

IE TCD MS 11274/10

Letter from Patrick Hone to his wife Mary

Wednesday 17 November [?1915]

My dearest Mary,

I got a letter from you today written from Killiney & dated "Saturday". It must have been last Saturday week. I wonder what could have happened to it. You told me about Hannay's start in the trenches in it; also sent an awfully nice piece of white heather. Anyway it was a very nice letter & I was very glad to get it. I was expecting to hear again from Paris. You didn't say what books you'd read; anyway I don't think I'd want any novels just now. I'm only reading a very little & that all French. I get a French book about every week. I'm reading François Coppée a good deal and find him a rather entertaining author. Who should turn up to look for me the day before yesterday but Adrian Stokes, formerly of TCD & Howth, a cricketer of medium talent. He has a commission in R.A.M.C. and plies his trade a few miles back from here. He seems to have a rather nice job back there & drives his side-car around back & forth to the larger towns. He was very insistent in his demands of me why I didn't get an R.E. commission & seemed to think I was crazy. Unfortunately we had not much time for parlaying as I was next on the list and just going out. I didn't know myself that All Hallows Eve had come and gone. I do not take much stock of fête days and the like. Everyday is much the same here. I've not begun to think about getting leave yet. It is unlucky to formulate plans in such a state of affairs in which we all find ourselves at present. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley".

And there is nothing to do except extract what amusement there is out of the present, letting the morrow take care for itself. All the same one may be permitted to hope that we shall meet at Boulogne. I think that would be ever so much easier to arrange than meeting in Paris although I'd simply love to meet you there and see your "Canteen" & perhaps buy a packet of "Caporats" at it. I don't believe I ever told you that I'm a full corporal now. James, Vvall are also. We've had several changes in our little clique but J, V, & self have managed to be still in the road under most circumstances & I hope that state of things will continue. Of course in the case of J he is not only a very clever mechanical amateur but an exceedingly painstaking one, & V too is a good mechanic, while as for me I sometimes think your spirit must watch over my bike & keep the nuts & bolts from falling on the road on "a wet dreeping night the like of last night Timmy the Smith". I often wonder if François Coppée's Paris is anyway like the Paris you are living in today or is it that your entourage is very much Anglicised. He talks a lot of Montmartre. I am glad to hear that Opéra Comique is still running. When La Bohême turns up as I see it is going to you ought to go and see it. I once saw it there on a Sunday night and it was gloriously well done. It's surely a great little work.

Well goodbye dear & garde toi [bisu?]

Yr loving Pat

