and the like, tests and, of course, lines of corrections at the end of any written work, with every margin ruled and every heading underlined, pencils sharpened at the sharpener screwed to the teacher's desk. There were sums on slates, which were slotted back at the head of the desk when not being used, slate pencils, and mental arithmetic.

Two things stand out from the upstairs room, Division III: Dictation - dreaded because it was so testing, and secondly, maps, these were the same fabric as the tables charts but hung permanently - one of the British Isles and the other of the World. Mrs Lydiard moved the pointer across the maps as we covered countries, capitals, main rivers and mountain ranges. In that room too, I recall, Kings and Queens, and Nature Study, identifying shapes of trees, leaves and flowers; English - strange words - learning how to 'parse', how to 'punctuate', writing compositions and progressing to master the flow of ink. Not least the sounds and images of poems and stories: Christopher Robin and Alice, Moses in the bulrushes and King Charles in an oak tree. We also learnt to sew: struggled to thread a needle, tie a knot, keep the stitches straight and even, all without pricking a finger and making a mess of it.

Each summer term, through an arrangement with The Royal Masonic School, Lynleigh was allowed to use part of their playing field for sports; we walked up Grange Road to the nearest corner on the right and practised one or two afternoons a week: running, wheelbarrow races, leapfrog races; two teams, 'Reds' and 'Blues', for a traditional Sports Day in front of parents at the end. I seem to remember also Garden Parties at the home of Mr and Mrs Shaw - did they live in Hillside Road or one of those parallel?

We had no set class teacher. The three or four taught us all through, and we were small enough in number to be known to one another. Their names I think I remember, though the spelling may be incorrect because we never saw them written.

On the 1949 Report: *Scripture*: a Miss Harris *Reading*: E.M.S.=Miss Edna Skyrme - of a generation younger but somehow connected with Richens - per-

Staff and pupils at Lynleigh School in about 1962. The staff are, left to right, Mrs Lydiard, Mrs Toombs, Mrs Jarvis and Miss Elsie Richardson, the headmistress.



Bushey Museum Archive

haps from Ashby as well. She had a brother who worked for the Colne Valley. *Geography*: N.Q.L.=Mrs Lydiard/t? E.R.=Richens.

1952 Report: B.L.M.=Mrs Maddox. Later came Mrs Toombs and my mother, Mrs Jarvis.

The label on a little box, now given to the Museum, perhaps indicates the side of Richens that inspired her to found and to run Lynleigh for so long, and to maintain her allegiance for the children's charities. Mrs Toombs was known among her colleagues as 'Tommy', and Richens gave the present in the jewellery box to my mother as 'Dear Jarvie'. We were too young to sense it but, as for her teachers, so for her pupils, I suspect there lay, beneath the strictness, a great affection for us all.

One of the items copied into Carolyn's exercise book was the following poem:

We'll begin with a box, the plural is boxes,
 But the plural of ox should be oxen not oxes.
 Then one is a goose, and two are called geese,
 But the plural of moose should never be meese.
 You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
 But the plural of house should be houses not hice.
 If the plural of man is always called men,
 Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
 And cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
 But the plural of vow is vows never vine.
 If I speak of a foot and you shew me your feet,
 And I give you a boot, would you call a pair beet?
 If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
 Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
 If the singular is this, and the plural is these,
 Should the plural of hiss, be nicknamed heese?
 Then one may be that, and three would be those,
 Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
 And the plural of cat is cats not cose.
 We speak of a brother and also of bretheren,
 But though we say mother, we never say metheren.
 Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
 But imagine the feminine, she, this, and shim.
 So our language, I think, all folks will agree,
 Is the queerest concoction you ever did see.

LYNLEIGH SCHOOL, BUSHEY
Principal: MISS E. RICHARDSON

REPORT for Summer Term, 1952
 Name Carolyn Jarvis Division IV
 Age 11 years 3 months Position in Division 1
 Average 11 years 2 months No. in Division 15

SUBJECTS	TERM	Master's Initials	SUBJECTS	TERM	Master's Initials	SUBJECTS	TERM	Master's Initials
Scripture	A	B.L.M.	English	B	K.L.H.	Nature Study	A	K.L.H.
Reading	A	E.M.S.	Elocution	C	E.P.	Arithmetic	A	E.P.
Geography	A	B.L.M.	Writing	A	E.P.	Tables	A	E.M.S.
History	B	E.M.S.	Dictation	A	K.L.H.	Drawing	B	K.L.H.
General Knowledge	B	K.L.H.	Spelling	A	E.M.S.	Hand Work	A	E.M.S.

A=Very Good B=Good C=Satisfactory D=Weak E=Unsatisfactory

Times Absent 2 Next Term will commence Thurs. Sept. 16. 1952
 Times Late 0 and finishes Wed. Dec. 17. 1952
 Half Term Holiday, Friday Oct. 31. 1952 and following Monday & Tuesday.

The Spider's Web

In the *New Series Journals 3 and 4* I wrote illustrated articles about the Spider's Web on the Watford By-Pass, about where the Ramada Jarvis is now. The Spider's Web was a roadhouse with an interesting reputation which provided opportunities for fun and frolics in the 1930s and 1950s. I am still hoping for reminiscences and can promise discretion for correspondents. Dilwyn Chambers recently sent this advertisement from *What's On in London* for 24 December 1948. There was still rationing for ordinary folk at this time.

