

# The Journal of the Friends of Bushey Museum

New Series No. 1 Autumn 2000

FRIENDS OF  
BUSHEY  
MUSEUM



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Welcome to the first issue of a new series of the Friends of Bushey Museum's *Journal*. I hope it includes something of interest to everyone. Its publication is later than was originally intended because I have also been writing an account of life in Bushey at the turn of the century 'Bushey 1900 - peaceful and picturesque', which is to be published shortly by the Museum. Some of you may know me as one of the 'volunteer' embroiderers - not one of the experts I hasten to add - but nevertheless happy to know that I have contributed to the community map (see Anne Blessley's contribution on this page). At the Museum itself, I am at present undertaking an audit of the costume collection, some of which was on view at the recent exhibition.

The *Journal* will publish items about the work of the Museum in more detail than can be included in the *Newsletter*. It will also publish research about topics of local interest and your reminiscences.

A substantial part of this issue consists of an extremely interesting and vivid article by Dennis Ranscombe. An article of this length is unusual -

equally valid are the contributions of the people whose recollections are summarised in Chris Jordan's article about William Coldstream.

As part of a long term project, the Museum is interested in collecting recollections of school life in Bushey. What was it like at Watford Technical High School in Bushey Hall Road, at Bushey Grammar School or at one of the many private schools which flourished in Bushey? Many of the recollections the Museum has relate to the 20s and 30s. What was life like in the 50s, 60s and 70s? Even if you hated your time at school such comments are equally valid and may provoke responses from other readers. If you are not happy putting pen to paper or finger to keyboard contact the Museum and one of the oral history volunteers will come and talk with you.

My task as editor would have been impossible without Bryen Wood, who dug deep into the Museum's collection of photographs and his fund of local knowledge, Andrew Gunton, who has undertaken the technical side of the production, and the advice of the previous editor Alec Just. Thank you.

Janet Murphy

## The Bushey Millenium Embroidery

An update by Anne Blessley on the Embroidery project and associated photographic competition

The Embroidery project as reported in the Friends of Bushey Museum's Newsletters over the last months is to celebrate the Millennium. From the start it has been envisaged as a community event and every effort has been made to involve as many people as possible. It was originally called the Bushey Community Map, but the title was changed when the design moved away from a topographical, to the present schematic, representation of Bushey. The Embroidery will be five feet by three feet, a size dictated by the space

reserved for it in Bushey Museum, to which it will be presented on completion. It is to be composed of embroidered hexagons, each one representing a church, school or other building, an organisation, cultural and sporting activities, open spaces or the flora and fauna of Bushey. Ideas for inclusion were sought from as many local people as possible and volunteer embroiderers, of whom there are fifty, were called for at the same time. Early on, it was decided that the work should include buildings that are extant so that it would represent Bushey at the year 2000. Diana Spencer, who is a local professional embroiderer and an active member of the Friends' organisation, has overseen and been largely responsible for the design and directing the stitching and without her dedication to the project it would not have proceeded. A full year was taken with the planning and in seeking Heritage Lottery funding. The latter was granted in February and

since then over half the embroidery has been completed and was on exhibition at the Friends' Garden Party at Reveley Lodge in August.

The Embroidery is composed of hexagons, each bearing a motif, worked in appliqué and simple stitches. The hexagons are cream, representing the area of Bushey, and green to signify the surrounding Green Belt. The idea of using hexagons was amongst suggestions from members of the Friends. Three designs were originally shown at the Friends' Garden Party in August 1999 and people were asked to indicate their preference. One was a topographical map of Bushey in cream and green, another was of regular hexagons and the third had been privately commissioned and was of triptych form with a largely abstract content. A substantial majority favoured the use of hexagons. A later suggestion was the amalgamation of the first two ideas and so we arrived at the present design.

From the beginning, the work was planned to have as long a life as possible and to this end the Victoria and Albert Museum's Textile Conservation Department was consulted. Their experts advised using linen fabric with silk stitching. The linen and the majority of embroidery threads have been obtained from 'Mavis' in the High Street, thus using a



Photo: Anne Blessley

A group working under Diana's expert eye.

## The Bushey Millenium Embroidery

local source. There have been a number of progress workshops under Diana's supervision, where embroiderers have obtained help as well as meeting and discussing work with each other. Initially there was difficulty in persuading potential embroiderers that they were capable of carrying out the work. One of the more pleasurable aspects has been to see how delighted people are when they have completed a hexagon and surprised themselves by their abilities. This is wholly in accordance with the Heritage Lottery Award which stresses the importance of expanding people's skills.

The work is expected to be completed

by the end of this year. After framing in a sealed acrylic box for maximum conservation, it will form the centrepiece of an exhibition at Bushey Museum from 24th March to 17th June 2001 together with selected photographs from the associated photographic competition. The photographs will be of the places represented on the Embroidery. Following exhibition at various places in Hertsmere the Embroidery and selected photographs will enter Bushey Museum's collection for permanent display.

Photographs taken when trees are leafless can often be more informative as

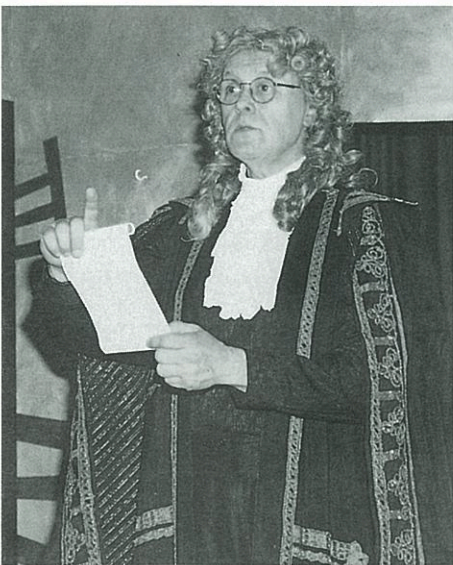
far as buildings are concerned, so it is not too late to enter the photographic competition, which does not close until 23rd February 2001. First, second and third prizes of £100, £50 and £25 respectively will be awarded. Each prize will contain an element of Jessop's vouchers.

*Details of the competition can be obtained in writing from the Photographic Competition Organiser, Bushey Museum, Rudolph Road, Bushey WD23 3HW enclosing an s.a.e., in person from the Museum during opening hours of 11am to 4pm Thursdays to Sundays, or from Bushey Library.*

## 'The Bushey Story', a community play

*Many Friends attended performances of the community play 'The Bushey Story'*

*Jane Parker, the Administration Officer at the Museum, tells us what it was like to take part*



Barry Hyman, one of the narrators.

Working in the Museum Office, I had realised for some time that workshops were being held in the Meeting Room, preparing for a play or possibly a pageant, as part of the Bushey Millennium Festival. It was not until I was approached by Monica Law, one of the Education Officers, that I had any thought of taking part. Largely unknown to me, she had been working hard for over two years, together with others, including author Debbie Freeman, members of the Friends and other Bushey residents, including Grant Longman, researching and raising funds for the play. I had done no acting since junior school but agreed to have a go.

When I heard that one of the characters was a suspected witch, I quite fancied myself in the part (many friends and acquaintances agreed with me disturbingly readily) but I did not really expect to be given it. Anyway I chose to go along to the Sunday afternoon rehearsals, which included 'The Witch of Bushey', together with 'The Hour Glass' and 'The Exhibition'.

