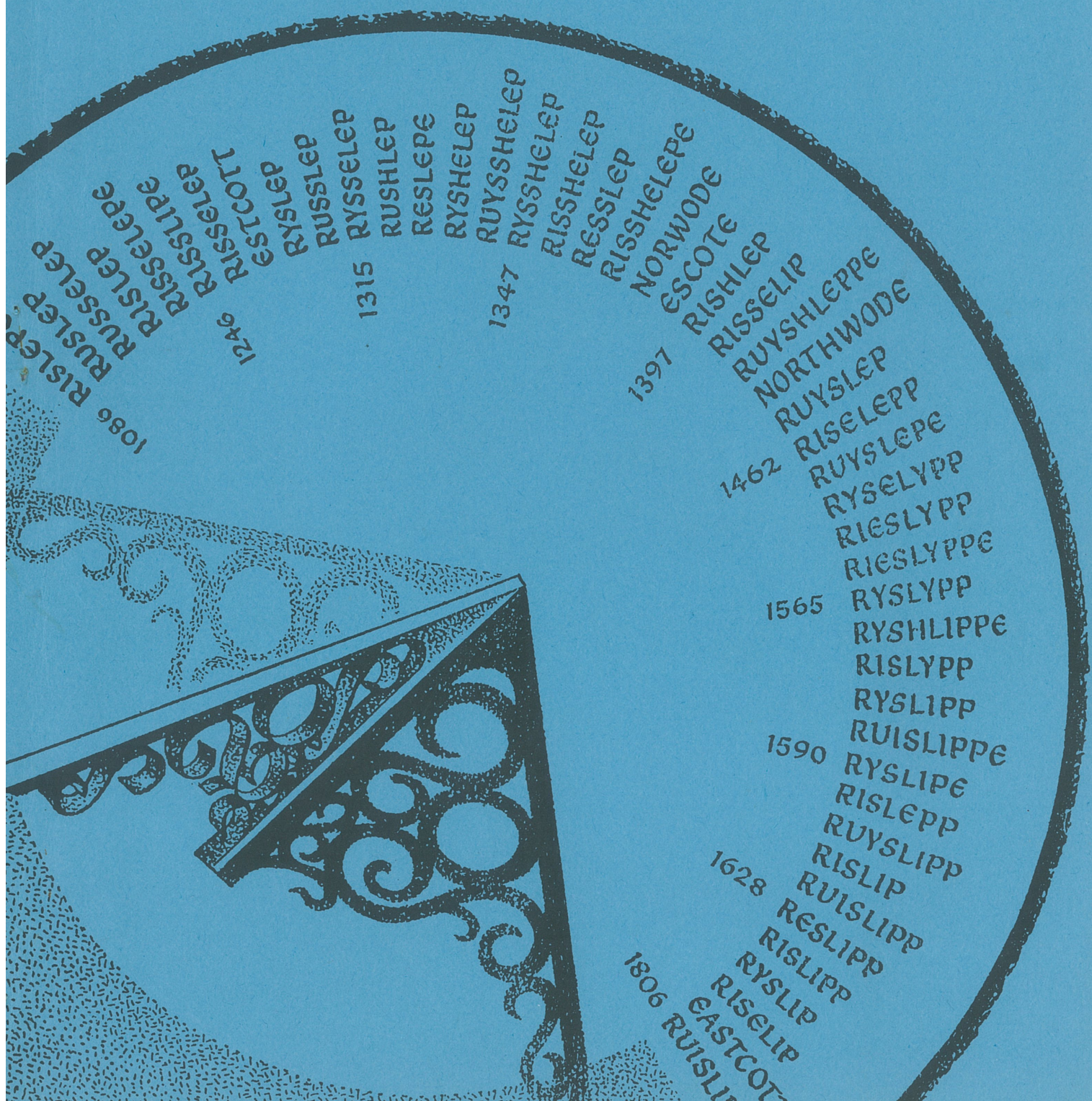


Journal 1988

RUISLIP, NORTHWOOD
AND EASTCOTE
Local History
Society



EDITORIAL : MARCH 1988

In 1986 the Society joined in the nationwide celebrations commemorating the 900 years since the Domesday Book. Last year the society marked another 900th anniversary of more local interest, that of the handing over of Ruislip and other lands to the Abbey of Bec in Normandy. A successful outing was arranged to visit some of these other places in Wiltshire and Oxfordshire and an exhibition mounted in the Cow Byre in June. The material collected was of such interest that it was decided to break with tradition and publish it in the form of an Occasional Paper.

1987 was also the 50th anniversary of the opening of Ruislip Manor Farm Library. A specially designed stained glass window was commissioned and in November members of the research group gave a presentation during a week-long series of events organised by the library staff, in which other local societies also participated.

Although the new library in Uxbridge has opened with its Local Studies section, new material continues to be collected in the local history room at Ruislip Library, including the scrap books from Mrs. Helen Hoare. Work continues on the cataloguing of the items in the collection.

The editors have again been fortunate in having a goodly number of contributions for this year's Journal and are extremely grateful to Katie Clark for typing the manuscript and to Denise Shackell for the illustrations.

The Chairman and Secretary continue to work unceasingly on the Society's behalf. They represent our interests on a number of occasions and, together with the Conservation Panel representatives, keep a watchful eye on local developments.



BLACKWOOD COTTAGES

Denise Shackell

EXTRACTS FROM " REMEMBRANCES OF MY CHILDHOOD"

by E.M. Jefferson

I was born on 1st June 1916 at 3 Blackwood Cottages, No. 107 Clifton Road, Northwood, Middlesex.

My mother was thirty years old. My father's mother used to call herself Nurse Wright and she attended mother. I made my appearance into this world in the front bedroom in mother's ornamental brass bed. My father favoured the name Edith, so I was named Edith Molly, but because my mother wished it, I was always to be known as Molly.

