

The Journal of the Friends of Bushey Museum

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
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Printed by Shiremoor Press

New Series No. 9 Winter 2010/11

Welcome to the latest edition of the *Friends of Bushey Museum Journal*.

I hope there is something of interest to everyone. It also includes a plea for articles on some aspect of the long and varied history of music in Bushey (see page 16). There must be many people in Bushey who played in a local orchestra or more informally perhaps in a local band or group. Memories and photographs of these would be welcome. Michael Pritchard presents new information (page 14) on the soldiers of the first world war who used Bushey Hall. Is there anyone left who remembers them?

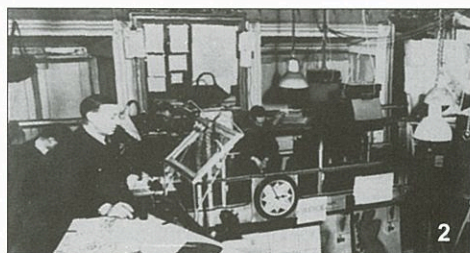
Last year the *Journal* included a tribute

to Bryen Wood. Sadly this edition includes two appreciations of Grant Longman following his death last year. I am grateful for all the help and advice Grant gave me during my time as a volunteer at the Museum and as author of *Bushey in 1900* and *Bushey during the Great War*.

My thanks go to Audrey Adams for selecting the illustrations not otherwise supplied by Patrick Forsyth or contributors, Michael Pritchard for the technical side of the production and last but not least the contributors. Without all your support there would be no *Journal* – thank you.

Janet Murphy

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Four Years in the WAAF

Patricia Elton

Patricia Elton joined the WAAF in late autumn 1941. After a few days at Innsworth near Gloucester she was transferred to Morecambe where she received her initial training. After volunteering to serve in administration she was somewhat dismayed to find her first posting was to Morecambe – a place she had found somewhat dreary. After returning to Innsworth, for her corporal's training, she asked to be transferred to work in the Operations Room. Her next posting was to Digby, near Lincoln, a fighter station manned by Canadians. Patricia continues:

The Operations Room was about three miles away from the camp and it was in a stately home, rather like a miniature Buckingham Palace, belonging to The Countess of Lonsborough, whose husband had been killed earlier on. She and Lady Zinnia, her daughter, lived in one end of the house and the other end was for the Air Force. Their great hall was the Operations Room. I'm sure you've seen on the television and in films what operations rooms look like. There's a big central table and galleries round with controllers and various people looking down on the table where the are girls – the plotters – each with a long rod with a magnet on the end. There are little figures, representing aircraft, with numbers on and that are magnetised which the girls move from square to square as they hear the aircraft positions over their headsets. I found I wasn't very good at it and didn't like it. I almost panicked and thought: 'Oh, whatever am I going to do?' because I had just arrived and

everybody else had been in the job for ages. I discovered a job that nobody wanted to do 'on the watch' and that was called Ops A. As far as I remember I sat somewhere near the controller with a headset on, and when there was a scramble for the fighters there was a big blackboard with the numbers of the pilots who being sent and I had to shout out: 'Fighters 124, 125, scramble!' Nobody wanted to do that – they were terrified of opening their mouths but I didn't mind in the slightest. Another thing I had to do on that job was to ring up the dummy air field where there was a man who had a little van and he dashed round and put the landing lights on. This was to confuse the enemy in the hope that they would think that it was a real landing strip.

This pleasant experience was not to continue.

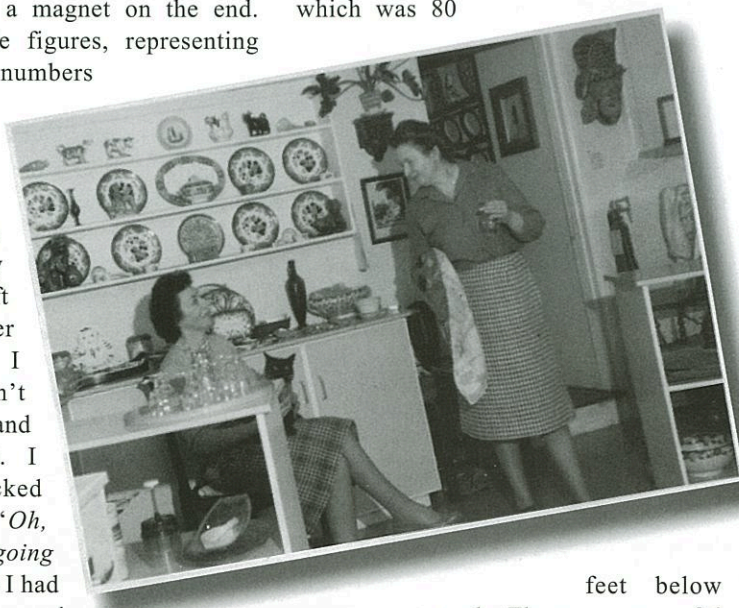
I was given the worst posting that could happen to anyone to the Group Headquarters at Watnall. I always remember I was woken up after night duty to be told: 'You're posted to Watnall tomorrow, pick up your pass'. Watnall was not nice. It was just outside Nottingham at a little village called Kimberley: an enormous camp, with a very big Operations Room which was 80

watches, they were eight hours solid with the night watches from midnight till eight in the morning, climbing up those flights of steps after you'd finished the watch was really very pretty awful. You never saw the daylight in winter, by the time we came off duty it was dark, then you went to bed and, when you woke up again, it was dark again.

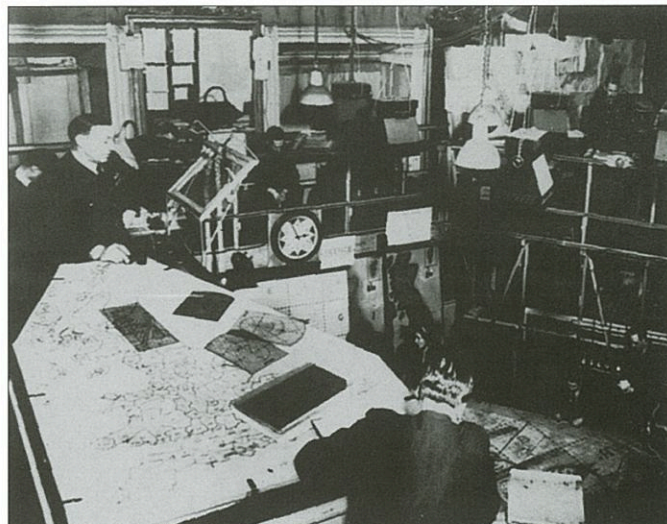
Patricia's father was a consultant in Harley Street and, after some time at Watnall, she persuaded his secretary to write, on headed notepaper, asking that she be transferred nearer to London on compassionate grounds.

I didn't expect anything to happen and I forgot it after a bit. After about two weeks, I was on duty and a Warrant Officer came into my little cubbyhole. He said: 'Have you got any compassionate grounds for being posted near London?' I had a quick think and said: 'Oh yes Sir. My father is very elderly'. I didn't say he was still consulting, he was in his 70s, and I said: 'He's not terribly well and it would be lovely if I could be near him.' He said: 'You will be posted to Fighter Command tomorrow morning to the Movement Liaison Section.' He didn't want me to see any other girls, to discuss what had happened; I was a troublemaker (she had complained about the organisation of the watches). He said: 'You will have two days leave at home and then report to the Priory at Stanmore to Fighter Command Section.' That was marvellous, they just wanted to get rid of me – I never did find out if they changed the watches or anything.

Stanmore couldn't have been better for me. I wasn't in the main Fighter Command Operations Room. The Movement Liaison Section was in what they called the filter room which was about a mile away from the Operations Room. Again we had a small stately home. The Operations Room itself was in the garden slightly below ground and we were in huts but we had a mess in the main



feet below ground. There were awful



Bentley Priory being used as the headquarters of Fighter Command.

house and it was marvellous, watches thoughtfully and imaginatively worked out, because you kept getting a little 24 hours off, or 48 hours off, nicely balanced and of course it was wonderful to be able to get to and from home so easily.

The work of the Movement Liaison Section was just up my street. There were about five of us on the watch with an Officer. We had a telephone and had to trace on a piece of paper the movement of every aircraft that moved throughout the country. In this way they knew from where aircraft were taking off, at what time, and when they were arriving back, where they were crossing the coast if they were going to France, and coming back, and all that sort of thing all to help them to identify what was moving on the plotting table. One of the things we had to learn was the 24 hour clock which is awfully difficult to begin with. Also we had to learn to say the alphabet, A for Able, B for Baker, C for Charlie; it's all changed now. Some of these movements we were given was from the American stations and it was quite amusing because they didn't know how to pronounce the names of the towns; you heard this American voice passing on: 'Reeeding' (Reading), 'Sal-is-bury', 'crossing the coast at Foke-is-stone'. Of course when we got to the French part of the crossing into France – that was completely unintelligible.

We did have an American officer with us for a time; my goodness their uniforms were smart. He used to work out a mix-and-match that he had; he had a lovely cream battledress, and he had a dark green battledress; he had a dark green tunic and he would wear the dark

green tunic with cream trousers – it was beautiful material.

