

# The Journal of the Friends of Bushey Museum

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**FRIENDS OF  
BUSHEY  
MUSEUM**



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**W**elcome to the latest edition of the Friends of Bushey Museum *Journal*.

Some of you may know that I now live in Derbyshire but there are reminders of my time in Bushey around me. When looking at a title map for the area I found that the field, which was once on the other side of the hedge at the bottom of my garden, was called Bushey Field – now it is part of a housing estate! I recently had a tour of Smedley's Hydro in Matlock. In its heyday it had more than 260 bedrooms catering for people attracted by the health benefits promised by water cures and treatments. Like Bushey Hall, which later became a hydropathic establishment, it was requisitioned by the War Department during the Second World War. It was used by the Military School of Intelligence, which included Dirk Bogarde amongst its trainees. Fortunately it was left in a rather better state than Bushey Hall

and in 1956 it became the administrative headquarters of Derbyshire County Council. Finally, I came across an advertisement in the Derby Mercury for October 1864 offering Alderney and Guernsey cows for sale at Derby. They had been personally selected by Mr P H Fowler of Carey Place, Watford. Do you remember the article in the *Journal* for Winter 2005/6 about Michael Fowler and the Jersey cows?

Sadly Bryen Wood died during the preparation of this issue of the *Journal*. I am grateful for all the support Bryen gave me as editor of the *Journal* and as author of *Bushey in 1900* and *Bushey during the Great War*. My thanks go to Audrey Adams for selecting the photographs, 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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# The Shackleton Family in Bushey

## The second part of the story

Dr Desna Greenhow

My grandparents, William Webb Shackleton and his wife Eileen, lived in Grove House in Bushey High Street from their marriage in 1897 until his death in 1935. Eileen had lived there since she was a child. Their children, Pat and Peggy, had a happy and secure childhood in spite of the First World War. At its outbreak the family was on holiday in France, except for their father, a busy doctor, who was to follow at the weekend. He received a postcard from his wife saying:

*There is a war-scare here. The bank will not take Beresford's gold, and we cannot even get milk for the children. Do come over on Saturday.*

When English newspapers arrived on the dockside bringing the news that Britain had sent an ultimatum to Germany, the French suddenly rallied round the poor, stranded, English holiday-makers, offering them hospitality and help. A packet boat was sent over to rescue them, and Peggy still remembers well-wishers cheering them from the quay-side. When they arrived in Newhaven a tug, with a megaphone, greeted the ship with the news that Britain had declared war on Germany. That autumn troops from the British

Expeditionary Force marched daily past Grove House on their way to France, and Pat and Peggy kept a barrel of apples for them to take as they went by.

At about this time the Wheelwright family moved into three of the new houses in Chiltern Avenue. 'Uncle Rowley' Wheelwright was a successful painter who had studied at the Herkomer School, and who then assisted Lucy Kemp-Welch when she took over art teaching in Bushey. He is remembered specially for his illustrations to children's and other books, including an early edition of *Black Beauty*, which sold copies over a twenty-five year period. He was a very skilful painter of horses. Rowland's brother Talbot married Amy Benskin, who was to become a chess champion playing for England, but in the war years she ran a small school, teaching her step-children, and also Peggy Shackleton. The two families became close friends. Later one of the four Wheelwright children, Dorothy, was sent to school at St Margaret's. Her great friend was Eileen Crofts who was later to be my mother. The youngest of a large family Eileen's father, a clergyman, had died when she was a baby. Her mother was left with five orphans to bring up.

Bushey, changing from an agricultural village into a suburb, seems to have been

a whirl of social activity for the young in the early twenties, with parties, dances, and plenty of tennis. Peggy stayed at home for a while, but then worked in an architects' office in London.

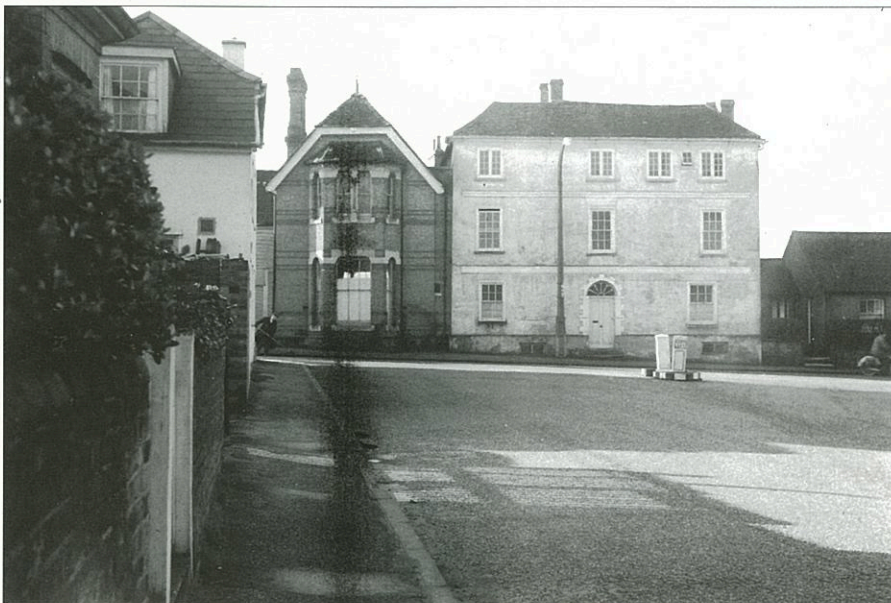
Pat went to Cambridge to study medicine like his father, and became smitten with Eileen Crofts. He spent the next ten years trying to persuade her to marry him, and eventually his determination won through. He became a doctor, joined his father's Bushey practice, and at last, persuaded Eileen to marry him in February 1931. The following December, I was born in Mardale nursing home in Watford.

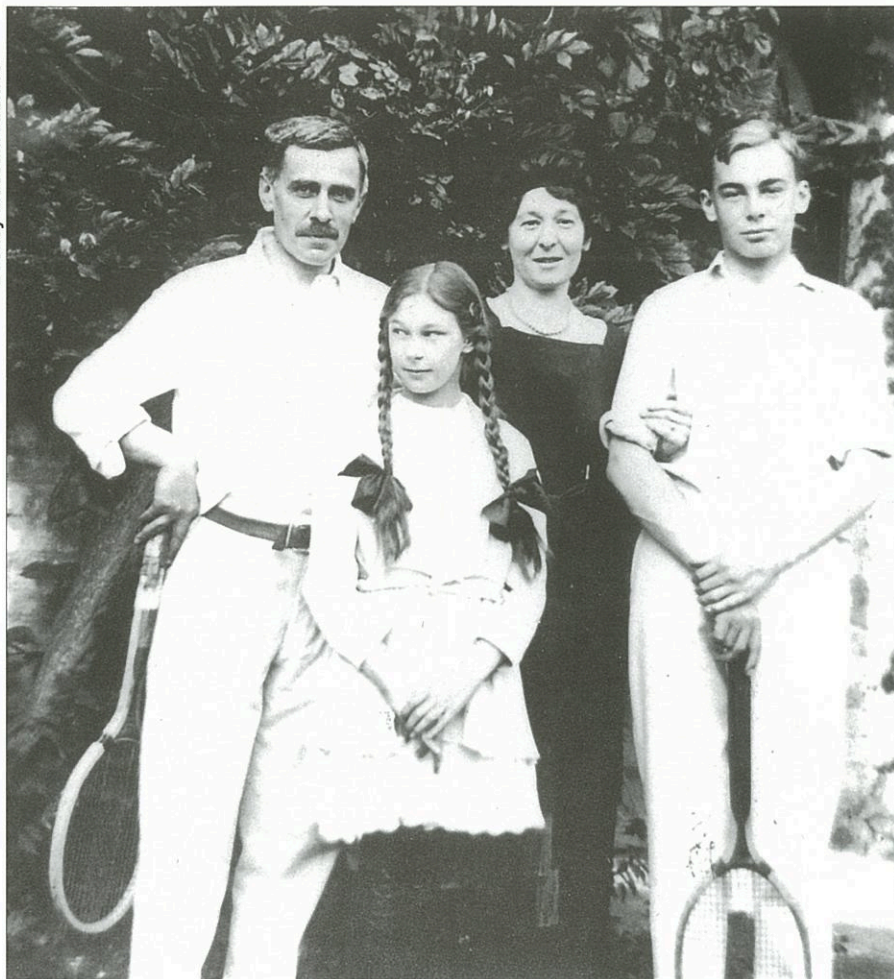
Dorothy Wheelwright became my godmother. She had married a naval officer and was both a pilot, in the Amy Johnson style, and a brilliant miniaturist. She was a great heroine of mine although, when I was about three years old and my parents and I were taken up in an aeroplane by Dorothy, as a great treat for me, I was completely terrified, and screamed my head off, and Dorothy had to land the plane to let me off. I remember seeing her in the pilot's seat in her leather helmet, and also that the plane was made of canvas, which flapped backwards and forwards in the wind.

In 1935 my grandfather died, and our family moved into Grove House from Chiltern Avenue. I was an only child but very happy to have the Grove House garden as my playground, and dear Albert Andrews as my confidant, with his lovely earthy-smelling potting shed and his stories of my family. He had been a chauffeur in my grandfather's new De Dion Bouton in 1913, and then remained our gardener for about forty years.

The first school I went to was held in the barn between Grove House and the church where Miss Ingleson ran a kindergarten. When in 2000 aunt Peggy, my son Denys (also a doctor) and I paid a visit to Bushey Museum Grant Longman remembered that he and I had been at that school at the same time. In 1935 we all saw the Jubilee arch going up. It was built up against Grove House on one side, and was all very exciting. I still have a cardboard crown with 'GR' on it, rescued after the

Grove House facing on to the High Street and viewed from Falconer Road.





Dr William Webb Shackleton, Peggy, Mrs Eileen and Pat Shackleton.

celebrations were over.

'Aunt' Elsa was an important figure in our lives. An old friend of my grandmother she was Herkomer's daughter by his first wife. She owned a villa in the South of France, and, when Peggy was twenty-five, a remarkable conversation took place in Grove House garden. Peggy wrote about it in her book of memoirs, *Sow the Wind*, written when she was ninety-seven:

My mother told me that Aunt Elsa was in the garden and that the last Lady Herkomer, her second step-mother (the 'wicked' one), had died and was being buried in the churchyard just over the hedge from our garden. She stressed that Aunt Elsa was particularly anxious to see me as soon as possible, so, with a certain amount of trepidation, down the garden path I went. And there she was looking very pensive and walking slowly up and down the path that ran parallel to the churchyard next door.

'Here you are,' she began: *'This is a solemn occasion in my life. You know that my step-mother Lady Herkomer has died and is being buried at this moment?'* To which I assented. 'Well,' she went on: *'I owe her nothing and do not wish to be present, but I like to think my own thoughts*

*in the peace of this garden.'* This I understood. *'Now you know that your mother was the nearest I ever had to a sister and that due to your grandmother's kindness my brother and I grew up - otherwise we would have starved'*. This I pondered about. *'That being so,'* she went on: *'I wish, after Uncle Charles's death, that you should be my heir.'* I was flummoxed. *'Now my reason is this - your mother and I are of similar age so that we may die at about the same time - double death duties would impoverish any legacy I leave. You will never let your mother starve, that is for sure. So you will treat your mother as the owner of my villa until her death and after that it will be for you and your husband, if you have one, to enjoy'*.

