This year Bushey Museum Trust have chosen for their Summer Festival Exhibition (6—28 July) to feature the work of...

Three Bushey Artists and a Photographer

The Trustees start planning an exhibition at least a year ahead, even if the final result is sometimes rather different from what is originally expected! The 1991 Summer Festival Exhibition has however followed a fairly even course and has been aimed to provide a wide variety of interest.

We have chosen a mixture of three artists' works and a good spread of local history; more of a mixture than in previous years. The principal artists to be exhibited are Trevor Haddon and Norman Hirst — both studied at the Herkomer Art School and they served at the same time on the management committee of the School. Both are primarily landscape painters, but, because of their time in Bushey, both were well able to do portrait work. As landscape painters they travelled widely, (Haddon even went as far as the South Pacific), and we can promise you some lovely scenes, both English and Continental.

The third artist whose work will be shown is Robert Morton Nance. A large parcel of his pencil drawings, done when he was at Bushey and soon after, arrived unexpectedly by post as a gift to the Trust. The drawings of Bushey and Watford in the 1890s and some of the studies of Bushey people are extremely detailed and a joy to see. They demonstrate the high quality of pencil work at the Herkomer Art School — an activity for which it became famous. R.M. Nance later gave up his career as an artist and became a champion of the revival of the Cornish language and culture.

The photographer, W.H. Hoather, had his studio in Bushey Heath and his photographs of people and places around the 'Heath' are a wonderful record of the first 25 years of this century. In addition we are showing his lantern slide projector and other accessories.

The local history section is in the small 'Local Studies' room — where new acquisitions will be shown. Here, some of the subjects covered by gifts to the Trust are: a Quicksey Kitchen Cabinet (made locally), the Royal Masonic Schools, the BUDC, World War II, and Bushey and District Hospital.

Grant Longman

Although this could be described (very loosely) as a picture of three Bushey artists and a photographer, the people in this photograph taken outside the Council Offices in Rudolph Road actually are (left to right): Trust Secretary Bryen Wood, Friends' Vice-Chairman Anne Blessley, Bushey Museum Trustee Canon Philip Morgan, and Friends' Chairman Gawan Vesey who is also in fact a prolific photographer of Bushey and its environs. The photograph illustrated an article in the Watford Observer last April reporting the Council's decision to grant the Bushey Museum Trust a 3-year lease of the Rudolph Road building for use as a museum. Reproduced by courtesy of Watford Observer.

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AGM Presentation

FRIENDS who were not at the AGM in November last year will not have seen the 1990 Friends' presentation to the Trust. It is a watercolour by Herkomer of a Bavarian peasant girl. It was due to have been sold at Bonhams last March with all the other Herkomer items but for some reason it was overlooked. The vendor very kindly offered it to the Friends for the reserve price that had originally been set for it. The picture is being displayed along with other recent acquisitions at the Trust’s Summer Exhibition in association with the Bushey Festival. (The Exhibition runs until Sunday 28 July and is open every day from 11pm till 7pm.)

At the auction itself the Friends purchased a drawing by Herkomer for the Trust. It is of Lorenz Herkomer’s younger son at 19½ hours old and exact life size, certified to be a correct likeness by Miss Wilkes, the nurse. Lorenz died in 1922 and it was his widow who lived on in Bushey until 1988 whose property (amongst others) was being auctioned. Mrs Herkomer was very generous to the Trust in her last years and we were pleased that she managed to visit our Herkomer Exhibition in 1988 although by then well over ninety years of age. Bryen Wood

Right: The delightful watercolour of a Bavarian peasant girl by Herkomer which was acquired last year by the Friends and presented to the Trust at the Friends’ AGM in November.

Below: A life-size pencil drawing by Herkomer of his son Lorenz made soon after birth and declared a ‘correct’ likeness by the nurse in attendance. It was purchased for the Trust by the Friends at Bonhams auction of Herkomer effects in March 1980 following the death of Mrs Lulu Herkomer.

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Lorenz Herkomer
born Sept 25th 1889
at 9 oclock p.m.

At the age of 19½ hours. [exact size only]

I declare this to be a correct likeness.

M. Conni Briles
Nurse

Sept 26 H. M. 89
MORE MEMORIES OF OLD BUSHEY

In December 1964, local historian T.W. Hedges, late father of Norman Hedges of the Friends, wrote of his early memories of the ‘Old Forge’ in a letter to Hertfordshire Countryside selected from the archives by Jenny Just.

I was very interested in the photographs of the forge and the letter thereon published in your winter issue, and I wonder if you would care to have a few remarks of my own.