The first rehearsal I attended was in April at the Bushey Youth and Community Centre. Here we budding actors met for the first time Kate, Karl and Julian, members of the Full Cry Theatre Company who were to guide us so patiently and professionally for the next three months of intense but highly enjoyable work. They made rehearsals so much fun right from the beginning and we soon felt valued members of the team.

It was fascinating to see the words come off the page and take on a life of their own. Each of the plays we were working on was approached in a different way to provide plenty of contrast. We learnt that the whole point of a 'community play' was to put to use the talents of everyone who wanted to be part of it. After various readings and runs-through of the scenes we settled into our parts. I am pleased to say that I did play the suspected witch, Joan White, whose case is documented in the surviving Quarter Sessions records at Hertford. When the parts were finally allocated we were introduced to the costume designer, Martin, who performed wonders in the time available to provide costumes for about 70 actors.

The part of Marion, whose accusations brought Joan to trial, was at first taken by Nicola, whose profession is acting, but she was involved in other projects such as directing 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' in the Rose Garden. Eventually my daughter Susannah was persuaded to fill the gap. From initial reluctance, she became a committed member of the cast, playing not only Marion, but also Lady Elianor in the mediaeval

'Ring in the Pond' and even a First World War soldier in 'My Country'. She enthusiastically joined the 'Chain Horse Boys', selflessly spending time in the Horse and Chains in their search for authenticity!

We were all nervous as the day for the first performance drew closer, especially after a less than smooth dress rehearsal! However everything came together on the first night: the set, the costumes, the music arranged by Alexander King, incidental music, lighting, stage management and the performers themselves. The house was packed for all three nights and the audience gave us an enthusiastic reception.

Unfortunately there is insufficient room to include the names of everyone who made the community venture a success. The Souvenir Programme aimed to include the names of all who contributed. Copies of this, the scripts and other ephemera will be kept at Bushey Museum. I have tried simply to give my own view of a wonderful experience, one in which I feel privileged to have taken part.



Jane and her daughter Susannah in the 'Witch of Bushey'.

# Memories of Bushey in the 30s and 40s

*A fascinating insight by Dennis Ranscombe*

I was born in 1927 either at Bushey Heath Cottage Hospital or across the road at 14, Titian Avenue. I have no recollections of the area at all and we must soon have moved along to 27, Springfield, behind St. Peter's Church, Bushey Heath. I remember visiting Dr Wilson

must have taken sandwiches but don't remember them. I never minded the walk to and fro as there was always something to see, either the traffic on London Road or the birds in the hedge of the Masonic School. There was a mini-park area adjoining Haydon Road where one could play hide and seek in the bushes to break the journey. Occasionally I called into a stationers at the corner of the High Street and Falconer Road owned by a grumpy old lady. The shop was called Middletons I believe.

After two years I moved on to Ashfield School up in School Lane, having reached the age of seven. Again I had to walk each way. I cannot recall catching a bus in the four years that I was there. Most days I came home to lunch so four journeys a day were made. There was usually a small group of us boys making the journey, either all the way up the main road or on sunny summer days, cutting through a footpath opposite the War Memorial on Sparrows Herne and chasing each other across two fields which came out into Coldharbour

one' ice-cream man with his tricycle. He had great difficulty pushing his vehicle up Clay Hill so we would give him a helping hand on the promise of either a 'penny snowfruit' or a 'tupenny snowcreme' when we got to the top. The downside was that we were sometimes in danger of being back late for school. Another way home from school was to go down Melbourne Road into Herkomer Road, stopping to play in Lululaund, the empty Herkomer mansion. Some of us knew a way of getting inside where it was gloomy and forbidding with its dark wooden panelling and we imagined ghosts could appear at any time. This did not stop us from regular visits though!

Activity at playtime depended on the season of the year. Hoops were common all the year round, at other times marbles would appear, or whips and tops, skipping ropes, conkers or five stones. My memories of Ashfield School were all happy ones. The headmaster during my time was Mr Brothers and one of the teachers was Mr Smith who



Bushey Museum Archive

*A class with Miss Pollard at her Bournehall Kindergarten in Rudolph Road in about 1936. Hugh Lewis is the boy without a cap.*

on several occasions, whose surgery was in Elstree Road, a few yards back from the church and also going along to pay the coalman at his yard almost opposite Caldecote Gardens. This coalman served the family for many years, graduating from a horse and cart to lorry deliveries. A little before my fifth birthday we moved to 52, Rudolph Road down in Bushey proper, where my parents remained for the rest of their lives. Next door at 54 was a small bungalow run as a little private school by a Miss Pollard who remained a family friend down the years. Marriage in 1949 took me away from Bushey and I left the area for good in 1952.

## Education

After only a few months at 52, I began my education at Oxhey School, on the corner of Chalk Hill and Aldenham Road. I can remember my mother taking me for the first few days after which I was on my own. Unless the weather was very bad I had to walk from Rudolph Road to Oxhey School each day. If I was lucky enough to go by bus it was often open-topped and you got very wet up there if it rained. I had school milk each day in half-pint bottles with a cardboard top through which you poked a genuine straw drinking tube. I



Bushey Museum Archive

*Although stated as Clay Hill, this point is actually where High Street becomes Sparrows Herne. A LGOC 142B toils up the hill in August 1933. For bus freaks, it is ST737.*

Lane near King George Avenue. There wasn't much traffic on the main road in the 30s so an enjoyable way of going homeward was to play marbles in the gutter down Clay Hill. Imagine trying to do that today! In those days Clay Hill was paved with blocks which would become very slippery in wet or icy weather. Many were the times that buses and lorries had problems getting to the top. I can recall a double-decker sliding back down the hill on one particularly icy day - great fun for us kids if not for the driver and passengers. At this time there were still horse-drawn wagons and it was exciting for us to watch the horses kept at the Horse and Chains being brought out and hitched up to the wagons to provide extra pulling power for the journey to the top of the hill. Looked forward to in the summer was the 'Stop-me-and-buy-

lived in Glencoe Road. Other names elude me. On the other hand I can remember a number of my schoolboy contemporaries - Assinder, Brockwell, Cater, Cootes, Courtage, Cusack, Dollimore, Lee, Mapp, Martindale, Plumridge, Rayment, Saxby, Sewell, Skinner, Storey and Toms. I'd love to know where they all are now.

The approach to eleven years of age saw me sitting the entrance examination for Watford Grammar School. I failed - just, but managed a place at the Watford Central School in Derby Road after a further test. My two sisters both won places to Watford Girls' Grammar School - they always said girls were brighter than boys! The Central School was divided into two, girls one half and boys the other, the playground divided by a high wall, not that I had any great desire to mix with the

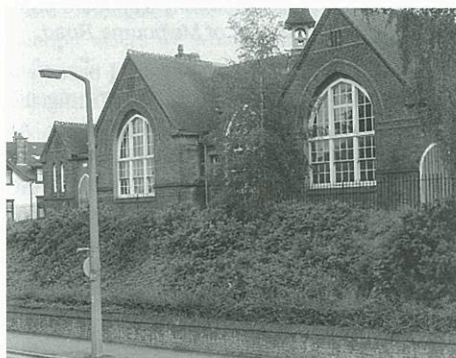


Photo: James Gatesman

*Oxhey Infants School on Chalk Hill shortly before demolition in 1974.*

girls anyway. Discipline was strict and the cane in regular use, certainly yours truly felt it on many occasions, both on the hands and bottom. The woodwork master, would you believe a Mr Gentle, had an alternative to the cane. Any miscreant would be pulled round the woodwork shop either by his hair or one ear. None of this punishment did us any harm, we

I began evening classes in engineering at Watford Technical College in Queens Road. On these days I would bus to work and invariably walk home calling in at the fish and chip shop almost opposite Watford High Street station and wending my way home eating 'two-penneth' of chips in greaseproof and newspaper liberally doused with salt and vinegar.

a Mr Jenning, who came to live next door to us at 50, Rudolph Road. He was a most enthusiastic ringer, a Yorkshireman I think, and he got together a useful handbell team who would practise in his front room.