Peggy was married in 1936 to Lieutenant Tom Larken, also a Bushey boy, and I was her bridesmaid in Greenwich Naval College (I was disappointed that being a bridesmaid did not mean that you went away with the bride and bridegroom after the wedding!) Unfortunately the Second World War intervened to prevent Peg and Tom enjoying Elsa's villa in the South of France. It was eventually pulled down when the Nice race-course was built.

At home in Bushey Lou and Ede Kemp-Welch were our close friends, and I often visited Miss Dack, who had her little shop selling most things next door to them. Miss Dack used to play educational games with my father and Peggy in the Grove House garden when they were children. One day my father it seems came in for lunch but there was no sign of Miss Dack. 'Where is she?' asked his mother. 'Oh' he replied airily: *'Miss Dack's in a tree. She's Pallas Athene, and she can't get down.'* There were exclamations and everyone dashed to the garden to rescue her!

While Lou spent nearly all her time on her work Ede Kemp-Welch looked after the domestic side of their lives in Kingsley in the High Street. She kept up her habit of arriving early in the morning at Grove House with a bunch of flowers for my mother or grandmother. In my grandparents' day they often both used to call late in the evenings. It was a very hospitable house, but my grandfather was usually tired after a long day's work and it became known that when he offered the Kemp-Welch sisters an apple it was time to go home! Ede was a good painter, but regarded Lou as much more talented. I have fine miniatures by her of my grandparents, painted when they were young. Another artistic family who were friends of my grandparents were the Gabains, and this fine etching by Ethel Gabain has come down to me.

In the mid-thirties the Kemp-Welchs' friend Miss Frobisher taught art in Bushey. My father's Irish cousin, Kitty Shackleton, was one of her students. She lived with us in Grove House, and kept a pony and donkey nearby, as she too was an animal-painter. She would lead them through the village on her way to work while I rode one of them, to my great happiness. She later became a well-established painter of horses and dogs, coming over from Ireland each autumn for a round of painting portraits in stately homes. We became knowledgeable about how comfortable the visitors' wings were in many of the great houses.

Until the war came, I spent my pocket-money at Mrs Middleton's toy shop on the corner of Falconer Road. I had a penny a week for every year of my life. It amounted to 7d when we left Bushey in 1939.

My father wanted to join up, but was instead sent to Hampshire with the Emergency Medical Service, to work with Sir Harold Gillies in his plastic surgery unit. Grove House was requisitioned by the army, and a bomb shattered all the glass in the barn, and much of our furni-



Two views of Grove House: (top) looking up the High Street from Watford and (lower) looking down the High Street towards Watford. Both these photographs were taken around 1964.

ture and many possessions were stolen. I was always sad that the Victorian rocking-horse which dated from my grandmother's childhood went with the rest. It was a wonderful fiery steed for three generations of children and for all that time lived in the Grove House nursery on the polished, green linoleum floor. When the bomb fell, Mitzie Larken, my Aunt Peg's mother-in-law, was blown across her sitting-room in Haconby Cottage on the High Street. She landed in her front doorway, breaking both wrists as she tried to hold onto the door. Then she went straight away to see if Miss Dack was all right. She found that Miss Dack had swept up the glass up off the floor of her shop and had gone back to bed.

After the war, when I came to St Margaret's as a boarder, Miss Dack was still in the High Street, and Mrs Larken

was still living in Haconby Cottage. Grove House, however, was sold, and was pulled down when the new owner re-sold it to a developer.

Not long ago I visited the churchyard where my great-grandparents, grandparents, great-aunt, and two young cousins are buried. Looking over the fence into what used to be the corner of Grove House garden I discovered that the old yew tree was still there. It had been a tree-house to Eileen and Beresford, Pat and Peggy, and my friend Michael Dixon and me. I hope it is a tree-house still, to another generation of Bushey children.

#### Notes

1. The third member of the Wheelwright family was John Sylvester Wheelwright who served with distinction in the First World War.

*Over the years Bryen Wood had a number of interviews with John Pilgrim of Three Counties Radio. Some of them were recorded and Margaret Sibley has recently made a transcript of one of them. Although it concerned Watford, it was about a Bushey boy's perceptions of Watford when he was young.*

*JP: ... talk about Benskin's Brewery.*

*BW: I did work there. When I left school at seventeen, with a place at university, I had quite a long time to kill before I could take up that place and so I looked around for a job, and I got one at Benskin's Brewery, and I must say that in the few months worked there I learnt more about life as it lived with a capital L than I did in the seventeen years I'd had so far. It was a different world: it was a nineteenth century survival in many respects. The railway ran into the brewery, which people forget, and if you go to Watford Museum now, and look in the shrubbery behind it, you can still see pieces of the railway siding there. And the men there were a breed apart. They still brewed small beer for the workers, and they were allowed either one or two quarts a day, and there was a special drinking shed, where there were rough benches and forms, and the men took a break fairly frequently to go down there, and have a pint of small beer. Small beer would be a brew to a lower strength: it's about 2-3 per cent instead of the usual 4 per cent or so. I didn't like beer before I went to Benskin's, but was more or less forced by pressure of the people there to drink it, and soon did in fact get to like it. I learned a lot of skills that one would never otherwise have obtained like being able to roll a hogshead full of fifty-six gallons round the yard, across the cobbled yard, and, once you got it moving, if you got in the way of it, it would kill you. It was a tremendous weight of course. Coopering still went on. All the barrels were oak casks and of various different sizes. I'm trying to remember the names of them, pins, tons, hogsheads and... The coopers were amazingly skilled: it was a joy to watch them, but my job was a yard-man, which meant shifting crates and barrels around the place, and every so often I was asked to go into the bottling plant which I dreaded because that was the only place where, apart from the accounts office, [where] there were women in the brewery, and they ran the bottling plant. — a small group of ladies, from perhaps one of the rougher parts of town, and a seventeen-year-old innocent grammar schoolboy turning up there was a joy to them, but not to me and I certainly lost my trousers - I'm sorry to say - on one or two*

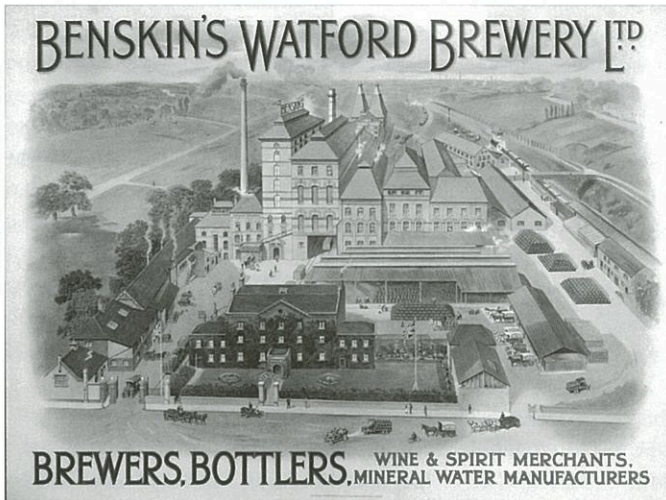
# A Bushey boy at Benskin's

## Bryen Wood

occasions amid shrieks of laughter. A lot of the men really enjoyed their work because of the by-product of it and they spent much of their time pickled. It was interesting to see them direct a lorry back to the loading bay because the driver would be backing and leaning out and the man on the platform

of the accounts people were very elderly and wore wing-collars, and the men in the yard wore flat caps and mufflers; it was the delineation which elsewhere had disappeared substantially. The other thing one remembers about the brewery is the smell of the malting, of the malt; it was the distinctive smell of Watford as you came up the High Street from the Arches

Tilbury and then on to ships that would go to the northern ports of Russia for shipment down to St. Petersburg because the Russians had a good taste for stout and had not mastered how to brew it - and of course there was IPA, India Pale Ale, which was specially brewed for the forces in India, it was a lighter beer which suited that particular climate - so there was a substantial export trade.



*JP: I remember it well actually - yes - you're quite right.*

BW: And again one got to like it, one got used to it, and in fact I particularly remember the smell of the malting as one went past Benskin's, and then that lovely smell of coffee as one went

would be saying: 'Come on, come on' Crash. And he'd say: 'Whoaaaah' We also worked in the cellars, which were enormous, a rabbit warren of tunnels and arches, underneath the brewery, where we stacked crates in various different orders, and found the hiding places, where we go and sit and sample the brew. Cold Springs is the thing I particularly remember and its the first time I got drunk in my life because Cold Springs was a barley wine and they only brewed it very occasionally particularly when the customs man, who had the responsibility for checking the brews, was off for the day, and it was about a 9 per cent dark treacly beer which we sampled and I didn't realise how strong it was.

*JP: A bit like the Old Peculiar maybe.*

BW: It was very much of that sort. I've got to like the stuff since then, but this was my baptismal for it.

*JP: Fantastic! How many people actually worked in the factory there — the brewery I should say.*

BW: I can't really remember that - it must have been fifty or sixty I suppose; and some

past the coffee shop, the coffee emporium in the middle of the High Street, and then the smell of the abattoir and the cattle market behind what was the old Post Office. Because I am old enough [I] remember when the cattle and sheep arrived at Watford Junction, and were driven by a drover down Clarendon Road into the Market Place and down Market Street and into the market. I can remember the occasions, which we always looked forward to, [when] one of the animals got loose and charged off down the High Street pursued by a policeman and a drover and was then eventually herded back into Market Street.

*JP: Absolutely fascinating! Going back to Benskin's, presumably the barrels were transported all around the country were they?*

BW They were. Benskin's had quite a wide constituency - if that's the right word for a brewery. They had pubs all over Hertfordshire and North London and in fact at one time they had a substantial export trade. I understand their Imperial Stout was shipped up to Lady Capel wharf on the Grand Union and then taken down by narrow boat to Brentford, off-loaded to go to

*JP: Of course IPA is now brewed by Greene King.*

BW: It's a form of beer which a number of breweries do brew - that's right.

*JP: Wonderful. Now you say about the smell of coffee in Watford. I remember the coffee. I remember the smell of the brewery: it brings back so many wonderful memories. I'm sure a lot of the listeners are thinking gosh that's Watford.*

BW: Yes, I'd like to hear more about peoples memories myself of that time when Market Place was still a market place, when Cawdell's was there, and there was an arcade down the side of Cawdell's, which I thought was quite exotic — to see all these shop windows with the fashions in, under a glass roof, and then one went into the market and there was Grillo's ice cream - Cerasales - probably should have been Cerasalés, but we pronounced it Cerasale's as far as I can remember and that was real ice cream.

*JP: There was another shop near Cawdell's. I remember getting my school uniform from there — Isaac Walton was it?*

BW Isaac Walton — that's right. It had the concession for the Grammar School for one's uniform. I don't know whether the headmaster got any commission from the sales but you couldn't get the uniform anywhere else that I can remember because the badge came as part of the blazer, but the caps one did buy from Mr. Jones the school secretary. I seem to remember buying the caps at the school but the blazers had to come from Isaac Walton's -another old establishment.

*JP: Fond memories of Watford.*

# Bushey Hall

## Janet Murphy

Edward Marjoribanks (1735-1815), of Lees near Coldstream in Scotland, had five sons, John, Campbell, Stewart, Edward and James. Three of them, Campbell (1769-1840), Stewart (1774-1863) and Edward (1776-1868), directly concern the story of Bushey Hall.