Bryen Wood

THE FAMOUS
SPIDERS' WEB
 WATFORD BY-PASS
OPEN AGAIN
The luxury, comfort & cuisine that you have been waiting for
LUNCH TEA DINNER DANCING
 ONLY 15 MINUTES FROM HENDON CENTRAL
 BOOK NOW FOR THE
BOXING DAY & NEW YEAR GALA NIGHTS.
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The Lost Gardens of Bushey

Janet Murphy

During the late Victorian and Edwardian periods there were a number of substantial houses in Bushey with extensive gardens, some surrounded by parkland. Most have disappeared and, even where the houses remain, their glorious gardens are only a memory. Fortunately, where sale catalogues and photographs have survived, something is known about the layout and content of the gardens.¹

Gardens consisted of two parts, the pleasure grounds and the productive gardens. The latter were of great importance since they had to provide food all the year round for the family, together with any visitors, not forgetting the staff, both indoor and outdoor. The kitchen gardens at Bushey Hall were on a grand scale. They covered around five acres and were enclosed by a wall 13 feet high (by comparison, Reveley Lodge and all its grounds cover about 5.5 acres). Those at Bushey House were more modest, about 2.8 acres. Those at Caldecote Towers were of a similar size and it was claimed that they provided all the vegetables for the girls' school and much of the fruit.

Glasshouses were an essential part of the kitchen garden. At Bushey House the single span lean-to greenhouse on the north wall of the kitchen garden was 124ft in length, and there were a further three glasshouses. After he bought the house in 1900, Mr Cuthbertson added two more and a peach house. There were also eight heated frames and 31 cold frames. When Sparrows Herne Hall was sold in 1948, the range of glasshouses covered nearly 3,000 square feet, an awful lot of glass! Vineries were common. At Bushey Hall there were five; at The Warren, both Muscat and Black Hamburg grapes were grown. Several gardens had peach houses: Bushey House and Caldecote Towers had melon houses. At Bushey Hall melons, pineapples and cucumbers were grown in pits. There were also fig houses and a mushroom house. Most properties had fruit trees against the walls of the kitchen gardens or in extensive orchards, where no doubt Bushey Grove apples were grown. With such a cornucopia of fruits, several had a fruit room in the kitchen garden to store the produce, although at the Manor House, the apple room was at the top of the house. Perhaps surprisingly, only Hartsbourne Manor advertised a Bee House. Needless to say there were plenty of garden sheds.

Productive gardens were essential; pleasure grounds were luxurious. Shelter and privacy were provided by specimen trees and shrub-

At Bushey Hall there were acres of lawns and dozens of urns to be maintained.



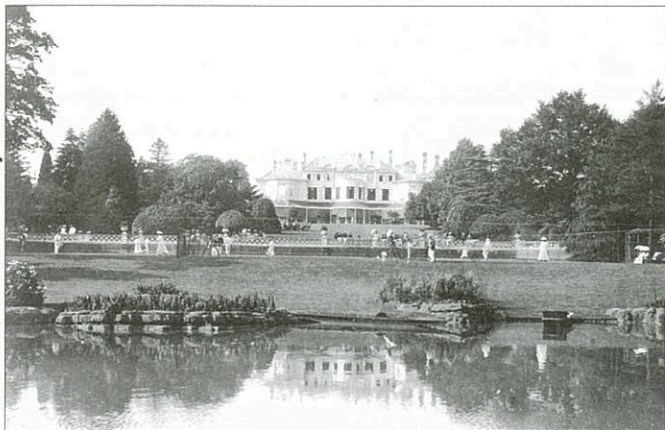
beries; these also formed a backdrop to the flower gardens. There were vast expanses of lawn; several properties had two, three or even four lawn tennis courts, although Bushey Grange had a croquet lawn instead.

Most gardens had water features, there were lakes at The Warren, Bushey House and Haydon Hill House; other properties had ponds. The exception was Caldecote Towers but here, at the top of the hill and with free draining gravel soil, water supply might have been a problem.

At Bushey House there was a small stream flowing down the western edge of the garden with rustic bridges spanning ornamental water features, the sides of which were planted with choice aquatic and bog plants. This was installed when Mr Cuthbertson embarked upon extensive alterations to the house and gardens. A conservatory or winter garden, with a domed roof and tiled floor, was added to the west of the house. In 1907, the gardens were described in *Gardener's Chronicle*. There were several beds of roses, planted in groups of 250 of one colour. Near the house was a broad terrace on which were two fine pomegranates and a number of flower beds with statues and large vases. The terrace is known to have been in existence in 1809.² The conservatory housed groups of decorative plants, including hanging baskets with ferns. The writer also noted miniature rock gardens. As well as the glasshouses in the kitchen garden, Mr Cuthbertson added an

The small stream down the western edge of Bushey House gardens was made into a series of pools with cascades between them. A rustic bridge can be seen at the top.





Bushey House from the lake during an Edwardian garden party.



