# THE TUILERIES BROCHURES

## ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

*BOUND DECEMBER 1930*

*PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.*

*BY THE MARCHBANKS PRESS, NEW YORK*

*BINDING BY RUSSELL-RUTTER CO., INC.*


HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT
STAFFOR
MONTGOMERY
SHROPSHIRE
RADNOR
WORCESTER
CARDIGAN
HEREFORD
PEMBROKE
CARMARTHEN
BRECKNOCK
GLOUCESTE
MONMOUTH
GLAMORGAN
Chipping Sodbury
Bath
Norton St. Philip
WILT
SHIRE
SOMERSET
Beaminster
DORSET
DEVON
Whitchurch
Loders
Askerwell
Charminster
Bridport
CORNWALL
Plymouth
The SOUTHERN


# COUNTIES OF ENGLAND

# *THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

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#### BUCKINGHAMSHIRE



#### DORSETSHIRE

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*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME I JANUARY 1929 NUMBER I

# ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE AS SOURCE MATERIAL

*TEXT BY*

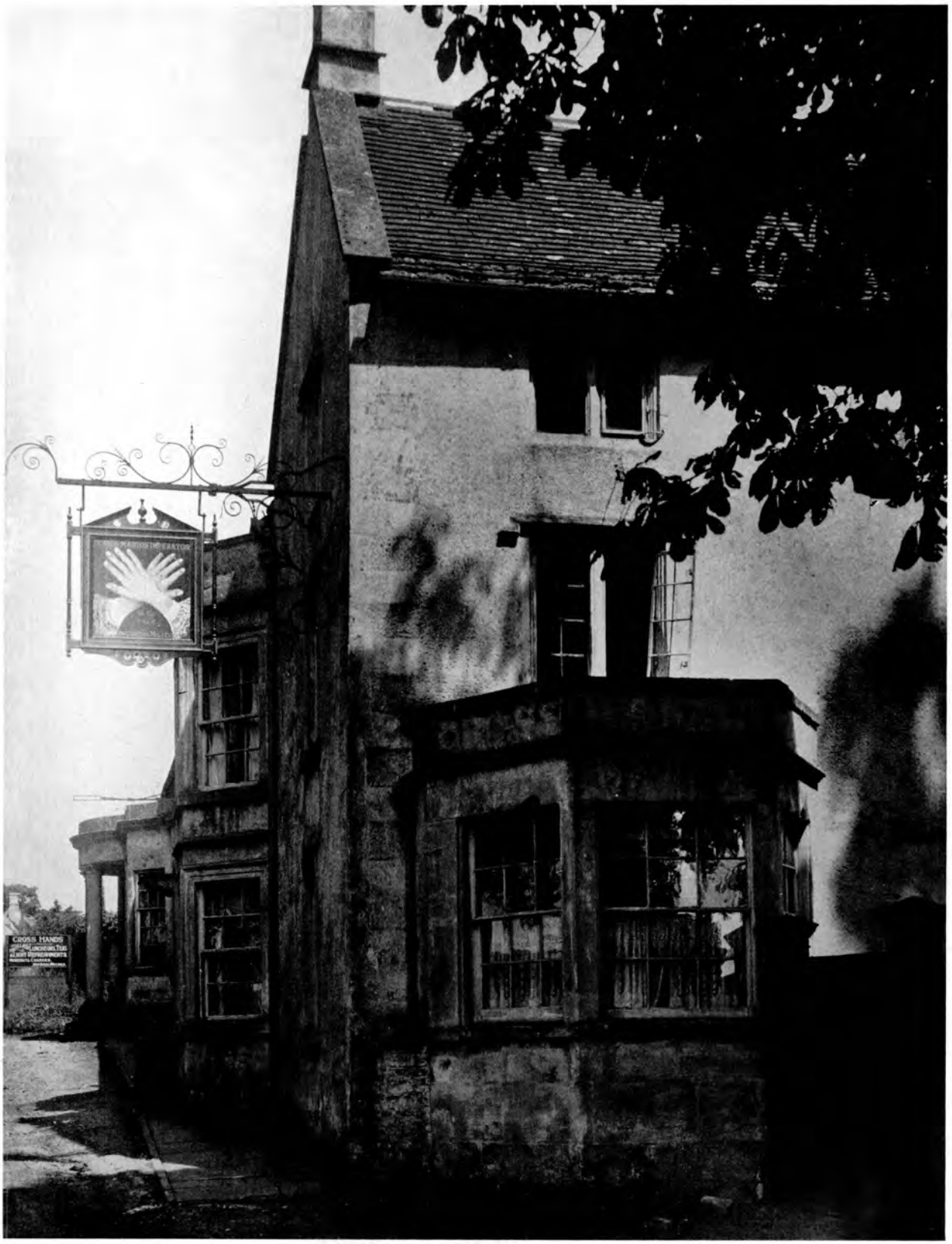
AYMAR EMBURY II

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

IMPERIAL ROOFING TILES

*FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PROFESSION*




"THE CROSS HANDS," NEAR CHIPPING SODBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

JANUARY 1929

# ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE AS SOURCE MATERIAL

BY AYMAR EMBURY II

AMERICAN architectural design has one characteristic which is predominant in all our work regardless of the precedent from which it is drawn; it is restrained and simplified beyond that of any other country,—a form of design which in competent hands becomes dignified and elegant, and which when less competently done is hard, wiry, and uninteresting. This American tendency became evident in the early Colonial period when the designers, drawing solely upon England for precedent, produced a type of architecture which had a distinct and individual quality. It was, of course, a provincial English architecture. Yet in spite of the fact that communication between the various parts of the colonies was for a long time less frequent and less difficult than communication with England, Colonial architecture, from Georgia to the districts of Massachusetts which are now become Maine, possessed a homogeneity and at the same time far greater points of variance from the English work of the capitol of the empire than was the case of any of the other English provinces.

At that time the bulk of the American people were of English blood and as said above were drawing for precedent upon English sources alone. Today, when the population of the United States is of mixed blood and the sources to which we look for precedent are even as widely distributed as the homes of our ancestors, the peculiarly thin, delicate, and restrained character of American architecture persists in no matter what style we work.

We seem unable here in the United States to permit ourselves to wander into the easy flamboyant methods of design characteristic of the Latin peoples and even where a very conscious attempt has been made to divert ourselves from the national tradition, the results are far from having that freedom and grace and exuberance which characterizes the best of the Latin work. Our southern dwellings and shops and public buildings in the so-called Spanish style never, or at least only rarely, approximate their precedents. Even when working in the modernistic manner, our designers appear to feel that perfection of line is the first requisite, and a free style of decoration one of the least things to be considered. That this is national and not racial is evident when we consider the work of men of origins so obviously different from those of the early Anglo-Saxon colonists as Candela, De Lemos, Kohn, and Oki, who, though respectively of Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, and Japanese descent still produce an architecture which is not distinguishable from that of men of unmistakable English ancestry and old American tradition. Curiously enough none of the American architects of Spanish name has produced anything which has approximated the spirit of Spanish colonial so nearly as McKim achieved in his old Madison Square Garden, Goodhue in his San Diego group, or George Washington Smith in his dwelling houses.

This may all seem far from the subject, but it is a strong indication, almost indeed a proof of the fact that the bulk of our work is a derivative of this English tradition, and today it is to England that we turn most naturally when we want to find how something should be done. It is in England that we can find almost always an architectural solution for any problem that we have. That this is instinctive and not artificial is obvious when we consider that it is not in England that those of our young architects who have been foreign trained have studied, but that since the time of Hunt, it has been the practice of our young men to go to France and study in the Beaux Arts; and while the influence of the Beaux Arts is everywhere apparent in our plan, as

far as the architectural treatment of facade goes, the French training has had surprisingly little influence and that apparently but transitory. Certainly the genius of the American people looks always backward toward England for in our eclectic modern architecture the dominance of English precedent is overwhelming.

In borrowing from England we have made certain distinctions of nomenclature which are surprising to the logical mind. Just why the colloquial term "English" should be applied only to those houses drawn from a series of English precedents of no great duration of time is difficult to understand. When we speak of an "English" house we always refer to the English country style of the Elizabethan and Jacobean times, and yet if we discuss a house or a building drawn from any other English source we tend to describe it rather as would an Englishman, in terms of its age and characteristics, as for example, a house of the Wren period, or late Georgian, or early Victorian. In this survey of the English field it will be found that houses and buildings other than those ordinarily called "English" will predominate.

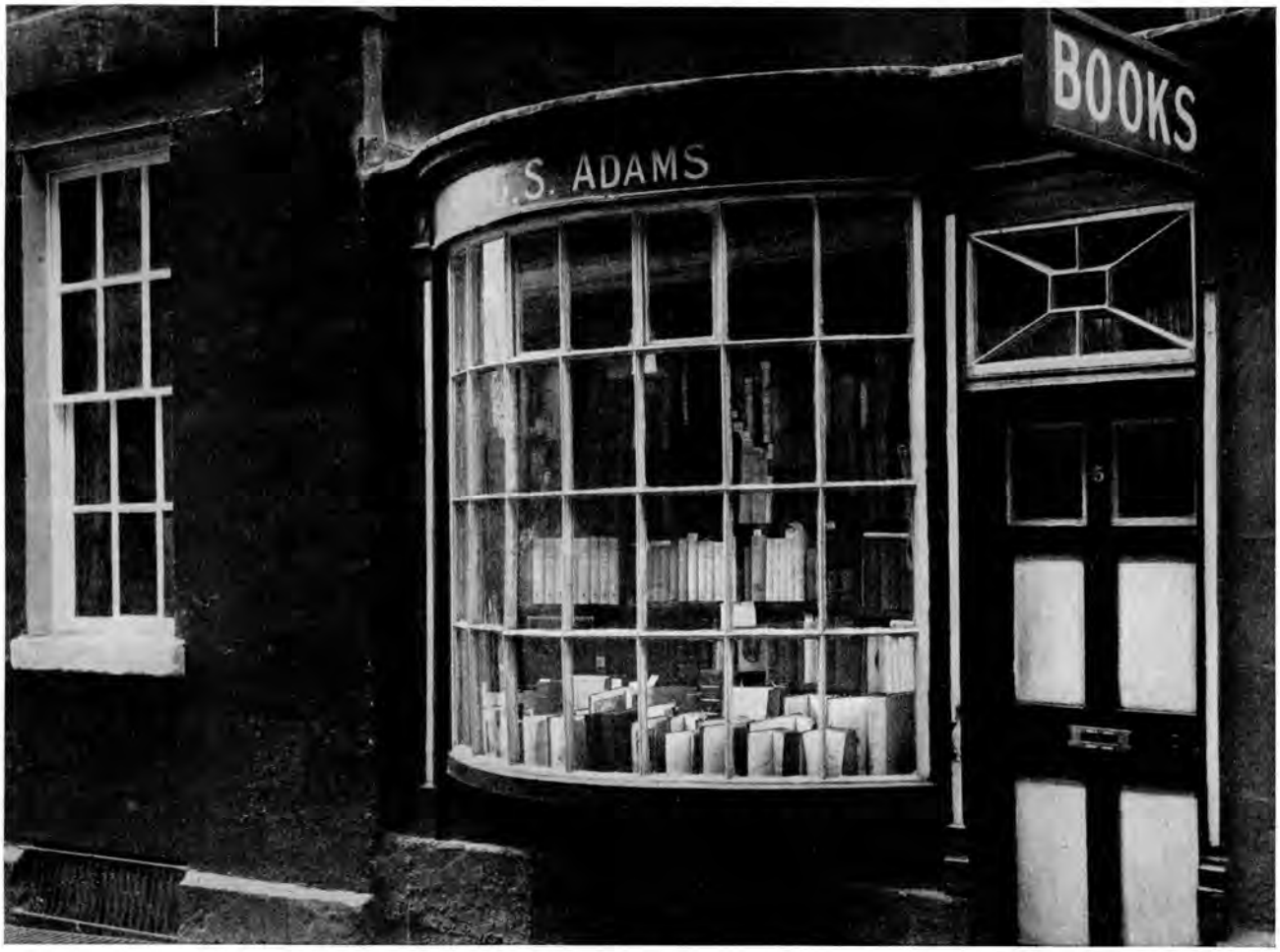
It is true that in the country districts of England the unpretending English cottage type has never entirely died out, but the great country houses and practically all the city buildings of England have for two centuries been based on the same classic precedents as the architecture of other European countries during the same periods. That traditional English country architecture was susceptible of application to larger and more important buildings is obvious if one considers the monuments of the 16th and early 17th centuries which have come down to us, as for example those magnificent examples of native English culture, Horham Hall (page 8), St. James's Palace, and Westminster Hall, yet even as the later English architecture was a parallel of the continental work of the same or slightly earlier times, so was the earlier work. The English country cottages, such as those at Castle Combe (page 10), were after all not very different from the Norman or Breton cottages of the same time, and just as in the period of the early Renaissance in England, great houses and public buildings were erected with very slight classic influence, so in France the Chateau of Josselin and the Knight's Hall at Rouen were characteristic expressions of the genius of the times as well as of the native instinct of the people.

Therefore in this consideration of English precedent no particular architectural period will alone be drawn upon, for the fullness and richness of English architectural expression has enabled the editor of these brochures to discover a series of buildings and of ornaments, heretofore unknown to even those American architects who know their England pretty well, and not only of surprising merit in themselves but of great use to the seeker after fresh architectural forms.

We are perhaps inclined to over-rate the ability of the English architect of past generations to conceive new motives, and tend perhaps to credit them with a versatility of invention which they possessed no more than we. We forget that "little England" was to the generations without good roads and mechanical traction a very big and widely separated country, and that the central influence in any particular period spread slowly and was deeply penetrated with local tradition and influence by the time it got to the outlying districts. The architectural designer of Cornwall or Cumberland acquired his information of the latest London styles at second or third hand, and very likely despised them as a debased and hyper-aesthetic refinement, even at the time that he found himself obliged by his clients or perhaps only by the spirit of his times to employ them. This necessarily produced a variety and freedom in the use of Classic forms which, while actually the result of ignorance, we tend to attribute to high architectural ability. This was unquestionably the case in remote districts of the American colonies in Colonial times, and arguing by analogy, must have been equally true in England.

Take for example the inn building illustrated in the frontispiece, "The Cross Hands," in Gloucestershire: this is an excellent, indeed almost a perfect example of how free English architecture came about—the body of the building, judging from external evidence was probably built about sixteen hundred and twenty, and in adding the bay window, the new-fangled guillotine windows were introduced instead of the old fashioned mullioned casements, although the builder who made the change was not able to reconcile himself to the wooden classic cornice which we would deem appropriate, and finished the top of the bay with the label mold and parapet which was the strictly conventional and traditional method of treating the tops of bay windows in Gloucestershire. It is of course possible that the windows were originally mullioned casements and were altered to double hung, but the probability is as has been written.

In another example, the house at Bungay, Suffolk (a piece of design which can almost without over statement be called unique), evidently some information as to a new style of architecture called "Italian" (Renaissance) had vaguely become known to its builder, and while he stuck to his traditional windows and label molds, he designed otherwise a

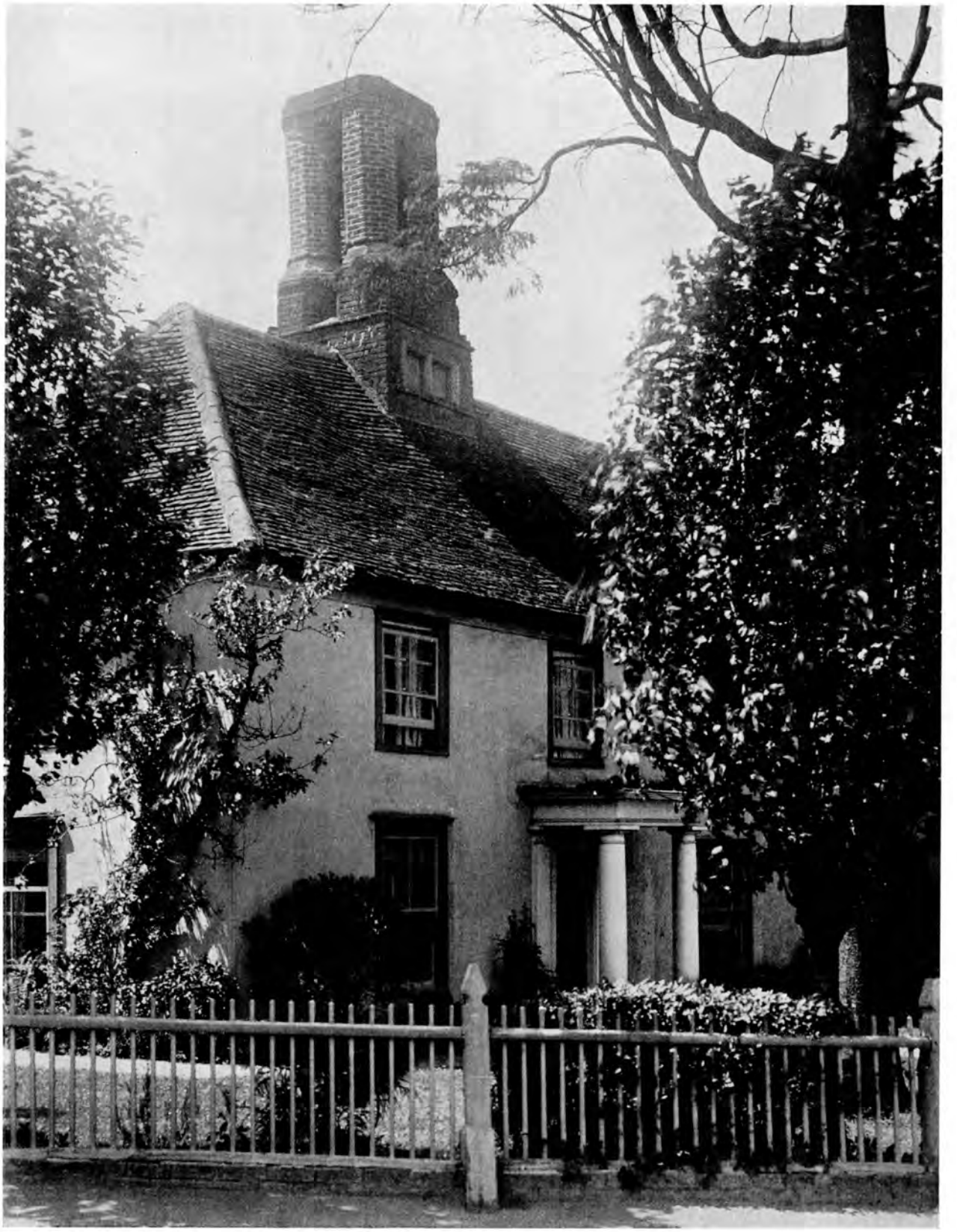



SHOPFRONT AT BATH

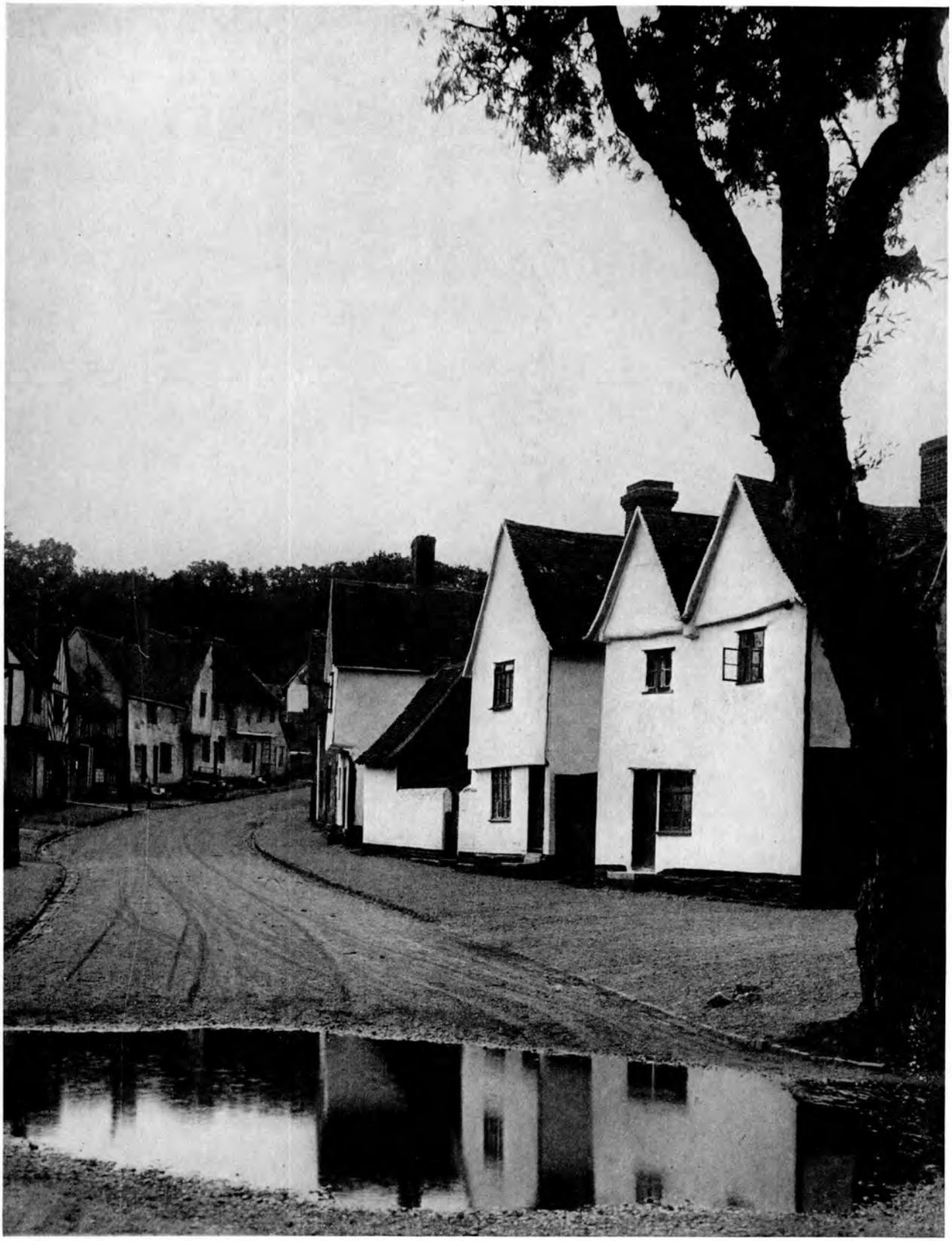
house which he may have thought the last word in modern architecture, just as our designers of today leave off the caps of a Doric pilaster and produce what they think is a new art.

Now it is of very little importance to the practicing architect just how and why new forms came to be—he leaves that to the archaeologist; but new forms in themselves are of the utmost importance to him. It is doubtful if any one architect ever invented anything wholly; all architectural art is derivative, and the freshest and most spontaneous work will upon close examination be found to be composed of well known motives with a new and personal twist, or traditional ornaments used in new combinations or applied in novel positions. To the architect who is aware of his limitations, new forms are a Godsend; and of all the racial styles new forms in English are most valuable because of the simplicity with which most of them can be adapted to current use in the United States, and also because of the ease with which they can be fitted into the ordinary necessities of our vernacular architecture.

There is a pet story of Sir Lawrence Weaver's, in which he describes how Carlyle discovered he liked Wren's work—"He perceived it was the work of a gentleman." In that lies perhaps the secret of our fondness for the English work; we conceive a gentleman in much the same terms as our English cousins or cousins-in-law and we try to fit our architecture to the uses of gentle people. Nor do we believe that to be genteel is to be anaemic; we feel that our work should have the full-blooded virility of the English, and we realize that far too often our work is gentility on parade, too formal, too severe, too correct; and just as we appreciate in the Englishman his ability to be well dressed in loose, comfortable, even ill-fitting clothes, so do we recognize the ability of the English architect to design sound simple straightforward structures of great picturesqueness, of little symmetry and yet filled with a sort of plain dignity. It is buildings of this type that will chiefly be illustrated in this series of Brochures.



HOUSE AT STEEPLE BUMPSTEAD, ESSEX

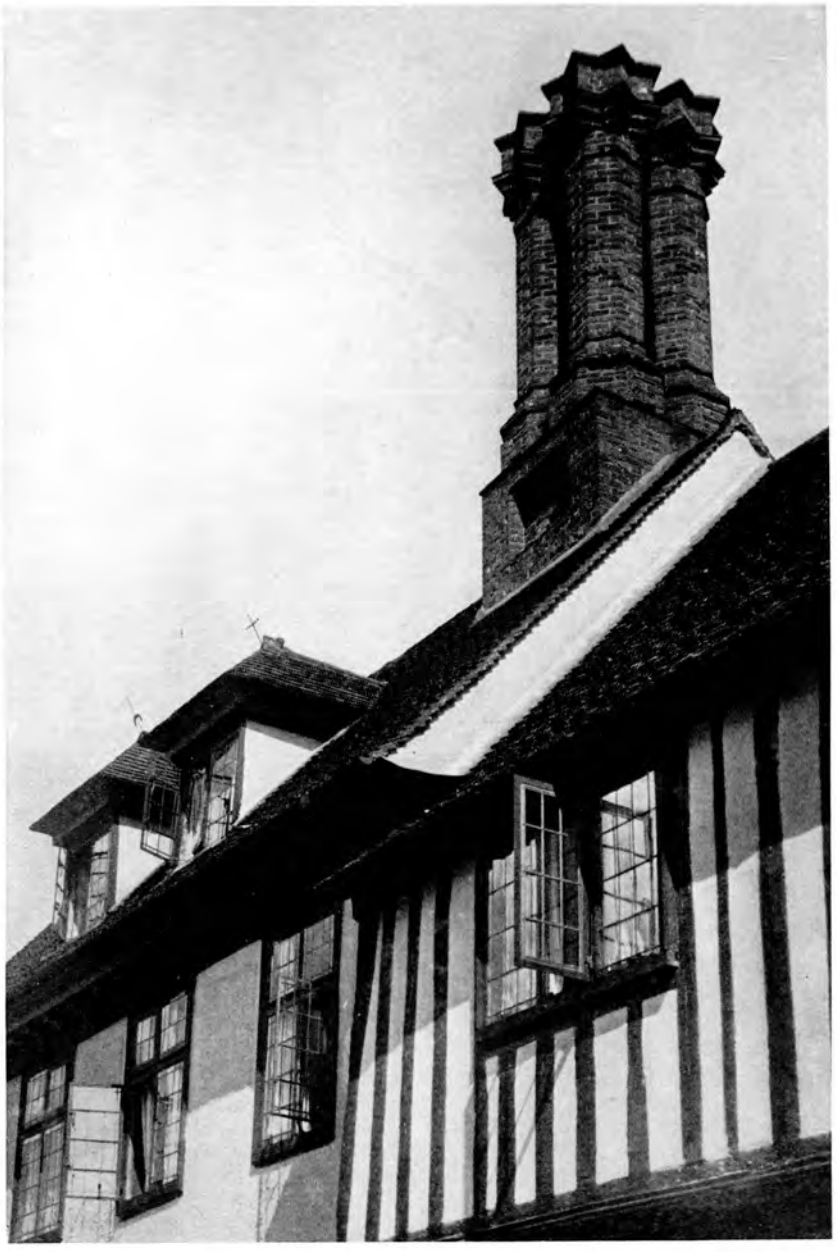


VILLAGE OF KERSEY, SUFFOLK

HORHAM HALL, THAXTED, ESSEX

HOUSE AT BUNGAY, SUFFOLK


SIGNPOST, CHIPPING CAMPDEN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

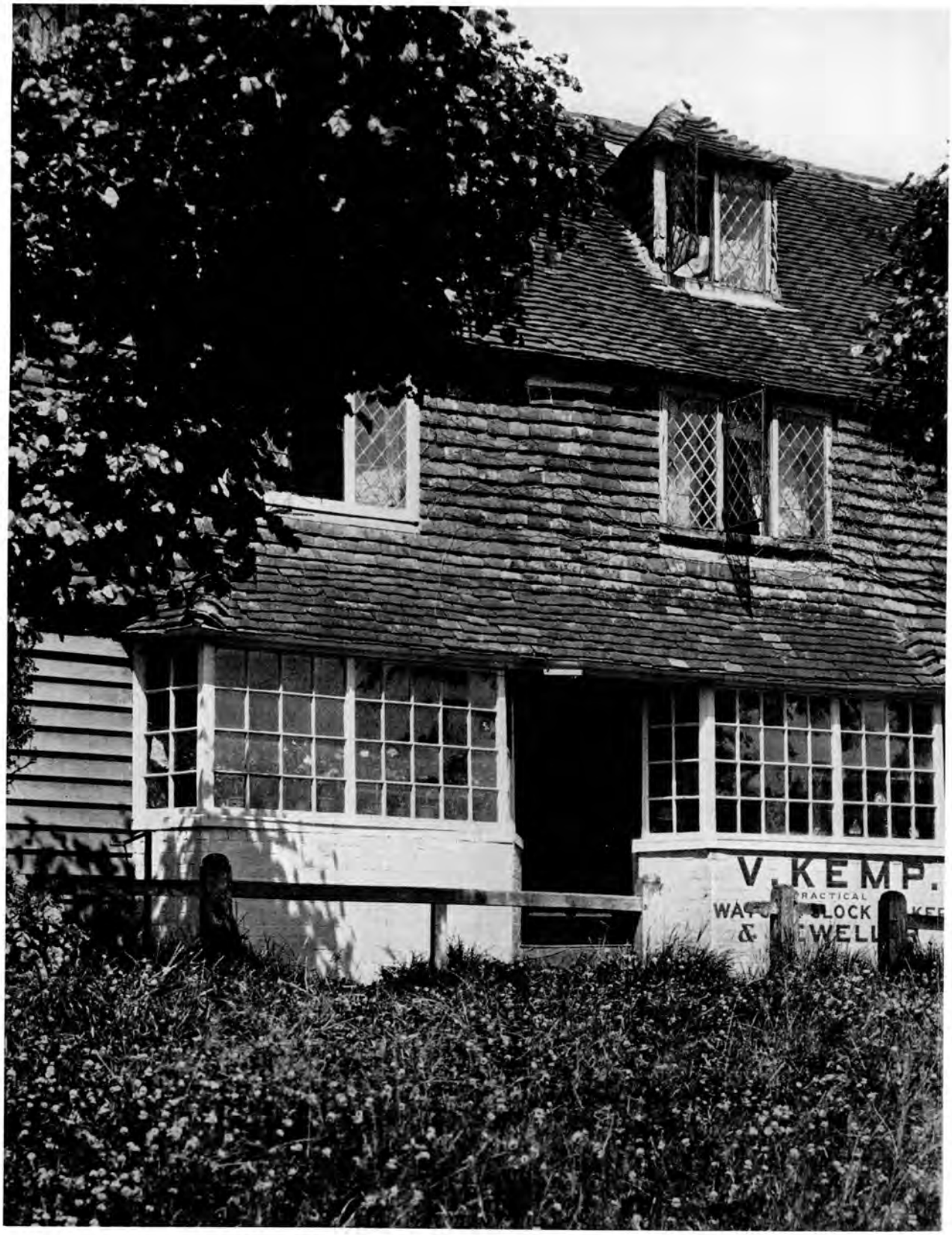


DETAIL OF HOUSE, CLARE, SUFFOLK

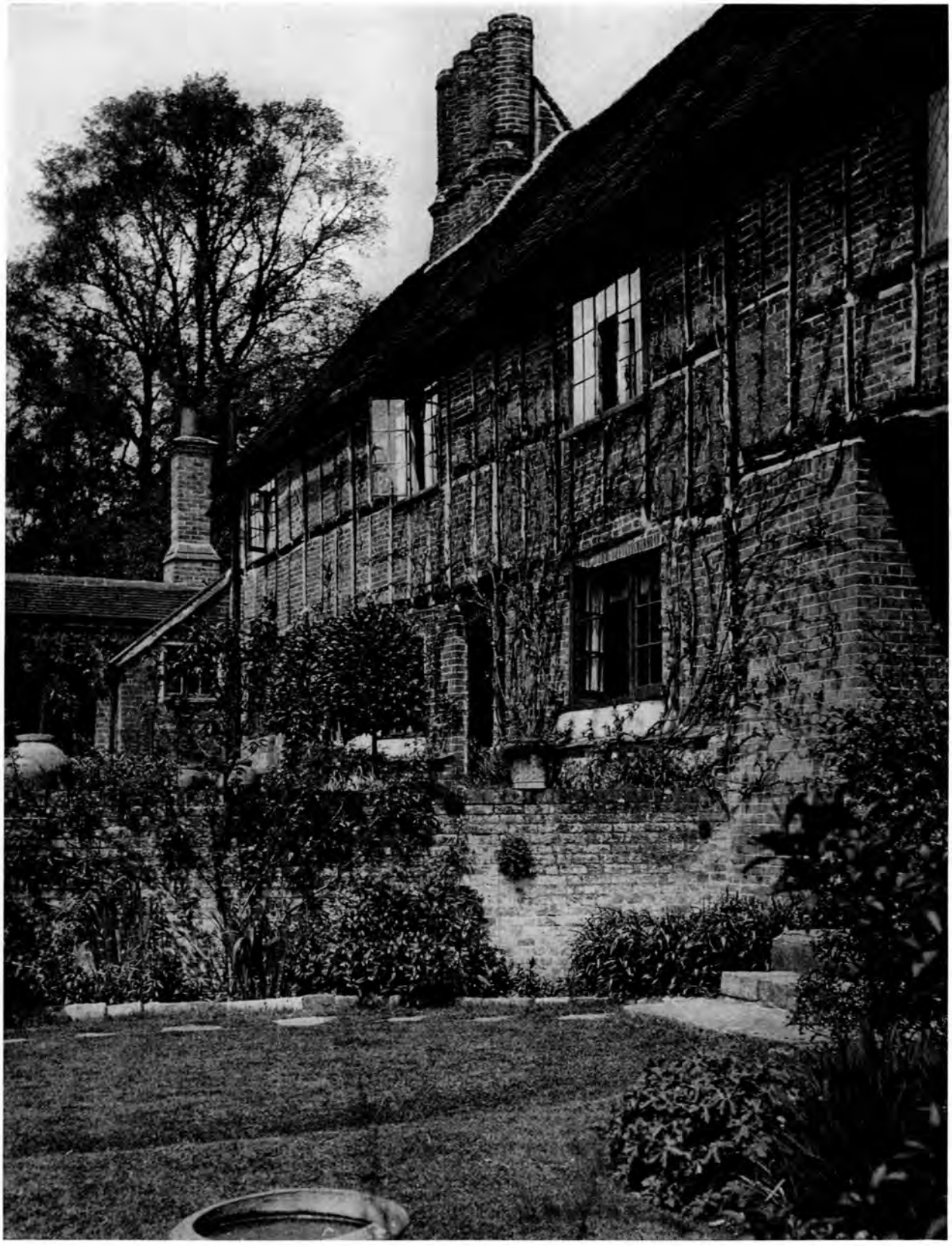
HOUSE AT AMERSHAM, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

COTTAGES AT CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE

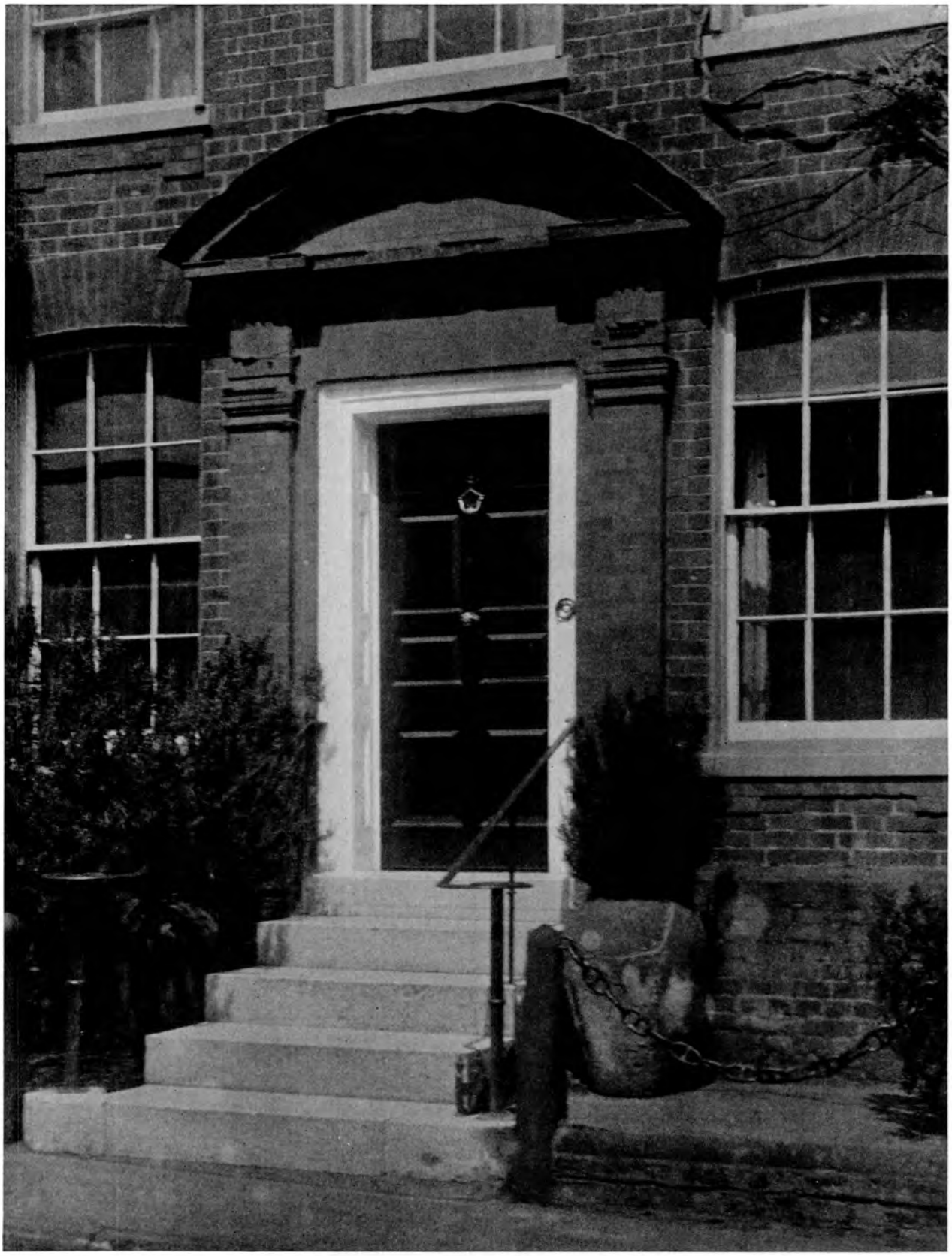
GROUP OF HOUSES, BIBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE



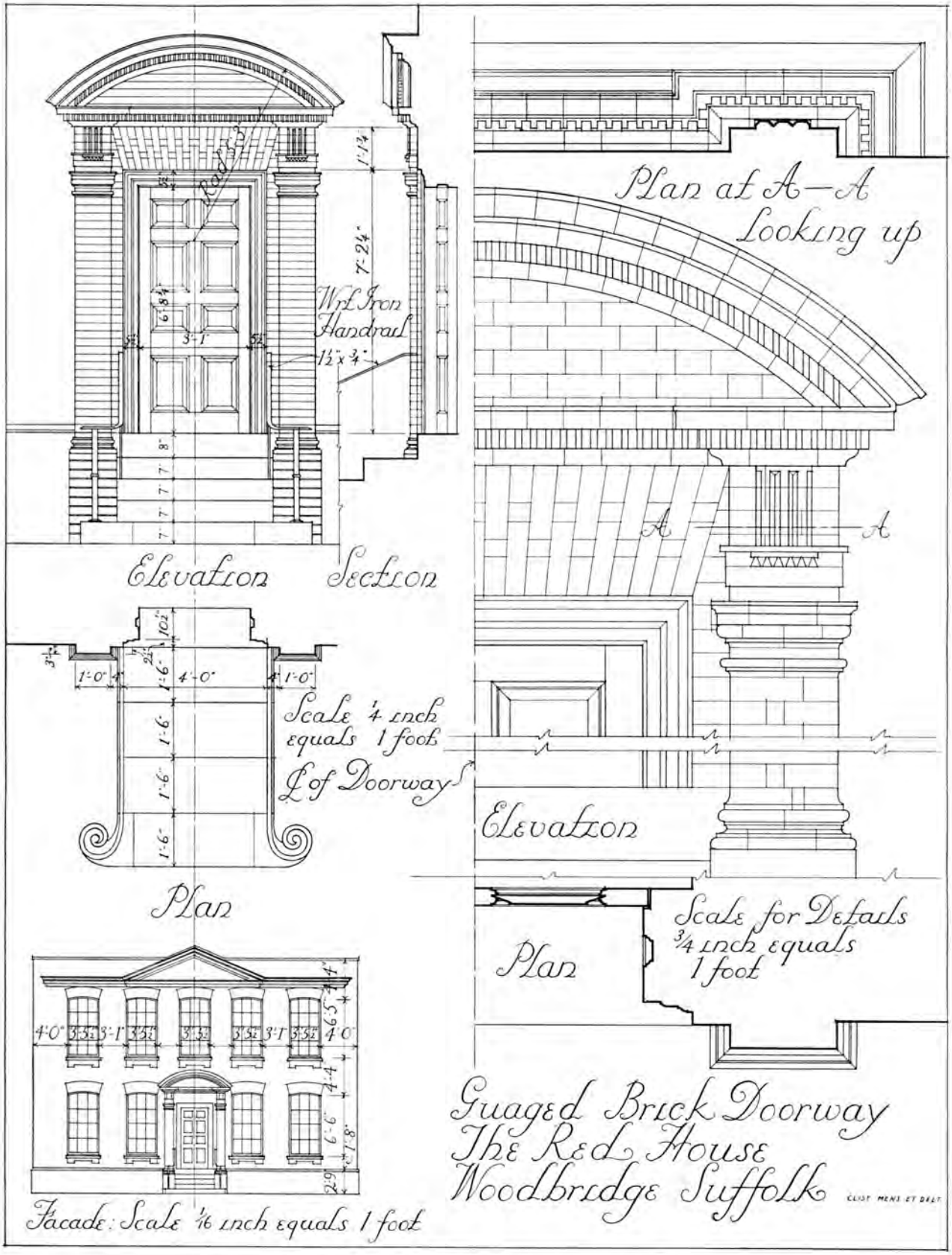

HOUSE ON VILLAGE GREEN, GROOMBRIDGE, *SUSSEX*



"BOWERS," COLESHILL, BERKSHIRE



"THE RED HOUSE," WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK




SEE PHOTOGRAPH ON OPPOSITE PAGE

# ROOFING TILE AND PRECEDENT

TILE has been used as a roofing material for hundreds of years in practically every country of the world. At times, in certain localities where other materials were abundant and transportation difficult, these other materials were used for roofing. For example, during our own colonial days with plenty of wood but no railroads, it was a natural result that wood shingles were used. At the same time that our ancestors here were using wood shingles, their English cousins were using tile, or slate, on the same types of buildings, the Georgian, there in England. Undoubtedly tiles would have been used here had they been available.

Today roofing tiles are available for our use not only in curved shapes derived from Spanish and Italian precedent, but also in flat or shingle shapes found throughout England and Northern France. These more recently developed tiles are remarkable for their similarity to tiles found on old English roofs of the seventeenth century, admired for their irregularities and soft mellowed colorings. Not only do they simulate the textures of old roofs, as well shown by the photograph below, but also have the same general soft blending of colors. Various surface treatments and colors on a natural base of warm brownish red produce effects such as might result from weathering during years of exposure, so that they immediately give to a new roof the charm which is found in age old English roofs.

Detail of recently completed roof on which IMPERIAL Shingle Tiles were used

*The texture shown here is remarkably similar to that on the house at Groombridge, shown on page 12*

The English type of architecture, which is peculiarly our racial inheritance and fits naturally into our requirements, is the basis for the greater portion of our domestic work today and while furnishing us, here in America, with a large share of our architectural precedent, at the same time also establishes complete precedent for tile as a roofing material.

IMPERIAL
· *Roofing Tiles* ·

LUDOWICI-CELADON · COMPANY

NEW YORK, 565 FIFTH AVENUE · CHICAGO, 104-S. MICHIGAN AVENUE · WASHINGTON, 738-15th STREET, N.W.

*The Marchbanks Press, New York*

*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME I MARCH 1929 NUMBER 2

# ARCHITECTURE OF EAST ANGLIA

## PART I

*TEXT BY*

EDWIN GUNN, A.R.I.B.A.

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

IMPERIAL ROOFING TILES

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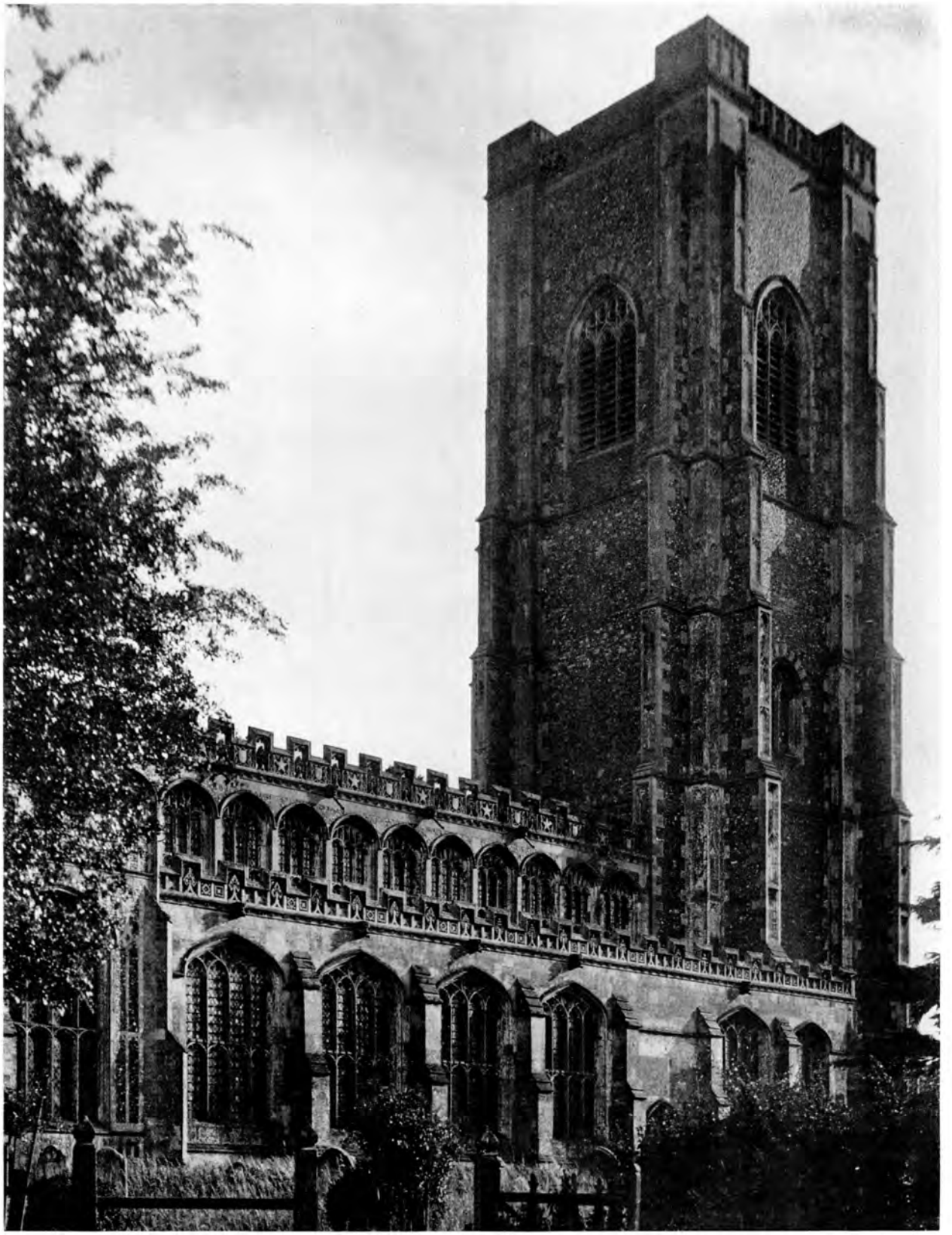


CHURCH AT LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK

*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

MARCH 1929

# ARCHITECTURE OF EAST ANGLIA

## PART I

BY EDWIN GUNN, A. R. I. B. A.

EAST ANGLIA is even today a district of strong local character; almost insular in fact, having been wittily so described as being "cut off from the rest of England by the Wash, the Thames Estuary, and the Great Eastern Railway". It consists of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk with the major part of Essex, and its architectural characteristics extend over the adjoining parts of Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, and Cambridgeshire to the limit of the Fens, which were the isolating factor through the Middle Ages.

