

Redirect to TPO officer, Planning
Nick Bell



The Institute of St. Marcellina
Hampstead Towers
6, Ellerdale Road
London NW3 6BD

TREE Section,
Town Hall Extension
Argyle Street,
London
WC1H 8ND

RECEIVED
05 SEP 2014

London, 29th August 2014

Dear Sir/Madam,

With regard to your letter re: the felling of the Willow (Tree) in the rear garden of 22 Frognal Way -Hampstead- for which you require our objections or otherwise, may I respectfully inform you that the tree to which you refer has a very significance in the Hampstead Conservation Area.

You may not be aware of the fact that around about 1875-80, Sir Richard Norman Shaw planted a small twig which today has become that majestic willow tree to which you refer.

We have no personal objection, however.

Yours faithfully



(Sr Giuliana Carrara)



Comments Form

Name..... SR. GIULIANA CARRARA (Mother Superior).....

Address..... 6 EMERALD ROAD - LONDON NW3 6BD.....

Email address..... [REDACTED].....

Telephone number..... [REDACTED].....

Planning application number..... 2014/4872/T.....

Planning application address..... 22 FROGNAL WAY London NW3 6AC.....

- I support the application (please state reasons below)
- I object to the application (please state reasons below)

Your comments

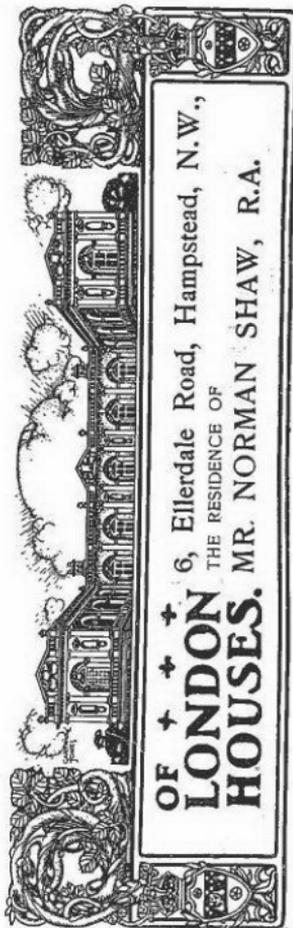
I just wanted you to know the origin of the willow you plan to fell —



PS. Photocopy attached & a letter too

The King.

OCTOBER 11, 1902.

RECEIVED
05 SEP 20 1904

OF ★ ★ ★
LONDON
 HOUSES.
 6, Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, N.W.,
 THE RESIDENCE OF
MR. NORMAN SHAW, R.A.

ONE of the highest parts of Hampstead Mr. Richard Norman Shaw has built himself a house, and, as might be expected from one who has designed so many homes for other people, there are many features in it worthy of consideration. The situation is among the very best within the four-mile radius, for it is more than 250 ft. above the level of the sea, and, in consequence, suffers less from fogs than any other part of London, while in summer there is often a cool breeze in Hampstead, when the rest of London is sweltering in a positively breathless atmosphere. There is a large garden, for a town house, tastefully laid out in terraces, for the ground slopes much too abruptly to admit of any other treatment, and a few fine trees, one of which, a willow, owes its existence to pure chance. About fifteen years ago

Mr. Shaw stuck a small twig into the ground, and this has now developed into a great tree nearly 30 ft. high. On the borders of the lawn there is a pergola formed of pleached lime trees, which in hot weather affords a delightfully cool promenade, and when the leaves have fallen the curiously twisted branches make a sort of quaint lattice-work, very pleasing to the eye.

Inside the house, as will be seen from the photograph, the rooms are beautifully proportioned and full of cosy corners, which give the house a very homelike feeling. Everywhere is to be found the evidence of Mr. Shaw's taste. He has been a "collector" for many years, and has acquired some very interesting old furniture, metal work, old "blue and white" china, and other things dear to the heart of the antiquary. His particular hobby, however, is old

clocks, of which he has an astounding number of all shapes and sizes and of all nationalities—English, French, German, Dutch, and Italian—each one chosen with discretion; for though the cases of many of them are real works of art, which would be highly prized by the ordinary collector, that is not their chief merit in Mr. Shaw's eyes. He goes deeper into the matter, and no two clocks in his possession have exactly the same movement. Many of them are modern, and are adjusted with all the precision which the science of the nineteenth century has taught the clock-maker; but in these Mr. Shaw takes but little interest. The lack of originality and the similarity of design does not appeal to him, and he passes them by with the contemptuous remark that this is a mere timekeeper. It is when he comes to an old grandfather's clock, on the dial of which the waxing and waning of the seasons is, or ought to be, indicated, that he becomes eloquent. Such a clock is seen in the picture of the hall and staircase, and is a particular favourite. Another great treasure, though quite small, plays a sweet chime of bells to announce the hour; but fortunately

