



SO YOU'RE GOING TO

MERRIE
ENGLAND

●—FOUNTAIN

57—OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

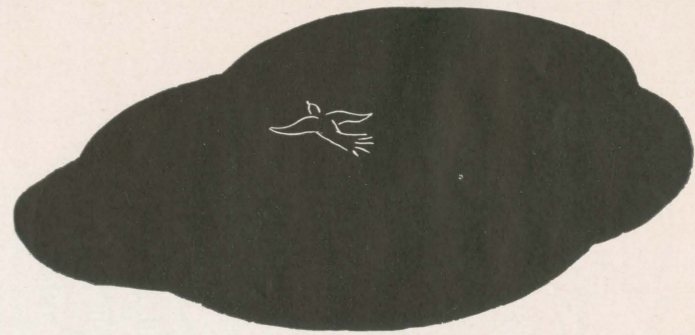
22—ROBERT BURNS' COTTAGE

●—OLD GLOBE THEATRE

65—RED LION INN

●—CLOISTERS

●—VILLAGE GREEN

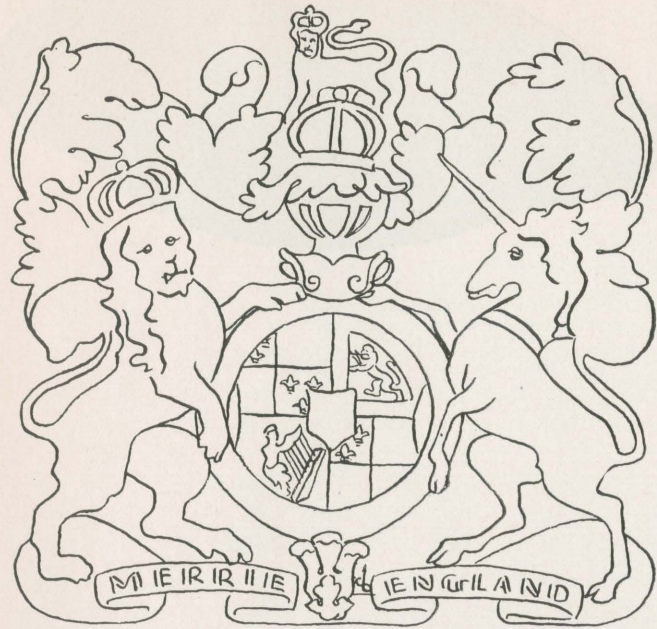


SO YOU'RE GOING TO MERRIE ENGLAND!

AND IF I WERE GOING WITH YOU, THESE ARE SOME OF THE THINGS WE'D SEE, TOGETHER; AND SOME OF THE GRAND OLD TALES WE'D TALK ABOUT; SOME OF THE GREAT SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF GREAT BRITAIN WE'D DELIGHT TO RECALL. HOPING I HAVE HELPED YOU TO ENJOY THIS PLACE AS I ENJOY IT.

CORDIALLY YOURS,

Clara E. Laughlin



NORMAN GATEWAY



NORTH GATE—ALLINGTON CASTLE

SO YOU'RE GOING TO MERRIE ENGLAND

BY CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

Author of "So You're Going to England," "So You're Going to Ireland and Scotland," "So You're Going to Paris," etc.

The magic of modern transportation is surpassed—so far, it can never hope to catch up—at A Century of Progress in this year of grace, and marvels, 1934. If traveling by rockets ever becomes feasible, it will not make possible such hundred league steps as we're taking this summer at Chicago. For instance, you may have just left Tunisia when you stroll into Merrie England!

A visit to real England, overseas, means a very great variety of delights; it means many, many memorials of a long past inexpressibly dear to all English-speaking people; it means literary shrines everybody longs to see; it means quaint and charming architecture of many periods, and grand buildings, too; it means a world of fascinating small shops filled with things we love to buy; it means delightful old inns; it means picturesque old customs piously preserved; it means rich entertainment, from the strolling puppet-shows to the best in the modern theatre; it means an atmosphere, hard to define but easy to feel which reassures the traveler and strengthens in him the conviction that life, though full of difficulties, is a brave, honest adventure—one in which many who came ahead of us gave an excellent account of themselves, and many to come after us will do no less well.

"Merrie England" was created by men who love Old England deeply. It was created to give Americans who know England and yearn for frequent returns to her but cannot go this year, much of the charm, the rest, the assurance, that they get in visiting her and to give those who have not yet been to England a foretaste of some of her delights.

It is, I think, a place to which people may go the first time for its novelty to them or for its feeling of familiarity; but to which they will return as often as they possibly can, and love it better each time; find in it something more which gives them a fresh interest, a deeper sense of well-being.

Entering from the north, you pass beneath a reproduction of the *Gate of Allington Castle* near Maidstone in Kent, 35 miles from London on "the Dover Road." The manor of Allington was one of many that William the Conqueror allotted to his half-brother, the Bishop of Bayeux. The castle he built was destroyed in the 12th century; this gatehouse belongs to the castle built probably in the reign of King Edward I, late in the 13th century. For many years following 1493 Allington belonged to the Wyatt family, one of whom was believed to have been an early lover of Anne Boleyn. Henry VIII sent him to the Tower; but released him after Anne's beheading. His father had been imprisoned by Richard III, and saved from starvation by a cat who brought him pigeons. The son of that Wyatt who was believed to have loved Anne Boleyn, led a revolt to prevent Queen Mary's marriage with Philip II of Spain, summoning to Allington Castle the friends who wished to join with him. He was executed on Tower Hill. A grandson of his was one of the first governors of Virginia.

