

We arrived at Auray in the evening and early next morning we motored out to Saint Anne, about four or five miles to the Pardon. It was a beautiful morning (about the only one we have been out early) the country beautiful, big fields with nice cows, wheat and rye in shock, a gentle river winding its way, nice thatched farm houses on each side. All the way peasants by the hundred trudging their way. I had no idea there were so many different kinds of costumes. It seems that each little locality has a special style of cap and neck dress.

My impressions of this Pardon are varied.

Port. Aven. Brittany
Aug. 3. 1922.

Betsy dearest:-

It's a long letter that's coming to you for you have had nothing but scrappy postals for ever so long. And oh dear, I've gotten so hopelessly behind hand with letters from France that I fear I shall never catch up.

I tried to write you from Chartres of the Cathedral but I said nothing, I fear, that could make you feel the wonder of it. The marvelous cleanness of the high nave that easily slips the present

days into the past, mingling all into
one living reality of beauty. Time doesn't
exist here.

I wrote mother about the things we found
at Vitri, which you shall hear about sooner
or later, so I shall continue our journey
from there.

We have lots of funny experiences traveling.
Not always can we find a porter, and
when such is the case I stand with the
bags while B. P. goes in search. From
Paris we dispatched our large bag, with
our best clothes straight to London.
We have with us three ordinary sized suit
cases and my camera case. We always
take along our knapsack for picnics

and many more besides. We have packed the staves now
above the knapsack in outside the suit-cases and for
turned into one. So you can picture us, a man
carrying on three bags (one time its on wheels)
B. P. with the sack and a large U.S. on his out-ride
on his shoulder, & I with camera and coats. Its a
funny procession. And it proceeded many times
from Vitri to Cunay for we had to make two
changes! At the last change, Pidan, we began to
see peasants of all descriptions in various costumes
also on their way to Cunay for the Pandan.

After the ceremony many went to wash themselves in the miraculous fountain, to cure themselves of various diseases (incidentally pass them on to some one else) and then gave themselves over to merrymaking for the rest of the day. All around the outside of the enclosed field were booths selling every thing from toys to crucifixes.

We hope to see another in a more picturesque setting where we can also see it at night with candles and bonfires.

The next day we decided we wanted the sea shore so we went to explore a little town, Biskayan, about an hour's ride away.

We found a heavenly sandy beach into

It is one of the big popular ones to which the people come from long ways away. The Church itself is modern and homely, the surrounds not at all picturesque. Nor did we find the simple reverence that we hoped to find.

We shall hunt for a small affair in the country and perhaps we can find the old spirit there.

Nevertheless we found much of interest. As we entered the little square we found the church on one side, and opposite it an enclosed field with a Scala Sancta at the far end. The Scala, as you may know, I didn't, is a high out door altar

with a stair way up each side. The pilgrims go up these stair ways on their knees, saying a prayer on way steps.

We mingled with the crowd studying the many types and dresses and by and by we heard chanting and out of the church came the procession.

First choir boys, chanting lustily, then many banners of many saints, then a large golden image of St. Anne carried by eight men. Then priests and bishops by the dozen.

The choir took their places at one side of the field, the rest ascended the Scala to the altar. After much usual

Catholic ceremony, a priest or bishop began to preach. The crowd had from the people were to come from so far for so solemn an occasion etc., etc. Then right out of a thin sky "hurricane, gaudy was port. morrain". All night along in the same tone of voice. We wondered for a moment if he could have seen a thief in the act, but doubted if so we heard a somewhat similar warning at Sacre Coeur, not to have pocket-books on the seats when going up for communion! It will never do to get one startled on what I think about Catholicism!

From Ginkon we have come here to Port-
Aven, and now we are in the heart of
Brittany. I never knew before how
closely the Breton is related to the
Irish. They are as gaelic as can be,
speak a different language, were like
Irish or real Irish I think. The day
after we arrived was market day and
all the country side was in town. A busy
hustling interesting sight to watch.

We love Brittany and it is as kind here
as any where to move on, but on we go
day after to morrow.

Will you send this on to mother when
you are finished with it please?

Laura

Which we dived with all fours. After a fine
swim and play in the sand we explored
the town and found it to be a Sardinia
port, the fishing harbor on beyond the
beach. It teemed with interest.
Boat load after boat load of shining
silver sardines being unloaded. They are
counted out in hundred lots in baskets
then carried to the market, where various
local merchants bid on them, the highest
bids at once packing them. There were
also many beautiful mackerel, skate,
lobsters, crabs and two or three other
kinds of fish. The unloading is the
most interesting & beautiful. The fishermen

wear is the bright blue or maroon
trousers and jumpers. generally patched
with large patches of unfaded material
that make them all the more beautiful.
This combination of color, with the dark blue
tan o'shirts and sabots, and in each
hand a lovely basket of silver sardines,
completes a painting I wish I could
paint.

The sails of the boats are all the
maroon red, with the exception of one
lovely blue sail! It was beautiful.
And the sardine nets are blue too.
So very fine mesh, and when strung
over the masts to dry are graceful
and beautiful beyond words.

We returned to Lunenburg that evening, packed our bags
and were back at Quichen the next morning where we
spent the days. A vision every day just then watching
the fishing market. I have learned to float and
just as though I'd accomplished the greatest imaginable
feat. This is the first time ever was you in the water
day after day. And such a swim as I got on my
neck. Ye gods, what can salt water and sun do!
So bad you want her now for it is in rapid progress
of peeling now which you would enjoy.