Our choirmaster and organist was 'Dicky Moore' a very shy but talented musician. He lived with his parents in Woodlands Road, off Grange Road.

The Rectors during my church days were, as I remember, Montague Hall, Beckley, Humphries and Edwards. Montague Hall I remember as a stern character who went around in a Rolls Royce. Reverend Beckley once showed me a secret room in the Rectory. It was in the library behind a door disguised as a bookshelf full of books. The room itself was about six feet square. Whether this had any connection with the tunnel supposed to run from the Rectory to Ivy House I couldn't tell you.

The Church started a Youth Club in what was then called the 'Institute' alongside the pond. This provided a place for us young people to get together, there being no activities for teenagers at that time, once we had left the Scouts or Guides. The Institute was also used by the Cubs and Scouts, both of which I joined, although I have a vague recollection of starting with the Cubs at a place called The Barn almost opposite the end of Falconer Road and adjoining the Conservative Club. Our revered scoutmaster was Reverend 'Skipper Scott', curate with Rector Humphries. 'Skipper' was eventually called up to the army and a handsome officer he looked.



The 1935 Jubilee Arch looms over Mrs Middleton's tiny china, toy and sweet shop at the corner of Falconer Road.

didn't need counselling and parents didn't interfere, indeed were likely to mete out more punishment. We harboured no animosity towards the masters, in fact we got a thrill out of trying to pull off a prank without being caught. Again I walked to school to begin with but the magical moment arrived when father came home with a second-hand bike. I believe it was purchased from the Thornton family in Bournehall Avenue for 30 shillings (£1.50). A whole new world opened up for me and I could get to school in a quarter of an hour. My route was by Herkomer Road, along The Avenue, down Bushey Hall Road and Water Lane and then up over the railway into Derby Road. As the name might imply, Water Lane used to be flooded occasionally when the River Colne overflowed. To allow pedestrians to get through, there was a raised wooden walkway from the railway arch to the river bridge. It could be very cold on the bike in winter and I remember there were icicles two feet long or more under the Water Lane railway arch during that terrible winter of 1947. There was no sports field at the Central School itself so once a week we made our way to their ground at William Street down by the Cobra works off Bushey Hall Road. This suited me fine as on those days I was halfway home!

In 1943 I sat - and passed with ample credits - the Cambridge Matriculation examination. As was common in those days my parents could not afford to support a university education, it was out to work to earn my keep. I was found a job as a draughtsman at an office close by Watford Junction station and a newer, larger bike provided my transport. In bad weather I could now afford the bus, London Transport services giving an almost door to door journey.

Seemed to be home in no time! Sometimes, dare I mention it, we used to pass Terry Scott saying goodnight to his girlfriend of the time at the bus stop by Bushey Arches. I won't give her name away but she lived in Rudolph Road.



The Fishmongers Arms shortly before closure and demolition about 1960. This tiny clapboard pub - strictly a beer house - was dwarfed by Herkomer's buildings on the corner of Melbourne Road.

### Out of school

Around the age of 8 I joined St. James' parish church choir after attending Sunday School from the age of 5. I was 'initiated' by the other choirboys by being thrown into the 'bear pit', an open brick enclosure just inside the church side entrance, in which was consigned grass cuttings and dead flowers and other rubbish. I remained in the choir till my voice broke, having sung one or two solos on the way. I then became a 'server' and also did a bit of bell ringing, under the later guidance of

By the age of 16 I'm afraid I became a bit of a rebel and began to enjoy visiting the local hostelrys with my gang of friends. At one time or another all the pubs from the Merry Month of May up to the Windmill were visited. Our avowed goal was to drink a pint in each pub, all in one night, but we never quite achieved that. My favourites were the Bell and the Fishmongers Arms, both now gone!

Around the age of twelve I took on a paper round for Mr Moore who ran the Post Office in the High Street. I covered the large

houses up Merry Hill Road, St. Margaret's School and the roads round the School Lane area. Apparently I was known at the large houses for my constant whistling and my good timekeeping. After a while I took on making up the paper rounds as well as continuing with my own, which meant I was paid the princely sum of 10 shillings a week - what riches! Before that my pocket money was one penny a week which would purchase a small bag of aniseed balls or a large 'gobstopper'.

*Tramps were a common sight in the High Street. Dressed in rags, unshaven and carrying their few possessions in bundles tied with string.*

On summer weekends in my early 'teens a man called 'Hutch' would appear in Bushey High Street and in return for our company handed out sweets probably bought at Goodsons on the corner of Rudolph Road. Although he was probably in his forties, he was dressed in school uniform (cap, jacket, shorts). These were grey with, I seem to remember, red piping on cap and jacket. We didn't know where he came from, he was always well spoken, harmless and happy. Perhaps a reader remembers him and knows his history.

Tramps were a common sight in the High Street. Dressed in rags, unshaven and carrying their few possessions in bundles tied with string, they went harmlessly on their way to the next doss house. Very few actually begged for money.

In the 1930s you could walk across fields to the Watford By-Pass. We boys would go down Bournehall Avenue and play in 'The Woods', an area of trees and shrubs which lay between the allotments and the Moat Field (cricket pitch). A large ditch ran through from the Moat Field and down the side of the allotments and several dens were built along it. Rival gangs would raid each other firing catapults or arrows. We were all little Robin Hoods. From 'The Woods' you would walk across several fields to Little Bushey Lane, cross through Burnt Farm into Sandy Lane and then across the By-Pass to the sandpits, where games were played with rival gangs from the Aldenham area. Another walk was down Finch Lane and across the fields again to Little Bushey Lane coming out by the Busy Bee Café. Alongside the café was a large deep sandpit where we would slide down the steep sides on corrugated iron sheeting or wooden boards. What courage we had!

On the way over the fields from Finch Lane was a dip in the ground called 'The Dell' which had apple trees growing in it. This was possibly part of an orchard which belonged to Bushey Grange; it would be in the right sort of area. In season we used to go scrumping there, once or twice being chased off by Farmer Hedges from Grange Farm, although we called it Hedges Farm. He never caught us, we could run faster than him!

A favourite pastime of mine was train spotting, over on the main line towards Carpenders Park. To get there you went down through the churchyard, turned right at the bottom, crossed over Merry Hill Road, then alongside a large pond and up across two fields and through the houses to Watford Heath, crossed the green and down the footpath to the trackside. Once there you could hang on the fence and watch the speeding LMS express steam trains take on water from the water troughs between the tracks. Steam engines of all kinds passed by on this main line and I well remember the thrill of seeing the Coronation Scot many times, both in the original blue and silver livery and the later maroon and gold colours. London Underground and LMS electric trains also ran by on tracks on the far side.

