

## Part I

### Chapter 1

“Once upon a time,” said Edwin Lutyens, “the devil and his friend were walking along the street when they saw ahead of them a man stoop down and pick up something from the ground. The man looked at what he had found and then put it away in his pocket. The devil’s friend said to the devil: ‘What did that man pick up?’

“‘He picked up a piece of the Truth,’ said the devil.

“‘Oh,’ said his friend, ‘isn’t that very bad for you?’

“‘Not at all,’ the devil replied, ‘a piece of the Truth is like a piece of cotton. It can be spun into anything.’”

Edwin Lutyens’ two youngest children were unsure what to make of the story. The kind of story that Mary and Elisabeth preferred were ones like ‘The Ugly Duckling’ or ‘The Ant and the Grasshopper’. However, occasionally Lutyens would tell them a fable that they did not understand. There was no point in asking him to explain, as Lutyens had by now kissed them goodnight and was leaving the nursery. They knew they would have another story on another night.

“I am not sure they liked your fable,” said Celia Lutyens, who had been listening at the door.

“I heard it recently, when I was in India,” replied Lutyens to his eldest daughter, “at a talk, given by a young boy.”

He turned towards the stairs.

“Why were you at a talk given by a young boy?” asked Celia.

“Your mother asked if I would go. She was told by a friend of ours that the boy was special.”

“Is he?” asked Celia.

“We’ll see,” said Lutyens, “we’ll see.” He left Celia outside the nursery and walked down to the kitchen, hoping to find some bread and cheese in the larder. After being on a boat and then a train for the whole day, he felt famished.

“What did you think that story meant?” Mary asked her sister Elisabeth after their father had left. They both looked up as Celia wandered in.

“Well,” Celia paused. She took a breath in and said with all the conviction that a fourteen-year-old could muster, “what it means is that sometimes a little bit of the truth is as bad as a lie.”

“But mother says we must always tell the truth,” replied Elisabeth.

“Of course, you must,” said Celia.

“Even if it’s like telling a lie?” asked Mary.

“If it’s like telling a lie then it’s best to say nothing at all.” She decided now was the perfect time to go and find her brother Robert and she left her two younger sisters in the nursery after wishing them a good night.

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Breakfast in the Lutyens’ household was a particularly noisy affair on the morning of the 5<sup>th</sup> of September 1910. Edwin Lutyens, having returned from India the night before, was surrounded by all his children. Over breakfast the children asked him a score of questions about his travels, as he ate his cereal and then his eggs. Edwin Lutyens had attempted to answer each question and now wanted to read a copy of *The Times* in peace.

He sipped at a cup of Darjeeling tea as he read his paper. He would soon turn his attention to the morning post and then make his way to the converted office in the damp

basement of the house. It had been a routine that he had followed for over a decade. He noticed that Celia was chewing a lock of hair, impatiently waiting for her parents to leave the breakfast table. He also noticed that she had changed in the four months he had been away. It was not a major change, but she appeared more confident and he thought, with a little trepidation, more headstrong.

Edwin Lutyens recognised that his eldest daughter had many of the traits that her mother possessed. She held opinions about almost everything and would express those opinions with only the slightest encouragement. He disapproved of this in a girl so young. She also had a possessive instinct that she had inherited from her mother; when she wanted something she would persevere until she got it. There were, however, other talents she possessed and Lutyens had no idea where she had acquired these from. She loved dancing – something he and his wife detested. She was a romantic, where he and his wife were practical people. However, most of all she loved horse riding. Her new horse had been a present on her last birthday and she had managed to persuade him to buy it, despite his own view that he just couldn't afford it.

Lutyens put down his paper, reached into his Gladstone bag that was by his feet, and pulled out a small, red book. He passed it to his wife.

“Annie Besant asked me to give you this. It's Krishnamurti's book. The one they're all talking about.”

“Did you read it?” Emily asked.

“Yes, on the way back home.”

“And what did you think?”

Lutyens took his pipe out of his pocket, chewed at the stem and thought for a second before replying: “I haven't made up my mind whether there is any truth in it. It's certainly not the whole truth.”

