



WE'RE OPEN AGAIN!

Rudolph Road News

What a month it has been! We have been planning for the re-opening of the Museum on the 17th of September, and in the meantime the Art Curators and their team have been switching the rooms for the Herkomer Gallery and the Anne Blessley Gallery, a huge task.

We have been concerned that our stewards might not have felt able to return while the Coronavirus pandemic continues to rage, but more than half told us that they are coming back, so we will have enough to be able to open two days a week to start with.

The Museum has been cleaned regularly while it has been closed, and now we have a screen for the shop counter, face masks, direction signs, separation signs, sanitisers, and "track and trace" measures in place, and we are almost ready to open.

Writing this report a week before the date, BBC News has just announced that Hertsmere has a high infection rate, and the Prime Minister decides

on his "rule of six". Can we re-open, or not? A flurry of phone calls later, yes we can open, but we can only have up to two groups, with no more than six in each group, so we are still on target to re-open, but we are very conscious that a U-turn is still possible. We have spoken to all those stewards who had agreed to return, and only one has decided that they can't take the risk.

So what awaits our visitors? We decided that, as lockdown came so soon after two new exhibitions had been mounted, and so few people had been able to see them, it was decided that we would keep these on.

"*New Acquisitions*" is in the Council Chamber Gallery. Often when we acquire new items they are stored, as they don't fit current exhibitions, so we are showing many of our more recent additions to the collection - a very eclectic display!

In the revamped Anne Blessley Gallery is "*20-20 Vision*" part of the Hertfordshire Year of Culture, showing Art and Costume for the periods around 1820, 1920 and 2020.

In the enlarged Herkomer Gallery we have been able to show more of the artefacts relating to the great man, including a carved wooden bed, an ottoman with a fabric designed by him, and a wider range of paintings, in addition to items previously shown.

So now we await the actual re-opening: will it really happen after so long? Will we wake the next morning and find that it is real? We are keeping our fingers firmly crossed!

Carey Keates, Chairman BMT

Chairman's Letter

The front doorbell rings. I open it. Standing in front of me is a person, masked, hefting a shoulder bag and hand grip, the weight of which makes them lopsided. The person speaks. "I am the district nurse to see Ronnie Castle." I ask their name – it's Magda, Theo, Wendy, Stacey, Roona, Sara, Helio, Rufaro, Adelina. One day I am sure the reply will be "I am Spartacus"! The list is ever changing. Never the same person. Their work schedule is so tight, the time they spend with the patient is minimal and each time I have to explain the treatment he is undergoing.

Compare this with the District Nurse in Herkomer's painting (*Our Village Nurse* 1892). Wearing her neat black bonnet and cape, she glides effortlessly along the street acknowledging the smiles of local villagers. She appears to have no bag. Oh happy days!

The painting is of a known location in Bushey and shows Village Nurse Jessie Hyam on her rounds. In 1892 there was no NHS providing universal care, so who paid for Our Village Nurse? There were several local benefactors, but Herkomer was one of the main contributors to the fund. Herkomer was resident in Bushey from 1873 until his death in 1914. From very humble origins he rose to become a prominent figure in Victorian art and society. However, he never forgot his early deprivations. When he settled there, Bushey was a poor agricultural village. He used the local people and local settings for his socialist realist pictures. He sought to improve their health and raided funds for a village nurse so that the poorest people could have access, albeit minimally, to medical advice. He was a man of many parts and in 1893 he staged a theatrical production in his theatre in Melbourne Road of "*Time's Revenge*", especially in aid of the Herkomer Village Nurse Fund. All his society friends in London would have come to the theatre taking the special trains running from London to Bushey and the by carriage to the theatre.

The painting was acquired from Christie's by Bushey Museum Trust in 1999 for £15,291, with a contribution of £3,823 from the National Art Collections Fund and additional support from the MGC/V&A Purchase Grant Fund, the Hertfordshire Heritage Fund and the Friends of Bushey Museum. It is a very affine addition to the Museum's collection and can be seen in the newly refurbished Herkomer Room.

We are very sorry to announce the deaths of a founder Friend, Jill Bonell and former admin volunteer Rosemary Haynes.

Rita Castle



Erratum:

A reader has pointed out that in the last edition, HT Cox was wrongly sited in Rudolph Road – it was in fact in Melbourne Road. She went on to say “They occupied the site of the old studios – which was a great barn of a place – on the right hand side (with you back to the High Street) behid Solon which was on the corner. I think it housed scenery for the main studio on the opposite side of Melbourne Road. The house on the corner was originally occupied by Margaret, Lady Herkomer and became a photographic processing studio eventually.”