King George Recreation Ground was a much used facility. Two of the swings had very long chains which meant if you swung high enough you could see over into the adjacent swimming pool and watch the activity. This became a competition between us boys. If snow came in winter you could toboggan down the slope from the swings to the putting green. The swimming pool was enjoyed when

coal fire underneath. The copper was also used for the weekly clothes wash when the kitchen filled with steam. The clothes were wrung out in a hand operated mangle which was kept outdoors. Mother did the ironing with a solid cast metal iron which was kept hot either on the coal fire or a gas burner. When electricity eventually came we graduated to an electric iron and radio and decent lighting in all rooms. It was still many years before mother had a vacuum cleaner and small washing machine.

*The only room heated in winter was the dining room, where we all congregated round the coal fire.*

The only room heated in winter was the dining room, where we all congregated round the coal fire. In the severest winter weather, mother would put a hot water bottle (earthenware or rubber) in our beds to give us a little comfort.

Our first radio was powered by an accumulator (battery) the body of which was glass with a top cover of black bakelite. You could



*The greatly lamented Bushey Swimming Bath in King George Recreation Ground in 1932.*

the weather was hot enough to warm the water up sufficiently. It was unheated in the 1930s. I mustn't forget the putting green which was cleverly designed to test one's skill.

### Services

When we first moved to Rudolph Road in 1932 the only services were water and gas. The water supplied one tap over the kitchen sink and the outside toilet. The gas provided lighting and fed the gas cooker. The mantles in the gas lamps were fragile and easily broken and regular visits were made to the ironmongers in the High Street for new ones. We washed at the kitchen sink with hot water from a kettle heated on the cooker. We bathed in a portable tin bath filled by hand with hot water from the copper in the corner of the kitchen. This was a large copper bowl in brick-built housing, which you filled with water and set a

see the plates inside and the acid level was easily checked. Battery charging and maintenance were carried out at a shop at the bottom end of Park Road, next to Pallett's the bakers. Radio repairs could be carried out by Mr Head who lived in a detached house at the corner of Park and Herkomer Roads.

Clocks and watches were repaired by Mr Smith who had a little shop in the High Street opposite the village green. If I remember rightly he later sold small bric-à-brac items there.

Shoe repairs were carried out by father who could sew on new soles and heels and bang on 'Blakeys' metal heel and toe protectors. Who would do that today?

Our milk was originally delivered by pony and trap. Housewives would provide a jug into which the milk was dispensed from the churn either by pint or half-pint measuring cans. These cans had hook-shaped handles so

they could be hung over the edge of the churn. Later the Express Dairy came to the village with a shop in the High Street and a depot behind it, accessed from Glencoe Road. For a while I helped out on a Saturday milk round which covered parts of Oxhey and along the Eastbury Road almost to Moor Park. We delivered by horse and cart and were out till dusk. The carts had the luxury of pneumatic tyres so the ride was not too uncomfortable. The horse knew the round as well as we did and would proceed from stop to stop of its own accord without any assistance from the driver.

Coal came by horse and cart from the coalman's yard along the Elstree Road. Think of that poor old horse having to come down the hill to us and then back again. Eventually a petrol lorry took over but this was not until the late 30s.

The Fire Service had its station in Rudolph Road, incorporated into the Council Offices building. The fire engine was a Merryweather (and I think it was called 'Frederic'), a heavy monster with solid tyres. Living as I did at the bottom of Rudolph Road I was treated regularly to the roar and rumble of the engine as it sped on its way. The ground literally shook which made the whole affair exciting to a young lad. Their regular practice run was off down Finch Lane and through a gate at the bottom of the dip into a field in front of the allotments. Here two teams would compete to unroll the hoses in the fastest time and have water running. The firemen in those days wore brass helmets, all very grand. They looked a bit like the Lifeguards, without the horses of course.

*The firemen in those days wore brass helmets, all very grand. They looked a bit like the Lifeguards, without the horses of course.*

Bushey was well supplied with shops of all kinds so you could purchase nearly everything you needed without having to go into Watford! Shops I can remember were Aldis (butchers), Co-op, Dadsons (grocers), Elsums (bakers), Evans (drapers) Goodsons (newspapers, tobacco, sweets), Lockwood (florists), Moores (Post Office, newspapers etc) Middletons (stationers, toys), Palletts (bakers), Palmers (ironmongers), Smiths (clocks and watches), Stimpson, Lock and Vince (estate agents), Tweens (chemists), Unitts (grocers) and Williams (sweets, tobacco).

The building trades were represented by a number of companies such as Bliss, Field and Hemley, Lemarie, Lockwood and Thorntons. We had our own printers,

Bournehall Press and a small engineering concern, Norths, in Rudolph Road. Up on the Heath was Kirbys Coaches.

### Wartime

For us young boys the war was more a time of excitement than of fear. High Explosive and incendiary bombs were dropped all round the Bushey area. After any bombs were dropped we would be out there looking for pieces to take home as trophies. I started

the Civil Defence as a cycle messenger. The local HQ was round the back of the Council Offices in Rudolph Road where we slept when on duty. As a junior one of my jobs was to go across to Elsums the bakers at about 3 o'clock in the morning to fetch hot, crusty, newly baked rolls. It was wonderful in winter to feel the warmth from the ovens, surrounded by that lovely smell of baking. The only message I can remember taking was to a look-out over in Hilfield Lane by the Elstree Reservoir. The



*The Bell Inn after the Second World War. This scene had changed little in 40 years, but the Bell's days were numbered.*

off with small pieces of aluminium and steel shrapnel, graduated through half-complete incendiary bombs to finally a complete incendiary bomb which was proudly displayed in our glass cabinet in the front room. The largest bomb to fall was a land mine which landed in the field between Avenue Rise and the allotments. My friends Derek Moore and Ted Simpson found the parachute from this mine which they excitedly brought back to their home opposite ours in Rudolph Road. Within a few hours, the police arrived to take it away, presumably for examination by the defence people.

*High Explosive and incendiary bombs were dropped all round the Bushey area. After any bombs were dropped we would be out there looking for pieces to take home as trophies.*

I was very keen on identifying both ours and enemy aircraft and you could buy a magazine called The Aeroplane Spotter which kept you up to date with black and white silhouettes of all the military aircraft. There was always plenty of military aircraft, particularly once the Americans arrived.

When I was about 15 years old I joined

journey was made at dead of night with no lights anywhere and not a soul to be seen.

*Doodlebugs started coming over in 1944; it was quite funny to be out walking if one came along.*

Doodlebugs started coming over in 1944 and it was quite funny to be out for a walk when one came along. All you did was look up to make sure it wasn't coming your way and carry on as if there was no war on; not so funny to the recipients though. The war was all 'Boys Own' stuff to us young ones.

That's about it really. I purposely have not mentioned the 1935 Silver Jubilee and the 1937 Historical Pageant as I believe these are well documented. I will list below a few of my friends and acquaintances from my mid-teens and youth club days in the hope that they are still around to read this and might make contact. They were Roy Abrams, Mary Barker, Ken Brunker, 'Ginger' Covey, Pat Kyte, Derek Moore, Audrey and John Manwaring, John Pearce, Ted Simpson, Derek and Vernon Toms. I remain in contact with Norman Plumridge (Canada) and John Storey and I know that Stanley King lives in Canada too.