“Celia,” Emily said as she watched her daughter across the breakfast table chewing at the ends of her hair. “You will ruin your hair if you carry on doing that.”

Emily Lutyens continued to eat slowly from a bowl of sago. Once she had finished, she settled herself comfortably onto a green satin upholstered chair where she opened the small, red book and began reading.

Celia had already become accustomed to her mother’s quiet breakfasts. It always surprised her how little her parents spoke to each other, despite the fact that they would write to each other every day when he was away. Perhaps, she thought, they had said everything they had to say in letters. Celia watched as both her parents became absorbed in their own worlds that seemed to revolve on different orbits.

Celia decided that now was the time to be excused, as both her parents had finished eating. She looked at her mother who was already engrossed in her new book, *At the Feet of the Master*. Celia assumed it was just another book on theosophy. She kept on meaning to ask her mother about it, as her understanding of theosophy was, at best, vague. Her mother had said it had something to do with spirituality, being a vegetarian and treating everyone as equal. However, precisely what it all meant and why it was still acceptable to have a house full of servants if everyone was equal, Celia did not quite understand.

“May I be excused?” she asked. Emily looked up from her book and nodded her head. Celia assumed that her father would also nod his head, which would be the customary thing. In her mind she was already riding through Hyde Park on her horse, Dido, a beautiful chestnut with dark brown eyes which had whinnied when Celia had given it an apple the last time they went out. It had made her best friend, Margaret Ellis, seethe with envy. She looked over to her father to see if she might leave the table.

Edwin Lutyens was, however, lost in thought. He had a letter in his hand, and he was reading it slowly. On the table was an envelope with a wax seal with a lion rampant on it.

“May I be excused, Father?” said Celia again.

Lutyens continued to read, unaware that anyone was speaking to him. Once he had finished the letter, he placed it on the table and looked over at his wife.

“I’ve got a letter from Sir Julius Drewe,” he said. The name was enough for Emily to close her book.

“Sir Julius Drewe, did you say?”

Lutyens nodded.

Celia wanted to interrupt and ask why Sir Julius Drewe had written but decided she wanted to be excused as quickly as possible and so just listened.

“What does he want?” Emily asked.

“A possible new commission. Drewe wants me to design a castle for him.”

“A castle?” said Celia, who could not help interrupting. “But you design country houses.”

“Your father does a lot more than just design country houses,” said Emily. “But I have to say no one has built a castle in possibly a hundred years; though with Sir Julius Drewe, nothing surprises me anymore.”

“Aren’t we related?” asked Celia.

“Distantly,” said Emily. “His wife, Frances, is my second cousin. No one in the family approved when she married him.”

“He’s written,” said Lutyens, rearranging his steel-rimmed spectacles in order to read from the letter, “that a relative of his has been researching his family genealogy and that the Drewe family can be traced all the way back to Norman times and the knight, Drogo de Teigne.”

“Nonsense,” said Emily, “he’s new money. Everyone knows that his family has no pedigree.”

“Well,” repeated Lutyens, “he claims he has managed to trace his family lineage back to a knight of the twelfth century who had manorial title to Drewsteignton. Sir Julius has already bought a plot of land on Dartmoor and now wants to build this castle.”

“A castle on Dartmoor in these times. What vanity!” said Emily.

“I think it’s romantic,” said Celia, to which both her parents gave her withering looks.

“I do,” repeated Celia.

“And he wants me to design it,” said Lutyens. “Do you think I should try to change his mind?”

“You could try,” said Emily, “but you know Julius; once he sets his mind to something he doesn’t budge.”

## Chapter 2

There were three things that Celia remembered about her father as she was growing up. The first was that he was often not at home; the second was that when he was at home, he always had a new story; and the third was that he always smelt of warm, rich pipe tobacco. Celia could not remember, when she was a small child, whether her father had been overweight or had begun to go bald or whether his hair had gone grey. It was the smell of him and his absence that made an impression on her. However, more than anything else, it was his love of stories. When he returned from his trips abroad, he would have an abundance of new tales and she, her brother and her two young sisters would wait with anticipation for him to come up to the nursery so she could hear another adventure about a Persian princess or an evil mullah or a courageous pirate.