It was interesting and quite exciting work. We didn't query what all these movements were about or discuss it among ourselves. Afterwards I found what some of the codenames for these movements meant. 'Pathfinders' itself is self-explanatory – they were very often going ahead before the actual bombing raids, and then there was 'windows' which we learned afterwards was when they dropped the strips of foil to try and baffle the radar stations, and then there were two aircraft called 'carpetbaggers' which dropped people in France to join the Resistance.

Of course the moment came on 5 June 1944 when I was on duty from five till nine and movements started to come through, movements like 500 aircraft towing gliders, and we were terribly busy during that time and all this was going to happen during the night and we got the movements several hours before they took off. I remember one officer speaking to us before we came off duty, she said: '*You must not discuss this among yourselves when you leave the Operations Room, and you mustn't even discuss it among your fellow people in your hut*', which of course we didn't, but by the time I went on duty the next morning at eight o'clock, the invasion was happening, and of course we were all very excited, but all was not over as you know.

Just over a week later, the flying bombs started to come and before they arrived we were told while we were on duty that there would be a call sign for them and the plotter on the table, when she heard on her headset the words 'diver, diver, diver' from one of the

radar stations, she would shout that out because that helped the controller – they were terribly difficult to plot, they came at such speed and of course London was the main target. The first V1 was on the 13 June 1944 and it caused six fatalities and thirty people injured in Bethnal Green, It went on till about September I think, on and off. My mother was terribly frightened of the V1s because the engines would stop and she decided to leave our home at St John's Wood.

So I found an unfurnished room to let 14 shillings a week. It was on the first floor near Swiss Cottage tube station. I moved all my things in there, and discovered that I could get a little gas allowance and also a ration book. I had to keep a bed in camp because some of our watches came off duty at two o'clock in the morning, and some of them went on duty at two o'clock in the morning. I thought there were so many offices in Bentley Priory that provided the living-out office never got together with the living-in one, they would never catch me out, and they never did.

Of course it was all busy, busy, busy, after the invasion with the war continuing for another year until May when the war in Europe ended, and then it was a case of what were we going to do with all these surplus women. You couldn't demob them all at once because the labour market would have been absolutely overburdened with finding jobs for them, so they gradually had to be demobbed a few at a time.

Patricia was eventually demobbed in November 1945.

Grant Longman (1932-2010)

A personal appreciation

Alec Just

I first became aware of Grant Longman long before Bushey Museum was a twinkle in anyone's eye. His regular column on local history in the *West Herts and Watford Review* during the 1960s and 70s made fascinating reading. It was clear to me that here was no ordinary local historian but a man of remarkable scholarship who felt an obligation to pass on to local people his extensive knowledge of the history of our corner of SW Herts. I discovered that he also gave talks to local organisations and attended a few of these, meeting for the first time an unassuming, charming though somewhat unworldly man.

Between 1967 and 1971 he had published a series of booklets on local history under the collective title of *Bushey Then and Now*. Through his newspaper articles and booklets his became an increasingly familiar name to local people.

Many of us will remember Grant more recently as joint curator with Bryen Wood of Bushey Museum from its opening in 1993 until around ten years ago when dete-

riorating health obliged him to curtail his involvement. He had been a co-founder with others of Bushey Museum Trust back in 1983. Always rather donnish in manner, Grant provided the academic underpinning to the museum enterprise whereas Bryen's formidable intellect and forceful personality ensured that ideas became reality.

Grant was born in Watford but lived in Bushey for most of his life. As a child, he had a fascination for and a love of natural history, a passion he could indulge to the full living in leafy Hertfordshire. His early ambition was to be a biology teacher. Having suffered rheumatic fever in early childhood he was a delicate child but always maintained his fascination for nature. As a boy, and in the days before it was frowned upon, he amassed a large collection of birds' eggs and later become one of the first volunteer-observers for the RSPB. In his early twenties, he spent a week aboard a Trinity House vessel observing and recording marine bird-life in the North Sea.

ume work are still available from Bushey Museum shop.

Living in the urbanised community of today, it is easy to forget that for thousands of years what is now SW Herts had been dense woodland, gradually cleared over time for agriculture. Grant had taught himself sufficient medieval Latin to be able to read and translate court rolls from the 13th century onwards in the archives of the County Records Office at Hertford. From these studies he was able to develop a deep understanding of the early agrarian and social history of Bushey and the surrounding area, and of the lives of those who owned or worked the land.

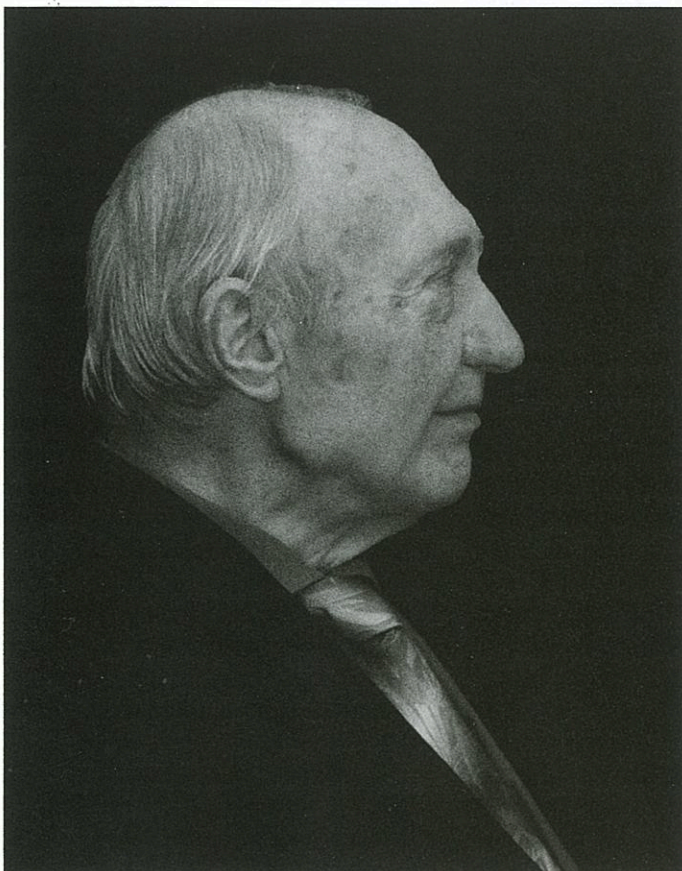
Grant's interest in the historical development of Bushey and district led him on to that time in the early 19th century when the ridge of high ground around the north of London and the coming of the railway had encouraged many of the capital's wealthy middle classes to build weekend villas in the clean air of Bushey. One of the first of those was Dr Thomas Munro, a London physician who was also a patron of artists, including J M W Turner. Dr Munro's arrival marked the beginning of a remarkable and unlikely change of direction in Bushey's history – from farming to art and small-scale industry.

Grant's interest in the humanities generally would have drawn him to a study of the Monro Circle of artists. Members of this informal group spent painting weekends enjoying Dr Monro's hospitality in Bushey during the early decades of the 1800s.

In the 1970s he made a more extensive study of the Bushey-based Anglo-German artist and entrepreneur Sir Hubert von Herkomer RA, with special reference to his internationally-renowned Art School in Bushey which flourished between 1883 and 1904. In the late 1970s, Grant was instrumental in establishing cultural links between Bushey and Landsberg am Lech in Bavaria, where Herkomer had had a summer house, near his birthplace in the village of Waal.

Like Herkomer before him, Grant was a multi-talented individual. He was a painter, musician and composer of music, a highly knowledgeable naturalist as well as a local

On leaving school, following parental advice, instead of going into teaching he entered the Civil Service. Later, following years of evening study at Birkbeck College dashing across London from his day job at the Treasury, he gained a master's degree in historical geography from the University of London. His dissertation was based on a study of the agrarian history of SW Herts which he later published as *A Corner of England's Garden*. A few copies of this scholarly two-vol-



Patrick Foprsyth

historian and prodigious author and lecturer. Unlike Herkomer, Grant was modest and somewhat shy although not without a degree of vanity characteristic of many who dwell in the world of ideas. Until shortly before his death, he was collaborating with Professor Tom Williamson of the University of East Anglia on a book on the agrarian history of Hertfordshire, expected to be published shortly.

Until illness forced him to stop, he was a lifelong and enthusiastic motor-cyclist, presenting a somewhat intimidating figure on arrival to give a lecture. He told how on the occasion of a visit to a girls' school, the headmistress saw him arrive on his powerful motor-bike, clad in black leathers and helmet. Horrified at what she saw, she demanded to know, as he took off his helmet, where he was from and what his business was. When he said he was from the Treasury and had come to give a natural history lecture, her attitude instantly changed to one of respectful welcome.

He spent forty years at the Treasury and, probably with a degree of whimsical exaggeration, claimed he hated every day of it except one. That was the occasion when prime minister Edward Heath was overseas and he was allowed to play Mr Heath's piano in 10 Downing Street, just along the corridor from the Treasury offices at no. 11.