The wall on your right hand as you enter and extending from the Gate to the west limit of Merrie England is reproduced from Stokesay Castle in Shropshire close to the Welsh border and not far from Ludlow Castle where the early Princes of Wales used to live, at times. Stokesay is a fortified manor house of the 13th century, well preserved and exceedingly picturesque.

On your left as you enter through Allington Castle Gate is a typical old *Norman gatehouse* of the 11th century. And next to that (No. 2) is a typical residence in Gloucester, built in the 17th century. This stands

in High Street. Nearly every old English town has a High Street. Also on High Street stand houses (3, 4, and 5) such as were built in southern England in Shakespeare's time.

From the Gate you enter the *Market Place*, with its cross, copied from one in a churchyard in Leicestershire, date 1680. And facing you is *Christ Church*, London—much reduced in scale, of course.

There are six churches of this name in London. This is the one on Newgate Street, near Warwick Lane where the great King Maker's palace used to stand. Sir Christopher Wren built this church, in 1687, on the site of the great church of the Grey Friars, which was consumed in the Great Fire of 1666 in which fifty churches were burnt. Wren was employed to make designs for rebuilding all those churches, and also to prepare a plan for laying out the whole city on a new style, with a series of wide streets radiating from a central space. But this new plan did not meet with the necessary cooperation from property owners.

Londoners and their guests are very fond of the neighborhood in which this Christ Church stands. One reason for this is that north of the old Grey Friars' Church, on the site of a 13th century monastery, used to stand Christ's Hospital, the famous "Blue Coat School," founded by young Edward VI, in 1552. Charles Lamb, Coleridge and Leigh Hunt were among the many pupils of this school who became famous.

Nearby was the glamorous tavern, "The Salutation and the Cat," where Lamb and Coleridge and Hazlitt held interminable discussions in the snug parlor. Also near is St. Bartholomew's great Hospital, which was old, old when Dick Whittington bequeathed money for its repair more than 500 years ago; and Smithfield, where tournaments were fought and martyrs were burned; and Charterhouse; and many another place which figures in innumerable great stories.

The shops surrounding the base of the church as we see it in Merrie England, remind us that this was a common custom in Europe, even down to a very recent day. I can vaguely remember Wren's great Cathedral of St. Paul in London, when it was very much encumbered by shops and the church yard was given over to commerce.

North of the church you have Canons' Alley; because in many church vicinities you still find the streets bearing the names given them long ago, when the monastic or clerical buildings stood thereabouts.

The three houses (31, 32, 33) are typical of some of Gloucestershire's lovely old houses, such as you'd find in idyllic places like Broadway and Chipping Campden and Stow-on-the-Wold. Many people think Chipping Campden (which is not far from Stratford-on-Avon) is one of the most charming villages in all England. The houses that line the long, wide, curving street, standing flush with it, are nearly all of stone, and date from the 14th to the 18th century; many have dormer and mullioned windows.

North of Christ Church is *Princess Square*, and on it (No. 30) abuts *John Knox's house*, Edinburgh.

In Edinburgh, the distance between the Castle on its hill and Holyrood Palace is called the Royal Mile. Part of the way the street is called Lawn-market; then it is called High Street; and then Canongate. But every inch of it, and of all the "Closes" which open off from it, is simply saturated with story interest, and so full of the picturesque that a painter or etcher might spend his lifetime there and not exhaust the possibilities.

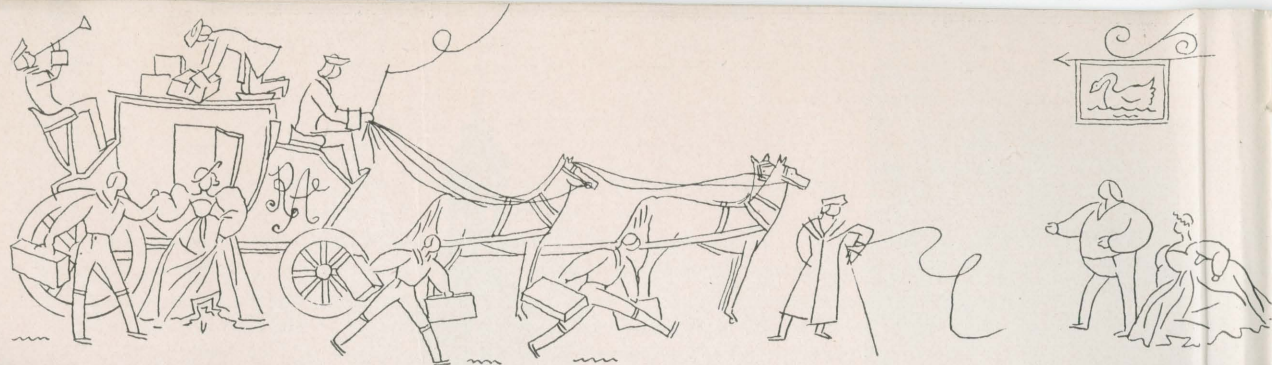
We don't know how long John Knox lived in the house in "the throat of the Bow," in High Street which is visited by so many thousands because of his association with it. Probably he spent there only the last few months of his life. Mary Stuart was in prison in England. But after the murder of her half-brother, the regent, Moray, when her partisans held the Castle and her baby son's partisans held the town, there was one of her defenders, Kirkcaldy of Grange, a Protestant, whom Knox denounced, saying that Kirkcaldy would, for this allegiance, "hang against the sun." Kirkcaldy did! And when he passed Knox's house on his way to the gallows, he looked up at it and remarked that Knox, who had died eight months before, had been a true prophet.