The summer house in the Japanese garden at Sparrows Herne Hall, just before the Great War.



Caldecote Towers in about 1910 was a 'School for the Daughters of Gentlemen'. Girls were prepared for the Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society by Miss Hart 'a Pupil of Professor Herkomer'. Plein air work in the gardens was important.

extensive one for the pleasure grounds. Before he sold the house in 1912, he offered at auction the whole of his stock of greenhouse plants, including chrysanthemums, azaleas, carnations, malmaisons, palms, ferns, aspidistras, dracaenas, orchids and fuchsias; also 4,000 geranium cuttings!

During the later occupancy by Lord Bethel, the gardens were often opened to the public when Bushey Flower Show was held in the grounds.

Another garden frequently opened for inspection was that of Sparrows Herne Hall. The first annual show of the Bushey Heath Cottage Garden Society was held there in 1900. James Walter Smith purchased the house in 1906. He laid out a Japanese garden in which was an ornamental pond stocked with goldfish, all of which he named, and which would come to the surface for food when he called them. Overlooking the pond was a teak and thatched Japanese style Summer House. There was also an azalea garden, a rock garden and an Italian garden.

Many Bushey residents attended garden parties in the grounds of the St James' Rectory. The gardens were laid out by the wife of the Revd Montague Hall, rector of Bushey from 1898-1937. Before much of the garden was sold for building, it stretched down to the stream at the bottom of the churchyard.

The gardens of the Manor House were opened to the public particularly during the annual Bushey cricket week and on the occasions of garden parties. When the house was sold in 1914 the grounds were



The greenhouses and forcing frames at Caldecote Towers School in about 1910.

described as 'picturesque old-world gardens of the most attractive nature'. There were a rose garden, walks and borders. A feature of the grounds was the number of specimen trees, including a large cork-bark oak.

On occasion, plays by the students of the Art School were staged in the grounds of the Manor House. Perhaps this was when the grounds of Lululaund were undergoing their transformation. Thomas Mawson, a famous landscape architect, designed the garden for Herkomer in exchange for a portrait. They were described about the time of Herkomer's death as:

*ideally situated in a quiet by-way off the main road, among the trees, and as we wandered along the paths of the lovely old garden, which is almost classical in style, the blossom from the overhanging apple trees, formed a perfect carpet for our feet. Past beautiful lakes in which water lilies and bull rushes commingled and into the old world gardens beyond, where huge beds of deep brown wallflowers, side by side with great banks of forget-me-nots and white tulips, provide vivid splashes of colour that are a perpetual delight to the eye. To the right, the fine velvety lawns, to the left a rosary, and in the distance a Grecian column standing among still more roses and beds of old English flowers, edged high with clipped box.*³

The Rose Garden remains. It is laid out in two sections. The large lawn, where the students held their sports days, and its surrounding borders were originally part of the gardens of Lululaund, the summer-house dates from Herkomer's time. The rest of the garden was part of the site originally occupied by the Art School.⁴

Two houses were built on an extravagant scale; they had contrast-



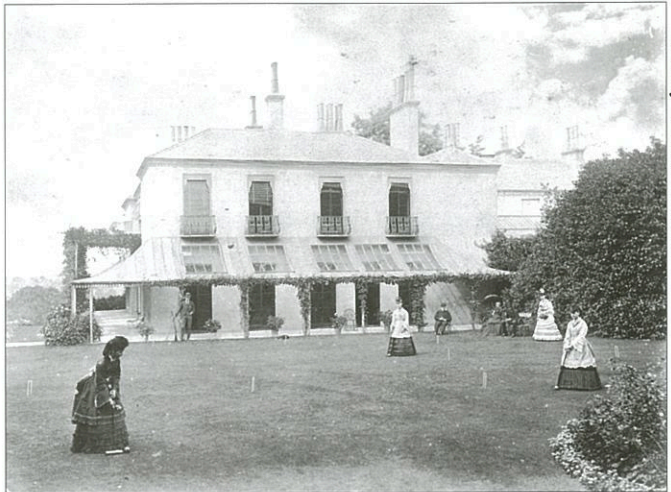
The lake in the Manor House grounds where Bushey Hall School now is.

ing fortunes. Caldecote Towers still stands, as Immanuel College; Bushey Hall has long gone. Miss Tate and Miss Tanner, who took over Caldecote Towers School in 1906, considered that outdoor activities were an essential feature in the training of England's young ladies, although they do not appear to have spent any time working in the gardens. Fred Streeter, who later became well known on the radio, was a gardener there for a short time. Whilst at Caldecote Towers, he won a Royal Horticultural Society gold medal for begonias, which shows the standard expected of the gardeners. Not only were the lawns studded with flower beds, but also there were window boxes at some of the first floor windows, a conservatory above the main entrance and a roof garden at the top of the tower. Peacocks wandered around the lawns and there was also an aviary.

Bushey Hall was built about 1867; when it was first offered for sale about ten years later the pleasure grounds were well established. They had been '*artistically and tastefully arranged by eminent landscape gardens*' and included an American garden, an Italian garden, parterres for flowers and a croquet lawn. The east front of the mansion was fitted with trellis wires, upon which *Vistarias (sic)*, French Honeysuckles and other climbing plants were trained. The property became a hydrotherapeutic establishment and when it was sold in 1887, the gardens were dismissed as lawns, flower gardens and shrubberies. Perhaps they were already in decline.

