

Hotel de la Vierge. Villa Miria - June 28th 1914.
St. E. rofat. France.

Read & I wrote the enclosed
answer which please
mail for me W

Dearest Lois. There is here today a "Concourse
de Musique" perhaps you know what that
is but I did not. It is held every six
years. Every town that boasts a band
sends it to the "Concourse" where they
play & are judged of & the best band
rewarded. Every hotel is crowded with
the members of some band. Brass buttons
trumpets & all - not to add - French - !!
There are 60 of these musicians at our
Hotel - our peace has certainly been in-
vaded - As a woman in the village said
to me this morning "La fête est cassé de
la musique" but no we are really
fortunate, the band which is "Cheyrous"
plays very well, & this morning, a
newly morning we enjoyed listening
to them. This afternoon they go in to
Dorad to be judged of - Eva & I
have just been talking to the Prussian
lady who is here, but it is difficult for

her French is quite as bad as ours. She has 3 little boys of about 1, 2 + 3, + their little Russian remarks are very funny - I cannot tell you how grateful we are for fine weather - It is simply radiant now + to be comfortable in our little Villa Maria you need fine weather. You see you + I share a room, + when it is fine we can expand on to the verandah but otherwise we are very chummy, + to creep into the main house for meals is not exciting - There are two little English ladies here who are quite nice, one the wife of a naval man the other single, spending her life wherever she wants to - a French man + his wife who were here have gone + we are sorry as they were amusing to watch. We think they were bride + groom, both over 40 + they waited most of the time except when they played with a gun or sword or sometimes a little fishing net - My they were happy - Will + I had a lovely day yesterday - We sailed to St. Gato took a little steam train there, which ran in 1 hour to Cancale - The steam train

was horrid - it rang its little joy bell all
the time - & oh it was hot & chatty!!!
But we forget all that when Carcass came -
Such an adorable little old Brittany fishing
town where the oyster beds of France, or
part of France, are - Sometimes here
I have felt a little disappointed not to
be seeing much of Brittany life - just
lovely sea side life but at Carcass you
had everything you ever dreamed of
in the way of quaintness, legend &
picturesqueness - The women knitting
sweaters at their doors for the sailors,
making nets - then on the shore with
the tide away out, & hundreds of
fishing boats lying on their sides, more
groups of bare footed women, such
swarthy fine looking women some
of them too who did not hesitate
to ask you for your money, & if you
did not give it you quite felt
it might be your life. and yet
they were ever ready to laugh. We
were followed by swarms of little
boys trying to speak English & make

Themselves generally courting - The
Women when we saw them were filling
baskets with oysters, counting every one
as they put it in - The oyster barrels
were in hundreds - Then she down sto-
elf with its steep struts; & crosses all
with a prayer for those at sea - We
were tired when we got home, but I did
so wish Mother & Eva had been with us.
but these all day excursions seem too
much for Eva - & Mother insists on Wills
seeing everything & he & Mother will not
go off without me - I think we
will go to Mrs San Michael all of us about
July 4th as there is a very high tide then
which is much more exciting to see
such in - You can go just for the
day but we will stay over night - &
come back here - We speak of going
to England about the middle of August
but whether we will go somewhere
else or just stay here ^{until then} I do not know.
We mean to stop at Jersey en route for
Eng - Aunt Flo writes begging of us
to make her house our centre etc, she
really is more than pressing about our

visiting her - Mrs Mac Gillivray wants me to
stay with her in Solihull in July - but
I cannot. I have half promised Alice to
meet her in London Sept 1st & left her with
her shopping - There goes the Bard
again the most alluring music, or another
Bard it may be, for in the village was
one bard on the shore another, & they
wander around & serenade one another.

We were so glad to get your last letter
it had seemed a long while since we
had heard & we longed for news - Alice
tumbling off the bed breaking the hair
etc makes one feel that her hands must
have her hands full. But how adorable
she must be. I wonder when you
mean to get to Dublin? I do hope you
will just love it there this year -
Everyone seems so pleased about Katie
Reford's engagement. I was saying to Eva
only a few days before we heard, how I
could not understand her not being
married - She is so attractive I always
think - I believe Mr Kennedy is so nice -
we were so surprised to hear of Uncle W^m
coming to England - It will do him a world
of good I am sure - Much love to you all from Clara