Not much is known of Knox's early life, nor until he was about forty years of age. He was probably about forty-two when he was seized by the French, at St. Andrews, as one of those implicated in the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and thrown into their galleys on the Loire to remain in irons and under the lash for at least 19 months.

In the preface to his last book he wrote: "As the world is now weary of me, so am I of it." He left a young wife (only twenty-five) and three young daughters.



CHRIST CHURCH



cottages, they are famous for their breed of sheep. Back of the Jolly Mermaid (south of it) is *Leycester Court* which drew its inspiration from Leycester Hospital in Warwick, which Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, husband of Amy Robsart and suitor of Queen Elizabeth acquired in 1571 and turned into a hospital for "impotent persons maimed in the wars."

Many people think that Leycester Hospital reproduces perhaps better than anything else in Warwick the characteristics of Elizabethan England. The building was originally erected in the reign of Henry VI as a Guild Hall, and was therefore more than a hundred years old when Leicester bought it, put twelve old soldiers in it, and decreed that they were to wear "gowns of blew (!) cloth, with a ragged staff embroidered on the right sleeve." These badges are silver, and all but one of those still, like the gowns of "blew cloth," in use, are originals. Not the gowns, of course, but the badges. The brethren do not appear in town without them.

Each "brother" has two rooms and a pantry. Their cooking is done for them by a cook who belongs to them in common.

"How beautiful such a life may be," writes W. H. Hutton in "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country," "peaceful at its close in the care provided of old, it is easy to guess. When towns and castles change may this house of the grace of God still survive in blessing."

* * * * *

West of Leycester Court is *Shakespeare's House*, fronting on *Stratford Place*, with its fountain. This house (No. 60) copies the one in Henley Street, Stratford, usually called "the birthplace." Some students of Shakespeare's life have questioned if he was born here; but Joseph Quincy Adams, Professor of English in Cornell University, whose "Life of William Shakespeare," published in 1923, is now, (I believe) accepted as authoritative on this subject, says that John Shakespeare, the poet's father, lived and worked in Henley Street at least a dozen years before William was born; that he owned the eastern one of the two cottages later connected to form this building, before he was married, in 1557, in which year he was elected a Burgess of Stratford.

ABOVE—JOHN KNOX HOUSE
AT LEFT—LEYCESTER COURT

And Professor Adams believes it incontestable that the poet was born here. He tells us that when William was a few months old, Stratford was ravaged by the plague, and approximately one out of every seven inhabitants was carried away. But the house in Henley Street escaped.

The next year John Shakespeare was elected alderman and began to be referred to as Master. Three years later he was elected High Bailiff or, as we should now say, Mayor. This position carried with it unusual dignity. On Fair Days and other occasions, the aldermen and burgesses, in their gowns, attended at his house to escort him to Church or through the market, the silver mace of office borne before him.

William was seven years old when his father's term as Mayor expired; and we can imagine his delight in this panoply.

The west side of the Market Place gives you (24 to 29) a row of houses such as were so popular in the late Georgian era. The rows were frequently crescent shaped; and if you were an elegant person you could scarce aspire to a more desirable address than number So-and-So Queen's Crescent, or to a more undeniable evidence of gentility than an Adam drawing-room.

The south side of the Market Place, facing Christ Church, is occupied by the *Jolly Mermaid Inn* such as you might see in a village like Safron Walden in Essex, where they used to specialize in those ornamental stucco facades.

East of the Jolly Mermaid is a group (42 to 45) of those Cotswold cottages which have been so much copied for small homes in this country, because they have in them many qualities of charm and what the English call "homeliness." The Cotswold hills are north of Bath; and besides their historic interest, and their charming

John, who was a glover and wool-stapler was a prosperous as well as a prominent citizen. In 1575, when William was eleven, his father bought for £40 the western half of the double house. And soon thereafter he fell upon hard times which doubtless cast their shadows, at times, on the spirits of the lad who was to be England's greatest glory.

Dr. Furnivall says: "Taking the boy to be father of the man I see a square-built yet lithe and active fellow, with ruddy cheeks, hazel eyes, a high forehead, and auburn hair, as full of life as an egg is full of meat, impulsive, inquiring, sympathetic; up to any fun and daring; into scrapes and out of them with a laugh; making love to all the girls; a favorite wherever he goes—even with the prigs and fools he mocks; untroubled as yet with Hamlet doubts, but in many a quiet time communing with the beauty of earth and sky around him."