Campbell became a Director of the East India Company; three times becoming chairman. Stewart was also a business man; he was a director of companies as diverse as Guardian Life and Fire, United Mexican Mining Association and the New Zealand Company. The latter was founded to encourage migration to New Zealand; Marjoribanks Street in Wellington was named after him. He was also a benefactor, purchasing the land upon which the almshouses in Watford were built, and endowing £3000 to the British School in Bushey. He was the tenant of Laurel Lodge, later Sparrows Herne Hall, in 1833. By 1841 he and his brother Campbell had purchased the Bushey Grove Estate and Stewart was living in Bushey Grove House which stood where the Leisure Centre now stands.

Edward of Lees was connected by marriage to Thomas Coutts, the founder of Coutts Bank. His son Edward became a director of Coutts Bank, which had branches in Edinburgh and London, from 1796 until his death. As a result he spent much of his time in London and purchased Greenlands, now the home of Henley Management College. He was an extremely wealthy man leaving a personal estate of £600,000 when he died, having already made substantial provision for various members of his family. He had three sons, Coutts (died aged 20), Edward jnr and Dudley. The youngest Edward had three daughters and three sons, a fourth daughter dying when she was a year old.

Neither Stewart nor Campbell had any children and, when Stewart died in 1863, he left his estates and property, whether in this country or Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), to his nephews, Edward and Dudley, as joint tenants. However it

appears to have been already decided that Edward should take over the Bushey Grove Estate as Stewart left him:

*all my books, plate, glass, pictures, prints, household furniture and fixtures, wine, liquors and removable stores, farming and gardening implements, live and dead farming stock growing crops and other effects which at the time of my decease be in or appropriated to my house farm and gardens at Bushey Grove including my herd of pure bred short horn cattle but it is my wish that my said nephew Edward Marjoribanks should sell the herd within two years of my death.*

The estate consisted of Bushey Grove House and two farms, the Home (or Bushey Grove) Farm and Bushey Hall Farm. The Return of The Owners of Land in 1873 showed that the estate covered 801 acres, and was worth £206,410. The boundary ran behind the properties on Chalk Hill from Aldenham Road to the railway embankment; along the railway to the Colne Bridge; along the river to Bushey Mill Bridge; then parallel to the river as far as Otterspool Way which it followed to the line of the modern Aldenham Road; along the road to Grove Lane (now Finch Lane); along Grove Lane to the boundary with the Manor Estate; along the estate boundary to Chalk Hill and back to Aldenham Road; apart from small pieces of land owned by Revd. Clutterbuck and the Colne Valley Water Company. The railway must have cut across the corner of the original estate as there were also two small plots of land in Watford. At that time Bushey covered 3188 acres so Stewart Marjoribanks had owned over one quarter of Bushey. With the arrival of the railway in Watford the estate, which was close to the Bushey and Watford Junction stations, was ripe for development, and could only increase in value.

In addition to the bequest to Edward Stewart left £2,000 to Edward's wife Marion:

*for her own separate use in order that the same may be appropriated by*

*her for the ... and improvement of the house and grounds at Bushey Grove in any way that she might think proper.*

Edward immediately set about demolishing the house, and replacing it with a large mansion. He retained the cellars, which were full of wine. The stock was probably quite valuable as Edward of Lees had made his living as a wine merchant in Bordeaux. When the cellars were re-opened after the Hall was finished the wine had gone, which must have upset Edward somewhat!

When completed the Hall was described as:

*A most tasteful and substantial Elizabethan building with red brick with stone dressings, built at a very large outlay and finished and decorated in the most costly manner.*

The main part of the building was rectangular in shape, with its axis roughly NNE to SSW. Entrance was by the main door in the centre of the west front. The entrance hall (26ft 6in x 18ft) led to the grand corridor (120ft x 10ft) which ran along the axis of the building. The doors in the northern end led to the gardens; at the southern end they led to the servants' quarters. Turning left into the corridor, the first room was the ladies' morning room. No expense was spared on the decoration and fittings. Perhaps the most elaborate room was the library which came next:

*The Library (extreme length 35ft 8in x 20ft 2in) occupies the North West Angle, with bayed windows on each side, which command charming Views. It is a unique apartment, entered by folding doors and having a handsome statuary marble chimney piece with rouge royal pilasters, the frieze inlaid with five choice Wedgwood plaques and ormolu enrichments; antique stove with highly polished and damascened steel front; the light and elegantly tinted ceiling divided into compartments with gold mouldings. The plate glass windows are all double, the inside sashes and frames being of polished*

*oak. The internal fittings of richly coloured Spanish mahogany, having fluted pilasters inlaid with brass and ormolu mountings, with several panels of brilliant silvered plate glass, each 9ft 9in high, the one opposite the fire-place being 4ft 6in wide; the lower part of the Library, forming a plinth, is fitted with lockers and the upper part with shifting book shelves.*

On the opposite side of the corridor was the summer drawing-room with three bay windows linked by sliding doors to the winter drawing-room. On the opposite side of the grand staircase was the billiard room and state dining-room.

The grand staircase led to the first floor with a gallery lit by two domed skylights. Opening off the gallery were ten principal bedchambers and four dressing-rooms, these were 12ft high. On the second floor there were a further five bedrooms and two dressing-rooms. A separate staircase from the ground floor led to the schoolroom and two adjacent bedrooms. And then there were the servants' quarters. At the time of the 1871 census there were fourteen servants living in the Hall.

Were the double plate glass windows an early form of secondary glazing? Certainly there were modern touches, the domed skylights in the gallery were 'fitted with appliances for regulating the ventilation' and there were several water closets, but only one bath, enclosed in a mahogany case and cover, and with hot and cold water supply. The gas supply came from the gasworks on Bushey Grove Farm, and water from a well also on the farm.

There is no way of knowing how much the building cost; however in his will Edward senior left him £50,000, noting that 'several money payments and disbursements of various kinds of considerable value have already been made by me.' When The Hall was sold the bookcases and glasses and fittings of the library were valued at £3000. As well as the cost of the building there was the expenditure on the fixtures and fittings. The laying out and stocking of the gardens was an additional expense. A description of the gardens was given in last year's issue of the *Journal*.

Although Edward had inherited a directorship in Coutts Bank he does not appear to have had the financial acumen of the members of the previous generation. Money problems were never far away; he had already lost money through unwise investments. He also referred to the Hall as this 'horrible house'.

Appearances had to be kept up and, when his daughter Georgiana married in 1872, the road to the church was decorated with three triumphal arches. Apart from the expenses of the wedding itself, there was a ball for the servants in the evening to which tradesmen of Watford were invited and two hundred boys from the British School were treated to a dinner of roast and boiled meat.

By 1876 the creditors were closing in and the whole estate was put up for sale. Selling the property was not easy. The *Watford Observer* of 18 March 1876 reported that the estate had not been sold when offered for sale the previous Tuesday. Initially it was offered as a whole for sale by private treaty. Having failed to find a buyer, it was again offered for sale by private treaty, this time as four lots; the Hall and parkland; the Home Farm; Bushey Hall Farm; and 35 acres of pasture and arable land suitable for building purposes. Again there was no sale. On 3 October 1877 there was an auction sale of all the live and dead farming stock of Bushey Grove Farm - possibly there was a realisation that the land might be more valuable if sold for development. The estate was offered for sale by auction on 30 October 1877 as nine lots, and again on

28 March 1878 as twenty lots. This time it was stated that, even if the Hall did not find a buyer, all the rest of the lots would be sold. This last sale was followed by a public auction of the contents of the Hall which included:

*all the most excellent modern furniture, chiefly supplied by Wright and Mansfield, and many important fine old decorative pieces of furniture, also bronzes, marbles, Venetian glasses and chandeliers, paintings, china, &c and the garden plants and tools over a period of six days.*

It is also interesting to note that in the first sale catalogue the description of the house is of prime importance, by the last catalogue it merited just half a page and two floor plans in the middle of the catalogue.

Sale of the house had taken two years. The valuable estate which Edward had inherited had been broken up and many of the items inherited from Stewart sold. Edward died in 1879 leaving a personal estate of under £50. Of his three sons Edward died aged 32, George inherited the banking ability which had missed a generation and rose to the top of Coutts Bank. He also inherited all the estates vested in Edward as trustee or mortgagee. Dudley became an engineer.

By 1883 the Hall had become a hydrotherapeutic establishment and later it became Bushey Hall Hotel. During the Second World War it was requisitioned by the armed services. In 1955 it was demolished as there was no further need for this by now very dilapidated building.

**Bushey Hall during its heyday.**



Bushey Museum Archive

# Bushey 'Darby and Joan' club

## Molley Brain

*Molley Brain has been researching the archives of the St James' Senior Citizens' Club, and has found a record of its origin as the Bushey Darby and Joan Club. The Fire Station Recreation Room mentioned in the first paragraph is now the Kemp-Welch Gallery in Bushey Museum. The account is signed by Dorothy Storey, the first secretary*

Councillor Goddard having approached the Fire Brigade Officer, and receiving consent for the free use of the Fire Station Recreation Room, the Secretary, with the help of Mrs Partington (Bushey Community Association), went into action on the 24 October 1949 to start a Club.

Twenty-four cups, saucers and plates, twelve teaspoons, a milk jug and an enamel teapot were purchased for £3 10s. A set of darts, costing 4s 3d and Whist Drive Cards, value 1s were also bought.

The Food Office was approached for a catering licence and a permit authorising the purchase of 2oz of tea, 4oz of margarine, 10oz of sugar and four pints of milk was granted, this being the permitted quantity for twenty-four persons.

The premises were registered for fuel, and 5cwts of coal, costing £1 4s 4d, were purchased from Charles Wilson

(Bushey) Ltd. Bread and cakes to the value of 6s 5d were ordered from Elsum's, jam and anchovy paste (3s 6d) and the tea, sugar, margarine and milk (3s) were purchased from Express Dairy Co. Ltd. A sack of wood, to start the fire, was ordered from W. E. Tavener, and this was very kindly given to the committee with Mr Tavener's compliments and has been duly acknowledged.

The *West Herts Post* and the *Watford Observer* were asked to bring to the attention of the public, the opening of the Club. The *West Herts Post* did not mention it and the *Watford Observer* gave the incorrect date, so the Secretary advertised locally, free of charge, that the Club would be opened on Wednesday, the 2 November 1949, at 2pm.

At 1.30pm on Wednesday, the 2 November 1949, members began to arrive and by 2.15pm seventeen members had assembled. Mr S F A. Clarke (Clerk to the Bushey Urban District Council), Mr L. Allaker (Chairman of Bushey Old People's Welfare Committee), Mrs B V Partington and Mrs I D Tibbetts (Bushey Community Association), Mrs E R Storey (Bushey Inner Wheel), two representatives of the *West Herts Post* and the Secretary, Miss D Storey, were also present and, after an introduction by Mr Clarke, Mr Allaker declared the Club open.

The question of catering was an awkward one, as the number of people likely to turn up was not known, but the four weekly figures are eighteen, twenty-two, thirty and twenty-seven, while the number of members who have visited the Club is thirty-six. Ten helpers from various organisations have given their services, and the committee owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Daisy Smith, who has volunteered her services each week, free of charge, for preparing the sandwiches, making the tea and washing up.

As the responsibility of having the old people in our care is of some magnitude, an insurance policy covering the Committee against accident and food poisoning has been taken out at a cost of £2 10s per annum, this premium being subject to reduction if premises can be found without a slippery floor.