A devout and lifelong Baptist, Grant's religious faith was a dominant force in his life. He lived his full and active life with a deeply compassionate attitude to his fellow living beings. In his younger days he ran a youth club at Beechen Grove Baptist



Grant Longman, Anne Blessley and Mayor Martin Saunders at the unveiling of the Moatfield information plaque, 26 March 2008.

Church and later, for some years, was a regular prison visitor at The Mount at Bovington.

He is survived by Maureen whom he married in 1957. They later adopted two children, now grown up. Over the last ten years, Maureen has been afflicted with a form of dementia which imposed a heavy burden on Grant and his family. The strain of caring for his wife could well have contributed to the progressive breakdown of Grant's own health during the final years of his life. His extensive and valuable research and writings lives on for the benefit of future local historians.

Summing up, Grant was a gentle, reserved man with an endearing blend of the scholarly and humorous, a twinkle in

the eye never far away. One of his most uncharacteristic activities was in the early 1980s, when he spent many weekends on an extended local pub crawl with fellow historians Bryen Wood and Nick Browne, excused as a piece of serious research into the abundance of local hostelries. The research was published by the then newly-formed Bushey Museum Trust as *From the Wheatsheaf to the Windmill*. The book is now out of print and many of the pubs it featured, like two of its authors, are sadly no more.

Part of the material in this article is taken from the obituary for Grant published in the Newsletter June 2010.

Feedback

Several readers pointed out that the lady standing in her shop doorway (*Journal* No. 8 Spring/Summer 2009) was Miss Dack, who had a shop opposite the church, not Miss Middleton who was actually Mrs Middleton. She had a shop at 2 High Street. Grant Longman remembered shopping at Mrs Middleton's: "*Mrs Middleton was plump and homely and my mother took me shopping at Middleton's occasionally. Whilst I was at Miss Ingleson's school I developed a liking for craft work as encouraged by the school. I remember buying various coloured raffias from Mrs Middleton to work into small mats and sew on picture cards that had all the holes provided in all the right places to make a picture. The smallest 'mats' could be made from cardboard milk bottle tops, threading through the centre hole but using pieces of wool (the raffia was too bulky for milk bottle tops)*".

Bryen's article about his time at Benskin's brought back memories of a different kind. "*The smells, the maltings; the coffee shop; the florists in Queen's Road; a small one on the bridge over the River Colne and the Gas Works, which was most unpleasant. One's childhood scent memory is very clear*". What scents do other people remember?

Tony Toms wrote in response to the request for information about Bushey Laundry. The information was published in the *Newsletter* February 2010.

Grant Longman Landscape Historian

Tom Williamson

Tom Williamson, Professor of Landscape History, University of East Anglia, appreciates an aspect of Grant's work of which many people are unaware.

To most Bushey people, Grant Longman was first and foremost one of the leading local historians of the district. He was indeed a local historian of rare ability, head and shoulders above the majority of the people who might so describe themselves: an individual with an inquiring, systematic mind who, as well as telling fascinating stories about past lives, lived in a particular place, and was able to locate these firmly within the broader narratives of national history, both social and economic.

But Grant is in fact known to a wider intellectual world in a slightly different way, as an agricultural historian, largely through the publication of his MA dissertation from London University, supervised by the great J A Yelling, as the two-volume *A Corner of England's Garden*. This study was at the cutting edge of research in the 1970s, a time when historians like Eric Kerridge were questioning the traditional view of the 'agricultural revolution' of the later eighteenth and nineteenth century, and discovering evidence for significant agricultural innovation and invention in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Grant produced much new information relating to this debate, and more specifically for the development of farming in south west Hertfordshire – the importance of which is reflected in the fact that *A Corner of England's Garden* is frequently quoted in books on national agricultural history, such as Mark Overton's *Agricultural Revolution in England* of 1996. He also set the area's farming history firmly within an environmental framework, of soils and topography, in a way that reflected the fact that Grant's MA from London University was not in history at all, but in historical geography.

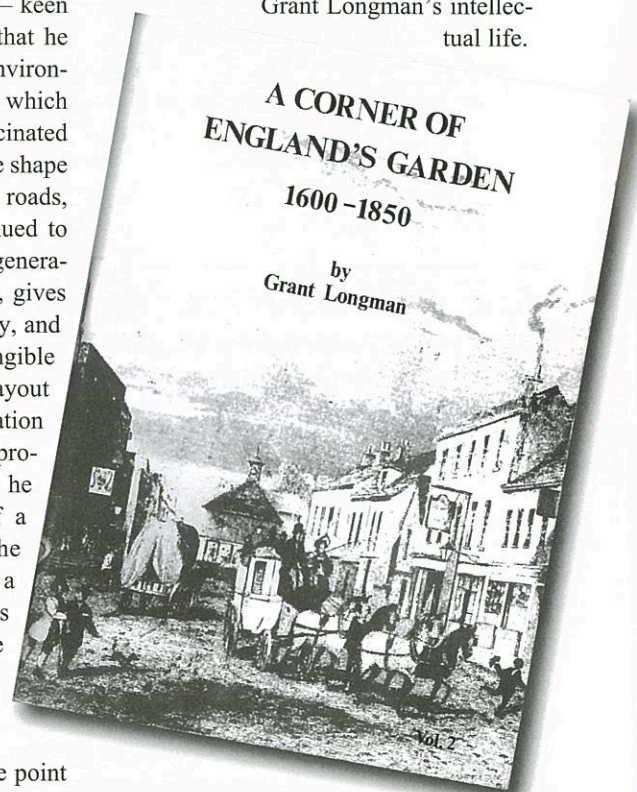
Grant's essentially geographical approach to social and economic history ensured that, while he became a great local historian, he was also what we

would today describe as a landscape historian. He was vitally interested in the ways in which the layout of fields, roads, settlements and other features of the physical environment changed over time, and during his career as a researcher he produced innumerable maps of Bushey as it was at various times in the past, as well as written descriptions of the parish's history. In all this he was greatly influenced by the writings of W G Hoskins, who effectively invented the subject of landscape history, and brought it to wide audience with his seminal *Making of the English Landscape* of 1955. Grant was also much affected by the work of those approaching the study of past environments from the perspective of historical ecology, such as Oliver Rackham and Max Hooper, and he experimented in a cautious way with the latter's now controversial method of hedge dating. And Grant in turn influenced my own thinking, encouraging an interest in the landscapes of the past while I was still a schoolboy living in Bushey, an interest which later blossomed into a career.

While Grant's focus was always on the people of the past he was thus – keen naturalist and trained geographer that he was – equally interested in the environments which they created, and in which they lived. He was particularly fascinated by how the patterns of the past – the shape and disposition of field boundaries, roads, footpaths and settlements – continued to influence the lives of subsequent generations and, surviving to the present, gives each locality each own individuality, and provides its inhabitants with tangible links with history. For Grant, the layout of landscape could provide information about the past as powerful as that provided by documents, and although he would never have called himself a landscape historian much of the research which he carried out over a long career was essentially in this field. His own contributions were often more important than he himself realised, such as his discovery that Bushey village had been laid out as a planned settlement at some point

in the early Middle Ages.

Over the past few years Grant and I have worked together on a book about the history of Bushey's landscape, and, for me at least, this proved an exciting intellectual experience, and one which I shall not forget. Although by this stage he was not in the best of health, we walked as well as talked, exploring the local area on foot as far as his poor health would permit, and enjoying together such excitements as the recognition that open fields once covered much of the parish, or that the Bournehall 'moat' in fact represents (in its present form at least) a large designed landscape, or garden, of late seventeenth-century date. Long hours were spent debating why, for example, the pattern of fields was redrawn over large areas of the parish in the second half of the nineteenth century; or why it was that the rate at which the parish became suburbanised varied so much from one area to another. I shall miss these experiences, as I shall miss Grant's company more generally. But I will endeavour, as time allows, to bring to completion a book which displays clearly this important aspect of Grant Longman's intellectual life.



Caldecote Towers

A place of education since 1891

Janet Murphy

The story of Caldecote Towers begins with a Captain Hughes who married an heiress, Miss Otway. Following his marriage Hughes changed his surname to Marjoribanks Loftus Otway, in deference to his new relations. They decided to build an Italianate mansion, which was named Otway Towers. Pevsner described it as: *'A crazy display of commercial success ... Much like a hotel at Harrogate'*. Sadly Mrs Otway died before the house was completed. It was put up for auction on 8 August 1878 as Caldecote Towers. Although described as: *'fit for immediate reception of families of distinction'* it was unsold. A catalogue for the later sale in 1926 said that the property was erected about 1860 and at a cost: *'it is believed of upwards of £100,000'*.

In 1891 it was rented from the Otway family by Miss Medina Griffiths and her friend Miss Tullis; and they opened it as a girls' senior school called Caldecote Towers. Presumably the school opened in time for the autumn term of that year as the building was empty at the time of the census in April 1891. Miss Tullis left shortly afterwards and, at the time of

the Inland Revenue Survey in 1910, the property was let at a rental of £528 p.a. Four years later, on 3 February 1914, according to a note in the *Watford Observer*, Jocelyn Otway sold the property to Florence Emily Tate and May Isabel Tanner for £11,350.