When William was about fourteen, he probably went to work in his father's shop. And there is a tradition in Stratford that at one time—perhaps because his father's business was too much fallen off to need him—he was apprenticed to a butcher. And when he could fold away his apron and be off to do as he wished, very often he would stroll across the fields to a little group of houses called Shottery, about a mile from his home, and tell his dreams to Anne Hathaway who was seven or eight years his senior.

After his marriage to Anne, William, then in his nineteenth year, brought his bride to the crowded little home in Henley Street. There a daughter was born to them in May, just after her father's nineteenth birthday. And before he was twenty-one, twins were added to his responsibilities.

Soon after this he left Stratford, and there is no trace of him or of his wife or children at Stratford until years later when he was able to return to his native town and purchase as his residence New Place, its finest mansion.

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The first playhouse in Europe was the one James Burbage built adjacent to Finsbury Field in London in 1576. It was called "The Theatre," and was circular or polygonal in shape, with the center open to the sky, and the frame, filled with three galleries, covered with a thatch. The unroofed pit was for those who paid only a penny and were content to stand. The stage was a simple platform projecting into the yard, with dressing rooms at the rear, and a "shade" over it to protect the actors in inclement weather. The galleries had benches.

Burbage had been a carpenter and builder before he was an actor and manager. He knew all the disadvantages of acting in inn yards and in halls. The opening of his theatre was a sensation in London, and led to the erection of a second theatre, close by, called "The Curtain," an imitation of Burbage's, only smaller. In 1585 Burbage secured the management of the smaller theatre as well as his own; and to break this "monopoly" a wealthy business man named Henslowe built a third theatre, called "The Rose," on the Bankside—the south side of the Thames west of London Bridge. This was in a district which was not under the jurisdiction of the sheriff and his officers; it occupied property once monastic, and exempt from the local government. When the monasteries were dissolved and their properties were seized by the Crown, no change was made in the law that gave them their "liberties." So on the Bankside was the bull-baiting ring, and nearby were the fields for football, archery and other sports. There Henslowe built his playhouse.

So, before Shakespeare came to London to see what he could do there to support himself and a wife and three children, there were three fine playhouses with troupes of well-trained actors who needed only some good plays to keep them prosperous when the novelty of their theatres had worn off.

It is thought that before coming to London, Shakespeare taught school somewhere; and that when he came to London he brought with him a play he had written—perhaps "The Comedy of Errors."

He got a job with the Earl of Pembroke's Men, an excellent company of players whose chief playwright was Christopher Marlowe.

His rise was rapid. Play followed play from his pen, most of them produced at The Curtain. And then in 1599, the Globe Theatre on Bankside was built. The Burbages held half of the ten shares; Shakespeare held one share.

The first year of his company's occupation of the Globe, he wrote for them "Much Ado About Nothing" "As You Like It," and "What You Will"—or "Twelfth Night."

The story of Shakespeare's association with the Globe Theatre in the fourteen years of its existence is far too long to be detailed here.

In 1613, Shakespeare collaborated with Fletcher on "Henry VIII." It was the last labor he was to attempt for his company. Its first presentation was set for June 29. Many distinguished men were present. It was a beautiful, sunshiny afternoon. When the King entered, in the fourth scene of the first act, two cannon were fired as a royal salute. One of them hurled a bit of wadding on the thatched roof and set it afire. And within an hour, a new Globe was left of the Globe.

A new Globe was soon built, on its site and Shakespeare drew an income from its profits. But he had no association with it as actor or playwright.

The *Old Globe Theatre* in Merrie England has been built as closely as possible in the manner of the original on the Bankside—only on a smaller scale, of course.

And there, under the direction of those wonderfully able students and producers, *Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens* and *B. Iden Payne*, Shakespeare is played in such manner as he intended and directed.

Visitors to a Century of Progress are enjoying an opportunity such as has been enjoyed by few since Shakespeare was active on the Bankside.

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Across from Shakespeare's House is *Anne Hathaway's Cottage* at Shottery (No. 23). And beside it, designated A, B, C, etc., are buildings showing how some people who lived under The Four Georges tried to grow exotic fruits in greenhouses, or orangeries.

Love Lane runs to the south of Shakespeare's House. And on the other side of Love Lane is *Lavender House* in which you'll find a delightful little shop such as flourished in London in the Regency and the reign of George IV, "the First Gentleman of Europe," who led all the fashions in fripperies and fopperies. Imported perfumes were very expensive. It was necessary to be perfumed. So fashionable England took to its own sweet lavender.

Next is *Harvard House*, the girlhood home in Stratford of Katharine Rogers who married Robert Harvard and became the mother of John Harvard, founder of Harvard University. The house, built in 1596, was restored under the supervision of Miss Marie Corelli, long a resident of Stratford. And in 1909 Mr. Edward Morris of Chicago presented it to Harvard to serve as a rendezvous for Americans visiting Stratford.