The members are taking advantage of the free library of books, given to the Committee by various donors, run by Mr Barber, and seem to enjoy their game of cards, the warm fire, a chat and a cup of tea, which up to date has been provided free of charge. Darts, billiards, draughts and dominoes are also available, by courtesy of the Fire Station, and local talent has been found in our members in Mr F Smith, who sings and plays the mandolin, and Mrs Barber, who is an excellent elocutionist.



Private collection

The Bushey Laundry office in Glencoe Road, Bushey, for the placing and receiving orders. The Laundry's main office and works were in Walton Road, just off Bushey Hall Road. If you have any memorabilia or memories of the Laundry, or perhaps even worked there at some point the Museum would be pleased to talk to you further, alternatively why not write an article for the *Journal*?



# From Dr Pat Shackleton's surgery

**Bryen Wood**

*Some years ago I found a sheet of headed notepaper belonging to Dr R P W Shackleton of Grove House, Bushey. He was the father of Desna Greenhow, whose second article about the Shackleton family appears in this issue of the Journal on page 2. The notepaper is dated 9 August 1937. The sayings recorded on it may be from his surgery or may be apocryphal.*

I am sending you my marriage and six children. I had seven and one died which was baptised on half a sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas.

Please find out if my husband is dead as the man I am living with won't eat or do anything else until he is certain.

I cannot get Sick Pay. I have six children; can you tell me why this is?

This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

Mrs R. has no clothes, has not had any for over a year. The Clergy have been visiting her.

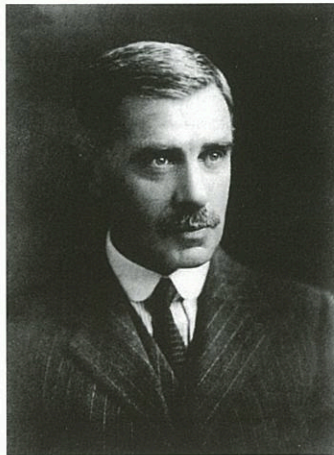
In reply to your letter, I have cohabited with your officers, but so far without result.

I am glad to say that my husband who was reported missing is now dead.

Sir, I am forwarding you my marriage certificate, and two children, one of which was a mistake as you will see.

Unless I get my husband's money I shall be forced to lead an immortal life.

I am writing these few lines for Mrs J. who cannot write herself. She expects to be confined next week and can do with it.



In response to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing 10 lbs. Is this satisfactory?

You have changed my boy into a little girl. Will this make any difference?

Please send my money at once as I have fallen into errors with my landlord.

I have no children as my husband is a bus driver and works all day and night.

In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

I want my money as quick as you can send it. I have been in bed with the doctor for a week and he doesn't seem to be doing me any good. If things do not improve I shall have to get another doctor.

Re your dental enquiry, the teeth on the top are airtight, but the ones in my bottom are hurting terribly.

Bushey Museum Archive

Miss Middleton at her shop that she ran out of her High Street cottage opposite the church. The photograph appears to date from the 1930s or 1940s. In the window are a selection of local postcards, Swan ink, Hieratica Bond envelopes and paper amongst other items.



# A tribute to Bryen Wood MBE

**Jim Craig-Gray**

*This is a transcript of the tribute, given by Jim Craig-Gray, to Bryen Wood at his funeral in St James' Church, Bushey on 8 April 2009.*

A few weeks ago, when I was visiting Bryen in the Peace Hospice, he said a very unexpected thing: he asked me if I would speak at his funeral. I was surprised and very honoured and, of course, I accepted. Then, in typical Bryen fashion, he said that he was writing some biographical notes for me to use.

Bryen wanted this to be a happy occasion and I'd like to treat it as a celebration of his life and work for Bushey and its people.

However, I did wonder why Bryen had chosen me: we were good friends and had a fair amount in common, particularly a rather pedantic attitude; and neither of us is religious, but we both love this church building for its beauty and its historical significance. And I think, like me, he had some admiration for the church as an institution for being, in the past, a socially cohesive force and doing charitable works as well as being a community centre for the village - although that function has now been somewhat usurped by Friends of Bushey Museum (nine-hundred plus members and still growing - a source of great pride to Bryen).

Bryen also loved ceremony - but it had to be done correctly. If you have heard him introduce the mayor or MP at a Museum function you will know how punctilious he was about this.

I'll start, as I think he wished, by giving you a brief biography of Bryen.

He was born in Wood Green in 1936 but, while he was still an infant, his father got a job at Delrow House in Patchett's Green and they moved there. From there they went to Bushey Heath while Bryen was still only a few years old - in fact they moved to Caldecote Gardens, which means that their near neighbours were Eila and Albert Chewett of Reveley Lodge. Although Bryen did not know them, they were later to play a significant part in his life, as I'll explain presently.

Bryen started at The Rutts Infant School in Bushey Heath where his favourite teacher, Miss Coe, read stories about how people lived in the past, which gave him a great love of history. From there, he went to Ashfield School and then on to Watford Grammar School. Bryen's family moved to Harrow when he was a teenager just after he had started at Watford and Bryen used to cycle to Watford from Belmont Circle.

When he left school, he wanted to study history and then work in a museum or as an Inspector of Ancient Monuments but he

was persuaded to study Law at LSE. Before college, Bryen worked for a while in Belgium and Germany, helping to build Youth Hostels and learning German. He also worked for a while as commis-chef at the Richmond Hill Hotel. Eventually, after college, Bryen got a temporary job at Kodak in Harrow - where he stayed for the next thirty-four years!

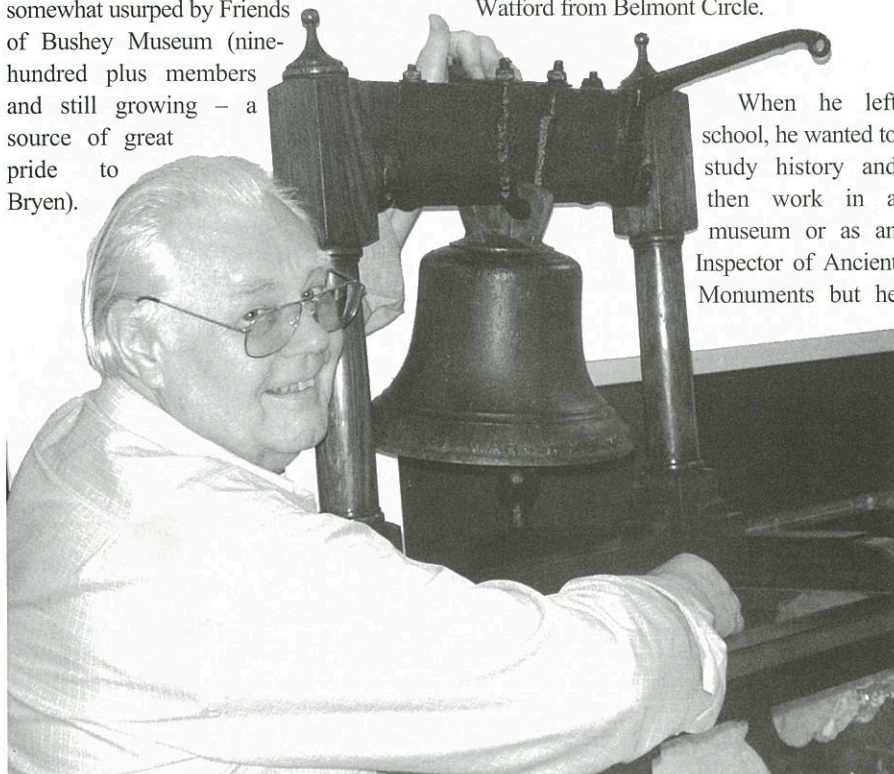
In his early twenties, Bryen and two friends rented a flat in Harrow-on-the-Hill, then he bought number 6 High Street, Bushey and moved in with his two friends. That is where he and June settled after their marriage.

Bryen and June had met, rather romantically, at a Youth Club in Wealdstone where Bryen was producer of the Pantomime and June was principal boy. They were married in 1964 at Harrow Register Office at 9.30 in the morning - and they celebrated afterwards, June tells me, with a real wedding breakfast of bacon-butties and coffee at the Crocus Café, followed by a party in the garden of 6 High Street, Bushey.

Some time after moving into 6 High St, June and Bryen acquired no 4 next door, which gave them more room when their family arrived: Kerrin in 1965 and Gareth in 1968. Kerrin was tragically killed in a traffic accident in Spain a few days before his eighteenth birthday, which is something that has left its mark on the whole family.

When the boys were young, Bryen started collecting information about Bushey and old photographs and ephemera, and he organised local history exhibitions for charity along with fellow-enthusiasts, Grant Longman and Tim Groves. Later Tim Groves left Bushey, and Bryen and Grant were joined by Nick Browne, Philip Morgan and Jennifer Parker. In 1983, they decided that Bushey should have its own museum and they formed the Bushey Museum Trust, which campaigned for ten years until, in 1993, they were able to open a museum in the old Council Offices in Rudolph Road.

When Margaret and I moved into the Old Rectory with our family in 1985, we met Bryen and June for the first time at a Church Fête. They had a stall in what was now our garden and we got chatting. Bryen explained that the Museum Trust had some storage space in the Lucy Kemp Welch Gallery in



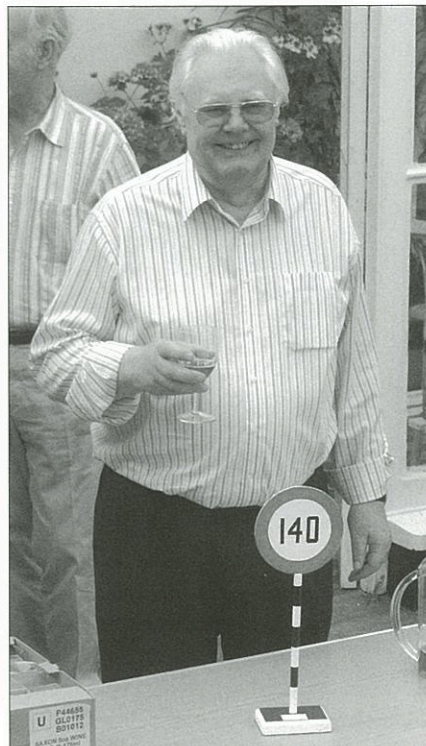
Church House and that he and Grant held Local Studies evenings there when anyone could come along and ask questions about anything to do with Bushey.

I went along one Tuesday evening and soon got hooked. People who had recently moved to Bushey would come in wanting to know about their house or street and Grant would come up with an interesting fact; then Bryen would cap that with an even more interesting fact; and Grant would retaliate with still more information. It was very informative for the enquirer who benefited from these exchanges - and, for me, it was very amusing and interesting. Nick Browne was usually there and, if not, he'd often appear at about nine o'clock, and we'd all adjourn to the White Hart for a pint or two of mild and bitter. You can't get mild any more; those were the days!

Bryen retired from Kodak in 1992 and from that time, he devoted himself to the development of Bushey Museum and Art Gallery. It is now recognised as one of the best voluntary-run museums in the country. It won a Gulbenkian Foundation Award when it opened in 1993. Since then, the Museum has received a major Heritage Lottery Award to set up disabled access and modernise the facilities. In 2003, the tenth anniversary of the Museum's opening, Bryen personally received national recognition for his achievements when he was awarded the MBE.

