



Le 15th Aug 1906

My dear Ruth,

Please thank everybody for their birthday letters which reached me a week after they were supposed to. In your letter you wonder whether we would be at Mont St Michel ^{on the 5th} and that is exactly where we were, in the morning at least. In the afternoon we went on to Dinan. Mont St Michel is of course the show place of all France and the only pity is that they do not turn on the hose and wash down their one little street, which is abominably dirty and smelly. Every time we went up or down this said "street" we had to run the gauntlet of numerous girls who wanted us to buy post-cards or trinkets or to go in and have refreshments - "The very good Cafe, good Ché, Scotch-whisky, Benedictine". Bernard was greatly amused by their onsets, and there was one girl in particular who was determined to bag him.

St Malo we found to be an interesting (though vile smelling) place. The town is surrounded by walls & within the walls we did not see a square yard of mother earth. Every available spot has been built on and even the walls are full of shops and dwellings on the inner side of course. Bob and I had lunch just

the fish-market and saw the people partaking of many quaint marine monsters. B. went in for raw oysters but did not like them when he got them. From Dinan to St Malo the distance is about 18 miles and we went by boat down the Rance - a charming sail. I think I have already told you about the Petersons turning up at Dinan accompanied by a friend - a Mr. Rutherford - from Glasgow. The Ps. had not been to Paris but had had by steamer direct from Southampton to St Malo. Since then we have travelled together and have had a very pleasant time. It has been so nice for B. to have the Peterson boys as companions, and Mrs. P. is always so cheery and so kind to everybody.

After leaving Dinan we went to a little seaside place called Roscoff where we thought we should be free from the everlasting crowd of tourists - but whose the hotels packed and not a room to be had. After a tour of the town at about 10 p.m. we finally succeeded in distributing ourselves in houses of the natives, taking our meals at ~~the~~ one of the hotels. The place, however, was so crowded that we left the following afternoon and went on to Brest.

Brest is quite a fine city (pop. 79,500) and the principal naval port of France. What interested us more than was the castle, which is said to be "one of the most remarkable existing specimens of Middle Age military architecture". The view of the harbor from the towers was very fine, but the dungeons were awfully ghoulish. B. and Maurice P. explored them all and the rest of the party visited the principal ones.

The last few days we have been at Quimper where we have excellent opportunities of seeing the Bretons and their quaint costumes.

There is also a very fine gothic Cathedral here which differs in one respect from any cathedral which I have ever seen, the curious feature being that the nave and choir ~~are~~ are not quite in line ^{nave} ~~choir~~. In the church we saw a large picture of a man on his knees and an angel touching his tongue - The legend being "Le P. Maunoir obtient miraculeusement le don de la langue Bretonne" What an easy way to learn a language! There are some languages that I should like to know if I could acquire them in that simple manner. The Bretonne however, is not one of them, and you will not wonder at this when I tell you that it closely resembles the Gaelic spoken in Wales. It is remarkable with what persistence the people have clung to their Gaelic; for they all seem to speak French also.

This is a great place for making lace; some of the women also do beautiful embroidery, sitting like tailors and making up their patterns as they go along. There is also a wonderful variety of Breton pottery for sale here. The noise for the last few days has been terrific, owing to the fêtes which have been going on and I shall not be sorry to move to a quieter place.

I am so glad to hear that mother is now able to get about more, but hope she will continue to be careful and not overdo. Mrs. Law would, I am sure, enjoy Paris and Mrs. Morse will be glad to see her there. I am glad too that you are going to have a visit from Olive for I know how much you were looking forward to it.

Yours loving Father.

I have no time
to read this over.



HÔTEL DU PARC.

• Quimper •

A. BOUTHELIER

Le

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MP. GUENELIX NANTES. ROBERTY F^m SUCC^{rs}

To Ruth jr
Father