

Transcription

Copy of letter from George Francis Murphy 5 April 1917 from Edinburgh, Scotland.

Cannot detach[?] margins but use as lingo[?] [written sideways at top of letter]

Edinbro

5/4/17

Dear Wifey/

I've been saving this hour up for two days now, so here goes. Unfortunately, one's letters reflect one's mood, so that some are short, like notes, others critical and others yet again, are of the lovers kind. Tonight I feel a trifle tired, and a little homesick, so what the result may be I cannot tell. I came up here on Monday night. It snowed heavily all the way north and Edinbro was just a heap of snow. Next day was fine and clear, just an early spring or autumn day in Bathurst. I went to the Art Gallery again and spent a few hours in a feast of colours. Strangely, my fancy runs to sculpture just now and I saw some beautiful work here. This morning I went to Glasgow. - It is much larger than Edinbro, and about ¼ as pretty. St George's Sq. is a fine spot, the equestrian statues

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are fine indeed. But at the Glasgow Museum & Art Gallery I enjoyed myself. Some of the paintings are wonderful Klaf of iridescent glassware is particularly fine – I could not get any reproductions; only about a dozen postcards. The statuary there is very fine, and well grouped. I saw the most wonderful wood carving, Japanese mainly – a fish, a pigeon, a fan seller – to mention but a few. I could scarcely drag myself away./

6/4/17 (London) It was no use last night – I had to knock off, and have a rest. I got the train at 10 pm (sleeper) and came to London. – The night was beautiful but this morning we ran into a snow storm. – This afternoon it has been fine and clear. – I went out to Box Hill, - and spent

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my Good Friday there. I am still weary and very home sick, with the prospect of France on Easter Sunday ever before my eyes. Well c'est la guerre, - n'est pas? If I get home again I fancy I shall go to Dublin & Belfast. I had a pass for B. this time but rather fear the Irish Channel since I was "very run down".

Very few people were travelling today. – I made a desperate effort to get into town before 9:30 p.m. – just managed it for 9:27 p.m. and then found I should have been in for 9 p.m. (Sunday hours). I wanted a bottle of wine. Some of the London restrictions are weird and wonderful. Drink can be served from 12:30 pm till 2 pm and from 6:30 pm till 9:30 pm (9:00 on Sundays) but a bottle of whiskey can be sent to your room, and you may drink as you please there. But in Edinbro, the bottle must

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remain with the head waiter who sends you a glass up during stated hours. And in Scotland no drink from Friday 2 pm till Saturday 4 pm. And Sunday, only from the bottles ordered (not bought) from the day before. At breakfast and luncheon, only two courses are permitted; at dinner 3 courses. Soup is half a course, so is desert, - cheese doesn't count in England, but is half a course in some parts of Scotland. Bread is 1 d a slice in some places in others it doesn't count. Potatoes are permitted on certain days only. Now the proposal is to cut out 'courses' and simply limit the amount of meat, bread, vegetables &c for each person. One may then have 20 courses so long as the 7 ozs bread &c are not exceeded.

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Then an officer cannot spend more than 5/6 on a dinner. – (I forget whether that includes wine) but if he takes a lady, and she handles the cash, he can spend £5 if he cares to. Any loafer round town can get a meal up to midnight, or anyone in plain clothes, but no one in uniform is allowed to be served with anything after 10 p.m. If it were confined to hospital patients but [scan is unreadable from this point as writing from back of page is showing through paper]

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was done to turn a few of these rotters out.

Well, that is enough growl, is it not? – I suppose the truth is that I want a certain little girl I know, who is so far, far away, and whom I've not seen for ages. Here it is nearly 1 a.m. and I'm still writing. – I shall finish this later on/

8/4/17 The train timed to go at 1:30 pm today was cancelled, so I had to remain till tomorrow (Easter Monday.) I sent you a cable yesterday. – Went to the play last night, and slept in till 11 a.m. – a glorious loaf. I learn that three of my officers got Military Crosses for their share in the recent fighting. This, in addition to the seven military medals, is a gratifying acknowledgement of the work done by the Bn.

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I am very pleased indeed with the awards, and every one was richly deserved. I half expect to find Jack Paul in command when I go back, since Sadler is over here for two or three months. It will be like old times once more. Capt Bruce has not sailed yet, - the last boat was crowded, - but the box will be going back soon.

I am enclosing a 5/ stamp for the collection. – Will you send me the album as soon as you can, by registered post, so that I can go through the collection next time I'm on leave. Either that (or next best) a list of stamps required. – Don't faint.

I shall be sending some packets of post-cards with this, and maybe a book, but will drop another note and let you know when I post them. I will cross to France tomorrow, and expect to go into the line again soon, near St Quentin. – A very determined effort is being made to finish the war this year. – May the effort be

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crowned with success.

Well, girl, there is little else that I know of. I would like to be with you and the little ones, that is all. It's a long, long trail, is it not?

With fondest love,

Your loving

Geo.