Another property with an American garden was Hartsbourne Manor; it was established before the American actress, Maxine Elliott took up residence. In order to enjoy the hilltop views, the house had a verandah on three sides.

The ravages of World War One took its toll on the staff and the expense of the gardens escalated, not least the cost of heating the glasshouses. By the time the Nimmo family sold Sparrows Herne Hall in 1948, the gardens were described as '*having been reduced to save labour without spoiling their charm. The azalea garden was particularly colourful but the rock and Italian gardens had not been fully maintained.*' Not surprisingly, the completely walled Kitchen Garden of over half an acre was in a state of high cultivation. The head gardener's house, together with the vast expanse of glass and the orchard were offered for sale as a smallholding. At the time Bushey House was sold, a year later, the kitchen garden was let to Messrs Piccotts Seeds Ltd. After the property was sold in 1949, the grounds fell slowly into a state of neglect. Bushey Centre stands on the site of the kitchen garden. The kitchen gardens at Bushey Hall, which stood on Bushey Hall Road, near its junction with Aldenham Road, became a market garden, before finally making way for the Watford Technical High School. Other properties were sold for building development and only a few trees remain. Bushey Grange escaped development but the house was demolished and the gardens turned back into fields. Fortunately at The



The extensive verandahs at Hartsbourne Manor can be seen behind the ladies playing croquet in about 1875 - a permitted outlet for their no doubt repressed aggression.

Warren the lake was retained as a public space.

One property which did not change hands between 1910 and 2003, and therefore escaped development, was Reveley Lodge, home of Albert and Eila Chewett. Until Eila's death and the consequent bequest of the property to Bushey Museum, the garden had a profusion of bedding plants which, although colourful, incurred high costs and much labour. With advice from the Hertfordshire Gardens Trust, Dr Diana Kingham was commissioned to produce a working plan for a low maintenance garden. It is typical of the late Victorian and Edwardian period, and includes a rose bed, herb garden and a highly productive kitchen garden!

Notes

1. For descriptions of some of the houses see earlier issues of the *Journal*. Most of the catalogues are held at Bushey Museum.
2. *Bushey House and its Gardens*. Bushey Museum Information Leaflet No. 5
3. Warren, L. 'Herkomer's last work' in *Kinematographic and Lantern Weekly*, 14 May 1914, p. 6-7.
4. Bryen Wood notes: This latter part of the Rose Garden is presently closed following extensive vandalism. The whole garden is the subject of a Heritage Lottery bid by Hertsmeare Borough Council seeking funds to restore it comprehensively.

The extensive gardens behind the Rectory of St. James' are now substantially covered by Kemp Place. The very fine lake survives.



The Adams Clarke and Shackleton Families in Bushey

Dr Desna Greenhow

James Adams Clarke and his wife Alice were my great grandparents. They came to Bushey in the 1870s, when he started a medical practice on Chalk Hill, soon after his marriage in 1873. Initially they lived in a house which backed onto Melbourne Road and, when Herkomer arrived in Bushey and opened the Art School in 1883, the families became friends. The Adams Clarks had two daughters, Eileen and Beresford, who were contemporaries of Siegfried and Elsa, Herkomer's two children by his first marriage. Alice Clarke used to invite them in for meals, as the great man and his new wife were far too preoccupied with the students to bother much about regular meals for growing children. Alice's kindness was to have an effect far in the future for her granddaughter, my aunt, Peggy Shackleton. Elsa made her heiress to her villa in the South of France.

James Adams Clarke is immortalized in Herkomer's *The Last Muster* - the famous painting of the Chelsea pensioners at Sunday service - although which of the pensioners he represents has been lost in the mists of time. Meanwhile, his solo practice flourished, and an opportunity unexpectedly presented itself to buy a pleasant house in the High Street, just below the church, named Grove House (a block of flats is now on the site). It had recently been sold, and the buyer intended to pull down the new Victorian extension,

consisting of a drawing room with French windows leading out onto a terrace at the back, with two large and pleasant bedrooms above. Part of the rest of the house was Tudor, but a Georgian façade had been added in the eighteenth century. The buyer changed his plans and went abroad, and Adams Clarke was able to buy the house, with stables and outhouses, a large garden running parallel with the churchyard right down to the stream at the bottom, and a field on the Chalk Hill side, for a modest amount.

The illustration is from a painting by Soord, who trained as an artist at the Herkomer School, and it shows the Victorian drawing room leading on from what was known as the anteroom. Through the door we can see Eileen Adams Clarke playing the piano when she was a young married woman.

The extensive garden was gradually improved, under Alice's creative care. There were lawns and wonderful herbaceous borders, an arbour, a secret garden hedged round with box hedges, large kitchen garden, chicken shed and run, and a pigsty. The field beside the garden on the Watford side had a pond in it, and three generations of children enjoyed hay-making there, and stories of Nobby the pony and Jane the donkey were told.