Within its confines may be found both the earliest and the best English brickwork after Roman times, owing not a little to influence from the opposite Flanders coast; also the finest though not the most famous oak-frame buildings, and the best thatching and pargework.

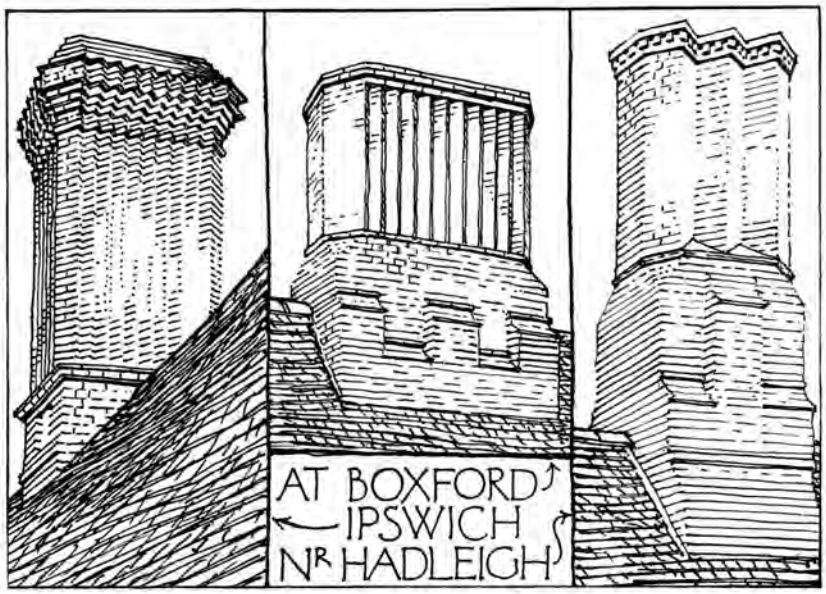
As also in the case of Kent and Sussex much of the most attractive ancient building is akin to what would be called a palimpsest if the subject were a parchment document or a monumental brass, many a building which first endured for a hundred years or so in timber and thatch having carried on for the next two or three hundred under an equally charming exterior of plaster and tile or in some cases brick and tile, with only the original brick chimneys and internal oak beam-and-joist structure as visible evidence of an earlier form.

Though other materials have been in considerable use, the special interest of old domestic work in the Eastern Counties, lies in brick, timber, and plaster. This is not to deny that there is much excellent flint-work,—the stone and flint-panelled churches of Norfolk and Suffolk are well known—or that quite interesting local structural methods employing such unusual materials as clunch, clay-lump, and carstone can be found within the borders of what are in the main brick and timber counties.

The revival of brick-building in England was undoubtedly coincident with the incoming of the Flemings in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They brought with them the traditions, and also, in several well-authenticated cases, the actual bricks of the Netherlands, but brick-earth being obtainable in most parts of southern and eastern England, home manufacture soon began. At first there can be little doubt that the use of bricks was restricted by the badness of the roads, and as a consequence brick building, previously to the eighteenth century, was usually restricted to works of sufficient size and importance to justify manufacture on the spot, or buildings to which heavy materials could be transported by water. In smaller buildings the use of brick is confined to chimney stacks, wall-bases, and brick-nogging of timber-frame structures. It has often been argued that the latter is usually not original but replaces the more usual early filling of clay and hazel sticks known as "wattle and daub" but there seems little real doubt that many of the charmingly ordered irregularities of diagonal, herringbone, and checker-work brick panels of the older work are contemporary with the structure. Where wattle and daub was used, the oak studs or quarters were grooved or mortised for the ends of the hazel rods to be sprung in, but in examples of bricknogged framing which have been exposed under repair the corresponding faces have been found to be birdsmouthed —a method suitable to retain brick-filling but without special suitability to wattle and daub.

For purely brick buildings of early date other than Churches (among which the fine series of brick towers in Essex may be cited) it is therefore gener-

ally necessary to seek among the Halls and Manor Houses. There is for example Little Wenham Hall, Suffolk—a perfect thirteenth century example which is in a class by itself. Horham Hall, near Thaxted, Essex, is more the normal type of brick house, built when brickwork had established itself and developed a technique. It is a very perfect and unspoiled example, retaining even the lantern on its Hall roof. The StourValley and Essex-Suffolk borderland still holds a multitude of greater or lesser fragments of such houses as this but few so entire and complete. Later in date—in fact by actual dates well into the Renaissance—is the noble mansion of Moyns Park, near Steeple Bumpstead, Essex, a house which touches the highest level reached by the peculiarly domestic art of English builders, having something of the order and rhythm of the Renaissance with none of its formalities and absurdities.




TYPICAL EAST ANGLIAN CHIMNEY STACKS
*SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR*

In all these buildings, and in the lesser contemporary small manor houses of timber construction, the lofty clustered chimney composed of single shafts on a massive base, variously fluted, twisted or zigzagged and united by a fanciful head or cap, was a constant feature. Beautiful as all must admit the clustered type of stack to be, the single flues of which it is composed tend to make chimneys suffer from sluggish draught owing to their large cooling surface and liability to be saturated by moisture, and they also present the greatest possible opportunity of falling into disrepair. The abundance of examples which may be seen to have been rebuilt from the base is evidence of this. Suffolk developed a distinct local manner in this rebuilding, evolving a ribbed type of stack, in which what were no doubt originally detached flues coalesce, having a fine sturdy effect and very practical qualities.

Stone is practically non-existent in East Anglia (carstone at Snettisham in Norfolk, clunch in Cambridgeshire, and a curious conglomerate called "puddingstone" in parts of Essex, do not seriously count) yet many of the larger brick houses appear to have stone quoins and mullions. In many instances this effect is a simulated one, the quoins being formed in cement and the mullions being really of moulded brick plastered over. This peculiarity is often difficult to discover unless the building has fallen into disrepair.

The extraordinarily sumptuous houses planned by nobles who had enriched themselves from the spoils of the Monasteries under the early Tudors exist in East Anglia as well as elsewhere. Layer Marney Tower near Tolleshunt d'Arcy on the Essex coast, Little Leez Priory near Dunmow, and East Barsham Manor House, Norfolk, all show marvellous brickwork and a curious trimming of Italianate detail in terra cotta, quite evidently the production of foreign workmen. These however may be regarded as sporadic or imported—the usual run of vernacular folk-architecture is on simpler lines. Norfolk shows a peculiar succession of high narrow houses, often with crow stepped gables and singular high dormers, and these often have the further peculiarity that the narrow gable-ends containing the chimneys are of brickwork together with a short return on the long fronts, the intervening parts being of timber frame or clay lump.

Early roofing seems usually to have been thatch, and many thatch roofs still remain on quite important buildings. These are of reed in Norfolk and the Fens where Broads and Meres (and later dykes) furnished abundant material, but in Suffolk and Essex straw was and is generally used. Thatching, which is not so dead a craft as commonly supposed, remains almost the only personal handicraft—nowhere can a set of thatcher's tools be bought, each craftsman fashioning his own and developing his special craft tricks for dealing with difficult points.

HOUSE AT STOKE-BY-NAYLAND, SUFFOLK

From a relatively early date however tiles replace thatch gradually and partially—plain tiles on the more important buildings and in inland situations, and pantiles for minor buildings and along the coast. Plain tiling in East Anglia though beautiful from sheer colour and by simple roof forms failed to achieve the craftsmanlike charm which the Midland or Home Counties tiler encompassed. Pleasant devices such as the "laced" valley or "Winchester cut" are sought in vain. Pantiling however was at its best along the sea coast. To this day Norfolk tilers maintain the use of methods of laying, by which pantile roofs are made sound and watertight without modern sheet underlinings, either by strip lathing and mortar fillets below the roll joints of the tiling or by strawing with reeds between the battens and plastering over both reeds and battens from beneath—locally known as "sparkling".

Interesting brickwork does not stop with Tudor work, though it loses much of the savour which strong local character gives. The later work, commonly called Queen Anne and Georgian, shares in the main the charms belonging to other buildings of these periods throughout England. There is however in such towns as Wisbech and Kings Lynn, and parts of Norwich and Ipswich an indefinable feeling of strangeness—a sort of goblin look about house fronts which is hard to assign to any particular characteristic unless it is a curious lankiness of proportion which conveys a suggestion of the sleepy Netherlands or suggests a suitable background for the fairy tales of Grimm or Andersen.

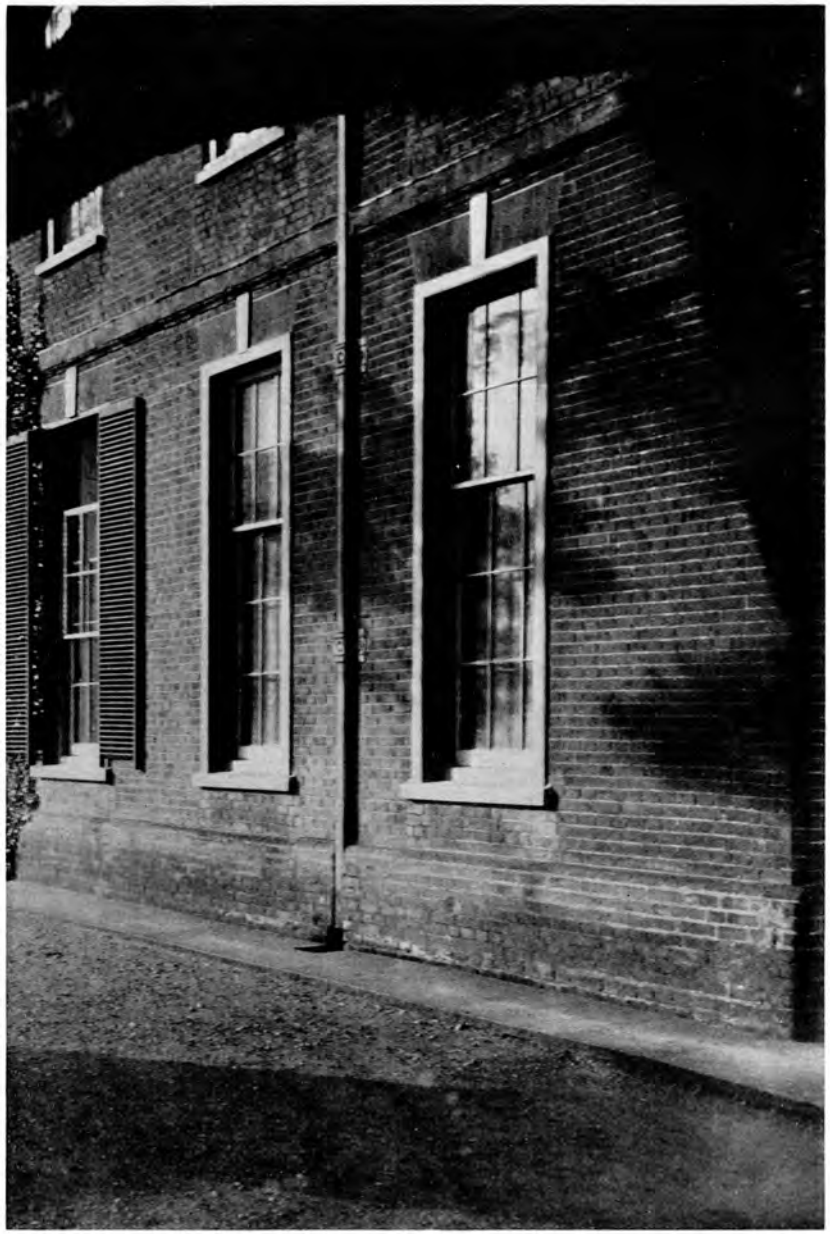
HORHAM HALL, THAXTED, ESSEX

KITCHEN WING, HORHAM HALL

CHIMNEY STACK, HORHAM HALL

DITCHINGHAM HALL, NEAR NORWICH, NORFOLK

DETAIL, DITCHINGHAM HALL



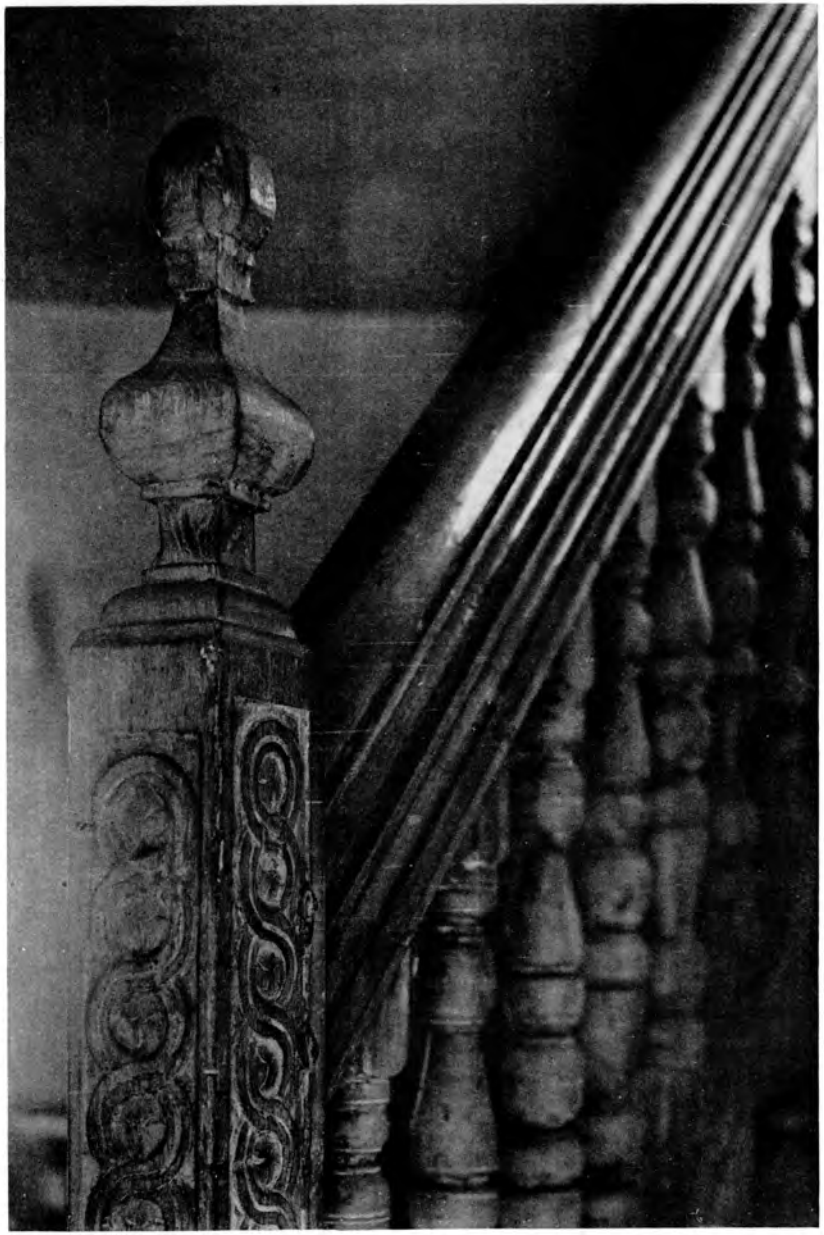
DETAIL, DITCHINGHAM HALL

HOUSE AT HIGHAM, SUFFOLK

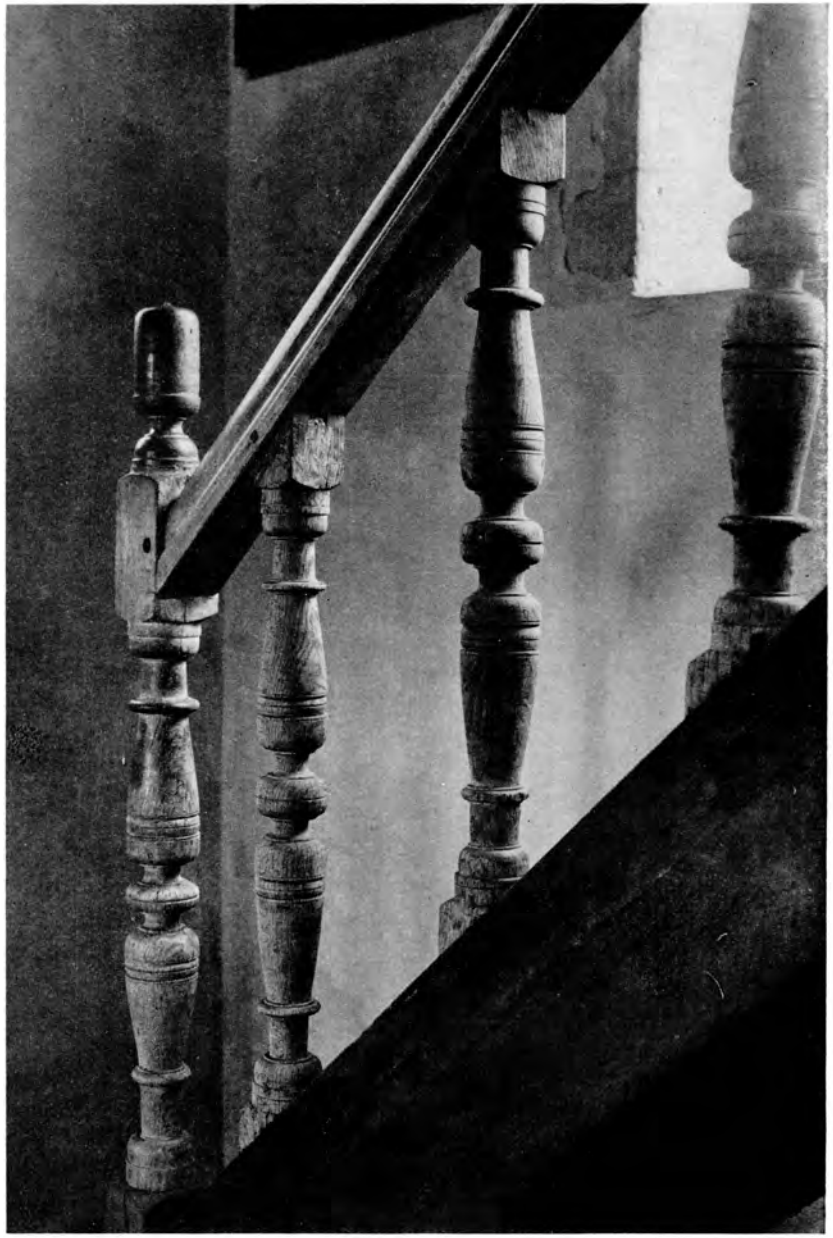
RESIDENCES IN CATHEDRAL CLOSE, NORWICH, NORFOLK

DETAIL OF HOUSE AT HIGHAM, SUFFOLK

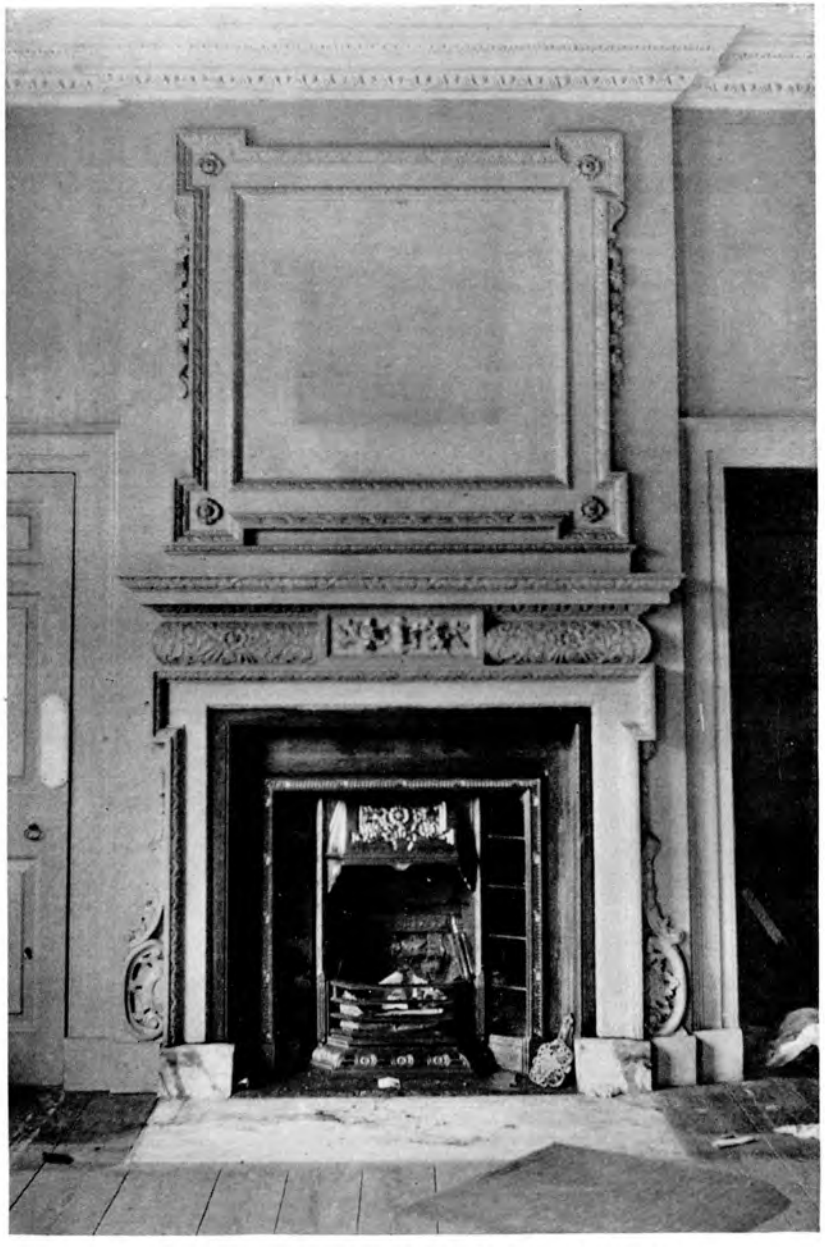
THE CROWN INN, STOKE-BY-NAYLAND, SUFFOLK



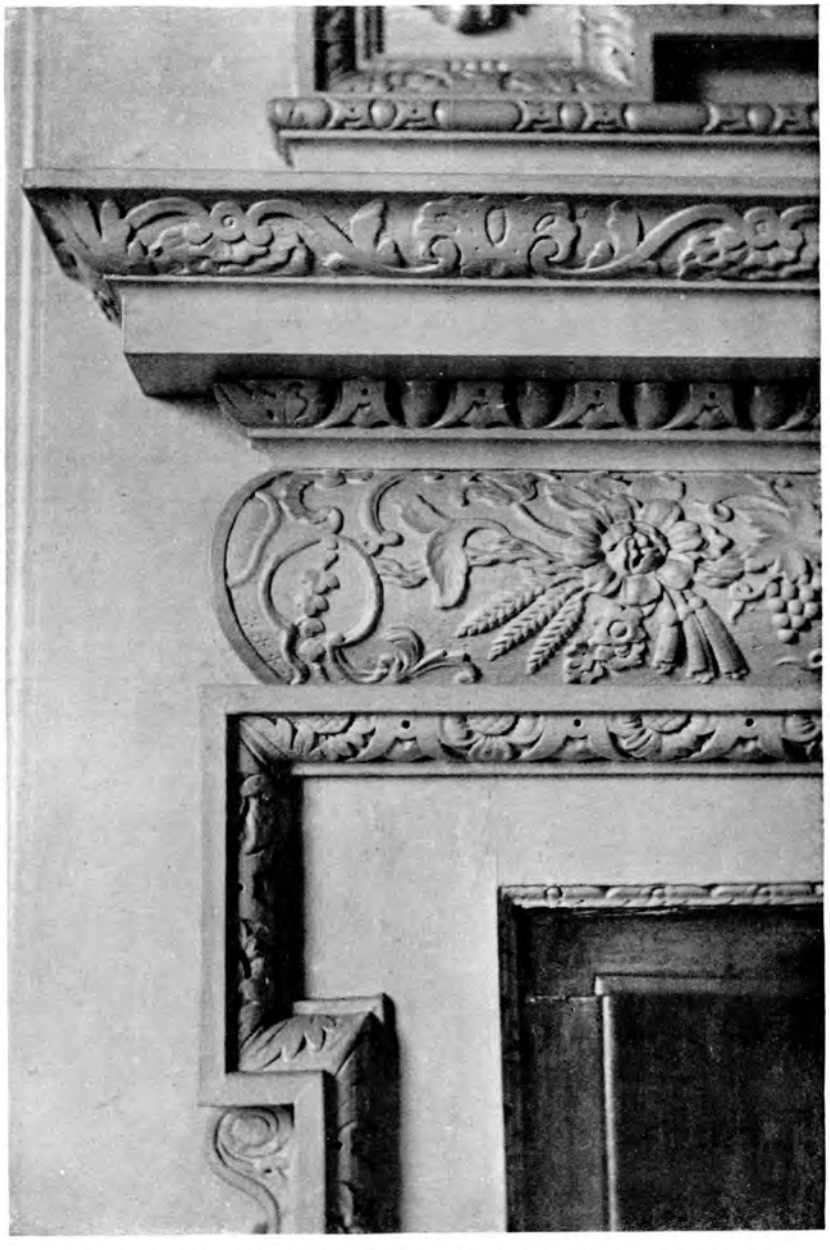
REAR STAIR, HORHAM HALL, THAXTED, ESSEX



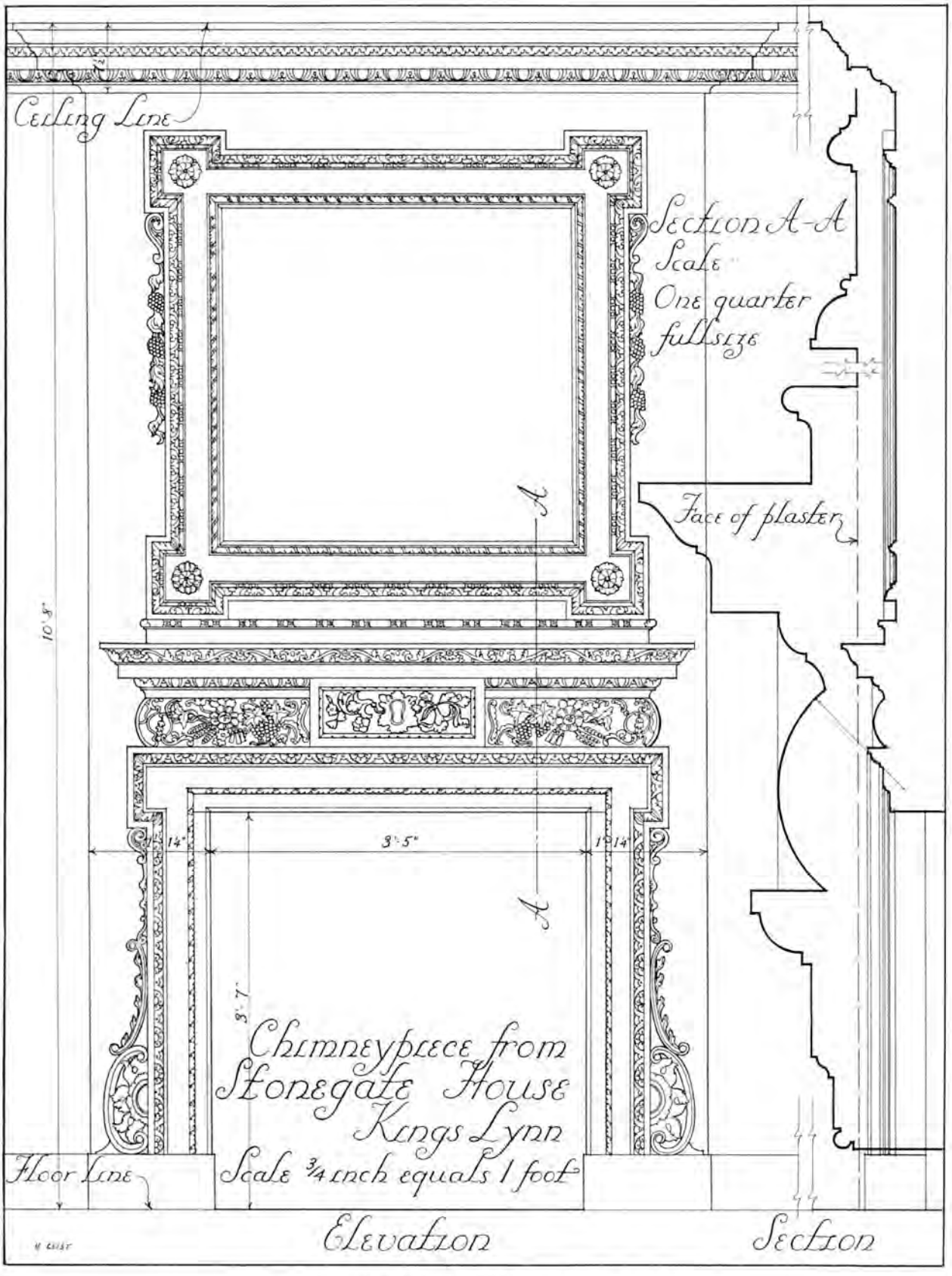
STAIR TO PRIVATE PEW, CHURCH AT CLARE, SUFFOLK



CHIMNEY PIECE, KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK

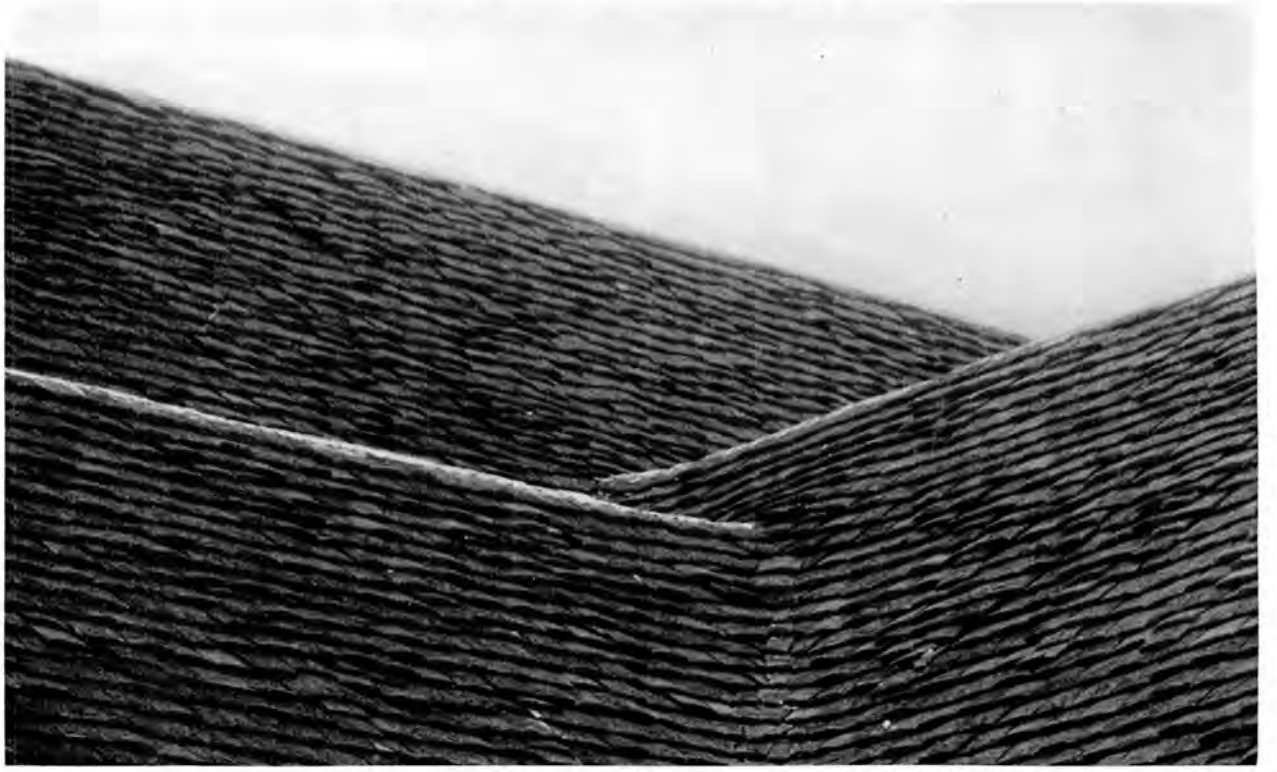


DETAIL OF CHIMNEY PIECE, KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK




SEE PHOTOGRAPHS ON OPPOSITE PAGE

# VALLEYS AND RIDGES



Detail of a recently completed roof showing ridges and valley

*Proper application of the* IMPERIAL *Shingle Tiles used on this roof played an important part in producing the character of an old roof*

TREATMENT of valleys and ridges on old tile covered roofs in England contributes much to the character and the charm of their irregularities.

While in some cases, as in Horham Hall, shown on page 22, valleys are left "open" and lined with metal, this is rather the exceptional treatment. Usually valleys are "rounded" in application, tiles being carried on a gradual curve from one roof surface to another.

The photograph on this page shows such a valley formed with modern tiles on a recently completed house. With its irregularity and gradual sweep from one plane to another it has much of the character of an old roof.

"Mitred" ridges, as shown in the photograph, are used on many English roofs. No covering ridge tile is used but flat or "field" tiles are merely brought together, properly fitted, and the joints filled to make weatherproof.

Another much used treatment is a ridge formed by covering roll tiles butted end to end, the joints filled with cement. In addition to pointing the joints of the ridge tiles, cement is used to point the line of meeting of ridge tiles and roof, giving an irregular line of light color and an interesting accent.

Attention to these details of application as well as to the selection of proper colors and textures, tends to produce in new work that character which is so pleasing in the old tile roofs of England.



*The Marchbanks Press, New York*

*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME I MAY 1929 NUMBER 5

# ARCHITECTURE OF EAST ANGLIA

## PART II

*TEXT BY*

EDWIN GUNN, A.R.I.B.A.

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

IMPERIAL ROOFING TILES

*FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PROFESSION*

HOUSE AT STEEPLE BUMPSTEAD, ESSEX

*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

MAY 1929

# ARCHITECTURE OF EAST ANGLIA

## PART II

BY EDWIN GUNN, A. R. I. B. A.

IN the previous issue of these Brochures remarks on East Anglian building were chiefly centered on the uses of brick. The timber architecture of the district is of quite equal interest and probably has an even more remote ancestry, though the earlier examples have mostly perished or become submerged in later accretions.

The finest remaining examples date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and may be looked for in the districts which derived great prosperity during that period from the trade in wool. The little dead town of Lavenham in Suffolk contains some of the noblest timber buildings extant, including several examples in more or less original condition of the Halls of the old Trade Guilds; but in many another town and village along the Essex-Suffolk border magnificent oak-framed buildings exist practically unsuspected by the passer-by behind smug later fronts of brick or under the characteristically East Anglian overcoats of patterned plaster. Such structures are indeed almost indestructible given reasonable care and protection—they have allowed successive alterations and remodellings of a scope which would wreck any normal brick house. Such villages as Dedham, East Bergholt, Long Melford, or Kersey, or small towns like Sudbury, Clare, or Hadleigh contain vast quantities of Mediaeval or Tudor timber frame buildings more or less hidden from view, as well as the better-known examples which can be seen by all. The oak hammer-beam and arch-brace church roofs of Norfolk and Suffolk are among the finest in the world, while many churches still contain remains of screenwork which is sufficient evidence of one-time magnificence.

The typical East Anglian oak-frame building does not differ in essentials from contemporary practice in other parts of England. On a base or pinning wall of brick or flint stands a sill and uprights carrying a head upon which stout beams and joists bear, oversailing so that a similar frame for each succeeding story stands forward from that below. Surprising results are sometimes thus obtained.

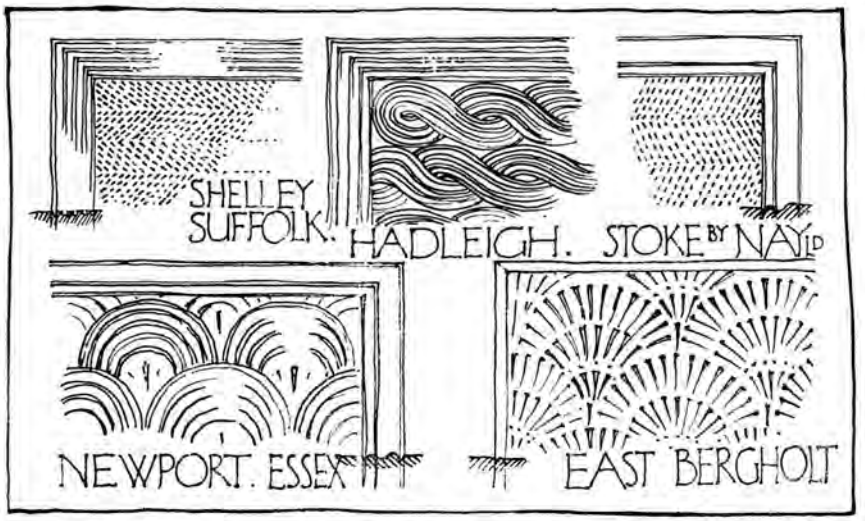
In the best period the timber walls contained more timber than filling, the uprights, eight inches or nine inches wide, being closely spaced so that the intervening panels scarcely ever exceeded the timber faces. Corner posts were even more massive and usually curved or swelled upward and outward beneath the diagonal beam which carried the overhung angle of the framing to the succeeding story. These corner posts were usually chosen for special decoration in the form of grotesque figure carving, and where no other trace of the still existing original structure remains visible, these angle posts may often be seen.

The spaces between the studding may be found variously filled with wattle and daub—a sort of rough framework of interlaced hazel sticks sprung between the timbers and plastered flush on both faces with clay and straw finished with a thin coat of lime plaster—or with brick-nogging; the latter often arranged in varying patterns—diagonal, chevron, or checker. No one who has seen an untouched example of silvery oak filled with age-coloured Tudor brickwork with full joints unpointed, could ever again waste his admiration on the more popular "black and white" version of half timber construction.

Curved or inclined braces are little-used in East Anglian framing, and always with structural intent and not in the fidgetty patternings of some other districts.

There is analogy to modern steel-frame structures in these timber buildings, in that the strength lay

in the posts and the material of the panels need contribute nothing but enclosure. It followed that window area could be indefinitely expanded, and advantage was largely taken of this until some buildings were given continuous windows extending practically unbroken round an entire story—later the crippling hand of the window-taxer caused many to be blocked. Light was, however, quite evidently revelled in, in the days immediately following the collapse of feudalism, and incidentally, light used in the way in which many buildings of the period show it was a virtual necessity if the heavy beam and joist ceilings were to be made tolerable. It should be remembered that the type of flooring commonly used did not embody a plaster ceiling even in the spaces between the joists, each such space being filled by a wide floor-board resting in rebates so that both floor and ceiling surfaces showed alternate joist and board, the ceilings moreover holding much shadow from the heavy joists and heavier beams by which they were intersected. Such a scheme of lighting as that exhibited by the Lavenham Guildhall was therefore admirable, windows at intervals extending to ordinary sill height for outlook, and a continuous range of transom lights (forming a sort of glazed frieze) extending unbroken round external walls for lighting. This device is one commonly to be observed, though usually marred by later interference. Externally the sparkle imparted by the lead glazing beneath the shadowed overhang of the upper story is also extremely pleasant to the eye. Corbelled-out (or oriel) windows are also a constantly recurring feature of these framed houses and the corbel or sill is another point usually selected for special decoration—arms, devices, or mere grotesques. A great number of such yet exist, often associated with later windows or sometimes used for other purposes.

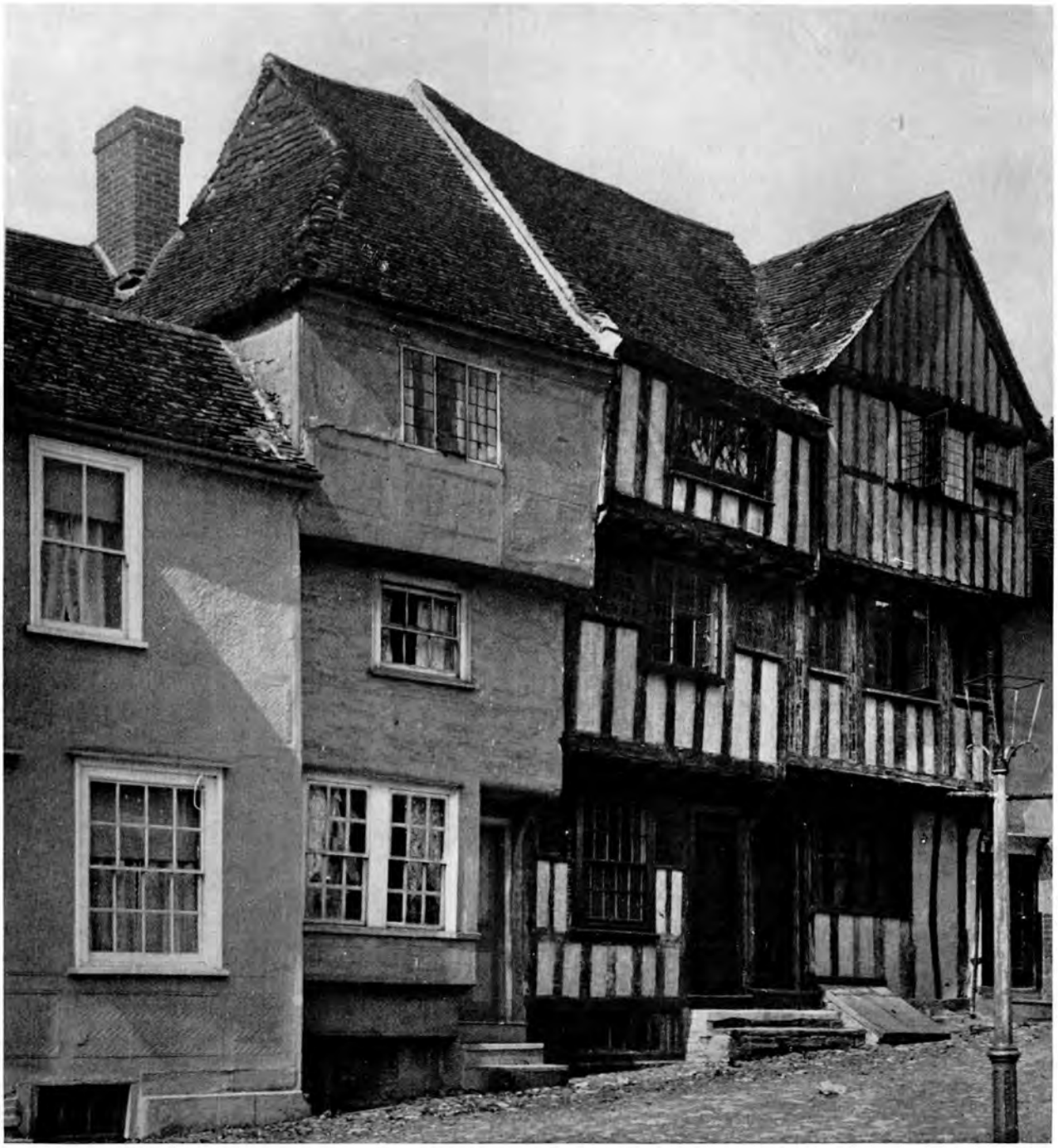



SCRATCHED AND PRESSED PLASTER TEXTURAL PATTERNS
*SKETCHES BY AUTHOR*

As standards of living advanced, and probably especially as domestic fireplaces became common, no doubt houses whose external walls were only a few inches thick and intersected by a net work of joints were found cold and draughty. It is probably due in the main to this that so many sound timber framed dwellings were covered with an overcoat of lath and plaster. This work was often charmingly done; in some cases with a good deal of elaborate ornament such as in the well known house next the Churchyard at Clare; but in every case, even the humblest, with an agreeable textured face produced by incised or impressed patterns which the plasterer would impart, dividing his work into panels so as to secure workable areas for treatment.

Each town and village in time developed its traditional pattern or application, and names for these (now fading to oblivion) were current. There is even a local fashion for the annual colour-washing which should be done about Whitsun each year, some villages favouring pure white, while others elect to use buff or pink. An even more strongly local character results from these "palimpsest" houses than would have been apparent had they remained in their original state, for this patterned plaster work is almost peculiar to East Anglia, and even to Suffolk, Essex, and fringes of adjoining counties. It is always in danger of destruction—both at the hand of the "half-timber" enthusiast who discovers and hastens to reveal the original framework beneath the skin, and by the merely unappreciative, for this typically East Anglian work is little esteemed locally. A few damaged patches, and it is often knocked off and replaced by something which will not last half as long, for this old well-haired plaster made with well-tempered lime and applied to wrent oak lathing is as tough as leather.

Another development of the timber house, not perhaps peculiar to East Anglia but very prevalent in Sea-coast towns, is the weatherboarded house. It is perhaps only natural that a maritime race which



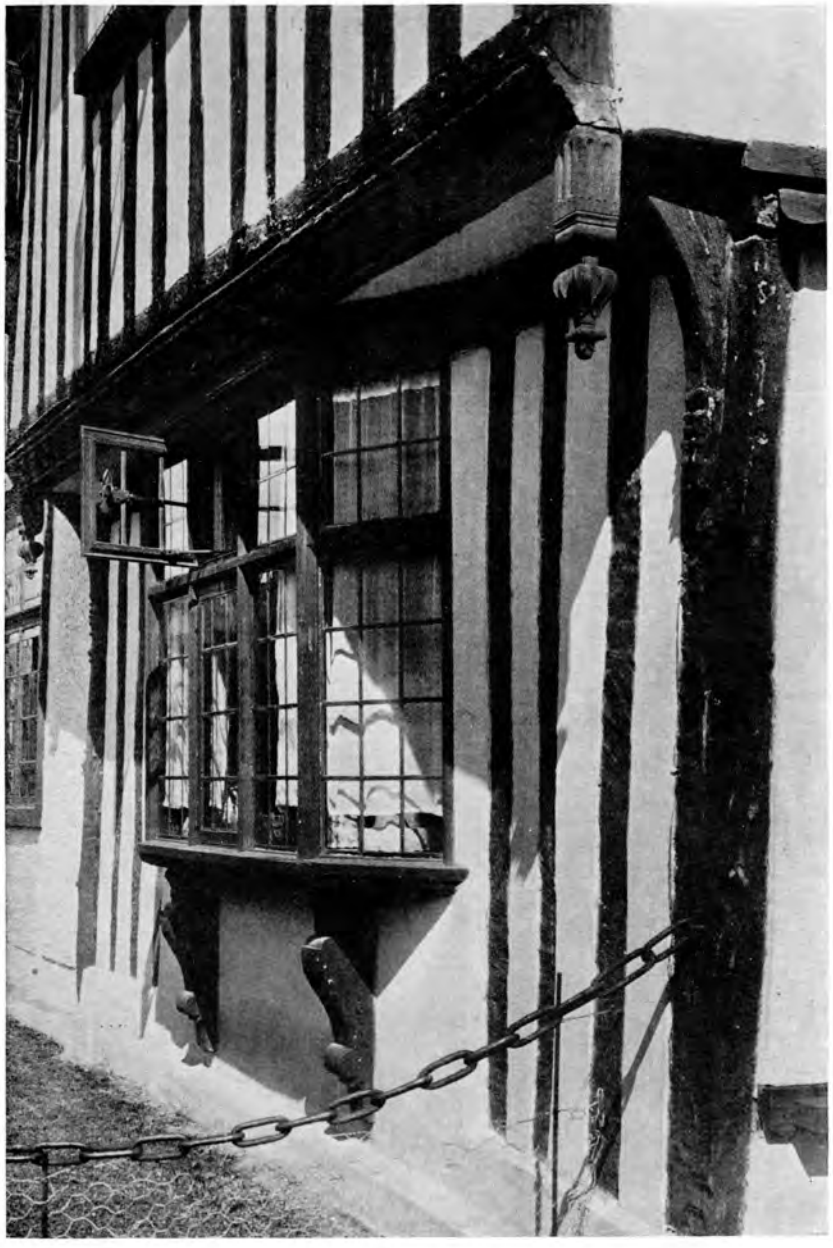
GROUP OF HOUSES AT THAXTED, ESSEX

habitually entrusted its life to a wooden ship, should entrust its shelter to a wooden house. This type of timber building usually dates from the eighteenth or early nineteenth century when the use of Northern fir first became general, and many a small port and fishing village can still show agreeable tarred or painted houses with nicely detailed sash windows, and doorways of "Georgian" character.

It is hardly possible to leave East Anglia without mention of the numerous old mill buildings which adorn many a hilltop and quiet waterway. With their expanses of cream-painted weatherboarding above shadow-haunted brick tunnels, wide, simple tile roofs partly overhung where the projecting shelter encloses a cathead or hoist, they make lovely pictures reflected in the still waters of the mill pond amid trees and rushes, and are as typically East Anglian as anything which can be cited.