Bushey Maternity Hospital

The Museum has had several enquiries about the hospital in Heathbourne Road – some from people who worked there and some who were born there. Information appears to be sparse and photographs of the building – inside or out – seemingly non-existent.

In 1937 Middlesex County Council acquired a newly built private clinic in Heathbourne Road to be used as a maternity hospital. It opened on 1 January 1938 with 48 beds as Middlesex County Maternity Hospital and was administered from Redhill County Hospital, now Edgware General Hospital. In 1948 it became part of the National Health Service as one of the Hendon Group of hospitals of the North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board. The name of the hospital was changed to Bushey Maternity Hospital. The hospital closed in 1977 and the site was acquired by BUPA who built a brand-new extensive private facility which opened in 1982. It was later transferred to Spire Healthcare Limited who run it today.

Anne Brown of Bushey told the Watford Observer:

I went there to do my midwife training in 1946 and stayed there until it closed. It had 50 beds and 45 cots. There was never enough accommodation for the nurses so they bought Birchville Court in 1947 which is now a nursing home. I lived in Birchville Court.

The old nurses' home was requisitioned by the government. The owner got £7,000 for it. She wanted £12,000 and they gave her £7,000 and she went and bought a cottage in Regent's Park. She sold the chauffeur's cottage for £3,000. Having trained in Liverpool I transferred to Bushey and continued my training.

It used to have a greenhouse when I went there. It was entirely self-sufficient. The vegetables came from the garden. It was a Mr Hill who was the gardener. They had chickens as well. They had their own chicken run.

It had a huge house with two bedrooms and a Polish registrar living in it for a while. But before he came it was used by two doctors and the health registrar and it had two secretaries in the office. It was owned by Middlesex County Council. It caused a lot of controversy at the time because they didn't take patients from Hertfordshire.

It was built on to over the years. It had no clinic when I first went there. We used the Congregational church hall in Bushey. We didn't even have a couch. We had a kitchen table and were given a cup of tea by the health visitors. Edgware supplied the transport.

It really belonged to Edgware. When it was built it was owned by Middlesex County Council. I think it was bought as a nursing home and extended. We only took patients from Harrow and up as far as Dollis Hill. Eventually, they did take patients from Hertfordshire. I can't remember when that was. There were people who went up town to have their babies because they couldn't get into the hospital.

Dr William D Ward worked at the Hospital in the 1960s as he recounted recently to Ian Read.

Bill Ward is a retired family doctor living in Colchester. He was born in London and became house doctor at Bushey as his first professional appointment. Bill is an accomplished military historian and he and Ian Read met when both were involved in taking the London Transport Museum's restored 1914 'Battlebus' to France and Belgium in 2014.

Bill recounts some of his experiences of the Maternity Hospital here.

"I was a very new doctor in 1964 when I got the job of house officer at Bushey Maternity Hospital. The great attraction of the job to me was that it offered married quarters and I had just married. When I was looking for a maternity post, which I would need to have done to be able to do deliveries as a family doctor, I had applied for any job which offered married accommodation. At interviews I kept meeting the same small group of doctors who were in the same position and we got to know each other quite well. I did not get the Bushey job, which was offered to someone else, but that offer was withdrawn when the matron found out that his wife was expecting a baby and she did not want a new baby in the flat next to hers! To my great relief I was offered the job.

We came back from a honeymoon in Spain to live in a tiny flat which had two twin beds which were different heights! After paying for our keep I had just enough left over to pay the bus fare for my wife to go to work as a teacher. She got a job teaching French and German at a school in Harrow even though she would only be there for six months. Language teachers were in such short supply that they still took her on.

There were only two resident doctors, an Indian lady registrar called Neela, and me as Senior House Officer. There were three consultant obstetricians who came from Edgware hospital. The patients all came from Borehamwood and people in Bushey had to go to Watford to have their babies! We used to go in a hospital taxi to Borehamwood to do antenatal clinics.



Dr Bill Ward poses outside the entrance to Bushey Maternity Hospital in 1964 having been appointed as resident doctor. He and his new wife had a flat above the porch.

Neela became ill and had to go into Edgware Hospital and I was left alone to do everything all the 24 hours in the day for a couple of weeks. Babies come at any time of the day and night and I was exhausted. Eventually, on my protesting, they got a local GP in to cover one night after she had done her evening surgery. We got a bus to Watford and had a drink and then went home for a good night's sleep. They then got a succession of dreadfully lazy registrars who tried to leave all the work to me but I stood my ground and refused to be put upon. I came back from a weekend off visiting my parents in East Ham to find that none of the babies born over the weekend had been examined and the consultant paediatrician was coming on Monday morning to see them. I told the

locum registrar that he could do everything until I had dealt with the babies and the consultant or I would tell her why nothing had been done.