My mother had fine long black hair which she always wore in a bun and usually she had a black skirt and blouse as she was in mourning for my father's mother. She was a very strong-willed woman and didn't like to be beholden to anyone. If anyone opposed her, she had a very sharp tongue. She was generous to everyone, friend or stranger, and she always gave me a penny to give to beggars singing in the street.

My first memory is of looking up from my mother's lap at my Auntie Peg, Daisy and Nance. (We all lived at 3 Blackwood Cottages). I knew I loved my Auntie Peg, she was kind and gentle and used to sing a song to me about Molly Bligh. She worked for Madame Mallard, a dressmaker in Baker Street, London. I used to look through her case when she came home as she usually brought me a banana.

These aunts were on my father's side of the family. He and his brother Bert were in France in the 1914 war.

Our House and Garden

There was a small garden in front of our house with a path on one side leading to a red step and a dark green door, the top half of which had small frosted glass panels. The step had to be polished with "Cardinal", a red polish in a round tin.

A narrow passage led the way into the house and was partly blocked by the umbrella stand and the coat rack. Then a steep flight of stairs went onto a narrow landing and three upstairs rooms. The front bedroom had casement windows and every bedroom had a small fireplace. Mother's bed was brass and very fancy. My bedroom was at the back, being the middle bedroom; this was smaller and had a sash window. The third one was smaller still and father used this for his carpentry - tramping shavings and bits of wood all over the house.

Downstairs there were three rooms and we were mostly in the middle room where the kitchener * kept us warm. This kitchen had a long sash window looking out into the back garden. The other room was a small scullery off which there was a coal house which stored fuel for the kitchener, (one lit the fire of paper and sticks and then added the coal which heated the top and the oven beside it.

House work was very hard in those days. In the morning when mother had washed herself and then me and done my hair, she would go downstairs and rake the cinders out of the grate. The stove had to be blackleaded every morning. This was bought from Reeds, the ironmongers in Clifton Road. Mother dipped a brush into the tin and covered the stove with it, then brushed it off with another brush and finally she polished it with a black cloth. The hearth was whitewashed from a solid tablet using another rag. The fender had to be cleaned with fine emery paper. When the grate was dry the fire could be lit.

We had a wooden table and chairs and there was one which I considered to be very pretty (it had woodworm in the back). My father had his own chair which he would sit on in the evenings. This chair was soft but it had no arms.

Opposite the window stood the piano which had carved legs and the keys were ivory so they looked a creamy yellow colour. It had adjustable candle holders at each end and the background was in cream silk which was beginning to disintegrate under the fine fretwork. This was the only room with gas light. The little mantels were very frail, if they were touched with a match they broke. Mother had to pull the chain down and light it with care. In the other rooms we had candles. All the paint in the house was a respectable dark brown and I remember most of the wallpaper was dark as well.

* Ed. note: A kitchener is a cooking stove.

There was a step from the kitchen to the scullery. Under the window was a large, but shallow, stone sink under which was a collection of bowls and buckets. On a small ledge above this was a scrubbing brush and soap. There was one small wooden draining board and a cup and plate rack above it which my father had made. At the end of the scullery was a coal cellar which backed onto the toilet which was outside. In the corner by the cellar was a cupboard, the top half having fine wire which my mother called the safe. There was a small kitchener which wasn't used much because it smoked, then a large copper. My mother had put a wooden chair near the door for father to sit on and take his shoes off and change into his slippers before going into the house, but he never did.

There was a passageway round the four houses and a WC for each house. On the other side of our path we had a trellis with large pink single roses climbing over it. It was always full of bees and mother always said that Mr. Whate's honey tasted of our roses.

The garden was long and narrow with a path at one side. I was allowed a small area to grow my own flowers, which I chose carefully by the picture on the penny packets and they always grew. We had two very good plum trees, one giving yellow fruit and the other one blue fruit. There were also two apple trees. One of these was called a Gladstone and had lovely sweet red apples. There was a tall pear tree and father had grafted this so that it had four different kinds of pears. We also had blackcurrants, redcurrants, gooseberries and raspberries.

Clifton Road - The Tradespeople

Clifton Road was comprised of a row of houses down one side and shops down the other.

The grocer opposite, Mr. Trip, kept an interesting shop. Biscuits were weighed out from tins and dried fruit and sugar put into blue bags and weighed from large sacks kept behind the counter. One day he said to my mother that he didn't think he'd like living in Clifton Road but found it wasn't too bad. Mother replied we were quite aristocratic in our own way.

There was a large drapers which was really three shops in one, where we could buy material at 4½d a yard and cotton check at 6d a yard, and then there was tip-top jap silk at 1/11¾d a yard. They had a marvellous system where your money was put into a metal pot which then ran along wires when a lever was pulled. It was transported this way to the cash desk where a lady then returned it with the change and receipt inside. One received a packet of pins instead of a farthing change. I liked this shop best of all, the colours of the fabrics, silks and ribbons delighted me.

Gussy and May Read owned the ironmongers shop which was nearly opposite our house. Gussy was quite a character, he was absolutely honest and extremely slow in serving his customers. I can remember waiting so long that my mother came to fetch me home. It was safe for a child to cross the road then. There was only the occasional horse and cart. I didn't mind waiting in Gussy's shop as it was full of interesting things. He always had to look for whatever one wanted so this gave me plenty of time to look around. Things hung from the ceiling, watering cans, buckets, spades, brooms, etc. There were drawers full of different screws, nails, hinges, which filled the walls from floor to ceiling. Goods were on display in front as well as behind the counter. Gussy once said to me that people came into the shop and took things, then he walked through the door at the back of the shop and by so doing gave any dishonest person the opportunity to steal.

Mrs. Fincher next door kept a little sweet shop. Shelves were full of jars containing beautiful coloured sweets, satin cushions, gob stoppers, dolly mixtures, etc. I used to like a penny bar of Sharps creamy toffee which had a picture of Mr. Sharp on the wrapper with a parrot on his shoulder.