I mentioned earlier that, as a small boy, Bryen lived in Bushey Heath very near Reveley Lodge. Years later, when the Museum was functioning, Mrs Eila Chewett of Reveley Lodge, who was by then the widow of the ex-Herkomer student, Albert Chewett, became very interested in the work of the Museum and she eventually became President of the Friends of Bushey Museum. She allowed her wonderful garden to be used for the Museum's annual fund-raising Garden Party - which has become one of the leading social events in Bushey's calendar. When Mrs Chewett died, in 2003, she bequeathed the entire Reveley Lodge estate to Bushey Museum. I believe that this generous act was largely inspired by her appreciation of Bryen's achievements and his interest in maintaining that historic house and garden for the people of Bushey. Reveley Lodge and Garden have given an immense amount of pleasure to Bryen and June - and to the people of Bushey.

A more recent achievement, in which Bryen was a prime mover, concerns the Frobisher Art Studio, a large Victorian, corrugated iron and timber building which had been continuously used by various art groups since the 1890s. With the aid of a Lottery Heritage grant, this building was moved from



its site in Glencoe Road and rebuilt and refurbished just behind Bushey Museum. It symbolises, in a way, four of Bryen's passions: architectural history (it is a very interesting historic building); art (many good pictures have been painted there - some of them now in the Museum collection); social history (it symbolises Bushey's importance as an art colony in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries); and Bushey's current social network (it is a working studio used every day of the week by various art clubs).

While we are on the subject of social networks, Bushey's associations have become international through the link with our twin-town, Landsberg-am-Lech in Bavaria, near where Hubert Herkomer was born. Herkomer, of course, founded his famous Art School in Bushey in 1883. Some years ago, a link was established between Bushey Museum and Landsberg Museum - and between Bryen Wood and Hartfrid Neunzert, the Director of Landsberg Museum. I am very pleased to see Hartfrid here today.

Through that connection of the museums, an informal cultural twinning arrangement has developed between the towns and this has led to Landsberg people coming to Bushey and Bushey folk going to Landsberg. As well as individual visits, exchanges have included several choirs, various mayors of Hertsmere and two Oberbürgermeisters of Landsberg, as well as joint exhibitions between the two museums.

Bryen's knowledge of the history of Bushey was boundless and he was always happy to share it enthusiastically with others. He acted as a guardian of Bushey's heritage, keen to encourage preservation where he

thought it appropriate. Hertsmere Council members and officers often consulted him and he carefully scrutinised all relevant planning applications. He played an important part in the naming of new roads in the district, such as Frobisher Close, Goodison Close, The Clover Field, Fuller Close, Stephenson Way, etcetera. However, when asked for advice, he always gave objective advice and stated historical facts without expressing a personal opinion.

That is not to say that he didn't have strong opinions about local issues. He certainly did and would express them when appropriate. He was very keen that Bushey Pond be properly looked after and not be allowed to silt up. He would have been very gratified to know that in just the last week, the Council - at last - has made major inroads into clearing it.

Coming back to St James' Church, many of you will not know that Bryen and June have spent several years recording inscriptions on the gravestones in the churchyard - June, on her knees, scrubbing the stones and deciphering the inscriptions, and Bryen recording them.

Bryen was also 'Clock Beadle' for the tower clock in this church for many years. This entailed going up the tower once a week (usually on a Sunday night) and - quite literally - winding up the weights and making small corrections to the time. Twice a year, Bryen would adjust the clock for GMT or BST. Advancing the clock in the spring was reasonably straightforward - but putting it back one hour in the autumn meant putting it forward eleven hours; this took a lot of effort, especially as there is a lot of backlash in the mechanism. This meant that he had to put it beyond the time he wanted, then wait for ten or fifteen minutes while the mechanism caught up, then make a smaller adjustment in the opposite direction; then wait and make another, still smaller, readjustment and so on. I went up the tower with him one autumn when he was doing that and I can tell you it was quite a tricky and time-consuming business - especially as Bryen was punctilious about making the clock accurate and, of course in typical Bryen fashion, he insisted on doing it at two in the morning, when the official time-change takes place.

The other day, I was speaking to Ian Cooper, the former Rector of Bushey, and he told me that, soon after he came to Bushey he was looking for additional storage space in the church. He found an empty cupboard on the ground floor of the tower and filled it with various items. A few days later - the clock stopped! You can probably guess: the 'cupboard' was the void down which the clock weight descended and, as it was impeded by



Teresa and Gareth, Bryen and June Wood.

the stored objects, the clock stopped. Ian tells me that Bryen explained this to him in the nicest possible way... However, not long after that, the clock was electrified.

As Managing Curator and then Director of Bushey Museum, Bryen always insisted on extremely high standards. Speaking now as a Museum Steward, I can say that this sometimes made him seem a little fierce to some of us Stewards. He had an exasperatingly good eye for detail: he and June would come into the Museum shop just before closing time and he would immediately spot that a light had been left off, or that one of the postcards had been sold out and not replaced in the display. Stewards perhaps feared him a little but they also very much respected and admired him. Just a couple of weeks ago, while Bryen was in hospital, one of the stewards, Gwen, said to me: *"I really miss seeing Bryen and June coming in at 1 o'clock; Bryen always has such a nice friendly smile"*.

Of course, Stewards can still see that friendly smile in that lovely portrait of Bryen and June that hangs on the Museum staircase. It was painted last year by Vicky White and, shortly after it was hung, one Steward pointed out to me that, because of the position of the portrait, Bryen can keep his eye on the Museum front door for visitors and, at the same time, watch the Stewards in the shop to ensure they are operating the till correctly!

Bryen had a lot of interests outside the Museum – most of them connected with Bushey. He was Clerk to the Ashfield School Foundation, a supporter of Falconer Hall, Friend of the Rose Garden and of Moatfield, a member of the Woodland Trust, Friends of Attenborough's Fields and a founder member of Bushey and District Footpath Association. When he and Chris Beney were discussing the need for some community care for the footpaths around Bushey, Bryen offered Chris a few minutes at the end of a Museum

Friends' meeting to see what support there would be for an active footpath group. A lot of people signed up that evening and BADFA was born.

Bryen was also quite a bon viveur and he and June, and Gareth and Teresa, and Margaret and I enjoyed dining together and having a glass or two of good wine. His dining table, at home, was always set out in strict Victorian/Edwardian style with fine glassware and the room was lit by candles and oil-lamps. We also enjoyed going to monthly wine-tastings at Wine and the Vine. Sometimes there'd be a fun blind tasting: Bryen showed what a superb palette he had often identifying most of the dozen or so wines. I once came close – but that was a complete fluke.

However, I do claim credit (if that's the right word) for introducing Bryen to the delights and complexities of malt whisky. About ten years ago, I gave him a couple of glasses of two distinctive single malts, (they were small glasses, I am a Scotsman after all) and Bryen was hooked. After that, he became quite an authority and accumulated an enormous range of single malts. Unlike me, who can recognise a few distinctive ones, Bryen could name practically all, often after just a sniff (to be followed by a wee snifter).

Before finishing, I'd say just one more thing about Bryen's contribution to Bushey Museum. Its success and its very high standards are the result of a lot of work by over one hundred volunteers all very much under the direction of Bryen. He never had a day off. His involvement was total: not just art, local history, charity and museum legislation, but also alarm systems, security, lighting, humidity control, leaking roofs, drain problems...the list is endless.

We all knew that Bryen did an awful lot for Bushey Museum but it is only now, that he is not here, that we are beginning to realise

quite how much. We keep finding lots of little jobs undone and we now realise that Bryen kept things running quietly behind the scenes. The other way in which we miss him at the Museum is as a source of information and advice, not only on Bushey things but on practical questions such as: where is the stop-cock to turn off the water? who to contact if the fire alarm is defective?

Personally, I also miss him as a fascinating, and slightly enigmatic, friend who shared a rather pedantic interest in language and esoteric terminology; and in fine food and wines, in art, architecture, history, philosophy; and in Ella Fitzgerald's - and Lucy's - singing. To be best was important to him: he would have been very pleased to know that, last week at the Museum Quiz Evening, our table won. But the really important thing was that we beat Martin's table and Jane's table!

To finish, I'd like to quote a few revealing things said about Bryen by other people: he once received a letter from the post-office, when they were revising the postcodes, in which he was addressed as 'Dear Opinion-Former'. He has been called 'The Guardian of Bushey'. Hugh Lewis quoted Hamlet's words about his father: *"I shall not look upon his like again"*.

Margaret pointed out that Bryen collected details of outstanding Bushey people. There is now one other name to add to the list.

A few years ago, Margaret and I had been to choral evensong at St Paul's Cathedral and I was talking to Bryen in the Museum later about Christopher Wren's memorial which is set into the floor under the dome. It says, in Latin: *Si monumentum requieris, circumspice*. I think he was very pleased when I said that the same applied to him in Bushey Museum: *If you seek his memorial, just look around you*.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Bryen's widow, June; to his son, Gareth and daughter-in-law, Theresa, and to Bryen's sister, Hilary. Bushey and Bushey people miss Bryen in very many ways but you miss him as a loving husband, father and brother.

I would finish by thanking June for 'lending' Bryen to Bushey and for her tremendous support for Bryen and thus for Bushey. And I'd like to quote from a letter that Michael Pritchard wrote to June last week:

*Without Bryen to act as a catalyst, there's so much that would not have happened in Bushey. And without you beside him, Bryen wouldn't have accomplished as much as he did. Yours was a partnership that was stronger than the two parts.*

All photographs: Patrick Forsyth

# Bushey Crimes

Theft, fraud and indecent assault; whipping, transportation and death

Michael Pritchard

**T**heft, fraud and indecent assault; whipping, transportation and death. No, not a reading of the last few issues of the *Watford Observer*, but reports of crimes and some of the punishments given out to their perpetrators over one hundred years ago. These were reported in the *Proceedings* of trials which took place at the Old Bailey between 1674 and 1913 and all involved Bushey in some way. The *Proceedings* of some 197,745 criminal trials have recently been made available on-line through a massive digitisation project and a search for 'Bushey' - excluding Bushy [sic] Park - opened up a window on a murky past that has long been forgotten.

## Accused of crimes

Unlike today not all Bushey residents in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were upstanding members of the community. Times were much harder and some residents inevitably turned to crime. Most of the local Bushey crimes would have been tried in places other than the Old Bailey - such as Watford, St Albans or Hertford - but one trial that took place in London directly involved a Bushey man. In 1907 Walter James of Bushey, aged twenty-five, was indicted for fraud for stealing £10 from a Mr Schlatter of Praed Street, Paddington. Schlatter had entrusted James with the money to buy thirty baskets of cherries at Tilbury Docks. He never returned. Having been arrested at his home in Bushey, he was taken to Bushey Police Station, where he was charged, before being taken on to London by tram. Found guilty he was sentenced to four months hard labour.

## Victims of crime

From the court records Bushey residents were occasionally victims of crimes that were committed within London or close by. Theft was a frequent occurrence. The first record found dates from 1799 and involved William Bellis of Bushey who had a wagon tilt cloth worth £3 3s stolen by Daniel Munday, aged 20. Munday was found, with the cloth, in a wood in Pinner

and at trial was found guilty.

