

another apprentice, which was cheaper - he was a Scotsman you see. He used to stand outside the shop, he was his own shop-walker. The shop was on the left hand side of the High Street, just before you got to King Street. After that I worked in Harrow, in a baker's shop, and stayed until I married.

"When I was young, we used to be able to play in the street - the traffic was very different then and the roads were dusty, not like now. The dustcart used to come and water the road to keep the dust down. The fish shop was a greengrocer's then. There were fields around the corner, Sherwoods Road, Bucks Avenue, with a lane up the side, with Oxhey farmhouse at the top.

"For our Sunday School outing we used to go to Bricket Wood. They used to take us by train, we went from Bushey Station, changed at the Junction to Bricket Wood Station, and there was a field with a fair, the swings, and roundabouts, and what have you. That was our Sunday School outing. Attenborough's Fields were there of course, but you had to keep to the footpath. If you strayed off the paths, you would be chased back."

*Florrie:* "I was born in 1918 and I well remember the old tar machine coming round to tar the roads. The chap wore goggles, and had a very long pipe with a spray on the end with which he spread tar all over the road. We had heaps of shingle on the footpath, and of course, you can imagine how as children we used to like to play on these heaps, all the way home from school. The smell of tar is very much a childhood memory for me you never get that now. Up the road, just around the top of Villiers Road, from there to Bucks Avenue, there was a little stream. It came out from the bottom of Bucks Avenue, and went underground again at Villiers Road. Just a little bit covered in at Firbank Drive, and we used to wade in it as children. I can just remember Bucks Avenue and Pinner Road - the corner there being green fields. There are streams running all over the place in Oxhey (underground) for example in Elm Avenue, and Kingsfield Road. I can remember when I was a child, a sudden hole appeared in Kingsfield Road, right in front of someone's house. It went right up to the brickwork of the house. We all went round to have a look, and they pulled a tree trunk down, and it just vanished from sight.

"I went to Oxhey Infants School until I was 11, and then I went up to London Road School until I was 14. I started out where Grace was working in Harrow for a few months, then I got rheumatic fever, so I was at home serving in the shop for a long time. It was difficult getting work at that time. When I was fit enough, I went and worked at Freeman, Hardy Willis for about nine months but I was last in, and they were putting off staff, so I was first out.

I really wanted to be a nurse, so when I was about 18, I saw an advert and I went to Southall, to what had been known as the old 'Hanwell' Mental Asylum and nursed there for a few months, but they wouldn't let me study because of my eyesight - I have no sight in one eye. That finished my nursing career, and my mother said I might as well come home and serve in the shop if I couldn't get into nursing. I stayed at home for a while, till a Mr. Treacher, who kept a baker's and sold a lot of meat pies in the Yorkshire Bakery in Whippendell Road, came and saw my parents and asked if I could go and work there while their girl had a holiday. She was older than me. I went that year, and it was arranged that I should go the following year (1938). By this time there was a war scare on, and Mr. Treacher came to see us and asked if I could stay on as the usual girl had taken fright, and had gone to Leighton Buzzard, as she was afraid of war, and of being in Watford. So I stayed there for about two and a half years. Of course by this time there was the war on, Mr. Treacher took on someone to work in the mornings, and I felt that if he were to take on someone for the afternoons as well, I could be sent anywhere in the country. I wanted to stay at home, because I still used to help my parents with the business evenings and weekends.