I think the old building was somewhat over glamourised as the result of a coloured picture postcard published in the early years of the present century and called “The Old Smithy”; my copy is post-marked, May 1904. In fact I do not think it could be called an old smithy in the strict sense of the term for my family lived there from 1883 to the end of 1894. Incidentally, I was brought there in November of the earlier year at the mature age of 90 days! My brother and two sisters were born there.

The old place did not become a forge until about 1895/6 when it came into the possession of a local farrier named Goldsmith, who, with his successors, could not have occupied the place for more than 25 years, if as long, because Kelly’s directory for 1925 gives them the tenant as Parkin, a cartage contractor, who also used a portion of the forge premises as a grocer and fruiterers shop, which it still is. The other portion eventually became an electricians and is now [1960s] an antique store.

The building, with its long garden, during our occupation was used as a hand laundry. Before that it was owned by a badly crippled and devout old Salvationist named Narroway, a rag and metal merchant.

In the Centenary Edition of the Wartford Observer there is a copy of the issue for 24th January 1863, which contains a Bushey notice that a Mr Narroway took the chair at the Primitive Methodist Chapel on the evils of intemperance. Knowing what I know of the old gentleman I feel sure he was my predecessor at the forge, which before Narroway’s tenancy was a coffee tavern.

Narroway’s name could for many years be seen in black lettering under the white distemper on the façade above the front window.

The earlier illustration you may have looked like that 100 years ago but it appears to have been taken during the Goldsmith period and in fact, was much in this state, save for the greenery, when we left it over 70 years ago. So much for the story, which I have heard on many occasions, that the Smithy existed as such for over a 100 years or more!

It was during Parkin’s reign that the lower portion of the house was reconstructed, the front flat square-panelled windows removed and the present Tudor-oid one substituted; the big old front door (at the side) with its wooden lock and a key weighing nearly half-a-pound taken away and the other window rested.

During the Centenary celebrations of the Congregational Church in 1959 an enlarged picture of the Smithy by Mrs Dorothy A Fox was exhibited in the Church Hall, attracting considerable attention. Following this exhibition the Wartford Observer was good enough to publish a letter from myself in the picture in their issue for the first week of

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The bells of St James, Bushey Parish Church

Centenary Peal

The very first peal on the bells of the Parish Church of St James, Bushey, was rung on Saturday 4th October 1890. This consists of 1640 changes in a method known as Grandire Triples and took 2 hours 44 minutes to complete. Those taking part represented the St Peter’s Society, St Albans, and the Herts and Essex Associations and rang as follows:

Tenor John R Southey

The Centenary of the above event was celebrated on Thursday 4th October 1990 by the ringing of a peal of 5120 changes of Cambridge Surprise Major, also in 2 hours 44 minutes. Those taking part represented the Hertford County Association and rang as follows:

Treble Roger Baldwin

Conductor

2 Kay A Whitaker

3 Stuart P B Talbott

4 Ian W Blake

5 Alan J Luxford

6 S Kathleen M Baldwin

7 David Redfearn

Tenor David Gibbons

During the last hundred years well over six hundred peals have been rung at Bushey and there are few towers in the world that can lay claim to such a record.

However, not all our ringing is of such record making proportions and we are currently looking for new recruits. Therefore, should any young people feel they would like to learn bellringing then please do not hesitate to contact the Captain, Mr Roger Baldwin (telephone: 0923 226863).
Forty years ago that was the question Bushey Urban District Council and Herts County Planners were attempting to answer when they published their Plan for Bushey. The following is an extract from the accompanying Report, published all those years ago. Many of their predictions came to pass. Some didn’t.

“WHETHER we like it or not, things are going to happen in the next twenty years and they cannot help making some changes in Bushey. If we just let them happen without trying to foresee the damage they may do or the benefit they may give, these changes can make Bushey either a less attractive or a better place to live in. We must make plans accordingly.

“Your local Council and the County Council have been doing just that — making plans — to keep the charm and character of Bushey and at the same time allow it to grow naturally.

“Whatever we do, houses get older and may need to be rebuilt; some local shopping centres for the outlying areas will have to be provided, something will have to be done about the amount of traffic passing through the centre of Bushey. So a Plan has been made showing the town as it is now and also how the changes can best be fitted in. It covers many activities — from houses for the 6,500 extra people expected to make their homes here, to the erection of a central post-office.

“Bushey is your town and your interests are affected. Naturally such things as the nearness of London and the construction of the Hillfield Reservoir have been taken into account as has the growth of Watford, Harrow and other nearby towns, but making allowance for these and other factors, it should be possible to keep what is best in Bushey and at the same time make improvements where they are badly needed.

