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Medd family fonds

Accession 81-001 Box 1 Folder 2 Letter 4

Letter: S.T. Medd, North Bramshott Camp, near Liphook, Hants, England, to his wife, Estelle, whom he addresses as "Stell," 5 December 1915. He hopes that Arthur will get leave from France shortly and visit him.

Notes regarding the transcription:

In this transcription, most misspellings and grammatical anomalies which occur in the original text have been maintained. Occasionally commas and periods have been added to assist in clarifying the sentence structure. Square brackets [ ] indicate indecipherable text.

#### TRANSCRIPTION

N. Bramshott Camp  
Near Liphook Hants  
5/12/15

My Dear Stell,

I have yours of 12th. It appears to take anywhere from 16 to 22 days for a letter to cross as a matter of fact. I know some boats have called at one of the scenes of operations before coming to England and of course if mail happened to be in their well, it co'd be a long time in coming. The place you mentioned is British Headquarters & Arthur is there at present. I expect to hear from him any day that he is coming over, I suppose to outfit, and I will see him. I have talked with many officers from the western front and all agree things are all right there but it is rather cold and wet. Stell dear speaking of cold the best piece of equipment I have is the [ ] & scarf you knit me. When riding in cold winds, I put it on like a scotchman, plaid over my serge and put my British worn on over it. I have learned about 7 different ways of folding it - one very good (excuse the blot; the pen kicked). One very good way is to lay one end over my left breast, about two feet of the scarf, then carry it back over my right shoulder and round my neck and down over my right breast under my right arm then round my body - then up over my right shoulder. The end hangs down my back. I find that protects my throat, chest and back and does not slip. I have not used it yet for a night cap or foot warmer but its uses are many.

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I [hear] [Sutton] is coming well. The Dr's have a snap unless they happen to be sent to the front. Anyone attached to a hospital here is as well or perhaps much better off than at home. Dr. Archibald (Capt),

instead of getting in with the University of Toronto H [Hospital] has been attached to a cavalry field ambulance and is on his way to the front. He will be a good man too.

Stell dear with regard to Hall & Halls Moment[ ] a/c [account] you will have my last letter. As to it being a favor, let them think so. As a matter of fact I have a letter. It is with the title papers stating they undertook to do anything and everything required by me to perfect that title among other things. This particular document they say they favored me by obtaining. Now mark this, Hayes gave me that letter before he left. Their firm, I have said, working of it for this reason. I believe this title as it now stands is perfect. At the same, should anything be called in question that letter stands to the [extent] of the financial worth of their blessed firm. Believers us, and trouble.

Mother has [been] having a good deal of trouble with the new tenant. Believe me I wo'd like to have him here for one minute. You see these infernal [ ] seem to think that she being a woman and absolutely alone they have her at their mercy. Well Stell, she is good [ ] and has need of it. She wrote me she had to call off her visit each time because of things cropping up that kept her at home.

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I wonder who in who's who do the Pearce-Kerr people think they are. Well it is just a case of the world taking one at one's own valuation. Speaking of that, you of course know how I always adored the ability in anyone to hold their own, I mean to meet all situations with ease. Well that is apparent here in every one of the gentle class. The other one is always acting and speaking as if they begged to be excused for living. Go into a country house here and from the good day to the good bye all are always at their ease. I think that is what many in Peterboro are always trying for but lacking the education and the breeding often come a cropper. You remember how Mrs. V. Eastwood acquired an English accent. Well one man here told me that one of the pleasures in talking to Canadians of parts (what ever that is) was the clear well-modulated pronunciation, and that they are immensely amused by the attempt of some to acquire what he called the slur of the letter "R". Further, he thought much of the English mumbling of pronunciation was [caused] by the climatic affect on the vocal cords. This is all very well. So there you are.