The next case, from 1811, concerned John Marlin, aged nineteen, who was indicted for 'feloniously stealing' a feather bed worth £1 from Richard Adkins an auctioneer, who had sold the bed to a Mr Thomas, a broker from Bushey. The bed was stolen from Adkins's premises in North End, Finchley and was found by following a trail of feathers to an out-house where Marlin, who was a chimney sweep, kept his soot and also slept. Found guilty he was transported for seven years.

In 1815 William Cowley, a higler or pedlar, of Bushey had a box containing a shirt and cravat taken off his cart. James Lewis was found guilty of this crime and sentenced to be confined for one month and privately whipped.

Sophie Fowler of Little Bushey had her hen-house broken open and eleven fowls with the value of twenty shillings stolen on the night of 5 April 1819. James Dean, aged 49 years, was apprehended with them by Edward Herra a watchman of Marylebone. He was found guilty and transported for seven years.

In 1830 James Hanley, 35, was found guilty of stealing 1 bushel basket, value 1 shilling, and 1 bushel of elder-berries, value 4 shillings, which belonged to Sarah Green, wife of Thomas Green of Bushey. Green had bought the elder-berries at Paddington market and they went missing off her cart. Hanley was found guilty and sentenced to one year's confinement.

In 1847 Henry Howard, of Bushey, was in the King's Head in Knightsbridge when he was pick-pocketed of 1 half-crown and 4 shillings. John Dean, was spotted 'dipping' into Howard's pocket. Coupled with a similar previous conviction it was enough to lead to a sentence of seven years transportation.

To a modern audience these thefts might seem relatively minor, but they were treated harshly in keeping with the times. There were also more serious accusations of violence against others. Edward Haygreen and William Dutton were accused of violent highway robbery in 1829 and indicted for 'feloniously

assaulting' Hannah Rogers:

*on the King's highway ... putting her in fear and taking from her person, and against her will, 1 frock, value 2s; 1 apron, value 6d; 1 piece of ribbon, value 6d; 1 pair of stockings, value 1s, and 1 lace collar, value 3s, her property.*

Hannah Rogers, who was single, was a Bushey resident living with her father. The pair left the Crown at Hendon for Bushey around 10.30pm when Haygreen caught her around the waist and in an ensuing mêlée a bundle containing her property went missing. Haygreen and Dutton were found not guilty of theft.

A more complicated crime alleged to have been committed on a train near Bushey took place in 1866. Ellen Allen accused Alexander Moseley MRCS of Paddington of 'grossly and most indecently' assaulting her. She claimed that she had travelled from Watford to London with Mr Moseley who:

*Locked the carriage door and violently dragged her from one side of the carriage to the other, threw her clothes over her head, and otherwise assaulted and ill-used her, and he was smoking during the whole journey.*

Moseley had a practice in London, Watford, and elsewhere, and defended himself vigorously against the charge. Allen had past form: Cornelius Palmer, an inspector at Victoria Station stated she had assaulted various men and that:

*She was the companion of prostitutes, and used to travel backwards and forwards between there and Clapham Junction. The officer Palmer also stated that she had been a prostitute for fifteen years.*

Having been found guilty of perjury the Recorder declined to act on the recommendation of the jury for leniency and Allen was sentenced to five years penal servitude.

Different crimes also feature. In 1847 Eliza Downe Williams, aged 36, was transported for seven years, after being indicted and found guilty of:

*feloniously forging and uttering a*

*bill of exchange for payment of 51 with intent to defraud Edward Marjoribanks, and others.*

Marjoribanks was a partner in the bank of Coutts and Co and Williams had forged an order addressed to Coutts to make various payments, including one in the name of Admiral J E Douglas of both Bushey and 34 Charles Street, Berkeley Square.

In 1908 Reuben Richardson and Henry Staggs, were both found not guilty of receiving a horse and cart and harnesses, worth £27, belonging to John Harding, a horse dealer, of Wordsworth Road, Wealdstone, and of Bushey.

#### Witnesses

There were a number of cases where Bushey people were called upon to act as witnesses in cases not directly involving Bushey residents. In 1781 William Mosely, a carrier, was setting off at 3am from Bushey with his hay-cart to London when Thomas Parrott asked him to put some goods on to the cart. These turned out to be stolen and Mosely's statement helped convict Parrott who was sentenced to hard labour.

The following year Joseph Humphries, a publican living at the Coach and Horses on Bushey Heath bought four wether lambs, worth £3, off William Saunders who was found guilty of stealing eight ewe sheep, nine wether lambs, with a total value of £7, from Joseph Snoxell a farmer at Stanmore. Saunders was sentenced to death.

George Wells of Bushey and Thomas Battams of Clay Hill, Bushey witnessed a fight at the Vine public house in Great Stanmore, on Easter Monday 1874. Charles Thomas Aldridge, son of Thomas Aldridge a boot and shoemaker of Great Stanmore, died. William Poole, 19, was found guilty but the jury recommended mercy 'on account of the provocation received'. Poole received a sentence of two months imprisonment.

On 21 May 1908 John Green, of 1 Hutton Court, Bushey Heath witnessed Thomas West, 25, setting fire to gorse and wood at Harrow Weald Common on the property of Sir William Gilbert and others. Green's statement helped convict West who was described by Dr James Scott, a medical officer at Brixton prison:

*His mind is weak and he is considerably below the average intelligence, although I could not say he was insane. He had had some drink, and was not a man who could carry drink at all well.*



Police horse patrol station in the Bushey area. The location is not Church View where Bushey's police station was originally based, but possibly Aldenham.

He was released into the custody of his family.

William Joseph Fitzgerald of 1 Nightingale Road, Bushey, a director of W L Erwood, Ltd, advertising agents, provided evidence that helped convict Alfred William Carpenter, 69, of obtaining money under false pretences. The jury recommended mercy 'on account of his age and temperament' and he was sentenced to two years imprisonment.

#### Bushey's geography

If Bushey residents were occasionally criminal, or more frequently, the victims of crime and witnesses to criminal activity, then Bushey's location close to London's northern suburbs, and position on one of the main routes out of London, meant it was often cited in court cases.

In 1729 William Sparrow and George Galey rode through Bushey Heath and

made a failed attempt at highway robbery before making a successful attack in Willesden and stealing one guinea in gold and twenty shillings in silver. They were found guilty and sentenced to death.

Mary Royan was captured between Bushey and Watford in 1748 after having committed a robbery in Kentish Town. She was sentenced to death which was respited due to her pregnancy. In 1845 John Oliver, 16, was found in Bushey on his way to Birmingham after having stolen money from William Henry Kerr, his master. He was found guilty and confined for one month. William Johnson was seen at the Red Lion in Bushey in 1879 and subsequently found guilty of animal theft. David Dilley, 29, was accused of robbery with violence on Louise Musgrave of Finchley. Fred Allen gave Dilley a pint of beer at Bushey station in December 1882 which provided

him with an alibi but was found guilty anyway and sentenced to penal servitude.

In 1819 Thomas Bransgrove, 23, who had a butcher's shop in Pinner, put five hides into a cart which he claimed were going to Bushey Heath to be sent to town by wagon. This was part of a wider story and Bransgrove was convicted on two counts of stealing and sentenced to death. In 1842 Thomas Buckingham, 55, claimed to have got oats 'from a corn-chandler, named Dolling, at Sparrow's Hearn' [sic]. He was convicted of stealing them and sentenced to seven years transportation.

In 1909 George Garnham conducted a fraud using the house of his manager, Mr Grove, at Bushey to meet Bernard Bahr a chef who paid £25 to secure a job. When the business failed Bahr won a County Court judgment for the return of his £25. This was one of several deceptions Garnham undertook for which two concurrent sentences of hard labour were given.

Others made use of the route through Bushey to the north. Samuel Dandy, 24, in 1852 claimed to be at Bushey on his way to Newport [Pagnell?] as part of his alibi against an indictment for shooting at William Veale in the Edgware Road. He was found guilty and transported for life.

#### Conclusion

Bushey was probably no different to many villages of comparable size in terms of its relationship to crime. Its proximity to London meant that Bushey residents were often victims of crimes conducted in London and its position on one of the main routes to the north ensured that some crimes and their perpetrators made use of a principal road in and out of the city. The agricultural nature of the area during the early part of the period, and increasing relationship with London as a place of commerce through the nineteenth century is reflected in the nature of the crimes recorded.

The *Proceedings* give a one-sided view of crime as all have a particular relationship with London. Most crimes committed in Bushey or the vicinity would have been heard before courts within the county at Hertford, St Albans or Watford. That said, they provide a unique window on former Bushey residents.

#### References and notes

1. The Proceedings of the Old Bailey, 1674-1913 can be found at [www.oldbaileyonline.org](http://www.oldbaileyonline.org).

# Flint Hall

## Grant Longman

About the same time as the railway was built in 1837 a block of cottage property was built at the junction of Pinner Road and Chalk Hill. It stood there until some time in 1858 when it was replaced by the Railway Tavern and other, better, cottages.<sup>1</sup> There were about twenty-two cottages crammed on this small site and the living conditions were probably the most cramped Bushey had ever seen. There were similar and worse properties in the yards abutting on to Watford High Street, but Bushey was still sufficiently rural to have escaped the squalor of crowded buildings. These cottages near Bushey Station were collectively known as Flint Hall. Flints from the nearby chalk-pit had been used in their construction.

A brief, but colourful, description exists of this 'squalid rookery' shortly before it was demolished:

*Frouzy articles of apparel, of unknown uses, hung from the windows, or from strings stretching from different projecting points of the old building. The broken windows were patched in places with paper, others were stuffed with rag or garments not required for immediate use, and, through the filthy panes, ragged, unwashed faces glared out on the passing traveller. Dirty women (as old William Cobbett said, the filthiest things in nature) screamed from the doors, denouncing shrill vengeance on their offspring in the gutter, to which, however, the little wretches paid but slight regard.*<sup>2</sup>

The people who lived at Flint Hall were mostly labourers and their families, but there were also two chimney sweeps. The 1841 census records that Thomas Fisher, chimney sweep had five children and was employing his three eldest sons, aged twenty, fifteen and nine years, as sweeps. His youngest son, aged eight, was not employed, nor was his daughter of six. By the 1851 census the original family had dispersed and John Fisher was the head of a household of four. He styled himself chimney sweep and general dealer. His wife ran the shop and he employed as sweeps a boy of thirteen, who was a relation, and another boy, of sixteen, described as a lodger. The other chimney sweep was Sarah Moss who employed four lads as sweeps, the youngest, aged ten, being one of her two sons. At Flint Hall other children from the age of ten years and upwards were in employment as factory girls and factory boys, presumably at a factory in Watford. The wives of the labourers usually had employment as well: some were charwomen, others had home occupations as bonnet sewer or needlewoman; one was a matchwoman.

Just the other side of the railway arches was the small cluster of houses by the turnpike gate. Mr Kemp was the gate-keeper and his son Joshua was one of the first scholars to go to the British School (now Ashfield School) in Merry Hill Lane (now School Lane) when it opened in 1846. His neighbours included John Lonnon at the King William IV, William Beeson, the smith, and Joseph Lockett (possibly a variant of Luckett, which name also occurred locally), millwright. The Beesons were Baptists and the Locketts were Wesleyans and they also sent their sons to the British School, where the schooling was not denominational. These boys would be joined on their daily journey to the school by George Rixon of Flint Hall, whose father was another Baptist. Young George was eight years old when he started going to the British School.