“These are the main suggestions put forward by the Plan.

Houses
260 at Bournhall Road area, Ashfield Avenue and other sites, between 1951 and 1953.
550 at Ashfield Avenue, Bushey Hall Estate and other sites between 1953 and 1958.
1,970 north of Coldharbour Lane, at Bushey Heath and other sites, between 1958 and 1973.

SHOPS
Provision is made for 46 extra shops.
Bushey Hall Estate — 16 (1953-58)
Palmer Avenue
Bushey Hall Estate
Palmer Avenue — 30 (1958-73)
New Central area

SCHOOLS
There are to be 5 new schools:
Bushey Hall Primary — (1953-58)
Bushey Hall Secondary
Coldharbour Lane
Primary
Coldharbour Lane Sec — (1958-73)
Bushey Hall Secondary

The new schools at Bushey Hall will be mostly for Watford children.

INDUSTRY
12 additional acres are set aside mostly near to the Watford By-Pass (1951-73).

MISCELLANEOUS
In a central area south west of Melbourne Road the following buildings are proposed to be erected between 1958 and 1973.
Central Post Office
Cinema
Public Hall
Health Centre
Offices

ROADS
The traffic now passing through the town will be affected by three major regional proposals in addition to general road improvements:
Birmingham Radial Road — a new Trunk Road leaving the Watford By-Pass north of Hartspring Lane (1958-73).
"D" Ring Road — a new Ring Road passing round the outskirts of North London suburbs (1958-73).
Aylesbury Radial Road — a new Trunk Road to the west of Watford (should relieve traffic using the main road through the centres of Bushey and Watford).

"The last of these major roads is not likely to be constructed during the next twenty years unless economic conditions change considerably."

The above is an extract from the local government plan for Bushey, 1951-78, published in 1951 by Herts County Planning Dept.
REBUILDING
OF ST PETER’S

ALTHOUGH some of the old structure was retained, St Peters Bushy Heath was extensively rebuilt in 1912. We have recently borrowed this postcard which shows the work well advanced but with the new tower only up to the caves. The wooden scaffolding lashed together with ropes is interesting and I am especially intrigued by what appears to be the longest one-piece ladder I have ever seen. It is at least 70 feet long judging by the number of rungs. The rebuilding cost on the noticeboard is £10,200.

Bryen Wood

Students at the Herkomer Art School in Bushey in 1885. See the short article about Norman Hirst on this page.

NORMAN HIRST

NORMAN HIRST studied at the Herkomer School in 1885, two years after it opened. We will be featuring some of his work (together with that of Trevor Haddon and Robert Morton Nance) in our Bushey Festival Exhibition in July.

Looking through Hirst’s photograph album we found just one Bushey photograph but it is very special. Judging by the costume, it is of his year and is very much the earliest photograph which we have found of the School so far. It was taken in the School cloisters and although the image is faded and the emulsion is peeling, in the left foreground can just be determined a fire bucket used as an identifier lettered HERKOMER SCHOOL. We would dearly love to know who all the students are but, alas, no-one wrote a key to the photograph.

Bryen Wood

Don’t miss
the Exhibition at
Church House
June 28 July
The wartime memories of Doris Phillippe as a Land Girl on Coldharbour Farm (Journal No 2, Winter 88/89) have prompted this further glimpse into Bushey’s agricultural past. This article is written by George Cusack who worked at the farm prior to the outbreak of war until called up for war service. He writes from his present home in South Australia and we are indebted not only to him but also to his younger brother Bill (‘Little Willie’ in Doris Phillippe’s article) for being instrumental in the publication of these further fascinating recollections.

MORE FARM MEMORIES

RECENTLY I saw, and read, for the first time, “The Journal of the Friends of Bushey Museum Trust”, a publication of which I was previously unaware. It was Journal No. 2, Winter 1988/89, and was sent to me by my brother Bill, who figured, as “Little Willie”, in the article on Coldharbour Farm, written by Doris Phillippe. The article prompted me to sit and recall something of the years leading up to those days of which Doris wrote so evocatively; these words will perhaps, for some future local historian, flesh out the picture of life in Bushey.

