

IE TCD MS 11274/7

Letter from Patrick Hone to his wife Mary

Thursday 11th Nov [1915]

My dearest Mary,

How awfully annoying and exceedingly ridiculous of the authorities to throw every difficulty they can in your way I can't understand such stupid nonsense as the reason you say they allege. At least I couldn't understand it if I didn't know what boneheads the authorities in England are. I am awfully sorry for you, dear, it is a maddening thing being thwarted for nothing. I wrote to Paris yesterday. That makes 2 letters to Paris, one to Strand Palace Hotel. Will you ever see them – Everything goes fine here. More activity than usual the last few days. Huns not yet at last gasp. Bombardment the other day, total casualties: 1 pig killed; one man dislocated his shoulder getting out of the way of a high explosive.

It is awfully nice for you to be at the Peels give them all my love please. Raining now but not yet cold so I haven't worn the leather waistcoat yet. I really do need a pair of gum-boots. High shiny things that go up near to knee size 10 or slightly less. Also a few pairs thick socks. Mud so bad that sometimes have to stop & scrape mud guards. Faulty construction of Douglas in this respect. Just think! Not a single adaptation to peace time model fitted to meet abnormal requirements! I am feeling quite well now. Will the war ever be over? No. I would like to write an article on "the inequities of countries and the innate badness of the Human race" You wouldn't agree with any of it and quite right too. What do you think of Hilaire Belloc? Do you think he knows anymore about it than you or me? Do you think he is a super egoist or not? Waldron says that both Hilaire Belloc and Gilbert Chesterton make him sick. Patter, patter, patter; the rain is trying to find a new way in tonight. Vyalls house is always dry but then on the other hand this bike only goes on one cylinder. He says now his hope is to keep an Estaminet (Public House) after the war and be quiet and not have to ride his bike except when he wants to. We must try and get the poor old Ritch again. He is leaving his hospital or has left.

Boom! Boom! Boom! You'd think they'd want to keep out of the rain tonight. When you hear Boom Fizz –m-m-m----- you know it's all right but when you hear Fizz—m—you get into a hole: That is my total knowledge of military tactics acquired in the G.E. War.

Good night

Yr loving Pat