Much of what we know about Caldecote Towers School comes from the recollections of Marion Ray née Huggan, who joined the school in 1904, the sale catalogue of 1926 and a school prospectus issued during the time of Miss Tate and Miss Tanner, all of which are in the Bushey Museum collection, which also includes a bound copy of *Ivy-Leaves*, the school magazine edited by

Miss Griffiths.

Miss Griffiths believed that girls should receive the same education as boys. Several purpose-built school buildings were erected in the grounds, including a gymnasium in 1904. She was also keen on dramatic entertainments. These were essentially tableaux with a musical or spoken accompaniment, which were popular at the time, rather than plays, and were evidently designed to get as many



of the girls onto the stage as possible. Many of them are described in *Ivy-Leaves*. In autumn 1905 Miss Griffiths, now 65 years old, co-opted Miss Tate and Miss Tanner with a view to their taking over the school on her retirement at the end of the academic year. She was however somewhat reluctant to surrender control and constantly interfered with the running of the school until she was eventually asked to leave and not to start another school within a radius of 100 miles. Also she should not take any Caldecote scholars or their sisters at any new school she might establish.

Miss Tate, who was a mathematician, and Miss Tanner, who was a musician,

came from Blackburn High School. They found the school somewhat outdated and the teaching poor. They offered accommodation for seventy boarders – there were no day girls; the age range was eight to twenty years. The school aimed to give a good general education and the older girls were encouraged to specialise in subjects which might be of use in any future career they were contemplating or for entrance to the Oxford and

Cambridge Universities. However needlework, including mending, was taught as well as cooking and other domestic subjects. There were also lessons in leatherwork and woodcarving, Latin and Greek. However: *'Great care is taken to prevent over-pressure, and no girl is allowed to take more subjects than she can study thoroughly without encroaching upon the time given to recreation and games'*. Swedish gymnastics were taught and, in winter, morning school started with short drill classes. Optional subjects included piano or violin lessons, singing, elocution, dancing, fencing and riding all for additional

fees. The girls attended the services of the Church of England; among the additional expenses was a small charge for pew rents.

The leisure of the girls was carefully planned: about two hours daily were to be spent in outdoor games, riding, cycling or walks. A mistress for science and nature study took the pupils for walks and encouraged them to make collections of their own. There was a school library of over 1,000 books and the girls were requested not to bring any other story books or magazines to the school. There was also a camera club and dark-room. There was no time to get bored especially as they were expected to be in



Caldecote Towers, Bushey Heath.

Caldecote Towers, front view.

bed by 8:30 – there could not have been many twenty-year-olds!

In Miss Tate's time drama consisted of full-length plays, which were often performed out of doors. The school was also noted for the early formation of a company of Girl Guides. On Miss Tanner's birthday, there were cricket matches against the gardeners, including Fred Streeter among the junior staff. He left to join the Royal Fusiliers in 1915 and later became well-known for his appearance on radio gardening programmes. The grounds were extensive and, as well as the large pleasure grounds, included tennis courts, a nine-hole golf course and facilities for cricket, lacrosse and hockey. Cows, chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys were kept on the Home Farm and, with the produce from the kitchen gardens and orchards, the school was largely self-sufficient; girls were encouraged to have their own gardens.

Miss Tate and Miss Tanner continued to run the school until 1925 when Miss Tate became terminally ill; Miss Tanner decided to retire and the school was closed. The 1926 sale catalogue gives a description of the: '*Superbly appointed and commodious Mansion in the Italian style*'. It was sold by auction on 27 July 1926. Some of the contents including fine Persian and Chinese carpets (£70, £45 and £22) and a grandfather clock (£15) were auctioned in London a few days later. The building was evidently purchased by property developers, as it was a prime building site, and they announced that it would be demolished, but in October 1926 an item in the *Times* said that the building had been re-sold for

'institutional purposes'.

It was bought by the Dominican Congregation of St Catherine of Siena and opened as Rosary Priory School. A convent was built in 1936 and this was badly damaged by a high explosive bomb on 15th November 1940; miraculously

only five of the occupants suffered minor injuries. The school was then evacuated to St Thomas's Convent, Stanmore, a less conspicuous building, where it remained until 1946. This was fortunate as, in August 1942, all but one of the old wooden school buildings used by the school were destroyed by fire. Only the old Isolation Sanatorium, which later became an art room, survived.

During the Second World War, WAAF personnel, who were stationed at nearby Bentley Priory, were billeted at Caldecote Towers. After the war the school returned to the Towers, but remained comparatively small until the late 1950s when plans for expansion were adopted. A junior school was established and several new buildings added to the site for school use. In 1985 Caldecote Towers was declared a listed building and the ageing Congregation felt that they could no longer bear the expense of upkeep. The school closed in 1988, later becoming the home of Immanuel College, a Jewish secondary school.

Bushey in Bradshaw's Guide

Most people associate *Bradshaw's Guide* with railway timetables, but early editions also included advertisements for cruises, steamship sailings, hotels and spas. The August 1887 edition carried the following advertisement in the section on spas.

THE HALL, BUSHEY, NEAR WATFORD

(16 miles from EUSTON)

R.J. BANNING, M.D., Resident Physician

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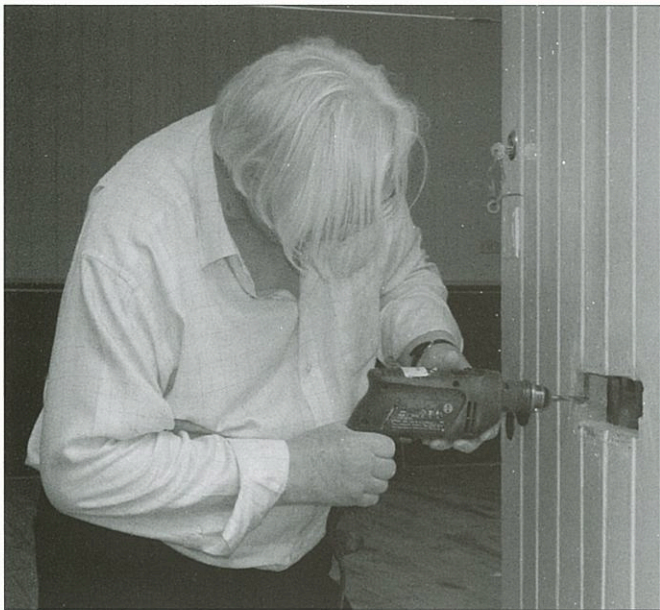
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Qualities to be commended in a Museum Curator

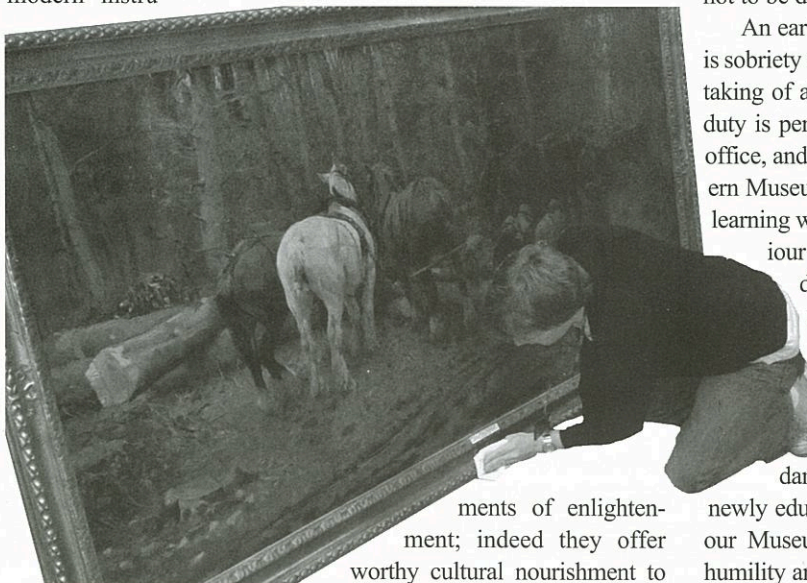
Hugh Lewis

Hugh Lewis is indebted to Gareth Wood for drawing his attention to the following extract from the Grenville Memorial Lecture delivered by Sir Edmund Fotheringham-Smythe RA on the occasion of the 17th Annual Meeting of the British Curatorial Society at Burlington House, Piccadilly, on 6 November 1902. Hugh says: 'For Curator we may substitute Steward, but I hope today's stewards will not take the advice too literally. Lay off the spirits, please.'



Museum curators, Bryen Wood, left, Anne Blessley, above, and David Whorlow, below, undertake various tasks around the Museum.

The great advances of the last fifty years in the liberation of the urban masses from the oppression of ignorance and their introduction to the genteel and civilised arts is something of which we can all feel justly proud. The Museums now existing in many of the great cities of our land are amongst the most effective of all the modern instru-



ments of enlightenment; indeed they offer worthy cultural nourishment to

those newly literate, though still simple souls, aspiring to increase their intellectual endeavour in areas of learning quite unknown to their rude forefathers.