James and Alice were very sociable, she with her upbringing on a large plantation in Jamaica, he with his Irish wit and charm. They became popular in Bushey, their close friends being the Palmers, the Burchell-Hernes and the Attenboroughs. However, Alice was estranged from her own family, because of a disagreement over money from a trust, and it was a struggle to educate the daughters as they wished. A happy arrangement was achieved by the two girls sharing a governess with Siegfried and Elsa Herkomer. Eileen was the younger, pretty and vivacious, Beresford the elder, with the brains. Eileen and Elsa became close friends and later in life 'Aunt Elsa', as she became,

said that Eileen was the only friend she had in her youth and beyond. Living in Lululaund, with an unsympathetic step-mother, gave her a very bleak childhood.

It was decided that Eileen was to go to Dresden to study music but disaster struck the family. James became chronically ill, and was no longer able to run the practice alone. They advertised for a junior partner and the advertisement was seen by William Webb Shackleton, a young doctor who had recently qualified in his native university, Trinity College, Dublin. He was passing through England on his way to Australia, intending to spend a short time as a ship's doctor while he decided what he wanted to do next. The family story, often told, is that he came to the interview, leaving his top hat on the hall table, which was inspected by the two girls, who decided he couldn't be too much of a wild Irishman if he owned a top hat. Eileen, who was sixteen, put it on, and it came down to her chin. When William and her father came out of the consulting room, the interview satisfactorily over, she took it off, and he fell in love with her on the spot, a very pretty girl with rich auburn hair. However, he had to wait two years for her to grow up before she knew anything of his feelings.

William soon built the practice up again. He lived near the surgery which was then on Chalk Hill, until he married. He was always very popular, and many years later, when I was a schoolgirl at St Margaret's, and we went shopping in the village, people would exclaim on hearing I was Dr Shackleton's granddaughter, and tell me how he had brought them into the world, or looked after an ill relation with such care, and what a wonderful doctor he was. He and Eileen were married when she was eighteen and he twenty-six. James Adams Clarke was well enough to give her away, in St James Church, in a wedding dress of fine corded cream poul, which was later worn by Peggy, William and Eileen's daughter, at her wedding to a naval Bushey boy, Tom Larken, in 1936, and then by me at my wedding to Philip Greenhow in 1959.

After the reception William and



Courtesy Desna Greenhow

Eileen Shackleton playing the piano in the drawing room of Grove House by Alfred Usher Soord.



Eileen Shackleton (née Adams Clarke) by James Montgomery Flagg, 1904.



Dr William Webb Shackleton by James Montgomery Flagg, 1904.

Eileen went by train to Goring, for a bicycling honeymoon. Their bicycles were taken to Bushey and Oxhey station by Albert Andrews, the family groom, later the gardener, who lived in Rudolph Road until he died, aged a hundred, in the nineteen eighties. He had fought in the Boer War, and I remember when I was a small child, and visited the Andrewses at home, being very impressed by a magnificent portrait of Albert in uniform in the sitting room.

On the first evening of their honeymoon my grandmother wanted to appear an established married woman, but the large hat she was wearing kept spilling rice into her soup every time she leant forward to have a spoonful. This gave the game away, as rice was used at that time instead of confetti to throw at couples coming out of church after their wedding, and afforded much good-hearted amusement to the waiters and my grandfather!

The young couple broadened their circle in the neighbourhood. Eileen was artistic, and they became very friendly with Edward and Oriana Wilson, with the Soords, and their closest friends and neighbours the Kemp-Welches. In 1904 a

longed-for son was born, and named Patrick. He was to be my father. Four years later, a daughter, Peggy, arrived. She, in 2007 is living, at ninety eight, still in her own house. Although she is in Hampshire, her memories are many of Bushey and her idyllic childhood, which she and I can talk about, as I too lived in Grove House until I was seven.

James Adams Clarke died in 1900, and Alice lived on in Haydon Hill until her death in 1916. William continued the solo practice until he was joined by Dr Kenneth Aveling just before the First World War. Aveling and my grandfather tossed a coin as to who should join up, and who would stay behind to run the practice, and my grandfather lost. It was, of course, a very busy time, as a solo GP all through the war, and he was still on his own through the flu epidemic of 1919. He had patients as far away as Harrow, most notably the W S Gilberts. Lady Gilbert supported the Bushey Cottage Hospital, and it was my grandfather who tried to revive W S when he drowned trying to rescue two girls swimming in a lake. When all his efforts failed, Lady Gilbert is reported to have said: 'I think, doctor, that you and I need a cup of tea.' I have a chair, given to my grandfather, which came from W S's study. It is always known as 'the Gilbert chair'.

The Wilsons were also his patients, as well as being friends, and William once saved Edward's life when he had a violent reaction to a bee sting to. My grandfather looked after him too when he developed tuberculosis. When Edward Wilson was departing on the *Terra Nova* for what was to be the fatal expedition to the Pole with Scott, William went aboard to see him off. Not finding him straight away, he spent a

little time on deck, looking at the stores, and talking to a man who seemed to be checking and counting them. They got on well, and William asked him if he was going on the expedition: 'Yes' was the reply: 'My name is Scott. What is yours?' 'Shackleton' said my grandfather, whereupon the atmosphere became extremely frosty! Ernest Shackleton was a cousin of my grandfather's, and, of course, by that time there was no love lost between him and Scott, who may have thought William was a spy in the camp! After Edward's death in the tent with Scott, my grandmother became very close to Oriana, and they remained good friends for the rest of her life. Oriana gave her a painting of Edward's, which I now have, a superbly painted watercolour of *Sledge hauling on ski* dated 1911. It shows an incredibly cold Antarctic sky, and the figures of five men pulling a heavy sledge.

