

You might be interested to know that  
the thermometer in the hall is reading 59° F

WINGFIELD HOUSE,

ESW

SOUTH WINGFIELD,

ALFRETON, DERBYSHIRE.

Friday, 27<sup>th</sup> June  
1919

My dearest Lois

I arrived here on Wednesday  
at about seven in the evening.  
Uncle Harry met me at the station  
with a motor and Aunt Charlotte  
met me on the steps as we drove  
up. I wish I could show you a  
picture of the spot.

The house is of smooth brown  
stone, plain on the outside and  
probably a hundred years old. It stands  
at a slight angle and rather close  
to a village or country <sup>road</sup> which  
has old stone fences on each side and  
on this side the fence is covered

with ivy. Inside the gates is a perfectly kept gravel driveway with trees and roses thick on both sides. I haven't explored the whole house but there is a quite large hall with drawing room on the left and dining room on the right. I think you would like it because of the hundred of curios particularly brasses which they have picked up on their travels. They consider themselves entirely without servants with only a cook, a thirteen years old girl and a chauffeur who has been with Uncle Harry for twenty-eight years except for the time he was at the war.

As soon as the first greetings were over I was offered some armchair

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biscuits and a little port wine. When  
Aunt Charlotte showed me my room  
I found that "Key", the chauffeur, had  
brought up and unstrapped my bag  
and put a beautifully polished  
brass water can with hot water  
and a "cosy" ready for use in my  
basin.

I found I was to sleep in a  
wonderful four poster not rickety  
but steady as a rock with a big  
spring mattress below the mattress  
we sleep on.

He had a nice dinner with  
fresh strawberries and real cream  
which is a treat to anyone coming here.

from Gordon. Afterward we talked till bed time.

There are no lights in the house and aunt Charlotte showed me to my room with a candle with which she lighted four other candles on my bureau.

In the morning I answered a knock on my door at eight o'clock and Key came in with Tea and three little slices of buttered bread. In the other hand he carried a big brass water pail. He spread a big mat on the floor <sup>beside</sup> the bed (and away from the door) on on this he (pulled out) and placed the round flat bath in which he set the water can. He also brought back the small hot water outfit for the hand basin. Then he took my

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boots and a suit <sup>of</sup> clothes to be brushed and departed. While I was shaving he returned with my clothes and boots looking considerably improved by his efforts.

I was comfortably dressed by nine o'clock and took a walk along the village street as breakfast is not till nine thirty.

Everything is built of stone - fences, cow sheds, pig pens and everything. I am continually amazed at the greenness of the trees and grass and the freedom with which roses and all kinds of flowers seem to flourish and cover fences & houses.

It is a rolling hilly country.  
 Yesterday they took me to see  
 Haddon Hall (from which Dorothy  
 Vernon eloped. We had lunch  
 at an Inn) then went on to see  
 the Duke of Devonshire's house and  
 estate "Chatsworth", I think is the  
 name of it. There I saw many  
 hundreds of paintings copies of  
 which I had seen. There were  
 also quantities of statuary, pottery,  
 Crown Derby ware wonderfully  
 carved wood work etc. There is a  
 fine park with cows & deer & sheep  
 we had tea at an apparently well  
 known place called the Peacock Inn  
 and sat in the garden for a time  
 watching the trout in the river.  
 We have had a quiet morning but  
 are now going somewhere for a drive  
<sup>spoon affects</sup> Edward