What happy memories the article brought back of happy years of childhood, teens and young manhood spent in Bushey and its environs, and Coldharbour Farm in particular. Memories too of people not forgotten, but these days not often in the forefront of one’s mind. There was Green (known to us all as Charley) and his wife, his daughter Dorothy – somewhat older than our group – but a trusted, well-liked counsellor, also Percy, their mentally-handicapped son, who was included in our activities to the extent that he wished and was able. Later, came Glyn Thomas, first as milk-roundsman, then to marry Dorothy. Like Doris, I remember well his lilting Welsh tenor raised in song, and his morning greeting, “Bora Da, Bach” (a free translation would be “Good-day Mate”), while his and Dorothy’s daughter I recall only as a child, seeing her when I was home on leave. This, too, was how I met Doris and Vera, Brother Bill, in his accompanying letter, says he recalls me “chatting them up”, under the romantic circumstances of mucking-out the cowshed! I was much intrigued to note how the post-war diaspora has dispersed us to foreign climes; although four of my brothers still live within one mile of Coldharbour Farm and the house we were born in (the other came to Australia with me).

Coldharbour Farm, or as it was better known to locals: Charley Green’s Farm, was a natural focus for local children during their leisure hours, and particularly for those from Herne Road. By a happy coincidence, as I gaze out of the window of my house here on the other side of the world, I view a scene reminiscent of Coldharbour Farm as I could see it from the scullery of the family home in Herne Road: green fields, hedgerows, sheep and cattle grazing, and the roof-top of Yilki Farm, proudly proclaiming on its gate “Established 1839”, soon after South Australia was first settled in 1836. There is, in the hedgerow, some 50 yards from my window, a large pear tree, bearing small hard pears, just like the one in the paddock adjacent to Coldharbour Farm. (There is much that is strange, even exotic, also. The pear tree is covered by pigeon-sized Galahs, with their grey plumeage and pink breasts, while the ground around the tree is alive with birds: the ubiquitous introduced Starlings, of course, together with two kinds of seagulls, black and white-backed magpies, rosellas both green-plumaged and purple, ring-necked plovers, and, strolling majestically among the lesser fry, stately ibis with their long curved beaks).

Among my earliest memories is that of lying awake in the front bedroom of our Herne Road house, at 5 o’clock in the morning, waiting for the first human sound of the new day; then I would hear it; the cick-cick click of hob-nailed, blakey-tipped workboots. That first sound would be, invariably, Joe Stevens, head cowman, on his way to Charley Green’s, soon to be followed by the more distinctive steps, first the quick, short strides of little (5’ 2”) Dilly Green, then the limping gait of Pym Green, whose leg was damaged in an accident. These two were brothers of Charley, on their way to work from their home in Glenoce Road; Sid Bone, second cowman, would already be at work, for he lived in a cottage on the farm; the cottage, in fact, built contiguous with the horse-stables on one side, a storage barn on the other.

Also already at work, preparing the dairy with its separator-cooler and bottle-washing troughs, would be Charley himself, Mrs Green and Dorothy; from the

Joe Stephens, foreman (left) with ‘Dilly’ Green, brother of Charles Green the farmer. The nickname ‘Dilly’ is probably derived from the dialect word Dilling, which, according to Halliwell's Dialect Dictionary, means ‘the weakest pig in the litter, the youngest in the family; or the favourite’. (Photo taken in 1936)
A triple of ‘swells’ photographed in the summer of 1936. From left to right: Frank Gillett, Den Rutland and the author, George (‘Bunny’) Cusack. It looks as though James Cagney and Spencer Tracy were appearing at the Watford Glee. Certainly, the scene is enough to make Dunn’s weep with nostalgia!

GILBERT FISHER COLE
1910 – 1990

MANY Friends will remember Gilbert Cole who lived for many years in the Bushey area, first at Hilfield Farm and later at 6 Reveley Cottages, Herkomer Road. He died recently and some of his papers have been given to the Bushey Museum. He had a wide range of interests and loved the countryside. The following fragment amongst his notebooks is a diary note for August 1951:

“August 17th 1951. Yesterday, fine and sunny, spent the whole day in the neighbourhood of Letchmore Heath, Kemprow and Blackbirds Farm and also by the Netherwyld Roman site by the Colne.

At Blackbirds Farm, I chatted with farm workers who told me a lot of the local folk lore. I learned that a tunnel is supposed to connect Aldenham Church with St Albans Abbey (I hear this tale frequently in the district) and that in the chalk pit in the Blackbirds Farm field – adjoining Blackbirds Lane – is the entrance (now filled in) to a long tunnel in the chalk, leading towards the other quarry on the north side of Blackbirds Lane.

The field above often caves in and ‘swallow holes’ in that field have been filled in with, sometimes, several cartloads per hole. During an outbreak of swine fever, years ago, at Wall Hall, the pigs were put in the tunnel which was sealed off, and which had previously been used as a dump. I learned this from a man who had taken part in the activities.