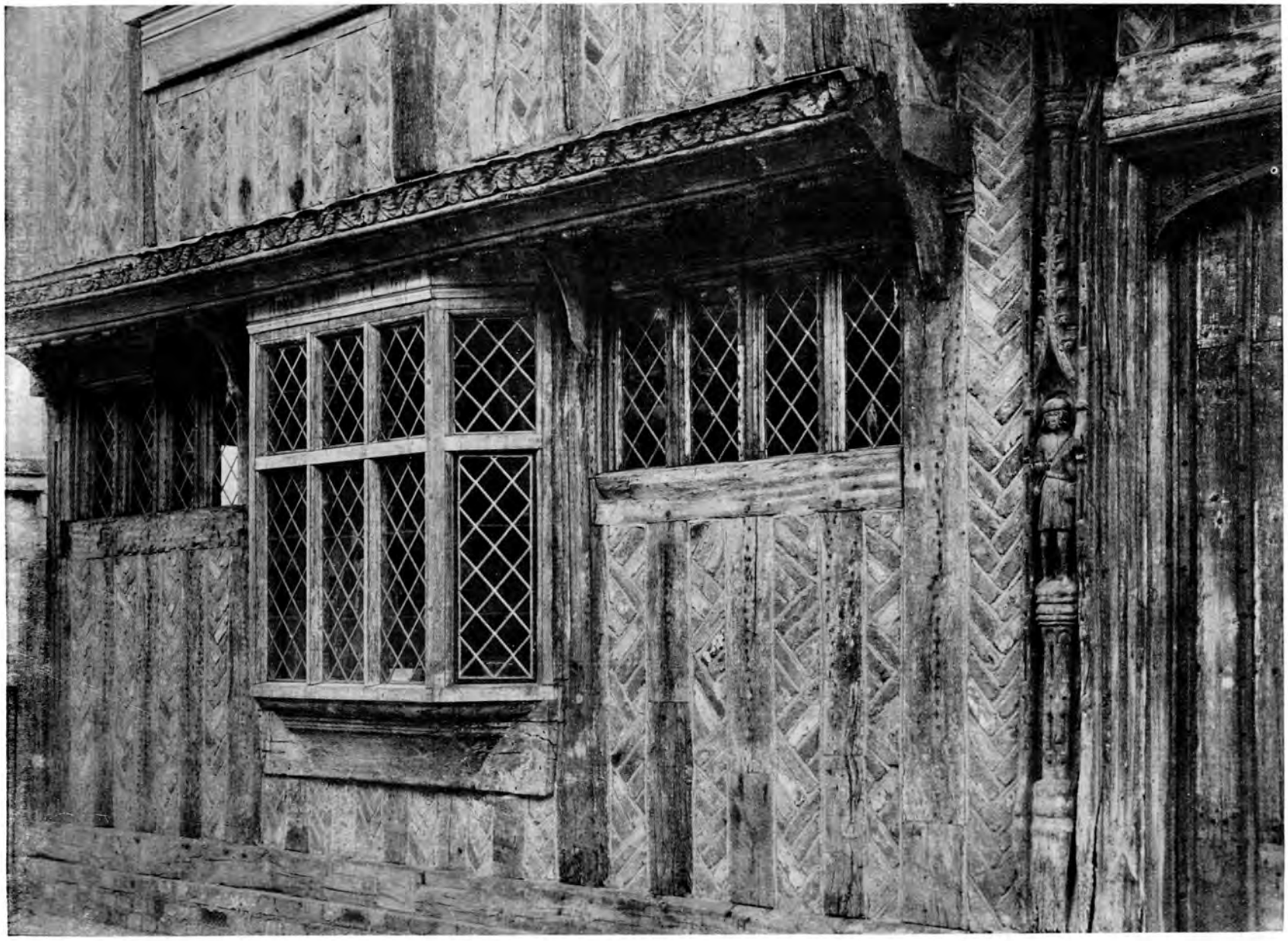
GUILDHALL AT LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK

DETAIL OF GUILDHALL, LAVENHAM



DETAIL OF HOUSE AT CLARE, SUFFOLK

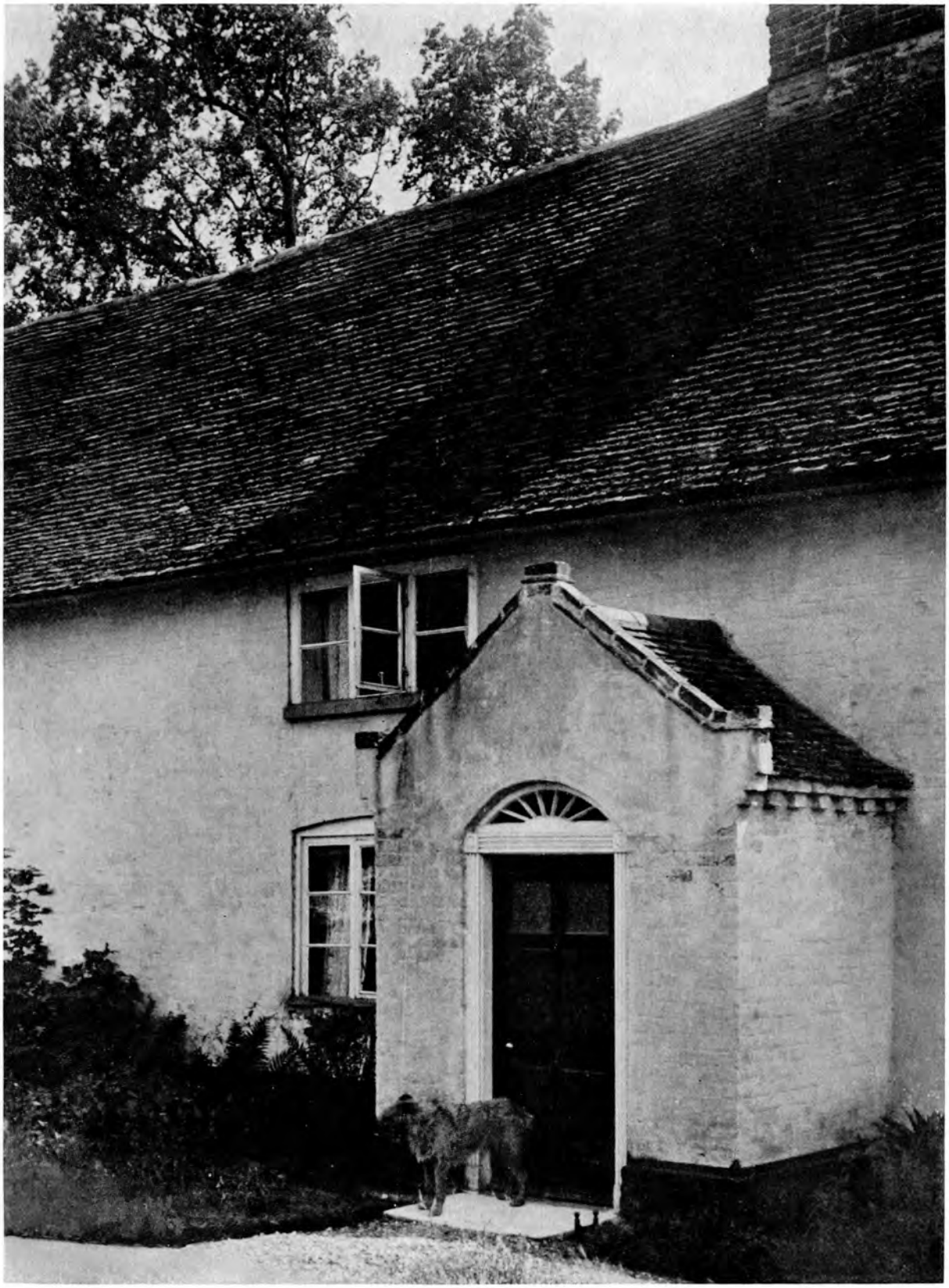
HOUSE AT LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK



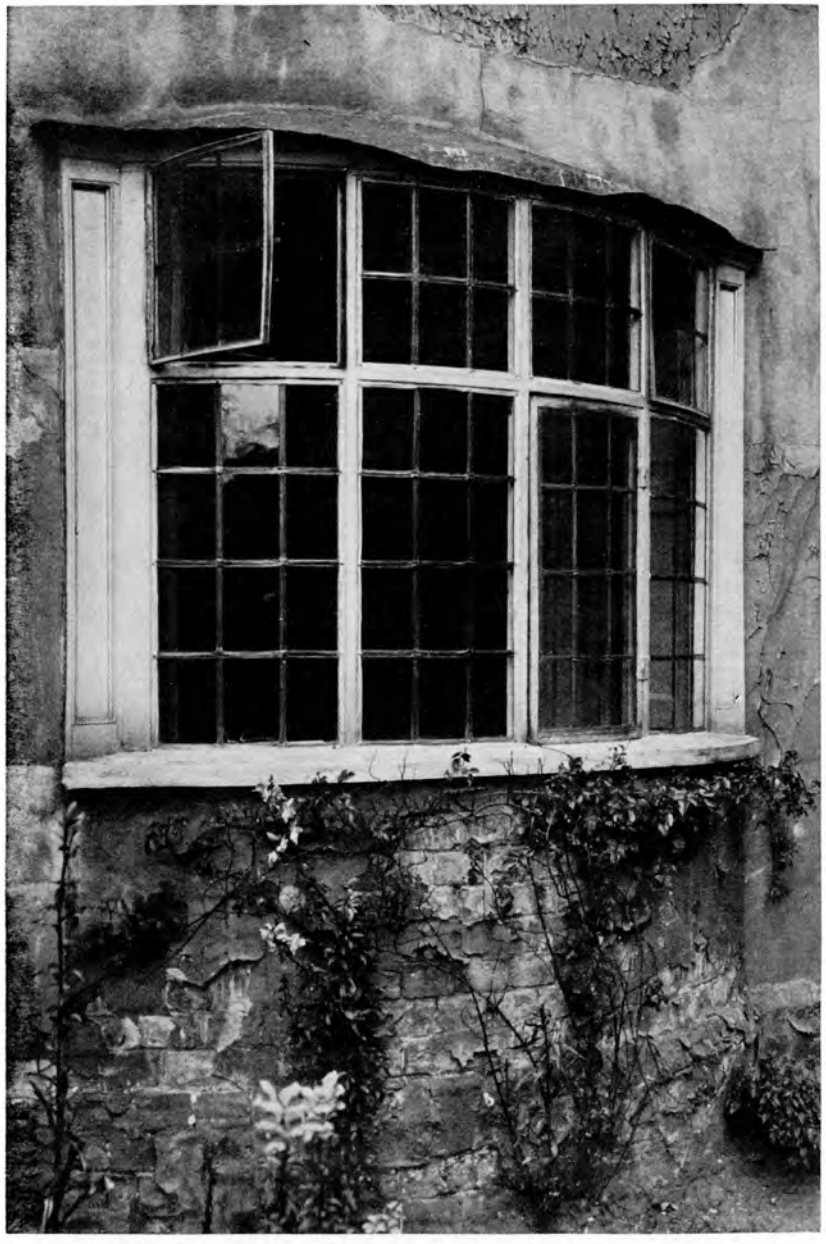
DETAIL OF LOWER STORY, RECONSTRUCTED HOUSE AT LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK

FARMHOUSE NEAR WALBERSWICK, SUFFOLK

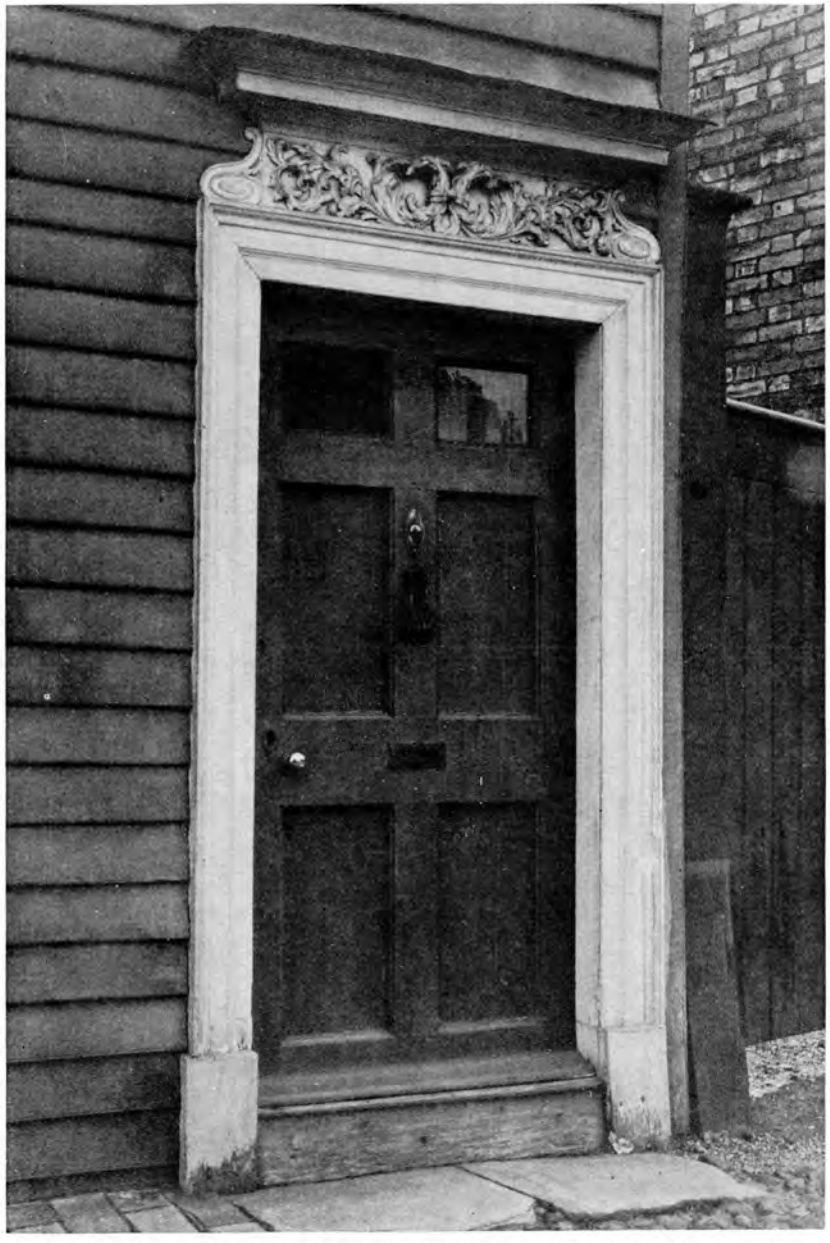
BROOK HOUSE, WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK



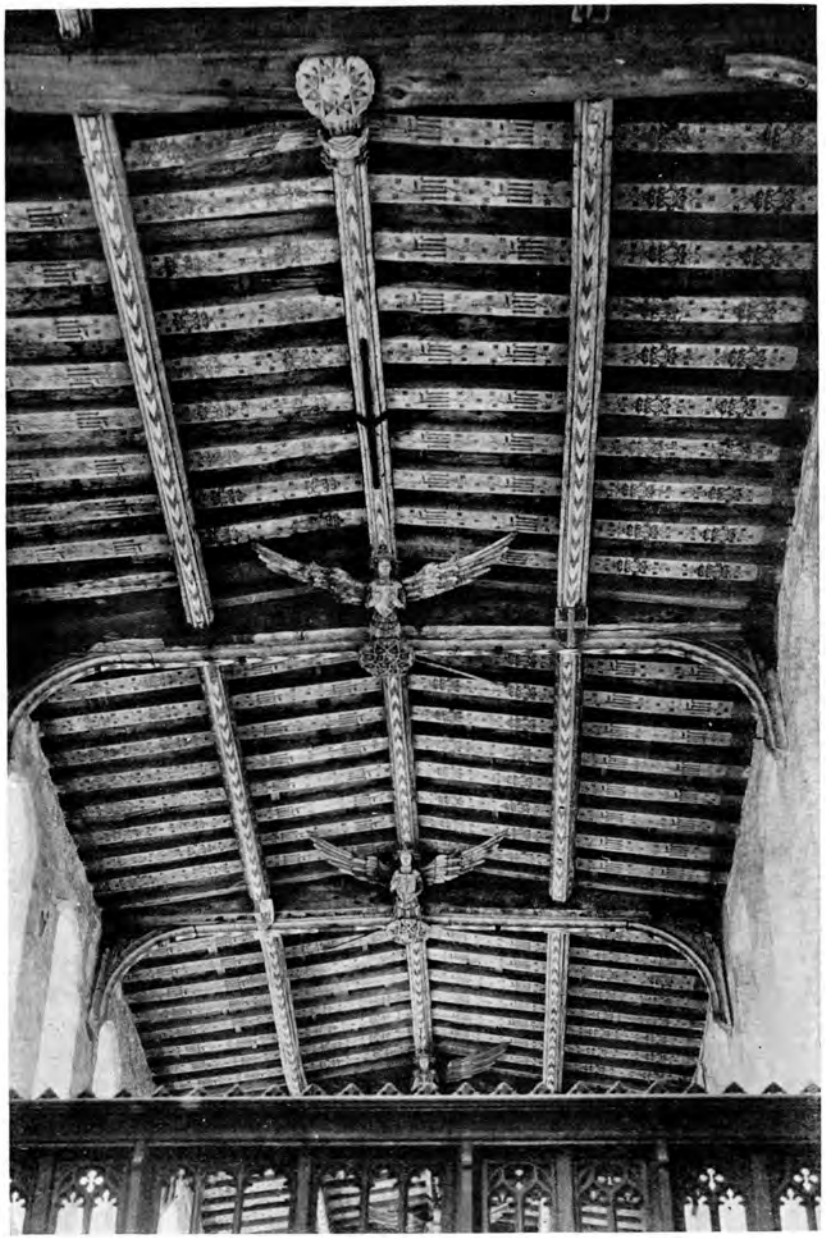
DETAIL OF FARMHOUSE NEAR WALBERSWICK, SUFFOLK



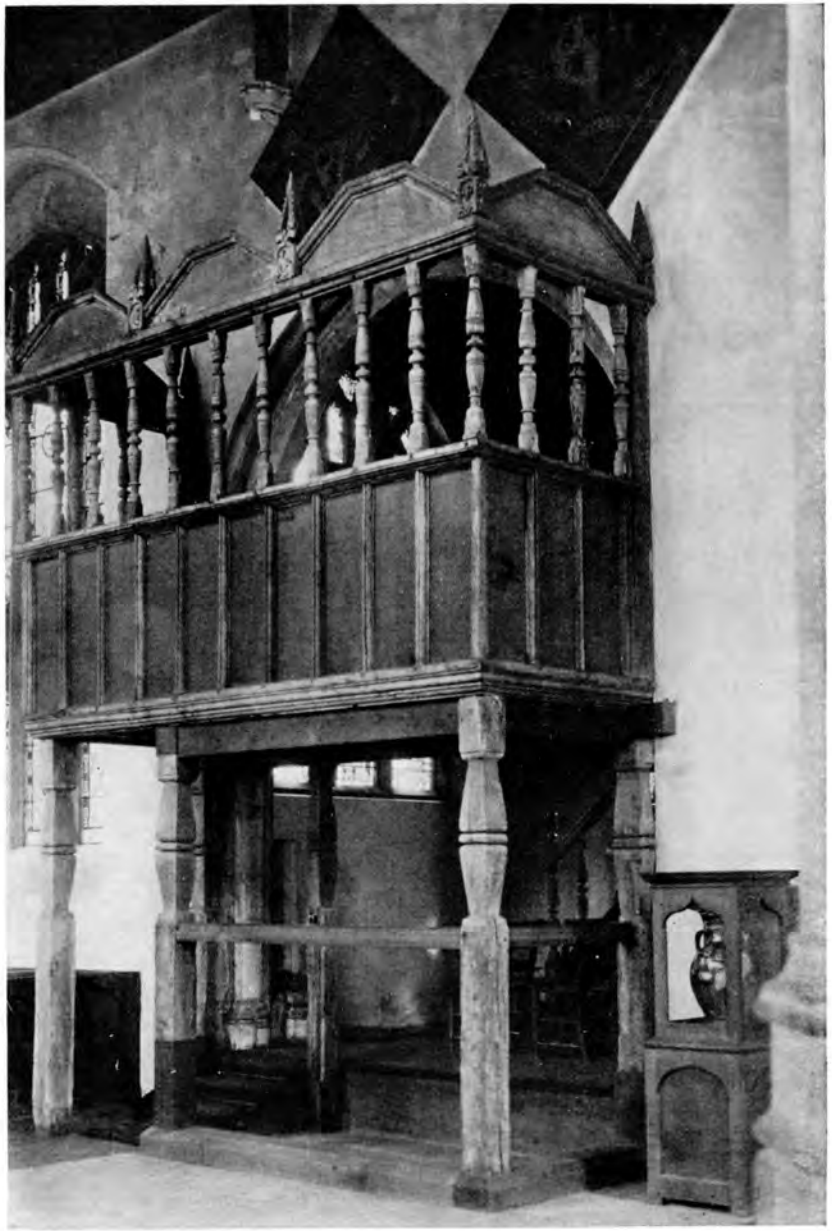
BAY WINDOW, BROOK HOUSE, WOODBRIDGE



DOORWAY AT LONG MELFORD, SUFFOLK

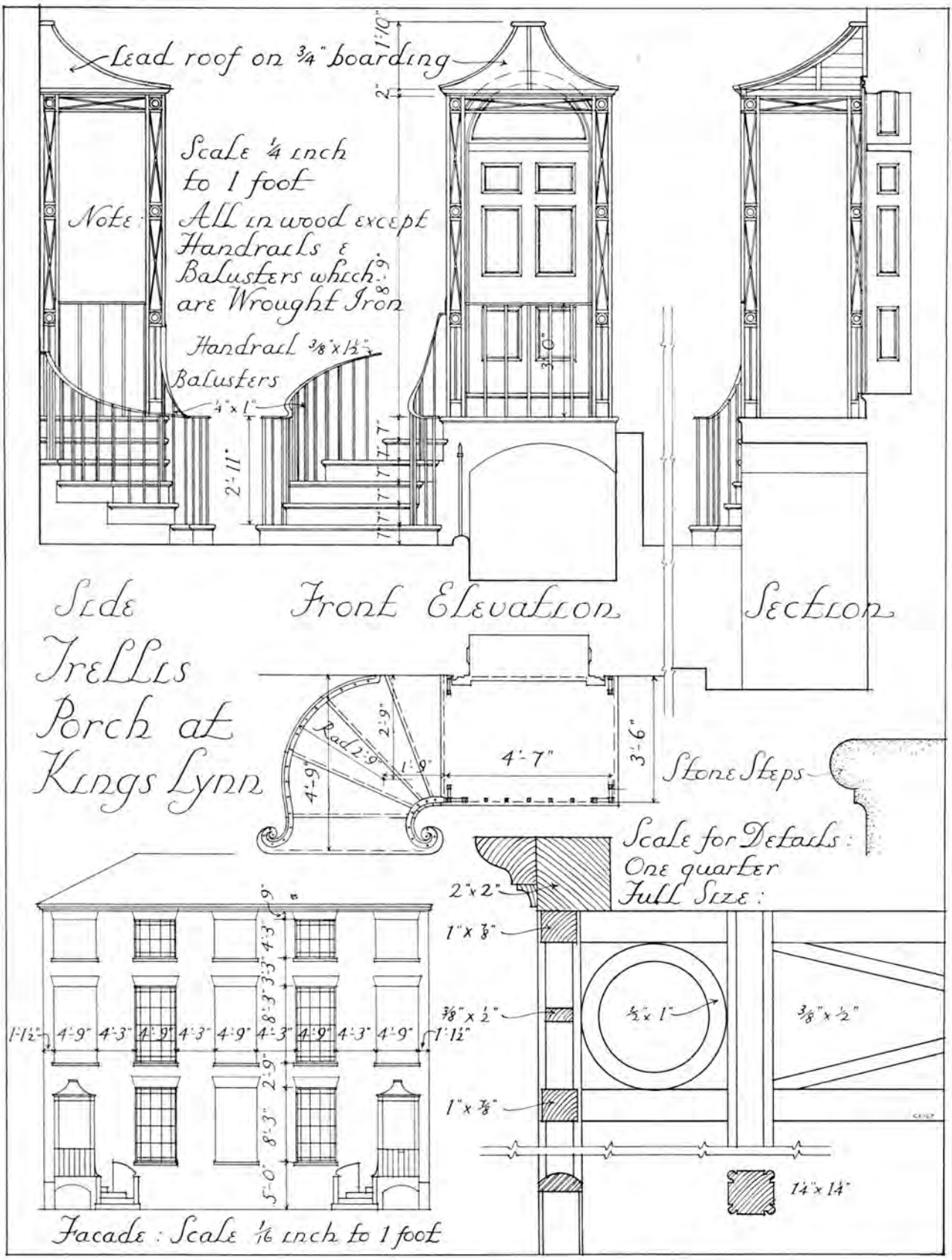


CEILING, CHURCH AT BLYTHBURGH, SUFFOLK



PRIVATE PEW, CHURCH AT CLARE, SUFFOLK

PORCH ON HOUSE AT KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK




SEE PHOTOGRAPH ON OPPOSITE PAGE

# FINISHING TILE ROOFS AT GABLES

THE MANNER in which a tile roof is finished along gable rakes depends largely on the material of the walls of the building. Where the walls are of brick or stone the tiles may be extended over the edge, projecting slightly, and pointed-up with cement.

This same treatment with cement may be used where the wall is covered with stucco although frequently a wood rake mold is used to cover the joining, in which case there is no pointing between the tiles. With half timber work a wood mold is generally considered essential as a finishing member.

In England, on old work, cement was used a great deal along the rakes, frequently being molded into a squarish overhang, giving a feeling of depth to the roof covering. A typical example of this finish may be seen in the group of houses illustrated on page 37.

A variation of this treatment is shown in the illustration of a farmhouse near Walberswick (page 42) where the cement was built up and squared to form a small parapet. This method of finishing may be seen on many houses and is effective as a stopping for the roof surface and a protection against rain dripping down the end walls.

The use of cement in considerable quantities at the gables gives a distinction to many of the examples of old English work, but is a detail which has not been used extensively in this country. On the dormer illustrated above, the thoughtful attention to this seemingly small feature has done much toward imparting to this residence its mellowed character.

Detail of a recently completed roof on which IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles were used

*Careful attention to such details as finishing the dormer rakes has done much to give the quality of old work to this house*

*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME I JULY 1929 NUMBER 4

# TWO COTSWOLD VILLAGES

*TEXT BY*

ALFRED HOPKINS

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

IMPERIAL ROOFING TILES

*FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PROFESSION*

CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE

# TWO COTSWOLD VILLAGES

BY ALFRED HOPKINS

YOUR true lover of beautiful building who travels over old England in quest of his heart's desire, must come sooner or later to that delightful district which is known as the Cotswold Hills. Perhaps it is better for him to come sooner than later, but since the keenest enjoyment follows upon the ripest knowledge, a tardy study of architectural treasure there may come to yield a greater pleasure. At any rate, go he must if he wishes to see how the simplest builder's material may be used to create in the perfect landscape, the perfect structure.

Beautiful Broadway and nearby Stanton leap immediately into the mind of the student familiar with English country. They are both inspiring and important. They are convenient of access and perhaps demand a first attention. Let them have it. But there are other places which, if not equally conspicuous as starred points for Cotswold study, are just as worthy of attention; Bourton, Campden, Burford, Stroud, Gretton, Mickleton, Castle Combe and Bibury. No matter how short the time or how long the itinerary, let the student either extend the one or contract the other that he may have a glimpse of these last two charming places: Castle Combe lying snug beneath the trees of a verdant English hillside and little Bibury lined along the bank of the sleepy Coln just far enough removed for pleasant walking and safe enough for comfortable building. Castle Combe and Bibury have been favorite places for English painters these many years, as indeed has the whole Cotswold district.

Castle Combe is the perfect English village. The long highway broadening at the top finds itself a little square where stands, covered over with its old lichened roof, the wayside cross. A market cross you will see it called in the glossary, for the structure provides not only a shelter for its symbol of faith and sacrifice, but a protected place for merchandising as well. Nearby rises the beautiful tower of the parish church. Dr. Charles Cox, in his informing volume, "The English Parish Church," exclaims in rapture over the added beauty which the village churches give to rural England, and says in effect, "What would the English landscape be without them?" What would it indeed? I confess that I never see a church tower in that pleasant countryside without thinking of the good doctor and thanking him for pointing out so vividly how perfect may be the relation between the art of nature and the art of the architect.

Nowhere does this happy harmony between straight, rigid masonry walls and the flowing, moving lines of plants and trees exist in such perfection as in England. A magic seems to dwell there which comes to no other spot. Stone walls melt into foliage and foliage into stone walls without perceptible change of form or wrench of structure. It is here the student of the antique may learn his lesson in beautiful surfacing, and it seems to me he need not be so very clever in order to learn it well. Here he may find how gracefully does the fabric of architecture grow old. Here he may see with what perfect art nature encompasses and embellishes it. Here he may compare those varied effects of tone and texture that winter and rough weather in their own time come to give old stone walls. It is to this variety and beauty in the surfaces of old work to which I particularly call attention, because these effects are so lacking in our modern structure. They are not only ignored and misunderstood; they remain unloved and unsought. I do not chide the architect for failing to reproduce a quality which only nature can contrive, but I do ask that he study the soft beauty

of old work that out of it he may glean some sort of profit for the benefit of his own.

A striking example of the importance of all this is before you. May I direct attention to the illustration on page 56 showing houses on the village green at Bibury. There you will see perfect building in its perfect setting. The two old houses at the far end of the picture are no chance acquaintances. They are old friends. From every artistic angle they are eminently satisfying. The roofs and the walls are weathered to a softness which is velvet. In a like condition of perfection is the nearer, smaller structure. If all three are not of the same date, certainly they are of the same decade. And now, brethren of the draughting room, I come to my point. Observe between the two old groups that modern connecting wall. Could any building be more brutal? Could any structure be more rigid, more inartistic in itself and more hideous by contrast than this thirty odd feet of newly plastered masonry? There you have an informing example of what may happen as a result of ill considered building.

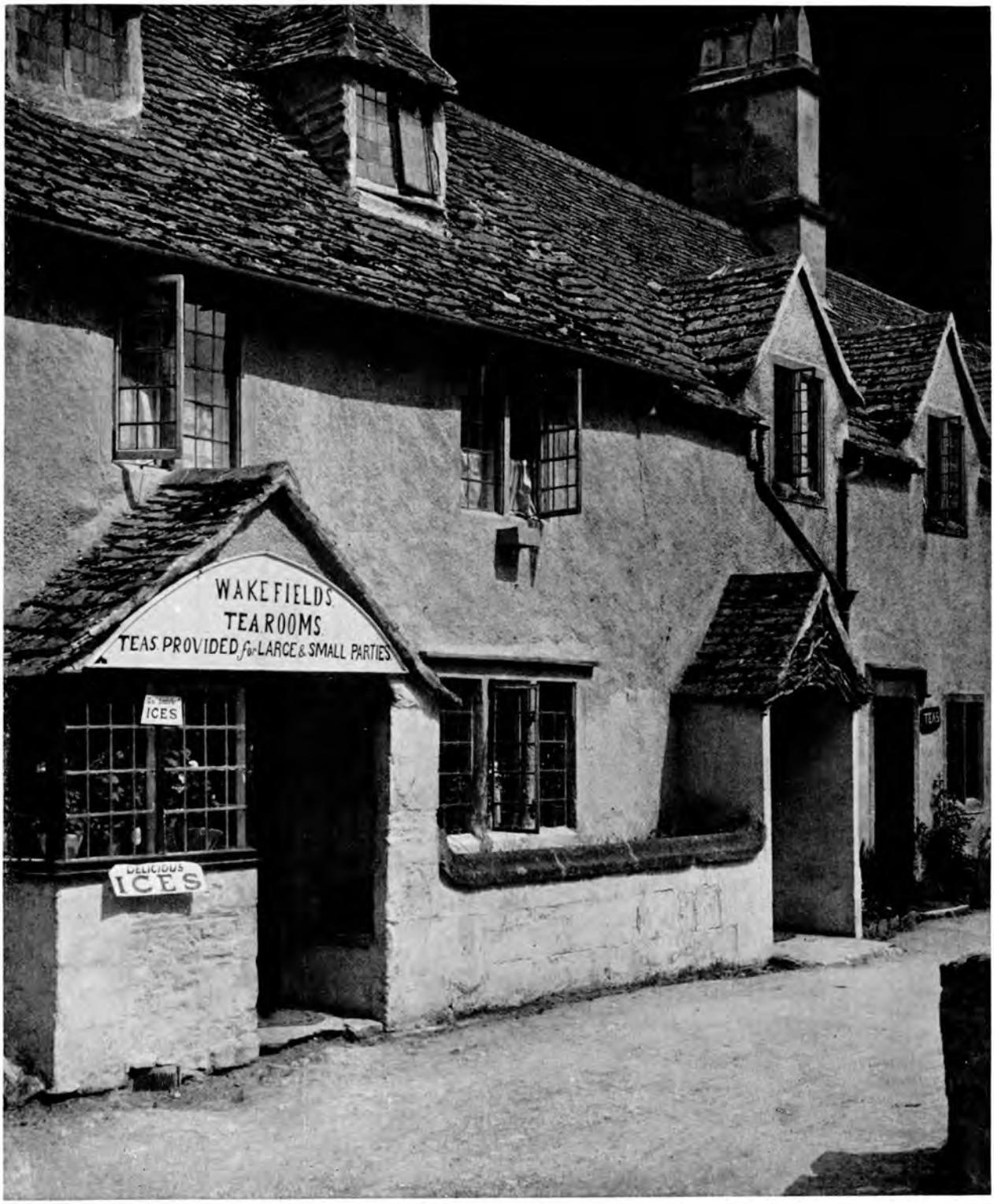
I have held all my life that there is no structure too simple or too obscure for the artist's hand, at least, to try and make beautiful. Even a bit of garden wall may show taste and talent on the part of its architect. If ever there was a time when the builder should have profited by a study of old work, it is here. If ever there was a spot where nature cried out to learn from her, it is at this brief length of enclosing wall.

In studying the types of structure which Mr. Yerbury's excellent photographs put so handily before us, nothing interests me more than the way the old builders went about the dormers. Almost always they fit comfortably into the roofs, and I like to imagine that in this simple old work, dormers were built somehow as the building went along, without any very distinct preconceived idea of just what the dormer was to be till the builder came to it. This is slipshod thinking and bad practicing for the way we go about our work. Where the architect-builder with a trained eye for proportion labors upon the building and, as he constructs it, adjusts one detail to another: that is the perfect manner. But it is not the mode of our day. We must do our building all on paper, sign the contract and make no changes. While we study what we draw, we must see our cubes in two dimensions, and, as best we can, imagine the third. Dormers are difficult to visualize in this way. A casual glance at any one of our numerous building magazines will stress that point.

I came early to a plain way of thinking about the dormer. It seemed to me that second story windows should be either below the eaveline or fair and square above it. If you will glance at the illustration opposite which sets forth the celebrated Wakefield Tea Rooms of Castle Combe, you will see three of the four possible ways of lighting the second story. At Mr. Wakefield's premises, the second story windows come snugly below the eaveline and look cozy and comfortable in the cool of its long shadow. But on the adjoining property the dormers are designed on the half and half idea—half in the wall and half in the roof. In old England the friendly compromise in principle of "half and half" when applied to beverage ("'arf and 'arf" I believe it is to those who know it best) is a commendable weakness. Applied to dormers, it is not. Principally, because it muddles up the leaders and makes a mean job for the tinker. The leaders are either unduly increased or else drag themselves across the face of the building, creating ugly diagonal lines where all the others are either vertical or horizontal. That becomes not only a mean job for the architect, but one impossible of artistic solution. I never liked "'arf an' 'arf" dormers. They are best booted up above the eaveline. Mr. Wakefield booted his up halfway between the eave and the ridge. They sit down there very comfortably. In fact, they look as if they might lie down, which helps them better to appear at ease and at home. If the second story windows must cut the eaveline, put them in a gable. You will see some pretty ones in this fashion at Bibury.

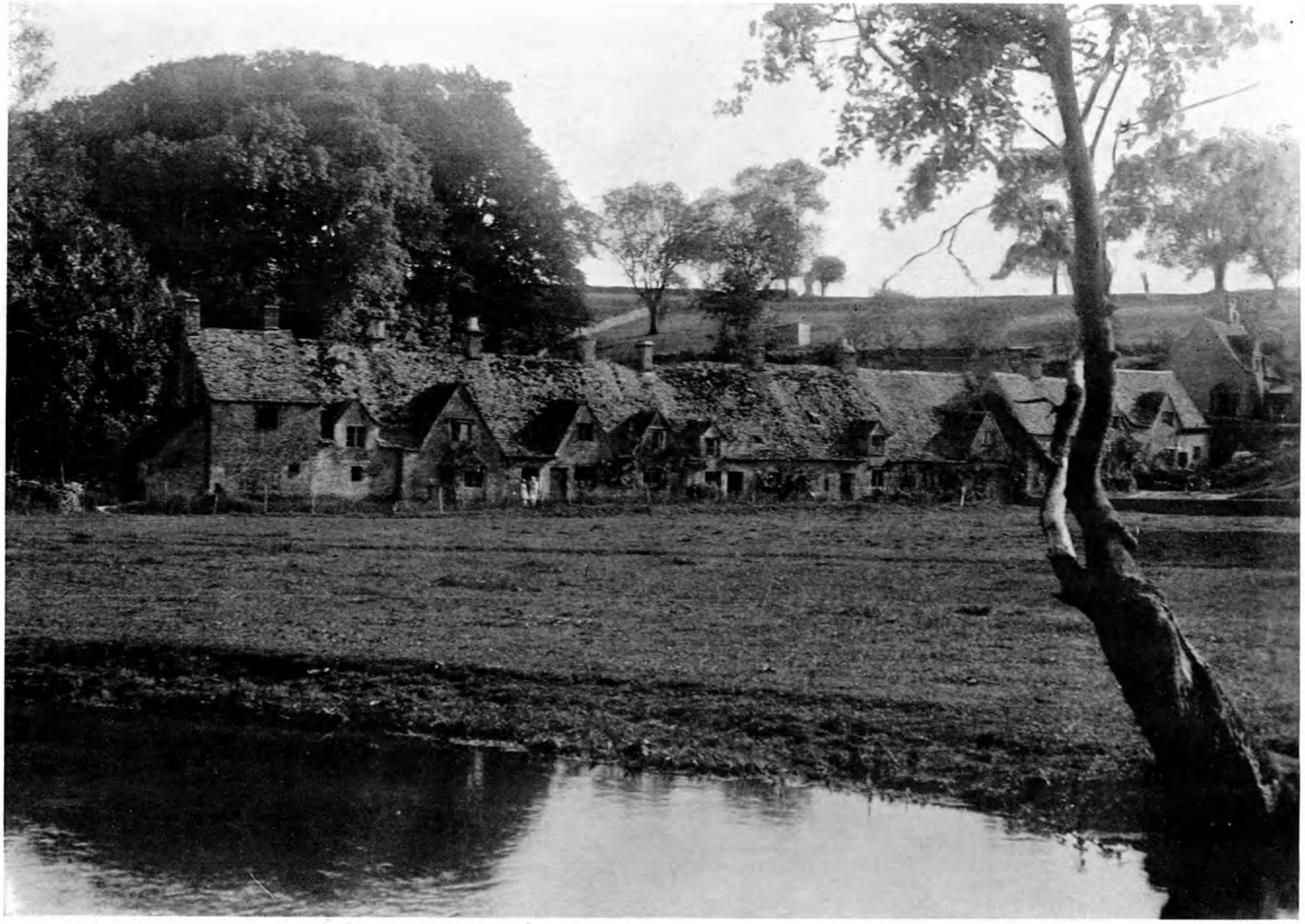
But the characteristic Cotswold dormer is in stone and stands out upon the face of the wall. A simple form is seen in the row of little houses along the river at Bibury, shown on page 55. A more imposing manner is that of the Tudor house at Castle Combe (page 59), on which a later owner has added to the doorway a Georgian hood. These dormers are thrust well above the roof and seem to have been constructed as a result of some whim of the owner who, perhaps, insisted upon better headroom behind them. When the designer finished his task, I doubt if he knew whether he had built dormers or gables. I don't. But it is possible to run the gutter comfortably and continuously below them, a prerequisite to good dormer design.

The dormer is a fascinating study in construction and composition, as is all that pertains to building. Fascinating too is the study of just such structures as we have been considering, built of the simplest materials in the simplest way. After all, what the architect must provide for the home is comfort and shelter. If the best artistic sense is what all believe,




HOUSES AT CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE

that the structure should express its function,—then the Cotswold builders have given to their work all that any artist can give. I think the clear proof of their having done so lies in the simple fact that after all the two hundred odd years of their honorable service, these little buildings still remain what they are in setting and in substance, perfect examples of the builder's art.



ARLINGTON ROW, BIBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

DETAIL OF ARLINGTON ROW, BIBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

HOUSES ALONG VILLAGE GREEN, BIBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE


HOUSES ALONG THE COLN, BIBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

MARKET CROSS, CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE

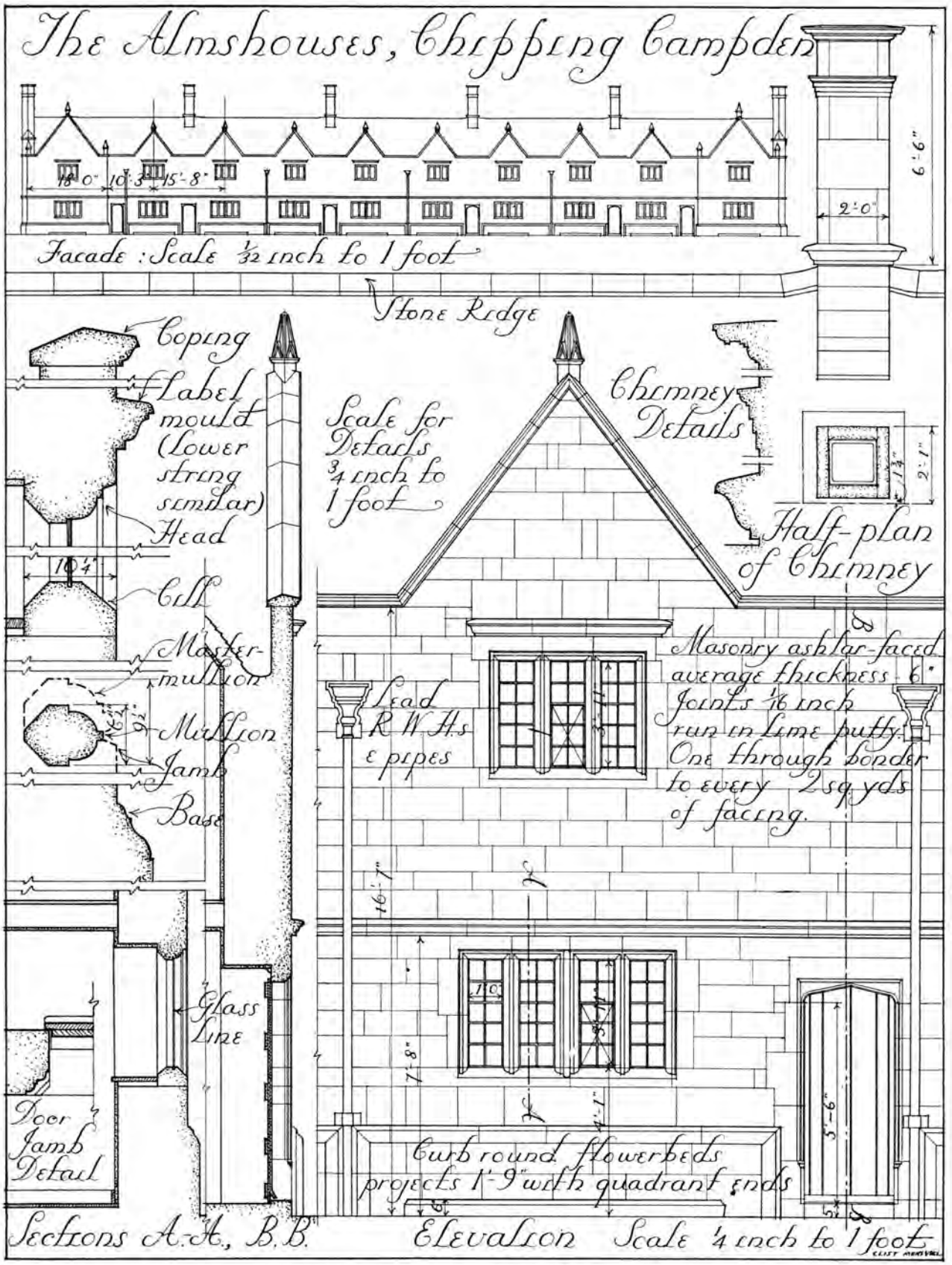
HOUSE AT CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE

VILLAGE OF CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE

COTTAGE AT CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE

ALMSHOUSES, CHIPPING CAMPDEN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

ALMSHOUSES, CHIPPING CAMPDEN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE




SEE PHOTOGRAPHS ON OPPOSITE PAGE

# TILE ROOFS FOR COTSWOLD ARCHITECTURE

Detail of a recently completed roof on which IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles were used

THE OLD HOUSES in the Cotswold district of England are the inspiration today for much of our domestic architecture. Intimate but yet with a certain degree of formality, they are particularly appealing to us in general character and at the same time their unsymmetrical massing permits an irregularity in sizes and locations of rooms which fits in well with the living arrangements of the average American family.

The various materials which are essential in obtaining the character of these fine old houses are readily supplied by American manufacturers; one can easily secure proper metal casement windows, lead gutters and leader heads, decorative plaster and that very important part of a design — the appropriate roofing material.

IMPERIAL roofing tiles give a faithful reproduction of the weathered Cotswold roofs. Their texture and thickness give the same quality and feeling of weight; their colors give the same general tone; and at the same time their unreflecting surfaces maintain the planes of the roof at all times, never fading into the sky on glaring sunny days,

IMPERIAL roofing tiles are made both in the lighter, simpler patterns and the heavier, handmade types in varying widths; but whichever are used the completed roof will be both satisfying and appropriate with the stone walls of Cotswold architecture.

## LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

*Makers of IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles*

CHICAGO: 104 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
NEW YORK: 565 FIFTH AVENUE WASHINGTON: 758 FIFTEENTH STREET, N.W.

*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME I SEPTEMBER 1929 NUMBER 5

# GROOMBRIDGE PLACE, KENT

*TEXT BY*

SIR LAWRENCE WEAVER

K. B. E., F. S. A., Hon. A. R. I. B. A.

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

MAKERS OF IMPERIAL ROOFING TILES

*FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PROFESSION*

GARDEN FACADE, COURT LODGE, GROOMBRIDGE, KENT

*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

SEPTEMBER 1929

# GROOMBRIDGE PLACE, KENT

BY SIR LAWRENCE WEAVER, K. B. E., F. S. A., Hon. A. R. I. B. A.

*President of the Architecture Club of Great Britain*

*Author of "Sir Christopher Wren: Scientist, Scholar & Architect"*

Editor's Note—*On the southwestern edge of the County of Kent, so close to the edge that the railway station is in Sussex, lies the little village of Groombridge. It is one of those English villages which in actuality lives up to the mental picture one is likely to have of all English villages. The main highway suddenly opens out into the Village green, a sort of triangular pasture. On one side is the chapel surrounded by thick woods; on the other sides are rows of cottages, tenant's cottages, with a few small shops mixed in and one "pub"—on the strategic corner. The "green" lies on the side of a hill and from the upper walk one looks for many miles over heavily wooded valleys and hills. The manor house is called "Groombridge Place." The village, as is true in so many cases even to-day, belongs to the owner of the manor, and most of the houses are occupied by tenants who are employed by him. A little removed from the village green is the charming house known as Court Lodge. The greater portion of this building is old and was removed from Rye to its present location a short time before the war. To the old portion were made various additions as well as restorations, all blending together delightfully to make a most liveable house. Although the photographs reproduced in this issue show also the Village and Court Lodge, the following article by Sir Lawrence Weaver deals only with the larger and well-known house, "Groombridge Place."*

I SHOULD like to be able to say aloud that Groombridge Place is a work of Sir Christopher Wren, but I can only mutter it sceptically. There is no shred of documentary evidence, and if we are to attribute to that giant of achievement every delightful building between 1663 and 1723 that is not known to be the work of one of his contemporaries, the list would be "foolishness and a stumbling block." The plain truth is that we cannot attribute to him with certainty a single private dwelling house that remains, Marlborough House excepted. I am not forgetting that Elmes credited him with other London houses, and that there is a persistent tradition that Wren House and Pallant House at Chichester are the Master's work. But we have no facts in support of these attributions. While it is highly probable that he had a hand in Stoke Edith, I can put it no higher. There is nothing here to excite wonder. A man who could build St. Paul's and fifty-three City Churches and Hampton Court, part of Greenwich Hospital, Chelsea Hospital, a dozen or so Halls for City Guilds, and many noble things at the Universities, and act as Surveyor for all the repairs of all State buildings, and do that work with infinite personal care and detail, and contrive to be President of the Royal Society, and do more scientific enquiry for that august body than any other of its Fellows,—well, it is no wonder that he lacked time to run about England doing work for private clients.