There are no doubt many things I have forgotten to mention but maybe this article will encourage others to remind me.

# Remembering Lululaund

by *Vernon Toms*

Living as I did in Glencoe Road, I had various ways of getting to and from Ashfield School. The quickest was to go up the road, past the fire station and into the High Street. On summer days I would go via Herkomer Road and across the fields behind Melbourne Road to the alley that led out onto Clay Hill by the war memorial. The most exciting though was to go up Melbourne Road past Lululaund

(Herkomer Castle to us) when filming was taking place. Always they were costume dramas with plenty of hustle and bustle. The canteen caravan was just past the Close and it was a job to get through the throng of actors and extras. The desire to linger was dampened by the thought of being late for school.

Access to the building was not difficult and the boredom of summer holidays would be

relieved by entering and exploring the vast interior. I remember on one occasion I ventured into a small room on the ground floor and heard the door close behind me. My attempts to open it were fruitless and I spent an unpleasant ten minutes or more, seemed like hours of course, wondering how I could get out. After a while I had another try and to my relief the door opened. It was years later that I guessed that it was my older brother who had locked me in.

After the building was demolished we were asked at Scouts for volunteers to act as casualties for an air raid rescue exercise. The Castle ruins presented the ideal place for this. With others I reported to ARP Centre in the Council yard at the top of Bournehall Lane. Lady Marjorie Stopford and Miss Cobb were on duty and Mr 'Pop' Paynter, the elder statesman of scouting in Bushey was organizing the volunteers. As I had my bicycle, I was detailed to be a messenger. I can still remember my disappointment as I had been looking forward to acting wounded in the ruins. However after a few trips from the ruins to the control centre and back I was given a label and told to lie on the side of the road under my bike - a casualty at last! I cycled to Melbourne Road did a dramatic skid and ended up under my bike. It was not long before 'Pop' Paynter appeared, duly concerned for my well-being until I explained that I was now a casualty, proudly displaying my injury ticket. I still have not received my Oscar and wonder how many other 'casualties' remember that day.



The remnant of Lululaund in the mid-40s before the Royal British Legion Branch was built.

# The cost of saving Lululaund

Thoughts by *Frank Gillett*

In 1930 Frank Gillett's father had the contract to eradicate dry rot from the ground floor of Lululaund when Lady Margaret Herkomer was still alive. Frank wonders where the money would have come from to restore Lululaund at a time when the country was on its knees and on the brink of war.

He goes on to say that yes, the Castle was a truly wonderful building, complete with its own organ, secret room and detention cell! If you were ushered through the door which opened outwards, there was a 6ft 6in drop. Luckily he went down via builder's steps. He admits that he was awe-struck when first taken there, his brother had to come back to take his hand. "It was like walking into a cathedral."

(right)

Lululaund derelict in the early 30s.

The NOTICE reads: "A REWARD WILL BE PAID for Information that leads to the Prosecution of People Damaging this Property. Lady Herkomer."



# Where did the name Lululaund come from?

*Bryen Wood has some thoughts on the matter*

I am told that one of my many faults is not to believe what I am told by people who know better. I admit that as I get older, there is ever more confirmation that for every expert there is another saying something different. However for all practical purposes, I do accept what people say until sometimes jolted into questioning the received wisdom. Such it was with the name Lululaund.

It has long been said that no-one now knows what the 'laund' part means or where it comes from. The Ordnance Survey of 1898 did not believe it was correct and printed it 'Lululand'. Not a few contemporary postcards and guide books did the same. Bavarian dialect dictionaries have been checked without success and Welsh scholars, consulted in view of Lulu's origins, have not been able to help.

It so happens that I have recently come across the name 'Laund' or sometimes 'Launds' in general reading on local history and topography. It has usually been a farmstead name or a small area name and it occurred to me that it might not be such a mystery after all.

John Field's book *English Field Names* (1973) has it as meaning *woodland pasture*. Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words* (1868) has it as 'Launde', meaning *a plain place in a wood or park*. Walker's *Pronouncing Dictionary* (1833) has it as *a plain between extended woods*. The ultimate authority, the full *Oxford English Dictionary* has it as an archaic word 'Laund' from the Old French 'Launde', hence the modern French 'Lande'. The OED draws attention to the Irish 'Lann' and the Welsh 'Llan' which are from the same root. It is defined as *an open space among woods, a glade, a woodland pasture*. There are quotations of its use from 1340 to 1891 and even Shakespeare used it in 'Henry VI Part III'. In latter years, it tended to be used more in a romantic than a topographical sense.

Lulu Griffiths was born into a large family in the ancient town of Ruthin in the Vale of Clwyd, North Wales. She and her younger sister Margaret joined the Herkomer household in Bushey in the 1870s to help look after Anna, Herkomer's first wife, who had consumption,

and their two children Siegfried and Elsa. In the last years before Anna died, Lulu became Herkomer's constant companion, as they say. She went to the USA with him and his father Lorenz in 1883, whilst Margaret stayed in Bushey to look after the children. It was on their return that they learnt that Anna had died in Vienna, where she had previously gone for treatment.

Herkomer married Lulu in Ruthin the following year but the marriage was only to last 15 months. In August 1885, whilst she and Herkomer were in York, Lulu rescued a small child from being run over by a carriage. The exertion led to the premature birth and death of her own child. Rheumatic fever as a child had weakened her heart and Lulu died some weeks later of a heart attack. She was 36. She was undoubtedly the love of Herkomer's life and he not only named his new house after her, he had her name woven into the fabrics and hangings around the house. His marriage to her sister Margaret in 1888, may have been a way, in a sense, of keeping her alive.

# William Coldstream and the Bushey anti-aircraft units

*Chris Jordan summarises the responses to an earlier Newsletter item*

*We are always pleased to receive additional information following items in the Journal or the Newsletter. Chris Jordan summarises the responses received to an item in the December 1997 Newsletter.*

Firstly William Coldstream (1908 - 1987): Alan Ross records he 'was commissioned as a Camouflage Officer with the task of advising anti-aircraft units at Bristol and Bushey on the art of concealment.'<sup>1</sup> He had a distinguished career as artist and administrator, studied at the Slade, was a visiting teacher at the Camberwell School of Art & Crafts and became Professor at the Slade in 1949. His 1990 Tate retrospective catalogue notes that from 1942 and prior to his embarkation for North Africa in July 1943 as an official war artist, he was promoted to Captain and served at Anti-aircraft Command at Hartsbourne, Bushey Heath. Previously he was commissioned as a Camouflage Officer, 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers and had served with the 8th Anti-aircraft Division at Horfield Barracks, Bristol advising on artillery camouflage for South West England. Presumably he carried out similar duties in this area. No details of whether he lived in this locality have been forthcoming but by May 1943 he was living at Hampstead. Did he do any drawing or painting while he was here? He certainly exhibited at Oxford in 1941.

Secondly the Bushey anti-aircraft units: whether Coldstream experimented with his

ideas on camouflage with the nearby anti-aircraft sites in Bushey Heath has yet to be discovered. They may not have been present at the time of his posting here but were certainly within walking distance of his office at Hartsbourne.

