

Transcription

Copy of a letter written by George Francis Murphy in France 19 June 1917.

19/6/17

Dear Wifey,

Your letter of 21.4.17 to hand yesterday. The last letter was 29.3.17 read on 23/5/17. – Since then I've had a couple of cables from you, so I should have a letter or two somewhere about the universe. Here's to answer this letter. The last letter you were talking about going to the Mts. So your trip to Sydney is something new. What was the matter with babe? And Boyo also managed to get some complaint. Nearly as exciting as war. And Pearl has had appendicitis!

I'm jolly glad the 1916 diary has turned up. I had begun to worry about it.

Alan is with me here and has been acting as adjutant for a week, and is doing very well. He is a general favourite, and has already been favourably commented on ? new?. Is day I intended taking him to Paris, but at the 11th hour the leave was postponed for 3 days. Needless to say I am a bit 'put out' over it since there is more than a suspicion of unfairness connected with it. – I heard that Jack

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Paul was wounded on the 7th but it is not serious. Had a note from Gen. Holmes yesterday. – Jack will be O.K. – I shall have my photo taken either in Paris, or else next month when I go across to get that ironmongery. (The D.S.C.)

I do like that yarn about all the Australians being out of the line for 3 mths. – What an awful liar! What about the long winter, with 10 days rest, the fight from the Butte to Bapaumes, the battles at Malt Trench, Lagnicourt (2) and the two battles of Bullecourt. Hughes must be thinking about Salisbury Plain. I'm afraid Hughes must have been misinformed. – Surely he would not have made such an utterly ridiculous statement otherwise.

So Mater is at Stanmore now? I am very pleased that she is out of that business. – Yes, I did hear of MacIntosh having wounded at Gaza[?]. In a couple of days we shall be thinking of a day two years gone by, when we last saw Sydney Harbour. – Whenever I feel down in

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the dumps I reflect, 'Oh well, thank God I came.'

I have a very nice camp here. The lad have got to work and marked out the lines in white; officers' tents & all, and the effect is most pleasing. We have a fine meathouse, 'Sick Bay' and Canteen, and the officers' Mess is about 24' X 24' – with black and white (3/4 life size) sketches around the walls. Altogether it is a most enjoyable spot, 8000 yds from the hun, - and is looked upon as "the Model camp."

We have a cricket pitch and tennis court (under construction) so in these days when dawn comes at 3:15 am, and the sun sets about 9:15 p.m. with a long twilight, we get a little recreation. We have even taken to inviting the nurses out for a tea party. Imagine 22 of us trying to entertain 6 girls. They get inundated with tea & cake, as you may guess.

I have just received my pass for Paris – date 22 – 26th June – 4 days

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I'm going to get away on the 21st.

I wish you were with me on that trip. Next time I get leave I shall probably go Ireland and then in Nov to Rome. That will be some trip, I fancy.

Capt Beavis is in here with me now, yarning to Alan and myself. It is pouring outside. – I heard that MacIntosh was dead. D.O.Wds.

I must knock off for awhile, and yarn about Bathurst. Can't help it, and if excuse were needed, the boys want to prepare the tables for mess.

(20/6/17) After mess we adjourned to the cricket pitch and played an officers' match. It is still unfinished, with 6 wkts down for 116. The mail comes in today; no Australian letters but a very breezy one from Reg. He'll not see France for some two months yet. Another officer, Capt Hobbs, is going back to Aust. In a week or so. If I were only over in Blighty now I wd send a box home by him. But so far, there is no chance of getting over in time for that.

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There is little else to write about. Every now and again we get a hun plane as a target, but no other excitement, except that afforded by a cricket match.

I shall be writing a long description of Paris next week, so until then, au revoir.

Your loving

George.