But, for all that, Groombridge Place has the Wren quality, and that is what matters.

I see that my friend Aymar Embury II, writing in the January 1929 issue of this Series, was good enough to quote, as a pet story of mine, the final words of Thomas Carlyle's comment on Chelsea Hospital. It is worth setting down in full. "I had passed it, almost daily, for many years without thinking much about it, and one day I began to reflect that it had always been a pleasure to me to see it, and I looked at it more attentively, and saw that it was quiet and dignified and *the work of a gentleman*." What would one not give to have invented this jewel of architectural criticism, matched by the reply of a friend of mine, aged seven? He had been taken to St. Paul's and was found at home doing a rudimentary sketch of the Cathedral. Questioned as to its subject, he replied, "I've drawn the Dome of London."

It is worth observing that the Hospital which the Sage of Chelsea found to be "the work of a gentleman" is a very simple piece of brickwork. Groombridge Place is a near relation of Chelsea Hospital, and its consummate charm is due to its brickwork, in association with a very restrained use of stone to give the emphasis of change, and to its superb tiled roof. It is abundantly true, as Sir Reginald Blomfield observes, that "Wren did more to extend the use of brickwork and to show how it ought to be treated, than any architect who has ever practised in England." We know how much Wren

thought about brickwork from his bitter complaint of the badness of the bricks available for his buildings, due to hasty work by brickmakers consequent on the huge demand following the Great Fire. But Wren was careful to say that "the earth about London, rightly managed, will yield as good bricks as were the Roman bricks, and will endure, in our air, beyond any stone our island affords." He also criticised the tiles of his day,—"ill-made" he found them,—but evidently the tile-maker who served the builder of Groombridge Place was an honest tradesman, for the roofs there make a noble crown to noble walls. Wren was angry with his own supplies of tiles, but was careful to say that "an excellent tile may be made to be very durable: our artisans are not yet instructed in it, and it is not soon done to inform them." It seems pretty clear that someone had "informed" the maker of the Groombridge tiles, for they have stood the airs of Kent for more than two hundred years.

Perhaps Wren's greatest contribution to brick architecture was the way in which he emphasized the value of a brick wall, by the contrast which follows a restrained use of stone dressings. This is most notably seen, perhaps, at Hampton Court Palace. But it is hard there to know which technique of brickwork most enchants us, that of Wolsey's craftsmen or that of Wren. It is, however, to Wren that we greatly owe the subtleties of associating plain bricks, laid with joints of normal size (but tending to thickness) with fine rubbed and gauged work, that called then, as it calls today, for a high degree of skill in the bricklayer. At Groombridge Place the economy of stone work is notable, for it is confined almost wholly to the loggia, and the quoins of the main walls are done wholly in brick.

The architectural story of Groombridge Place is obscure. Possibly some rooms of a much earlier house were incorporated in the characteristic late Seventeenth Century plan of the existing house, unless we are to assume that some of the rooms were planned anew to take the Tudor stone fireplace, linenfold panelling and mantelpieces, which adorn them. Some writers quote Evelyn about Groombridge Place with satisfaction, but I can get little nourishment out of his Diary. On July 4th, 1652, Evelyn "heard a sermon at Mr. Packer's chapell at Groomsbridge, a pretty melancholy seate, well wooded and water'd. This chapell was built by Mr. Packer's father." Twenty-two years later, on August 6th, 1674, the diarist records that he "went to Groombridge to see my old friend Mr. Packer, the house built with a moate in a woody valley. The old house had been the place of confinement of the Duke of Orleans, taken by one Waller (whose house it then was) at the battle of Agincourt, now demolish'd, and a new one built in its place, tho' a far better situation had been on the south of the wood, on a graceful ascent. At some distance is a large chapell, not long since built by Mr. Packer's father . . ."

It does not seem very useful to dig back into the story of Kent and the place taken by the Wallers, who produced so doughty a fighter to put alongside Henry the Fifth, or to meditate on the piety of the Mr. Packer, who was father to Evelyn's friend. The elder Packer was a devout Royalist, and built the chapel to commemorate some royal event which (frankly) I have forgotten. But he was plainly a building enthusiast, and it is just conceivable that Groombridge Place was built, before the Restoration of 1660, by John Webb, or some other associate of Inigo Jones, who had studied that great man's brick and tile houses.

It may be, therefore, that the tradition that Wren built the house is a vain imagining. When all is said, Groombridge is not so unlike Tyttenhanger as to make it foolish to hint at its being of somewhere about the same date.

But it is all rather puzzling, and the Wren story must be explored. Sir Christopher was one of Evelyn's dearest friends. It was not long before this visit to Groombridge, namely, on February 9th, 1671, that there took place the dinner given by Evelyn at Sayes Court to Samuel Pepys and Wren, after which Evelyn took his friends to see Grinling Gibbons' *Crucifixion*. At that meeting Wren promised to employ Gibbons, and the great carver's deathless work at St. Paul's and elsewhere are our heritage from that dinner party.

Now, if in 1674 the house now existing was the "new" house Evelyn mentions as having been built to replace the older one associated with Agincourt, and quite recently built, I cannot think Evelyn would have failed to say something in description or criticism of it. If the house he visited in 1674 had been designed by his friend Wren, it is hardly conceivable that he could have failed to note that fact, however briefly.

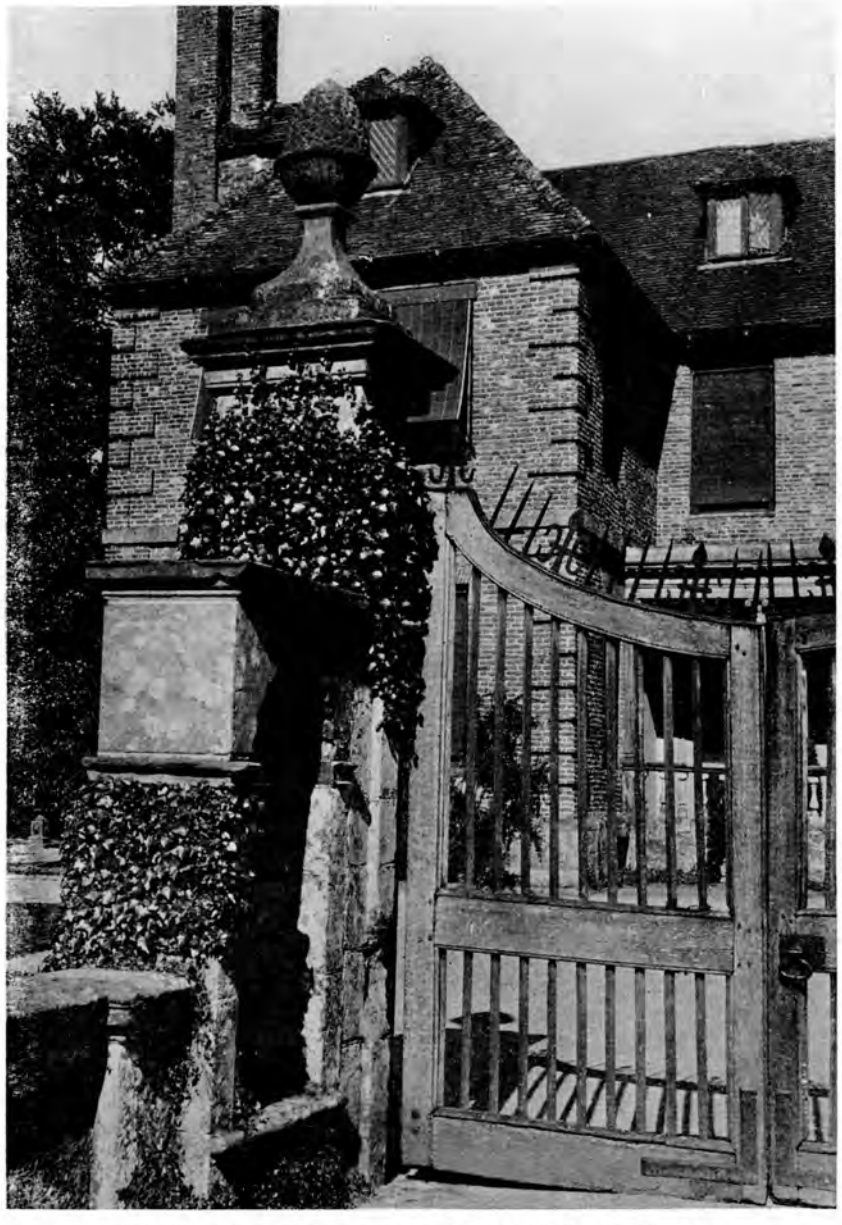
When Evelyn dined in 1672 at Lord John Berkeley's, "it was in his new house." He goes on to say of it that "the porticos are in imitation of an house described by Palladio, but it happens to be the worst in his booke, tho' my good friend Mr. Hugh May, his Lordship's architect, effected it." So Evelyn was not above digging an architect friend in the ribs if he found occasion, and Hugh May deserved it. He was a highly incompetent fellow, and it was an act of Providence that he did not get the Royal Surveyorship in place of Wren. He had been promised it, but even Charles the Second wilted at such a piece of jobbery. It almost puts one in a cold sweat to think of St. Paul's and fifty-three City Churches, not by Sir Christopher Wren,

VIEW SHOWING MOAT, GROOMBRIDGE PLACE, KENT

but by Mr. Hugh May. But we must return to Groombridge Place. I very much doubt whether the house in which Evelyn dined in 1674 was the existing building, but if it were, it is on general grounds highly unlikely that Wren had anything to do with it. The ten years after the Great Fire were the very busiest time in his extraordinarily busy life.

The main window openings at Groombridge Place are fitted with sliding sashes. If they were original, it would be reasonably certain that the house was built not earlier than 1700, but they are quite likely, having regard to the lightness of the bars, to have been substituted quite late in the Eighteenth Century for original mullioned and transomed casement windows. The earliest reference I have been able to find to sliding sash windows is Lord Lauderdale's letter of 1673 to Sir William Bruce, saying he had two excellent German joiners who had made his "double chassee" windows at Ham House.

But really the whole question of dates is not very important. The outstanding thing about Groombridge Place is that it is a miracle of English sobriety in form, and a perfect example of the right use of materials. More and more it becomes evident that, in all but consciously monumental work, an understanding use of beautiful materials, joined with sanity of planning, is at the root of success in architecture. Of Groombridge Place one need say no more than that it is an example of exquisite architectural tact, unstudied and unassuming in its perfect employment of sound materials, brick and tile, and this makes the house, whether Wren did it or no, "the work of a gentleman."

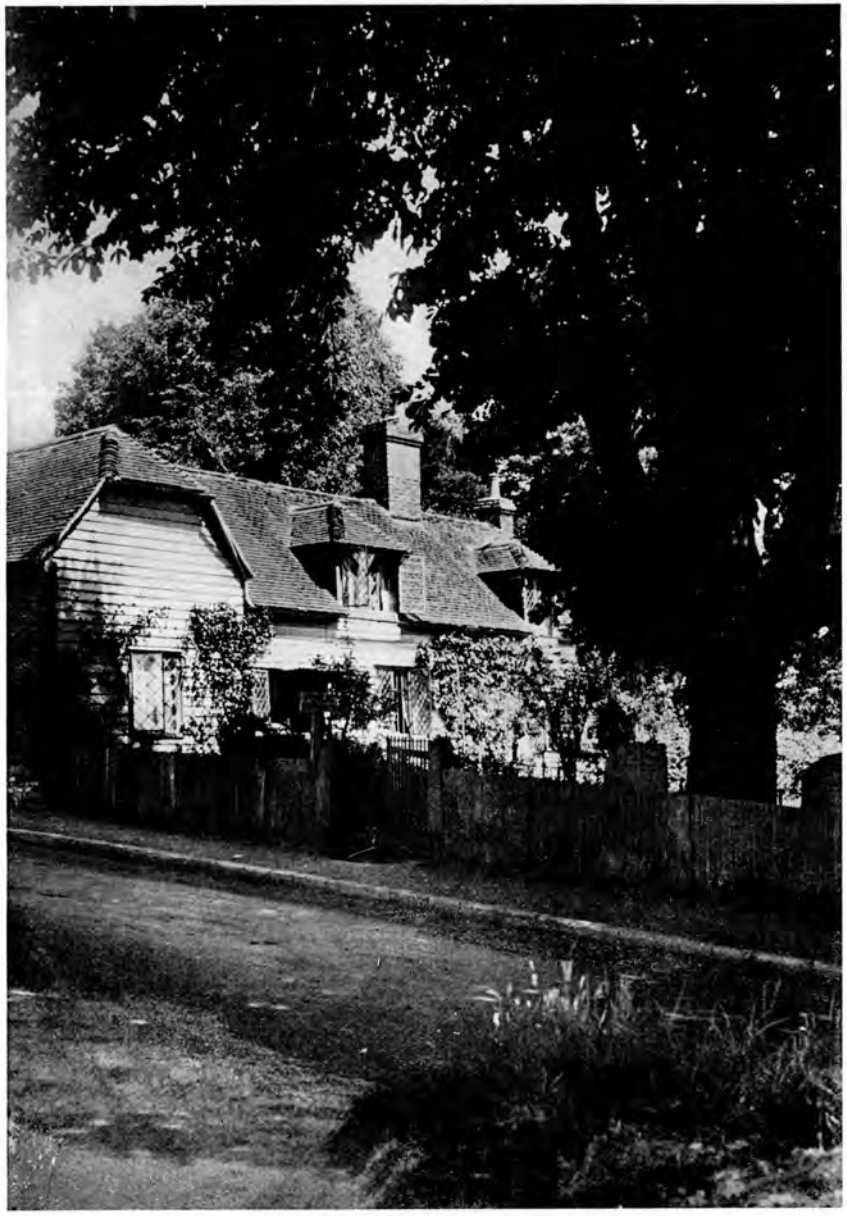


ENTRANCE GATEWAY, GROOMBRIDGE PLACE

ENTRANCE LOGGIA, GROOMBRIDGE PLACE

GENERAL VIEW SHOWING WEST BRIDGE, GROOMBRIDGE PLACE, KENT

THE CROWN INN, ON THE VILLAGE GREEN, GROOMBRIDGE, KENT

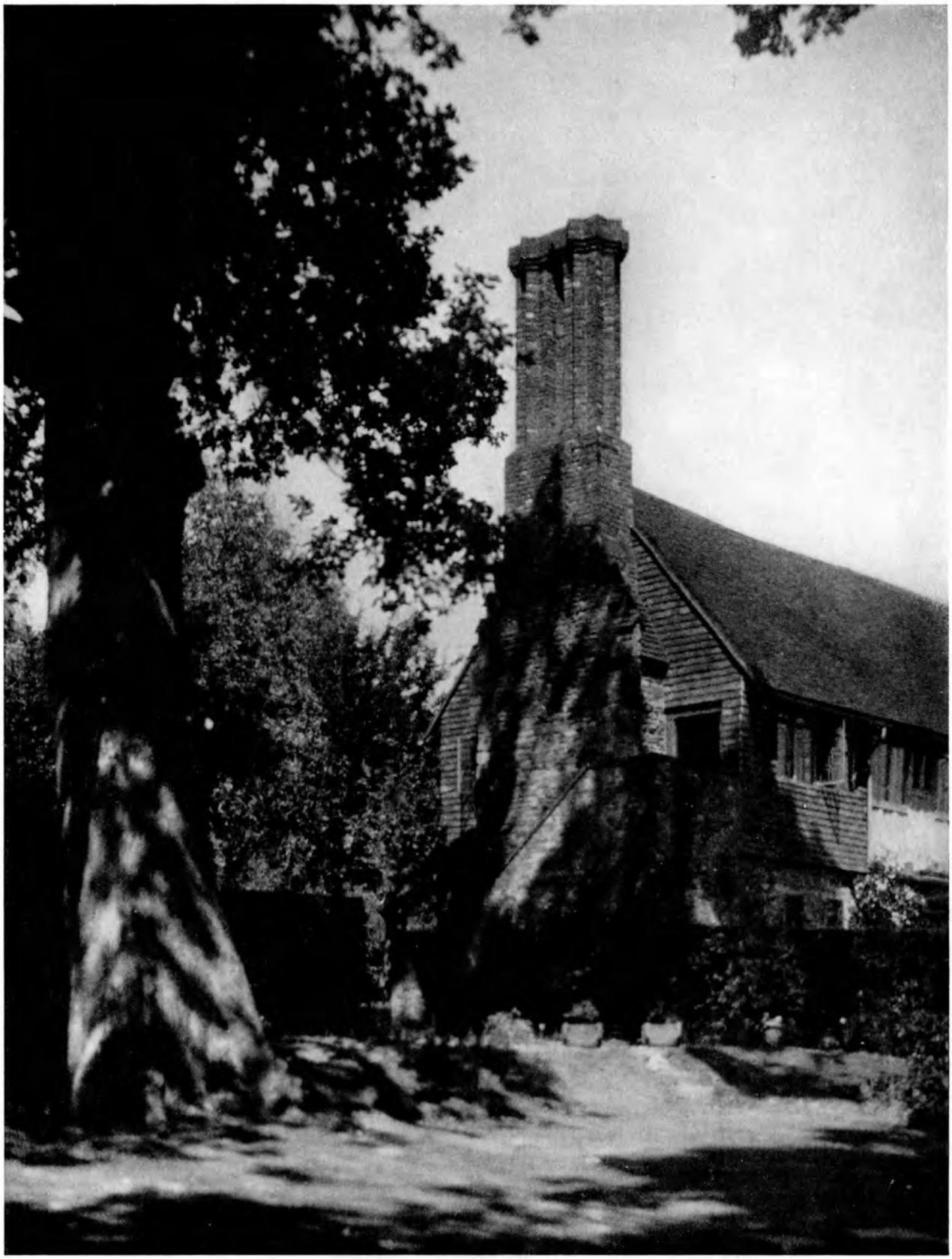


COTTAGE AT GROOMBRIDGE, KENT

COTTAGE AT GROOMBRIDGE, KENT

ENTRANCE FACADE, COURT LODGE, GROOMBRIDGE, KENT

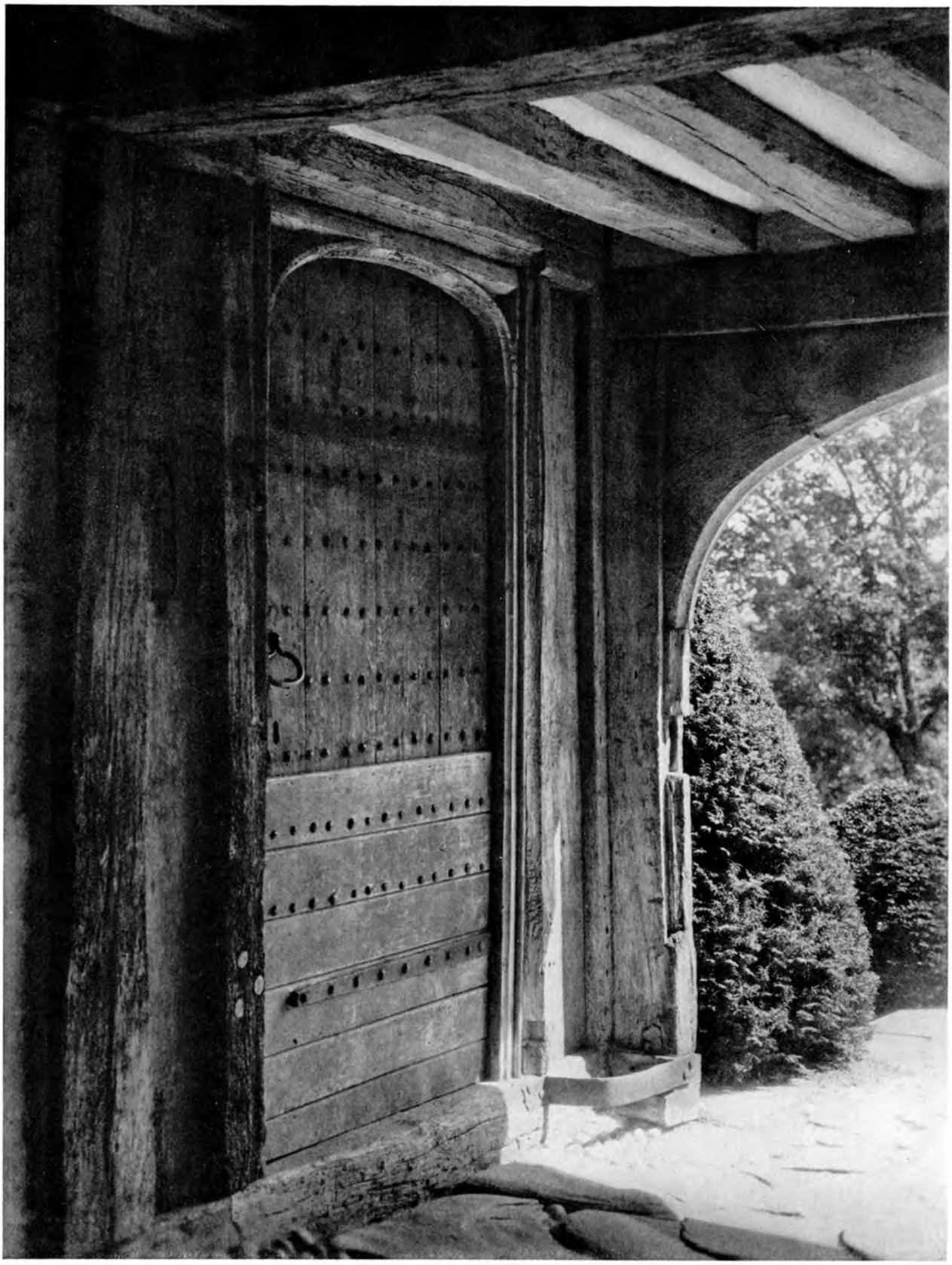
DETAIL OF GARDEN FACADE, COURT LODGE, GROOMBRIDGE, KENT



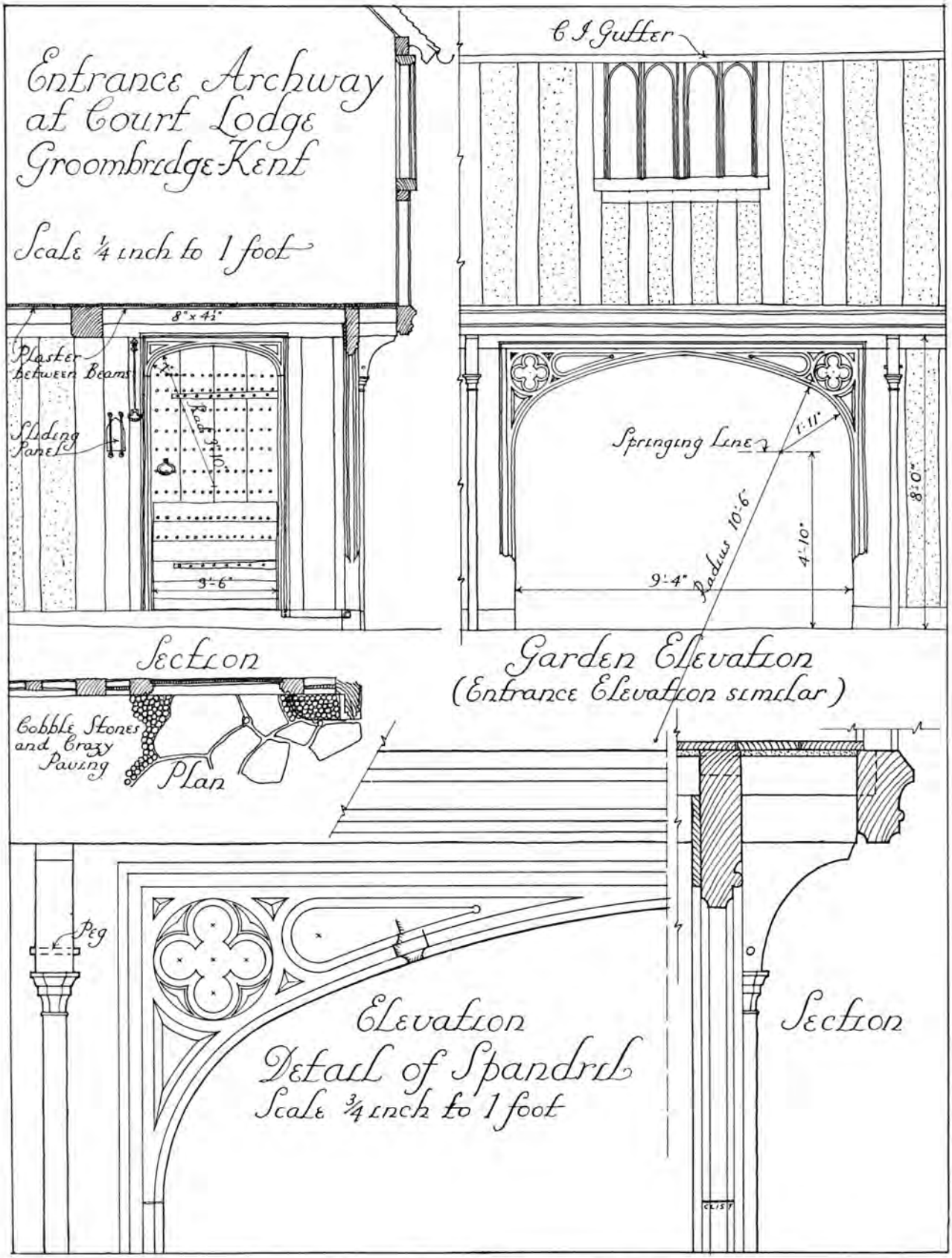
DETAIL VIEW OF COURT LODGE, GROOMBRIDGE, KENT

GARDEN FACADE, COURT LODGE, GROOMBRIDGE, KENT

VIEW FROM GARDEN, COURT LODGE, GROOMBRIDGE, KENT



ENTRANCE DOOR AND ARCHWAY, COURT LODGE, GROOMBRIDGE, KENT




SEE ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE

# ROOFING TILES FOR WALL SURFACES

Detail of a recently completed cottage on which IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles were used

FOR MANY GENERATIONS tiling has been used in England for covering wall surfaces as well as roofs. Particularly has it been so used in the South of England where it is one of the recognized characteristics of the architecture of that district.

The general method of applying tiles on vertical surfaces is the same as in the case of roof areas; the frame walls are covered with roofing felt over which the tiles are applied, being nailed to the sheathing.

In England the tiles frequently are applied directly over brick walls, nailing into the mortar joints. In this method the mortar used must be of such a mixture that the nails will be held securely. The exposure of the tiles will of course be governed by the thickness of the bricks.

To obtain satisfactory results with exterior wall-tiling, the tiles should not only be of the same colors and textures as those used on the roof but also the details of application must receive the same careful attention. Slight irregularity of exposure and the use of tiles which are not mechanically perfect are details of importance in securing wall surfaces of real character.

The illustration on this page of a building in Connecticut shows what interesting effects may be obtained by the use of IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles on exterior wall surfaces.

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*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME I NOVEMBER 1929 NUMBER 6

# FROM CHIPPING CAMPDEN TO BATH

*TEXT BY*

LOUIS LA BEAUME, F.A.I.A.

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

MAKERS OF IMPERIAL ROOFING TILES

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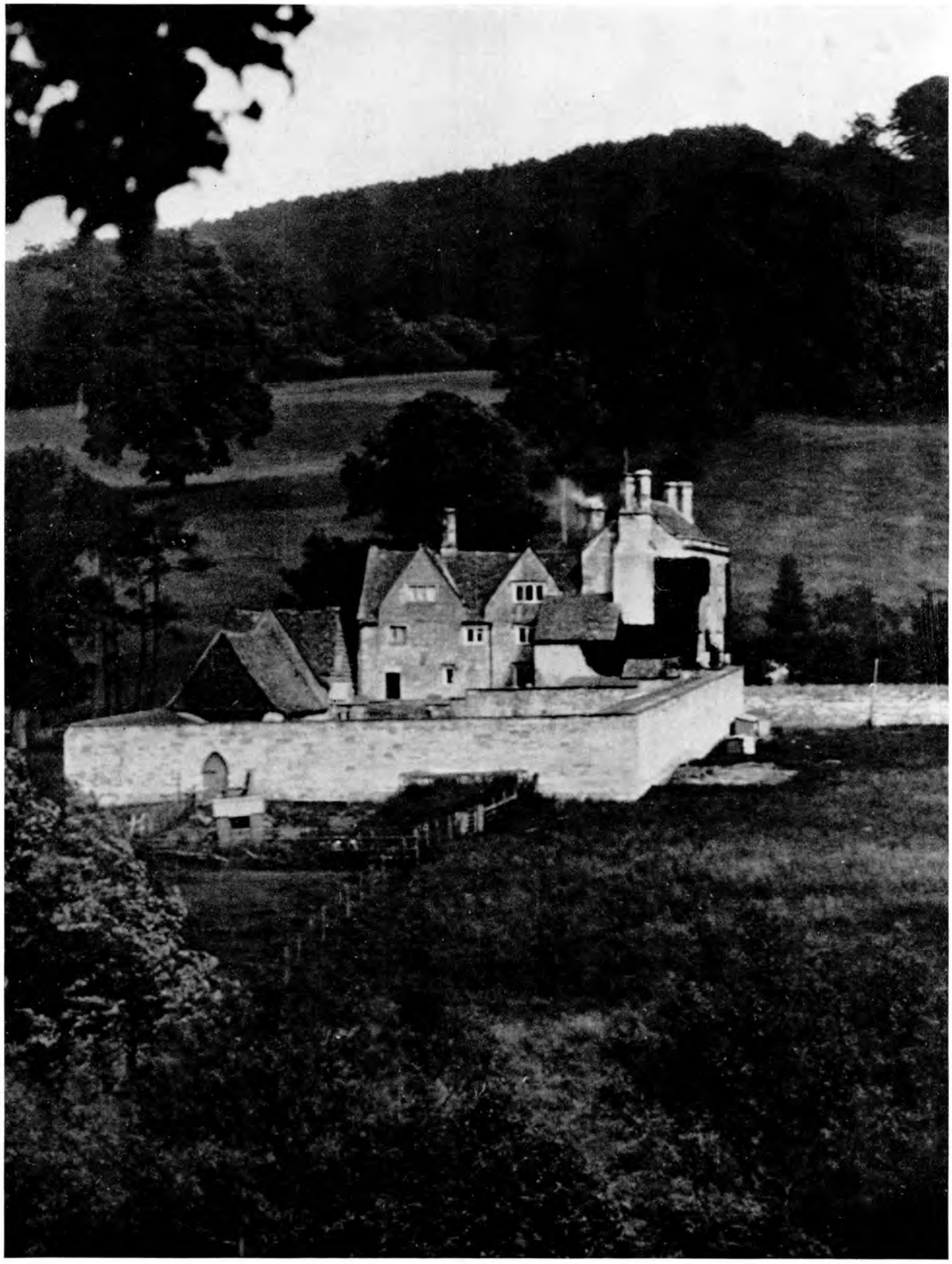


FARM GROUP AND MANOR HOUSE NEAR PAINSWICK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

NOVEMBER 1929

# FROM CHIPPING CAMPDEN TO BATH

BY LOUIS LA BEAUME, F. A. I. A.

AMERICA is cursed with bigness. The very vastness of our continent, the sweep of our plains, the rugged height of our mountains strains our nerves and fevers our brains. We strive to match the bigness of nature in our industrial enterprises, in our Gargantuan cities, where Towers of Babel by the score jostle and jabber at each other. Our dreams are the phantasmagoria of giants moving mountains, shifting oceans, and reshaping a universe as a sculptor twists his clay.

Small wonder then that we hunger for the delights of littleness, for the peace of something static, for the serenity of intimacy. We long for the simple, the homely, the unaffected; and that is why we cherish the few honest and sober buildings that survive from our quieter past. And it is why we respond so readily to the charm of the domestic architecture of the English country-side.

The photographs illustrating this Brochure were taken on a short trip through Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, between Chipping Campden and Bath. From Chipping Campden, the edges of the Cotswold hills run through Broadway, beloved of Henry James and Mary Anderson, of Edwin Abbey and Sargent, to Painswick and Stroud; and the whole region is dotted with tiny farms, hamlets and villages, which have bravely ignored the vicissitudes of time, and remained calmly oblivious of the march of progress. The characteristic Cotswold house is of stone laid in natural, and unstudied coursing. Lintels, label moulds, even arches, where they occur, are cut with a restraint almost of severity; and the buildings depend for their effect, on the just proportions of the gables and dormers, the informality of the fenestration, the lovely breadth of wall surface and the texture of the materials. The roofs are of heavy tile that tones with, and seems to continue the solid quality of the masonry. Brick, half-timber and stucco are rare, though Compton Wynyates is of course a famous exception. The charm of the Cotswold house, or church, radiates from its aspect of homogeneity, and the little buildings seem as natural as the little hills among which they lie.

Shakespere's Stratford stands but a scant dozen miles north of Chipping Campden, and the flavor of Shakespere's vernacular is the flavor of the Cotswold scene. The word quaint has become soiled and threadbare; nor is it quite the word to indicate the work of these upstanding English yeomen. Their houses have all the naiveté and pungency of sixteenth century English grammar and spelling. In their details we hear the popping of Anglo-Saxon words. Within their walls such speech as sounded from Marlowe's lips, and Jonson's, at the Mermaid was heard. And if these stones had tongues such speech might still be uttered. I fancy that had Herrick, or Philip Sydney, or Richard Lovelace sung their little songs in stone these Cotswold stones are the songs they might have sung.

Elizabethan twists of phrase, curt pregnant statements, and the poetry of nature are imbedded in these unsophisticated structures. Unexpected, happy quirks of composition seem to have been achieved haphazard, and without premeditation. Was ever criticism more gaily disarmed, or analysis more lightly defied than by the gable end and chimney of the rectory at Tormarton (Page 85) or the church in the same village (Page 93)? The gables here seem to waddle up to the fat tower and nestle in its shadow quite at ease.

There is no use in trying to be pompous or analytical or pedantic in the presence of these little snatches of folk-song. We must smile as at the curtsy of a country lass or the broad grin of her contented swain. And while we are smiling, and indulging our Elizabethan fancy for metaphors, let us consider the dance of the five chimneys at Wotton-under-Edge (Page 87); not letting our glance fall below the eaves, for there is nothing but a surprised old man, and a tangle of hollyhocks, to be seen if we do. The five blind dormers, and the chimneys, are above to amuse us. They have just

paused, standing all in a row, and the roof still undulates and ripples from their exertions. The chimneys look as though something had been done to them, and I suspect that they may have fallen once from the sheer exhaustion of hilarity, and been set up straight again.

The human scale, the inimitable naturalness and lack of pose in this English country work puts us immediately at our ease. And then the sturdiness of the materials appeals to our love of permanence and security. The honorable scars and wrinkles of age but accent sterling traits of character; and we are reassured that sound workmanship has an enduring value even in a world of shock and turmoil.

Each little corner of England, each county almost, developed its own technique of building; and the traditions of this technique persisted without much wavering before the winds of fashion for long periods. Local peculiarities and customs, weather conditions, economic necessities, and the accessibility of materials slowly brought forth a knack to be handed down from father to son; a craftsmanship simple and sure, devoid often of finesse, but always of finickyness. Time of course has stained these ancient structures so that today they have a mellowness which heightens their charm. The moist soft air has done something to the stone, and tile, and timber of these houses, as it does something to the complexions of their owners.

Neither time nor climate, however, is wholly responsible for the forthright appeal of the old Tithe Barn (Page 86) at Bradford-on-Avon. The quality of the ashlar and rubble, the easy suavity of the tiling were there from the beginning. The casual gradation in the roof, the lack of mechanical perfection in the rounded valleys where the gables join the main roof, and the rough and ready pointing of the ridges, are as full of character as a crudely scrawled signature may be. And the design itself is as deliberate and direct as an honest answer to a plain question.

The same natural qualities may be noted in the old house near Stroud (Page 87) another barn perhaps that has submitted to conversion, for the sash let into the roof is a wound suffered for some later need.

At Painswick and Stroud and Nailsworth we are coming to the edge of the Cotswold country and need not be surprised if we begin to encounter some slight differences in dialect. The Farm near Painswick (Frontispiece) shows some interesting variations. It is a conglomerate group of buildings nestling in the valley; a welter of more or less incongruous parts that somehow hang together in spite of their obviously different ages. The old outhouse, with its gables transformed into a dovecote (Page 89) is fairly in the Cotswold manner, as is also the twin gabled facade (Page 90) set at right angles to it. Up against this latter however, and joined to it by a kind of lean-to splint what do we see? An upstanding William and Mary Manor house (Page 88) grave, symmetrical, prim, with a curious duplication of the Palladian motive, so dear to Inigo Jones, which the seventeenth century owner had probably admired on one of his seasonal visits to Bath.

Again are we relieved of our critical impedimenta by the bland nonchalance with which the thing has been done; and are forced to admit that, after all, the contempt of our English cousins for consistency is rather comfortable. In the fine house (Page 92) at Stroud the rude masonry of the country gives way to the dressed ashlar of the city; the Gothic gables and random fenestration, to the long classic cornice and parapet, the rectangular windows spaced precisely, and the elegant Italianized portico. Yet the dormers and the delicious crinkly texture of the roof remain to remind us of the past. The Nailsworth house too shows signs of sophistication. The windows, the smooth walls and the trellised porch are Renaissance yet oddly harmonious with the gables.

But the Old Men's Almshouse at Bradford-on-Avon is the perfect example of transition. Here we find Gloucestershire, Wiltshire and Somerset blended together in the happiest and serenest of unions. The charm of this little building is altogether irresistible, in its quiet defiance of the conventions. We yield without a struggle to its easy natural graces. It was founded in 1700 by John Hall, a rich clothier.

"Bradford," says Edward Hutton, (Highways & Byways of Wiltshire) is "the most beautiful little town in Wiltshire, a place really unique in all England, so full of visible antiquity as to enchant and astonish us." He quotes Leland whose itinerary of Wiltshire (1540) is full of homely descriptions; "The Toune self of Bradeford standith on the clinging of a slaty rokke, and hath meetely good market ons a weeke. The toune is made al of stone and standith as I cam to it on the hither ripe of Avon. There is a Chapelle on the highest place of the toune as I enterid. The fair larg paroche chirch standith bynethe the bridge on Avon ripe. The Vicarage is at the West end of the chirch. Haulle (Hall) dwelleth in a pratie stone house at the este ende of the toune on the right bank of Avon.xxx Al the toune of Bradford standith by clooth making."

Sheep grazed over the Cotswold hills for centuries and do still. Cotswold wool and Cotswold mutton made Cotswold building possible.

Hutton's book is saturated with the history and romance of the region; and years ago, before he became the famous etcher he now is, F. L. Griggs caught the spirit of this architecture in the marvellous drawings

THE RECTORY AT TORMARTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

with which he enriched another delightful book of the Highways and By-Ways Series, that one dealing with the Gloucester district (Oxford and the Cotswolds). Form and color, the texture of rubble and roof, the winding lanes, the twisting streets, the landscape, the very atmosphere of the region have been fixed by his pen. The architecture is pen and ink architecture surely. No water color could do justice to its monochrome qualities. Only the skillful pen or possibly the pencil can render the fascinating richness of its textures.

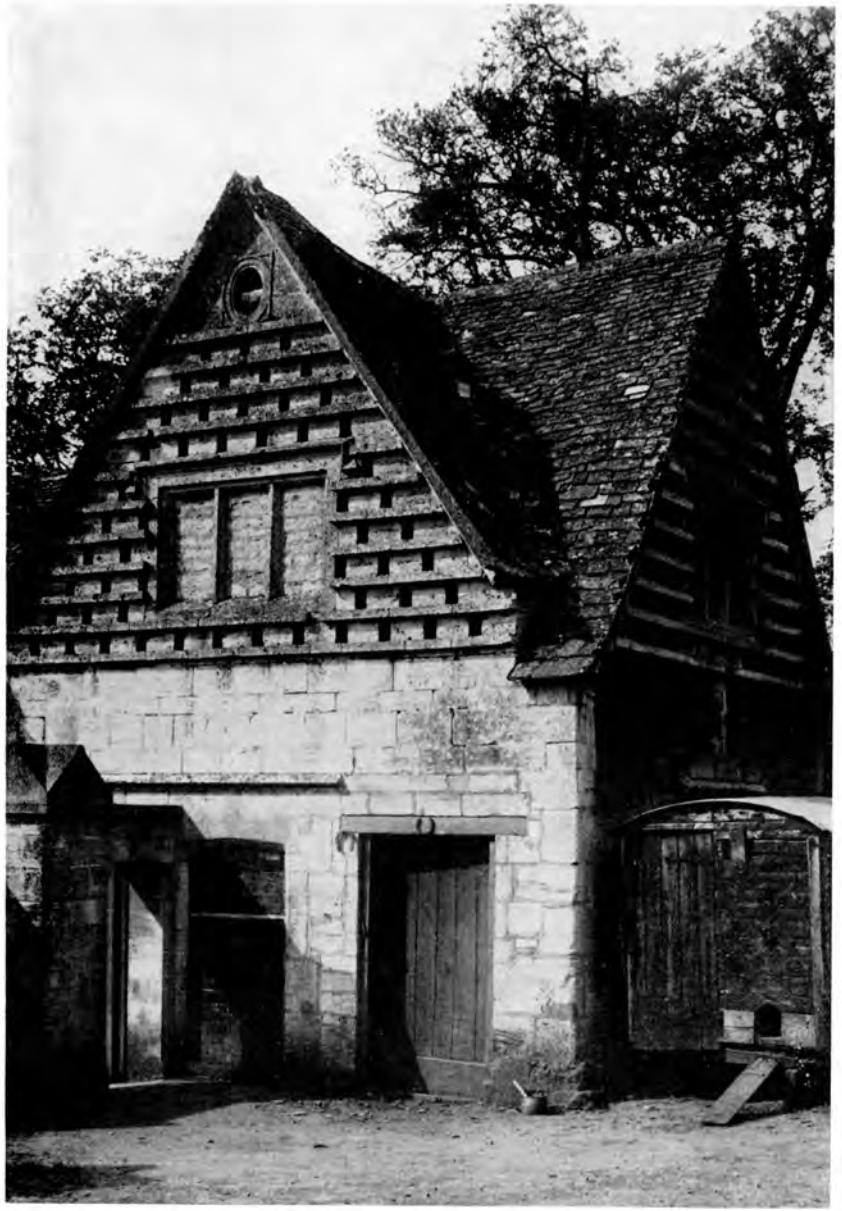
OLD TITHE BARN, BRADFORD-ON-AVON, WILTSHIRE

BACK OF OLD TITHE BARN, BRADFORD-ON-AVON, WILTSHIRE

HOUSE NEAR STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

COURTYARD OF ALMSHOUSE, WOTTON-UNDER-EDGE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

GARDEN FACADE OF MANOR HOUSE, FARM NEAR PAINSWICK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE



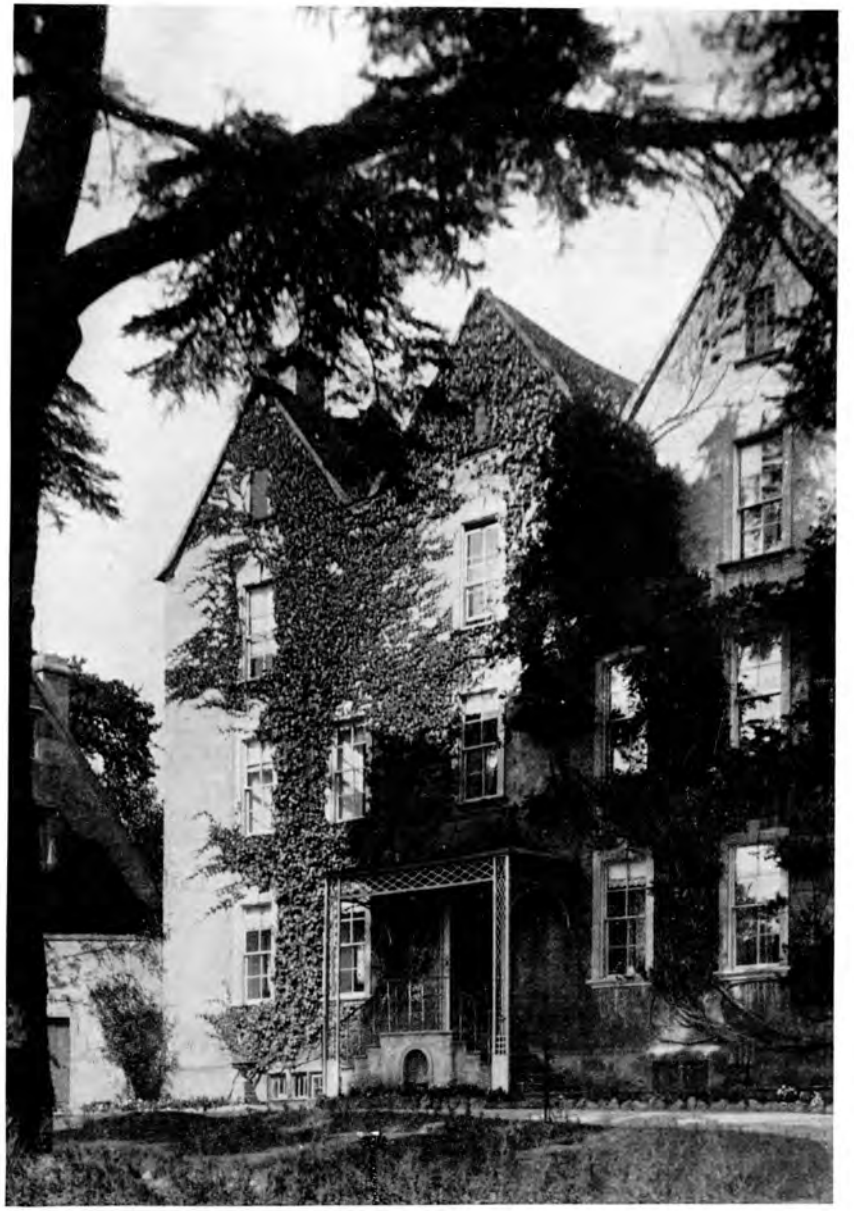
OUTHOUSE, FARM NEAR PAINSWICK, GLOS.

DETAIL OF WINDOW, MANOR HOUSE NEAR PAINSWICK

MANOR HOUSE, FARM NEAR PAINSWICK, GLOS.

MANOR HOUSE, FARM NEAR PAINSWICK, GLOS.