There was an epidemic of gastroenteritis at the Elizabeth Garret Anderson Hospital in London and they were taking no maternity cases. The King Edward Fund ran a service then to find emergency beds and I got a phone call one night to ask if I could take a woman in labour. In those days maternity places were fully booked but at Bushey we usually had a bed so I said send her in. The lady was most surprised when I agreed and for the next few weeks we had a series of pregnant women coming from London. They included an Indian lady with twins, one a boy and one a girl. She spent all her time on the son and neglected the daughter dreadfully. We did have a very pregnant lady one day who rode up on a horse to say her waters had broken and was it all right to ride home and call for an ambulance to go to Watford. She delivered very quickly and I never found out what had happened to the horse she had tied up in the car park. One of the female obstetricians used to ride a motorbike as she found she could get through the London traffic to emergencies more easily and I was told that the previous year she had driven up to the hospital to announce she was in labour and to get her bed ready.

The food at the hospital was awful and the only decent meal was when the hospital governors came to a Christmas dinner. The only photo I have says on the back ‘Bushey 1964’. Our flat was just over the porch. The registrar had a bungalow in the grounds.”

These are just two examples of reminiscences. There must be more out there and we would dearly love to see some photos!

Ian Read

200 CLUB SEPTEMBER DRAW

£20 103 Mr S Hill

£15 169 Mrs M Sibley

‘Another Op’nin’ Another Show...’

‘...In Philly, Boston or Baltimoe..’ as Cole Porter’s brilliant song has it. We might change it to ‘...up on the Heath or in the village below.’

To quote another showstopper from My Fair Lady, namely ‘Wiv a li’le bi’ o’ bloomin’ luck...’ by the time you read this we shall be, wiv a bi’ o’ luck, back in Show Business.

Two days only to start with, but that alone has taken huge efforts by many volunteers in regard to safety for visitors. Come; come again; tell your friends; drag them with you; point out the wonderful new pamphlets on Bushey, ‘Voices from the Past,’ all eight for just a tenner, with superb pictures of the time, courtesy of Nick Overhead, and subjects as diverse as World Wars I & II, Transport, Schools, Bushey Artists, Working Life. Their compilation was the work of volunteer Judy Smith who ploughed through dozens of recordings of long time residents of Bushey.

Art curators Pat Woppard and John Gerry have contrived a major relay of two of the rooms; others have been in attendance to keep the place safe, not least Manager Gareth Wood, who managed to placate the Fire Brigade every time the alarms mysteriously sounded, without a soul in the place. Sir Hubert and Lucy K-W must be present in mischievous spirit.

We have so far resisted the serious temptation to cuddle our six grandchildren, but have taken the opportunity of picnicking with them in Reveley Lodge. Living all of 100 yards away we regard it as our personal garden, thanks to the sterling work of Granville Taylor, Head Gardener Rory and the stalwart volunteers who have made it look superb this year. I have also been to the Moon and back several times with a grandchild in Granville’s rocket ship. The garden is a haven in these weird times.

Weird indeed. Jewish New Year and Day of Atonement services were held, as have all been since lockdown, on Zoom. Places of worship were closed and taking part from home was a mixed blessing.. or do I mean curse? Our clergy worked their prayer shawls off to make it happen, with lay volunteers chipping in. My senior rabbi phoned me in August to say,

‘Barry I want you to read the traditional Day of Atonement “Book of Jonah” at the afternoon service.’ Now the service lasts all day and is my practice to go home in the afternoon and return for the concluding service. [You

can have just too much of a good, or not terribly good, thing.] ‘Paul,’ I said, ‘you know I usually go home in the afternoon.’ ‘That’s fine,’ he replied, ‘you will be at home! I’m off on holiday.. bye.’

In the book of Jonah, the desperate sailors cast lots to see whose God was responsible for creating the storm: "Then the sailors said to each other, 'Come, let us cast lots to find out who is responsible for this calamity.' They cast lots and the lot fell on Jonah. Well, you know the rest [What do you mean 'No I don't'? No Sunday School?] Jonah gets chucked overboard and the storm abates, then there's all the malarkey about him in the whale, having a whale of a time. Well reading it in synagogue doesn't mean taking it literally. Its underlying message is that, unlike Jonah, hiding or running off is not a solution.