Nestled close to the north side of the Globe Theatre, and opposite Harvard House is a replica of *Burns's Cottage* at Alloway, 2½ miles south of Ayr. John Burns (who spelled his name Burness) built with his own hands the "wee clay biggin" with its "but and ben," to which he took his bride, Agnes, in December, 1757.

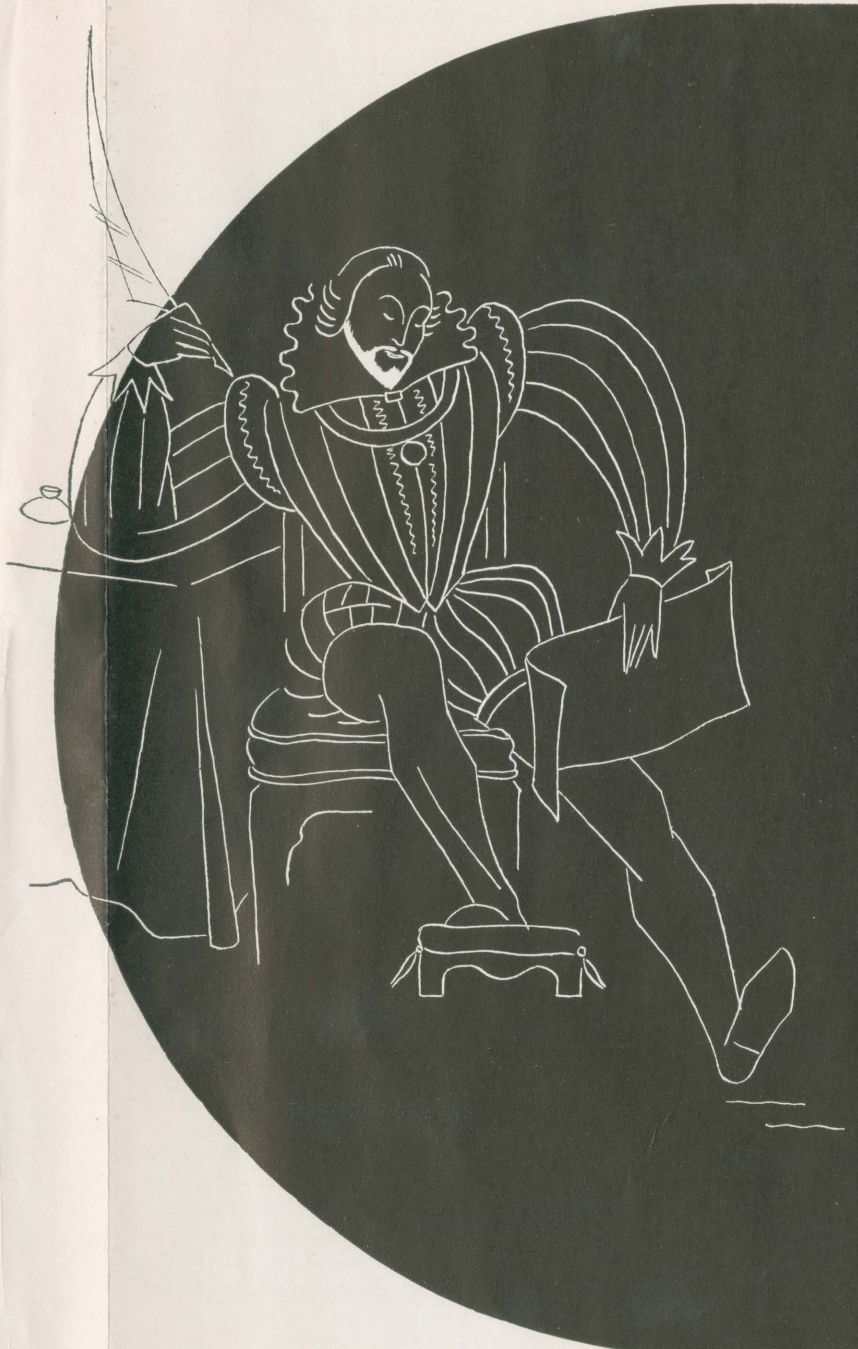
On January 25, 1759, their first child was born—Robert, whose lyric gifts were to make this humble cottage a shrine even more visited than Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford.

Robert was still a small boy when his father moved the family away from this cottage. But in Alloway Robert got (as every child gets in its first six years) impressions which had much to do with the rest of his life.