The agent of this most meritorious development is of course the Museum Curator. Considerable qualities are to be looked for in those whom Museum Trustees consider eligible for appointment to such a responsible and important position. Apart from education and experience in the arts of history and administration, amongst the first of these qualities should be that of patience and tolerance when tested by uncongenial enquiries from ill-educated yet duly deferential persons seeking knowledge but unable to communicate precisely the nature of their enquiries. The modern Curator must allow that the lowly enquirer is merely seeking to ameliorate his foolishness; he may lack the accustomed graces of those with whom the Curator is more used to dealing. Nevertheless his search for enlightenment is not to be discouraged.

An early contender for subordinate skills of the diligent Curator is sobriety at all times. On no account should the Curator be seen partaking of ale. Consumption of spirits in great moderation when on duty is permissible, but should occur only in the Curator's private office, and be unobserved by any servant of the Museum. The modern Museum is not to be mistaken for a Music-Hall. The weight of learning within its portals is to be reflected by a strictness of behaviour and decorum becoming of a cultural institution. Formal dress should be worn by the Curator at all times. In smaller towns, Curators need not wear spats whilst promenading their premises. However, dignity and decorum in dress is essential as is a mode of speech when addressing the lower classes which at no time serves to inculcate notions of social equality of the implantation of dangerous ideas. It is of the utmost importance that the newly educated classes never fail to see their freedom of access to our Museum as a privilege nobly conferred to be enjoyed with humility and gratitude.

Some Bushey Characters

From the Bushey Horticultural Society Year Book 1965

T W Hedges

Many years ago an old colleague of mine in the department in which I was serving remarked that there seemed to be a remarkable absence of character amongst the younger generation. They all appeared to be of one pattern and with one idea and ambition – to be good boys and ever-worshipping at the shrine of promotion, the goddess of which seldom answered their prayers.

There are now in Bushey few such characters as were common enough in my callow youth.

The closing of the Herkomer School robbed us of a lot of picturesque old folk. There are, unfortunately, no counterparts to the Granny and Daddy Burches and others, who used to queue up outside the school as ‘sitters’ for the art students. These two worthies must have been the most sketched and painted individuals in the kingdom. The students themselves added not a little gaiety and variety to the life of the village. During the winter months they managed to get together concert parties in the Congregational Hall – admission threepence.

It may not be out of place to pay some tribute to the Professor himself, in that he did put Bushey on the map, and conferred many benefits to some of the householders of the village in providing them with some additional shillings to supplement their often slender resources by ‘doing’ for the students. It is, too, not generally known that he gave Bushey its first recreation ground.

We have no modern Daddy Slaughter, the old boy who always wore a farm-hand’s smock and threw doubts on the efficacy of the new drainage system, and backed his opinions by citing the fact of the epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria which followed its introduction into Bushey in 1891/92.

The most outstanding character in his own way was the owner of Bushey House, ‘old Georgie Lake’, as he was affectionately called. He had a flair for grubbing up weeds around his property. He was a very familiar figure at week-ends, removing grass with a long-handled ‘spud’ he used on those occasions. He, it was, who first lighted Bushey High Street with standard gas lamps. He started with three, in the pious hope that others would public-spiritedly follow his exam-

ple. Unfortunately, he was disappointed, and he later removed two of them, retaining one at his lodge gates.

Apart from his eccentricities he had other activities. He ran a small penny bank for the young people of the village, held in one of the two timbered cottages opposite Park Road, which was used as a reading room, and, I believe, the beginnings of the Conservative Club.

He also formed a local fire brigade, equipped by himself and staffed largely by his own work people.

In the farm buildings on Bournehall Road was housed a ferocious stud-bull, attended by his cowman and lodge-keeper, Sammy Evans.

Lake was also credited with the original proposals for the making of Haydon Road, and endeavoured, so the story was told, to persuade the squire of Haydon Hall to continue the road along the park footpath to Merry Hill Road, thus short-circuiting the journey to Chalk Hill, a rather useful proposal, but legend states that Haydon Hall would not agree.

Bushey House used to make a daily distribution of soup to the elderly and infirm villagers. I have told the story elsewhere of an adventure with squire’s lady, when a colleague and I, endeavouring to collect Granny Evans’s ration, barged into the dining room, to be met by the indignant Mrs Lake, who told us to go to the kitchen door as this wasn’t the place to get soup!

Unfortunately, for reasons well known at the time, Lake had to leave Bushey House, and if Watford gained, it was Bushey’s loss.

Another familiar figure was Michael Solomon, a cattle dealer, who, with his brother, lived at the end cottage of the group then on Church Green. He was famous for the high polish of his black boots from which he got the title ‘shiny boots’. The brothers were invariably seen on summer evenings sitting face-to-back on wooden chairs, much as their compeers do today in Middlesex and Wentworth Streets.

In the same block of cottages lived an elderly, tall, gaunt and solemn-visaged maiden lady, who never smiled and never spoke, except when absolutely necessary, and then with the minimum of words. She was

employed as a kind of spare-time cook, and was the cleanest and most efficient worker who flicked a duster or broke an egg to make an omelette. She was supposed to have had an unfortunate love affair in her early youth from which she never recovered. We school-boys were afraid of her and always gave her a wide berth, but we were never rude to her.

Then there was the village shoe-mender, Prince, who worked in a tiny shop next door to the Bell, whose hands were so knobby with rheumatism that it was a mystery how he managed to exercise his profession – but he did. After dark he worked by the light of a single burner oil lamp, hung by a chain from the ceiling and heated his heel iron by a wax candle.

The next on the list is my old friend James Lay Kilby; Jimmy as he insisted on being called. One only had to call him Mr Kilby to be told with some heat that Mr Kilby lived at Watford Junction – referring to his brother, John, who could be seen driving through the village in his dog-cart, usually on Monday mornings, on a rent-collecting expedition.

Jimmy lived in the cottage at the corner of Kohinoor Avenue. He was a cartage contractor, tree-feller, horse-dealer, and was also a pony-chaise proprietor in one of which I had many excursions with the old lady.

In addition he was the finest maker of carts and wagons, all of which, wheels included, he constructed in a small workshop adjoining the cottage. How often have I helped him to trundle the wheels down to Joe Mead’s forge, behind the Robin Hood to have the tires sweated on!

Jimmy, however, was a lover of the brown ale – four ale in those days, that price per quart! Unfortunately he liked it too much for his equilibrium. In his cups Jimmy was inclined to be aggressive. When this occurred, his bowler hat – perched precariously above a round, red, whiskered face which became a deeper and deeper in hue – slid lower and lower down his neck until it finally fell off. He would then rescue it, swear, and then the ceremony would commence all over again. Many had an idea that Jimmy, in such a state, could be got the better of in a deal. They never succeeded.

Next door to Jimmy lived an elderly

lady, Mary (Barney) Sands, who kept a little tuck shop, which had a small room at the back, which was her living and sleeping quarters. Adjoining was another cottage, which she also rented and 'did' for men lodgers.

Barney was a short, thick-set lady with an outgrowth of whisker. On the entrance of a customer she waddled from her quarters like a big, black beetle, counted out her wares in a whistling voice: 'one, two, three, four' – and placed them in a square of newspaper. She had a large stock of globular confectionery, brandy balls, aniseed balls, greengage balls and the like, duly delivered after she had received and counted out the reckoning. What a variety she had in her window. Multi-coloured strips of sugar pastry called hanky-pankies, long thin planks of jelly of various colours, liquorice boot-laces, everlasting strips of about one-and-a-half feet long, pop-corns, farthing a bag, prize-packets at the same price, 'eggs and bacon' in small oval wooden boxes, and gob-stoppers. There were also square tablets of various flavours and colours, raspberry, lemon, orange, greengage and pineapple. The round varieties were called drops, but acid flavours were the aristocrats for they were glorified into acidulated drops. She also sold biscuits of a limited range, and, I fear, at times, a doubtful age. These were sold by number and not weight. The stock also consisted of tops, wooden and iron hoops, marbles, pencils and penny packets of stationery. I am sorry to say that small boys used to muffle the shop bell with a view to obtaining free service. Barney was invariably equal to the occasion.

Barney and Jimmy, as next door neighbours, became much more closely acquainted. They were eventually married, in spite of Jimmy being the junior by many years. They now lie side-by-side in St James's Churchyard, and I never pass their resting place without stopping and recalling very pleasant memories of a more spacious age and happier world. God rest their souls.

Another famous 'local' was Johnnie Green, who once owned a house in Sparrows Herne, but his activities were so numerous that he almost wants a page to himself, and I fear I shall have to deal with him next time.

Notes

1. This recollection formed part of the article 'A Bushey Childhood' which appeared in the *Journal* no. 8.
2. The story behind Lake's move from Bushey to Watford is told in *Bushey in 1900* by the editor.

Mrs Amy Wheelwright

The Watford Observer 21 November 1980 carried the obituary of a remarkable lady who was well known in Bushey.

Death of Amy Wheelwright – young at 90

One of the best known and loved personalities in the district, Mrs Amy Eleanor Wheelwright has died in Bushey at the age of 90.