The men were waiting while the tractor and binder harvester made approximately six circuits of the field so that they had enough sheaves of oats to stack. While waiting, they kept an eye open for rabbits, and one, seeing a movement in the corn, stealthily moved towards it and caught in his hand a baby rabbit about one-third grown, which he released at the entrance to a burrow. Half-an-hour earlier I came across a full grown grass snake in the verge of the cart track.

The tractor driver stopped in time to rescue a clutch of partridge eggs; and I was told of one or two footpaths that they were endeavouring to keep open in spite of farmers ploughing them up, or closing the way by various other means.”

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mid-30s on, Glyn Thomas also. From the age of about 10 years, i.e. the early 1930s, Dennis Rutland, my brother Mike and myself, all from Herne Road, would, during weekends and school holidays, be there too, even that early, for we spent much of our time on the farm. Milking, mucking-out, cutting and chaffing hay, and, a special treat fell to our lot, driving to Benskin’s Brewery for grain used as cattle feed.

... a special treat fell to our lot: driving to Benskin’s Brewery for grain used as cattle feed.

The summer holidays were spent haymaking, hot, dusty, back-breaking work, which also required certain skills. Dennis, Mike and myself always worked as a team; we were allowed to drive the toser, the horse-rake and the side-delivery rake, but the horse-drawn mower was the preserve of Joe and Sid. Another skilled, and for the loader, dangerous job, was loading hay with pickets onto the carts (two-wheeled) and wagons (four-wheeled). The cart or wagon, equipped with trestles, fore and aft, to increase carrying capacity, would be positioned between two rows of hay, which would be then pitched, with six-foot two-tined forks to the loader, whose job as to load in such a way as to prevent the hay from falling off on its bumpy journey to the rickyard, often more than a mile away. Not an easy task, with a needle-pointed picket fork sliding rapidly over each side of the load! Dennis and I pitched to brother Mike as loader, and it was our proud boast that we were paid a man’s wage, for we were as good as any team of older men. (If my memory serves me correctly, that wage in 1938 was 10d an hour, and, though we worked from 5am until 10pm, there was no overtime rate!).

The journey to the rickyard, which was sited alongside the cowsheds to provide winter feed for the shelled cattle, had hazards other than the bumpy fields, especially when leaving those fields abutting on to Coldharbour Lane; the exits were some two to three feet below road level, creating a sharp sharp rise to be negotiated. These exits, with their five-barred gates, were only inches wider than the hay-wains, and, because of the rise, had to be taken at speed, the knack was to halt in line with the exits, some 10 yards back, and to get the load moving at maximum speed, keeping the near-side wheel as close to one gate-post as possible. With the wagons, the task was complicated by the need to use a chain-horse, because of the heavy load; many a gate-post was flattened by learners!

At the rickyard, there was a display of other skills, now, I imagine, rare. First, the building of racks from the loose hay, delivered, as the racks rose, by the elevator; this was truly a task for experts and was entrusted to Joe and Sid. When the racks were finished came the thatching of their tops, another skilled job, and Joe was the ‘thatcher’.

Those were indeed happy, healthy times, spent in lovely surroundings, among friendly, likeable people, and this has, for me, a delightful meander down Memory Lane.

Then came the war, and one by one, we went into the Forces, Mike to the Royal Navy, Dennis and myself to the Army. About then, I imagine, Joe, Dilly and Pym would have retired; Charley too, I guess, leaving only Dorothy, Glyn and Sid to play their parts in the essential job of feeding the country, with, eventually, the welcome help of the Land Army girls, Doris and Vera.

Thus, here my story ends and Doris’s begins.

George A. Cusack
15 Crosby Court
Encounter Bay 5211,
South Australia
Dr Monro’s Cottage Orné

THE ‘COTTAGE ORNÉ’ was a substantial house in the height of fashion in about 1805. Dr Monro was a very successful physician who was also a patron of watercolour artists. The drawing illustrated is attributed to one of his sons, Alexander, who grew up in this house and it is a copy of a drawing by Thomas Heurne, from which an engraving was also made. The drawing was given to the Trust earlier this year by a descendant of Dr Monro.

Some vagueness still surrounds the origin of the house. It occupied the site of an old farmhouse, parts of which may have been incorporated into it, but it is not clear whether Dr Monro was the first owner or whether he came there shortly after it was built. In the first place he used it as his summer residence and also kept up a house in the Adelphi, London. Later, when he grew elderly, he became a permanent resident in Bushey.