#### Notes

1. Groves, T R, Longman, E G, and Wood, B N D, *From the Wheatsheaf to the Windmill: The Story of Bushey and Oxhey Pubs*. Bushey Museum Trust, 1984.
2. Anon. *Our parish showing how we are governed with other matters relating thereto*. Nineteenth century. S. O. Beeton of London. Copy in Watford Reference Library.

# A Bushey childhood

## Extracts from the letters of T W Hedges

*The letters of local historian, T W Hedges, were deposited at Bushey Museum following the death of his son Norman in 2000. Extracts from his letter about the Twychell Cottages were published in the Museum Newsletter (October 1987), other extracts were published in the Journal: the Horse and Chains (October 1988), the Bell (August 1989), and Bushey Forge (Summer 1991). This article summarises the extracts from his letters concerning his childhood in Bushey*

Thomas Hedges was born in Kentish Town in 1883. His parents, Thomas and Emily, moved to Bushey in December of that year when Thomas was just ninety days old. They lived at the building later called the Old Smithy on the High Street, where Percy, Esther and Edith were born. The building with its long garden was used as a private hand-laundry, managed by his parents...

We had water and gas in the laundry workroom but not in the house. The sanitary arrangements were primitive - an earth closet which sufficed for us, the family of five and a work staff of five or six washers and ironers.

I well remember some minor tragedies which occurred during our occupation. My father had a fine blackbird which he kept in a wicker cage. Owing to the wretched train service in the eighties he had to board near his work in London and came home only at weekends. Unfortunately my mother was so preoccupied with her duties that she forgot to feed the poor creature and he died of starvation.

The laundry contained a drying closet about eight or nine feet square heated by a large ironing stove connected to the chimney along the whole length of one of its sides by a very heavy, square, cast-iron flue. Our Thomas cat, who used the chamber as sleeping quarters, one day found himself locked in, and in making his escape travelled the whole length of the almost red-hot flue and across the stove. His feet were so badly burned that, in spite of many days' efforts of my mother and her helpful assistants, the unfortunate ani-

mal had to be destroyed.

On another occasion this pussy's successor was being chased around the living-room table by us youngsters when it made a dive into the wide open chimney and up the ledges which the sweep's boys had to climb for cleaning duties. We had to rake out the fire and await Tibby's pleasure to descend, which did not take place until the following day. My mother was not pleased with our exploit.

My father had a great liking for Black Retrievers and the last specimen we had was a huge animal named Bruce who was housed in a kennel, appropriate to his size, in which three of us used to tumble to keep Bruce company. Years afterwards we were to learn that our pet's house was over a long forgotten well, and I have wondered many times since if we would have been as keen to share Bruce's accommodation had we known what was beneath.

Poor Bruce! My father tried, for reasons which I have now forgotten, to get rid of the animal by physical means which were useless. In the end he gave him away to an Edgware carrier who took him home in his van.

Working in the laundry were Emily Wells, her younger sister and her mother. Emily was then the elder girl of a family of six children, four of whom were boys. The total family of eight lived in one of the timber cottages above the Police Station, now the site of the old people's home. It was a 'two up and two down' affair, with one living-room and a kitchen with an earth floor. The back bedroom had a pitched roof which came within twenty inches or so of the weather wall of the room; the window was less than two feet square. In this residence George Wells, his wife and a mixed brood of six children were born and had their being. How the good wife managed to keep this family in the way she did has always remained a mystery to me for, whenever one called there, the room was always spick and span, and the mother always cheerful, with her ruddy cheeks, neat brown hair without a strand out of place, her cotton blouse sleeves rolled up to the elbows and the inevitable white bibbed

apron, without which I never remember seeing her. I have so many pleasant recollections of that cosy room and its uncomplaining mistress.

Old George was a casual labourer earning five and a halfpence an hour [less than 2/3p in today's money] when he was in work, which only too often he was not, for there was no 'wet time' or 'winter' time then, unwanted hands were stood off. The hours were 6.00am to 5.30pm and the calculation of starting time was when one arrived on the job whether the work was in Bushey, Stanmore, Elstree or elsewhere.

Emily Elizabeth was always Em Wells to me, frequently Em, never Mrs Thornton or Mrs Cobb.

In the very early years she acted as a kind of nurse to my brother and me. When Em was promoted to a permanent place in the laundry, her sister Rose took her place. What vivid recollections I have of the pair of us standing on the big table in the laundry living-room being dressed in the small narrow coats prior to an outing up the High Street to watch the hay carts returning from the Cumberland Market loaded with soot and other fertilizers.

Our house had a wide gravel path in front of it with a grass verge and opposite the main door was the stand-pipe from which in summertime the water carts for road watering were filled, a never ending source of delight and interest to young eyes.

Low wages, short time and primitive housing conditions were not the only conditions the poorer folk had to endure; the scarlet fever and diphtheria epidemic of 1891-2 was one which took its toll of young life. For my part I am still amazed at the way those grand old Bushey folk struggled, and successfully struggled.

I recall an adventure at Bushey House which wasn't pleasant. Squire Lake had a soup kitchen for the benefit of the old folk of the village. One day when I was about ten-years in 1894, a companion and myself went along to collect Granny Evans's soup and blundered into the magnificent dining-room to meet the astonished gaze of Mrs Lake. She asked our



errand, I held out a very grubby hand holding a battered quart can and said we had come for Granny Evans's soup. 'This is not the place for soup' she said in crushing tones, 'Go round to the kitchen.'

A pair of crestfallen youngsters crawled round to the servants' quarters. I was so humiliated. I never went souping again.

The children spent several happy years at the Old Smithy but at the end of 1894 everything changed:

The owner decided to move the business to London, but my mother, when she saw the dreadful place in the Caledonian Road, Kings Cross, decided that after the beauties of Bushey she would not live there, and resigned. So in a few days she found herself without a job, without a house, without a home, and she was soon to be without a husband, although she did not realise this at the time.

In 1889 their father had succumbed to the influenza epidemic and never completely recovered from the after effects, dying in 1895 at the early age of forty-two, leaving their mother with four young children, aged from three to eleven:

We then eventually lived in a small cottage in Bournehall Road, where, after a struggle, she managed to establish a hand laundry on her own account. It was a very grim period and I have not forgotten it. We were properly 'down on our uppers'. However, brave soul that she was, she pulled through, and lived in that cottage for 36 years from January 1895. Early on the good Rector of Bushey, who heard of her difficulties, called on her and said he was trying to get her parish relief, 2s 6d weekly and 1s each for the children. She was so indignant of having to live partly on charity, that she refused his offer with so much heat, that the Reverend Gentleman departed, almost leaving his hat behind! This attitude has changed since!

The cottage had a lean-to scullery, it had no gas and no sink but a water tap placed fifteen inches above floor level. Imagine filling washing and rinsing troughs with buckets from the tap and then having to carry the waste-water in the same fashion to a common drain in the yard round the corner. Imagine this in the savage winter of [18]94-5! There was a weather-board earth privy at the bottom of a long garden. To improve matters our next door neighbour, old Jack Ambridge, stabled his horse a few steps away from our back door. However this state of affairs was reme-

died within a year or so.

Thomas Hedges also recounted a tale which must surely have been about his own family about this time:

This is the story of a young fatherless family of five, the mother and the four children, two boys and two girls, the youngest a baby of five, and the elder son in his first teens.

As usual in a group such as this the elder takes the place of father (acting) as far as possible, such duties as the household chores falling to his lot. For example his Sunday duty was to undertake the elementary business of preparing the vegetables for the pot, and supervising the roast on the old jack, for mother, following a well-worn family tradition, would have no truck with baked meats. All cooking had to be done in front or on an open fire.

On this occasion the scene was duly set; two large pots were over the hob boiling away merrily. The jack was revolving and reddening its half-shoulder of lamb, with the dripping ham on its trivet. To complete the picture, there was Thomas the cat on the hearth-rug with one eye opening and shutting in anticipation of favours to come. It occurred to the young supervisor that some adjustment of the pots was necessary. Unfortunately, the system, in the word of a physicist, was in a state of unstable equilibrium, with the result that the central pot fell into the fire. There was a cloud of scalding steam, followed with the smell of stewed ashes; the jack fell from its hook, this and the roast tumbled into the thick gravy, the whole falling into the hearth adding the smell of boiling mutton to that already existing. Thomas, aroused from his slumbers, hurriedly decamped through the kitchen door and did not present himself until the next day.

Mother, interrupted in her reading of *Players News*, took one glance at the catastrophe, seized the inoffensive half shoulder and with: 'That's the place for that', threw the roast into the fowl pen at the bottom of the garden. The grand old White - and his harem were doing, in the words of a mayoral banquet, 'ample pertue', to this manna from heaven. The young man, who had an almost pathological distaste of waste in any form, and could not tolerate the feeding of roast mutton to back yard poultry, and mongrels at that, recovered the half-shoulder amidst loud protest from the flock, and, removing as much of the attached soil from the joint as he could, washed it, restored the damaged article to its original position and started all over again.

The mother refusing to be comforted, took herself to her own chamber, and remained there for the rest of the day. The little family of four sat down to a very depressing dinner that Sunday afternoon.

Thomas Hedges was educated at 'Bamford's Academy' in Merryhill (now School) Lane until 1897 when he began work and contributing to the household's income. 'Bamford's Academy' was the nickname given to Ashfield School after the headmaster Edwin Bamford.

An Ashfield School class from 1895. Headmaster Bamforth is on the left.



# Scott's Sledgemeter

## Ken Ming

Bryen Wood introduces the article. Watford engineer and horologist Ken Ming sadly died in 2007. He was a good and enthusiastic friend to the Bushey Museum and he was very proud of his family's roots in Bushey Heath, where they ran hand laundries in Springfields. He was greatly interested in the complex history of Robert North & Sons. Originally a Watford firm it went into decline in the 1930s, but some members of the family set up in Bushey during the Second World War, making timers for the Admiralty. Their factory was in the building in Rudolph Road, just down from the Museum, which had originally been a Working Men's Club; then an Art Gallery run by Lucy Kemp-Welch; followed by a craft workshop known as Nelsa, before Norths took it over.

Ken's article about Scott's sledgemeter was still a draft when he sent it to me, but I think it is worth publishing as it is. Bushey of course has other connections with the Antarctic, as Dr Edward Wilson, who died with Scott, lived for a while in Bournhall Road. Frank Hurley, who was the photographer for Shackleton's exhibition, also stayed in Bushey from time to time and Shackleton himself was the cousin of the village doctor, William Shackleton.

I have been fascinated by the accounts of Nicole, Neilsen & Co (watchmakers) renamed North & Sons Ltd in 1911 that have been published over the years in the nostalgia section of the *Watford Observer*. These have been received from members of the North family and people whose relatives had worked there. Inevitably much of the detail regarding the firms has been lost. An example of this came to light recently during a visit to the Science Museum in London, relating to the connection between R B North, who owned Nicole, Nielsen & Co, and Samuel Smith (another watchmaker), founder of S Smith and Sons later, and still, Smiths Industries.

In the Science Museum gallery concerned with polar exploration there is a sledgemeter that was used on Scott's Antarctic expedition of 1910-14. It is a simple device to measure the distance travelled.

It uses a wheel coupled to a counter, mounted in a frame, that was attached to the back of a sledge. Similar odometers had been used for many years for normal surveying purposes, however, on the dial of the counter is engraved 'S. Smith & Sons 9 Strand Pat. 25318'. Reference to the records of the Patent Office (*see below*) reveal that this was a patent granted to R B North in connection with speedometers and distance recorders for motor cars, dated 1907.