In her lifetime of service Mrs Wheelwright played a major part in providing and working for many voluntary groups – like the building of the Watford Blind Centre in Cross Street and the Queen's Nurses's Home in Alexandra Road. While the nurses' home was being built she had some of the nurses living in her own home.

A Full Life

It is impossible to list all the associations and organisations with which Mrs Wheelwright was associated. She used to say at one time she was on 100 committees and chairman of 70 of them.

She was a member of Bushey District Council in the 1920s¹ and later served on Hertfordshire County Council for many years. When the first council houses were built in Bushey she went out on the site to help the surveyor measure up – she held one end of the tape while the surveyor held the other. She used to say: "There was none of that nonsense about planning permission then."

Mrs Wheelwright also served on the former West Hertfordshire Group Hospital Management Committee, and the South-West Hertfordshire Education Divisional Executive.

Court Work

She was chairman of Watford Juvenile Court for many years and a deputy chairman of Watford Magistrates Court.

She was also well known in the chess world and was a very active member of the Chess Federation. She played with some of the best known players and in the 1930s was joint British Empire woman chess champion.

Mrs Wheelwright continued to play chess, bridge, and Scrabble to within a week of her death – and she was still winning.

Mrs Wheelwright was a member of a well-known Watford family, and before her marriage in 1914 was a Miss Benskin. Her grandfather lived in Benskin House, soon to become Watford Museum² and her father was born there.

Mrs Wheelwright was born at Crook Log House on Chalk Hill, and as a child had a pet monkey she kept in a turret at the house. She could also claim to be one of the first women in Watford to ride a motor cycle. In her youth she was a familiar figure riding through the town.

When she married Lt. Col. T.H. Wheelwright she took on a ready made family to bring up. He was a widower with four young children and it was not until the youngest was about 15 that she had two daughters of her own.

Four generations of the family attended her 90th birthday on October 15, and at least one of her great grandsons is following in her footsteps. Adam Whitehead, aged nine, is already a keen chess player and plays for Bushey Manor School.

Notes

1. Although the Qualification For Women (County and Borough Councils) Act 1907 enabled women to become councillors few, if any, were elected until the first election after the Representation of the People Act 1918, which gave the vote to women over 30, who were occupiers in their own right or married to men entitled to vote. In March 1919 Amy Wheelwright was elected to Bushey Urban District Council, topping the poll.
2. Opened 14 March 1981.
3. In the last issue of the *Journal* Dr Desna Greenhow related how, during the First World War, Amy Wheelwright ran a small school, teaching her step-children, and also Peggy Shackleton.

Bushey people aged over ninety?

In 1851 ... 0. In 2009 ... 225*

Alec Just

Behind those remarkable statistics is a story of Bushey over the last 150 years. The population grew from 3,000 in 1851 (according to the Census of that year) to an estimated 24,000 in 2009. However, the growth in life expectancy over the period greatly outstripped the rate of population growth.

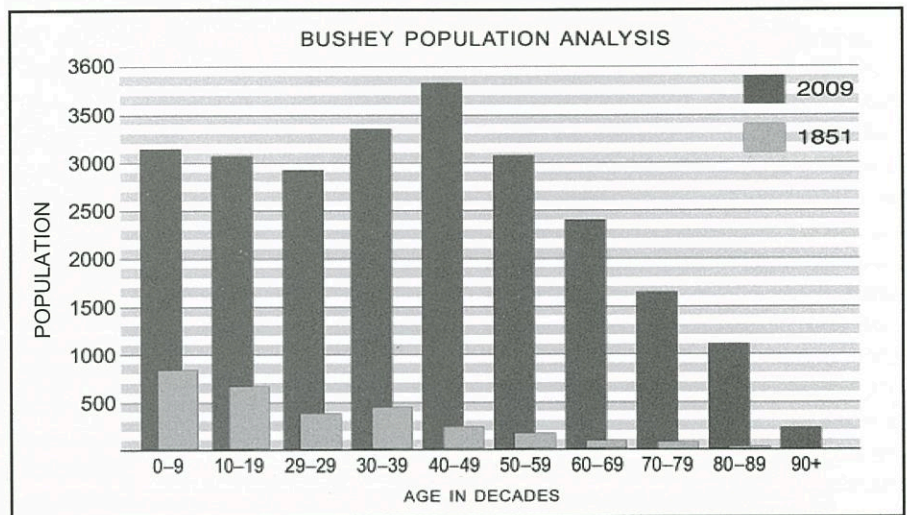
About 25 years ago, shortly after the Friends of Bushey Museum was founded, chairman Alan Pritchard led a small project team to analyse the 1851 Census returns for Bushey. Alan and his team were interested to discover the age distribution of the Bushey population in 1851. The population of Bushey was then around 3000. The team took a sample of census returns from the Bushey Village area totalling 641 people. By dividing 641 into the Bushey total of 3000 we get 4.68. This figure can be used as a multiplier for Alan's sample figures to establish the age distribution of the whole Bushey population in 1851. The results are shown in light grey in the column graph.

The Office for National Statistics (ONS) publish population data for the county of Hertfordshire analysed by district. In mid-2009 (the latest figures) the county total was just under 1.1million of which Hertsmerer accounted for just under 100,000. Bushey's population is currently estimated at 24,000 or almost one quarter of the Hertsmerer total. Taking a quarter of the ONS figures for Hertsmerer over ten-year age groups, we arrive at reasonably accurate present-day data for Bushey. Those Bushey figures for 2009 are shown in dark grey in the column graph.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Bushey was a rural agricultural village of 856 people. The village had hardly changed over many centuries. The people were engaged in mixed farming, mainly pastoral because the north-sloping land was not ideally suited to arable

farming. There would have been a scattering of the trades associated with a farming community including a corn chandler, a farrier, a few pubs, a builder and joiner and a few shops selling the staple things of life. The majority of villagers were

attracted to build their country villas in healthy rural Bushey and Bushey Heath, now easily accessible by railway. Their arrival stimulated the local economy, providing employment to local people in domestic service as well as in new small



churchgoers and attended the sole place of worship: the parish church of St James.

Most people spent their whole lives in Bushey. Life revolved around the seasons and little changed from year to year. Some years were more fruitful than others and occasionally a severe winter would mean real hardship for the poorest. Most people had access to a small plot of land behind their cottages on which they grew vegetables, kept chickens and perhaps a pig. Bushey was a peaceful, settled community in which everyone knew their place.

By the time of the Census of 1851, Bushey was well on the way in its transformation to the community we know today. The arrival of the railway was the trigger for huge social change. With the railway came the start of the influx of newcomers. The increasingly prosperous London middle classes, sick of the foul air of the metropolis, had been

industrial enterprises employing local people.

By 1851, in the space of fifty years, the population of Bushey had grown from 856 to 3,000. 1851 was the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, celebrating Britain's pre-eminence as a world power. Excursion trains would have made it possible for most Bushey people to visit the exhibition, opening their eyes in awe to the fast changing country in which they lived and to the wonders of the new industrial age. It is difficult to underestimate the impact the railway had in making a journey to London possible within an hour or so instead of many hours by horse-drawn coach at a cost unaffordable to ordinary villagers.

In his booklet *Bushey Then and Now*, Grant Longman speculated that in 1601 the population of Bushey had probably been about 500 against the 1801 Census figure of 856, a rise of only 356 over two centuries!

The story of Bushey since 1851 is

well known. Only a vestige of farming now remains and even that is principally the temporary 'warehousing' of cattle and sheep en route to slaughter in the UK or abroad. From 3,000, the population has exploded to almost 25,000 today. Since 1971, that rate of growth has slowed, mainly thanks to the Green Belt policy maintained by successive governments. Bushey is now full with further growth restricted to the redevelopment of a dwindling supply of large Edwardian villas and so-called 'infilling'.

Quoting Grant Longman again, Bushey has become 'a cluster of five or six villages in a suburban matrix with no natural centre'. Grant suggested that because of this it has contrived to keep some of its village atmosphere. This is certainly true of the area still nostalgically called 'Bushey Village'.

The column graph shows quite dramatically the increase in lifespan of the Bushey population over the last 150 years. In 1851 there were 215 people in Bushey over the age of sixty. In 2009, the figure was around 5375 – 25 times as many!

Now look at the 1851 figures for the first sixty years of life. They show the effects of infant mortality and disease, despite the good water of Bushey, mostly drawn from artesian wells. Compared with the present day birth rate, far more babies were born in mid-nineteenth century Bushey. Only about half reached the age of thirty. Despite the rise in population through the lifetimes of living Bushey people, notice also how the 2009 figures show that, until the age of sixty, the survival rate in each decade of life is fairly constant, thanks to all the advantages we now enjoy – and take for granted.

The column graph and statistics provide only a general picture over time. During the lifetimes of most of the adults surveyed in 1851, population had been growing rapidly. The same is true over the lifetimes of the over-50 year olds making up the 2009 figures.

* *Estimated: see article for source*

Thanks to Alec Just for the graphic

Landscape Painting in Wales

Herkomer's expeditions recounted

Anne Blessley

Anne Blessley found the following extract in Herkomer's My School and My Gospel, in which Herkomer gave an account of his painting expeditions to Wales. The illustrations were scanned by Patrick Forsyth from etchings in the Museum's Collection.