16. GARDEN HOUSE NEAR NORTON ST. PHILIP, SOMERSETSHIRE



HOUSE NEAR NAILSWORTH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

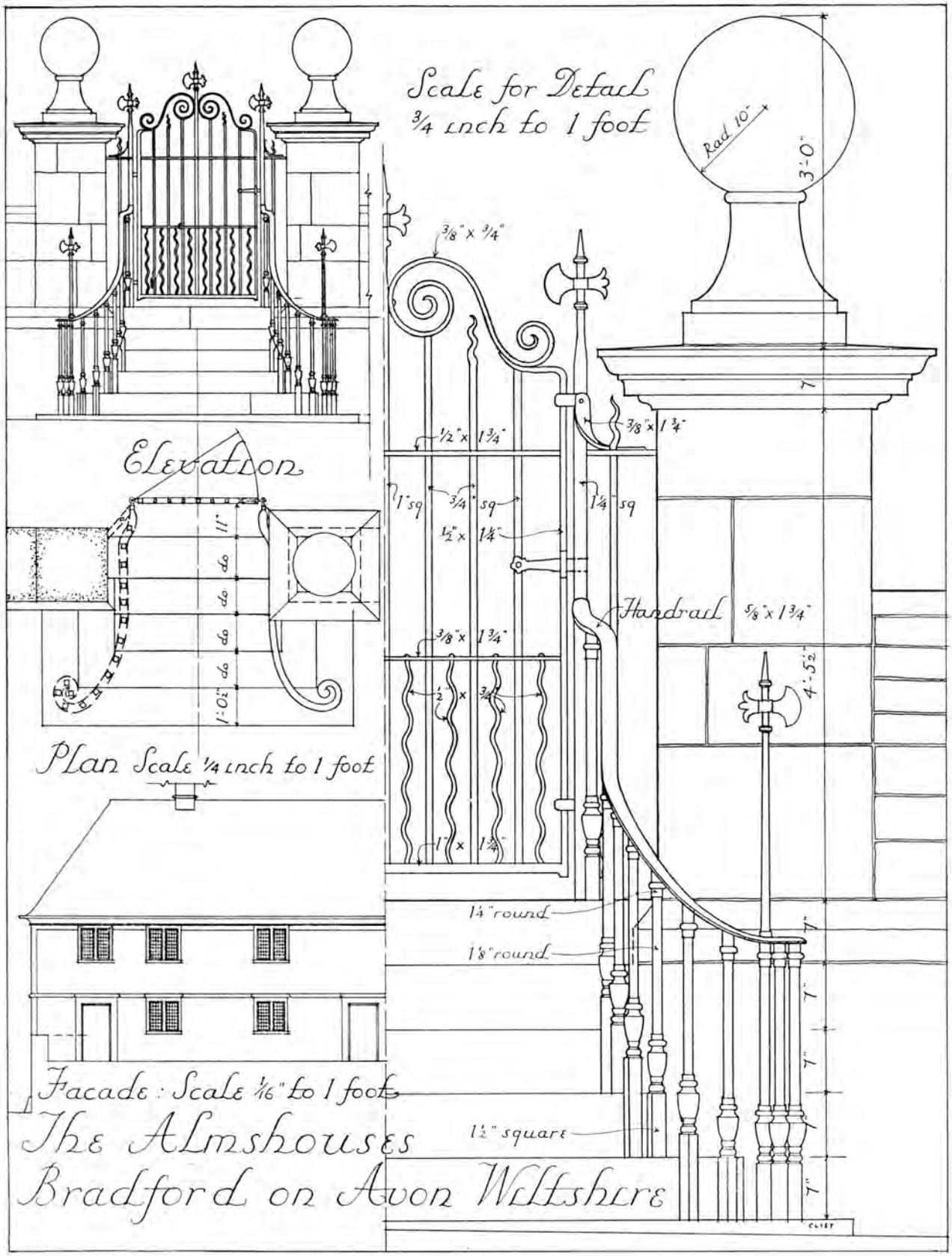
HOUSE NEAR STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

PORCH OF HOUSE NEAR STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

OLD MEN'S ALMSHOUSE, BRADFORD-ON-AVON, WILTSHIRE

CHURCH AT TORMARTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

ENTRANCE TO THE ALMSHOUSE, BRADFORD-ON-AVON, WILTSHIRE




SEE ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE

# TEXTURE IN TILE ROOFS AND WALLS

Detail of a recently completed roof on which IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles were used

MUCH of the real quality of a satisfactory tile roof is due to its texture. While the surfaces of the tiles themselves must be considered in obtaining this texture, the manner in which the mechanics lay the roof as a whole is of even greater importance.

Although it is not necessary to imitate all the humps and bumps found in old buildings where settlements and saggings have had generations in which to make themselves apparent, at the same time the entire charm of a roof may be lost if the individual tiles are laid with too severe regularity.

Occasional placing of small wood strips, or wood shingles laid butt to butt, on the roof boards and running vertically up the roof will give a slight rise to the tiles at those lines and avoid an even surface. Some variation in the exposures of the courses is advisable and also in the courses themselves some tiles should be dropped slightly or raised from the general line. Interest is also obtained by putting cement under certain tiles, raising them slightly.

The illustration above shows what interesting texture may be obtained both on roof and walls by combining the surfaces of IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles with an intelligent and sympathetic laying of the material.

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*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME II JANUARY 1930 NUMBER 1

# EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BATH

*TEXT BY*

F. R. YERBURY, HON. A.R.I.B.A.

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

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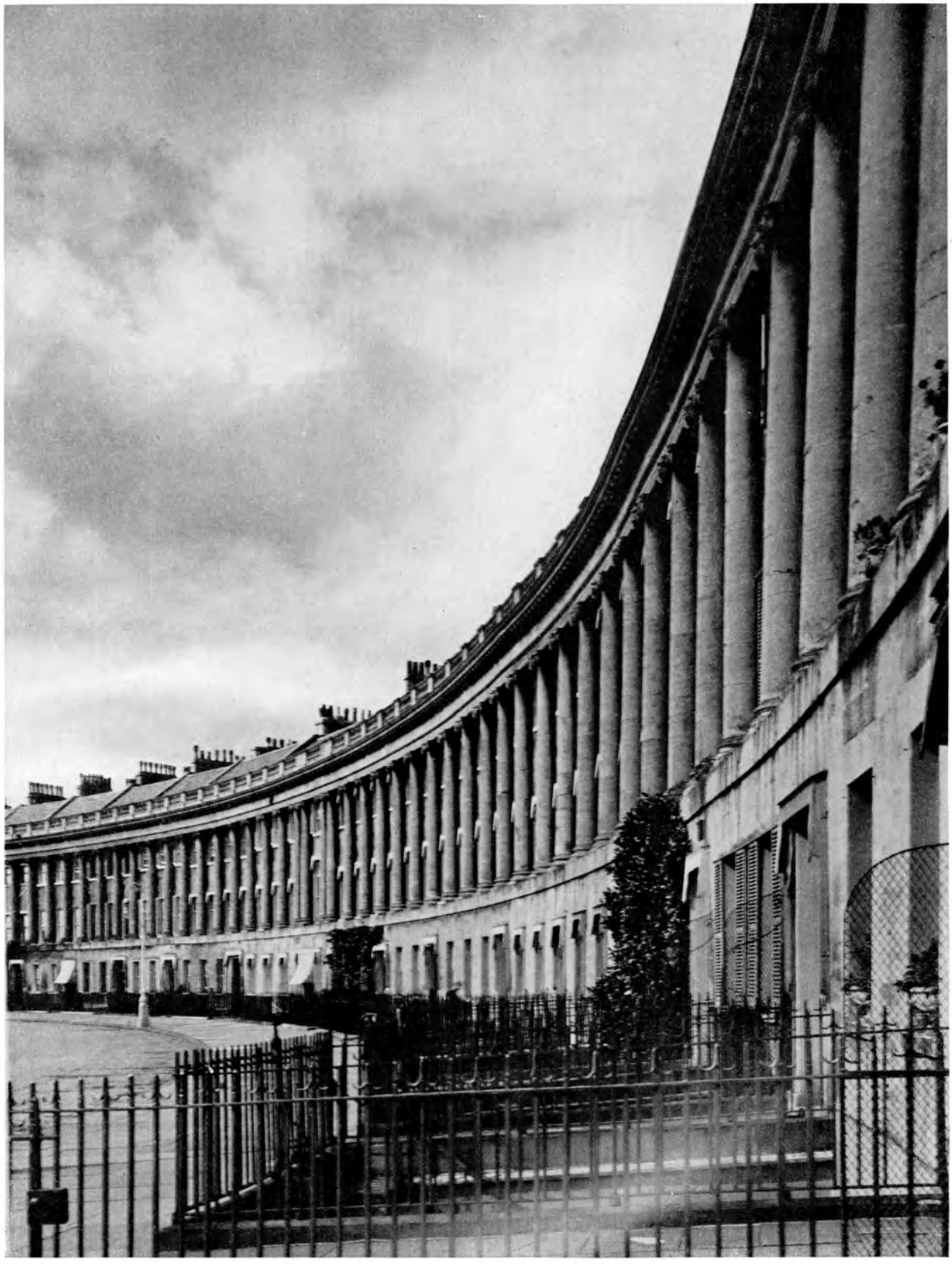


THE ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH

JANUARY 1930

# EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BATH

By F. R. YERBURY, Hon. A.R.I.B.A.

THE appealing beauty of the architecture of 18th century Bath and the loveliness of its natural surroundings make it one of the most attractive cities in England. Spreading itself gracefully in a hollow of the Mendip Hills, whose green park-like slopes dotted with stone-built farms and cottages can be seen from any of its streets, it has a character entirely of its own, half sophisticated, half rural. No other city in England is quite like it. No other city retains so much of the atmosphere of the 18th century which witnessed its creation. For although the history of Bath is almost as old as the history of England itself, it was the 18th century which saw its real development and the building of the crescents, parades, and well planned streets, which provided such a wonderful setting for its dazzling throng of patrons.

Before the Romans conquered England the hot springs of Bath which are still utilised, were known. The Romans attracted by these same springs and mineral waters established themselves about them for many years, building baths, temples and villas of which there are considerable and important remains today.

The Romans left and Bath fell into a decay which was checked by the establishment of an Abbey, of which the Abbey Church after many changes is the only part that remains. The ubiquitous Queen Elizabeth paid the city the compliment of a Royal visit, and the Court of Charles II honoured it with its gay presence; and the late 17th century saw it again well on the ascendant as a bathing centre for the cure of ills. Learned medicos attracted by the prospect of easily found patients settled there, and it is from one of these, a certain Dr. Guido, who published in 1675 a book which he called "A Brief History of the Bathe," that we get a very interesting description of the properties of the waters and also a valuable essay on the Roman occupation of Bath. A Dr. Pierce published a work in 1697 called "Three and Forty Years Practice at the Bathe." From his description of the numerous cures of sickness, which he modestly tells us were "brought about by God's blessing under the directions of Robert Pierce," we may assume that in spite of the difficulties of travelling on the 17th century roads, Bath was rapidly regaining fame as a health centre. It was not, however, the polite Bath of the 18th century. For Daniel Defoe in his "Tour Through the Whole of Great Britain," gives a rather horrid picture of the insanitary conditions and rough and tumble use of the baths, in which both sexes, sometimes in the nude, disported themselves, in spite of the rubbish, refuse, dead cats and dogs which were thrown into the waters by the crude populace.

It was owing to the visit of Queen Anne, however, that the chapter of brilliant 18th century history of Bath was opened. She went there early in the century with a retinue of fashionable folk, and the difficulty experienced in finding decent accommodation for them set a movement on foot to build lodging houses for the convenience of visitors. From then Bath established herself as a centre of fashion rivalled only by London itself or perhaps Dublin. For a hundred years its gatherings were famed and the great comedy of Bath was in full swing. It afforded a setting for the elegant life of the time, and a study of Bath during the 18th century gives a picture typical of the brilliant life of 18th century England. To Bath came the fashionable Lords and Ladies from London travelling in their private coaches, sometimes perhaps robbed on the way by highwaymen. Here also came the County people, the little Squires and rich tradesmen, who for a brief moment in the year hob-nobbed with the best, at the routs, balls, breakfasts and other elegant pastimes of this half aristocratic and half democratic city.

The distance from London to Bath is 105 miles, and by stage coach in the 18th century it usually took two days to cover, but towards the end of the century a

speedy way of making the journey was by "The Flying Machine," a coach which rattled over the highways at a then almost incredible speed, and completed the journey just under twenty-four hours at a charge of 28 shillings per person.

Besides the attractions of the drinking waters, the bathing and the fashionable gatherings, there was the great attraction of the gaming-table. Gambling flourished in Bath to an extent sufficient to draw from all parts the famous gamesters of the day and the young bloods, who having lost heavily in London were prepared to stake their fortunes elsewhere. A certain Mr. Nash in 1704 went to Bath with a party of young men solely for the purpose of taking a hand in the reckless gambling for which it was notorious. Nash, who at the time was under thirty years of age and who already had behind him a reputation for eccentricities of all kinds, some of them not too creditable, found the place much to his liking and before long became a "personage." Indeed, within a short time of his arrival in the city he stepped into the shoes of the deceased Master of Ceremonies.

Who has not heard of Beau Nash? His name has become a tradition. The full story of his life is a history in itself. To Oliver Goldsmith we owe his biography and to much of the literature of the period, stories of his picturesque personality. Idealistic, ridiculous, generous, theatrical, and above all a great organizer and showman, Nash transformed the whole atmosphere of Bath almost from the commencement of his assumed kingship. He made laws for the conduct of social life, for the arrangement of Balls, and in fact decided what should and what should not be regarded as polite. He held Bath in his autocratic sway for half a century and when, full of years, he died, was carried in great ceremony in a procession, the splendour of which has never been rivalled in Bath, to an honoured grave in the Abbey.

During the early days of Beau Nash's regime (1727) a young architect arrived from Yorkshire. His name was John Wood, his antecedents more or less unknown. He looked upon the fashionable life of Bath with an imaginative mind, and saw in it the promise of a future for the city which could only be realized by proper building development. With no other encouragement than his own enthusiasm at the age of twenty-three he set out to design great layouts for a future city. Streets, terraces, temples and theatres. Nothing was too great for this young idealist. He later published a book in two volumes (1747), in which he described Bath and his proposals for its development, and illustrated it with drawings of his great schemes. Unlike some young men of his age who dream dreams without result, Wood found appreciation in a certain Dr. Gay living in Hatton Garden, London, who owned much of the land round Bath, and who gave him his first chance of turning his fantasies into realities.

He built Gay Street and then speculated in the building of Queen Square. He built the North and South Parades, Assembly Rooms and other centres of entertainment. He was a remarkable product, and it must remain a mystery as to where he obtained his architectural knowledge and wide outlook, for at the age of twenty-three he had certainly never travelled out of England. He was an architect who never thought in terms of individual houses, but in great streets of houses, and squares and terraces. The whole of his work, both that executed and that only projected, reveals the big conception of architecture on a grand scale. Unfortunately the Town Council, as Councils sometimes do, regarded his schemes for the general development of the city with alarm. The growth of the city in a manner which Wood projected frightened them into curtailing his projects considerably, with the result that areas which are now covered in a less discriminative way were in Wood's schemes beautifully planned. He did, however, set a standard which influenced some of the later architects, such as Baldwin, who was responsible for the planning of Pulteney Street and Bath Street, amongst others. Among Wood's greatest projects were the Circus and Royal Crescent, which he never lived to see carried out, but which were completed under the direction of John Wood junior, in many ways a better architect than his father.

That the Woods' work did not altogether meet with the approval of the people of the day is obvious from the remarks of Matthew Bramble in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker." Through the mouth of this testy but likeable old gentleman, Smollett witheringly refers to the Circus, which was then being built, as the "Colosseum turned inside out." This same Circus, owing to the number of doctors who resided there, was later on sometimes referred to as "the pill-box." The Royal Crescent which the younger Wood was perhaps almost entirely responsible for, is certainly one of the finest things of its kind in England. Standing as it does on an eminence with wide stretches of park and open country before it, it presents one of the most noble and dignified pictures in the country.

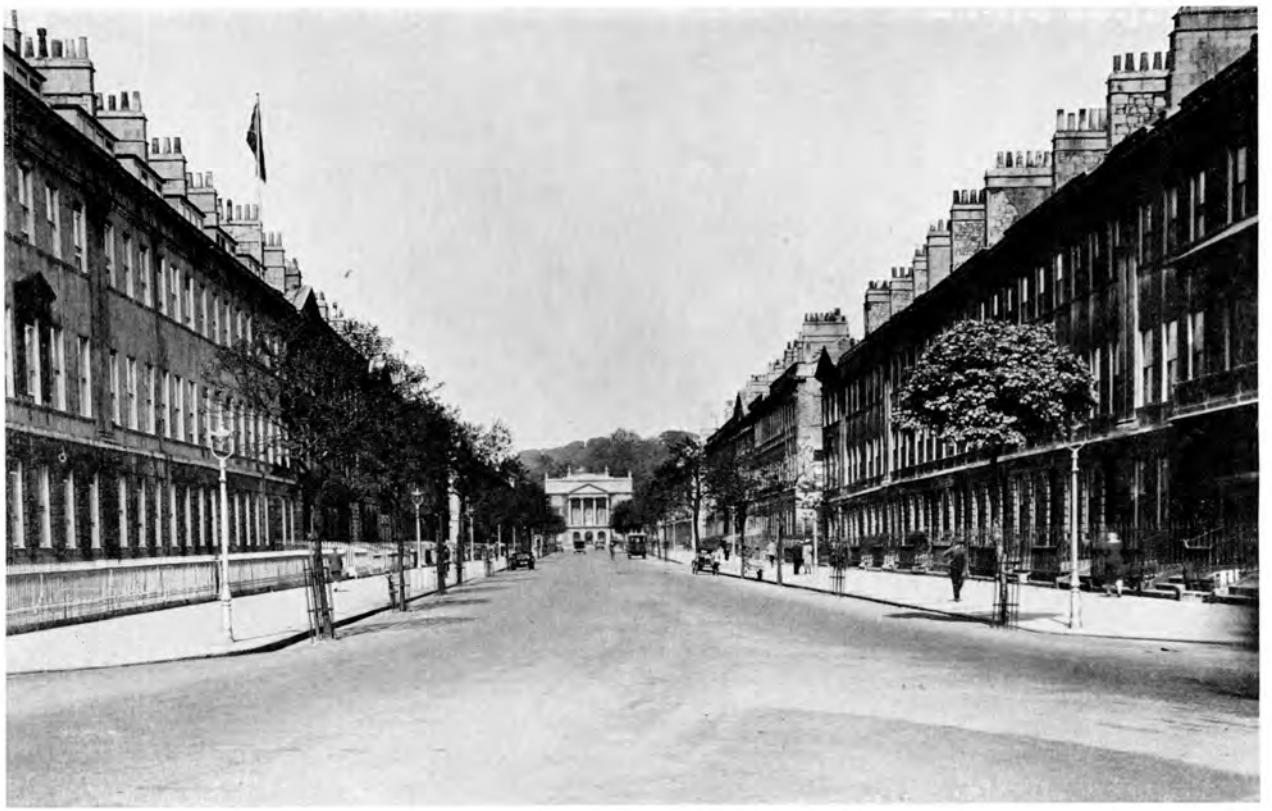
The younger Wood built the Assembly Rooms which still remain in existence, although diverted from their original use. The Concert Room in which the lovely Elizabeth Linley sang and won the heart of Sheridan, is now a dance hall: and the Ball Room which witnessed night after night the mincing steps of the minuet is now a cinema.

THE ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH

Many architects followed the Woods and made their contribution to the city, including Baldwin and Palmer, the latter being responsible for the City Hall, and also for the present Pump Room which he rebuilt.

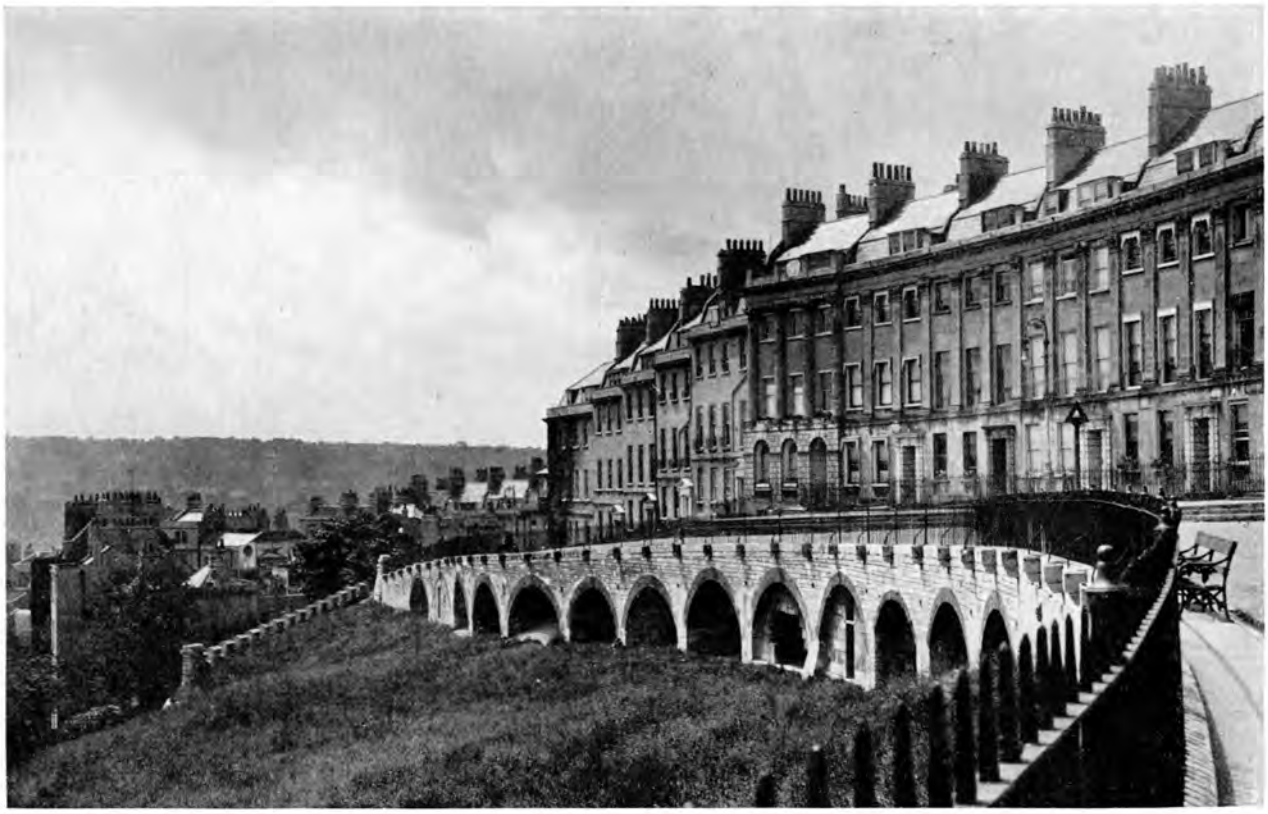
No one visiting Bath should fail to make a pilgrimage to Prior Park, the great mansion designed by the younger Wood for Ralph Allen, a remarkable personage who rose from humble circumstances to be a figure of some importance in 18th century England. It was he who revolutionized the postal system, and became a wealthy man as a result. He owned many of the quarries round Bath from whence the stone came to build the city, and to demonstrate that it could be used on a big scale he built his great mansion on the crest of a hill over-looking a great sweep of luxurious country. Apart from the interest in the actual building itself, another interest is created by the long string of 18th century worthies who visited there, and as it may truly be said there was scarcely anyone in the literary, artistic or fashionable society of the times in England who did not visit Bath sometime during their life, so it may be said that there was hardly anyone of note who visited Bath who was not sooner or later a guest of the cultured Allen, who incidently figures as the good Squire Allworthy in Fielding's "Tom Jones."

Today Bath is a prosperous city grown far beyond bounds of even Wood's concept, but it is still redolent of the gay and elegant 18th century life. In the older parts its streets have changed but little and the Parades, once buzzing with lively chatter, scandal and intrigue, are still there. To wander through the streets of the city is to recall memories of many personages who added illustrious pages to the history of the early 18th and 19th centuries, in literature, art, the drama and politics. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Pope, Sheridan, Walpole, Wesley, Mrs. Siddens, Elizabeth Linley, Fanny Burney, the gentle Jane Austen, and the homely Dickens, all these and innumerable others spent much of their time there and left impressions on this remarkable city.

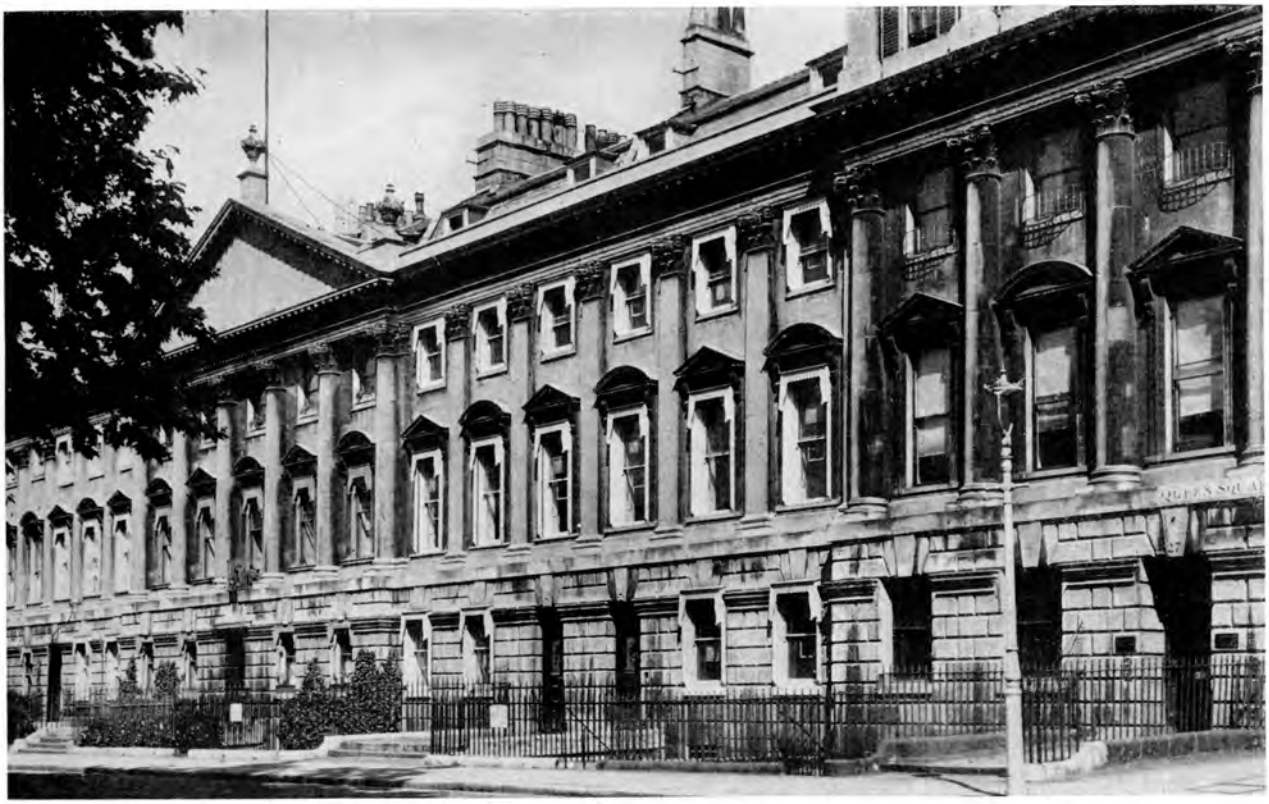


PULTENEY STREET, BATH

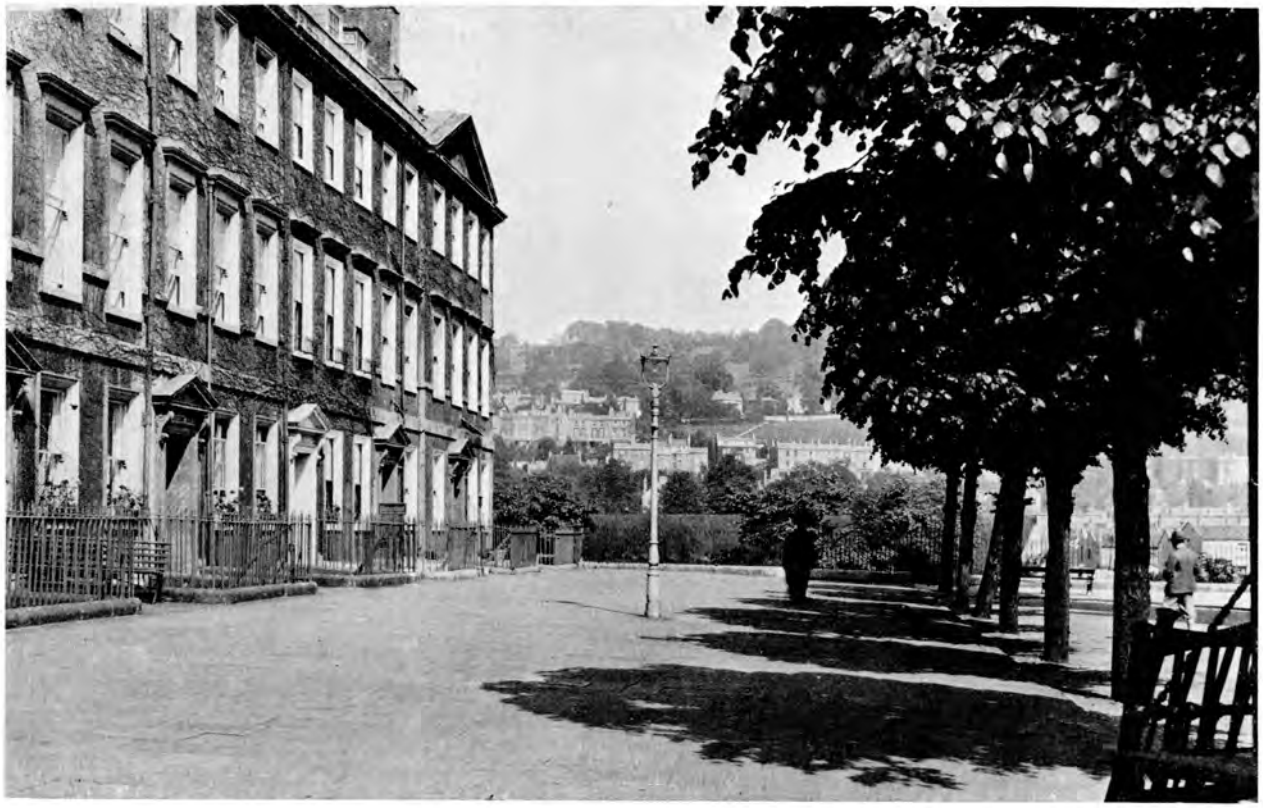
THE CIRCUS, BATH



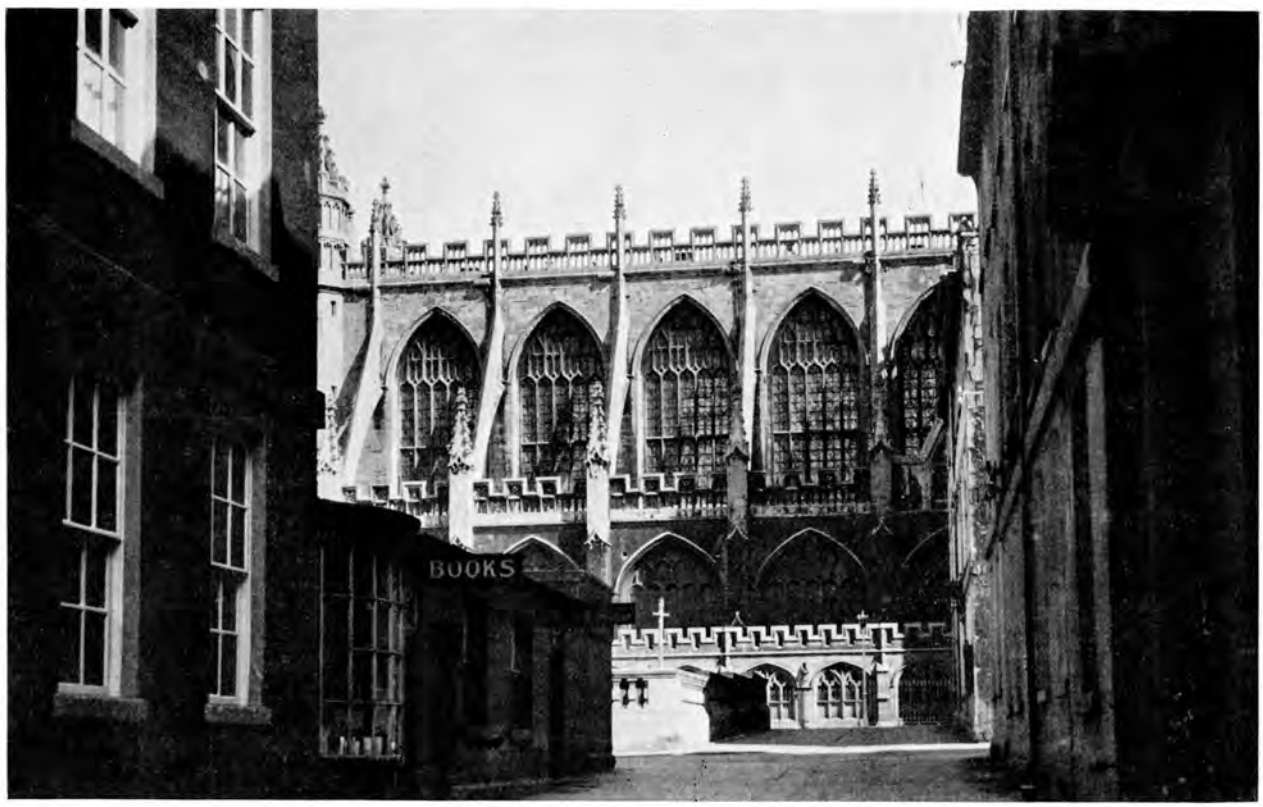
CAMDEN CRESCENT, BATH



QUEEN SQUARE, BATH

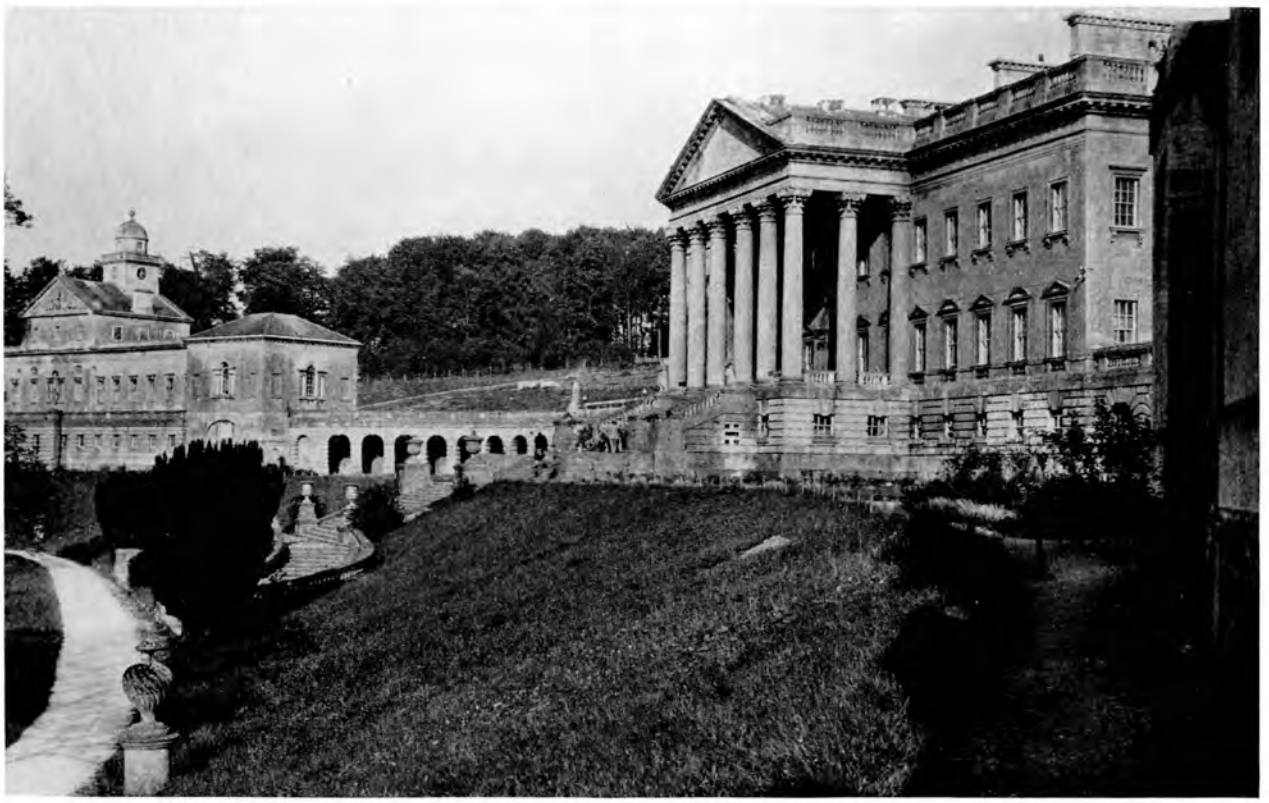


NORTH PARADE, BATH




SOUTH SIDE OF ABBEY, BATH

SOUTH PARADE, BATH



PRIOR PARK, BATH (STABLE BLOCK AT LEFT)

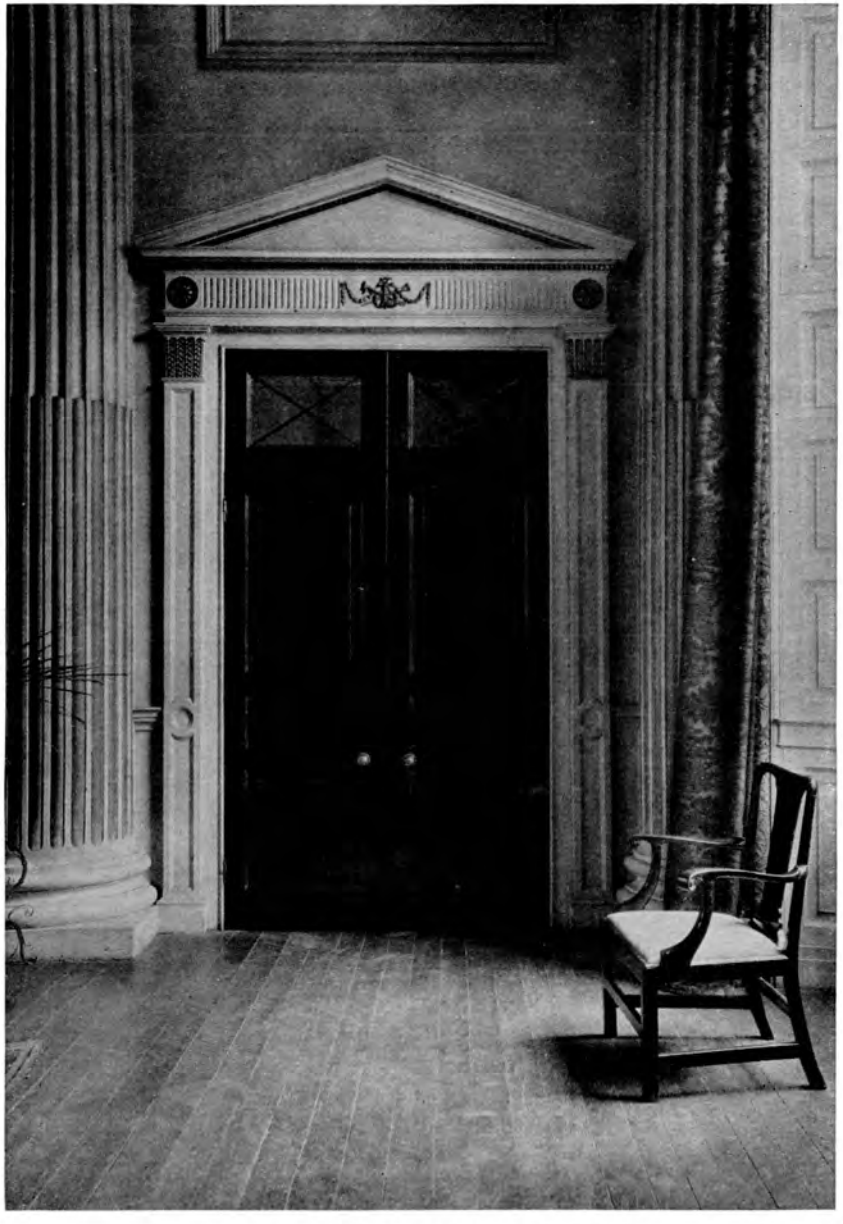
STREET IN BATH


BALCONY, BATH

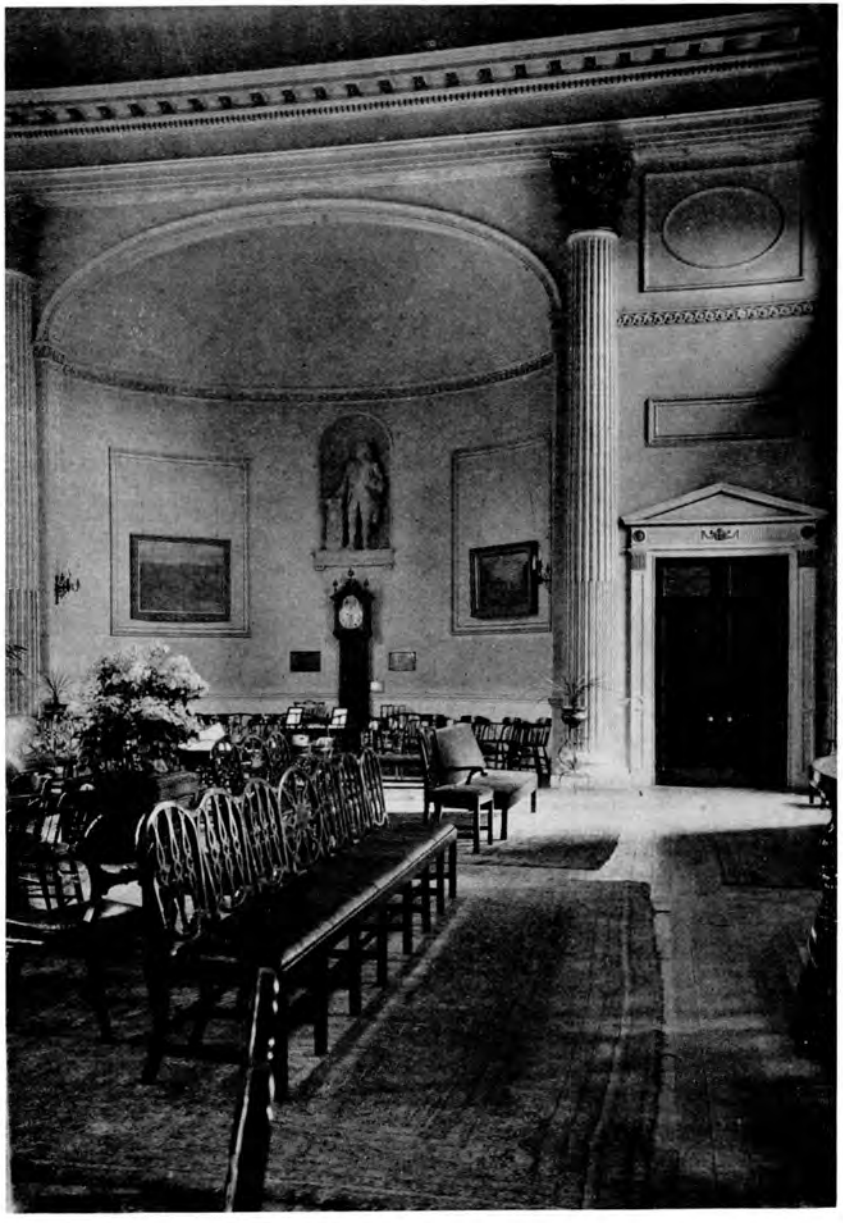
MARSHAL WADE'S HOUSE, BATH

BATH STREET, BATH

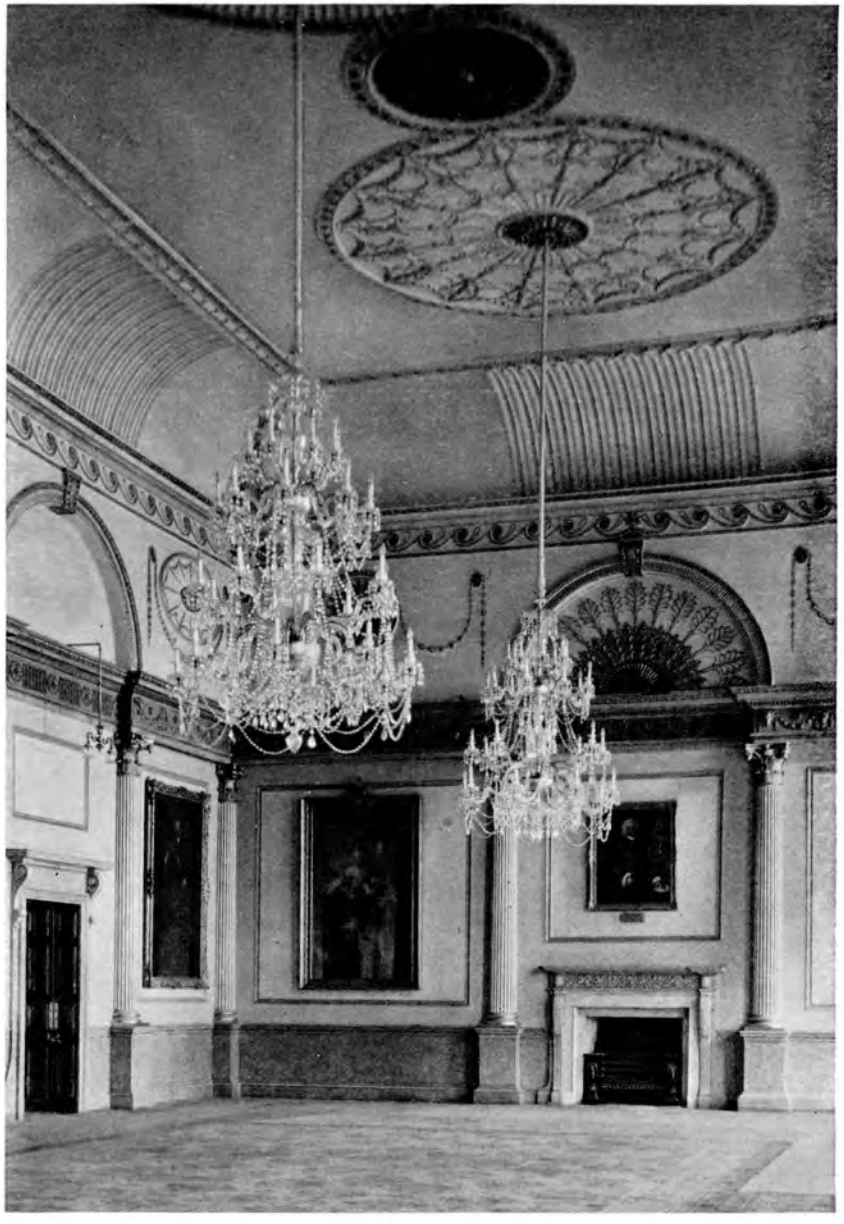
DETAIL OF PUMP ROOM, BATH



DETAIL OF PUMP ROOM, BATH

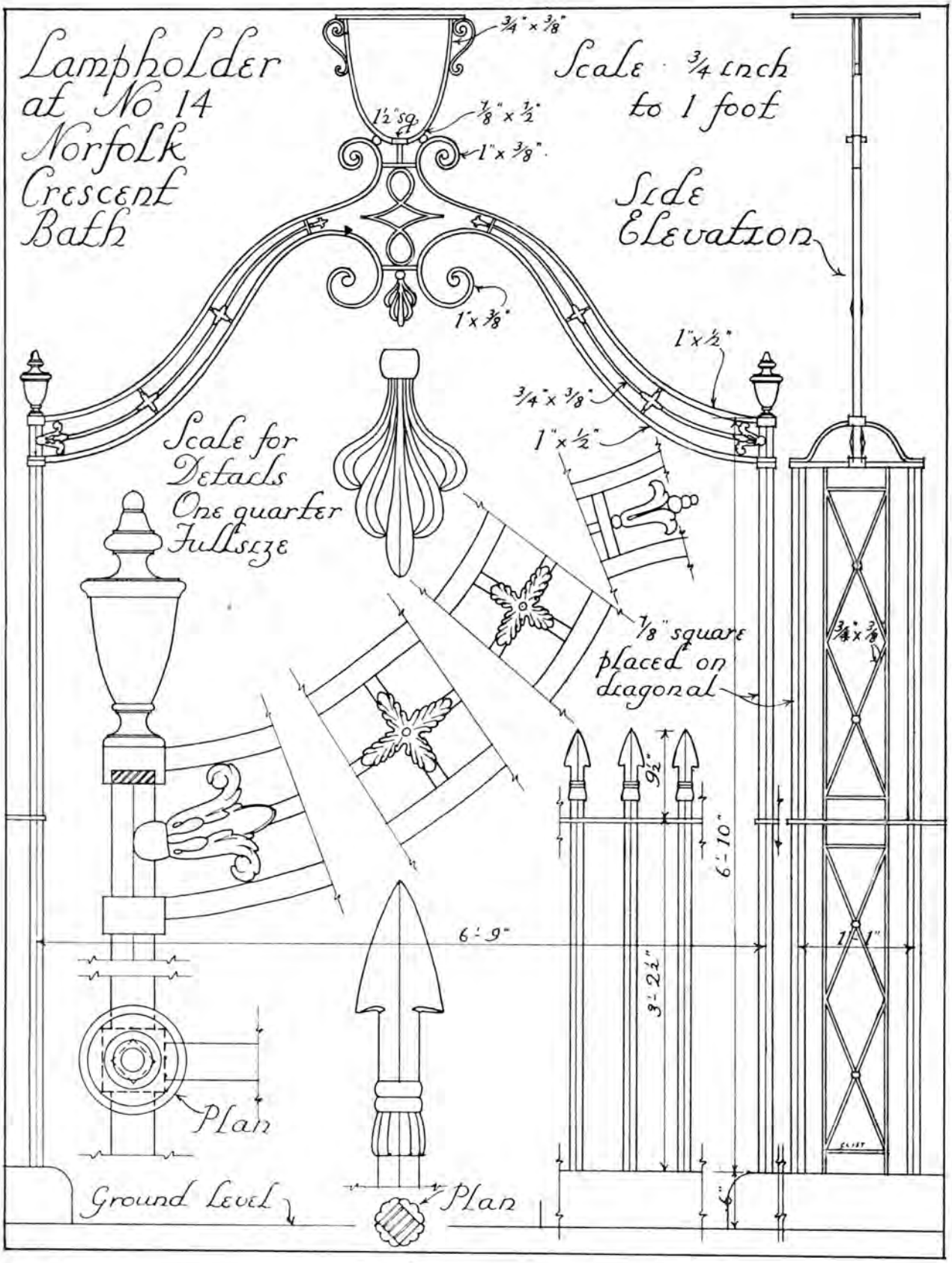


PUMP ROOM, BATH (SHOWING SEVEN-BACK SETTEE)

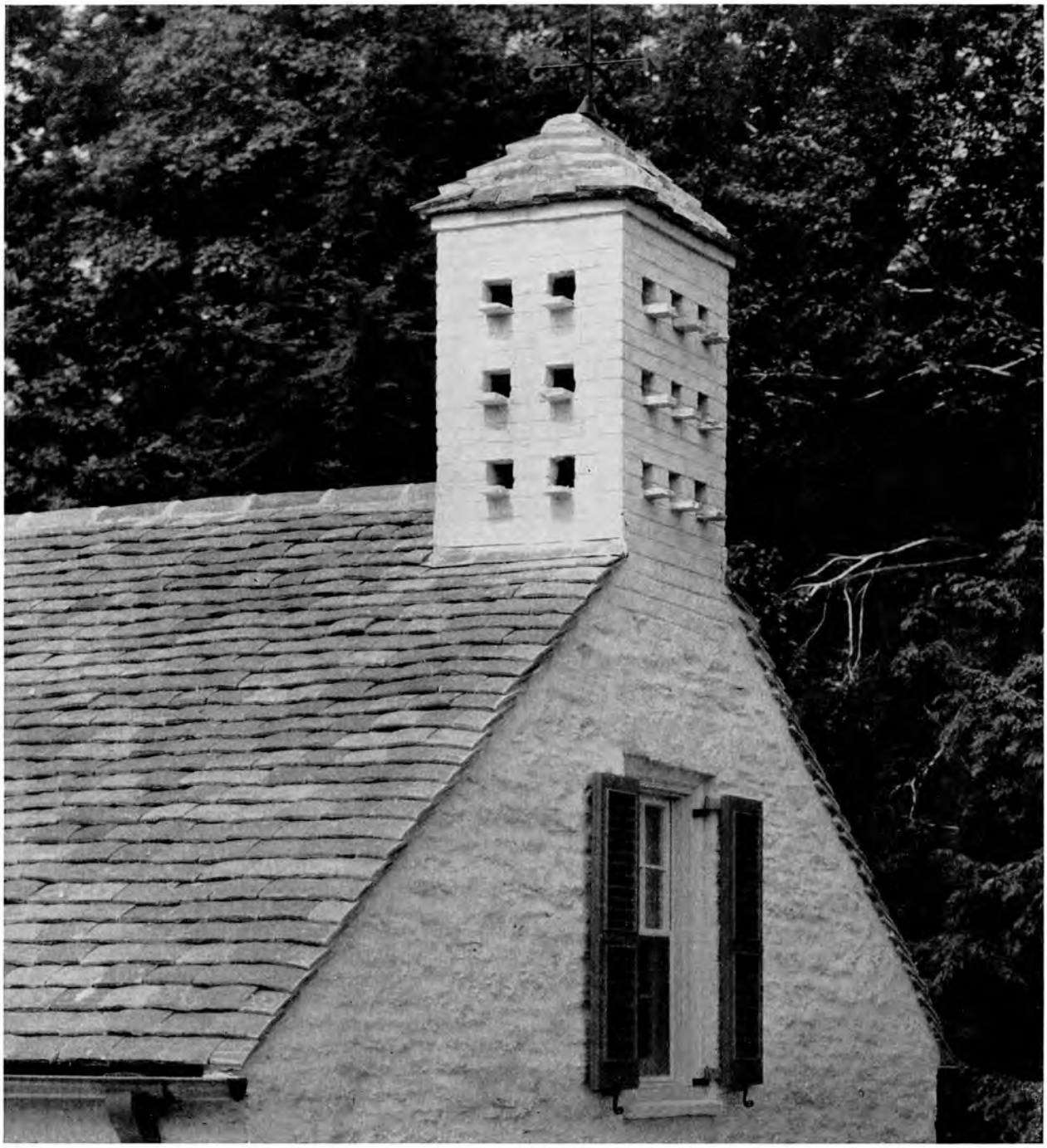


BANUQETTING ROOM IN GUILD HALL, BATH

LAMPHOLDER ON NORFOLK CRESCENT, BATH




SEE ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE



The charm of painted brick or stone walls is greatly enhanced by the use of a tile roof, as is shown by this detail of a country home near Philadelphia where the roof is covered with IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles. Variations in great numbers both as to color and texture can be had to meet individual requirements of design and taste.