After his death in 1833 the house was demolished and the present ‘Haydon Hill’ built by Decimus Burton for T G Fonnereau. In fact, in Dr Monro’s time the place was probably not called ‘Haydon Hill’ but ‘Little Merry Hill’, or just ‘Merry Hill’. ‘Merry Hill’ was also used for any part of the area from Harbourne to Oxhey along the length of ‘Merry Hill Road’.

The drawing of the house is very finely detailed and, in addition to showing the jug and basin (for ablutions) in the bedroom window, also shows the tower of Bushey Parish Church in the distance to the far right. It was to both the house and the church that an amazing galaxy of artists accompanied the Monro family when they visited Bushey. Whilst in Bushey they frequently drew in and around the villages of Bushey and Aldenham or were taken through Watford to visit the Earl of Essex at Cassiobury. The names of the artists most closely associated with Dr Monro in Bushey are—

William Alexander (1757-1816)
James Bourne (1773-1854)
Henry Edridge (1759-1821)
Joseph Farington (1747-1821)
Thomas Heurne (1744-1817)
William Henry Hunt (1790-1864)
Alexander Monro (1802-1844)
Henry Monro (1791-1814)
John Monro (1801-1880)
Dr Thomas Monro (1759-1833) (who was himself an artist)

Other artists known to have visited the house include J M W Turner and Peter De Wint. All these men were given encouragement and help by Dr Monro at some stage in their careers and it is of great interest to study their numerous landscape and figure drawings — many of which give an insight into village life in Bushey c.1805-1830.

Grant Longman

The Bushey Museum Trust Collection
of fine art greeting cards
(second series)
NOW AVAILABLE
from Church House
and local shops

Continued from Page 3

BUSHEY MEMORIES

December of that year. Some later correspondence was also published during March and April 1961.

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 (1880s) he had to board near his work in London and came home only at weekends. Unfortunately, my mother was so pre-occupied with her duties that she forgot to feed the poor creature and he died of starvation.

The laundry contained a drying closet about 8 or 9 feet square, heated by a large iron stove connected to the chimney along the whole length of one of its sides by a very heavy 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 the many days’ efforts of my mother and her helpful assistants, the unfortunate animal 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 sweeps’ 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 so 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 Edgeware carrier who took him home in his van one very dark and wet Saturday night. Next day, Bruce, very much bedraggled and covered with clay, but very pleased with himself, turned up as if nothing had happened. Father made no further efforts to rid himself of Bruce and he remained until we left, when the faithful creature, with his house, was sold to Higgs, an Oxhey dog breeder.

The old house itself and the garden are now degraded to a filling station and I look with some repugnance on our living quarters, where we spent many happy years, are now turned over for the storage of oils and fats and greases and other clutter pertaining to the all-conquering petrol engine.
AS WE LOOK FORWARD to this year’s Garden Party, memories of the first one last September still linger pleasantly in our minds. Not the least of these is of the large number of visitors the day brought, and of being blessed with such glorious weather after a week of doubtful forecasts. The small exhibition of Chewett paintings (at home in the Billiard Room of Reveley Lodge) was just one of the very popular attractions and had a constant stream of people circulating around it. The Museum sales table did brisk business as a result, as did every other stall on that day. Some of the Charity Stalholders were wanting to book their places for this year on the spot! The delightful music and dancing displays, and demonstrations by artists, lace-makers, potters, sculptors, ceramic artists and calligraphers enhanced the afternoon; and the children were well occupied with plenty of organised games, races and other amusements. The welcome refreshments were of course much appreciated by all and the general success of the day together with the sum raised for the Trust (£986) left us all agreed that this should become an annual event.

And now, we are in the final stages of planning this year’s Garden Party which is to be held in the afternoon of Saturday 31st August, when we hope to repeat the success and pleasures of last year. Almost all those who have been approached so far have agreed to take part again and we hope to have some additional attractions – including some spinning demonstrations (with spinning wheels of course!).

A PLEA – WE SHALL NEED AS MANY EXTRA PART-TIME HELPERS AS POSSIBLE in order to relieve some of the stalholders, allowing them a chance to look around etc. It was of much concern to us to learn after last year’s Garden Party that some of them worked through without a break and a chance to wander around Mrs Chewett’s beautiful garden. This was the one blight on the whole event. So, if you can spare half-an-hour or so to relieve someone on the day it would help our planning enormously. Please ring Margaret Sibley if you are willing to act as a relief AND GIVE YOUR NAME NOW WHILE YOU THINK OF IT. Her number is 0923 222180. 