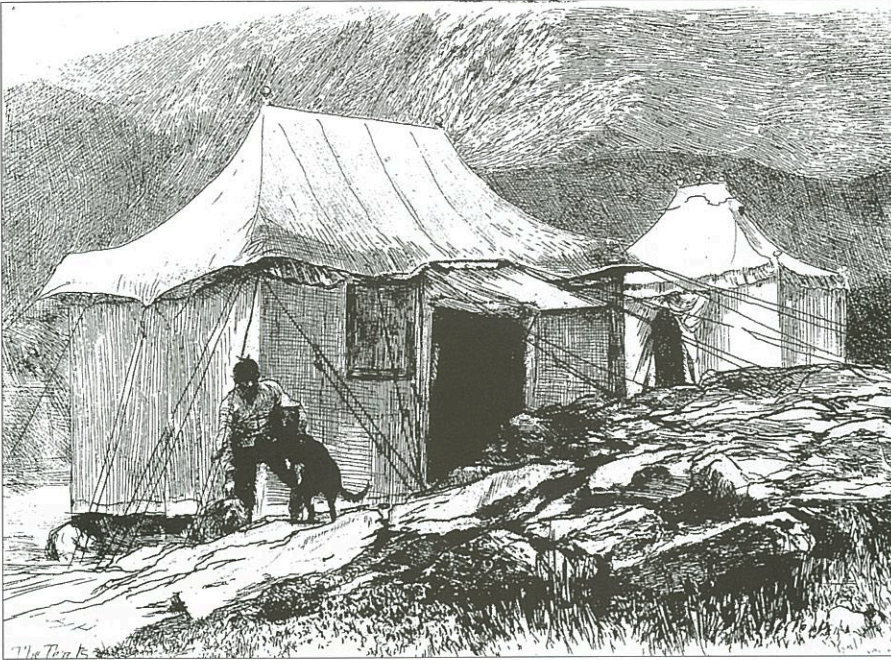
I believe my methods of procedure for landscape painting were the most cumbersome ever adopted. When I mention that they necessitated elaborate tents for living purposes, and movable painting-huts, all such as would resist the rough weather in the wildest parts of North Wales during the months of March, April, and the beginning of May, it will be understood what I mean by cumbersome. On one occasion, near Lake Idwal, our camp consisted of four large tents, housing ten people, with two painting-huts, which, with the tents, and the many things connected with our painting, and domestic necessities, weighed ten tons. Everything was loaded into pantechicons and sent by rail, then drawn by horses to the spot of our intended encampment, or as near it as possible, for we always settled on the side of a mountain, on a spot where drinking-water was ready to hand.

Camping out always sounds enticing; but if it is to be done with any chance of success, especially in North Wales at the time of the year we chose, much thought has to be given to the construction of the tents. An ordinary bell-tent would be no better than an umbrella in those regions. Two young artists tried the experiment (and in summertime too) not far from our settlement. They thought it was awfully jolly, and enjoyed the calm evening of their first day, smoking their cigarettes, and talking enthusiastically of the work they were going to do. Still full of the novelty, they lay down on the waterproof-covered groundsheet beneath the tent, and fell into a blissful sleep. All of a sudden a tremendous wind sprang up, with heavy rain. Away went the bell-tent, taking with it their clothes, canvases, paint-boxes, and what not. They groped about in the dark for their various garments, but it was impossible to get together an entire suit, as they could not strike a light to aid them in their search. In a half-dressed state, and wet to the skin, they arrived at the nearest house, at three o'clock in the morning. With some assistance they gathered together their scattered properties, and took the first train back to London, vowing never to try the experiment again.

Knowing the treachery of the Welsh weather in spring, my first thought was to acquire a tent that would not be blown away over our heads. I went to the best tent-makers of the day, and explained what I wanted. They constructed a tent that proved in every way successful. Not a peg that held down the innumerable ropes was loosened during the stormy nights. The first night my friend and I certainly sat up awaiting disaster. But when the resisting power of the tent was proved, I slept through all the terrible thunders of the fly-sheet above us, and was surprised in the morning to hear that it had been a 'dreadful night.'

The tent my friend and I occupied was sixteen feet long, and eight feet wide, having four plate-glass windows, and a wooden floor raised from the ground. The bed-cots, with flat mattresses and curtains all round, hung at either end of the tent. They were rather high up from the floor, necessitating quite a leap to get into them; but once there no bed could have been more comfortable, or freer from draughts. The sides of the tent were double, and there was as a special precaution an extra fly-sheet over the roof, and it was this sheet that made all the noise on stormy nights. An under-gamekeeper of my friend's attended to us and did the cooking. He was quite a character, and his particular fancy was to keep all the tea-leaves from our tea-pot and boil them. If ever there was a poisonous drink it was the tea he consumed, taken from those boiled leaves. However, it was alcohol that killed him a few years later, and not the tea.

We used petroleum stoves for heating and for cooking, and brought the oil in a large barrel, which took some engineering to get up the mountain-side. The natives thought it was beer, and an attempt was made one dark night to tap the barrel. It occurred once, but



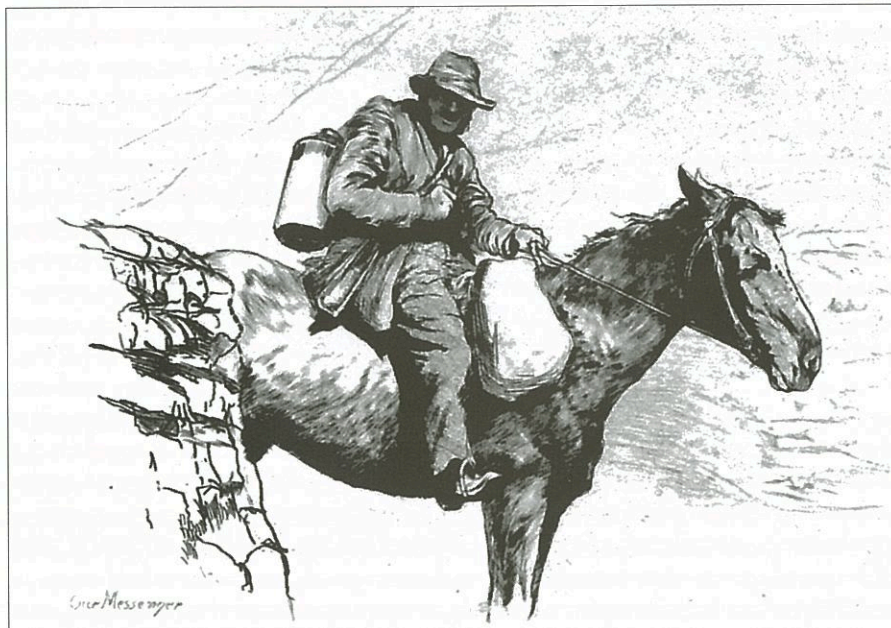
never after. The tents occupied by my family (including my two children), and that in which my father lived, were constructed on the same principles, but with variations in the interior arrangements.

We took a store of tinned food with us, and conscientiously buried the empty cans – which, however, were unearthed by the hungry shepherd dogs when we left. We obtained meat and fresh vegetables daily through our special messenger, who also brought us newspapers and letters, and posted those we wrote, which were not many. We were therefore within reach of civilisation, yet completely away from it.

The painting huts were substantially constructed of wood, but so made that no part was too heavy for one man to carry. They were eleven feet long by eight feet, and the whole of one side was of glass. But the chief feature was the arrangement for

turning this glass side to any point of the landscape. The weight was taken by a pivot fixed in the centre of the bottom framework, and balanced by the wheels, which ran on a small circular iron track. In this hut I painted several landscapes of ten feet six in length. The last I painted, entitled *'Found'*, hangs in the Tate Gallery – a scene taken at a spot between Portmadoc and Beddgelert.

We settled in these camps for ten or more weeks, staying indeed until the change of season drove us away. Ten weeks before one subject, working on one large canvas, that surely is an unusual procedure! But it was a delight, and an education; it gave us health and entertainment in our fight with the elements. On returning home, we found the life in a house almost unbearable at first: we could not breathe in rooms.



A chance find in a dealer's catalogue a few years ago throws new light on the role that Bushey Hall played during the First World War when it was requisitioned for officer training by the Household Brigade.

Hobocob was the in-house magazine produced by and for the cadets stationed at Bushey Hall.¹ It is dated Christmas 1918 and appears to have been the last of several editions. It is, for the moment, the only known copy.

The magazine is thirty-nine pages of editorial matter and ten pages of advertising from Watford and London firms and it is bound in a rough paper covers. The front has a printed coloured design by the well-known illustrator John Hassall titled *Carry On*. This is also reproduced as a line illustration inside. The magazine is signed by many of those cadets who, presumably, stayed at Bushey Hall and there are inscriptions throughout.

The editorial pages have clearly been produced by those at the Hall and are full of 'in' jokes and comment that would have meant much to the readers. Bushey crops up in many of the articles and it is clear that the cadets spent much of their time around the Hall and the local area.