There were times when she could not remember her father being there from one month to the next. There were no hugs or kisses goodnight. When she was seven, she started to make up her own stories about what her father did and why he was often not there. She told her friends that he was an explorer, like David Livingstone. She made up tales about him meeting maharajas and queens. Then, one afternoon, when she was playing with Margaret Ellis, her father came home unexpectedly from a trip abroad. Margaret, a precocious child even at the age of seven, asked whether he had just been to meet the Emperor of Nepal.

“Oh yes,” Lutyens had said. “He’s a rather fat fellow with a wonderful crown.” He smiled at Celia as he left the two girls to play, and at that moment Celia did not believe she could care for him more.

As Celia grew up, she noticed that her father was becoming a little more tired. He was not so energetic when he came home from his trips away and he did not tell his stories so frequently. He went out to dinner more and the notches of his belt grew fewer. Any pretence

at vanity went. Edwin Lutyens knew what he liked and if this led him to be slightly overweight, then he saw this simply as a reward for success. He was not extravagant, and his wife was equally as frugal. In his club it was rumoured that he only had two suits, perhaps an unkind remark. He had three, but one suit he did not particularly care for.

After Emily became a vegetarian in line with her new-found beliefs, Lutyens ate at his club more and more. He took the view that it was not appropriate to invite either friends or clients to his home for dinner if he could not offer a meat or fish course. However, the more time he spent at his club, the more he relaxed into its comfy atmosphere. He could smoke his pipe without his wife complaining of the smell, and he was also able to do business there. He knew everyone at the club, and he made it a point to know if anyone was thinking about designing a new house or changing an estate.

Unusually, things were not too hectic a week after Edwin Lutyens received the letter from Sir Julius Drewe regarding the castle. Lutyens therefore thought he would leave his office early and wander down to his club just before five in the evening. He was surprised, therefore, when his secretary stopped him and told him that a Mr Hall was waiting to see him.

“Hall?” said Lutyens. “Do you know what he wants?”

“He said that you had written a reference for him about six months ago, that you knew his father and he wanted to thank you.”

Lutyens remembered the letter. Peter Hall’s father had studied architecture with him, and was quite a few years older than him. However, like many associations that do not develop into friendships, Lutyens lost touch with Duncan Hall and thought no more about him until twenty-one years had passed and a letter came out of the blue. The letter asked whether Lutyens knew of a firm of engineers who were looking to take on a newly qualified graduate and whether he could send a letter of introduction for his son. Lutyens made some enquiries, found out that Duncan Hall was down on his luck, and wrote a letter of



introduction for Duncan's son, Peter, to a firm of engineers, Babbie, Shaw and Morton. He had worked with the firm in Scotland and understood that they had recently set up a new office in London. He was pleased to learn a few weeks later that Peter Hall had been employed.

Peter Hall was tall, far taller than Lutyens had expected. He had a thin face, unruly mousy hair and sharp blue eyes. When Hall entered Lutyens' office he looked around, taking keen note of what was there. Judging by the cut of his suit, the architect guessed that the salary of an apprentice engineer was not to be envied.

It did not take long for Lutyens to form a good impression of Peter Hall. He was not someone to take to the club but he was obviously diligent, hardworking and capable. He listened more than he spoke and asked the right questions. Inquisitiveness and prudence were the hallmarks of a good engineer, Lutyens thought, and smiled at his little play on words.

After fifteen minutes Lutyens started talking about the commission for a castle he was hoping to obtain and, on a whim, he asked Peter, "Which partner at your firm has the most experience with geology?"

"Alistair Morton," said Peter. "He has a huge amount of experience in soil mechanics."

Lutyens scribbled down a note and asked Peter to give it to Alistair Morton the next day. "Hopefully," said Lutyens, as Hall was about to leave, "this might be a project we can work together on. You might even meet Sir Julius Drewe."

"What's he like?" Hall asked.

"He is fastidious when it comes to money. He owns the Home and Colonial Stores and made his fortune from importing tea from India and the Orient. He also has a shipping company and a number of other import businesses. They say if Julius Drewe became

bankrupt tomorrow, you and twenty million other people in England would go without a cup of tea.”