Every week mother took me into this shop to choose my sweets. Mother said they'd never done any harm to her teeth (in fact she still had all her teeth at 88 years old). Mrs. Fincher said some of the children stole the small sweets that were on the counter. My mother said she would have a little cane and bring that down hard on their knuckles; she would have done too! There was a baker's shop where one could buy seven fancy cakes for 6d, but mother rarely bought them. There was also a chemist's shop that had three large bottles of coloured water in the window.

Many tradespeople came and called at the door. Mr. Barrett came from Rickmansworth with a donkey and trap; he carried a large basket of crusty bread to our back door and charged only a copper or two for a loaf. The Churchills*, who were my father's cousins, also came to the door. Mother took our milk jug to the front door and the milk was measured and tipped into the jug.

The greengrocer came twice a week and always brought two greyhounds with him. One day mother went to the door eating a small cake which she had just baked; she was so frightened of the dogs she gave them the cake. After that they wouldn't pass our door until they had been given a cake and they would sit in the garden refusing to move until one appeared.

Neighbours

To the right of us at No.105 lived Mr. & Mrs. Davis and their children Stanley and Gladys. I liked this family, I would stand and listen to Gladys playing the latest tunes on the piano such as "Yes! We have no bananas!" etc. Stanley had a couple of spoons he used to play. After a while Stan got a collie crest dog and Mr. Davis made a run for him. He was so lovely it helped me to get over my fear of dogs.

* The Churchills lived at Greenhill Farm (now Greenend, Dene Road).

On the left of us at No. 109 lived the Bushels. Mr. Bushel worked as a gardener at a big house in Queferry[#] Road. He also liked his garden at home and if my ball went on his garden I was not allowed to get it, I had to wait and ask for it back. Unfortunately, his son Joe and his wife, who lived with them, were not very nice. They had a little girl with long hair. If she fell over she would go and tell her mother that I had pushed her and her mum would say she'd hit me with a big stick! but my mother always said she wouldn't.

My father was friendly with Mr. Philips who lived a few doors up from us; they had three children, two boys and a girl. Mr. Philips was also a gardener and I loved to hear him talking to my dad about the lovely flowers he grew and how the lady of the house would only use them once for a table decoration. He once gave me a honeycomb and I thought it tasted like fairy food. Later he gave me some bantam chickens with a cockerel that used to go for me; everyone thought it was very funny.

The Pope family also lived near us. They were what one may call "rough diamonds" but they were very kind people. There were three boys, Len, Woll and Odd (I don't know what his real name was), and two girls, Dod (Doris) and Phyllis the youngest who was my age. When Phil had her birthday party, chairs were in short supply so there was one at each end of the table and a plank on them for us to sit on. I learnt to sing "Knees up Mother Brown" much to my mother's disgust. "That's the sort of thing you would learn from that family" she said. As I grew older I realised how kind Mrs. Pope really was. She was a big woman and it was said she could put her erring husband over her lap and give him a good hiding!

The Lee family had a small house in Hallowell Road and the front room was converted into a sweet shop. Sweets were displayed in the window and stacked on shelves that reached the low ceiling. I felt one could buy anything at Lees; out would come boot laces and fly papers, appearing from under the counter or the back room. They were a dark-haired family, two girls and three boys who were always friendly. Local people would call in for a chat and in the evening sit in the back room with the family.

There was a house opposite where their grandmother lived which had a large yard and a shed where Mr. Lee kept a horse. The eldest girl was fond of cats and there were always some to be seen at grandma's. There was another shed which my father paid them a small rent for, and he kept his motorbike there.

Mrs. Cant was one of my mother's friends. They had been in service together at "Broad Oak" in Dene Road, Northwood. This was the home of two maiden ladies who were Christian Scientists, the Misses Waitley. I can remember their coach with two black horses. Mrs. Cant had married the gardener and they lived in Roy Road.

[#] Nowadays always spelt Kewferry.

Washing Day

To my mother Monday was washing day, rain or fine. There was a large copper built into the corner of the scullery. First this had to be filled with water which was carried from the shallow sink in a bowl. There was a small door underneath the copper which housed a fireplace. The inside went a long way back and paper and sticks were pushed inside. When these were well alight, small pieces of coal were added. This had to be kept hot to heat the water.

The sink was very shallow so a galvanised bath was brought in from the back yard. (We had to bath in this). Mother would use a bar of hard washing soap, a scrubbing brush and a wash board. When she had washed the clothes they went into the copper for a good boil, using a stick to push them down. When they had boiled for long enough they were put into a bowl, a few at a time, using the stick. The bath was filled with clean water and the clothes were rinsed three times. White things were blued with a blue dolly bag. This had to be squeezed into the water until it was a Cambridge blue in the hand and an Oxford blue in the bath. The clothes were rung out by hand and taken out into the back yard. They were then folded and put through a large mangle.

If it was a dry day they would be pegged out on the clothes line which was over the lawn. If not, they were hung up on lines put around the kitchen at bedtime. I didn't really like Mondays. We usually had bubble and squeak for dinner - vegetables left over from Sunday dinner and fried up. Pudding was left overs as well. My mother always called this meal resurrection, saying that she had no time to do extra cooking on Mondays.

Tuesday was a much better day. The kitchener was lit and the flat irons put on top to get hot. Best end of neck (lamb) was put in the oven and also a rice pudding. The wooden table was then covered with an old blanket with a sheet on top of that. The irons had to be held with a cloth holder and the bottoms wiped to make sure they were clean. Mother would test the heat of the irons by holding them near her face. All the washing and ironing was done and we had a nice dinner. A happy day.

Mother in Hospital

Mother was ill and the doctor was sent for and Dad was told he was in church - the Emmanuel at the top of Church Road. Dad went to get him, he was very cross to be called out from the service. Dr. Richie said "Give her some bicarbonate of soda" and slammed our front door as he went out.

