

Transcripton

Copy of a letter written by George Francis Murphy from Sinai Peninsula on 29th January 1916.

Sinai Penin

29/1/16

Dear Dot./

I sent you a letter yesterday along with a small brown paper parcel, - photos – which I trust, will reach you O.K. – I set great store on those photos, - especially as most of the films are with them also.

It is fairly cold here, even at midday. – There is nothing but sand for miles, - walls of it standing 40 or 50 ft high, - hills, with a razor-like crest, that move forward with the wind. The land is altogether different to the deserts of Egypt. There it is almost a plain; here it is undulating. Odd tufts of vegetation are the only sign of green any to be seen. –

Yesterday one of the men dug an asp up in his tent. It is a vicious looking brute, and Mrs Cleo, must have had a nerve.

It is almost certain that we shall go to Flanders in April, - but we are waiting on the Turk here. I hardly see how he can get away

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I have a fair idea of the countries, but there are gaps which need filling in before the collection can be complete. I suppose Boy reckons each time he sees the album that he is big enough now. – He will have grown almost out of recognition by the time this war is over. We don't get any news here, so we are ignorant of its progress. – I rode right out in front of our lines and ran into an Indian Camel Corps. We had an interesting conversation – he is Hindustani, and I am Australian. We were both highly edified. – One contracts the retiring early habit here, when the opportunity offers. – I suppose in a few days we can expect to be stirred out at any hour, day or night.

Well, ass you may judge, the news here is very scarce and uninteresting. I'll try to get this away tomorrow by the 20th Bn's bag.

Love to all and to your own

Dear Self and Boy.

Your loving

Geo