Following the receipt of various pieces of information listed at the end of this article, Marian and I spent an interesting afternoon looking for evidence of the AA sites. Unfortunately no hard standings or other ground evidence appear to have survived. Certainly the slopes on the high ground of Bushey Heath offer a good field for protecting fire over Watford, Oxhey and Carpenders Park.

Mr Hughes recalls that during the midsummer of 1939 two Bofors guns were set up, one in the lower field of the two behind the Watford Corporation reservoir opposite the top of School Lane, the second near the Newt pond on Hillmead allotments above Bushey Police Station. There was a hut beside the hedge on Merry Hill Road. This area is now Merry Hill School playing field. The units were from the recently mechanised Yeomanry Royal Horse Artillery and were equipped with 'Morris Commercial' gun tugs. The Hemleys remember these men on their camouflage site. They apparently drank at the Queen's Arms when off duty. Also present were a City of London



*Westland Lysanders in formation. Aircraft of the same type were based at Elstree and were used for range-finding anti-aircraft guns on Bushey Heath.*

Courtesy: RAF Museum Hendon



Territorial group known as the 'Rough Riders'. They wore two-tone light and dark blue forage caps.

Mr Hughes recalls that on the site behind the reservoir he and a few other Ashfield School boys helped to fill the many sand bags that were then placed round the Bofors gun. The emplacement was painted with waterproof olive green distemper and everything hung with string netting. When the work was completed a staff car arrived with two officers, one of whom was Gubby Allen of cricketer fame. He expressed himself happy with everything and asked the boys if there was any ice-cream to be had. Mr Hughes spotted the late Bill Evans, at home for lunch. He was their Walls 'Stop-me-and-buy-one' man, and lived at the top of School Lane. He soon found eager hands to propel his trike down the two fields. Gubby Allen was delighted and paid for a round that cost him ten shillings. Both guns were withdrawn a few months after the declaration of war in September 1939. Presumably during this period of the so called 'Phoney War' the threat of air attack had receded or was felt to be met by other means.

Mrs Horne, now of Luton, recalls that there were four AA guns in the field behind the houses in Merry Hill Road just before Whomsoever Lane, which she knew as the Golf Drive. A soldier was usually on guard at the top of the Lane. This was probably the same site on which Mr Hughes says that, later in the war, there was a heavy Ack-Ack gun installed in the middle of the field with a tent erected close by. This gun remained for about eight weeks.

The crew had range finding exercises Monday to Friday. At 11 am daily a Westland Lysander aircraft would carry out various passes. At the end of this some light relief was enjoyed by the aircrew doing 'touch and goes' along the fairway of the golf course. Bryen Wood says that the Lysanders were based at Elstree from where they flew to drop agents into France. There was an AA site and searchlight in fields near the airfield. I have been unable to trace a photograph of a Lysander at Elstree but the RAF Museum have provided this superb photograph of a formation flight to give some idea of what they looked like. A Lysander has recently been restored to flying condition and can occasionally be seen at air displays. I understand that visitors to Bentley Priory used small communication aircraft, like the Piper Cub, to land on the golf course.

Prior to D-Day there were at least 100 Chevrolet 3 ton Army lorries parked in the former AA field.

If you know of any works by Coldstream done in Bushey or a photograph of a Lysander at Elstree, please let me know.

<sup>1</sup> Alan Ross. *Colours of War - War Art 1939-45*. Bushey Library 758.9

Thanks to Rosemary Marsh of the British Association of Friends of Museums and Pat Woollard for information on Coldstream; to Mrs M. Horne, Mr and Mrs J.P. Hemley, Mr R. Hughes and Bryen Wood for memories of AA sites and the Lysander.

## Have you visited the National Army Museum?

Chris Jordan has

I am constantly surprised (perhaps I should no longer be) at the things one finds connected with Bushey. One of the galleries at the National Army Museum, covering the period 1914-1968 and entitled 'From world war to cold war', has on display the fine Lucy Kemp-Welch poster produced to encourage recruitment during the First World War. Featuring an Infantryman's view of a cavalryman at full gallop towards him, it is interesting to speculate how many were inspired to respond to its call to 'Enlist Now'. The irony of this image is that as events were soon to show that, however stirring the sight, the use of cavalry was totally outmoded against big guns and in trench warfare. The museum were unable to supply a copy of this poster to go with this article but did provide the illustration depicted here. 'Forward the Guns', an oil on canvas 27 1/2" x 18", was completed by Lucy in 1916. This is a study (in their reserve collection and thus not at present on view) for a larger canvas exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1917.

In addition to the usual range of artefacts reflecting the joys, trials and humour of regimental life, the Museum has an impressive display of short videos and paintings of personalities and campaigns of past centuries which, whilst reflecting on the achievements, also recognises the hardships endured. One gallery deals with the role of women in the army.

The museum is in Chelsea, next door to the Royal Hospital. Take the Circle or District Line to Sloane Square. Entrance is free, but donations are welcomed. Allow a couple of hours to go round. Open every day 10 - 5:30. Telephone 020 7730 0717 for the programme of special exhibitions, weekend events and lunchtime talks.

Web site: [www.national-army-museum.ac.uk](http://www.national-army-museum.ac.uk).

*Ed's note. This article is based on a contribution submitted before Bushey Museum was able to purchase an original poster of 'Enlist Now' with money raised for the fund set up in memory of Charles Browne ARBS.*



'Forward the guns!' by Lucy Kemp-Welch.

### A Bushey Epitaph

The following epitaph was formerly in Bushey Churchyard, painted on a wooden rail. The rail has long since perished. The sentiment and the theology expressed are sadly out of harmony with the Christian Faith. The rail was erected in memory of Sarah Dewster.

"Here lies a woman who was always tired  
Who lived in a house, where help was not hired.  
Her last words on earth were; 'Dear friend I am going  
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping nor sewing  
But everything there is exact to my wishes.  
For where they don't eat, there's no washing up dishes.  
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,  
But having no voice, I'll get clear of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never.  
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.' "

Extracted from *Bushey Parish Magazine*, September 1923.

# The Women's Land Army 1939-1950: forgotten heroines

by Ernest Burdis

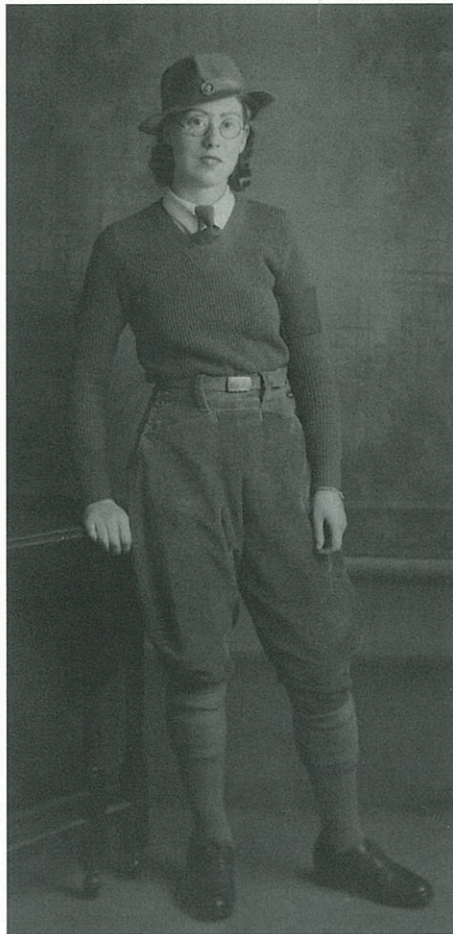
*The fiftieth anniversary of the disbandment of the Women's Land Army falls on the 30th November this year. Ernest Burdis has kindly allowed publication of an abridged version of his article, which first appeared in the Three Rivers Museum publication "Yesterday - Today". Molley Brain has added some personal memories and provided the illustrations.*