Mother stayed in bed and the following day Dad took me with him to get some shopping and he bought a great variety of things. When we got home Dad got out a huge meat dish and piled up oranges, apples, grapes and nut chocolate on it and took it upstairs to mother, greeting her with "What'd fancy mate?" By Tuesday he had spent the housekeeping money and his own money too. Mother was taken into hospital which was a wooden hut built on a field at the back of Northwood Station (goats grazed on the grass).

I went to live with Auntie Agnes and family who lived at the bottom of Clifton Road near the chapel. Uncle Bert, although a carpenter by trade, looked after the chapel and was a lay preacher. I remember I slept in the front bedroom with Marjory, and Ethel had a bed under the window. Marjory always read me a story before we went to sleep. One day when Marjory was out, Auntie Agnes read me a bible story about Bachariah and Ethel would tell us stories about the cow that jumped over the moon. How we laughed at those stories. Sometimes Ethel would look out of the window and say someone was coming out of the Clifton pub drunk, we would giggle happily, we were supposed to be asleep. Father would take me to see mother in hospital when she was well enough. On Sundays the Phillips's children would follow us up there and back again and then have some tea with us.

Auntie Agnes believed the easiest way to look after children was to take them out and she often took us to the gravel pits* which were at the bottom of Green Lane. They must have been used at some time but were overgrown with bushes and trees. We used to pass a small sweet shop in Hallowell Road and their dog, called Roger, would see us and follow us without being asked. Leslie, my cousin, was small so he came in the pushchair.

On summer evenings Auntie would sometimes let us have our tea on a barrel in the garden and we used to throw the raddish tops on the chapel roof.

Mother was in hospital for some weeks; although I'd enjoyed being at Uncle Bert's, I was glad to have mother at home again.

Country walks

As Spring approached one or both of my parents would take me out for walks. My mother would take me to gather catkins or celandines. Later in the year we would go into the Copse Woods which would be like a carpet of bluebells and I could always find ragged robins (they aren't often seen now). We would listen for the cuckoo with the joyous message of warm days to come. There were plenty of flowers and no-one said we shouldn't pick them. In the fields there were violets and sometimes we would find white ones and lady smocks.

On a fine Sunday morning my father would say "I'm going for a walk on the golf links, who's going to come with me?" and I would always answer "I am!" It was a lovely walk which led onto the common near the reservoir, where we could see the yachts sailing and swans gliding along the water. Harebells were growing between patches of purple heather and would sway gently in the breeze. We walked home over the "Poor Field", so called because the poor were able to graze their cattle there free of charge. We came to a little road shop where Dad would buy me a 2d bar of nut milk chocolate which I ate on the way home. Sometimes we would meet Dad's friend, Spencer Bell, and Dad would call "Watcha Spencer". I thought this sounded very grand.

* Ruislip Enclosure Commissioners set aside the Gravel Pits for road-mending materials in 1814. Later they were let for grazing.

Ravendean

I always loved to walk with my mother to Dene Road in Northwood and call at the big house called "Ravendean". I understand now that Mr. Manley, who owned the house, had left it and his money to his housekeeper although he had a grown-up son. I thought this house was most beautiful and it stood in its own grounds tended by two gardeners. My mother had known Miss Whip when she was in service at "Broad Oak" (now a blind babies' home in Dene Road).

Ravendean was lovely, one entered into a round hall with a parquet floor and there was a beautiful carved rocking chair. The front room had seats covered in rose-printed chintz. The kitchen was at the back and one had to go down a few steps to it. It was the garden that I loved so much. Beautiful lawns right down to the big gates and lovely flowers - standard roses, evening primroses, violets in frames and snowdrops in Spring.

Sunday School at the Methodist Chapel

I enjoyed going to Sunday school. The little ones had a room at the back of the chapel. A lady played the piano and we would sing "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam" and "Jesus bids me shine". We used to take pennies for the collection. Some of the children would buy $\frac{1}{2}$ d ice-cream and only put $\frac{1}{2}$ d in the collection. While it was being collected we would sing "Pennies dropping, dropping, you can hear them fall, everyone for Jesus he shall have them all". I didn't connect the song with the collection. My mother always called it the Scrounging Song. As we got older we went into classes and for good attendance we would get a prize of a book, most children got one.

Once a year we had a Sunday School treat; we were taken to such places as Bricket Wood, Folly Farm and Hampton Court. We didn't expect to go to the sea-side.

My Uncle Bert helped to build the chapel and I felt very proud of it. In those days the men were willing to give their labour free of charge for a good cause.

Raising money for the Hospital

Northwood Hospital was built in a field at the back of Northwood Station. This was no more than wooden-type huts with verandahs.

Then the residents of Northwood and Pinner decided to raise money for a new hospital and a site was allotted in the Pinner Road. Every year a carnival was held to raise money and this was a great event. It had a route through Northwood and Pinner and we knew about what time it would arrive in Church Road. I used to stand at the front gate waiting to hear the band so then I knew it was on its way. People carried plenty of collecting boxes and all the children had pennies to put in them. I remember a man dressed as a large teddy bear who tried to take a small girl from her mother's arms. She screamed with fright.

Charlie Ford, one of my father's friends, rode a penny farthing bike. He had his work cut out as he tried to ride around people dressed as golliwogs and clowns etc. The children thought this was great fun and some joined in too. Gladys Davies who lived next door was dressed as a teddy bear one year and Mary Phillips had on a long blue dress covered with starfish shells and sea-weed. On her head was a small lighthouse. Another child was "Sunny Jim" who had plaits, he was advertising "Force", a breakfast cereal. One small boy had empty match boxes and dead matches sewn on his costume representing no more strikes (there was a miners' strike). Vera Tapping had her doll's pram covered in a green material with little toy lambs on it. She carried a crook and a lamb and represented Bo Peep. Coal carts and milk floats were all decorated for the occasion and small children took turns in riding on them as it was too far for them to walk. One year I was able to ride on the hospital float (as my mother was a patient). I had my arm done up in a sling.