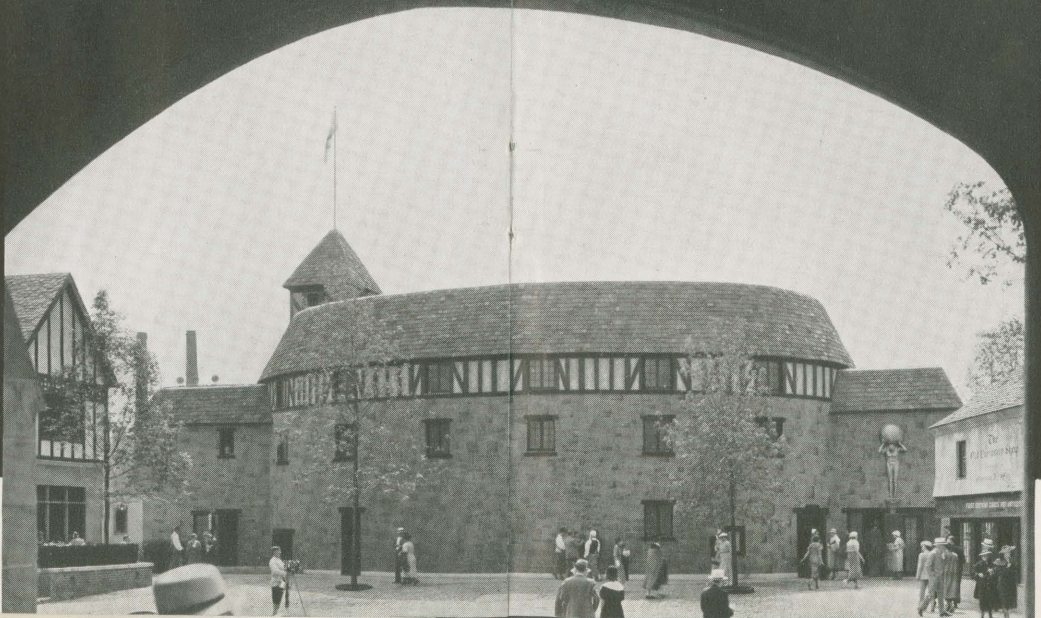
Some of these came from an old servant of his mother's, "remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition, who had, I suppose, the largest collection in the county of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, death-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, enchanted towers, giants, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of Poesy."

Other impressions came from a lad of eighteen, John Murdoch, who taught the tiny school at Alloway. One of his schoolbooks was the Bible, and another was Masson's "Collection of Prose and Verse." He made the youngsters "turn verse into its natural prose order, substitute synonymous expressions for poetical words and supply all ellipses," Robert wrote, long afterwards; so that Robert became (at the age of something-past-six!) "absolutely a critic in sub-





TOP—SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE



BOTTOM—GLOBE THEATRE



stantives, verbs and participles," and remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expression.

The first books Robert Burns ever read for himself "and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read again, were the 'Life of Hannibal' and the 'History of Sir William Wallace.' Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in rapture up and down after the recruiting drum and bag-pipe, and wish myself tall enough so that I might be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice in my veins which will boil there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest."

Facing the *Village Green* and adjacent to the Harvard House, is *The Old Curiosity Shop*, designed from one of Boz's illustrations for the immortal story.

It was when visiting Walter Savage Landor, at Bath, in February, 1840, "that the fancy which was shortly to take the form of Little Nell first occurred to its author." And Landor in after years declared that the one mistake of his life was that he had not purchased the house in which he was a tenant when Dickens, his guest, conceived Little Nell, and burned it to the ground "so that no meaner associations should desecrate it."

The building in London, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, which called itself the original Old Curiosity Shop, was never accepted as such by Dickens' students, for it did not answer to the description in the book. It is demolished, now.

But your Old Curiosity Shop in Merrie England has been faithful to the letter as well as to the spirit of the beloved text. And in it you will find enough things to delight you, to keep you going back to it again and again. Not in one visit, nor in two, nor in many, can you do justice to its shopping possibilities and to the atmosphere created by these assembled objects, each of which has a story to tell those who know how to hear. Shops of this sort are one of the great delights of England. Here you have one brought to you, in a setting as widely loved as that of any shop in literature.

Next to the Old Curiosity Shop, and also facing south on the Village Green is a row of buildings illustrating how old dwellings were transformed into shops, with living quarters above, during the industrial revolution of 1765 to 1830.

The Village Green, with these shops to the north of it, the Old Globe Theatre to the west, the *Red Lion Inn* to the south, and the *Terrace*, fronting the Inn, continuing to the east, is the center of almost unceasing gayeties, free for all who enter Merrie England.

They include the songs and dances dear to British tradition, and many attractions such as a Welsh Choir, Old Madrigal Singers, Scotch "Kilties," Highland Lassie Dancers, a London Punch and Judy Show, and Morris,



Sword and Country Dances. Each evening there's a pageant in which Queen Elizabeth appears, now with Sir Walter Raleigh, now with Sir Francis Drake.

The Welsh Choir of thirty male singers, under the management of *Griffith J. Jones* was picked from the Chicago Male Choir which achieved such international repute under the direction of the late Dr. Daniel Protheroe and continues, under the leadership of *Prof. Robert Gormer Jones*, Professor at the Crane Junior College. They wear double breasted tunics displaying the Welsh Red Dragon on a green background, white buttons, white flannel trousers, white shirts and blue polka-dot ties. Appearing with them are twenty women in Welsh costumes wearing flannel dresses of various colours, stove-pipe hats, little shawls and aprons.

On alternate nights, twenty-five Scottish Pipers and Drummers, popularly known as "Kilties," appear with sixteen Scottish lassies dancing in their native costumes, under the management of both Mr. Jones and *Hugh Kirkwood*, manager of the Curtis Kilties. The Kilties wear the brilliant Royal Stuart Tartan costumes, combining red plaid kilts with dark blue tunics. The representative Scottish lassies, wearing their own individual costumes, are local girls from Chicago and the vicinity who have won many awards in competition at the various Scottish festivities.