At the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, 70% of Britain's foodstuffs were imported. There were some 700,000 agricultural workers, many of whom would be called up into the armed forces. German U-boats were targeting cargo ships in the Atlantic and early in the war, in one month alone, 275 merchant ships were sunk. Against this background and the Government's requirement for 50,000 agricultural workers, the Women's Land Army was reborn on 1st June 1939. Reborn, because it had already been established during World War 1, when 23,000 women worked on the land. It came under the Women's Branch of the Ministry of Agriculture and set out to recruit young women between the ages of 17 1/2 and 40 years. This was met by prejudice from the farmers and trade unions and the Government's failure to counter negative publicity in the farming press - "Women are unsuitable for land work".

The first director was Lady Denman and she organised the Women's Land Army on county lines by appointing chairmen and establishing its headquarters at her grand home at Balcome Place, Sussex. By the end of 1939, some 17,000 volunteers had enrolled and 4,500 were placed in work. One criticism about the recruitment drive was that the posters urging enlistment were over-glamorized and did not show the real dirty and heavy work to be done. Britain's agricultural industry was run down and primitive. Fewer than 50% of farms had piped water and only 25% electricity.

The girls came from many and varied backgrounds, secretaries, hairdressers, factory workers, domestic servants etc., but rather than be conscripted into other services, they chose the outdoor life of the Land Army. Although at first many were shocked at the unexpected conditions they faced, they soon settled down and most were never to regret their choice, looking back now with happy memories.

All volunteers had to sign a 'Form of Undertaking' to promise to hold themselves available for service on the land for the period of the War and wherever they were required to work. The slogan "Stick to it" came to reflect the importance of the war effort in the fields.



*Molley in her uniform.*

By May 1940, 6,000 volunteers had been placed in the south of England; there was far less prejudice from farmers there than in the north. Consequently, many girls came from Lancashire and Yorkshire and particularly from cotton mills. A minimum wage of 28 shillings (£1.40 in today's coinage) for a 48 hour week was set with 8d (3p) per hour overtime. This rate was 10s (50p) below the male rate. 14 shillings were deducted for accommodation. As a comparison with the girls' former earnings, secretaries were paid about £4 per week in London and domestic servants 7s 6d per week. [These would be living-in posts Ed.]

At first uniform was in short supply, due to other services having first priority on materials, but at some stage girls received a free issue of mackintosh, overcoat, two fawn shirts, corduroy breeches, dungarees, green pullover, 3 pairs of fawn stockings, heavy brown shoes, gum boots, a brown felt hat, green armband with red royal crown on it and a badge. Girls who worked in harsher climates received a wind-cheater jumper! Volunteers had to give up 10 of their own clothing coupons each year.

After initial training, either at Agricultural College, Farm Institute or on a farm (not all girls received this), the work undertaken ranged from milking, milk rounds, fruit growing, market gardening, poultry farming, tractor driving, sheep farming, pigs, land

reclamation, forestry work, threshing, thatching, rat catching and ditching to general farm work including mucking out and muck spreading!

Volunteers lived in hostels (30/40 in each one) or were billeted on the farm or with private landladies. The first hostel in Hertfordshire was at Carpenders Park Farm in June 1940. By 1944, 696 hostels were set up with 22,000 volunteers. Accommodation and treatment varied from place to place and the wardens also had their own ideas about rules, discipline and welfare. Food was good, bad or indifferent and quantities not always generous. Beetroot was a common and regular ingredient in sandwiches taken to work for lunch.

Some accommodation was in Nissen huts with only one stove for heating and drying clothes. Lighting was by oil lamps, baths a luxury and difficulties with laundry part of everyday life. However, there was some fun and social life for those girls in better hostels in terms of parties and entertaining boy friends on site. Towns and villages also held regular dances and there was the cinema if you could get back before curfew or otherwise be locked out! If there was no bus, cycles were used, a hazardous journey in the dark because of blackout regulations.

Each county had a secretary; in Hertfordshire it was Mrs E Martin-Smith from Hitchin. She was responsible for general welfare, assisted by a local representative who was supposed to pay regular visits to the workplace to check on the girls' well-being. If complaints were serious enough the farmer could lose Land Girl help for the duration; e.g. sub-standard accommodation, inadequate food, overwork, non-payment of wages, sexual assault or other abuse. However well intentioned, regular visits did not always take place



*Molley with her horse, Nobby.*

Courtesy: Molley Brain

Courtesy: Molley Brain

and girls were sometimes badly treated on farms for long periods; some becoming ill and forced into hospital or to leave the Land Army.

In July 1942 the county minimum wage was set at 32 shillings (£1.60) per week for 48 hours. During this period it is revealing to note that farmers' incomes were rising rapidly. From 1939 to 1942 they rose by 207%. The Land Army minimum wage rose from 32s to 48s or by 50% over five years but 20s were deducted for accommodation.

In April 1940 the 'Land Girl' magazine was launched with a circulation of 21,000, price 3d per copy. It ran until the last issue in March, some 7 years later. The magazine was a very effective way of communicating with volunteers throughout England, Wales and Scotland, with reports from each county, news from HQ, tips on such things as making do and mend, spit and polish, care of hands, guidance on tractor driving, threshing and milk production, rallies and messages from Government Ministers of the day. Volunteers also had an opportunity to have their letters and poems published. The Land Army Song, which was published early in the war, cost 1d per copy. Here are the first two verses:-

*"Back to the land, we all must lend a hand  
To the farms and the fields we must go.  
There's a job to be done though we can't fire a gun  
We can still do our bit with a hoe.  
When your muscles are strong you will soon get along.  
We are all needed now so we must speed the plough  
So come with us - back to the land!"*

A special section of the Land Army called the Timber Corps was formed in 1942. At that time 90% of Britain's timber was imported. 6,000 volunteers were recruited. Between 1941-6 almost a third of Britain's trees were felled. Every volunteer saved 50 tons of shipping each year. Timber provided pit props, telegraph poles, ship masts, newsprint etc.

Apart from the hard work and some fun, the girls found time to raise funds for the 'Spitfire' appeal. In September 1941 the first £1,000 was raised (Spitfires cost £5,000). By the summer of 1942 £35,000 had been raised and in January 1943 a Typhoon Fighter was commissioned and called 'Land Girl'. The money had been raised through such things as dances, socials, jumble sales and raffles.

Exhaustive efforts were made by Lady Denman to improve the conditions of service

for the girls as it was clear that they were unfairly treated compared to the other services. King George VI said later to Lady Denman that "We thought that the Land Girls were not well treated". Winston Churchill and the Cabinet continually refused to make any concessions on war gratuities and a disappointed and frustrated Lady Denman resigned her position as director in June 1945.