So please - no hiding. Come running, walking, cycling, skateboarding or rollerskating back – ~~YOUR COUNTRY~~ MUSEUM NEEDS YOU.

Barry Hyman
Trustee and Shop Manager

Myra Elizabeth Luxmoore – Artist and Suffragist

“Greetings from Holland”

This is how Annemiek finished her second email. She had emailed Bushey Museum, making an enquiry about a Herkomer student, Myra Luxmoore. I remembered the name from when we were mounting the exhibition *A Quiet Revolution* a while back about all those young ladies who attended Herkomer School of Art. In fact, when I looked through the list of Herkomer students who were members of the Society of Women Artists, beside Myra’s name I had scribbled “suffrage”. So I googled Myra Luxmoore and I then remembered that I had read the article edited by Elizabeth Crawford, entitled:

Campaigning for the Vote: Kate Parry Frye’s Suffrage Diary

<https://womanandhersphere.com/2013/02/04/kate-fryes-suffrage-diary>

This time I went further down the page and found that Annemiek had responded to this in 2013, advising she was in possession of a small self portrait of Myra. However, I knew the Museum files contained nothing on her and replied to Annemiek, stating that we had no more information than we knew Myra joined the Herkomer School in 1885 and that she had special mention in the Herkomer School Annual Reports as having exhibited work whilst at the school. She replied that she was indeed making the same enquiry as in 2013, but she intended to keep on searching. She had found that Myra had exhibited far more paintings at the Royal Academy than the Academy listed.

Annemiek had scoured the internet, so I thought I would do the same, perhaps finding enough information for a Museum file on Myra Luxmoore.

Myra Luxmoore was the daughter of a superintendent engineer for the Great Western Railway, living in Paddington and then Devon. She was about 25 years old when she enrolled at the Herkomer School of Art in 1885 and returned to Newton Abbot, where she is recorded as being resident by 1888, when she had completed the course. A few years later she was living in London and, after various moves, in 1905 she moved to Bedford Gardens, Kensington. She shared her accommodation with other artists, as there are census records. It must have been an establishment not dissimilar to the one Emily Carr resided when she came to London – sharing rooms and facilities for respectable young ladies of slender means (as Muriel Spark put it).

And it is to Myra’s studio that Kate Frye described visiting to attend at least three Studio Suffrage meetings. Myra herself belonged to the Conservative and Unionist Women’s Franchise Association (the third largest suffrage organisation before the first world war), which had been formed by members of the National Union of Women’s Suffrage Societies. This was a single-issue organisation, interested only in the enfranchisement of women. It was affiliated to the Conservative and Unionist Party, which was however a separate entity. The CUWFA was a suffragist movement – it believed in peaceful protest and the meetings were an integral part of the campaign.

Only one painting by Myra Luxmoore is available for public viewing; *Portrait of Very Reverend Edward C. McClure, Dean of Manchester*, which is in the collection of Manchester Art Gallery.

She is known to have painted the portrait of Lady Frances Balfour, a fellow suffragist. Others have been for sale at various times by various auction houses.



The sitter for this one was called a mystery woman.

A Seated Young Woman oil on canvas

Myra was obviously considered a consummate artist. As Annemiek discovered, her Royal Academy exhibits were many and she exhibited at the Paris Salon and at the Grafton Gallery in 1905 – The Grafton Gallery was the one London gallery to show the work of the Impressionists in 1906 and the venue for Roger Fry's influential Post-Impressionists exhibitions of 1910 and 1912.

She acquired an enthusiastic collector of her paintings - Mother Agnes Mason, Foundress of the Community of the Holy Family, a keen artist herself. For her, Myra painted a number of religious works and she travelled to the Middle East in order to gain knowledge of the area.

She exhibited as an Associate of the Society of Women Artists and she found work as illustrator in several magazines including the *Lady's Realm*, *The Sketch* and the *Sunday Magazine* and novels, one being *The Sons of Cormac, and Tales of other Men's Sons* by Allis Dunbar, with 8 Illustrations by **Myra Luxmoore**, re-printed and selling on Amazon at least up to 2015.



THE SONS O' CORMAC : AN'
TALES OF OTHER MEN'S SONS

ALDIS DUNBAR, MYRA LUXMOORE

PAT WOOLLARD

Reveley Lodge

Readers of these jottings will recall that the last episode of life at Reveley featured the opening of the Pop-up café. We operated it throughout June, July and August, and stopped for the season on 4th September. It has been a very successful operation and we're very grateful to Sara Dryburgh whose initiative it was and who operated it singlehandedly for its first few weeks, and for our volunteers who served behind the counter, baked cakes and topped up the stock. We sold 1,450 coffees, 860 teas and 850 slices of cake, several hundred ice creams, soft drinks and biscuits. Katharine Whitaker and our new Trustee Lisa Brown made sure that we followed all the catering and Covid rules, organising training and tick sheets for all the volunteers.