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*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME II MARCH 1930 NUMBER 2

# GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE

*TEXT BY*

FREDERICK L. ACKERMAN, F.A.I.A.

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

MAKERS OF IMPERIAL ROOFING TILES

*FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PROFESSION*

FAÇADE AT KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK

MARCH 1930

# GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE

By FREDERICK L. ACKERMAN, F.A.I.A.

GEORGIAN Architecture, to the historians of an earlier generation, was neatly enclosed within quite definite boundaries marked by time. But to those whose interest in architecture centers in the process of unfolding, the term stands for a manner of expression the boundaries of which are not clearly defined. Like other architectural expressions that have been assigned to categories, it was a matter of transition and growth, slow and unhurried with a wide fabric of roots running back into a distant past. But unlike the classified expressions that had preceded, the interval of time during which it came to maturity and flowered, witnessed the generation of a revolutionary factor that was to affect profoundly the course of the entire range of subsequent events.

Georgian Architecture took root and acquired form and definition under the direct guidance of a point of view that had acquired stability under the system of handicraft that had served men well through many generations. It came to maturity and flowered under the auspices of designers, for the most part amateur or self-trained, who drew heavily upon the skill, resources and traditions of handicraft, but who went to their work under guidance of well organized rules of proportion, composition and arrangement that reflected with great fidelity the formalized rules of conduct that characterized that period in England. The flower withered and the period came to a close under the impact of the powerful, disrupting forces that were generated by the introduction of the machine and the rise of the corporation.

Considered in a limited historical sense, the Georgian period ran its course in a relatively few years. But viewed from a larger angle, the period may be treated as the final paragraph of a long chapter of history that ran back into a dim and remote past during which time the processes of handicraft had served to shape the approach to every problem of design, to condition and establish the entire range of criteria by which performance was judged and to give direction and character to secular events.

This is not to suggest that other factors played little or no part in the shaping of the architectural expression that characterizes the period. Many social and economic forces were operating to produce the wide range and variety of expressions that we find in the formal and rather pompous compositions of the urban areas and in the simple, charming houses that reflected so accurately a mode of life that was essentially rural.

The illustrations of this brochure are drawn from the smaller, less conspicuous and therefore less well known examples which fall within the latter category. In these minor houses there is a reflection of the formal mode of life and of the organized rules of composition under which designers worked. Symmetry and regularity of spacing are the characteristic qualities that obtained throughout the period, regardless of the importance of the project. These, of course, are not qualities in themselves that serve to distinguish and mark off periods: it is the manner of dealing with forms, masses and details that serves to differentiate. Nor do the rules of composition and arrangement exhaust the possibilities, for character and quality are derived from the handling of materials under guidance of sympathetic understanding of their possibilities and the part that texture plays in the outcome whether the object be a fabric, a piece of furniture, a cottage or monumental building.

The simple compositions of the period were made to yield something like maximum value by reason of circumstances that were most fortunate for the designers. The traditions of craftsmanship that had been built up during the preceding centuries were still in

force as guiding factors. There were workmen in the field executing the work of designers who were not only competent as craftsmen but capable in the field of design. It was, in large measure, due to their sympathetic understanding of materials, their knowledge of craft ways and means, that transformed the extremely simple compositions in vogue from something cold and formal to a thing of warmth and charm. The designs from which many of the most interesting examples of the period were executed would not, I suspect, stand the test if built under the conditions that ordinarily confront us. The art of taking pains has given ground to the more businesslike procedure of getting things done. We can, if we are sufficiently persevering, find materials that meet the requirements and we can also find the requisite amount of skill. But all of this takes time, and often time is not available. These abilities were available to aid the Georgian designer as a matter of course.

All this is merely to point out that with the passing of Georgian architecture, we enter a new period when the dominating factors which condition action find no counterpart in what had gone before.

So we are now wondering as to what is gained by a study of Georgian or other historical expressions. Not a few of us have already discarded the volumes that deal with the past lest our interest in them contaminate our interest in the logic of machine technology under which it is assumed we should proceed in the work of design. No doubt there is good ground for concern. For if we look back on the recent past, which is but the beginning of a period of transition, innumerable examples confront us of ill-advised and inept adaptations of historical motifs that have no relation whatever to the problems the solution of which we have attempted to solve through borrowing.

But our failures in the field of adaptation and borrowing should not lead us to the conclusion that the past has nothing whatsoever to offer. It would probably be to our advantage were we to recognize that the rather heated discussion that is going on concerning the vital importance of being so modern as to expose no trace of tradition, is due in large part to our lack of conviction. The past constitutes our point of departure; that simple fact cannot be avoided. Events run in sequence so that no matter how revolutionary in its nature may be a given step, that step and the entire train of consequences has a definite relation to the past.

So that there is really nothing to be gained by holding up to scorn those who lag somewhat behind in the work of expressing this age of speed and machinery nor by ridiculing those who attempt to interpret the present unstable state of cultural transition. We are bound by the very nature of things to stumble through a long period of experimentation. And as to the outcome—no one knows!

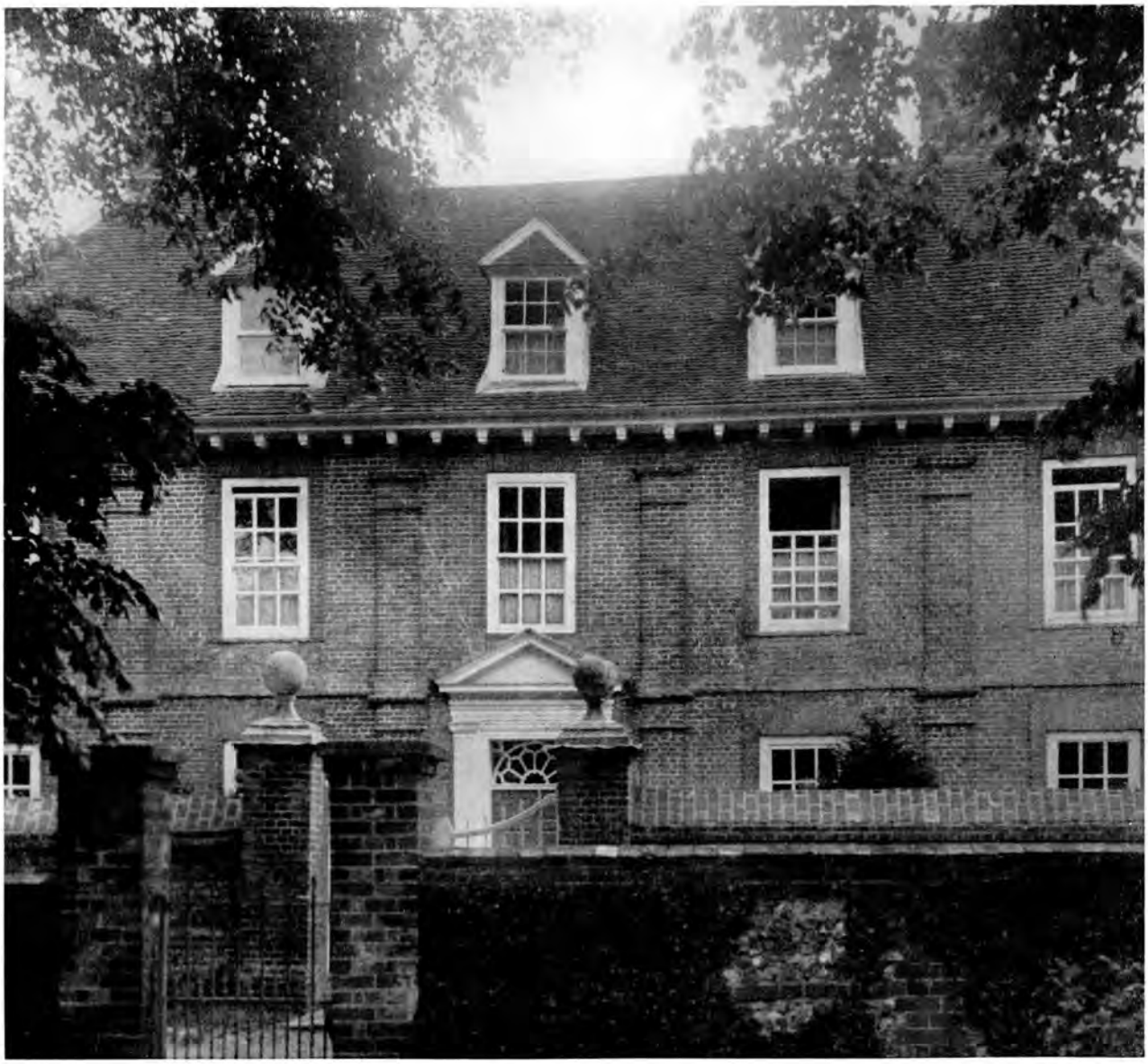
It is evident that the Georgian house, particularly the minor houses of the period, were the outgrowth of an adequate, satisfying and stabilized mode of living. We may say, as so many do, that the architecture of that day is somewhat out of fashion like the habits of life of which it was a reflection. We may also say that the logic of the machine process requires that we express ourselves through a totally different idiom. But the question arises: What are we going to say?

Will the mere exposure in our structures of the impersonal, businesslike relationship that so loosely holds the building industry together—will the birth-marking of structures with the clean-cut traces of the machine process—will the substitution of standardization for creative freedom in effort serve as the efficient cause of a great architectural expression? I do not know. But for the time being, these aims and conditions, while essential elements in the foundation of any worthy architectural expression, are hardly to be rated as highly stimulating nor of a character likely to yield large dividends in the shape of aesthetic enjoyment.

For the time being, we seem to have forgotten that we once recognized the validity in the observation that "utility like significance, is an eventual harmony in the arts and by no means their ground." There is evidence, rapidly accruing, that in our concern lest we violate any of our recently formulated rules governing utilitarian expression we have failed to pause and ask ourselves one searching question: Useful for what?

Those who have discarded, as sources of reference or inspiration, the idiom of the Georgians along with other historical categories, by reason of certain shams and pretenses that so often focus our attention in the more important works of a period, may do well to recall that architecture can serve no greater utility than to provide an environment so congenial to man that his instinctive impulses may develop harmoniously rather than be curbed by it.

Circumstances, which need be explained by no more definite phrase than historical accident, provided in England of the 18th Century a stage upon which human action and architectural setting constituted an unusually harmonious relation. In his charming note on "English Architecture," Santayana, in speaking of the relation between life and its architectural setting and referring to the Englishman of the general period under discussion, says: . . . "give him comfortable old grey clothes, good for all weathers, and com-

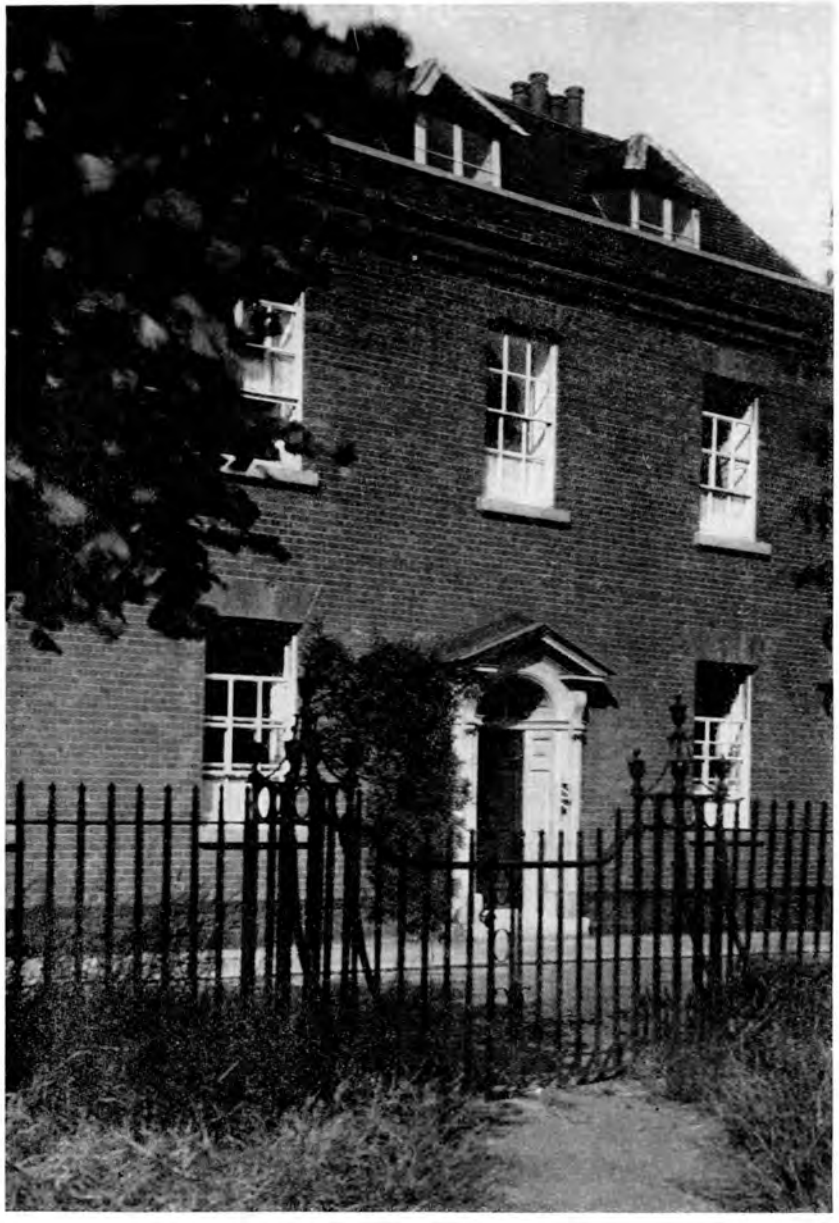


HOUSE IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

fortable, pleasing, inconspicuous houses, where he can live without feeling a fool or being the victim of his possessions. The comic poses of architecture, which come to him from abroad, together with its tragic structure, he accordingly tones down and neutralizes as far as possible. How gently, for instance, how pleasantly the wave of Italian architecture broke on these grassy shores! The classic line, which is tragic in its simple veracity and fixity, had already been submerged in attempts to vary it; in England, as in France, the Gothic habit of letting each part of a building have its own roof and its own symmetry, at once introduced the picturesque into the most classic designs. The Italian scale, too, was at once reduced, and the Italian rhetoric in stone, the baroque and the spectacular, was obliterated. How pleasantly the Palladian forms were fitted to their English setting; how the windows were widened and subdivided, the show pediments forgotten, the wreathed urns shaved into modest globes, the pilasters sensibly broadened into panels, and the classical detail applied to the native Gothic framework, with its gables, chimneys, and high roofs; whence the delightful brood of Jacobean and Queen Anne houses; and in the next generation the so genteel, so judicious Georgian mansion, with its ruddy brick, its broad windows, and its delicate mouldings and accessories of stone. The tragic and the comic were spirited away together, and only the domestic remained."

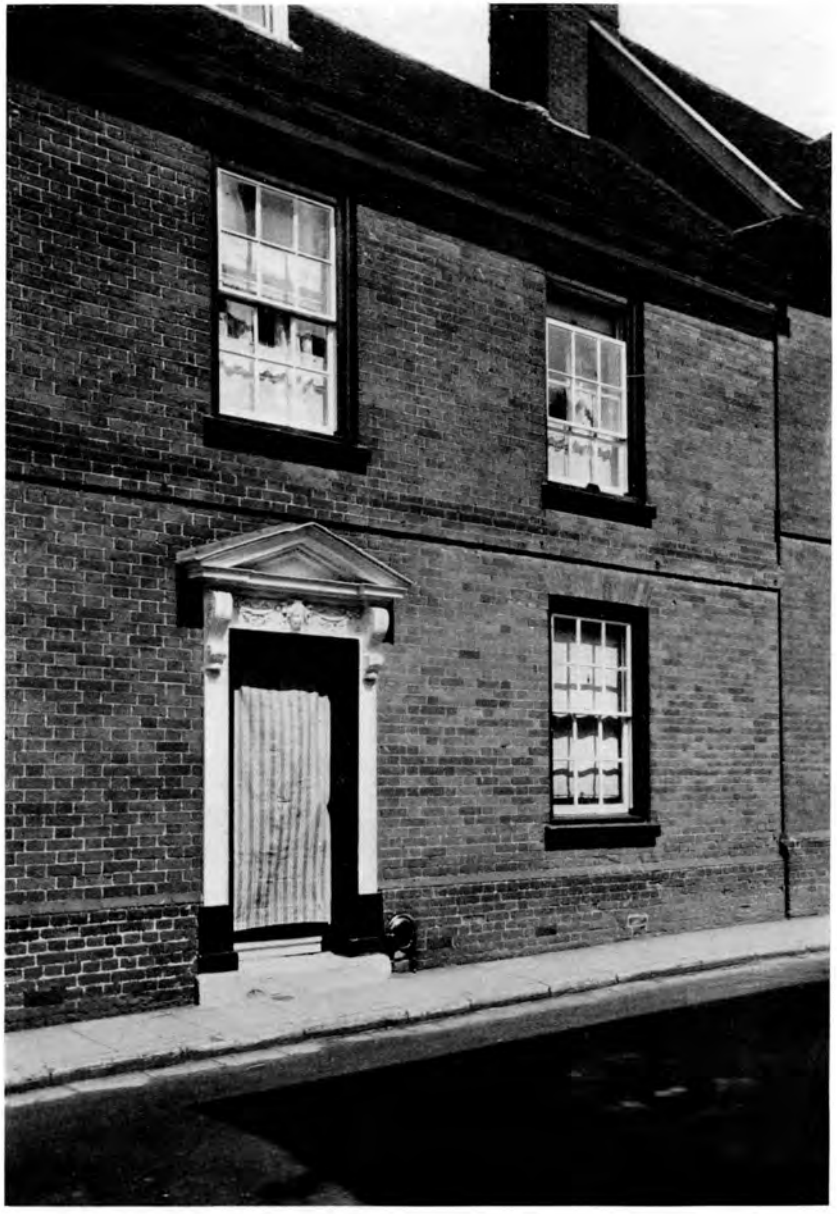
HOUSE AT BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS

"THE RED HOUSE," WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK

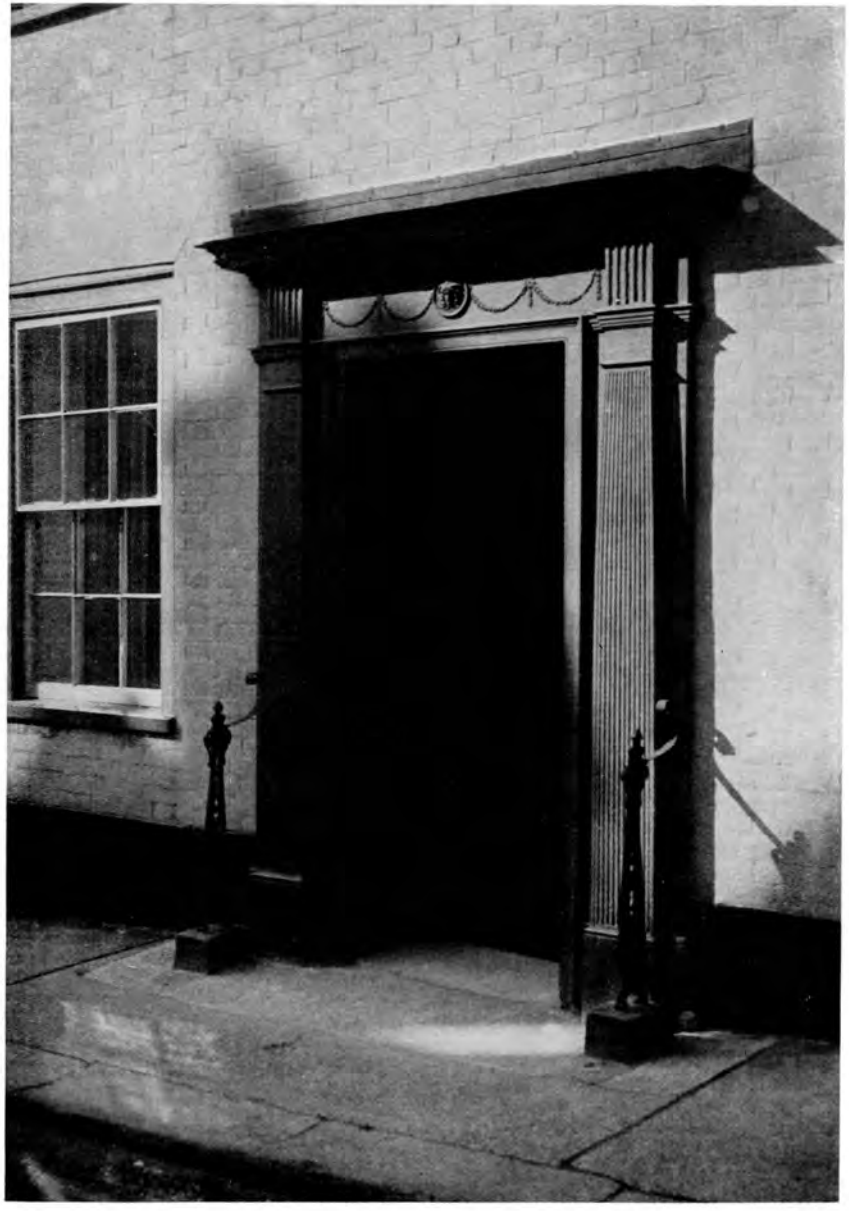


HOUSE AT BUNGAY, SUFFOLK

HOUSE AT BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS



DOORWAY, WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK



DOORWAY, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK

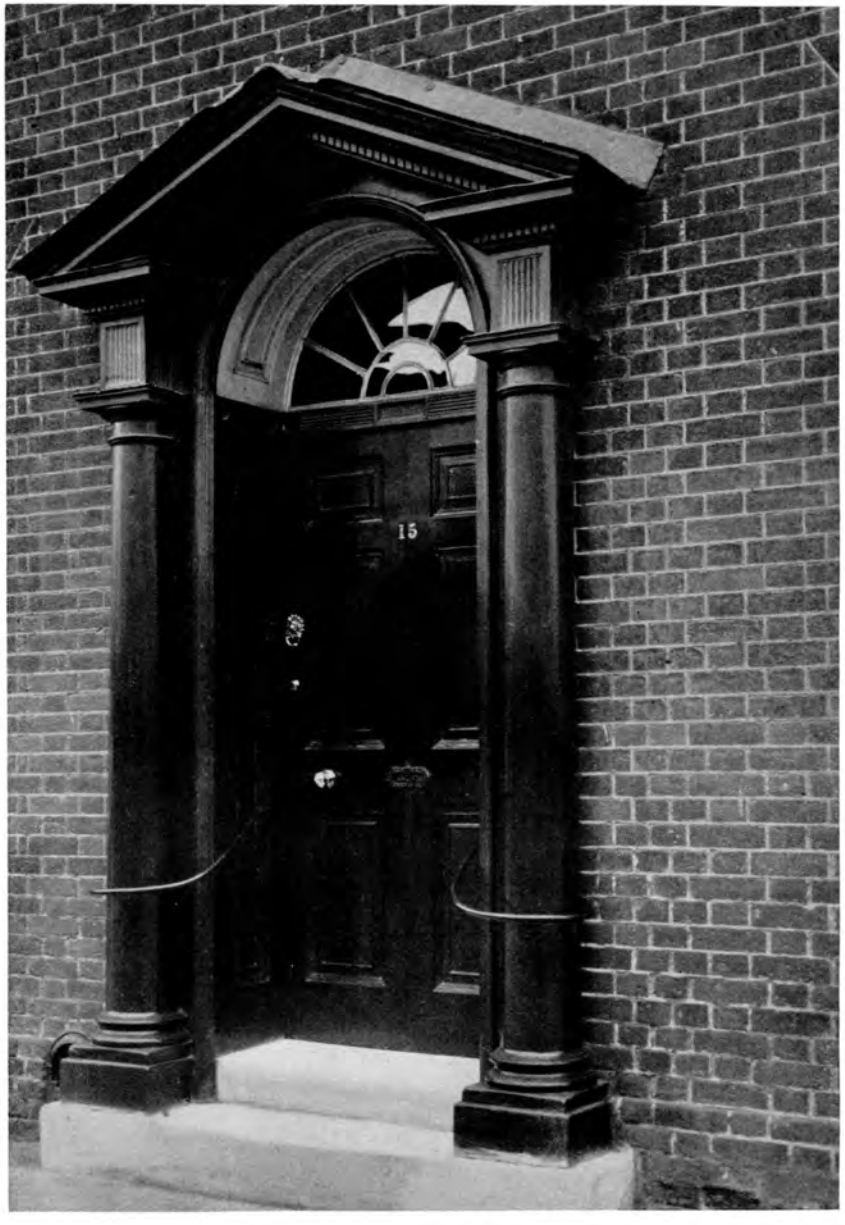
DOORWAYS, AMERSHAM, BUCKS

DOORWAY, AMERSHAM, BUCKS

DOORWAY, THAXTED, ESSEX

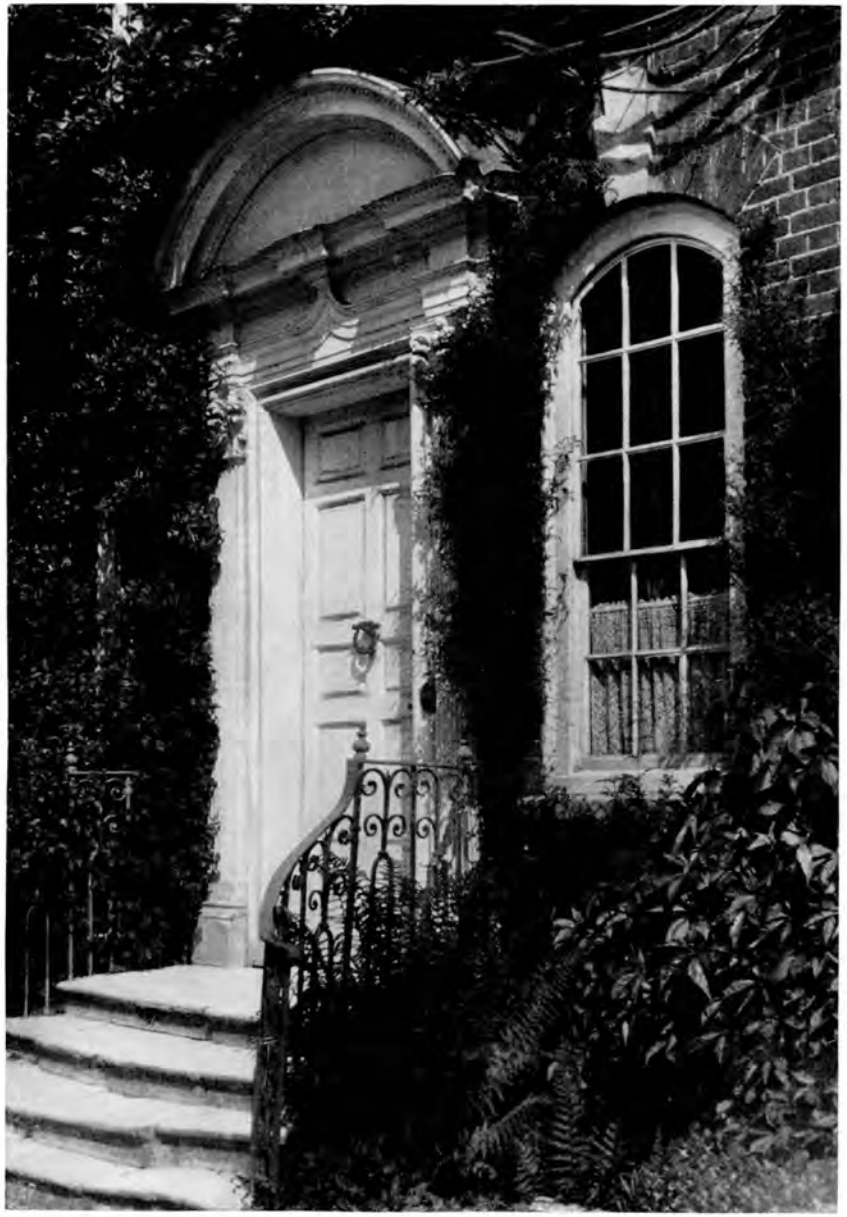
DOORWAY, THAXTED, ESSEX


DOORWAY, NORWICH, NORFOLK




DOORWAY, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK

DOORWAY, BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS



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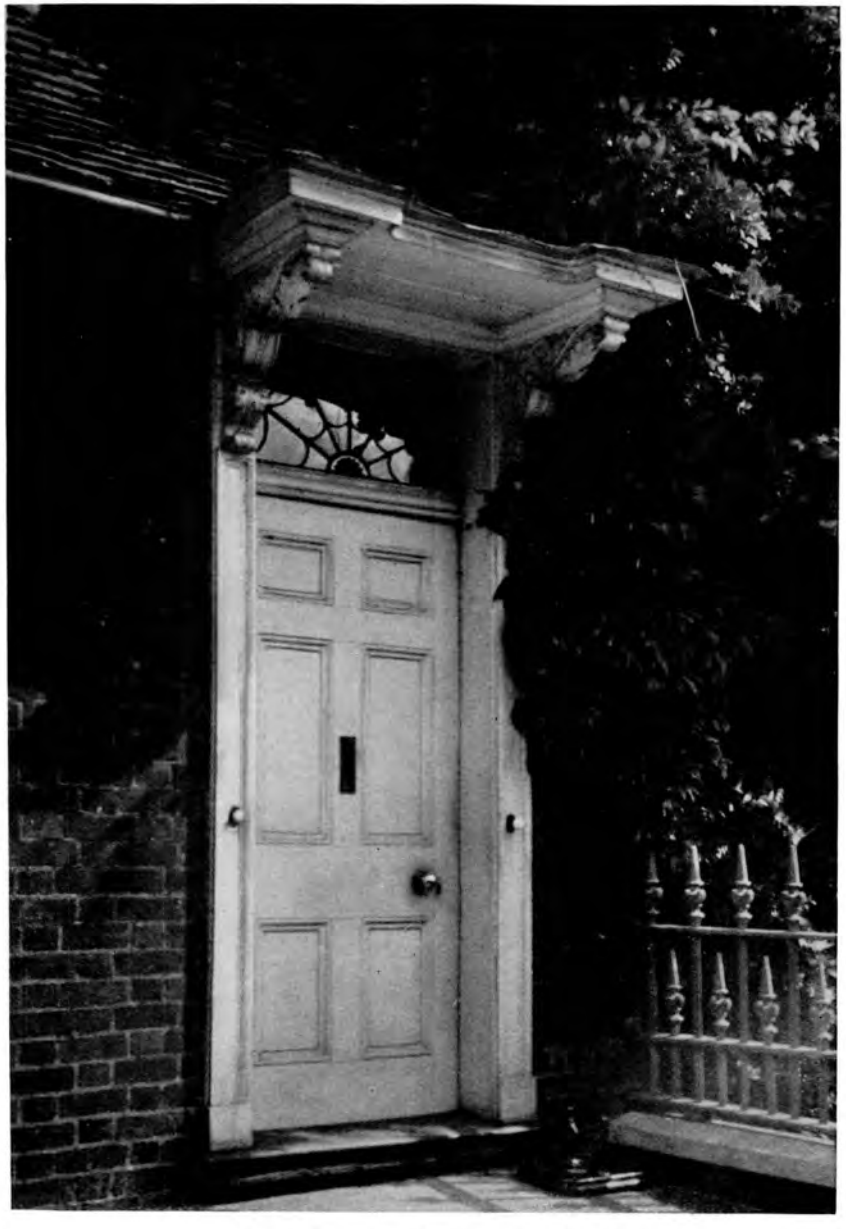
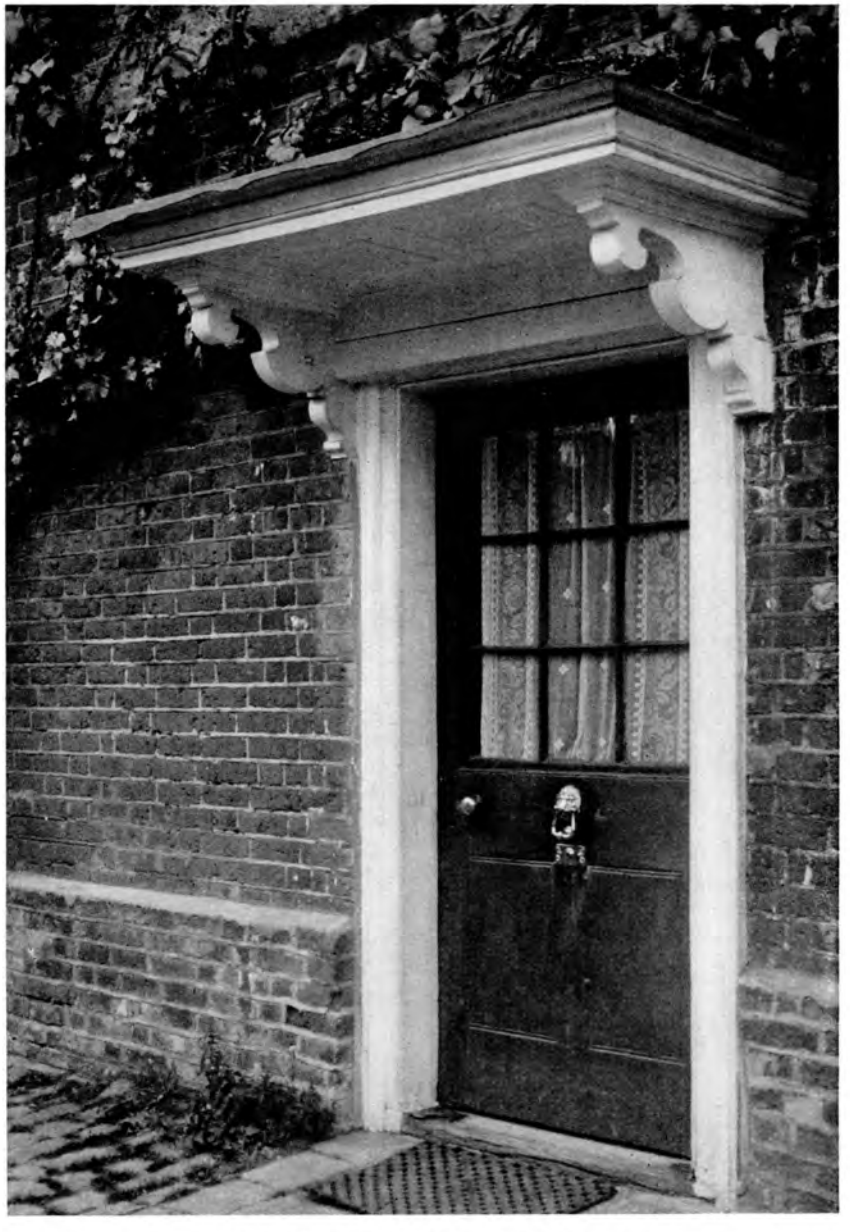


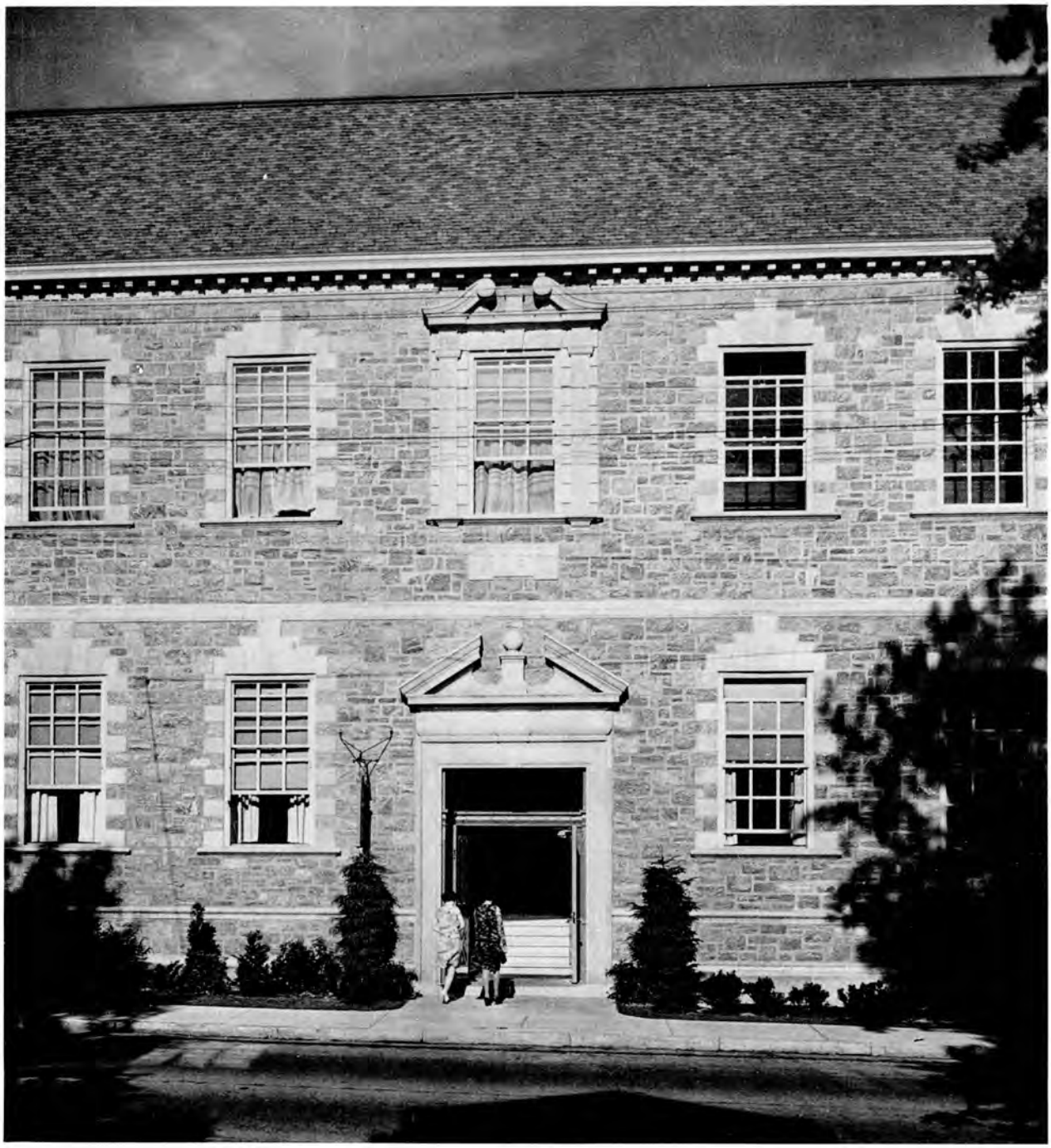
DOORWAY, THAXTED, ESSEX



DOORWAY, MISSENDEN, BUCKS

VIEW OF BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON (Number 36 at left)


SEE ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE



Tile roofs on buildings of Georgian design give a quality in keeping with precedent, as is shown by this detail of the Telephone Building at Rye, New York. In this instance "Brittany" IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles were used. Variations both as to color and texture can be furnished to meet individual requirements of taste and design.

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*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME II MAY 1930 NUMBER 5

# THE FOUR INNS OF COURT

*TEXT BY*

HOWARD ROBERTSON, F.R.I.B.A.

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

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PUMP COURT IN THE TEMPLE

MAY 1930

# THE FOUR INNS OF COURT

By HOWARD ROBERTSON, F.R.I.B.A.

OF ALL the sights which make of London an enchanting field of exploration for the historian and the lover of antiquities, none is more intriguing, rich in association, and at the same time more humanly appealing than the Inns of Court.

Their very name has an old time flavour, promising relief from stress and hurry, conjuring up a vision compounded of hospitality and the spacious dignity of a Law bewigged and begowned. One feels that in the Inns of Court the harsh business of the law might become a genial, almost a family, affair; and that the legal gentlemen who dwell there in chambers should be scholars learned in procedure but appreciative also of a bottle of good claret, as ready to drink a toast or join in a revel as to plead a cause. Justice and good living, learning and good fellowship, must surely be the passwords within the gates of the Inns of Court.

So, in sympathetic mood, one sets out to explore the Inns; to see whether, in a London daily transformed by new streets and buildings, there still exists that quiet backwater where may be recaptured the atmosphere familiar through Charles Lamb and William Makepeace Thackeray, with perhaps at the back of one's mind recollections of a Dickensian Sergeant Buzfuz or even the grisly tragedy of the "Uncommercial Traveller."

They stand, the four ancient Inns of Court—Gray's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, Middle Temple, Inner Temple,—in just such a position as one might expect, buried from view, remote from noise and bustle, yet in the very heart of London, midway between East and West. If not within a stone's throw of each other, at least they are distant only the extent of a penny 'bus fare. One may pass from Gray's Inn, via Lincoln's Inn, to the Temple, without losing in the roar of London's traffic the impression of scholarly seclusion which each conveys—separately and distinctly—though with sufficient sameness to justify the joint appellation of the great jurist Sir William Blackstone, who called the Inns "Our Judicial University."

To the north of Holborn is hidden Gray's Inn, tucked away behind a hotel, a Tube station, and a wine shop which gives perhaps the best value in sherry in all London. Across High Holborn, and down the Chancery Lane which was known as Chancellor's Lane in the days when it connected the River and Fleet Street with the village of Holborn—for it was flanked by the palace of the Bishops of Chichester, one of whom was Chancellor of England—stands Lincoln's Inn, the site of the manor-houses of the Earls of Lincoln. And beyond the foot of the Lane, to the south of Fleet Street, facing the grim Gothic pile of Street's Law Courts, is hidden the site of the former manor of the Knights Templars, with the noble Norman Church which is all that remains today of their vanished splendour. Here are the Inner and Middle Temple, the most historic and beautiful of the Inns of Court.

The origin of the Inns is shrouded in uncertainty, as is also the history of their actual buildings; the records of the ancient societies which created them are largely conjectural, and the architectural historian is strangely silent on the subject of their evolution up to the time when Wren created the Fleet Street Entrance to the Temple, and the spaces of Lincoln's Inn were laid out in the form of a great square by Inigo Jones who built there a Gothic Chapel.

We learn, however, that the Inns are very ancient. They had their being, most probably, as the result of political happenings in the 12th and 13th centuries, when certain colleges of law, under clerical control, were dispersed as a result of a decree of Henry III and the issuing of a Papal Bull which forbade the clergy to teach the Common Law.

About that time, and as a result of the enforcement of a decree in the Magna Charta, the Court of Common Pleas was established in Westminster Hall; and so it happened that the lawyers of the former colleges

settled down in the neighbourhood of this seat of Justice, and formed a colony with a group of hostels and colleges. The location of these hostels was in and about the then village of Holborn, on the site of, or adjoining, the present Inns of Court.

Starting in a humble way, these hostels or seminaries developed with surprising strength until they acquired the status of organised institutions with recognised authority and honoured names. Thus they were able to invest the precincts of the Temple, in the countryside between Holborn and the River, which was leased to them by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who themselves had replaced the Bishops, Earls, and Barons of the Knights Templars.

In the same way the lawyers acquired the domain of the Lincolns, and the manor of the Greys de Wilton from which Gray's Inn takes its name. But history is silent during this period of construction, and the oldest records preserved, those of Lincoln's Inn, are as late as 1422, the second year of the reign of King Henry III. Sir John Fortescue, King Henry's Lord Chief Justice, in his great work "De laudibus legum Angliae," was the first author to paint a vivid picture of the prestige and power which the four Inns had acquired even at that date. He describes them as "a sort of academy or gymnasium fit for persons of their station; where they learn singing and all kinds of music, dancing, and such other accomplishments and diversions, which are called revels, as are suitable to their quality, and such as are usually practised at Court. At other times, out of term, the greater part apply themselves to the study of the law . . . The manner and method how the laws are professed and studied in these places, is pleasant, and excellently well adapted for proficiency."