Lutyens was surprised when a knock on the door interrupted his meeting. It was rare for his secretary ever to interrupt him, and he apologised to Peter for the disturbance. He opened the door to find Celia standing next to his secretary. He frowned. Celia ignored the frown.

“I wanted to speak to you before you went to your club,” Celia said. “I’ve had some ideas for your castle.”

Lutyens looked at his secretary who stammered in response that Celia had said it was a matter of urgency.

“I’m busy,” said Lutyens. “Now run along, we can talk later.”

“I can wait.” Celia suddenly saw Peter Hall behind her father who had stood up. She smiled at him.

“Celia,” said Lutyens sternly.

“Sorry,” said Celia to Peter, “I really didn’t think that anyone would be here at this time of the evening. I honestly didn’t mean to disturb your meeting. I’m Miss Celia Lutyens.”

“Peter, Peter Hall, miss.”

“It’s very nice to meet you, Mr Hall.”

“We had just finished our meeting,” said Peter, unsure of whether he should say anything more. It was clear to him that Lutyens did not want his daughter there but, on the other hand, he did not want to appear discourteous. “We were just discussing the castle.”

Lutyens groaned.

“That’s precisely the matter that I wanted to discuss with my father,” Celia added.

“Do you work for my father, Mr Hall?”

“Celia,” said Lutyens with some warning in his voice, “Mr Hall is an engineer. His firm may be asked to assist with a survey and, if you would allow him, he no doubt has pressing things he needs to do.”

“I do hope we shall meet again, Mr Hall,” said Celia as she offered her hand to Peter. “I thought it might be interesting to help.” Celia noticed that her father had gone red. Now, she decided, was a good time to leave. She shook Peter’s hand and turned and left.

“Please excuse my daughter,” said Lutyens as he showed Peter to the door. “She sometimes rushes in where angels fear to tread.”

As Lutyens later walked to his club, he thought about what he should say to Celia. A short reprimand was in order, but what punishment would be suitable? The simple solution was to ban her from riding for a week, but he didn’t feel that the punishment fitted the crime. The sentence should follow on from the offence; it fitted with his thinking of how the world worked. An action always has an equal and opposite reaction. Buildings stood up because of foundations – it was something that he had learnt in his first lessons as an architect when he sat next to Hall’s father.

He pulled out his pipe and chewed on the end as he walked and then the answer came to him. If Celia wanted to help with the design of the castle, then he would encourage her. However, it would have to be done properly and Celia would have to understand some basic principles of architecture and engineering. A fitting punishment, he thought, and he knew a young engineer who might also be made to help administer the punishment.

“You’re looking very well this evening, sir,” said the porter. Lutyens took off his calf leather gloves and passed them to the porter with his coat and broly.

“I’m feeling well,” said Lutyens.

### Chapter 3

Peter Hall lived in lodgings at Deptford Strand. His rooms were small, and the house was old and run-down. His landlady, Mrs Braithwaite, claimed that the house stood on the very spot where Christopher Marlowe had been murdered over a dinner bill and maintained that her family had owned the house for six generations. When telling the story, which was not an infrequent occurrence, she would let out a sigh and claim that death duties had ruined the Braithwaites.

Peter had two rooms in the attic – a small bedroom and a slightly larger living room, which contained an old chair, a threadbare sofa and a small table. The curtains and the rug on the floor were newer, as a result of constant complaints from a previous lodger. There were two reasons why Peter had chosen to take rooms at this house: it was close to the ferry that went to London, and it was cheap at ten shillings a month, including meals.

Peter Hall's salary as an apprentice engineer was barely enough to get by on, even with Peter being parsimonious. He would never take a cab if he could take an omnibus; and he would never take an omnibus if he could walk. He woke up early and prayed every morning. His faith was rooted deep in the Presbyterian traditions. He had been given a second-hand brown suit by an uncle when he got his job in London. The material was of a good quality and although the jacket fitted perfectly, the trousers were just a little short in the leg. Peter was nearly six feet tall; his uncle had been two inches shorter. The cut of the suit had dated; the lapels were slightly larger than was now fashionable, and the waistcoat buttoned up almost to the collar of his shirt. His mother had packed him three cotton shirts and six collars when he left home.