In the afternoon they all went into a field in the Pinner Road which was on the same side as the school. The carnival people were judged and given prizes. The Pettigrove Fair people always held their fairs in this field and they gave some of their money to the hospital fund. Mr. Pettigrove, who owned the fair, often spent the afternoon in his caravan drinking.

Sometimes a smaller fair was held to help the fund. There were swinging boats, hoopla stalls and a small plot of land for the treasure hunt. We had to buy a small stake and push it into the ground in hopes of getting it over the treasure. Games of throwing balls in buckets - which more often than not would jump out again, and a greasy pole with a flitch of bacon at the top. Anyone who could climb the pole and reach the bacon could keep it. There were skittles and a score was kept to see who had got the highest count at the very end.

One night, after the fair, they came and knocked my father up, he had been asleep in bed, to tell him that he had won a pig, which was alive. He didn't know what to do with it; it would have been more than his life's worth to say he would have it. He had no idea what to do with it. There was a butcher with the men so Dad sold it to him there and then.

The Council School, Pinner Road, Northwood

At the front of the school the boys and girls had their own separate entrances, with an iron fence between them. At the back the playground had a fence that divided the area into the girls' playground and only small boys from the infants were allowed in with them, and the other half was for the older boys. There was a row of small toilets and on the opposite side was a shelter with an open front and a wooden seat across the back. At the end of the asphalt was a field.

We always started the day with a prayer and then a scripture lesson. Miss Martin usually told us the story of Adam and Eve but if Miss Fassnidge took us it was about Joseph and his coat of many colours. Then we had to write letters and numbers on slates. I hated the squeak of the slate pencils - it went

right through me. At twelve o'clock the bell went for dinner time and, after saying the Lord's Prayer, those of us who didn't live too far away went home. Some of the children came from Eastcote so they had to bring sandwiches. Their only drink was cold water from a tap in the playground. Two cups were chained to it. One was called the "fever cup" and no-one used it. I remember one enterprising boy brought a potato to roast in the ashes under the coal fire (our only method of heating); the teacher soon put a stop to that.

In the afternoon we would do raffia work, make letters in a sand tray, or cut things out from paper. One day, we had some new clay in beautiful colours but it always ended up a dirty grey colour after we had used it for a while.

Our headmaster was Mr. Fendick. He was a wonderful man with children, although he used the cane when he thought it was necessary. He was very popular with the boys at playtime but when the whistle went he was headmaster again. He could reduce a naughty boy to tears just by saying "Your father was such a good boy". He used to walk round and look in at the classes followed by his dog called Roy. Sometimes he would come into our class and say "Hands up if you would like some bread and jam?". I never put my hand up but I always got some. He must have known some children came out in the mornings without having anything to eat.

In the dark evenings, a boy from the top class would go round with a long taper and light the gas lamps in the class rooms and hall. (The boy who did this had a wooden leg and I feel sure that Mr. Fendick gave him the job to give him confidence).

At Christmas he would provide a large Christmas tree which was put in the Hall. This would be decorated with scraps of paper we had made and small toys. On the last day of school before Christmas, he would throw these toys to us and we'd scramble for them. We had a party and had to take our own plate, spoon, cup and food to school. Then we would sing carols. Mrs. Fendick also taught at the school. She always wore a thimble and if someone wasn't singing they received a sharp tap on the head.

When Mr. & Mrs. Fendick retired we were all very upset, even the boys were in tears. Money had been collected and they were presented with an armchair each.

Our next headmaster was Mr. Sainsbury. There were no more Christmas trees or bread and jam. Mr. Fendick was a hard man to follow as he had been so popular with the staff and children alike.

On leaving the infants' class and going into Class I it seemed dark and depressing after the bright pictures and flowers we had become used to. When the teacher came in we all had to stand up and chant "Good morning Miss Wright".

Each day started and ended with the Lord's Prayer. We were not allowed to speak in class and if we did, punishment was to stay after school and write lines. Slates were provided on which we wrote our tables up to twelve. I'm not sure when we started using pen and ink, but we had to be careful not to make too many blots or we would be in trouble.

The children in the class were a very mixed bunch. I can remember one child crying because her brother had taken her crust of bread and left her his slice. A lot of the children were thin and small. The mentally-handicapped came into school but there weren't many of them then. They were often teased by the other children. One boy had a large head, he did not live to grow up.

One boy was sent to Borstal from our school. He had been caught stealing pears from a garden. The local people made such a protest that he was allowed to return to school. He was met that first night when we came out of school by a reporter from the local paper who took photos of him with some of his school friends. Children sang a rhyme to the tune of "While shepherds watched their flocks by night" -

"While Denier watched his pears by night, the
gardener watched by day,

A naughty boy climbed up that tree and stole
the pears away."

My mother said people should not have made such a hero out of him. he should have been allowed to go quietly back to school. All stealing was looked down on and they were quite strict with us.

I had to go to school, like it or not. One day, it was very dark and foggy, and some crank had said in the paper that the world would end that day. I can remember thinking that even if the world did end my mother will still send me to school.

Ed. Note: Harry Wright was born in Harwarden, North Wales. He was a travelling carpenter who, around 1900, left Wales in search of work and moved to Northwood where he had relatives. He stayed with his cousin Ernest Spark, an undertaker who lived in Hilliard Road, and worked on the new buildings that were being constructed. Whilst living in Northwood he met and married Mrs. Jefferson's mother who was in service in Dene Road. Mrs. Jefferson herself lived in the area until four years ago when she moved to Nottinghamshire to live with her daughter.

