

Plouhargat. Côte-du-nord
Septembre 17 - 1912.

Dear Mother: - It's certainly some
days since I wrote you. I find
it very difficult to write here.
I never before had my fill
of sailing but am getting it
over since the middle of
July - that is up to 10 days
ago. They've had nothing but
rain & cold in this country
as everywhere in Europe but
since I've been here there
hasn't been a single rainy
day. There has been wind
& I've to bed every night in
a sweater & bed socks but
the days have been beautiful.

Seignior wants to get as all
the time he can out-donkey
he goes back to Paris & then
he comes to slum in the country
- there are some guests in the
house - in the morning & evening
afternoon. In 1811 the
granite fishing villages you
ever saw - old churches -
islands, rocks, rivers, farms -
all kinds of things. It's
doing me worlds of good.
I'm known as a berry &
sleep like a child. It's a
wonderful country. One wouldn't
believe that - so far north, on
a coast with such a bad repu-
tation you'd have a region

almost like that in the South
but it's a fact - I had a ^{good} fig today
which was raised here. Some
years they have big crops - I've
seen fig trees as big as apple
trees & full of really fine fruit.
You never saw so many black-
berries in your life. The
fields & hwy ways have hedges
and all over these hedges are
thousands of blackberry bushes
full of berries now but nobody
bothers them - The Bretons don't
consider them worth picking!
There's a young Englishman here &
he'll fill up on them two
or three times a day. As for
flowers - 2 miles you would

2nd See the fuelias. They grow like
vines climbing up the front
of this house to the second
story - they live at all winter.
Mrs. M. has a beautiful
garden - vegetables - all sorts
of things. This morning we went
to Painsford - 3 miles away -
to market. There were 2 boxes of
mormon turnips in their pulley
with cabs - exactly like big
white butterfat. Mr. Hard
7 cent a piece for nearly
little peaches - one string they
don't raise here - 2 hundred
sold for 70 2nd 1/2 - cupine
than with us. but you could
have bought a wagon load

of fish - macqueral - lobsters -
clams, shrimp etc etc for
a dollar! They go to Paris
~~2~~ once a week to buy in
Paris. There is a peasant at hand
who furnishes the milk & butter
and you never tasted more
delicious butter. But it is always
a scramble for food particularly
in this open house where people
camp & go in the most hap-
pased fashion. In me I have
3 maids. There is a captain &
2 boys on the boat. I never have
made out how many they feed
in the kitchen. It is usually full
at meal time! Signorini is
the most democratic of men.
He can't bear to have anything

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he doesn't seem with anybody.
The result is he's always dis-
tressed by taking me a
kind or all sort of the girls
with us when we sail! He's
such a dear - goes around always
with a pile box full of little
candies giving them to the tiny
children in the collars!

I have a little poem I am
saying yours thinking of putting
a little son in your room.

I hope you're done so. I meant
to write about it before. If
you get the Pucker Sun - you
must be awfully careful
with it: ~~Don't~~ Frank but

asbestos paper behind it - 2
 a big sheet of tin under. Many
 can make you fire in the
 morning & burn clean it with
 much fire - these little stoves
 are dangerous if not carefully
 watched. What 2 meant to
 do was to get a Franklin
 but it's better for you to have
 something at once if it
 could there

This is Wednesday and 2
 shall be coming here for Paul
 on Saturday. I'm going to finish
 up this next week - doing a
 little sign seeing - also work

4
you some money I want
for my work. As you know
I sail the 29th to Boulogne

The steamer is the

Grosser Kurfurst - of the
North German Lloyd Line.

My hat I shall be paid to
see you all. So keep well.
I think will hear to "so far"
your recommendation. I don't
like the sound of it.

Love to you all

Edw