Puddlegum after a storm

We used a contactless card reader for most of the transactions and apart from the odd glitch, it seemed to work well. The most important part of the initiative was that it brought a regular stream of people into the garden and

it was a pleasure to see people sitting on the terrace and around the garden enjoying their surroundings.



display of very attractive collage type pictures and we recommend you see them and possibly buy one. They are really very good..

Amongst all the extra visitors we also had a first – we hired out the Billiard room for the filming of a music video. The faint strains of a sitar, guitar, cello and drums filtered through into the garden and added a touch of glamour to the place. The only problem was that the filming happened on a very hot day with temperatures into the thirties making for an uncomfortable experience for the musicians.

As noted in the last report, we have been updating the upstairs of the Stable block –the Hayloft - so that it may be rented out in some way. Out of the blue we had an enquiry from a local organisation. They have now leased the Hayloft from us for the next year and a small number of people from their admin team are now in residence. We had to respond very rapidly in finishing off the improvements, laying carpets, putting in place access arrangements and concluding the legal aspects. We are very pleased to have them on site and we hope to make their experience of Reveley as pleasurable as possible.

These little pieces of excitement should not take away from the bedrock of our activities, the garden and the volunteers. We made a decision at the start of the pandemic that we would focus most of the effort in the garden into the fruit and vegetables, as we thought that was the most socially responsible thing to do. Rory, Lesley and the volunteers have done a fantastic job with a wide range of produce for sale on the terrace, the latest of which has been red cabbage, ox-heart tomatoes, leeks and Bushey Grove apples, as well as our stalwarts of flower bouquets and 6 types of garlic (which are selling very well and if you want some I suggest you move quickly). In addition, the garden looks lovely and has garnered much praise from visitors. We have had some new volunteers join, very often because they had visited Reveley as part of their lockdown exercise regime and stayed for a coffee. We have also managed some small renovation projects – the replacement of the Clay Lane gate and the rebuilding of two brick piers. More repairs are planned.

Despite a successful summer, the Autumn and Winter will be more challenging. Mabel's Vintage Tearooms are only operating on Saturdays and we have lost our income from the various groups that hired the Stable Gallery such as the yoga classes, and children's activities. Income from functions will be halted for the foreseeable future. It will be difficult to run events but we will do what we can and are actively looking at a Halloween event and something at Christmas. But just before the current restrictions came into effect, we were delighted to host a small wedding and we wish the newlyweds the very, very best.

Breaking news: we are running a mini-mini café in the Stable Gallery just with teas and coffees and pre-packaged biscuits.

Granville Taylor



Another Herkomer painting discovery in our collection

The Art UK website aims to display all paintings in public ownership in the UK, and we have in the past few years been adding our watercolours to the site. It has a section called Art Detective. In June last year Jacinto Regalado posted this comment:

This would appear to be Siegfried, the son of the painter Hubert Herkomer and born in 1874, so the age fits the picture (dated 1882). The obvious assumption, if not conclusion, is that this was done by his father, in whose work the Bushey Museum has a special interest. Unless the collection knows otherwise, this should be listed under Hubert Herkomer.

This (pastel?) at Bushey is no doubt related to this Hubert Herkomer oil (also 1882) at Southampton (see attached images) The Bushey piece was probably a preparatory study for the painting.

We at Bushey Museum didn't see the comment until this April, when Art UK posted this:

Please accept our sincere apologies for the delay in responding to this query. We have a large backlog at Art Detective and it appears this one has been overlooked.

Perhaps the owning collection of this artwork has more information, or would be so kind as to give their feedback? We have now included the collection in this proposed discussion.

We have now posted this comment:

When Bushey Museum acquired this unsigned watercolour in 1998, our curators noted that it was dated January 1882, and that Herkomer was in the USA in 1882. Therefore they could not safely attribute it to him. They were presumably not aware of the oil painting of the same subject by Herkomer in Southampton Art Gallery. We now know that Herkomer did not reach the USA until October 1882, according to the Lee MacCormick Edwards biography. Thanks to Art Detective and Jacinto Regalado we now feel safe in attributing the watercolour to Hubert von Herkomer.

Patrick Forsyth



The watercolour in Bushey Museum



The oil in Southampton Museum