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12 Catsy Woods

Newsletter Editor
Margot Walduck demonstrating the craft of lace-making at last year’s Garden Party.
ACQUISITIONS IN 1990

LAST YEAR was undoubtedly an exciting one for gifts to the Bushy & Oxhey ‘Care’ Scheme Museum Trust collection. There have been several major accessions and many small but extremely interesting items: from a collection of about 200 mezzotints in various stages of production by Miss Milner, Miss Gulland and others, to a ticket for river bathing (Hill, Cox & Watford, River Colne). Rather than just list this considerable miscellany, I will attempt to show the potential significance of a selection.

The Milner-Gulland collection mentioned above contains mezzotint proofs in sepia, annotated colour proofs of the same work and sometimes the final published work — showing how Miss Milner brought a work, by stages, to perfection. This, in conjunction with mezzotint equipment from Hill, Cox & Sons (donated from another source a few years ago) means that most aspects of the art of mezzotint as practised in Bushy are now well represented.

We also have documentary notes about the working relationship between artists, such as Miss Milner, and the printers of the Cox family.

A great surprise was the unexpected arrival of about two hundred pencil drawings by the Herkomer School artist, Robert Morton Nance, (see article on the 1991 exhibition plans), and also the memorabilia relating to A E Matthews brought all the way from South Africa (how our Friends do get about!). We now have substantial information about a local character ‘well known to stage and screen’.

Thus the museum is discovering various specialist subjects which should be of wide interest. Much else that comes to the museum is illustrative of local social life and, as items are indexed, one can see the accumulations under various headings beginning to form useful sources for reference or research into local history. The year has seen small but useful additions to such resources as for the following —

RECENTLY I was in the delightful little Italian town of Pieve di Cento, about a ¾ hour drive from Bologna. This very fortunate place has, by accident as much as design, developed a way of running its affairs which seems well worth recommending. It is in effect in the care of four fathers — fathers, I emphasise, not godfathers. There is the Padre Spirituale, the priest, the Padre Politicus, the mayor, the Padre Industriale, who owns a big electrical goods factory and collects contemporary art on the side, and the Padre Culturale, who devotes the afternoons and evenings to his psychiatric practice and the mornings to stimulating the town’s cultural awareness. He has a passion for creating museums and a genius for discovering the money with which to indulge the habit.

In Pieve di Cento, as a result of this admirable man’s activities, the museum spirit is everywhere. Historic buildings are well cared for, there are no tumble-down places of the kind that artists and

Kenneth Hudson’s Letter from Pieve di Cento

Extracted from the Museums Journal by kind permission of the author, these words tell how a small Italian town organises its cultural affairs and the pleasing results.

foreigners find romantic, good pictures have been ‘acquired’ from unenuring owners and installed in the churches, where they have a distinctly bracing effect, and the citizens in general talk about ‘looking after our town’ in a way that I found most refreshing.

And, on top of this pyramid of historical awareness sits Pieve di Cento’s new art museum, an interesting mongrel of old and new art, all in perfect condition — very rare for Italy — and sharing the perfectly restored building very happily with the public library and the town’s municipal and religious archives.

A separate museum of local history is about to be created and I am sure it will reflect the instincts for stylistic and economical management which have been the Padre Culturale’s great gifts to the place where he lives and where he has his roots. There is, incidentally, not a piece of paper, not a cigarette end and not a discarded blob of chewing gum to be seen on the streets.

The only connection this picture has with Bushy is in the remarkably long ladder reaching to the top of this Piccadilly building being decorated for Queen Victoria’s Golden Jubilee. See the upper photograph on p. 5.
Museum Progress

As a deserving claim on public resources, a local museum and heritage centre is at the other extreme. The benefit to the community is indirect and slow-acting. It is nonetheless real for that. The essential purpose of a local museum is to enrich the lives of the people living within its vicinity both culturally and educationally. The idea of cultural enrichment may sound a bit high-flown in these days of stringency in public funding. However, money spent on promoting an awareness and understanding of the local heritage is, among other things, an investment in public education and goodwill for the benefit of both adults and children: in other words, an investment in the quality of life and lives in Bushey.

Bushey's heritage

As most (but not all) of us know, Bushey enjoys an exceptional, indeed nationally significant heritage. Following centuries as a small agricultural village, the nineteenth century saw two remarkable coincidences. First George III's personal physician, Dr Thomas Monro, who happened to be a patron of young artists, settled at Haydon Hill and gave his name to what became known as the Monro Circle of watercolourists which flourished during the early years of the century.