West side

EAST SIDE

Chester Rd					
Devonshire Terrace	171	James Shaw		Emmanuel Church	
	169	Edward Johnson			
	167	Thomas E. Hibbert			
	165	Fred. J. Gurney			
	163	James Walden			
Norfolk Terrace	161	Fred. Fountain		Emmanuel Road	
	159	William Hinton		<div> <div>106</div> <div>104</div> <div>102</div> <div>100</div> <div>98</div> <div>96</div> <div>94</div> <div>92</div> <div>90</div> <div>88</div> <div>86</div> <div>84</div> <div>82</div> </div>	
	157	Edward Brill			
	155	Arthur Worman			
	153	Robert Gilbert			
May Cottages	151	Wm. Gristwood			
	149	James Madgwick			
	147	Rich. T. Matthey			
Clare Cottages	145	Wm. R. Allen	Christopher Bowman	106	Boscabel
	143	Wm. H. Hansford	William Hatchley	104	Ashmore
Ladysmith Cottages	141	Thomas Sains	Miss L. Cable	102	Revenna
	139		Mrs. Stafford	100	
Deneholme Belsize Cottages	137	John Dodd	Alfred West	98	
	135	Francis Phillips	William Gutteridge	96	Clifton Villas
Halcyon Cott:	133	Albert M. Hart	Walter Puddifoot	94	
	131	William Barr	Ephraim Watts	92	
Sedgeley Cottages	129	Rob. C. Blanchard	Thomas Andrews	90	
	127	James Painter		88	
Ivy Cottages	125	Wm. A. Wilson		86	
	123	Herbert E. Gerner		84	
Blackwood Cottages	121	Wm. D. Taylor		82	
	119	Frederick Eyears			
Thanet Cott:	117	Wm. H. Constable		Cinema	
	115	Bertie C. Pope			
Belgrave Fairholme Granville Laurel Cott:	113	Mrs. Stanley			
	111	Edward Andrews			
Ayston Cottages	109	Harry Bushell			
	107	Hannah Wright			
Caithness	105	Harry Davis			
	103	William Copus			
Carew Terrace	101	Halez J. Cox			
	99	William Munday			
Cora Linn Hazeldene Dorset Villas	97	James Philbey			
	95	Archibald Lee			
Hoxon House	93	Joshua Milton			
	91	James Ward			
Temperance Cott:	89	Wm. W. Dyer			
	87	William Henley			
Perseverance "	85	Miss A. Vost			
	83				
Industry Cott	81	Albert W. Nash			
	79	Frank Pratley			
Rose Cottages	77	William Watts			
	75	George Steele			
Fairfield Holmesday Fernleigh Elthorne Allandale Sunny View East View The Drift	73	William Smith			
	71	Henry Puddifoot			
Hallowell Road	69	Alfred Saunders			
	67	John Darvill			
Primitive Metho- dist Chapel	65	Geo. F. Stevens			
	63	Ernest Giddings			
Chapel House	61	John Litchfield			
	59	Alfred Nicholls			
St. Mary's Villas	57	Richard Allen			
	55	John Wright			
Eton Cottages	53	Charles Lord			
Shops					
Nos: 2 - 80					
Clifton Hotel					
Pinner Road					

NORTHWOOD HIGH STREET

by
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In 1982 a survey was made of the houses and shops in Northwood High Street. Although at first sight there might not seem to be much of either historical or architectural interest to commend it, the High Street was part of the earliest development of Northwood at the end of the 19th century. The houses and shops are typical of the period and most have retained some of their original features.

The Enclosure Map of 1806 shows clearly the footway between Pinner Road and Gatehill Farm which was later to become the High Street. The path separated the land of Edward Hilliard Senior to the west from that of Edward Hilliard Junior to the east and derived its earliest name, Half Mile Lane, from its length.

The land to the west was inherited by the Reverend John Hilliard who sold it to Nathaniel Soames of The Grange in the 1830s. Soames sold much of his land in 1864 to David Carnegie of Eastbury from whom it was purchased by Frank M.M.H. Carew in 1897. Carew planned to sell off plots of land for development. Further work is required to establish exactly who built the houses but it is known that those of Norfolk Terrace (Nos. 147 to 161) were the first in the road and they still have a decorative cartouche bearing the name and date 1887. According to the 1891 Rate Book, Norfolk Terrace was owned by James Petlup who may have been the builder.

In January 1890, eleven plots (for houses nos. 27 to 47) were conveyed by Carew to Henry Groves, a wine merchant of Watford, and three of these (nos. 33, 35 and 37) were conveyed in 1893 to Mrs. Styrad, a police constable's wife from Harrow.

By 1891 eighteen cottages were listed in the local directory all on the west side of the lane and all but one to the south of Chester Road. Land to the east of the lane was developed more slowly. The first shop, opened in 1894, was that of the hairdresser and newsagent, Mr. Hawkins (No.22) who, according to his advertisements, would do "ladies combings made up in any style" and would "wait on gentlemen in their own residence". He was followed by Mr. Bennett the butcher (No.12) in 1895 and Mr. Jones the fishmonger (No.24) in 1899. Mr. Park ran a dairy at No. 6 and grazed his cows on the land that later became Hilliard Road. The remaining shops were completed and by the end of the first decade of this century all from No.2 to No.80 were in occupation.

To the north of the shops was a row of houses (nos. 82 to 106) some of which were known as Clifton Terrace. These were built on land sold in 1902 by the Hilliards to Mr. Wilson, a builder of Pinner Road, Northwood. The five shops between the houses and Emmanuel Road were built later.



IVY COTTAGES



NUMBERS 22-24-26

The street directories of 1902, 1904 and 1915/16 list the growth of the street. Detached, semi-detached and small terraces of from three to eight cottages were built over this period. Street numbers as we know them today were not in use and, instead, each cottage or terrace had a name. Numbers were used only when individual cottages were part of a terrace. For example, Carew Terrace consisted of seven cottages numbered 1 - 7 Carew Terrace.