Altogether 200,000 volunteers served for varying periods in the Land Army. The peak was reached in 1943 at 83,000 in work. The number of members from Hertfordshire rose from 47 in 1939 to a peak of 650 in 1943. On the other hand, the number of country-wide volunteers working in Hertfordshire reached a high of 2,162 also in 1943.

Little has been said about accidents which occurred amongst Land Army Girls; some fatal, others disabling with long-term effects. It seemed that any publicity was discouraged and compensation was hardly considered or felt necessary. Girls were exposed to real danger in some parts of the country. During the summer of 1940 and the Battle of Britain, girls worked in the fields during dogfights overhead in the triangle between Romney Marsh and Dover known as 'Bomb Alley'. Casualties amongst Land Army Girls were thankfully few.

From November 1945, the Government allowed those who wished to stand down, but it was soon realised that 30,000 new volunteers were required. Some men from the armed forces never returned to the land either by choice or because they had become casualties and prisoners-of-war in this country were being repatriated. The Women's Land Army was to be needed until at least 1948. The Land Army took part in the Victory Parade in July 1946. On 30th November 1950, the Land Army disbanded after 11 glorious years and the girls marched to Buckingham Palace for the King's inspection and expression of the nation's gratitude.

but he could never be prevailed on to make a will, in the weak, though not uncommon, persuasion, that the distance between making his will and his mortal dissolution must be small.

Mr Wild was buried at Bushey on 1st January; and the company returning were attacked by a highwayman, who fired into a chaise fortunately without doing mischief;

**RED CROSS AGRICULTURAL FUND**  
**LAND ARMY GARDEN FETE & SHOW**

at  
**COVENT HOUSE - TURNFORD**  
on  
**SATURDAY September 9<sup>th</sup> 1944.**

To be opened at 2-30 pm. by *M<sup>rs</sup> J.P. Rodford*

Flower & Vegetable Show	Side Shows
Decorated Bicycle & Pram Parade	
Sale of Work - Toys etc.	

ADMISSION BY TICKET	ON THE DAY
Adults 6 <sup>d</sup>	Adults 1/-
Children 3 <sup>d</sup>	Children 6 <sup>d</sup>

*All entries must reach the Hon. Secretary, Miss P. Galloway at Covent House, Turnford, not later than Monday 4<sup>th</sup> September.*

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*Don't forget* **THE DANCE**  
*in the evening at*  
**IRON HALL WORMLEY**  
Commence at 8 pm.

**JAY DIMMOCK'S BAND**

Admission by Ticket 2/-  
Forces 1/6

M.C. Miss Molly Clarke, W.L.A.

*The cause deserves your support*

Raising funds for the Red Cross.

*Molloy Braine (nee Clarke) adds:*

As far as I know there were only three girls from Bushey who joined the Women's Land Army, my friend Joyce Tobia, Gladys Spanswick and myself. We were all stationed in Hertfordshire. I was first sent to Rochford's Nursery in Turnford near Broxbourne to a hostel with girls from all over London. There were about thirty of us working mostly in the glass houses, growing tomatoes, cucumbers and lettuces. I also worked on a farm near Chipperfield and finished my (almost) four years service at Markyate working on many farms in that area.

After the war was over, the Queen Mother became our patron and reunions were held at the Royal Albert Hall and some years later moved to Birmingham. On the day that the Queen celebrated her Golden Wedding, she awarded the Defence Medal to all who had worked in the Women's Land Army. I am very proud to have helped to feed my country during the war years.

### From The Gentleman's Magazine December 1793

26 December 1793. Found drowned in a ditch, near the Bell, at Bushey, Hertfordshire, Mr John Wild of the Axe and Gate, Downing Street; the oldest publican in Westminster, and, perhaps the tallest, as he was six feet three inches high. He had been a yeoman of the guards, and kept the Axe and Gate upwards of forty years. His circumstances were affluent;

and, being immediately pursued by the postilion on one of the horses, was taken on the Edgware road near Kilburn, but not before he had twice fired at his pursuers; after which he was knocked down, and carried before Mr Addington at Bow Street, where it appeared he was the son of a gentleman of independent property in Ireland, of the name of Hawkins.

# Bushey Museum's Education Services

The Museum's Education Officer, **Marion Gee**, reports on the Museum's education services

Sir Hubert von Herkomer would no doubt look down on the Museum with delight and approval if he saw children sketching artefacts, describing paintings, investigating and experimenting in a variety of media; always absorbed and committed to their work. Or he might see older school students working in the field sketching local buildings and then finish-

minibus, coach and on foot. The range of activities they have engaged in has been wide, often using the exhibitions, both temporary and permanent, as a focus for their work. Classes of pupils are also seen in the environs using the village and/or churchyard trails. Much of this work is closely related to the National Curriculum in Art and History. However Drama, using role play and complete with costumes, also features in the work with children.

From August 1999, the work for children was extended to provide Holiday Activities for children from 7 to 11 years at the end of the summer holidays and each half-term. In the first year of operating, over 80 children have attended, some having been to all the sessions. Necessarily these are more informal than the school

sessions, nevertheless the activities have educational value as well as being fun.

Providing a window on this aspect of the Museum's work are the changing displays of photographs and art work in the entrance hall to the Museum. As this is also Hertsmere's local office, they reach a wide audience.

One Education Officer offered to help formalize this aspect of the Museum's work some years ago, she was followed by a second and now a team of volunteers runs this growing programme of activities.

For the future, we hope to be successful



*You're never too old to learn!*

Photo: Anne Blessley

in a bid to obtain a grant from one of the charities offering awards to museums and galleries for educational work; this will allow us to develop our work further. We also need to ensure that we are providing what schools will find most helpful, within the limits of our Museum, which has been successful hitherto in reaching and educating our younger public.

## And two final snippets provided by Anne Blessley

One of the village women who sat for Herkomer's students recounted in later years that she had rosy cheeks and, if a wan looking model was required, she would be given something to drink which made her feel sick and then she would turn white. She didn't know what the constituents of the drink were. Presumably they had the correct dose of the 'something' worked out or they might have found themselves without a model, temporarily or permanently. Nevertheless the model spoke very highly of Herkomer!

What would the Health and Safety people say?

No village girl would pose in the nude for life classes at the Herkomer Art School and so models had to be brought from London. The locals viewed them as 'scarlet women' and were amazed that, when they actually spoke with them, they were very pleasant and normal.

This Journal is published by the **Friends of Bushey Museum**.  
 Edited by Janet Murphy.  
 Layout and design by Andrew Gunton.  
 November 2000 © Bushey Museum 2000



*A shoe cleaning session supervised by the maid (June Wood) and the butler (Martin Watson).*

ing their work in the studio. The picture is a true one, for this is part of the educational work at the Museum for children from 3-4 years old to Upper Sixth students. Whether or not this work will lead students to further study is a matter of speculation, but this aspect of the work of the Museum is a critical one to which we are all committed.

Since this part of the Museum's work with school pupils and students started, many classes of pupils, mainly 7 to 11 years old, from state schools and private schools, both local and further afield, have arrived by



*Monica Law oversees an ironing session - pressing with a cold iron requires extra skill and concentration!*

Photo: Anne Blessley

Photo: Anne Blessley