

Sweden has some beautiful ideas

Swedish Smorrebrod: Colourful, fun-to-eat open-faced sandwiches. With tempting toppings you can yield to. With shredded lettuce, slices of hard-boiled egg sprinkled with paprika, garnished with tomato or red pepper strips. Or with any toppings you like, but *always* with the good rich taste of rye. The good rich taste of Ry-King. Crunchy, flavoursome goodness that satisfies and delights — with never a worry about calories. Try the king of the crispbreads, Ry-King.

After all, why should the Swedes have all the good things of life?

Ry-King

CRISP BREAD



Ry-King from Sweden with flavour!

RK23-5

A SURPRISING TERRACE HOUSE

THIS house is 70 years younger than its stately, terrace-house neighbors at Parkville, a Melbourne suburb — but to look at it you'd never know. It was built three years ago by owner-architects Mr. and Mrs. David Saunders; he is a lecturer at Melbourne University, and they were thrilled to find a vacant site close both to the city and to the university.

"Naturally, being architects, we wanted to build our own home rather than buy an old one," said the Saunders', "but we did not want it to look out of place."

Although they achieved the same urban character as the surrounding terrace homes, by clever designing (the slate roof slopes steeply to match the other houses in back and front, but is split in the middle to allow for extra windows) they receive more fresh air and sunlight than their neighbors.

A high wall round two sides of the property is built of secondhand bricks, and the cast-iron front fence was found in a wrecker's yard after much searching.

The outside of the house is of cement bricks, again in keeping with the neighboring homes, and interior walls are lined with Hawthorn blacks. These handmade bricks get their name from the Melbourne suburb in which they were baked in open clamp kilns, and the diffused streaks of black caused by the iron in the clay used were very popular last century. None have been made since before World War 1, and the Saunders' had another long and tedious trek from one wrecker's yard to another before they had collected enough of them.

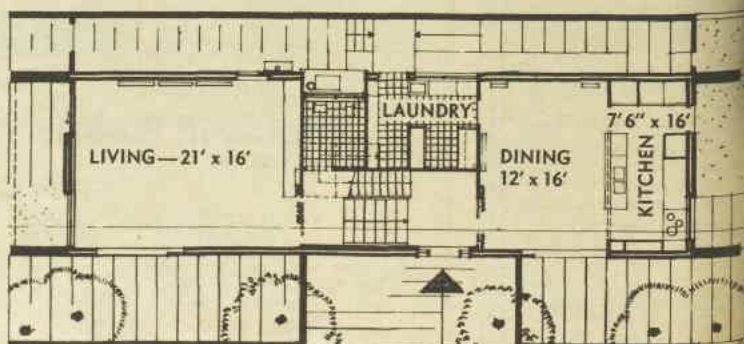
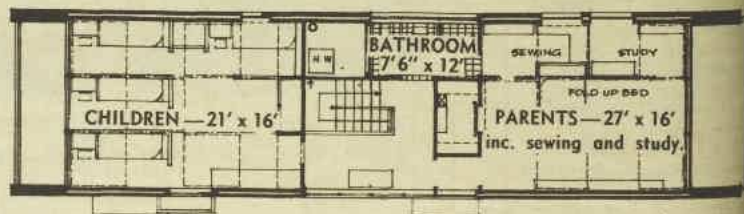
Another aim of the Saunders' was to keep the rooms spacious rather than have a lot of small rooms, which was the vogue in terrace-style houses last century.

The living-room, which is at the back of the house and has access through french windows to the barbecue area, is not only large, but with its unusually high 11 ft. 3 in. ceiling has an extra feeling of spaciousness.

The land sloped toward the back of the house and, rather than fill this in, the Saunders' took advantage of the split level by lowering the floor of the living-room and connecting it to the hallway by a short flight of steps.

Although the building takes up a great deal of the small (33 ft. by 120 ft.) block of land, the Saunders' have cleverly utilised the broken-up portions. The house is built well back from the one next door and the garden is built up along the front boundary for privacy. Two brick-paved courtyards, approximately 10 ft. wide, are protected by the side brick wall.

The backyard is also surrounded by high walls. This has been planted with tall gum trees and has a paved brick area surrounding a novel brick barbecue — a replica of a Japanese temple and built by Mr. Saunders.



● HOUSE OF THE WEEK



Old bricks were used for the high fence which gives privacy to two tiny courtyards. Only breaks with convention on the outside of the house are the side entrance instead of a front one and the interruption in the sloped slate roof, which allows for extra windows.



Mr. and Mrs. Saunders' bedroom looks like a sitting-room in the daytime. A double bed folds up behind the large expanse of off-white curtaining, which also serves to hide a sewing-room for Mrs. Saunders and a study for her husband.



Earthenware water jars collected on her travels through Yugoslavia, Spain, and Turkey decorate Mrs. Saunders' kitchen. They inspired the main color scheme of natural clay tonings — umber, terracotta, biscuit — in this room.

Story by Patricia Peck
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