The editorial on page five is formal and was presumably penned by a senior officer maintaining a serious tone. He refers to the magazine as probably the last (the war had just ended) and he conveys his wishes for a happier Christmas and New Year than before. He also regrets that: *'all of us have not been privileged to fight for our Empire, and to uphold her cause in war, but all can work for her in peace'*. He continues: *'Let the sacrifices of our dead be our inspiration, the lessons of the war our guide'*. In retrospect those cadets were the lucky ones and a number of them went on to serve with distinction in the Second World War.

He concluded: *'to those of us who are adopting a permanent military career, we wish every success; to those who are awaiting return to civil life, a fruitful share in the reconstruction of a new and better World, as a memorial to those who have fought and fallen; and to all, "health, wealth and happiness" and an enduring remembrance of Bushey days.'* This is followed by a sombre message from Lt.-General Francis Lloyd.

Thereafter the tone lightens as the cadets contribute their own articles, poems, cartoons and parodies of other writers. Many of these feature Bushey in their texts.

The Sad Story of Cadet John Gilpin describes a humorous motorcycle journey by one cadet. Was it rooted in fact or was it totally fiction? I'd suspect the former.

Bushey Hall through soldiers' eyes

Christmas 1918 and a look back at a Bushey billet

Michael Pritchard

*John Gilpin was a gay cadet
Who lived at Bushey Hall;
Took all the leave that he could get,
And did no work at all.*

He borrows a motorcycle and rides through Watford, Berkhamsted, Tring, Bletchley, Liverpool and Leeds before returning:

*So back he sped, and as the night
Let down her inky pall,
There flashed again upon his sight
The towers of Bushey Hall*

*Swiftly through the gates the monster
flew-
Then, with infernal roar,
It bolted up the Avenue
And dashed for the back-door!*

Another poem is written 'in a "hahhah," near Hilfield, Nov. 14th, 1918'. A series of jokey questions posed by 'Cadet Snooks' includes wanting to know the answers to the following:

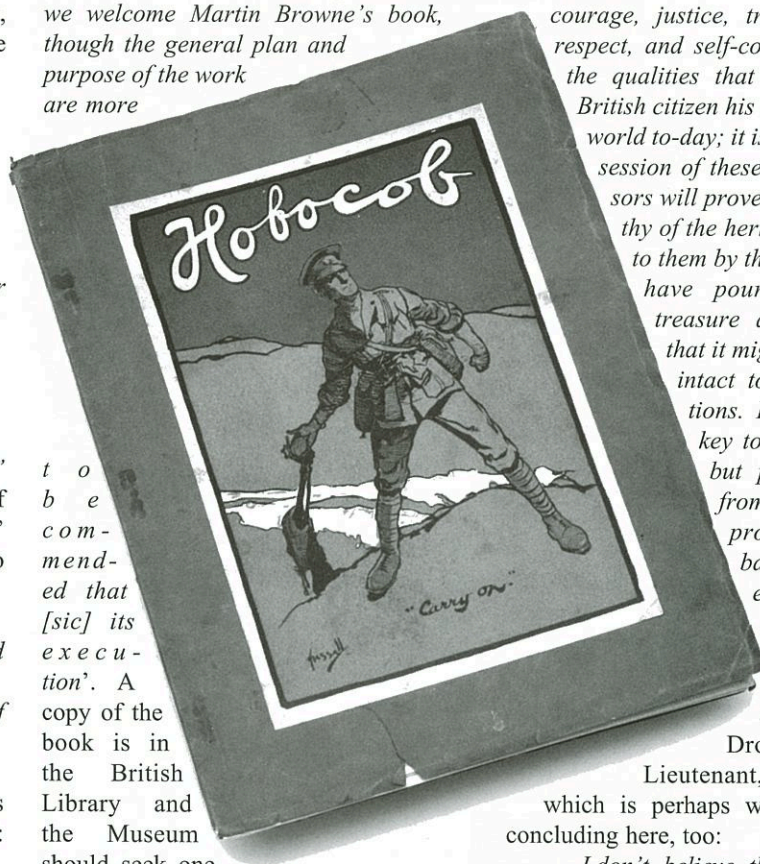
*When the end of the war will end, and
Whom the end of the war will end.
Whether he ever wants to see a golf
course again.*

Inevitably a number of the articles refer to the daily routine of the cadet: inspections, training and study. Reflecting the fact that the war had just ended there is a poignant piece titled: 'What will become of the H.C.'s' which ends up concluding that staying with the Guards would be the best course instead of returning to an uncertain civilian life. Another piece takes a fictional look back at a cadet reunion. It starts:

Twas the anniversary of the Great Armistice. A clear-skinned man of about 28 summers was walking at Guards' pace of 30 inches down the Avenue towards The Hall. He was looking eagerly about him, and seemed to be as one who, after spending many years in a far country, had just re-entered his "home-town." Passing the Golf House...

The cadets in Bushey numbered an author, E M Browne, amongst their num-

ber. Martin Browne's book *A Dream of Youth* was published by the London publisher Longmans in 1918. As the reviewer states: 'authors are rare in Bushey' before giving it a giving a mixed review: 'it is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we welcome Martin Browne's book, though the general plan and purpose of the work are more



to become commended that [sic] its execution'. A copy of the book is in the British Library and the Museum should seek one out to add to its Bushey-related library.

The advertisements include the Watford firms of Western House; G Sturman, military bootmakers of Queen's Road; G W Loosley & Co, stationers of the High Street; J P Taylor, military tailor and outfitter of the High Street; G Lockett, job and post master and provider of carriages, taxi-cabs and touring cars at the Railway Tavern, Oxhey.

In addition to the Hassall cover illustration the magazine also includes a piece by another well-known author. 'Sapper' (H C McNeile) wrote a piece titled *Why I am a Pelmanist*. He was to become well-known after the war for his Bulldog Drummond series of books.

Inevitably perhaps many of the articles are jingoistic in tone and praise the effect of war on the soldier. A piece titled *Character* contains the following:

The war has been a revealer of character: It has, in numerous instances, helped to make a character...Along with...education must go the formation and development of character, and the cultivation of courage, justice, truthfulness, self-respect, and self-control. These are the qualities that have given the British citizen his [sic] place in the world to-day; it is only by the possession of these that his successors will prove in any way worthy of the heritage bequeathed to them by the thousands who have poured forth their treasure and their blood that it might be handed on intact to future generations. Education is the key to popular power, but power, divorced from character, has proved to be the bane of the twentieth century...

The final piece is a message from Drogheda, 2nd Lieutenant, Irish Guards which is perhaps worth quoting in concluding here, too:

I don't believe that anyone who has left Bushey for even a short time can honestly say that he remembers his time with H.B.O.C.B. with other than kindly feelings...what one remembers is that one has become jolly fit; that one was commanded by the best lot of officers one could ever hope for; and, last, and best of all, that one has made a whole heap of friends one would never otherwise have met...For this alone, I, for one, and I think every Bushey Cadet, will always think with affection of the H.B.O.C.B.²

Notes

1. The original magazine is in the author's collection.
2. H.B.O.C.B. presumably stands for Household Brigade Officer Cadets Battalion.

Music in Bushey

Bushey has a long history of making music

Janet Murphy

I was browsing through some earlier issues of the *Journal* when I came across a contribution by John Storey (Winter 1994/95) which included the following extracts:

The school band and Cadet Corps always enhanced any local event ... They were a feature of the Remembrance Day parade, as were the band and pupils of the Caledonian Schools. ... This band was regarded with great affection locally. It is said that when they travelled to the Royal Albert Hall (by public transport in those days) for Scottish events, their Bandmaster, who was always turned out in full Highland Dress, would take them there, but the boys would bring him home.

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

Graham Garton was the Director of Music at the Royal Masonic School for many years. Following the closure of the school he held the same position at St Margaret's during which time it was particularly renowned for its choir.

It is fitting that the Purcell School relocated to Bushey in 1997, to the site formerly occupied by the Royal Caledonian Schools, thus continuing the musical tradition there.

Also well established is the Bushey Symphony Orchestra which appeared at the Bushey Festival in 1975 as the Festival Orchestra.

Bell ringing has an even longer tradition in Bushey; for many years Chris Woolley was Tower Captain at St James's and Tom Norris at St Peter's.

Also in the Winter 1994/95 issue of the *Journal* Alec Just reported on the exhibition of WHAM! memorabilia. When such an exhibition was first suggested there were some reserva-

tions about an exhibition relating to a pop group. Eventually it was agreed that pop music was just a part of culture as the most serious-minded art and the exhibition was a great success.

Glen Miller's last appearance with the American Air Force Band was at Bushey Hall, the US Fighter Command Headquarters.

It is clear that Bushey has a long and varied musical tradition but there have been no articles on music in Bushey in the *Journal* – brief mentions yes, but articles no. Why not? Please send your stories, whether a few words or a longer story to the Editor of the *Journal* at Bushey Museum.

The Purcell School in Bushey continues a long musical tradition. Here Sir Simon Rattle conducts the school orchestra.



Patrick Foprsyth