The houses

The architectural styles were varied, from simple rectangular semi-detached cottages to long terraces with large gables in the roof and bay windows on the ground floor. The cottages were built of brick with slate roofs. The walls were sometimes decorated with bricks of a contrasting colour in horizontal rows across the front of the cottage, most commonly just under the eaves of the roof with one or two rows lower down. Windows also had a decorative finish with brick or stone lintels above and contrasting bricks down the side. A few cottages had smooth rendering covering the brick walls, and pebble-dashing was used on the first floor only as a decorative finish on other cottages.

Some cottages had a small bay window at ground floor level built with either a flat roof or a pitched roof covered in slates. The roof of a bay was sometimes extended across the front of the cottage giving the front door protection from the weather. Windows were mainly sash but a few were casement with from four to six small panes of glass.

Gables, either wide enough to cover one first floor window or large enough to cover two windows, were set into the roof. A simulated timber framing was put into the pebble-dash rendering on Blackwood Cottages, a terrace of four.

Some front doors were built flush with the front of the cottage giving them little protection from the weather, while others were set back into the house forming a small porch.

Most of the shops on the other side of the street have the same simple rectangular shape as the simpler cottages, the architectural detail being only visible at the first floor and roof level. Most of the shop fronts have a single door either flush or recessed, set between two large glass windows.

Bricks of contrasting colour have been used in horizontal lines around the windows on nearly every shop at first floor level, similar to the houses opposite.

Occupiers of the houses

Mrs. Jefferson's article gave some impression of the people who lived in the High Street and their lives early this century. Further information about the occupation of a few of them was obtained from the Northwood Commercial Directory in 1915-16. Details of those whose names appeared in the directory have been listed.

John Andrews	Perseverance Cott:(No.49)	Insurance Agent
Daniel Atkins	Fernleigh (No. 37)	Chimney Sweep
John Darvill	2,Carew Terrace (No.67)	Insurance Agent
Harry Davis	2,Blackwood Cott:(No.105)	Decorator
Mrs.Edith Hinton	7 Norfolk Terr: (No.159)	Dressmaker
James Philbey	Fairholme (No. 97)	Tailor
Misses Picton & Hendley	21 Church Road	Dressmakers
James Shaw	5 Devonshire Terr:(No.171)	Architect & Surveyor
William Taylor	2,Sedgley Cott:(No.121)	Decorator
Ephraim Watts	9,Clifton Villas (No.92)	Hairdresser
William Watts	7 Carew Terrace (No.77)	Builder
Mrs. Williamson	3 Eton Cottages (No.17)	Dressmaker
Mrs. F.Worman	5 Norfolk Terr: (No.157)	Dressmaker

The Shops 1915 - 1982

Information from the street directories of 1915/16 and 1956, together with direct observations made in 1982 and 1988, have been tabulated and a study made of the different types of shops in these years.

1915/16 - The original shops were clearly intended to meet the needs of the people living nearby. In 1916 there were three grocers, two butchers, a baker, fishmonger and a dairy. There were also two newsagents, a stationer, post office and pharmacist as well as an ironmonger and a furniture store. At the bottom of the road was a jobbing stables and near the top a saddler, a reminder that the era of the horse had not passed even though a cycle shop heralded new forms of transport. The local people could send their washing out to one of two laundries and choose which of the two hairdressers they would patronise. Materials and haberdashery could be obtained from any of the three drapers and dresses made up by one of the four dressmakers who lived across the road. Boots and shoes could be made and repaired at one of three bootmakers and men could buy their clothes from an outfitters or have them made by Mr. Philbey, the tailor at No.97.

Leisure facilities were provided by the Northwood Picture Theatre, opened in 1912, and the Clifton Hotel (now The Iron Bridge) at the corner of Pinner Road. Spiritual needs were not overlooked with Emmanuel Church (Anglican) at the top of the road and the Primitive Methodist Chapel near the bottom.

The impression gained was of a lively community with shops that could cater for its everyday needs.

1950s - In his book first published in the 1950s, Kemp(2) commented on the changes that had taken place in the road. By 1920 the name had been changed to Church Road, later to become Northwood High Street and Church Road reserved for the part north of Chester Road. The cinema was closed and the Primitive Methodists joined the Wesleyans at Oaklands Gate. In 1956 there were still a number of food shops with four grocers, three butchers, two greengrocers and a baker. In addition to Mr. Jones the fishmonger, there was a fried fish shop and refreshments could also be obtained from the Northwood Café. The post office was combined with a radio and TV shop and there were two newsagents, two confectioners and a hardware store.

Although it was no longer possible to have shoes made locally, there were two shoe repairers and one could buy wool, materials, haberdashery, jewellery and toys in the local shops. Men's clothes were available from the outfitters or made to measure by one of the two tailors. Furniture was still sold in the road and removals could be arranged by Mr. Arnold (No.34).

Despite the changes this was still a shopping parade well used by local people.

1982 - It was not surprising to find that by 1982 there had been many more changes in the High Street. People no longer used their local shops exclusively but went by car to larger supermarkets, often some distance from their home. The shops which remained included a grocers, two butchers, two green-grocers and a baker. The Northwood Cafe was still in business but there was competition from the fish and chip shop and a Chinese take-away, while the Ruislip and Northwood Old Folks Dining Association ran its dining club in the former cinema. The presence of a refrigerator shop, plumber and heating engineer and Feature Fires Limited reflected the changes that had taken place in homes, and a launderette, bookmaker and do-it-yourself shop were found in many similar shopping parades at this time.

Edgeleys the men's outfitter and Lesley Burrough the tailor had been associated with the High Street for nearly thirty years but neither looked particularly flourishing in 1982. Two shops were empty and several others were in a poor state of decoration, suggesting that they did little business.

1988 - Before writing up the study it was decided to revisit the High Street in 1988 to see what further changes had taken place. Although the road appeared superficially unchanged, closer inspection revealed a number of differences. Of the thirty-eight shops, eighteen had changed hands and fifteen were businesses new to the road. Seven were offices of various types and the one empty shop was clearly prepared for occupation. Only five shops (Nos. 8-10, 16, 26, 74 and 78) were of the same type throughout the period although No. 24 retained a connection with fish in changing from a fishmonger to a fish and chip shop. Records, videos and TV repairs were now available locally and there were also two shops selling picture frames and one to advise on home brewing.