“Get your landlady to launder them daily,” she had told him, “and make sure she starches the cuffs and collars; they'll come up nicer and last longer.” From his father he

received a silver watch and fob. The hour hand kept perfect time, although the minute hand no longer moved and remained forever pointing at the six. It was as if time had taken its toll and the hand could no longer make the struggle up the face of the clock. Peter had tried to fix it; however, nothing that he did could make the minute hand move. Peter soon learned, like his father before him, the art of telling the time solely from the position of the hour hand.

Peter had, since the day when he had been employed by Babbie, Shaw and Morton, felt indebted to Edwin Lutyens. He had thought about writing a letter of thanks but decided to see Lutyens personally. He had called at Lutyens' office on three previous occasions, but each time Lutyens had been abroad.

Lutyens and Gertrude Jekyll were, at that time, the talk of London. A Lutyens house and a Jekyll garden were said to go together like salt and pepper, a demonstration of good taste. Peter liked the style of a Lutyens' house. He was impressed how effortlessly Lutyens seemed to make a house feel part of its environment. He could see the sense in building with locally quarried materials and this, he thought, was why a Lutyens building seemed immediately to become part of the landscape.

Peter's job was going well. He had been told that if the small practice in London developed, there could be a permanent place for him when he finished his apprenticeship. That he had been referred to Babbie, Shaw and Morton by Lutyens was certainly a feather in his cap, and now Mr Lutyens had written to Alistair Morton, after speaking to him.

Peter was not affected by the constant noise in the house or the shouting of the Braithwaite children as they played in the yard. He had grown up in a similar type of house in Glasgow. However, one thing did grate on his nerves. Mrs Braithwaite had a habit of trying to push him and her eldest daughter, Rose, together. This would not have been an issue, but Peter was prone to blushing even for the most innocent of reasons, and his landlady seemed to enjoy making him blush.

“Mr Hall would be a bit of catch,” she would say to her daughter in earshot of Peter, “our Mr Hall is on the up. It’s just a matter of time, mind you, before our Mr Hall has finished his apprenticeship and is earning well. A girl would be lucky if he was interested in her.”

Rose was three years younger than Peter, having turned twenty on her last birthday. She worked as a nurse and lived most of the week at St Thomas’ Hospital but came home on her days off. She pretended to take no notice of her mother’s suggestions or when Peter blushed furiously. She knew that if she paid the slightest attention, her mother would take pains in making their embarrassment worse. She therefore let the comments wash over her and inwardly bit her lip.

Peter was not what she had in mind for a boyfriend, let alone a husband. He was too quiet, and she doubted whether he could even dance. He rarely seemed to go out except to church on a Sunday or talks on rocks or similar topics that she considered boring. He wasn’t too bad-looking, she admitted to herself, and he was tall. She even hoped that his Scottish accent might wear away over time. He also had no money and, although she thought that one day he would earn a comfortable living, Rose wanted to enjoy her life now.

On the days when Rose travelled back to St Thomas’ Hospital, she would take the seven a.m. ferry from Deptford with Peter. They would sit together saying very little. From the ferry terminus at Blackfriars, she would walk along the embankment to the hospital, and he would take an omnibus to Fitzroy Street, in order not to be late. Rose eventually became used to his ways, and they developed a sense of familiarity, like a warm bath or daffodils in spring.

On Monday morning on the 26<sup>th</sup> of September 1910, like a hundred times before, Peter and Rose walked along Deptford Strand to catch the seven a.m. ferry to Blackfriars. However, Peter was wearing a new suit and tie and carried a small briefcase.

“Are you going to tell me why you’re all dressed up?” she asked.

“I have a meeting with Sir Julius Drewe.”

“Mixing with the toffs are you now?” responded Rose. Peter started blushing. “Sorry, I didn’t mean anything...”

