

Letter from Edward Parker Wallman Wedd, 'Parker', who was then serving in France  
to his sister Muriel Tidman, then living in Hindhead.



*Edward and Muriel*

Presumably one of the last letters he wrote, as he was killed on 13<sup>th</sup> July that year.

6.5.18

My dear M

So sorry to hear that Oscar is seedy, but hope by this time the West country has set him up. We are now in a farm which the inhabitants evacuated the day after we arrived. It is a sad sight – that of refugees. We put up a Battalion [sic] of our Allies the other night, who much appreciated a couple of bottles of whisky. They are a wonderful nation of fighters; sanitation is not their strong point, nor is horsemastership.

Any calves that were found roaming about these deserted farms were not long before they were in their field kitchens. Incidentally we have done well with veal, & we bought a pig at 100 frs which did us very well indeed, enabled us to send handsome joints to the Batteries.

The trees are just bursting into leaf & affording a little cover. Had lunch today with one of the Batteries I had when we were with Gen. Crampton. A very good lunch in charming company.

Charles has got his new coat & is looking A1. He still is very gun shy, & even a flash brings him round in a hurry.

We had an extraordinary heavy fall of rain last night.

With all best wishes & much love

Yrs ever

Parker