You remember one day last fall you said you thought you would like a wrist watch. I went to London last Thursday and you should have it by xmas my honey girl. I found tho I could not pay the duty on this side so arranged for Benson & Co. from who I got it to mail it direct. Also, to prepare what ever paper was needed for the customs people. If I were you I would take it to Schneider and have him regulate it. I had not time to have that done as they told me it

would require a week.

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They guaranteed both workmanship and accuracy as to time. I hope you will like it. They are a good firm.

I found it difficult to get toys for the kiddies. I suppose the German goods being off the market is the cause. So have mailed you a silk scarf for each of them. Please do them up in xmas form. I also send one for Margaret.

I am field officer for this week. It has been raining all day but I have a good pair of [brogs]. Boots I mean, and my slicker is turning out to be quite the thing. I find all officers in the field have same story, namely that if one can keep warm the weather does not affect ones health much. All here have [ ] heavy colds but otherwise are well. Even the natives have these colds so we can't expect to escape. Fancy paying \$28 for a pair of boots. Well after you hunt til you are tired and find one can't do better (as a poor pair are a [snar] and a delusion) one is reconciled but two pair cuts into some money. Speaking of money, I think they should & likely will call you for all to subscribe to war loan. I really think things are again coming our way tho nothing definite will likely appear for some time. I had a long ride a few days ago. Eventually came out on a moor that really must have been 10 - 12 miles long and nearly as wide. One co'd easily get lost in it. It was all hill and valley, rolling land, you know.

I was out to dinner last week at a country house, a bachelor and spinster family. The lord and master of "Three Firs" was about 50. The sister, the lady of the house about 45 or over. Well [ ] over. Two of us went and had a pleasant evening. This

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house was about 3 miles away (by the way our nearest R.R. Station is 3 miles off, just a slip, as they say here.) I rang the bell, a maid answered, I asked if this was the "Three Pines". Without moving a mussle she replied "it is Three Firs sir, if you please". The Dempseys thought it good of course. I told them we only had Pines in our country, hence the mistake. Well, as Mrs. Matthews would say "they dressed for dinner".

They had 3 wines on the table and seven courses. Took the usual 2 hours at table, sat down at 7 o'clock. Mrs D retired to the drawing room while we smoked for a time over the nuts & raisons. We played bridge later & got home about 12. It was a pleasant break in the daily grind. By the way, Major Brown & Blue were there a couple of weeks ago. Mr Dempsey said the acceptance of the invitation stated

that Majors Brown and Blue w'd come. His sisters and he thought it had been impossible to name the officers available and that instead of saying x & y the adjutant had used the words Brown and Blue. But much to their amusement it had turned out that their right names had been given tho nothing was really said. I think Brown and Blue entertained them.

Blue told his story about Quebec, viz. a fat man was coming down a narrow street from the Terrace to the lower town. This road was icy and he slipped half way down. He struck a woman who tumbled into his lap and he carried her to the bottom and there said "you get off here madam, I go no further".

The Dempseys are Irish and had lived in the country for some time.

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Again, speaking of English people, it of course takes all kinds to make a world but this dialogue a couples of weeks ago was funny. Scene at country hotel lounge room.

Enter: small man, smaller woman. The lady selected a sunny place, arranged a chair for her lord and master so he had a good view and all the sun. He sat down. She took a settee agst [against] the wall opposite back to a corridor. He ordered her to move a little so he co'd get more sun. She did. He looked out of window a while (I think he was an officer from his talk) then to wife, "get me a morning paper." She did - he reads. Later says, "do I seem chilly." "I'm not," I think. I say "do you think I do." Wife nods head & looks out of window. This sort of thing went on for about 10 minutes. I supposed it is going yet. He w'd ask few questions, she w'd answer with a nod of head or yes or no. Oh some of these gentlemen are lovely. I don't think I am cold. The greater number of the officers of the regular army are Catholic. Speaking of officers I wish Jos. Mill luck & hope he gets them all out here.

Well I am away now for an hours tramp to finish my rounds for this day so close my sweetheart. Have the kiddies give you a heart hug for me and you them for me.

STM

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