Later, in the final quarter of last century, Hubert Herkomer (later Sir Hubert von Herkomer RA) founded the more tangible Herkomer School of Art which, under the tutelage of the famous Anglo-German artist-entrepreneur, became an international centre of art education. In the School's heyday there were almost as many artists as locals in Bushey! That story alone is worth telling. Before courting, and after that time the history of Bushey is well documented and represented by the BMT collections. Indeed the success and reputation of the Trust is such that hardly a month passes without an important addition being donated or otherwise acquired.

Bushey's inexorable 20th century transformation was profoundly conditioned by its identity with art and artists. The appearance and feeling of village undoubtedly still exists: the emy of many other localities in the area. The value of appreciating and conserving this quality is what has inspired so many Bushey people to become members of the Friends of Bushey Museum Trust.

Bushey Museum Trust

Indeed, it was this special quality of place which had a catalytic effect in the founding of the Bushey Museum Trust. The Chairman and Secretary of the Trust are local historians of high repute. They and their fellow Trustees are supported by a Friends' organisation numbering over 450 members. The temporary exhibitions mounted by the Trust over recent years have attracted many thousands of people representing a cross-section of the local population, as well as numerous specialists from further afield. The BMT has clearly demonstrated its ability to present and communicate something of the local heritage both through these very successful exhibitions, and by means of a growing range of publications.

The professionalism of the Trust's management of its collections is about to be recognized by the accolade of registration as an approved museum by the Museums and Galleries Commission, a government-funded body. Such registration is a vital pre-requisite to eligibility for grant-aid from various sources. It is also an assurance to donors, lenders and others that proper standards of conservation, record keeping and documentation are observed.

Hertsmere's caution

Hertsmere is understandably cautious in making a full-hearted commitment to a local museum for Bushey. Their decision to grant only a short term lease implies a limited degree of recognition that public support for the museum would be worth the cost. As with all new projects the costs come before the benefits and tend to dominate the foreground of thinking even though all rational investment decisions are made only after assessing the balance between cost and benefit. In the case of a local museum the flow of benefits is dependent on two key factors. The first is the strength of the collections themselves or, to put it another way: the richness of the local heritage. The second relates to how well the collections and their contexts are interpreted and presented. Of the former there can be no doubt.

The key to success

The second factor is the real clincher. It is manifestly not enough to put a roof over what are known or thought to be interesting objects and wait for the public to flock (or even trickle) in. For people to enjoy the amenity of a local museum they first have to know about and visit it. Having entered the building at least three requirements must be met. First

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
— William Shakespeare, 'Julius Caesar', Act 4, scene 3

the initial impression must be welcoming and enticing. Secondly, interest must be stimulated and sustained. Thirdly, the whole experience must be memorable (and repeatable).

These obviously desirable attributes don't just happen. They need to be thought about, planned for and sustained over time, which costs money. Unless all three of these attributes are present Bushey Museum will not enjoy the kind of success needed to justify public support. Herein lies the dilemma for those with the responsibility to respond to the case for investment of scarce resources in Bushey Museum and Heritage Centre.

Commitment needed

Since the enterprise will be a partnership between Hertsmere as enabling and funding partner and Bushey Museum Trust (with the Friends) as managing partner, it is understandable and proper for the funding partner to wish to be assured of the prudence and wisdom of its commitment; and to want to test the capacity and competence of the managing partner.

The clear public endorsement of the aims and achievements of the Bushey Museum Trust and the numerical strength of its Friends' organisation offer solid evidence to back the case for meaningful Council support.

Hertsmere Councillors now have the opportunity to play a decisive role in the creation of a real and lasting asset for the people of Bushey. They should however consider very seriously whether a more committed approach might not in itself be what is needed. What must not happen is for both partners to engage in the enterprise without a clear understanding and appreciation of the prerequisites for success.

Alec Just

The Mayor of Hertsmere, Councillor Mrs Geraldine Ferguson, chatting with the Chairman of the Trustees of Bushey Museum Trust, Mr Grant Longman, at the Private View of the Summer Exhibition on Friday 5 July. The Exhibition is on at Church House and runs until 28 July.

Journal of The Friends of Bushey Museum Trust, Summer 1991
An exhibition of the work of artists Trevor Haddon, Robert Morton Nance and Norman Hirst who all attended the famous Herkomer Art School in Bushey and went on to become established artists.

Featuring also a selection of the work of Bushey Heath photographer W H Hoather (well-known in the early part of this century) as well as a display of local history acquisitions.

*The Gallery, Church House, High Street, Bushey*
Open 11am – 6pm every day
Admission 60p  OAPs 30p  Children free

*Bushey High Street  
by R Morton Nance, 1895*