

WINGFIELD HOUSE,
SOUTH WINGFIELD,
ALFRETON, DERBYSHIRE.

Sunday
29th June 1919

My dearest Lois

Uncle Harry and I are sitting before a cannell coal fire in the square main hall. With the aid of the fire the thermometer has risen to sixty seven degrees. The weather is rather threatening and so we are probably not going anywhere until after dinner.

Scenes of burnished brasses, trays, boxes and Burmese gods, elephants tortoises and cranes, incense pots and water carriers look down from all sides - not to mention ^{deer} deer heads, horns, clubs, tomohawks, paintings, swords etc

Uncle Harry is reading the advertisement
 by the time I should think - of
 Saturday papers and is fidgetting
 about the weather. The weather suits
 me all right because it obliges them
 to be quiet. As you know barging
 about does it suit my idea of enjoyment.
 I hope you and the children are happy
 and comfortable. I am so anxious to
 get home that I cannot do justice
 to this trip. This country is a
 delight to the eye but is too cold and
 the discord between the class cannot
 be forgotten for very long.

You would love the roses. They are
 everywhere and the strawberries - there
 is always a bowl of them on the sideboard.
 Nothing much to tell you just best
 love and a kiss for everyone of you
 Yours affably
 Edward.