There is also an outdoor London Punch and Judy Show for children, another free attraction for both young and old, "politely" presented by *Harry Fetterer*, the children's own entertainer and America's Foremost Ventriloquist and Puppet Master. Fetterer is dear to the hearts of thousands of children. He comes from three generations of performers, his grandfather having played in London ninety years ago. A unique portable canopy has been designed for his appearances in Merrie England; he is, of course, dressed in the old English style, as is his wife, who assists him.

Every hour, emerging from the Old Globe Theatre, where there are seven performances of Shakespeare daily, come the Morris, Sword and Country Dancers to move to the music of Pipe and Tabor on the village green under the direction of *Theodore Viehman*, the greatest authority on English Folk Dances today.

The Red Lion Inn begins at the great *Hampton Court Palace Gate*, and extends along the East Wall of the village for a considerable way, then along the South Wall.



VILLAGE GREEN

Its spacious terraces provide vantage points whereon to lunch or dine whilst watching the almost continuous performances on the Village Green. Excellent food is served in the Red Lion, at reasonable prices. And there is much entertainment for those diners who eat inside rather than on the terraces or in the charming cloister behind the east terrace.

Hampton Court is eleven miles southwest of London, on the Thames, which is lovely there as it is most every where. In 1514 Cardinal Wolsey leased the property, enclosed the park, pulled down the ancient Manor house and began to build a private residence which should surpass in splendor every other in the Kingdom. His sovereign got jealous, and Wolsey deemed it prudent to present his superb estate to Henry VIII. Edward VI was born there, in 1537. And from the time of Henry VIII to the death of George II, it was a favorite residence for England's sovereigns.

There are more than 1,000 rooms in the palace, which covers an area of eight acres, and the occupants for some time past have been pensioners of the Crown. I heard lately that the widow of Earl Haig had been granted a residence there.

The *Great Gatehouse*, reproduced for Merrie England, was built by Wolsey, and is one of the most picturesque and imposing in England. Within the gatehouse towers are toilets and washrooms for men in the north tower, for women in the south. Others are located south of the Globe Theatre.

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Now there remains but one section of Merrie England for you to explore; but like all the others it's full of fascination. It's the section to your left as you leave by the Hampton Court Gate, lying along the east wall of the village, south of the Market Place.

Turning into *Cockspur Street*, you find the *Chester Rows* on your right. Chester, you know, is the very ancient town, 15 miles from Liverpool, the finest example of a walled city in all England. It is rich in antiquities from Roman times down; but its greatest curiosity is what are called The Rows. Nathaniel Hawthorne said they were "the most utterly indescribable feature of Chester"—but he did his best to describe them. I must not take space for all he said, but here are excerpts from it:

"At the height of several feet above some of the oldest streets a walk runs through the front of the houses, which project over it. Back of the walk there are shops; on the outer side is a space of two or three yards, where



the shopmen place their tables, and stands, and showcases . . . At frequent intervals little narrow passages go winding in among the houses, which all along are closely conjoined, and seem to have no access or exit, except through the shops, or into these narrow passages."

The Rows are a good deal like the arcaded streets of mediaeval towns in northern Italy and Switzerland, only they are a story *above* street level.

No. 8 is the house known as *God's Providence House*. Built in 1652, it is said to have been the only house in Watergate Street that escaped the plague when it was raging a few years later. It bears the grateful inscription: "God's Providence is Mine Inheritance."

A "turning," as they say in England, to your left at the north end of Cockspur Street, will take you into *Addle Street* where (No. 54) you'll find, at the rear of *The Dog and Duck Inn*, fronting on the Village Green, a courtyard remindful of the old coaching yards which used to be a feature of ancient hostleries.

Beyond Cockspur Street, to the north, is *Wine Office Court*, where you'll find the *Cheshire Cheese*, under the direction of *Mr. Gard Smale* who comes from Bideford in Devonshire and whose great uncle, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was a frequent visitor to the famous Inn.

At number 6 Wine Office Court, London, Goldsmith wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield!"

When, writes Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor in his "Annals of Fleet Street," you enter the Cheshire Cheese "through the exiguous Wine Office Court, on which it abuts, you seem to be stepping back into those past times when, as Johnson once phrased it, 'a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity.' The ghosts of earlier days (and what ghosts!) appear about you, and in the incorporeal presence of Ben Jonson and Herrick, Pope and Congreve, Steele and Addison, Johnson and Burke and Boswell, or the later shades of Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Dickens, Thackeray, Tom Hood, Tom Taylor, and Tennyson, you forget the rush of the twentieth century and the noise of motors and taxi-cabs, and almost feel as if you could say with the poet:

'. . . . Et Ego in Arcadio vixi.' "

When the "Cheshire Cheese" began, we don't know. But we can date it back at least to Elizabethan days; for it was there that Ben Jonson and Sylvester had their famous couplet-making bout, when the latter said:

"I, Sylvester,
Kissed your sister."

To which Ben replied:

"I, Ben Jonson,
Kissed your wife."