They carried on walking and bought their tickets for the ferry. Peter gripped his briefcase that contained a file of papers that Lutyens had given him. He had spent the weekend at the desk in his room with some drawings that Lutyens had prepared. They were mainly sketches, some preliminary ideas that Lutyens had had regarding the castle. Lutyens’ idea was a rectangular building chiselled out of granite. Block after rectangular block seemed to be placed next to each other. The sketches were austere with little decoration. He did not know what to make of them. The granite walls rose vertically from the edge of the escarpment on the Teign gorge. It had straight lines with almost no curves. It was so different to the work that Lutyens had done before. Nothing in the design undulated as he imagined the moor would. It was so different to what he had expected, that Peter wondered whether Lutyens had even designed it himself.

Peter would be meeting with Lutyens, Sir Julius and Alistair Morton later that morning. At the request of Sir Julius, the meeting was to take place at the Bristol Hotel. Peter recognised that this was an opportunity for him. He had briefed Alistair Morton during the previous week, and they had a further meeting with Lutyens. Alistair Morton had given Peter clear instructions that at the meeting he was not to say anything unless he was asked a direct question. From his point of view the major engineering concern would be the shear strength of the cliff. The escarpment would need to hold the weight of the massive granite walls. From the Teign valley the castle would redefine the skyline.

“So, what are you designing?” asked Rose, as the ferry moved slowly through the water to Blackfriars.

“It’s a castle,” said Peter. “Would you like to see a sketch of it?” Before she could answer Peter had one of Lutyens’ sketches out of his briefcase. She stared at it for a minute and considered the rectangular shapes of the walls and buildings, the small windows and the austerity of the whole design. She did not say a word and then her brow furrowed.

“Is he pulling your leg?” she asked.

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Sir Julius Drewe had panache; one could tell that from the cut of his Savile Row suit. His tie was made of the finest silk and the collar of his shirt was starched but unglossed. His shoes were made by Church’s and polished to the point of reflection. There was a faint scent of an eau de cologne that was now the fashion. His black hair was oiled and combed to the side and his moustache was clipped. There were a few grey hairs, but the oil seemed to gloss over them. Sir Julius was tall. His manicured hands indicated a man of leisure and, like many men of leisure, his waistline had started to grow with each passing decade. Peter guessed he might be fifty, although he could still pass for a man in his mid-forties.

Sir Julius obviously knew where to eat in the City. Not those places that still served mutton chops and where one sat on red velvet chairs, but the restaurants where one could get the freshest sole *bonne femme* and a bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé and where the waiters were French. Although Sir Julius had made his money in trade, he was not a shopkeeper. He was a man of substance, and he knew it.

The drawing room of the Bristol Hotel was brilliantly alight. The polish on the parquet flooring shone. A table had been placed in the middle of the room and there were cushions of ivory silk on the chairs. An impressive fireplace on one side of the room had an



impressionist painting hanging above it. In one corner, in tall pots of Chinese-style porcelain, palms were growing. In the opposite corner was a piano.

After the introductions Sir Julius sat quietly but attentively as Lutyens gave his presentation. The drawings came out one by one. First there was the presentation of the barbican – something that Sir Julius had insisted on. The great gate tower straddled the driveway, and the rampart wall then circled the castle. The driveway led to a courtyard. There was a portcullis and above it, carved into the granite, was a lion rampant, the Drewe heraldic symbol.

Lutyens ended by saying, “What I am trying to achieve is a balance between a traditional Norman castle – something which would have been built in the time of Drogo de Teigne – and something modern. The castle is intended to be a representation of both modernity and tradition.”

Lutyens leant back in his chair and lit his pipe. Sir Julius took a cigarette from a silver cigarette case and lit it. He watched the match burn down, blowing it out when the flame got down to his fingers.

“Modernity and tradition,” said Sir Julius and then paused.

“Yes,” responded Lutyens, “that’s what we discussed on the telephone.”

“But, perhaps, it is a little too traditional,” said Sir Julius.

“Norman castles were designed as fortifications and the design I am proposing is for a modern family to live in, with windows and heating.”

“I see,” said Sir Julius. He picked up a glass of water and took a sip. “I suppose some of the details can be worked out later.”

“Of course,” said Lutyens.

“And the budget for all of this is sixty thousand pounds? Fifty thousand for the castle and ten thousand for the gardens?”