In those early days, the Inns of Court were served by a dozen or so inferior Inns, called Inns of Chancery, which served as preparatory colleges, where instruction was given by "Readers" appointed from the Inns of Court. The office of Reader was one of great importance, and was an immediate step in promotion towards the Governing Body of the Inns, the "Benchers," or "Masters of the Bench." It was the duty of each Reader to "make his Reading," a disquisition on some special aspect or point of law, and many of the Readings have become celebrated in legal annals. Even architecture was not neglected, for one of the most famous Readings was that of Sergeant Callis, of Gray's Inn, who dealt with the unsavoury subject of "sewers" with a mastery which made him for many years the leading authority thereon.

The Readings, however, in spite of Callis' renown, eventually fell into disfavour, due to an onerous duty which was incumbent upon each postulate to the honour of the Readership. This was the obligation to give, at personal expense, a series of magnificent festivities or banquets during the progress of the Readings, the cost of which was said at times to exceed £1,000. None but the rich was consequently in a position to become a Reader, but at the same time a polite refusal of the honour was equally embarrassing, since those who were invited, and attempted to decline, were heavily fined. Whence, perhaps, the origin of "contempt of Court!"

Readings seem to have shared the honours at the Inns with a lighter form of entertainment, the "Revels" which were held at Christmas or other periods of festival. On these occasions artists and authors collaborated with the lawyers. Inigo Jones arranged a masque for Lincoln's Inn; Thomas Middleton (who is supposed to have lent a hand in certain scenes of Macbeth) composed for the Inner Temple; and Beaumont and Fletcher performed the same service for Gray's Inn. Altogether, play acting and the law seem to have been boon companions; for Ben Jonson dedicated "Every Man in his Humour" to the Inns of Court, Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was acted in Gray's Inn Hall in 1594, and "Twelfth Night" was played in the Middle Temple Hall.

Today the Revels are no more. They were forbidden in Cromwell's time through an edict that the Benchers of the several Inns should not permit "any publique revells or games." And though they were subsequently resuscitated, the spirit behind them did not survive the Restoration, for they eventually languished and died. At present the chief rite of the Inns is a prandial one, wherein prospective barristers, prior to being called to the Bar, must "eat their dinners" in the Inn to which they may belong after passing their examinations.

Famous names innumerable form a proud part of the history of the Inns, some of them of jurists who have laid the foundation of English law and justice, others of men of law who forsook their profession for a literary career. Sir Thomas More, Lord Clarendon, Francis Bacon, Macaulay, Fielding, Evelyn, Congreve, Boswell, Sir Philip Sidney, Thackeray and Dickens, were amongst the constellations.

America, too, has many links with the Inns of Court. William Penn was a member of Lincoln's Inn, and Andrew Hamilton "who drew the plans of the Cupola of the State House of Philadelphia built in 1722" was a member of Gray's Inn. In the garden of Gray's Inn is also the ancient catalpa tree, said to have been brought from the New World by Sir Walter Raleigh, and to have been planted in the Inn by Francis Bacon.

Of the four Inns, the Inner and the Middle Temple are at once the quaintest and the most architecturally

WROUGHT IRON GATES TO BENCHERS' GARDEN, GRAY'S INN

satisfying. The entrance from Fleet Street brings the visitor at once into a past in which Mediaevalism and the mellow work of the William and Mary period share the honours. The very names are delicious, Brick Court, Elm Court, Pump Court, Fountain Court, Lamb's Buildings, the latter a fine brick mansion reminiscent of the quiet architecture of a Cathedral Close. Then there is Taylor's Buildings, one of the finest of London's stone terraces, and the beautiful King's Bench Walk, with its Wren doorways, leading down with its cobbled pavings and aged plane trees to an open glimpse of the Embankment.

The glory of Lincoln's Inn is New Square, with its great railed-in garden. The square is big enough to form the centre of a provincial town, and is fringed with buildings of all periods, ranging through mediaeval picturesqueness, the flat and dignified monotony of Queen Anne, to later and less beautiful additions. The skyline is picturesque and broken, with the silhouette of the Law Courts to the south, and northwards a deep garden planned with a spacious informality.

But the courts and gardens of Gray's Inn are the finest of all in the harmonious unity of their architectural ensemble. Here the buildings, of mellow deep red and purple brick, enlivened by their cheery dressings, with their carved doorways and broad cream sashes, are in that lovely quiet manner which is the heritage of the Wren tradition. Oak staircases, the handrails and balusters of which are buried beneath decades of paintwork, lead up to Chambers protected by "oaks" which are black with age and formidable with bolts and locks of stupendous and creaky mechanism. Here is the "Olde Hall," much of which existed before the middle of the 16th century, with its open roof recalling in shape and dignity the unrivalled timbers of Westminster Hall. But most charming of all are the gardens of Field Court, with their two ancient lead cisterns, their seats for the Benchers, their stately plane trees, flanked on either side by serene facades crowned by painted cornices and roofs of mellow tile. Here, in Spring, the reds and purples of the buildings glowing against the tender green of leaf and lawn, one may taste quiet and gentleness before passing out into the strife of Holborn. But even in Winter, with the branches of the planes forming a delicate tracery against grey skies, and the plaintive cawing of rooks, the gardens of Gray's Inn cast their spell. And so one returns to them often, grateful to those ancient and learned men of law whose provision for their own well-being has ensured for London a backwater of perennial enchantment.

BENCHERS' GARDEN OF FIELD COURT, GRAY'S INN

GRAY'S INN SQUARE

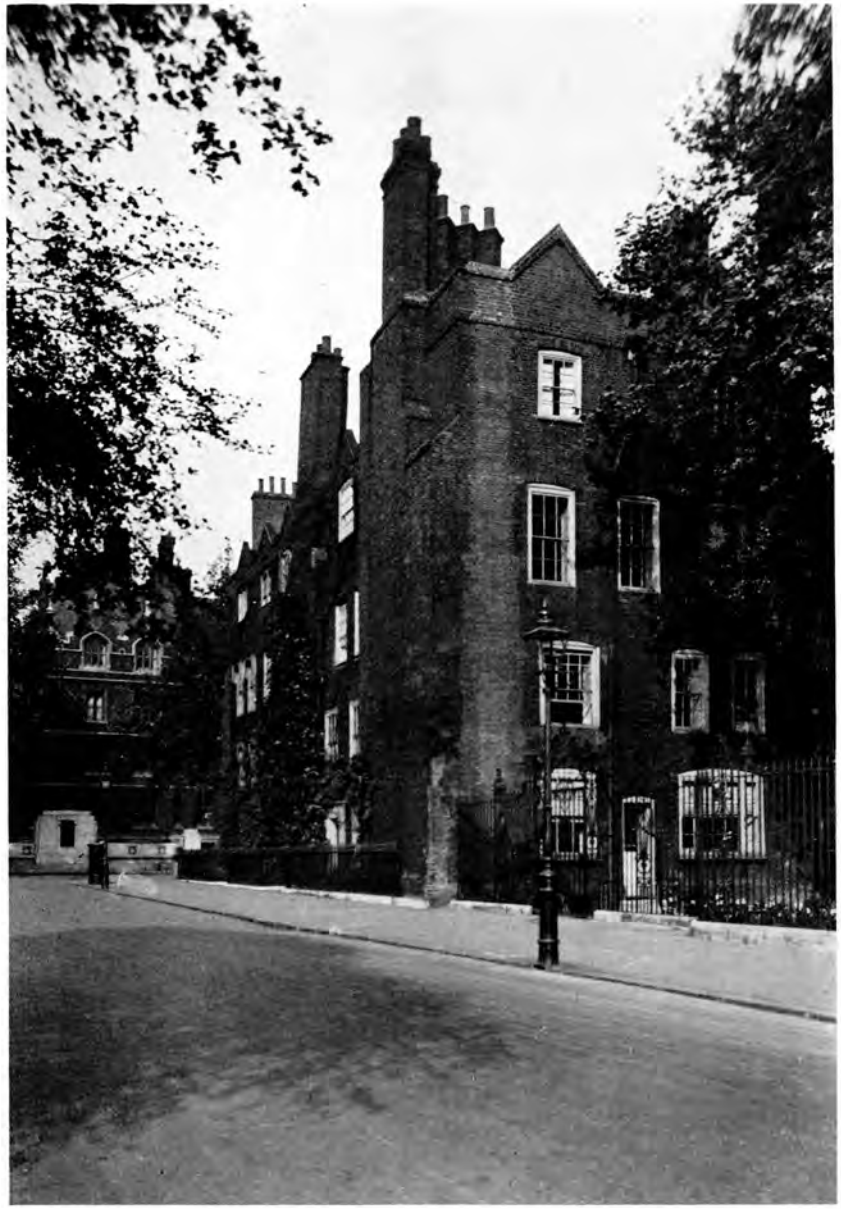
DOORWAY, GRAY'S INN PLACE

ENTRANCE TO THE INN, GRAY'S INN PLACE

NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN

NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN

NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN



NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN

LATER GEORGIAN FACADES OF THE TEMPLE

KING'S BENCH WALK, THE TEMPLE

KING'S BENCH WALK, THE TEMPLE

TOP OF KING'S BENCH WALK, THE TEMPLE

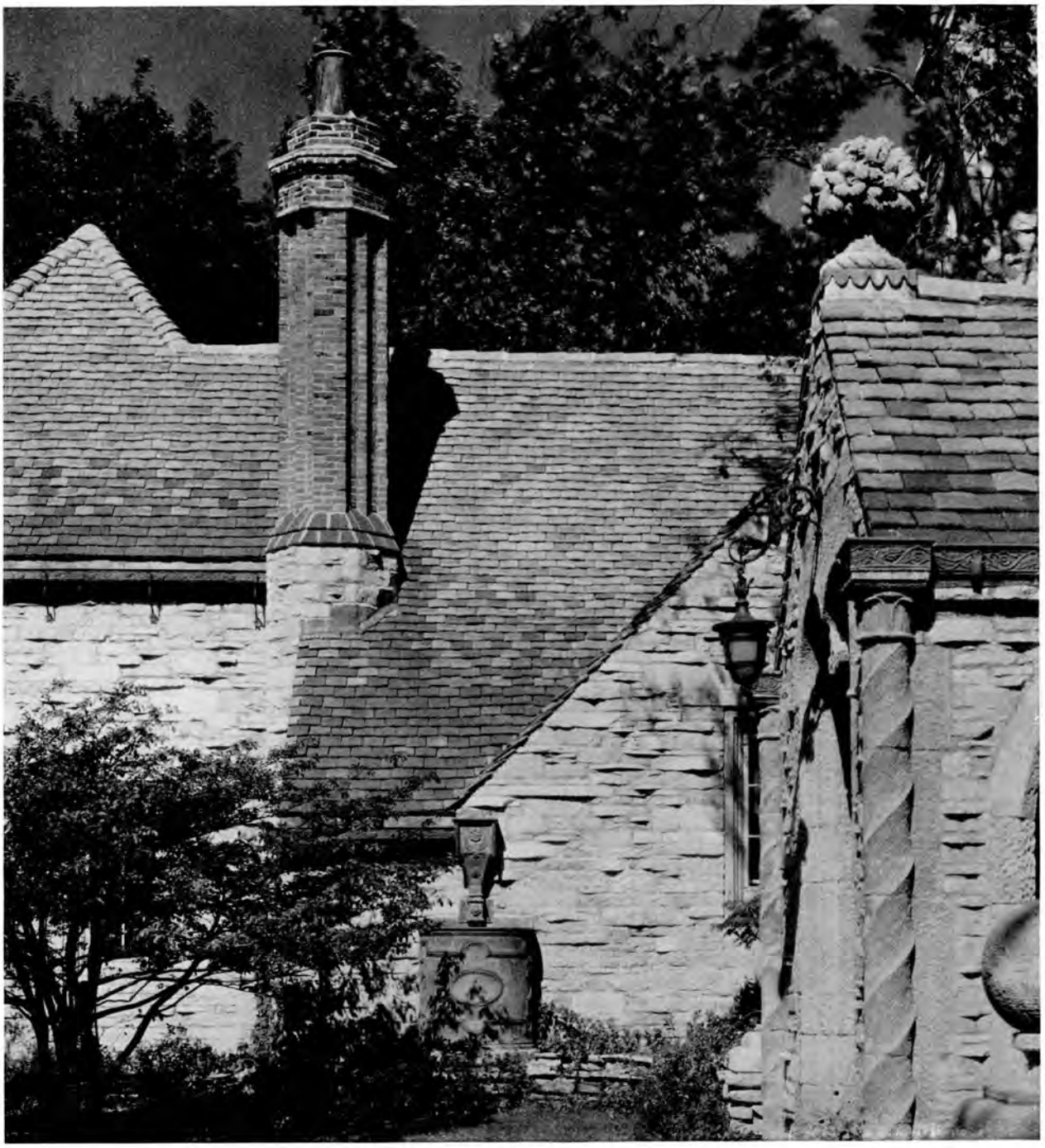
LAMB'S BUILDINGS, THE TEMPLE

DOORWAY, KING'S BENCH WALK, THE TEMPLE

DOORWAY, KING'S BENCH WALK, THE TEMPLE

FACADE IN NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN


SEE ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE



Tile roofs give a quality of substantiality as well as an interesting color note. This detail of a residence in Evanston, Illinois, is another example of the successful results obtained with IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles. Variations both as to color and texture can be furnished to meet individual requirements of taste and design.

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*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME II JULY 1930 NUMBER 4

# SOME DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN SURREY AND SUSSEX

*TEXT BY*

W. POPE BARNEY, A.I.A.

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

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A SHOP IN GODSTONE, SURREY

JULY 1930

# SOME DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN SURREY AND SUSSEX

By W. POPE BARNEY, A.I.A.

THE original country-side of Sussex was heavily forested in early times and at one period contained the Birmingham of mediæval England, carrying on an enormous trade in iron. These forests were full of charcoal burners and the products of those days of primitive casting still remain to us in many of the churches, where on the floors of the chancel and nave are to be seen scores of finely executed iron slabs with lettering and rich heraldic charges modelled in strong relief. As the forests were cut down and the process of extracting the ore was found to be so much more profitable when done with coal as a fuel, this original iron smelting, which lasted well up into the seventeenth century, was abandoned as a local industry.

For this reason most of the half timber work is of a very early period. In the old houses, the shrinkage of the wood timbers, as the years went on, developed leaks, so native tiles were used to hang over the original walls, or else a coat of plaster was applied to the entire outside of the building. This covering of the timber explains why so comparatively little of the old work is to be seen today. An interesting side-light indicating the presence of the forests in early times is found in the persistence of the "dene," the old word for woods, in so many of the village names, as Rottingdene, Ovingdean, Westdean, etc.

Because of the change from a manufacturing to an agricultural country, the development of the architecture has remained static for the last two or three hundred years; and having no "black country" to mar the landscape, the district becomes a mecca for walking and bicycling trips. To the architect, especially, the attractions are manifold. Here, as perhaps nowhere else, except in the Cotswold Hills, one finds clearly exemplified a truth which all architects must be aware of but seem loth to put into practice: that is, that in the straightforward, sturdy construction of the English villages where no attempt has been made to recall the superficial details of architecture in some other locality, is to be found a beauty and a good taste often lacking in more learned work. Frequently many of the canons of the schools are broken by the old builders of these rather primitive cottages, and yet how satisfying are the results. Theoretically, they have done what they should not do in matters of composition and design, but because their buildings are based upon a simple honesty of construction and directness of solution, they have a freshness and a charm that are almost unknown in contemporary work.

This directness of solution of their housing problems seems often quite extravagant, according to our thought today. For instance, the great roof space, which was rarely pierced by gables or dormers, we think of as being extremely wasteful, particularly when one compares it with the large amount of housing that is accomplished above the eave line in the architecture of the Cotswolds. Perhaps, however, our forefathers' logic was not as poor as it seems at first blush. Material for walls was not plentiful. Gable ends became quite a problem, as did the complication of roof construction around the dormers, and it is not at all improbable that in the days in which they were built, what appears today to be extravagant, was really the most economical use of the materials at hand.

It is probably because we instinctively feel that these old builders have done the best they could with the limitations of their times that we have so sincere a regard for the products of their brains and hands. The ingenuity with which they met odd complications of structure or site is a never-ending source of pleasure. The great diversity in handling the small details of or-

namentation and decoration is astounding, considering the general uniformity of mass and type in their buildings. We feel that in design these buildings show the same unconscious spontaneity which we associate with the mentality of an unaffected and intelligent child, a certain fearlessness in going directly at the subject and unfailing delight in their individual solution of problems that are as old as the hills.

In addition to the use of tile in many roofs, a considerable number of the houses in Sussex are covered with a Horsham stone slate. Not infrequently these slate roofs have been repaired with tile in a way that gives a charming effect. The charm, doubtless due in part to the mellowing effect of age on the contrasting colours, and in part to the naivety of the rustic builder, whose motive was expediency rather than appearance,—so that the copying of it in modern work would only result in affectation. Frequently these stone slates, because of their considerable weight, have necessitated a flattening of the slope of the roof in order that the strain put upon the pegs holding them in place should not be too great. This lowering of the slope has resulted in a less weather proof quality and frequently the joints of the slate have been pointed up with mortar, which gives a texture and play of color quite unique. As a rule, the tiles used for hanging on the walls were more carefully selected than those for the roofs, and were bedded solidly in mortar, making an absolutely waterproof construction. They were carried up close against the window frames without mouldings or finishing of any kind. Ordinarily the tiles were rather closely hung on the walls, which gave a certain compact look to the structure very characteristic of the locality.

In northeastern Sussex, in the charming village of East Grinstead, is to be found that "haunt of ancient peace," Sackville College. The name is somewhat misleading to our ears, as its reason for being is to provide shelter in their declining years for eleven old folk: five brothers and six sisters, who, together with the warden and his assistant, inhabit the quadrangle and its surrounding buildings. It is typical of so many similar foundations throughout England, where the wisdom and benevolence of our forefathers found expression in beautiful structures, skilfully grouped about large courtyards which were planted with emerald green turf. Here the noise and distractions of the outer world are shut out and one finds that same sense of absolute seclusion and quiet which breathes from the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge and the Almshouses of St. Cross, near Winchester.

The buildings of Sackville College are particularly interesting as being in a style practically universal in all the counties of England during the Tudor period. There is some variety in the different buildings of this group, but also a similarity which gives a stability of sound architectural taste that is an inspiration to the architect of today, who is too often prone to feel that picturesque charm can only be gotten by excesses of eccentricity and illogical masses. Here the fenestration, as in the architecture of the Cotswold Hills, has a uniform basis of measurement, giving unity of scale to the entire group. The roofs, quietly harmonizing with the walls below, their long restful lines broken only by massive chimneys of brick and the most restrained use of intersecting ridges, are replete with repose. The doorway, showing decent familiarity with classical precedent, adds a note of continental learning which brings a certain sophistication to an otherwise naively simple piece of indigenous architecture.

Out from Godstone, in Surrey, is found the delightfully picturesque architecture of farmstead and manor, having great, unbroken tile roofs which, not content with covering the top, show an inclination to creep down over the second floor walls to the heads of the windows below. Here is seen a definite and local predilection for softening the lines of the roof by hips instead of gables. It is rather interesting to speculate on the origin of this. Does it come simply from the utilitarian desire to save the material by erecting the gable wall on a slope, or is it some instinctive feeling that the long, easy undulations of the neighboring countryside are most gracefully reflected in the roof line which has the sharp accent of gabled ends removed? Whatever its reason, the result is very characteristic of the locality and, as a suggestion for American domestic architecture of today, has been but little heeded.

Both Surrey and Sussex still retain a certain amount of half timber work, as do all the counties of England which were once covered by forests, but in Sussex particularly, one finds the partiality for the hipped roof and the avoidance of the gable end accent. The chimneys of both counties show what, to our eyes, seem in photographs tremendously heavy top hampers, but when actually seen, one feels these to be quite a part of the general substantiality above the eave line.

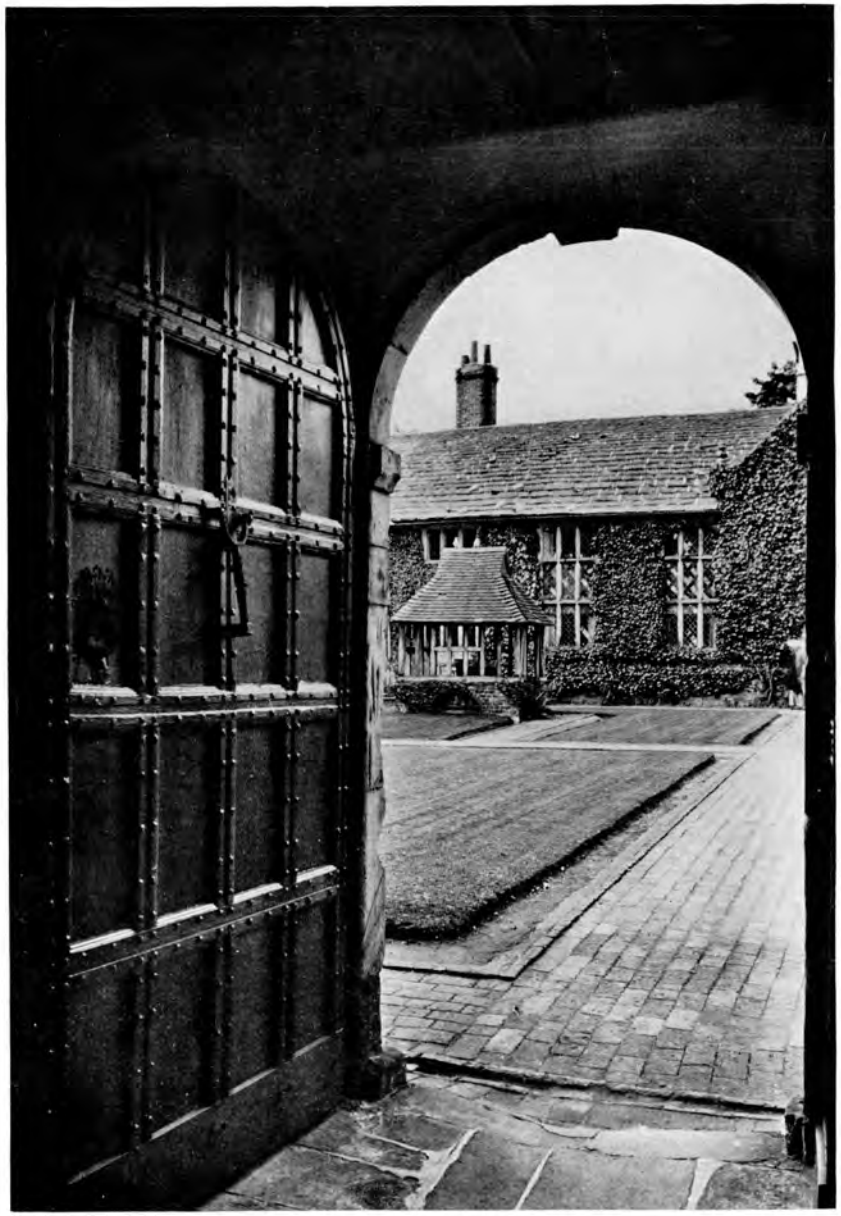
In bicycling through this beautiful, hilly countryside, one constantly comes upon unexpected charm: the roadside cottages with their rows of casement windows and delightful little flower gardens, and the touches of clipped box or yew which reflect the rigidity of the house as it merges with the landscape, are a continual joy and refreshment as one rides along,—regretting that the days have only sixteen hours of daylight and that vacations come but once a year and then are not all spent in England. Then one feels how true

OAST HOUSES, TYPICAL OF THE SOUTHEASTERN COUNTIES

are the words of that great lover of the old cottages of England, Mr. Guy Dawber: "Go where you will amongst these old villages and country towns and contemplate any old building, untouched by the hand of the 'restorer' and it is impossible not to be impressed by its beauty and subtle charm: the mullioned windows and latticed frames, the tiled roofs, a kaleidoscope of varied colors, the venerable walls covered with lichens, the absence of any meretricious or needless ornament and the wonderful feeling of homeliness that pervades every feature, all combine to produce the very essence of simple and beautiful architecture."

ENTRANCE FACADE, SACKVILLE COLLEGE, EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX

VIEW IN QUADRANGLE, SACKVILLE COLLEGE, EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX



DETAIL, SACKVILLE COLLEGE

DETAIL AT GODSTONE, SURREY

THE VICARAGE, HARTFIELD, *SUSSEX*

FARM COTTAGE IN *SUSSEX*

COTTAGE NEAR GODSTONE, SURREY

HOUSE NEAR GODSTONE, SURREY

HOUSE AT ROBERTSBRIDGE, SUSSEX

HOUSES AT EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX

MAIN ENTRANCE, SACKVILLE COLLEGE, EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX


SEE ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE

This detail of a farm group on Long Island shows IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles laid on the tower in the same manner as on the old towers abroad. All the tiles were of the same size, being cut at the job to fit the narrowing surface. The final effect has produced the same beauty of texture and color to be found in the old roofs of England.

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VOLUME II SEPTEMBER 1930 NUMBER 5

# RURAL ARCHITECTURE IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

*TEXT BY*

FRANCIS BENDALL

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

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CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

SEPTEMBER 1950

# RURAL ARCHITECTURE IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

By FRANCIS BENDALL

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, one of the London home counties, has nothing to offer of a sensational nature, either in its scenery or its architecture; but it has a character which is peculiarly English. It has no great cities, but numerous pleasant little market towns and comfortable looking villages with their brick and tile houses grouped round a church or lining a village green. It is still the most rural of the counties surrounding London; almost entirely given up to agriculture except where here and there small industrial centres have sprung up, mostly for the manufacture of articles which can be made from wood. Village industries still remain, although these by pressure of present day life are being gradually eliminated, but in certain parts of the county old ladies may still be seen in their cottages making the famous Buckinghamshire pillow lace. Wheel-back and stick-back chairs are still turned and assembled in some of the villages in ramshackle sheds tucked away amongst an orchard of cherry trees.

The rural atmosphere of the county, however, does not necessarily indicate a rusticity of mind of the inhabitants. The county has always been famous for its sturdy independent thought. It should be remembered, for instance, that the famous John Hampden, who was one of the leaders of the Civil War which ended in the beheading of Charles I., was a Buckinghamshire Squire; and many other names famous in the great democratic struggle of the 17th century will be found to be associated with the little Chiltern villages and Manor Houses. The Quakers, at a later date, were strongly entrenched, especially in South Buckinghamshire, and the body of William Penn and some of his family lie buried in the beautiful little church yard of the Friends' Meeting House at Jordans. Another great name closely associated with the county is that of the statesman and orator, Edmund Burke, who lived and died in Beaconsfield.

Of poets Buckinghamshire has had a fair share, the most outstanding of course being Milton. Then there was Waller who was buried at Beaconsfield, and of course Gray whose "Elegy" is so closely associated with Stoke Poges Church; and again Cowper who wrote most of his works in the little town of Olney in North Bucks on the banks of the Ouse.

The architect or student in search of simple rural architecture and well-grouped villages might easily do worse than spend a few weeks in Buckinghamshire. Where should he begin? This is difficult to say because the county extends from North to South for no less than 53 miles and 27 miles from East to West, and contains a variety of interests in its architecture which changes with geographical strata. The traveller can if he wishes wander through the great Plain of Aylesbury or on the beech wooded uplands of the Chiltern Hills; or again he can go South to Eton and see the collegiate buildings and the beautiful chapel, and gaze across the river to Windsor in the county of Berkshire.

He would, however, be quite happy if he decided to make a centre of the little town of Amersham, which has still, well-preserved, one of the finest and completest streets of old houses for miles around. Here he will find a typical market town dating from almost any time, consisting of little more than a wide street kept wide because of its use as a market centre, and in the middle of the street a Market Hall built by the local Squire in the 17th Century; numerous Inns of varying size, such as "The Swan" with its fine big bays (page 166); the Almshouses built in 1617 by Sir William Drake and consisting of six two-room cottages surrounding a tiny secluded courtyard (page 169); a Church originating from Norman times, and on the hill overlooking it, surrounded by beech trees, a spacious 18th Century

Vicarage. A short distance from the town on a well-wooded site with a lake in the foreground is "Shardeloes" the home of the Squire. Not the original "Shardeloes" but one built by the Adams brothers about 1760. Here in Amersham is a picture of England as it was before the Industrial Age, and still is in some rural areas. The entire town for generations had been owned by the Squire, with the villagers paying rent to him. It was only two or three years ago that due to the drain of inheritance taxes the present head of the family found it necessary to sell the various houses at auction, being thoughtful enough, however, to give the tenants opportunity to buy their own houses first at private sale.

From Amersham, Great and Little Missenden, Wendover, Hampden, Chequers—the English Prime Minister's country home—and many other places can be reached quite easily, all of them containing delightful examples of domestic building with churches of interest and occasionally a manor house. At Hampden is Hampden House recalling the names of Cromwell, Edward the Third and Queen Elizabeth, as well as of John Hampden himself. One entrance to Hampden House which is in rather an unkempt condition, is flanked by two quaint six-sided lodge-gates (page 167) known locally as "the pepper-boxes." If the traveller would walk, he could take a footpath up the hill across "Shardeloes" Park and find himself in what surely must be one of the smallest villages in England, known as Mop End, consisting only of a farm, (page 171) three cottages and an old Inn where the Landlord, George, occupies his spare time in turning chairs on a lathe which has remained unchanged for a hundred and fifty years. Then he could follow along the lane to the village of Penn Street, with its Church and Vicarage most charmingly placed. If it is a Saturday afternoon in the summer he could rest on the village green at the edge of the wood, and watch the local cricket team playing a match with their neighbouring rivals. Would he take refreshment? Then he could make his way to the "Hit and Miss" or the "Squirrel" and in the bar parlour listen to the local gossip and probably find it very difficult to understand the accent of the locals in the heat of argument.

Or he might pass through Coleshill, another village very near Amersham, where he would find a delightful old brick and timber house with its sweeping-roofed barn which has all been rejuvenated and made into a most comfortable home called "Bowers" (pages 172-173) and he might have the good fortune to find the occupant a certain comedian who is well known to London audiences and who from the quiet comfort of this establishment will say that his chief desire is to be on Broadway and that he is positive he would enjoy the noise and confusion of New York more than the quiet of the English countryside!

Chalfont St. Giles is in the immediate neighborhood of Amersham and is best known today as the location of Milton's cottage (page 170) which besides being of historic interest is also of great beauty. Here John Milton lived for about a year, 1665-1666, in an effort to escape the plague which was raging in London, and here he undoubtedly wrote a good portion of "Paradise Lost." There are many other cottages and small houses in this village which would well repay a visit. The general impression which one has in approaching the village from the main road, with the pond in the foreground, the reflection of the houses and church beyond, and the orchard lined road mounting up behind is indeed a pleasant one (frontispiece). Jordans is about two miles from Chalfont and here in an air of complete tranquillity the 18th Century Friends' Meeting House can be seen, with its austere interior. Beaconsfield is not far off, and here again in a fine wide old street, rivalled only by the one at Amersham, are many beautiful houses of all dates and especially of the 18th Century (page 165).

About ten miles away is High Wycombe, rather commercialised and of considerable growth in recent years on account of the increase of factories built for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of furniture and especially chairs—even those chairs which sometimes find homes in distant parts of the world as genuine antiques. Nevertheless High Wycombe contains much of interest to the architect; a very fine Church; a beautiful 18th Century Market Hall which certainly should not be missed, and some imposing 18th Century houses. In passing a moment should be given to the Old Red Lion Inn, from the portico of which the great Disraeli made excited speeches when he first stood as a candidate for Parliament for the district and was not elected. West Wycombe a few miles further on has, amongst other points of interest, Dashwood House, the great mansion of the Dashwood family who in the 18th Century figured so prominently in the Hellfire Club, which as the story goes held some of its meetings in a cave hollowed out of the hill upon which is perched a very interesting 18th Century church.

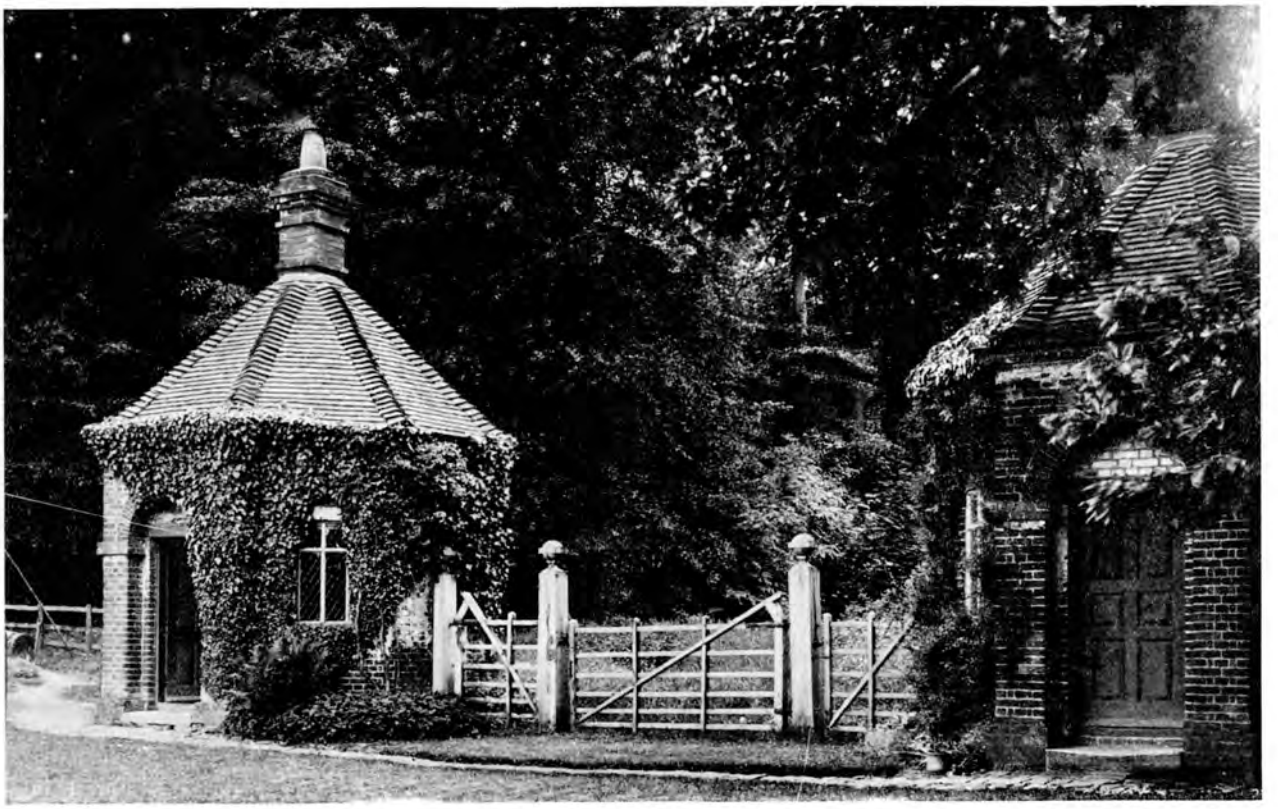
It is invidious to mention one place more than another. Buckinghamshire has much to show, and if one is not satisfied with this southern portion, with Amersham, Wycombe and the places already mentioned, there is still Aylesbury with its surrounding villages of Dinton, Haddenham, Hartwell or, further north, the Claydons; to say nothing of the numerous manor houses of varying importance spread over various parts of the County.

HOUSE AT BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS


"THE SWAN", AMERSHAM, BUCKS

BUTCHER SHOP, PENN, BUCKS

FARMHOUSE, LONG CRENDON, BUCKS



GATE LODGES, HAMPDEN HOUSE, BUCKS

THE OLD MILL HOUSE, AMERSHAM, BUCKS

THE OLD MILL, AMERSHAM, BUCKS

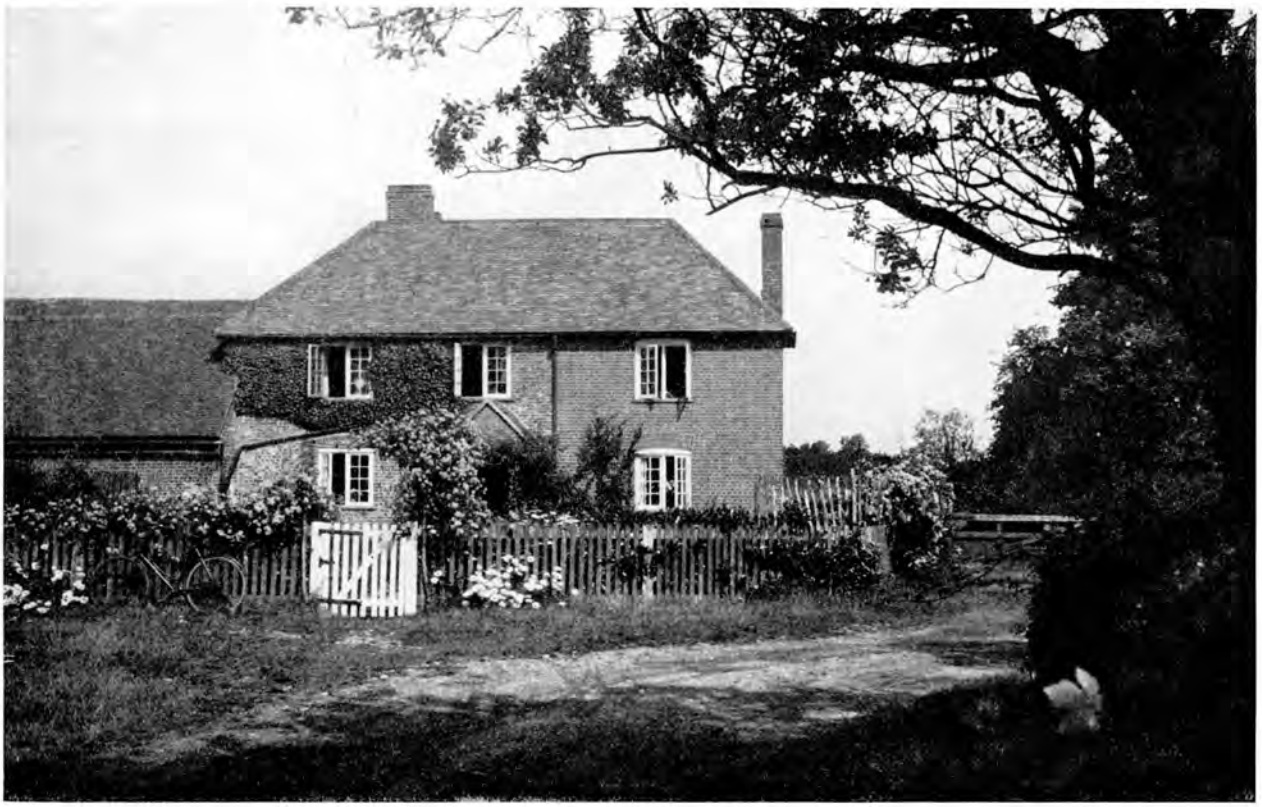
THE ALMSHOUSES, AMERSHAM, BUCKS

"THE CROWN", PENN, BUCKS

THE OLD BUTCHER SHOP, CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKS

MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKS

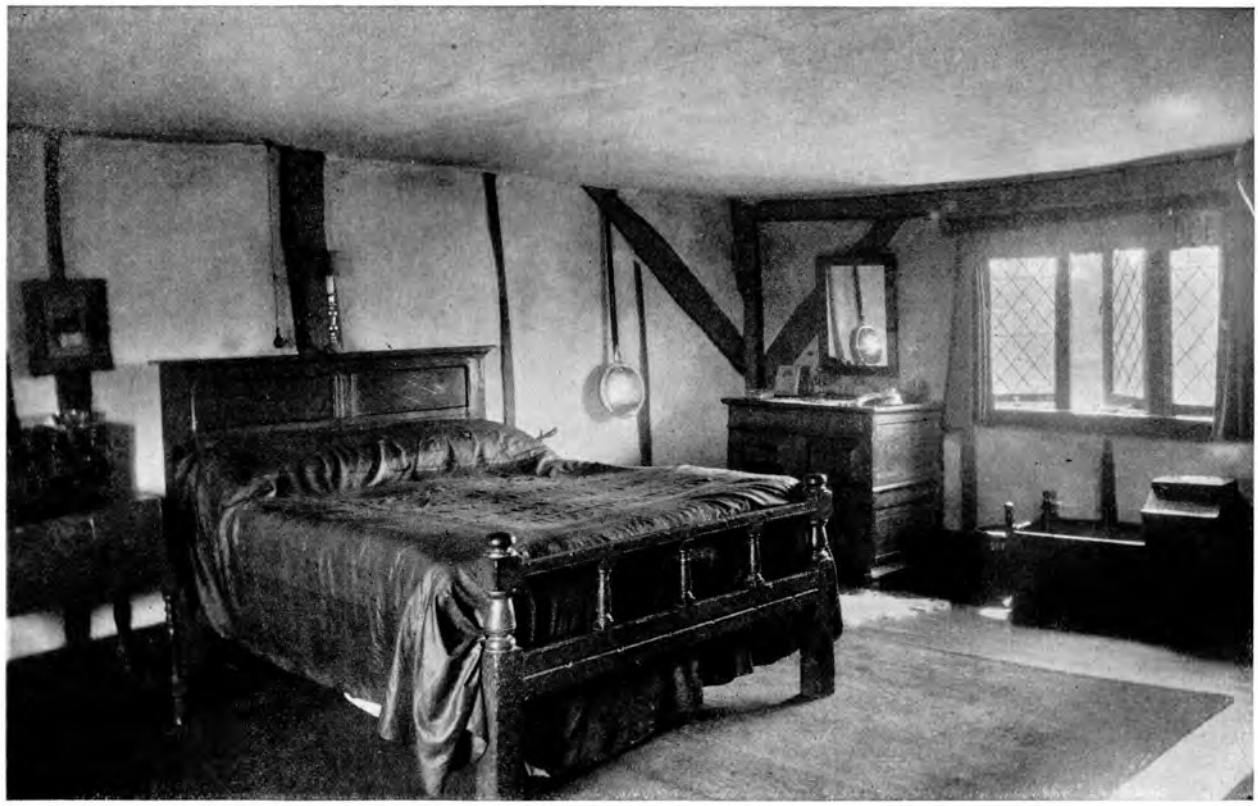
HOUSE AT PENN STREET, BUCKS



MOP END FARM, BUCKS

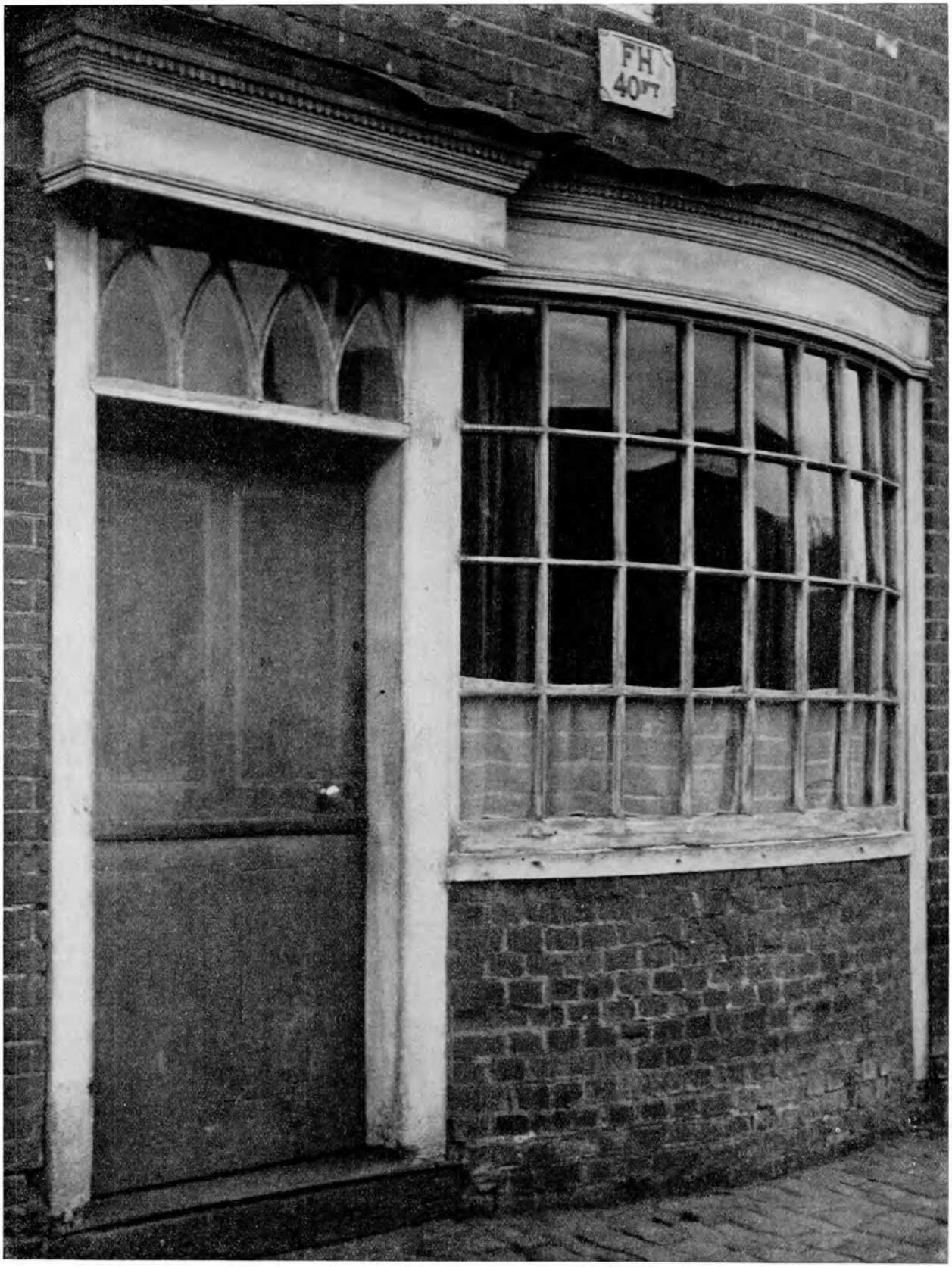
"BOWERS", COLESHILL, BUCKS

"BOWERS", COLESHILL, BUCKS



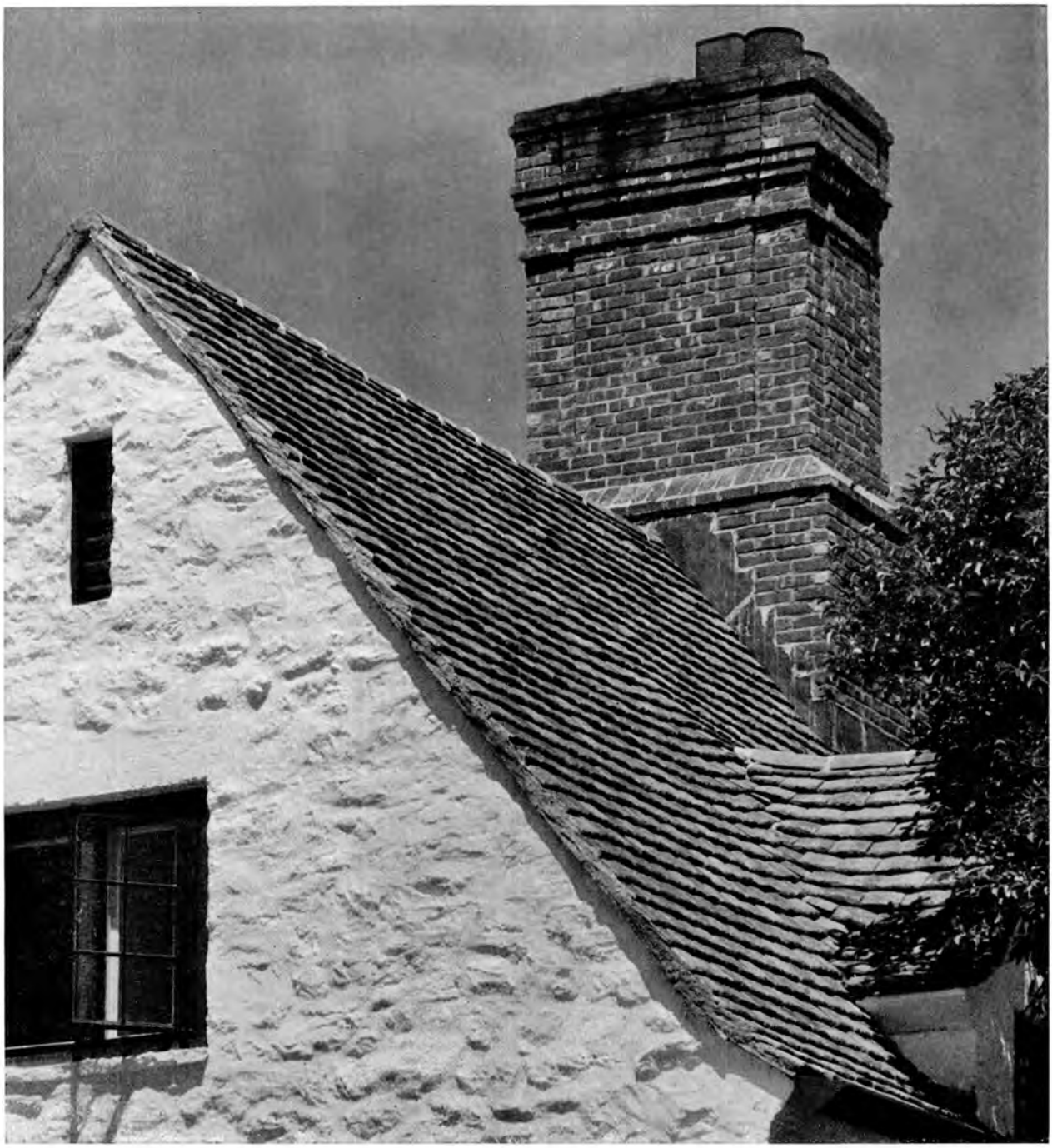
BED ROOM, "BOWERS", COLESHILL, BUCKS

DINING ROOM, "BOWERS", COLESHILL, BUCKS




DOOR AND BAY WINDOW, AMERSHAM, BUCKS


SEE ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE



The fine appearance of this roof depends on the various details of laying the tiles as well as on their color and texture. The projection at the gable, the butted roll tiles at the ridges, the weaving of the valley have all been thoughtfully carried out. The beautiful color and texture were obtained by using IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles.