The Motor Car Act of 1903, which raised the speed limit to 20mph, created the need for speedometers. Several claims have been put forward for the invention of the speedometers and associated distance recorders. Both the Smith and North families have claimed priority, and it may come as a surprise to both parties that a joint patent (No. 3684) was taken out by R B North and S Smith in 1904. However, earlier patents had been granted, for example to Elliott Brothers in 1903, so neither had invented the first speedometer; it is believed that there had been an agreement whereby North made the instruments and Smith sold them. North,

of speedometer that had been patented in 1908 (number 28141) by A E Rutherford, working for another London watchmaking firm, operating under the name Charles Frodsham & Co Ltd. At one point Nicole, Nielsen Ltd and Frodsham Ltd had some directors in common. In 1916 Norths bought Frodshams and, effectively, R B North's wife, Grace, became the owner. This proved, to be a wise precaution, because when North & Sons Ltd went into receivership in 1932, and finally closed in 1933, Charles Frodsham & Co Ltd survived, preserving some part of the North family's fortune.

Much of the history of the firms associated with R B North, named in this note, can be found in *The Frodshams. The Story of a Family of Chronometer Makers* by Vaudrey Mercer, published by The Antiquarian Horological Society in 1981.

Details of the design of many of R B North's actual and potential products can be found in the records of the Patent Office. In all he made sixty-three applications for patents, although some of these were abandoned. The topics included not only magneto-

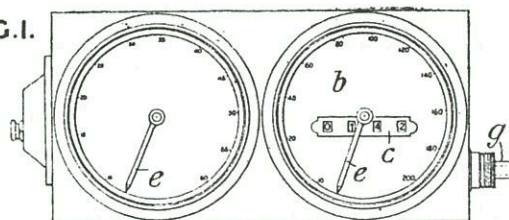
s, for which Norths were most famous, but also equipment for the control and measurement of gas supplies. Perhaps most surprising is the design for an improved siren. Co-patentees included Charles H Kirby, works manager, and Alfred Massey Allen, described as an engineer, both of whom

lived in Watford while working for the firm.

Returning now to Scott's sledgemeter, although the name on the dial is Smith, the number, 25318 relates to a patent of 1907 taken out by Robert Benson North when he had moved to Watford. The circumstantial evidence provided by photographs, showing similar instruments of this date on a work bench, indicates that almost certainly it was made at North's, Nicole, Nielsen & Co works in Hagden Lane. Here then is a Watford item that played a useful, if small, part in an historic event that has been completely forgotten locally.

25,318. North, R. B. Nov. 14.

FIG. 1.



Speed indicators; odometers; counting-apparatus.

who had a watch factory in Soho Square, London, opened the works in Hagden Lane, Watford in 1905 or 1906; listed as Nicole, Nielsen & Co Ltd (Watch Manufacturers) in the local directories. It was here that speedometers were made, but sold by S Smith & Sons at their shop in the Strand. There is a superb set of photographs, held by the Watford Museum, dating from 1905-10, showing the interior of the works and a line of vehicles outside waiting for instruments to be fitted.

To complicate matters still further by 1910 Smiths were advertising a cheaper type

# Strangers still

**Bryen Wood**

One of the most unusual commissions undertaken by Herkomer was that given to him by *The Graphic* magazine in January 1901. It was to paint Queen Victoria just after she had died at Osborne on the Isle of Wight. King Edward VII gave his permission and Herkomer travelled across to the island on 24 January 1901. It was ironic that he should be allowed to paint the Queen after she had died as he had tried a number of times to get her to agree to sit for him during her lifetime. She had always refused - as she did many artists - despite entreaties from her sixth daughter, Princess Louise, whom Herkomer knew well and who was herself a gifted artist. Nonetheless, Herkomer produced more than one commissioned portrait of the Queen using photographs and sculptures of her by other artists such as Alfred Gilbert.

Herkomer says very little in his writings about his experience at Osborne, but it is known that he was

very moved by the occasion and subsequently refused to allow *The Graphic* to have his work for publication. He painted quite a small watercolour showing the Queen lying enveloped in her marriage veil strewn over with small flowers and a few more carefully placed lilies. Herkomer brought the watercolour back to Bushey to finish it and then sent it to the new King and Queen. It hangs today in the corridor outside the room where the Queen died.

James Clappison, our MP, tells a good story of how, when he was on an official visit to Osborne, the guide for his party stopped at the painting and spoke briefly about it. James was able then to speak quite learnedly about Herkomer and greatly impressed the guide and the rest of his

party.

I have known from somewhere for some time that there was another artist with Herkomer, painting the dead Queen and the name Emil Fuchs was in my mind. I recently saw an autobiography by an Emil Fuchs up for sale and decided to take a chance on it. It was *With Pencil, Brush and Chisel, the Life of an Artist*. It was published by G P Putnam's Sons in New York in 1925, and a look at the index confirmed I was right. Emil Fuchs was born in Vienna, of

new King Edward and then was shown the Queen on her deathbed. He was accompanied by Princess Christian who told him that the Queen had asked that her body should remain undisturbed after death.

Fuchs was relieved by this and reported back to the King that he would prefer to sculpt his bust from sketches. He set to work and spent the next few hours making sketches. At one time he was watched by almost all the Royal Family. Later the Kaiser came in and commented on his

work. Fuchs asked if he could work on through the night and he was then alone until dawn with the dead Queen. At one point a note came from Queen Alexandra asking for one of his sketches and a facsimile of this note is pasted into the book.

Fuchs records his meeting with Herkomer in some detail and it so odd that it is worth quoting in full:

*In the morning, Princess Christian was the first visitor. She told me that*

*Professor von Herkomer had been sent by an illustrated paper to make a sketch and that the King had given his permission. She wished to suggest that I give him a choice of position when he arrived. As my work was finished this was no sacrifice to me. Soon the Princess brought him into the room and presented me to him. He was so impressed with the serenity of the picture that he exclaimed time after time to the Princess, "O, how wonderful, how wonderful!" I wanted to give him the benefit of solitude and was just leaving the room when the King sent for me. I took with me the remaining five drawings and asked the King's permission to submit them all and*



Drawing of Queen Victoria on her deathbed, Osborne, during the night of 23 January 1901 by Fuchs.

Hungarian descent, in 1866. He studied art in Vienna, Berlin and Rome, becoming a gifted society portrait painter, a sculptor and a medallist. In 1897 he moved to London where he came to the attention of Edward, Prince of Wales, who commissioned a medal from him. In due course Queen Victoria summoned him to Windsor to show her his work and she, too, commissioned medals from him and a sculpture of a grandson who had died. Fuchs last saw the Queen in December 1900 and was stunned to hear of her death in January, just over a month later. He received a telegram, from von Pfyffer, the Queen's Secretary, ordering him to Osborne to make a death mask from which to make a bust.

At Osborne, Fuchs was ushered to the

offer one to him. He selected the one he saw first the evening before and accepted this for himself.

On returning to the room I was informed that we must get ready to leave, as the preparations for removing the body to London would soon begin.

After the King saw Herkomer's hasty sketch he again sent for me and said, "Although Professor von Herkomer has been sent here it seems to me that if anything is published, it should be one of your sketches."

I replied, "With Your Majesty's most gracious permission I would like to submit, that the occasion is so solemn that I would prefer not to desecrate it by any thought of self." Von Herkomer and I departed in the same carriage, we crossed on the same boat, but each kept to himself. As a member of the Academy and the more important of us two it devolved upon him to address me first, should he wish to do so; but as he remained silent there was no occasion for me to do otherwise. And leaning once more over the rail at the bow, where I had stood only a few days before, I had plenty of leisure to reflect upon the impermanence of life and the sudden changes which often a single day, yes, an hour, brings about.

When we parted at Waterloo Station, we were still the strangers we

had been in the beginning.

And here is an instance of what I meant when I spoke earlier in these pages of the human element which counts for so much: On account of always having lived a more or less solitary life, probably through lack of social talents, I have, no doubt, missed some of the small benefits which the kind word of a helpful friend will procure. On the other hand, it has given me ample opportunity to launch forth into the many branches of my art, in whose neighborly domains I delighted to wander. It matters little how one achieves one's happiness - but it is important that one should achieve it.

On the twenty-eighth of that month, the London Times published the following Court Circular:

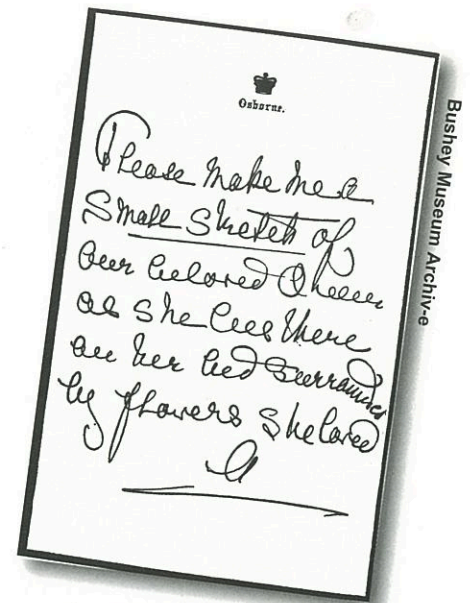
"Osborne, January 26th. Professor von Herkomer and Herr Emil Fuchs have had the honor of making sketches for a portrait and a bust of Her Majesty, the late Queen."

Photographs of two of the drawings which I had made at Osborne were sent to the brother and sisters of King Edward and to the Emperor. The letter which the Duke of Connaught, the King's only surviving brother, sent to me, in autograph, is so touchingly beautiful that I shall quote it:

March 2, 1901.

Dear Mr Fuchs,

Accept my very best thanks for



sending me the excellent facsimile of your sad drawings made at Osborne. I will ever value them as being the last likeness that could ever be made of my beloved mother, the Queen.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Emil Fuchs produced the commissioned bust in due course and it was placed at Balmoral. He went on to design postage stamps for King Edward VII and several more medals for him. He had a distinguished career working in many European countries and then in Canada and Cuba. He eventually settled in New York. The nearest he came to Bushey was to be a frequent guest of the banking family Bischoffsheim at Warren House in Stanmore.

## The Bushey British School for Boys (Ashfield School)

### Grant Longman

*The first headmaster of this school was Robert S Soar and he laid down only four rules, which he gave to the parents sending their sons to his school, and with which they were required to conform.*

1st. To send their children regularly at nine o'clock in the morning, and at two in the afternoon (Saturdays excepted), and to see that their hands and faces are clean, their hair combed and cut short, and a string attached to their hats.

2nd. On no occasion to keep them from School without leave of the Master. Absence will not exempt from the weekly payments.

3rd. To cause them to attend regularly

on the Sabbath Day such places of Public Worship as they may prefer, and to use every means to instruct them in the first principles of Religion.

4th. To encourage a strict obedience to the Rules and Orders of the School and particularly to allow their children to act in such situations as the Master may think most useful for the good of the School'

In addition, the children had to bring regular payments of one penny every Monday morning.

In spite of the school being non-denominational the Headmaster had to be a member of the Established Church and a class was held from 10 till 11 every Saturday morning for the instruction in the

Church Catechism of those children whose parents wished it. Six months after the school opened, it is recorded that, it was the only school for boys in Bushey because its success had caused the closure of the National School run by the Rector.