“More or less,” said Lutyens. “The next step is to take a more detailed geotechnical survey of the area. Mr Morton and Mr Hall can tell you about what will be needed.”

Alistair Morton commenced his short presentation, based on the scant information he had been given. After a few minutes Sir Julius stopped listening. He was not interested in this level of detail.

Lutyens then interrupted. “Given the location of the chapel,” he said, indicating one of his drawings, “we shall need to ascertain whether we can build this close to the cliff edge or whether the building will need to be moved further back.”

“I don’t want a chapel there,” said Sir Julius, “it’s a waste of good money. I want a ballroom with a courtyard to the side and views out across the moor.”

Lutyens made a scribble on one of the sketches. “Changed already,” he noted.

“There are also some preliminary surveys that I had done,” said Sir Julius. “Perhaps they could be sent over, if they would be of any use.”

“Mr Hall can pick those up, Sir Julius,” said Alistair Morton.

“When could you do that, Mr Hall?” asked Sir Julius.

“Tomorrow?” suggested Peter.

“Agreed,” answered Sir Julius. “He will need to come down to Wadhurst Hall. I have a meeting in the morning,” said Sir Julius, looking at his diary, “but if Mr Hall could arrive at around eleven-thirty, that would be convenient.” And with that, Sir Julius Drewe brought an end to the meeting. He shook hands with everyone and excused himself, saying that if they needed to discuss any matters, the room was available to them for the rest of the day.

When Sir Julius had left and tea was brought in, Lutyens settled himself to talk with the two engineers.

“As indicated on the sketches,” said Lutyens, “everything is to be built with local granite, which will cause you problems at every turn because of the weight of it.” Lutyens

drew out from his Gladstone bag some further sketches. "I am proposing," he said, "to put a cantilevered staircase in the north tower. What we will need to do is have the load spread along the length without need for supports inside." Another sketch was brought out and they discussed the scullery, with its five small rooms huddled around an octagonal lightwell. Lutyens also had sketches for the kitchen, where he had designed curved edges to the walls and floor, the boudoir, the drawing room and the dining room.

Peter saw that, even though the building was austere from the outside, it was beautifully crafted on the inside. It had nothing to do with furniture, paintings or decoration, but rather the positioning of light wells and windows meant that light would flood into many of the rooms.

The conversation finished at one o'clock and Alistair Morton excused himself as he had another meeting to attend at three.

When alone, Lutyens looked at Peter and asked, "Didn't you like the design?"

"It's nae what I expected," said Peter, as if by way of explanation.

"At the end of the day, life is all about legacy. No one is ever remembered for merely being rich. Sir Julius wants to leave a legacy, and this is it. Remember, Peter, this castle is not for him, it's for his children and grandchildren. He is building it so that he is not forgotten. That's what Sir Julius fears; fading into obscurity."

"Aye, and who was Drogo de Teigne?" asked Peter. "Ye mentioned him as part of your presentation to Sir Julius."

"Drogo de Teigne," said Lutyens, "and the heraldic lion are the most important things about the castle. For Sir Julius, these are the things which stop the endeavour being frivolous."

Lutyens' pipe had gone out and he relit it.

“But the design of the castle is everything for me,” he continued. “You may not like it now, but you will grow to love it, absolutely and completely, and Sir Julius will too. He is buying something original, something permanent. It’s not a pastiche, nor is it cheap or garish. It’s something that others will envy, and for Sir Julius that will make it a possession worth having. It’s not the size of the castle but what others think of it.”

Peter nodded his head, as if he agreed.

“Just one last thing,” said Lutyens, as he got up to leave. “You remember my daughter, Celia? She expressed some interest in this project and I hope you won’t mind if I ask her to attend one of our meetings.”

“Not at all,” said Peter.

“That’s very decent of you,” said Lutyens, taking his hand and shaking it vigorously. “Perhaps we can see you tomorrow after your visit to Wadhurst Hall. Say five-thirty at my office?”

As Peter Hall walked away from the Bristol Hotel towards his office in Fitzroy Street, he wondered why a fourteen-year-old girl would be interested in a castle.