Like many other small parades, the High Street has lost its position as the local shopping centre but the influx of new businesses has ensured that it has retained the appearance, if not the character, of the road remembered by Mrs. Jefferson and her contemporaries.(2).

- References: 1."The Story of Northwood and Northwood Hills, Middlesex" by W.A.G. Kemp. R.N.E.L.H.S. 1982 (reprinted).
2."Remembrances of my Childhood" by E.M. Jefferson.

TYPE OF SHOP AND PROPRIETOR/NAME

No.	1916	1956	1982	1988
2a 2b	Fire Brigade: Jobbing Stables	M & B Motor) Cycles)	Trailer Centre Regency Book- maker	Trailer Centre Regency Book- maker
4	Oil & Colour Manfrs. J. Bennett	Hardware Hawes	D.I.Y. Barretts	Quickfit Safety Centre
6	Dairy Parks	Conf: & Tobac: Taylor	Chart'd Surv'r. R.G. Fanshawe	Chart'd Surv'r R.G. Fanshawe
8/ 10	Grocers Central Stores	Grocers Kingham	Grocers N'wood Stores	Grocers Londis
12	Butcher W. Weedon	Butcher W. Weedon	Launderette Cleancraft	Launderette Cleancraft
14	Dairy W & E Long	Lubricating: Oil H. Harold	Paint Shop N'wood Colour Centre	Paint Shop N'wood Colour Centre
16	Butcher R. Halsey	Butcher H. Lupson	Butcher P. Swains	Butcher Walker & Son
18	Draper R. Halsey	Shoe Repairs	Refriger'or Shop Refrigeration (Ruislip)	Refriger'or Shop Refrigeration (Ruislip)
20	Boot Maker R. Catlin	Northwood Cafe E. Jones	Northwood Cafe	Fabric Shop Just Sew
22	Newsagent A. Hawkins	Stationers F. Innes	Upholstery Shop Kenway Upholst'y	Upholstery Shop Kenway Upholst'y
24	Fishmonger P. Jones	Fishmonger P. Jones	Fish/Chip Shop The Red Kipper	Fish/Chip Shop The Red Kipper
26	P.O. & Confec: W. Frost	P.O. & Confec: C. Dobby	P.O. & Newsag't Akshar Services	P.O. & Newsag't Akshar Services
28	Laundry Silverdale Laundry	Needlework & Wools Annette	Wool Shop Boman's Wools	Home Brewing Northwood Home Brew.
30	Pharmacist C. Ellis	Furniture Shop F. Hedges	Art Shop Sign & Design	Art Shop Sign & Design
32	Grocer W. Kenerell	Grocer Roberts	Fires Feature Fires	Fires Feature Fires
34	Domestic Stores F. Arnold	Furn: Removals R. Arnold	Plant Hire Keyman Plant Hire	T.V. Repairs
36	Boot Maker T. Saunderson	Shoe Repairs T. Francis	Camping Shop Watford Camp Fire	Camp Shop Record Shop
38	Greengrocer W. Allen	Greengrocer W. Allen	Greengrocer H. Downes	Computer/ Photo Copiers
40	Draper W. Spaul	Draper W. Spaul	Gift Shop The Token	Estate Agent Franklin
42	Clocks & Watches Thatcher	Fabric Shop Rowlands Fabrics	Carpet Shop Carpet Design Centre	Carpet Shop Carpet Design Centre
44	Stationer L. Sumpster	J. Pettit		

No.	1916	1956	1982	1988
46	Cycle Shop Hutson & Murray	Tailor H. Holland	Tropical Fish N'wood Aquarium	Empty Shop
48	Grocer A. King	Grocer Harris Stores	Chinese Take- Away Kans Chinese Food	Indian Restaur- ant Viceroy of India
50	Men's Outfitters J. Hickmott	Men's Outfitters A. Edgeley	Men's Outfitters Edgeley	Photographic/ Frames T. Broadribb
52	Furniture Camobell			Tools for Hire Dwyer
54		Furniture Winyard & Roberts	Children's Wear Betty	Video Shop ----- Florist
56	Draper C. Watts	Fish/Chip Shop Whittle	Greengrocer Harvest Shop	Greengrocer Harvest Shop
58		Greengrocer E. Baron	Empty Shop	Business Suppl's Libra
60		Butcher Dewhurst	Butcher R. Saunders	Butcher R. Foster
62	Gift Shop Mrs. Smith	WVS Centre	Paint Shop Hamlet & Johnson	Solicitors Dewhurst & Sons
64	Laundry Grove Laundry	Jewellers H.R. Atkin	Empty Shop	Picture Frames Picture Scene
66	Boot Maker S. Tyler	Tailor L. Burrough	Tailor L. Burrough	Accountants Alton House
68	Confectioner Mrs. S. Finch	Confectioner Mrs. Kerr	Office	Office
70	Ironmonger Reed	Furniture Shop Winyard & Roberts	Hairdresser Flair for Hair	Chiropodist/ Osteopath
72	Saddler W. Mitchell	Toy Shop F. Gyford	Soft Furnishing David Bailey	Plumbing/Heating London & Home Counties
74	Newsagent C. Brewster	Newsagent P. Andrew	Newsagent Eric & Di	Newsagent Eric & Di
76	Picture Theatre		Dining Club R/N Old Folks Association	Dining Club R/N Old Folks Association
78	Baker H. Callow	Baker H. Palmer	Baker Pat-a-Cake Shop	Baker Pat-a-CakeShop
80	Greengrocer J. Walters	Grocer Empire Stores	Plumbing/Heating San Heat	Plumbing/Heating San Heat