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*THE TUILERIES BROCHURES*

*EDITED BY WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER A·I·A*

*PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. R. YERBURY HON. A·R·I·B·A*

VOLUME II NOVEMBER 1930 NUMBER 6

# THE TOWERS OF DORSET

*TEXT BY*

MARIAN GREENE BARNEY

*PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY*

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

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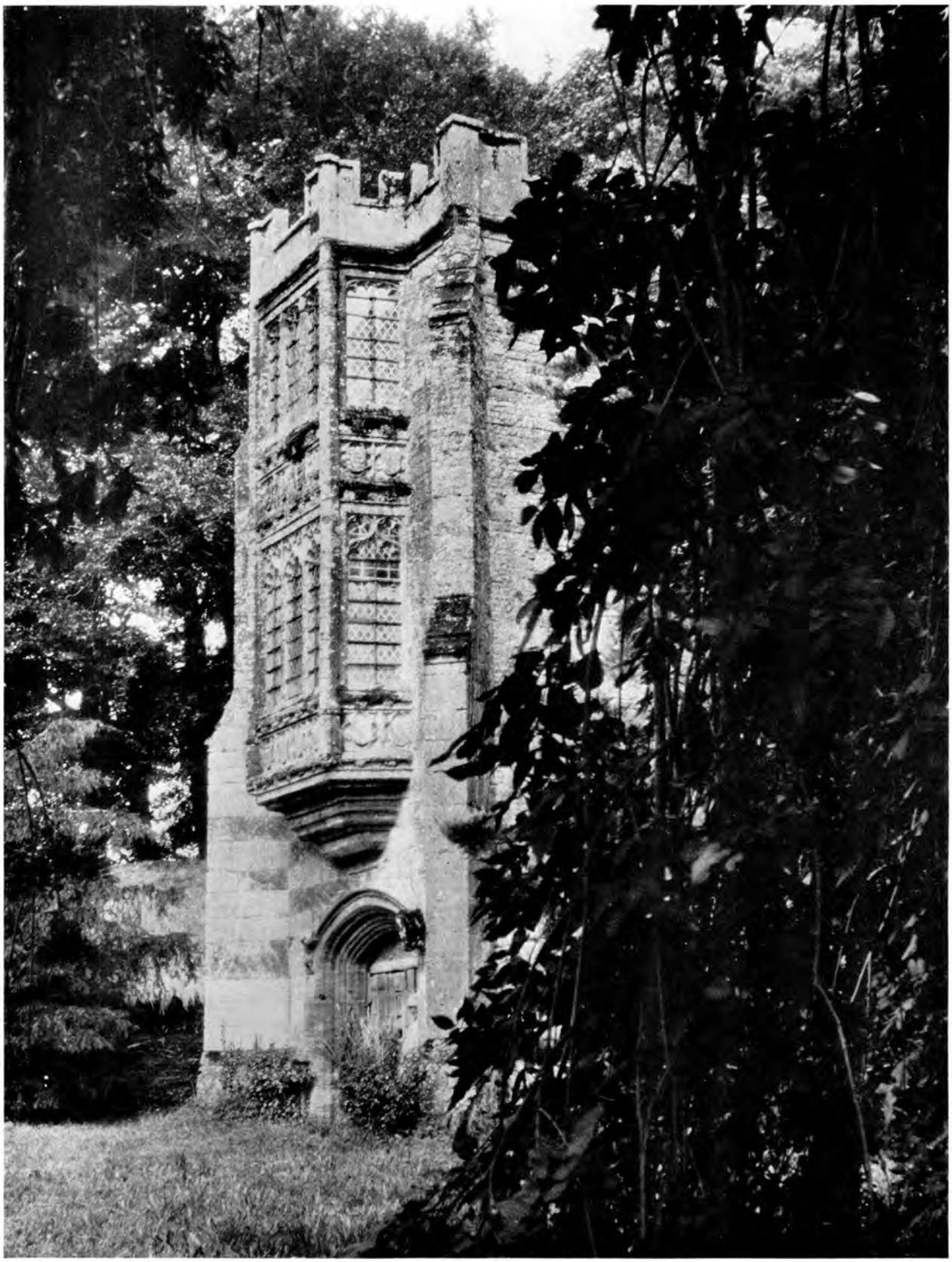


THE OLD GATE TOWER, BENEDICTINE ABBEY, CERNE ABBAS

NOVEMBER 1930

# THE TOWERS OF DORSET

By MARIAN GREENE BARNEY

*Editor's Note—The photographs used in this Brochure were taken by Mr. and Mrs. W. Pope Barney at various times during their many visits to Dorsetshire.*

PERHAPS the most potent element in the spell which Dorsetshire casts over the traveller is its sense of remoteness,—remoteness not only in space, but even more its remoteness in time. One can turn one's back on enchanting Lyme Regis,—beloved of Miss Mitford and Jane Austen, and later "discovered" by the painter Whistler,—climb a great hill and drop into a deep and quiet valley where one leaves the calendar behind and enters the romance of "Never-never-land"; and for weeks one can explore narrow lanes which ever and anon widen into tiny hamlets or ancient villages; one can climb the shoulders of great windswept downs and look out upon a score of old church towers, each with its cluster of thatched cottages and its group of billowy trees, half concealing some immemorial manor house, and see stretching for miles and miles undulating fields and pastures rising at last into lines of blue hills on the far horizon.

Hidden among these hills are veritable gems of architecture. Perhaps the most exquisite small manor house in all England, Bingham's Melcombe, lies in their folds at the head of a long sleeping valley, ten miles from anywhere; Athethampton Hall, less secluded from the haunts of men, still wears the glamour of far off times within its high-walled gardens; while Mapperton House seems at the end of a journey to the moon. Old towns one does occasionally meet. In many instances the guide books tell us that these are slowly dying. If such be the case, they are dying with the mellow beauty of an autumn afternoon, and their stillness is part of the unearthly loveliness of the whole country side. The only sound one seems conscious of is the ringing of their musical names in one's ears: Whitchurch Canonicorum, Blandford Forum, Toller Porcorum, Lytchett Maltravers, Sydling St. Nicholas, Ryme Intrinsica, Fontmell Magna, Melbury Abbas.

To the architect who concerns himself with the typical and indigenous, Dorsetshire is fascinating, and nothing will hold his attention more than the towers of its parish churches, for it has been truly said that the towers of Dorset and those of Somerset are in a class by themselves, quite unique in interest. Although these towers all follow certain traditions so that the type is unmistakable, yet each one bears the marks of fresh, direct inspiration, and within the type the number of individual variations is amazing. In nine cases out of ten, they measure at the base, exclusive of buttresses, fifteen feet. Some of the larger towers are seventeen, eighteen and even twenty feet, but these are the exceptions.

Although one often sees the buttresses arranged diagonally on the corners, and many changes are rung, such as a combination of diagonal and right angle placing on the same tower, the type most frequently met is the square tower with two buttresses on each face. These are set back varying distances from the corner which usually rises into a crocketted pinnacle. The buttresses terminate almost anywhere that it pleased the sweet fancy of their builders to let them. Sometimes with fine effect, as in the noble tower of Bere Regis, carrying up two-thirds of the height, then topping out with engaged pinnacles. Sometimes for very exuberance, tall, slender, free-standing pinnacles rise from the set-backs of the buttresses, as at Marnhull; or are supported on corbels, as on the weather worn sides of Beaminster Tower. The effect of these playful touches, almost suggesting little flames licking up the sides of the grim walls, is wholly unexpected and naïvely delightful. It intrigues one with the suspicion that their inspiration came by way of France,

though the main bulk of the structure is sturdily Tudor.

At Beaminster, as in so many Dorset towers, the auxiliary small octagonal stair tower adds greatly to the clustering richness of the mass, with its topping-out of dainty battlements crowned with pinnacles and a weather-cock, and its tiny Gothic door at the base giving tremendous scale to the composition. In fact, in spite of certain whimsies which its builders indulged in, this splendid tower, measuring twenty-one feet at the ground, dominates the landscape in a way which startles the visitor as he reaches the rim of hills surrounding it, and sees it loom up in the valley at his feet.

Of course, Dorsetshire boasts some superb larger churches, known to every traveller, such as Sherburne Abbey, for instance, and the less known Milton Abbey, whose situation is almost unbelievably romantic, deep in a cup of the hills and encircled with glades,—one might almost say "pools" of ancient beach trees, so liquid is the green light which paves the approach to this hidden miracle. But it is not with these abbeys that we are concerned now, but with the scores of practically unknown parish churches so worthy of study because they so well exemplify how much dignity and nobility may be compatible with simplicity,—a lesson truly heartening to architects in these days of high cost of labor and materials,—and their endless variety illustrates the fact that to be fresh, one does not need to be bizarre in design.

One of these very delightful churches is at Sydling St. Nicholas, off the main road and approached by way of great breezy downs. The village itself is in a little valley and after dipping into the hollow one traverses its main street, bordered by a stream, and climbs again to the church yard which commands lovely views of blue distances. On one side is the old manor house, on the other an ancient tithe barn, and within the enclosure stands the most satisfying and unspoiled little church imaginable. Its chief oddities are its amazing gargoyles; its chief distinction is its rightness in line and proportion, the great dignity it achieves, with all its simplicity, by reason of a perfect balance of parts. Its tower, seventeen feet at the base, rises with so easy a grace, so simple a flow of line as to suggest the poise of a Greek athlete; and although it is mellowed with thick incrustations of lichens, it seems breathing a perennial youth and vitality.

When in the neighborhood of Sydling St. Nicholas, one should contrive to pass through Cattistock, on the hour, to hear the dainty tinkle of its carillon of thirty-five bells which were cast in Louvain. But above all, one should not omit a visit to Cerne Abbas, for this sleepy old town not only boasts a church with a fine a great weeping ash blocks your way; you part its long interior and a striking tower buttressed by strong octagonal piers and ornamented with rich bands of quatrefoil design, but was also once the seat of a Benedictine Abbey founded, some say, in the time of St. Augustine; some, in the ninth or tenth century.

If you follow the street where the church stands, to its end, you come to a picturesque farm house, a portion of the old Abbey buildings. Passing through a farmyard gate you are following in the footsteps of the unhappy wife of Henry VI, Margaret of Anjou, when with her young son Edward she sought sanctuary here in the spring of 1471. The little oriel window in the one-time Guest House, now Stable, to your right, once looked down upon that forlorn lady as she approached the gate of the Abbey. You stand in a henyard; white leghorns peck their food in the tall grass at your feet; branches which sweep the ground and step through into the very heart of medieval England,—for before you rises one of the most hauntingly lovely Gothic gate-houses in the world! A great two-story oriel, richly carved and ornamented, overhangs the entrance, its tiny diamond panes so old that they seem to have taken on the rainbow hues of ancient Roman glass. It breathes of romance and the "high and far off times;" of history, and mystery; but the great door below is closed with faggot piles. You can go no further.

Dotted all over this unspoiled country are just such surprises. Among its southwestern hills stands the noble tower of Whitchurch Canonicorum. Twenty feet at its base, it rises to a splendid height and is a design of surpassing dignity and restraint. Then there is the church at Loders whose tower, only fifteen feet, attains the quality of majesty by reason of the bold, rugged lift of its buttresses, their heavy lower course being raised to great impressiveness. At Askerwell is another singularly impressive fifteen foot tower achieving scale by its very small louvres and its massive stair tower.

At Charminster an entirely different variation is seen, rich with its many clustered pinnacles and unusual because of its cheerful square-topped fenestration,—more friendly, perhaps, than the type, but less aspiring.

At Fordington, a suburb of Dorchester, a richly pinnacled tower dominates the view. Its top somewhat resembles that at Charminster but its beautiful pierced-stone Gothic louvres and greater height add much to its imposing effect. It is a pity that so noble a fabric as this old church should be marred by the recent unworthy additions, even though in starting this later work many interesting Roman relics were unearthed.

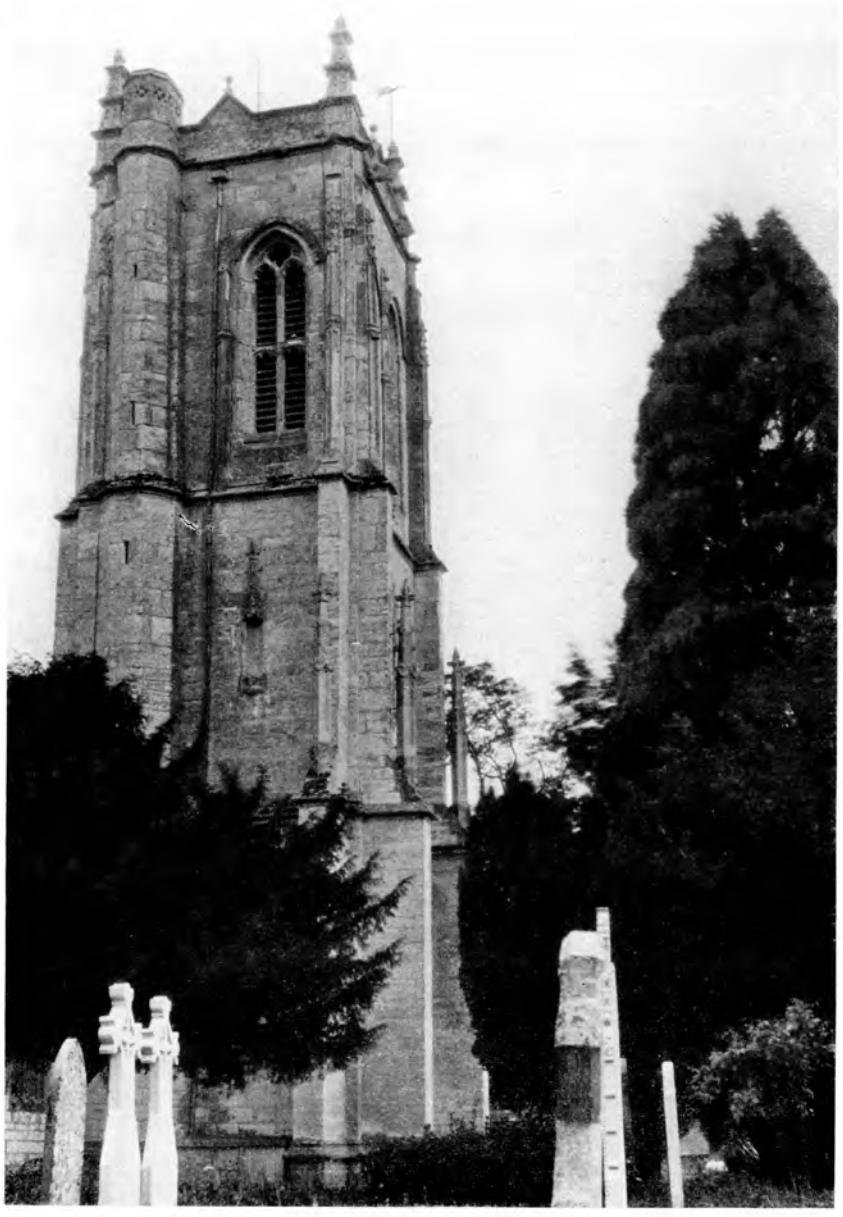
The tiny churches of Dorsetshire are no less delightful in their way than the larger ones: the intimate chapel of the Bingham's and Horsey's at Melcombe; the

CHURCH AT LODERS (DETAIL OF TOWER ON PAGE 183)

lovable little house of God at Nether Cerne whose windows look into those of a thatched manor house and whose tower overlooks a tennis lawn instead of a graveyard; and the small but sturdy edifice at Kingston Magna with its crag-like tower perched on a height overhanging the valley, and reminding one of the figurehead on a great sailing ship of olden days. The simple, massive buttresses of this four-square tower (the western ones diagonally placed and the eastern ones at right angles) seem to grip the crest of the hill and to tie it down in a very satisfying manner.

But perhaps one of the most perfect churches in the whole country is that at Bere Regis,—and truly lovely it is,—from its interesting exterior of rather irregular checkerboard stone and flint, to its glowing interior with a richly carved and multicolored timber roof. The tower is an entirely successful composition combining strength, restraint and delicacy. Its belfry windows are exquisitely wrought and a shimmer of light seems to play over its whole surface because of its vibrating texture.

It is here at Bere Regis that we find the Turberville Chapel, so reminiscent of the sad story of Tess. The heath which rims the horizon breathes the melancholy half-light of Hardy's novels, their beauty and their haunting quality. Everywhere we have met him, the interpreter of a strange glamour, as we have studied the architecture he so loved; just as in his books everywhere one meets and is struck by the delicate appreciations of a trained architect. And who shall say how much the work of this one man, who saw with the architect's as well as with the poet's eye, has influenced all our reactions to the treasures of Dorset,—has added by its magic to the spell which they cast upon us?



MARNHULL

BEAMINSTER

ASKERWELL

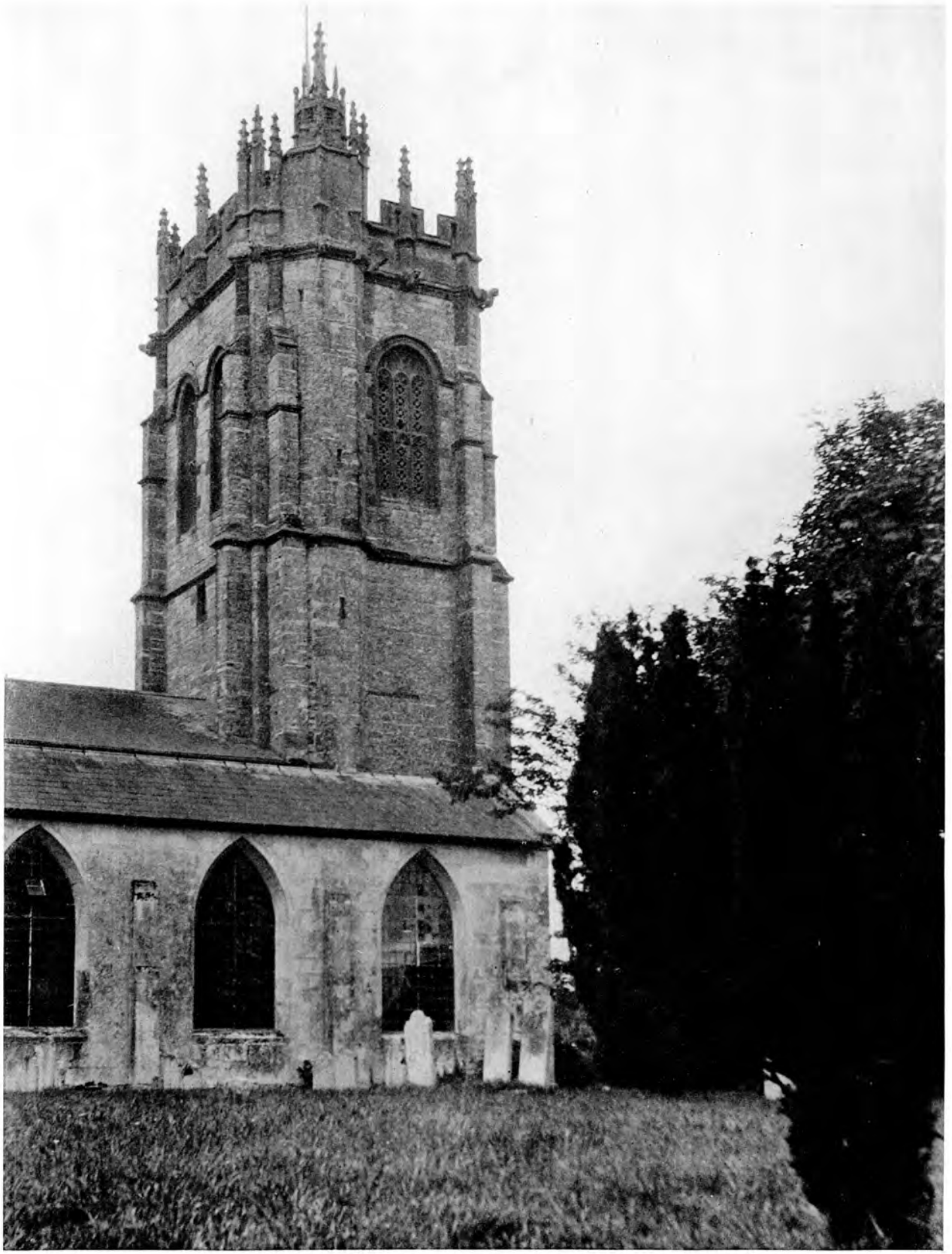
LODERS

BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE

MANOR HOUSE, BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE

BERE REGIS

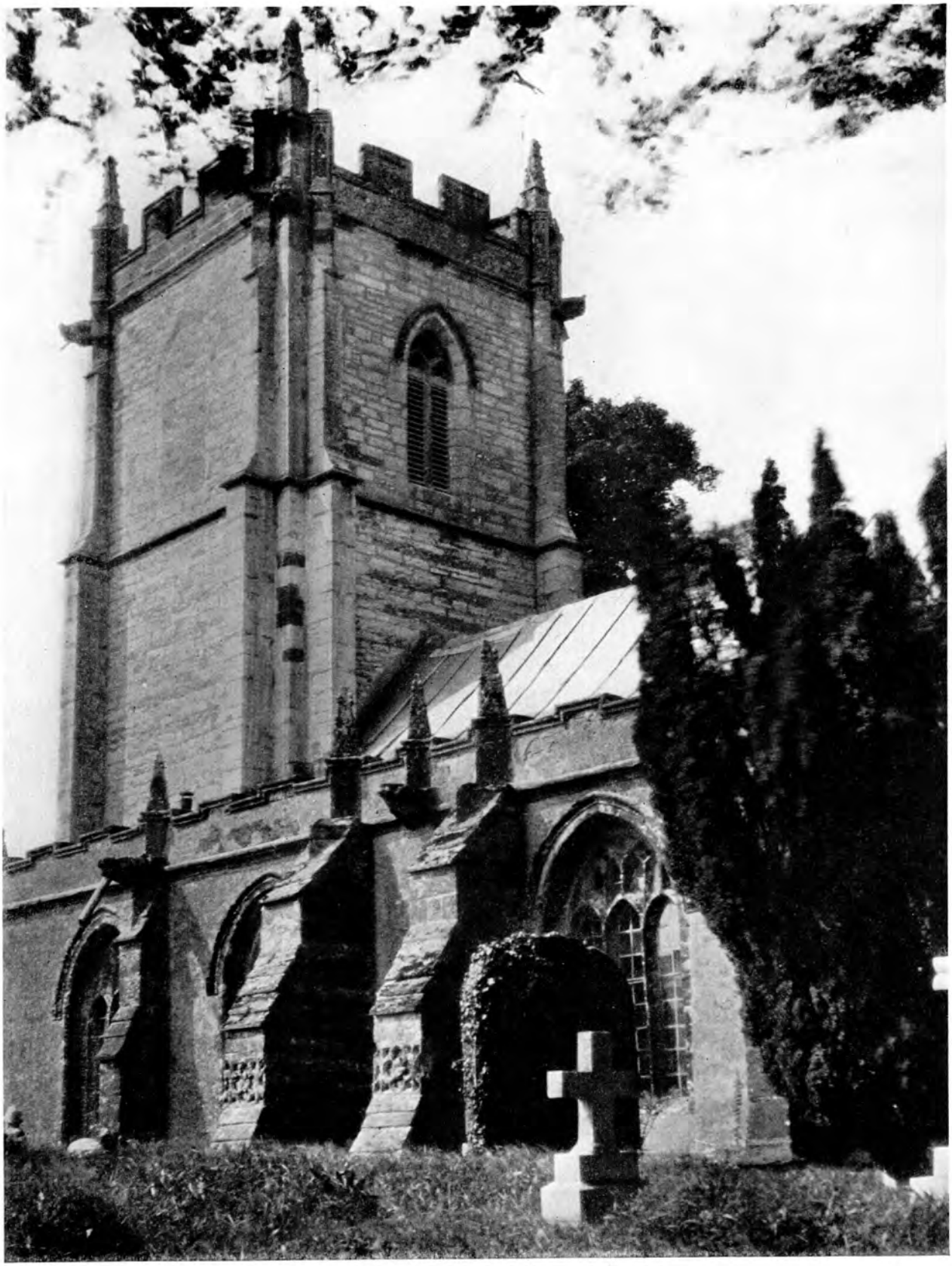
CHARMINSTER



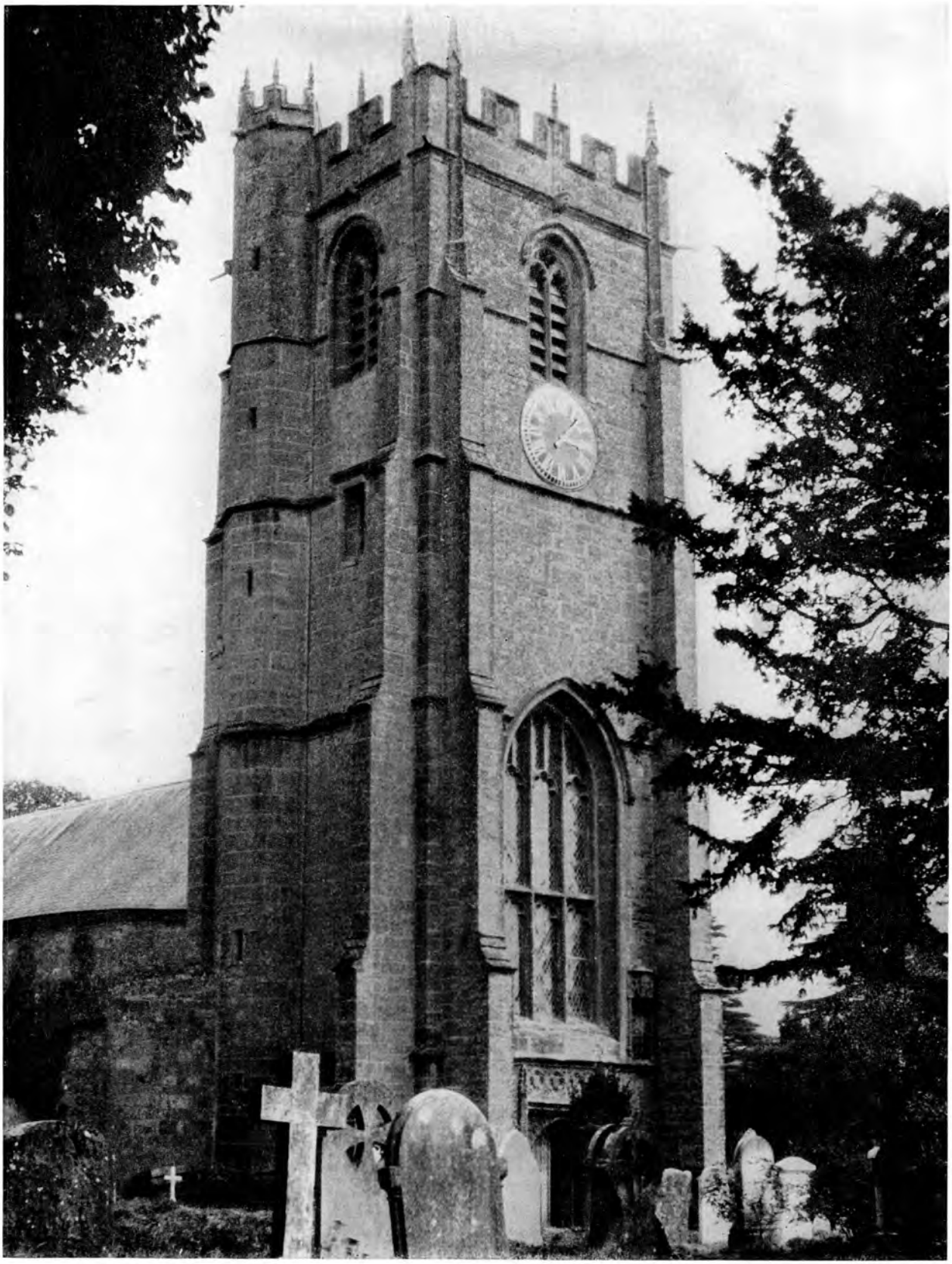
FORDINGTON

BEAMINSTER

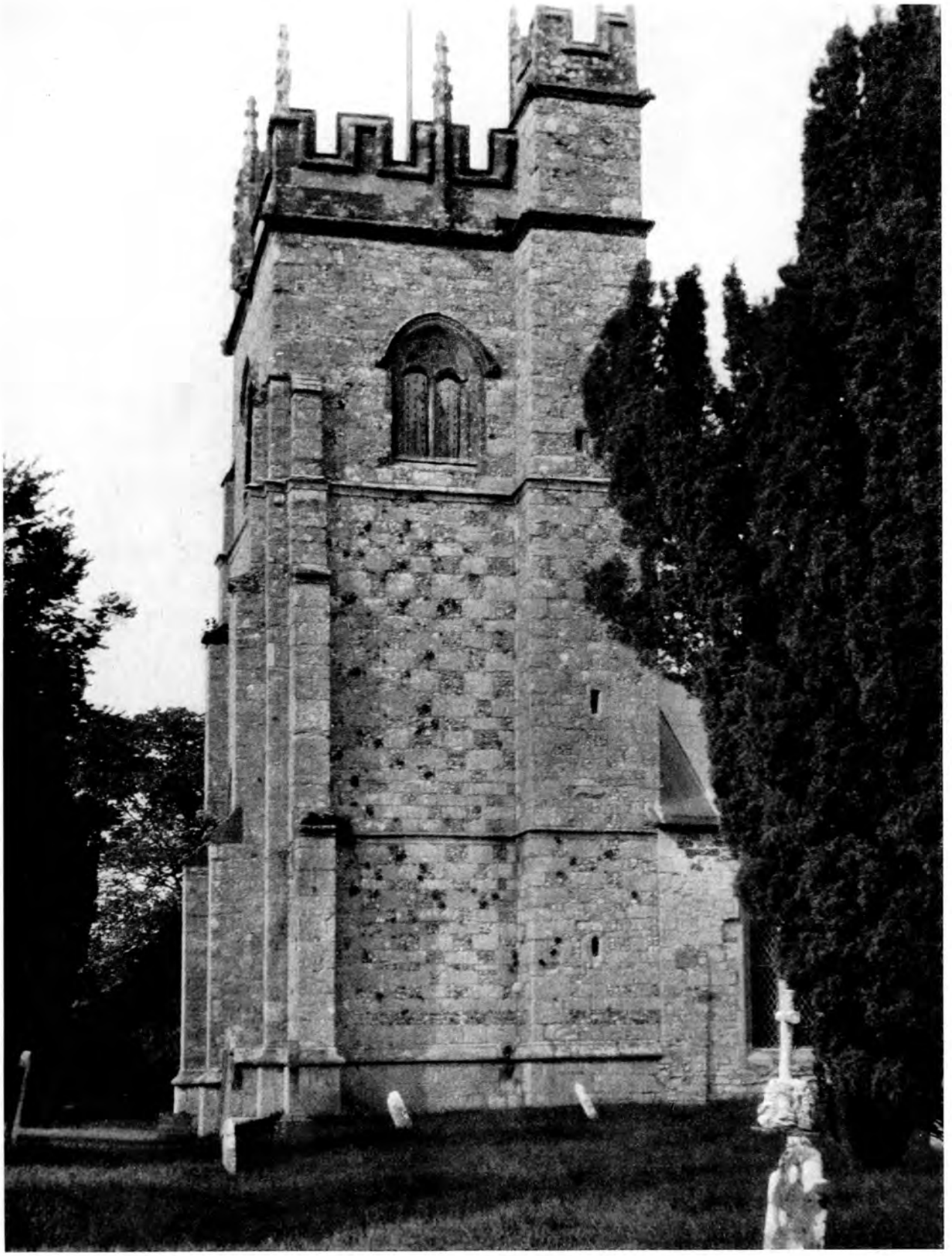
SYDLING ST. NICHOLAS



SYDLING ST. NICHOLAS

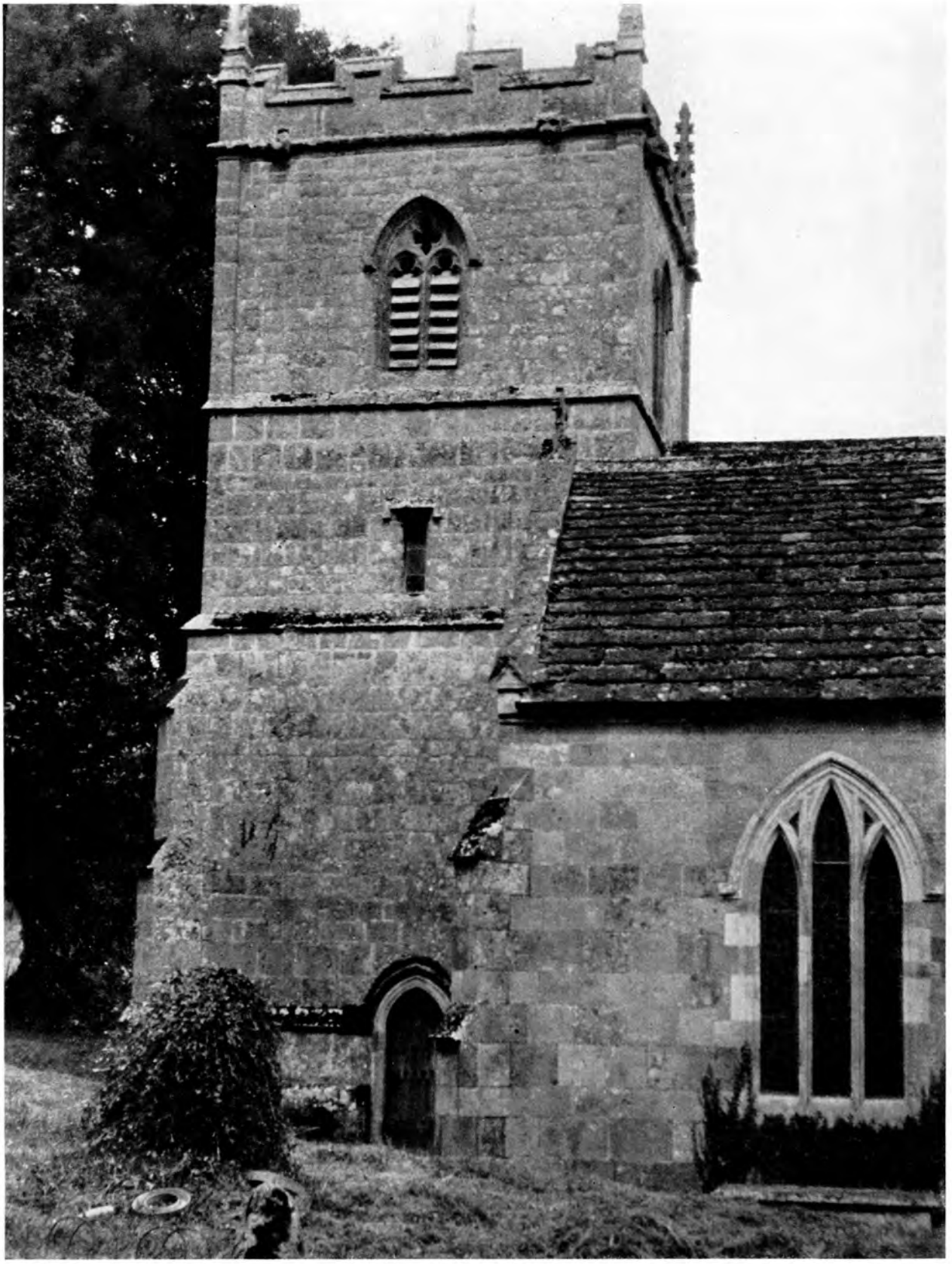


WHITCHURCH CANONICORUM



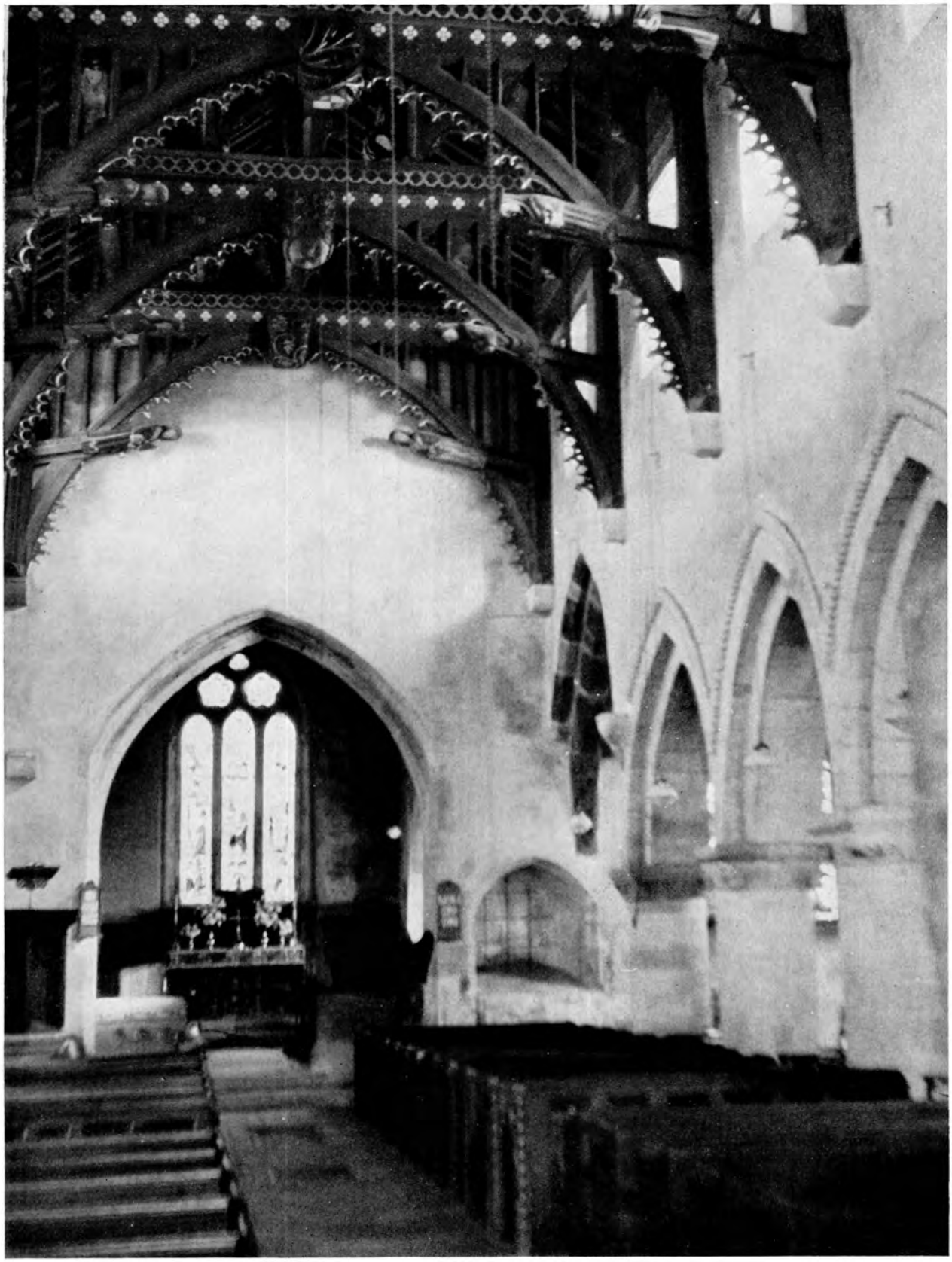
AFFPUDDLE

KINGSTON MAGNA

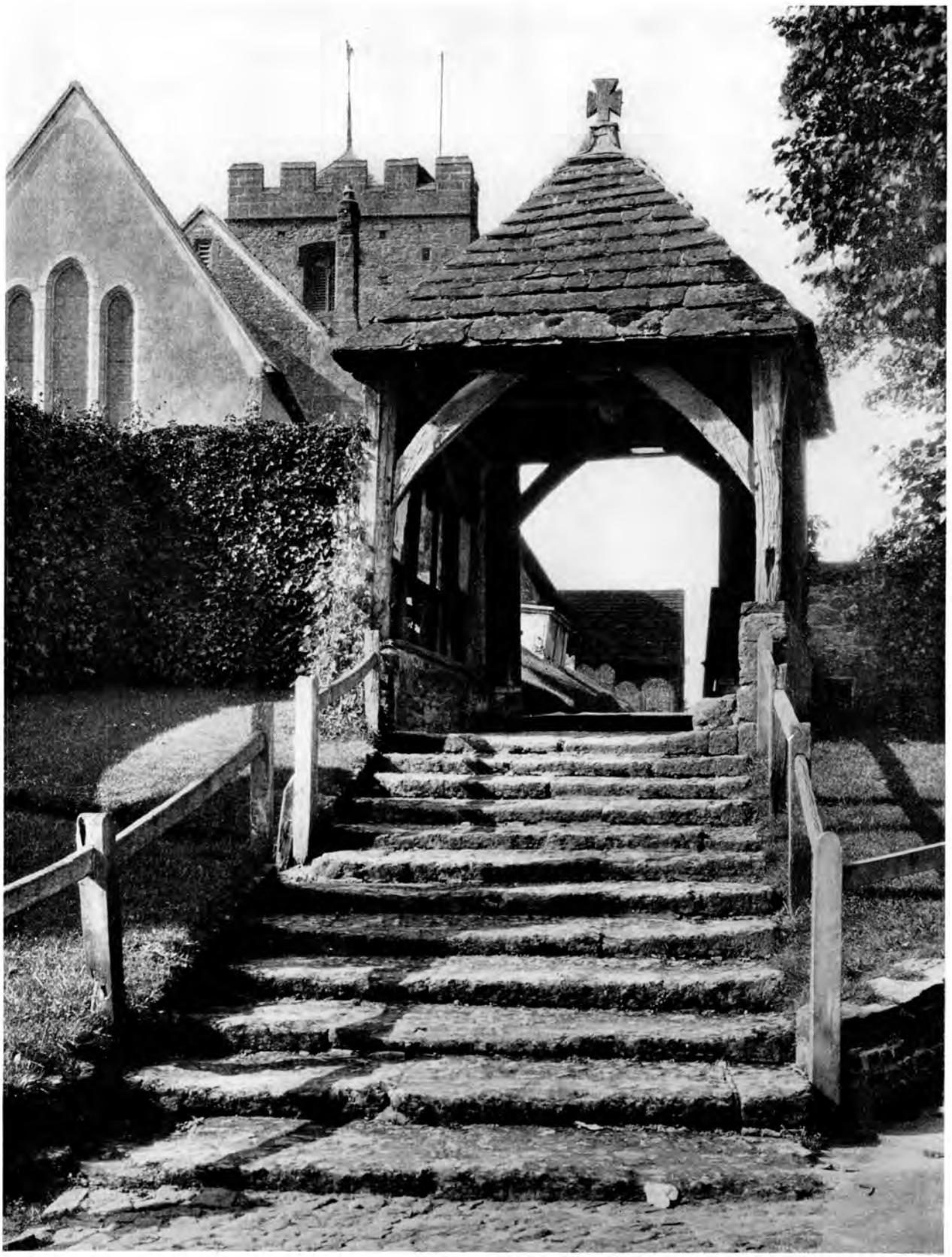


IWERNE COURTENAY

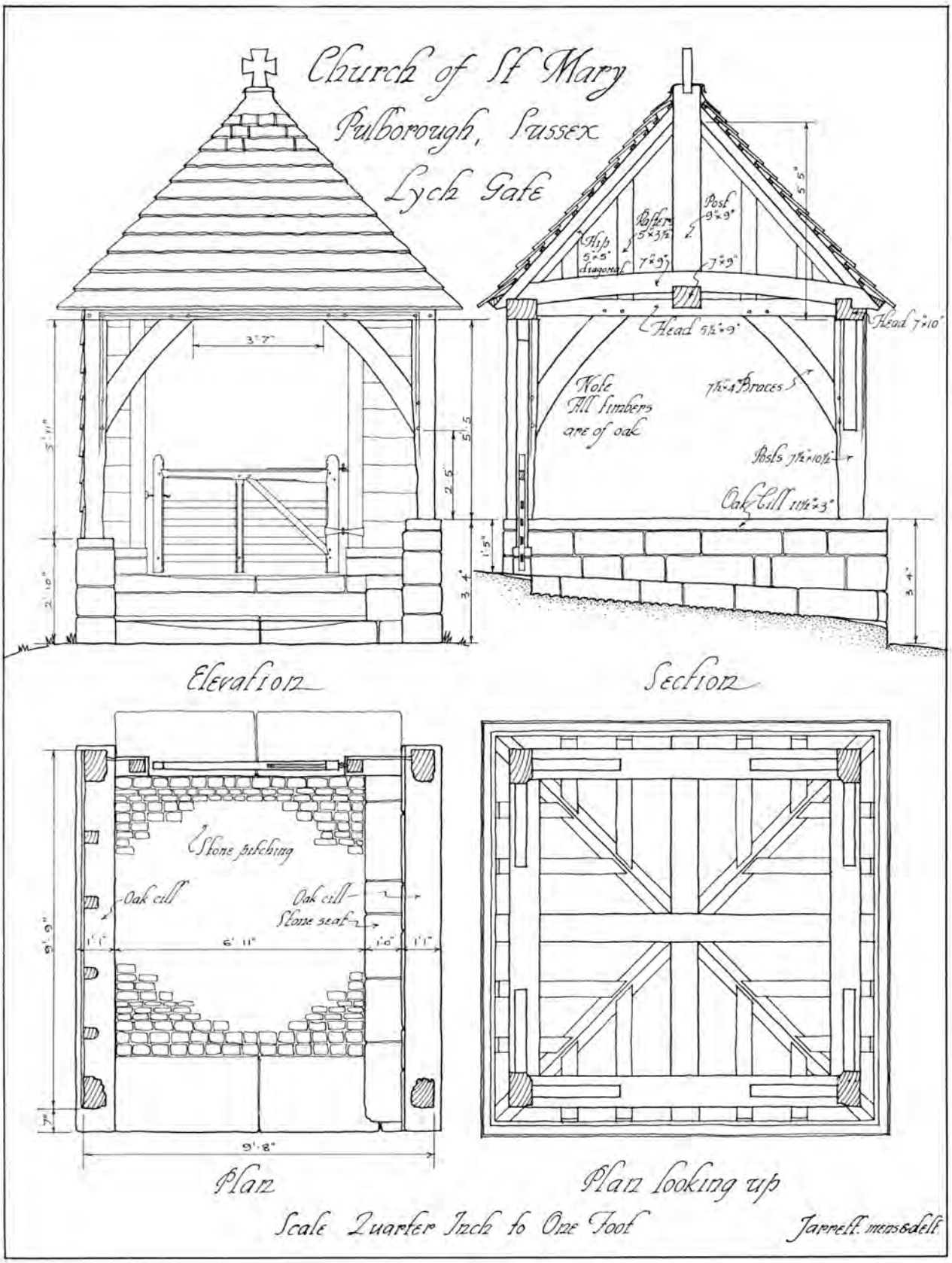
INTERIOR, CHURCH AT CERNE ABBAS



INTERIOR, CHURCH AT BERE REGIS



LYCH GATE, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PULBOROUGH, SUSSEX




SEE ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE

Tile roofs are particularly appropriate for collegiate and ecclesiastical buildings, as shown by this view of the Harkness Memorial at Yale University. On this group was used "Yale Memorial" IMPERIAL Roofing Tiles, a pattern which gives both in texture and color an accurate simulation of the fine old weathered roofs of England.

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