A close friend, who had studied at Herkomer's School, was James Montgomery Flagg, an American artist who became a well-known illustrator in the States. He and his wife, Nell, remained close to my grandparents, and often came to stay with them. Nell was godmother to Peggy. These portraits by Flagg show what a good looking couple William and Eileen were.

Other local notables, who my grandparents knew well, were the Brookes, aunts to the poet, who lived in the High Street. Rupert used to stay with them, and stride about the village. 'I believe he writes some poetry' they said to my grandmother.

William and Eileen lived in Grove House until his death in 1935, when my father, mother and I moved in. My mother, Eileen Crofts, had been at school at St Margaret's, where she was a close friend of Dorothy Wheelwright, a Bushey girl, later my godmother. But that is another story!

The second part of this story will appear in the next Journal

Sledge hauling on skis by Dr Edward Wilson



The back of Grove House by Amy Mary West.



The Bushey Rose Garden

Kate Hardwood

The Rose Garden at Bushey is an exquisite example of an Edwardian panel garden reflecting both the wishes of the owner, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, and the skills of the eminent landscape designer, Thomas H Mawson, and it is a rare survival in Hertfordshire.

The Lululaund estate, eventually 32 acres, was acquired over several years from 1873 to 1891 for Hubert Herkomer, an eminent Victorian artist drawn to rural Bushey by the artists' colony there. Herkomer had refused to take Annie Salter, a ward of Eccleston Gibb, as an individual pupil, so Gibb provided Herkomer with funds to set up an Art School, which was built next to Gibb's house, The Cloisters.

Between 1883 and 1904 The Herkomer Art School taught some 500-600 artists. In 1904, Herkomer closed the school having become weary of the responsibility of overseeing it. His cousin Bertha Herkomer wrote to Josephine Herrick in May 1904: *'The school and grounds will have to be sold up as there are 8000 pounds debts... Why it is a regular bankrupt sale'*. Lucy Kemp-Welch, a former student of Herkomer's, opened her own art school, the Bushey School of Painting, on the same premises in 1905, but Herkomer repurchased the

school in 1912 and demolished it.

Herkomer's first purchase had been two cottages situated between The Cloisters and the Primitive Methodist Church which he converted to one residence Dyreham and moved in with his wife Anna Weise and his parents, who had come from Bavaria. Herkomer decided to build a larger house further north along Melbourne Road, Lululaund, and commissioned H H Richardson to design it. After Herkomer's death in 1914, his third wife, Margaret Griffiths, moved out of the house and, after her death, it was offered to Bushey UDC, who declined it on the grounds of expense (an extra halfpenny on the rates). By 1939 it was derelict and largely demolished. The remaining part is now Grade II* listed and part of the British Legion.

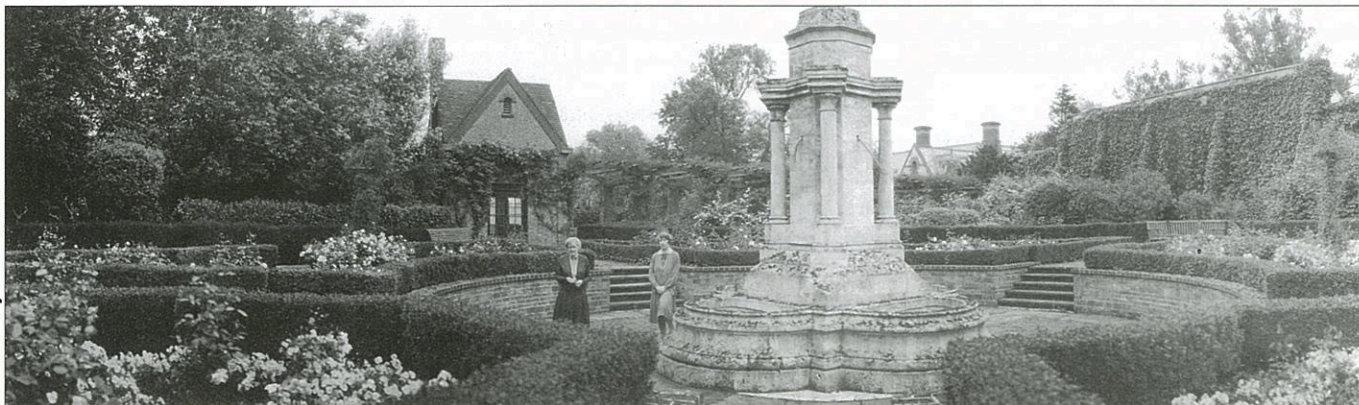
In early 1913 T H Mawson was looking for studios outside London and came to hear of the Art School. However, on contacting Herkomer, he found it had just been demolished and Herkomer was proposing to install a rose garden. Serendipitously, Herkomer had just bought Mawson's book *The Art and Craft of Garden Making* and invited Mawson to Bushey. They looked over the site together and agreed that Mawson would lay out the garden in return for having his portrait painted by

Herkomer - and both seemed very satisfied with the results.