"That's not a rhyme," said Sylvester. "No," admitted Jonson, "but it's true."

I wish we had space for stories galore about "The Cheshire Cheese." But we haven't.

We must, however, remember that it was old William, a waiter at the "Cheshire Cheese," who was wont to ask, "Any gentleman say *pudden*?" and was not at all disturbed when a crusty guest replied "No *gentleman* says *pudden*."



HAMPTON COURT
PALACE GATE



What William referred to was the famous Lark Pudding, "concocted in mystery and eaten in true *gourmet* silence," which shares with the equally famous Beefsteak and Kidney Pie a world-wide fame, as served at the "Cheshire Cheese."

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Now let's go shopping!

On *Stratford Place* is the *India Exhibit*, a unique and exclusive display under the supervision of *Sirdar Jagjit Singh* of Kashmir, who comes from a well known Old Sikh family in Punjab. Here India is represented in a very attractive and fascinating way because India is a part of the British Empire and has a rightful place in Merrie England.

The Sirdar has collected handicrafts from all the corners of India, and Fair visitors will find hand-chiseled and enameled brass-wares from Jaipur, Benares, and Noradabad, hand embroidery from the State of Kashmir, along with highly artistic and beautiful hand carved screens, tabarets. In short the India exhibit displays the old art of India and the modern craftsmanship of the village and cotton industries.

But when you step out of his shop you are surprised to find next door the rare jewelry exhibit of *I. Sugar Co.*, importers and makers of distinctive jewelry, and well known in all of California. Indeed, the visitor to Merrie England must be surprised by the number of high class shops such as are found on Fifth Avenue, New York, or our own Michigan Avenue.

Take for example the display of *P. W. Callard* on the Market Place opposite Christ Church. His rare old Georgian silver and fine old Sheffield plate is surrounded with authentic Staffordshire figures of the 18th Century, fine English porcelains, and a very fine collection of old prints and engravings of the 18th Century, which hung originally in the upper rooms of Lansdowne House, whose site is now occupied by Mayfair Hotel. This collection is especially interesting to those seeking unusual antiques for decorative or practical purposes.

Of great interest, too, is the Shakespeare House, arranged with fine rugs and furniture of the Elizabethan period. Here in a special wing we find a collection of museum pieces, including tapestries, rugs, sculpture, and works of art assembled by *Mr. Leon Medina* of New York, London, and Paris, an associate of Charles of London.

The number and high quality of displays is exceptional and almost bewildering, but one must linger a moment at *The Treasure House*, opposite Christ Church, where one finds a world famous collection of elephants made of ivory and studded with rubies, sapphires, and other gems, and valued at half a million. The elephants belonged to a maharajah, and attract many visitors, who also stop to examine a collection of Old English silver, porcelains, paintings, and religious pieces.



You will also discover on the Village Green the distinguished shop of *Krausz Brothers*, manufacturing jewelers of Budapest, with fashionable shops in Budapest, London, and Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. Here you will find a fine collection of Old English, Egyptian, Damascan jewelry; the Duke of Cumberland collection of clocks including the smallest clock in the world; and actual gems of the Hungarian Arts and Crafts. Also, the great collection of Sarah Bernhardt's stage jewelry, every piece ticketed by her executors. Nothing is expensive, considering the quality and unusualness.

Around the corner, in one of the picturesque little court-yards, a quaint signpost points the way to the *House of Rareties*, whose specialty is zircons and sapphires and unique antiques, such as a necklace owned by Princess Derling, the first lady in waiting of the late Empress Dowager of China, which was acquired in Peking during the Boxer rebellion. They can show you a marvelous collection of seals, or a ring, of which there are only five copies in existence, with a heart shaped portrait diamond revealing a miniature of a beautiful woman; and have for the delight of visitors an example of every precious stone in the world and an outstanding collection of opals.

Riley's world-famous *English Toffee* may be bought as you enter the North Gate. Here it is, *Riley's Rum and Butter Toffee* served in the original imported tins.

There are more shops, too numerous to mention. But not too numerous to explore.

MERRIE ENGLAND
AT
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS 1934

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1—NORMAN GATE HOUSE

66—CHESHIRE CHEESE

80—CHRIST CHURCH

30—JOHN KNOX HOUSE

23—ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

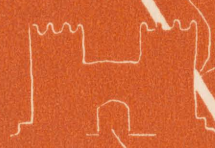
60—SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE

●—LEYCESTER COURT

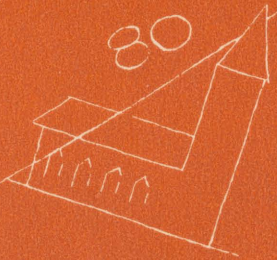
Merry England

Here are gathered together
for you many things which
made England glorious
in the past, and which
make her traditions a
heritage of all peoples.

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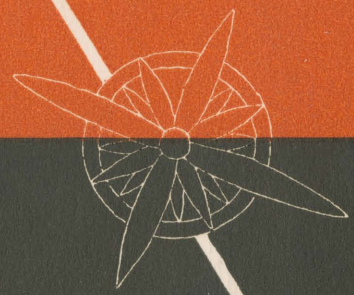
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