

Transcription

Copy of letter by George Francis Murphy in France on 28 February 1917

28/2/17

My Dear Wife/

Here I am again, in a good big German dugout, tired out, but very, very happy. I am the proudest C.O. in France today; for we have been in a great fight, and have had bouquets thrown at us ever since. It was one of my men who gave us the idea that the hun was "quitting", and when I ordered the advance, the lads went over in grand style. We fought for 4 days & nights and gained 7 lines of trenches to a depth of 2400 yds. The hun fought hard too, and we had a grand tussle for it. The lads were splendid, nothing was too tough for them and after 8-9 days, 4 of which they were fighting, they dragged

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themselves out, with a smile under all the dirt. Badly wounded men begged the stretcher bearers "to take the other chap first, I'm alright here for awhile." Sick and slightly wounded men begged the Dr not to send them away, and I have an officer wounded, who fought for 2 days and nights, refusing to go away.

Everyone has been congratulating us, and the General could not do enough for us. He sent for me, fed me up and then shoved me into his own bed. I had half a dozen narrow escapes, and I was talking to two of my officers when a shell got both of them, one in 10 places & the other in 5. I was only 3 ft away, and untouched. The next night a shell landed alongside me & killed the man

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I was with. It shook me up a trifle. The huns all talk of a shortage of food, and seem from their letters, to live on turnips mainly. Their snipers were seen shooting our wounded. As soon as I saw that, I turned the Lewis Guns on every sniper we found, and my gunners are rattling good shots.

I haven't had any letters from you for some days now, but since we've been moving, it is not to be wondered at. That is enough about war this time.

Well, how are the two bairns? I do miss Boyo. If the present stunt [?] continues it will make matters very hopeful for our early return to New South. I shall try to get a cable to you this week. It has been a glorious

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week for all of us, and we are all intensely happy. We have "A Perfect Day" on the gramophone now, and my 'flue' has gone – I hadn't time for such rot.

I am enclosing a letter I have from Rev Cross.

Good bye for the present. All through, I have been saying, "how proud my Girlie will be when she knows what I have done."

With fondest love,

Your loving

George.