Mawson laid out the Rose Garden as a geometric 'panel' garden. A square arrangement of paths, formed of bricks laid in basket-weave pattern, is aligned diagonally (NNE-SSW) on the Column, the Monument and the Summer House. Much of the original paving remains in the sunken garden and underneath the Pergola, although it is nearing one hundred years old.

A brick-paved path, flanked by a low box hedge, extended from the High Street gate to the Sunken Garden in the centre of the square. This circular Sunken Garden surrounded a fountain and was reached by stone and brick steps from each of the diagonal paths. The focal point was a trickle fountain constructed in Bavarian grey tufa, which Herkomer had imported by the train-load for his house. The quatrefoil-shaped base originally formed four semi-circular basins around a central square section pedestal flanked by four free-standing columns supporting a cornice beneath a block top, very like a Buddhist Stupa, and it has been suggested that the plan of the fountain and surrounding paving may reflect Buddhist symbolism. Water was directed from the four sides of the central block by plain pipes into the basins, but these

Lady Herkomer (née Margaret Griffiths) and her daughter-in-law Lulu Edith, widow of her son Lawrence, in the Rose Garden in the early 1930s, while it was still privately owned by the Herkomer family. The summer house and the arched top pergola are clear and it can just be seen that there is water in the fountain pools. Lululaund is beyond in the background.



were removed long ago and the basins are now planted with annual bedding schemes. Around the fountain the paving was laid in a radiating pattern of specially shaped stone flags and brick. In the 1930s the raised beds were laid out with box edging and contained rose bushes set in a cut-grass parterre. Wooden rose poles capped with metal frames and finials were placed in these beds and along the path to the Column to support climbing roses. The present rose bushes were gifted by Bushey's twin town, Landsberg am Lech. The whole of the square was enclosed with three foot high yew hedging.

The terminations of the paths on the NE-SW access were marked by circular paved areas, which contained high-back seats following the curve of the paving, and backed by the yew hedge. The walls were planted to screen the garden from adjoining properties; that adjoining the church with yew trees and that to The Cloisters with creeper.

Between the walls and the rose beds, the segments were laid out with low growing scented shrubs. The planting plans have not been found but the garden Mawson laid out for Mr Lane in Bushey included rosemary, santolina, lavender, philadelphus, laburnum, fuschia, golden holly, spirea, deutzia, berberis, veronica, lilac, and azalea.

The Column was constructed from the remains of the Herkomer Art School and marks the original entrance point. It is possible that a lattice structure, similar to that at the Pergola at the Hill Garden in Hampstead, designed by Mawson for Lord Leverhulme of Sunlight Soap fame, surrounded the column. Lilac trees were identified at the back of the Column and would be consistent with Mawson's designs, a similar group of lilacs appearing on his design for Mr Lane's garden. It is believed that a list of all the first intake of students is buried underneath the Column.

The Arts and Crafts style Summer House was built in brick and rough-cast under a tiled roof with the glazed door to the Rose Garden formerly equipped with a fanlight with a spider's web design, reflecting the spider's webs in the bronze door panels for Lululaund. A similar arched doorway led north-east to the lawn area

while a further square headed doorway led south-east to the pergola. The interior is stone flagged laid in a geometric pattern with a coved ceiling and plasterwork panels. It formerly had a fireplace on its western wall and, during the 1960s, the on-site gardener had a fire there to keep warm whilst playing cards.

The pergola, with decorative brick piers and timber cross pieces, runs from the Summer House, south-east to the site of the garden of Lululaund. Formerly this had curved timbers, as shown in views of the 1930s and was covered with climbing roses.

On the 1800 Plan of the Parish of Bushey, the area now known as the Lawn was part of a meadow lying between the houses fronting London Road (now High Street) and Back Lane (now Herkomer Road). A painting by one of Herkomer's students at the Art School shows it as a partly mown hay meadow. By 1898 a rectangle had been enclosed and a perimeter path laid. The Art School students used this for their sports days.

Following Lady Herkomer's death in 1934, the garden was acquired by Bushey UDC under the Public Health Act of 1875, together with the lawn to its north. A strip of land between the lawn and Herkomer Road was also purchased to provide access to the garden from Herkomer Road. Bushey UDC took a loan of £1810 and £250 'for the purchase of the Rose Garden and contingent works'. An estimate of £46 4s 0d was accepted from Mr P W Jaggard to survey and lay out the grounds and Mr F Smith was 'engaged at the garden at a wage of 30/- per week'. Roses were supplied or paid for by local residents, and the public garden had its official opening on 28 July 1937. By October that year extended opening hours to cover the lunchtime period were brought in.

Problems were ongoing with children causing 'wanton damage', riding cycles and playing ball games, against which notices were erected. Trouble continued after the war when the council sent a delegation to parents of 'youths apprehended causing a nuisance'. The trouble was in part due to the gate between the Congregational Church and the gardens being left open on Sunday afternoons. This did not prevent the council permitting the church to hold four open-air services in the summer of

1946 'in accordance with practice of the last few years'.

In the mid 1990s a section of arcading from the cloisters of the Art School was erected in the north-east corner of the lawn as a permanent memorial to the artist after being discovered on land owned by Three Valleys Water Company in Bushey Heath. An Art-Deco bird bath was placed in the garden in memory of Councillor Mellor but was removed in 2003 for safe-keeping.

By the late twentieth century the garden was in need of repair and restoration and Hertsmere Council decided to apply for Heritage Lottery Funding.

Liz Lake Associates formed part of the team called in to work on the restoration plans and this article is drawn from the historic appraisal done to inform the new plans. Using funding from the Council and the HLF, the work will repair the distinctive brick paths, restore the summerhouse as an information centre and reinstate the original pergola design with a copy of the bronze plaque from Lululaund at the end. The gardens will be replanted with box-edged parterre patterns of gravel with rose bushes and rose pillars arranged within. The outer Rose Garden will be replanted with appropriate species to reflect the Mawson design of low clipped evergreen and flowering shrubs, with small trees on the southern boundary with the High Street.

In the lawn area, the facilities for community use will be much enhanced with the provision of a lavatory block, screened by shrubs, and a potting shed, as it is planned to have a gardener on site during opening hours. The red sandstone cloister will be dismantled and re-assembled in a semi-circle and backed by a holly hedge to facilitate a more formal performance area. The Rose Walk will be replanted and the security gates at Herkomer Road replaced with ones of a more sympathetic design. To integrate the two areas, circular brick paving will be laid at the path junctions in the lawn area to echo Mawson's Rose Garden features.

Hertsmere has been awarded Stage I of the HLF Funding and is currently working on Stage II, so we hope that this little gem of a garden will soon regain its former glory and place in the heart of the community.

Feedback

Canon Philip Morgan responded to the article about the history of the Friends of Bushey Museum:

I am grateful to Pat Woollard and the picture editor for 'Onwards and Upwards' in the Winter edition of the *Journal*. In an article covering a long time span when so much happened, there always have to be choices about what to include. However I think mention might have been made about the part played by Bushey Parochial Church Council in the early development of the Museum.

In the 1980s, as many will remember, Bushey was short of community space. There was Falconer Hall, Church House and other church halls, and some rooms in Grange Park School. In Church House even the PCC had to negotiate with the Kemp-Welch Trustees to use the Gallery. However there was a room off the Gallery which the PCC was not using; this became the Local Studies Centre, and remained so until the Museum opened. Other negotiations enabled the Gallery to be used as a place where people could research documents and, equally important, the first Museum exhibitions were also held there.

Due to the manifold activities of parish life I was not able to play a substantial part as a Museum trustee. However I am glad the PCC was able to support the trustees at this vital early stage. Many greater things were to come, as Pat has described.

Shirley Goslett, aged 92, added her recollections to the article about Rosedale/The Warren by Sue Matoff:

When we were teenagers, the winters were much colder and Mr and Mrs Coles invited their friends and their families to skate on the lake, whenever the ice was right, which was great fun. They also had lovely dances, and on a warm summer's night, it was romantic to take the boat to row to the island.

The properties round about The Warren were mostly owned by the Air Ministry and known to the locals as 'The Patch'. They changed hands frequently during the war owing to RAF postings.

The wife of the C in C Bentley Priory thought that it would be nice for the children of the RAF to get to know the local families so 'The Teenage Club' was inaugurated and was a great success. It was sad when The Warren was demolished as were many of the larger properties in Bushey Heath – but we still have the 'The Lake' which holds happy memories.

In the same article Sue mentioned that the Mr Comyns kept a 12 horse-power Gladiator motor car which he offered for sale in 1905. Dilwyn Chambers sent in the information that this was a French car, manufactured by Société Gladiator of Paris between 1896 and 1920.

A request for memories of the old swimming bath, which appeared together with a photograph in the Watford Observer for 11th August 2006 brought a response from Dennis Ranscombe:

I would guess, from the costumes worn by the girls, that it was taken not too long after the bath was opened. Could these girls have been the 'Caley girls' from the Caledonian School? Purely a guess but they have that look about them. As an old Ashfield school boy I used the pool around 1937. For our class it was a short walk through the alleyway opposite the War Memorial on Clay Hill and across a field, now covered with houses. Being unheated the pool was always cold so that, apart from having to go from school, I only went there on the warmest summer days. I finally learnt to swim there at the age of 14 in 1941. Graduating from the lowest of the three diving boards I eventually found the courage to dive from the top one.

The pool was not cleaned as often as it should have been and one year there was a problem with leeches. I can remember getting out with several on my arms and legs. Do other people remember this?

As the pool was, it was the right thing to close it but I, and many of my friends, felt it should have been replaced on the same site. An up-to-date pool would have been well used, even more so today.



Bushey Museum Archive

This is the photograph probably taken in the 1930s which was sent to the *Watford Observer* by Bushey Museum. The Open Air Swimming Bath opened in July 1925.