



Miss Katharine Huntington

Richmond

Massachusetts



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RICHMOND, MASS.
JUN
20
1913
9AM
TEO

Dahmsout, Pa. (3)

June 16, 1915.

It is hot — and dirty! I wish I could
feel clean again. My skin is about
battered off, but what remains is gray.
I have been paralyzing the needles
cloves —

And below us the oil-flouring river

The Cyprian scrubbing her hand

Halt drawn of its dust, ^{but} ~~and~~ the scrubbing
of her touch makes not clean in the land

For her breathing in cinders is written

And in coal-dust her path as she goes

And the cloud of her hair it is litter

With soot of the wind-driven smoke —

I really believe that the water we wash
in is gritty — my hands are black
before they touch the towel.

Aunt Murray is great — I never
appreciated her before, as she is cold
toward children — condescending.

(4)

She keeps her youth - her shoulder-line is beautiful. She dresses well - "she has lots of style" and is most deliciously thin. After lunch she has been telling me family history - I am so relieved to learn that my great grandmother, Aunt Wallis, was not illiterate - as I have supposed. You know I saw a land deed signed "Aunt Wallis Shaw, her mark X" - Aunt Murray tells me it is because her hand was paralyzed.

Eleanor is being in a bind, trying to be both. I can't make her out - she is so childish in some ways - contradicting, for instance - I think it is because she was a day-pupil at college and never could see her home through a perspective that she is not broad-minded. I think she is engaged to Kevin Woodside - if she is not, she ought to be, for she

allows him to be very familiar, and accepts extravagant attention as a matter of course.

She does not seem to want me to go through the steel works - for this morning she had planned a hotley ride through the "residence section" of Pittsburg but it was hot, and the thought of the noise and dirt was too much. I think she is peeved that I was not more anxious to go.

We are going canoeing on the city river tonight if Bot comes home in time - poor Bot is chained down to a clearing-house office through all this weather. He comes home dead tired. Janet has improved - I suppose we all do.

Community life as it is lived here amuses me - or rather the life of the community families. We arise as the men run for their train, we gossip over our breakfast and over the housework, then we take our sewing out to the porch and discuss our neighbors as they rock to and fro on their porches. After lunch we nap, then bathe and dress, and go down to the porch as the men struggle in. Now things liven up a bit - Nevins

(2) comes over to smoke, Bob and Uncle Murray bring home the news of the world (it would never occur to us women to read the paper first hand!) the telephone is busy with Janet's beaux (such they are called here - not suitors unless they are in earnest). After supper we go down to the river, to the boat-club, or some social gathering.

Bob met me at the Pittsburg station Friday night. As we had about an hour and a half to wait we went out for a walk. The streets were crowded and not particularly nice. Bob saw I was tired and took me into Reyners' (Pittsburg Huggers) to rest. When our ice-cream was finished we went on, into a "melodion" - a new experience for me. There was a very good moving picture show, but before long an usher handed Bob a card requesting women to remove their hats. I did not want to after all day travelling, so we went out and back to the station.

On Saturday evening I went down to the river with Aunt & Uncle Murray. We sat in a sort of park, and Bob and a

very funny youth came up and entertained us. When we came back we found Nevin on the porch with Eleanor - Janet had gone to a dance. Nevin began to call me "Jean" at once - I supposed he was as good as one of the family. He + Eleanor sat in the swing on the porch for the rest of the evening. Later he had ice-cream sent up for tea, which we ate in the moonlight. He staid until eleven o'clock.

Yesterday afternoon he came + took Eleanor and me out for a walk. I felt very much of a gooseberry, but the given purpose of the walk was "to show Jean the country." We walked sandwich fashion along the sheets, when we came to a path in the woods Eleanor wanted to go ahead because she knew the way, but she was soon back with Nevin and I became out-runner. We rested on a log while Nevin smoked. He seems to find these smelly intermissions necessary. Eleanor was trying to get him to buy her a little-finger ring for her next year's birthday and give it to her ahead of time - I was a bit disgusted.

There was a steep climb - Nevin was busy pushing Eleanor, so I was glad

I had worn tennis shoes and could be my own boot. When we came home Mr E disappeared - Bot put a chair for me in a breezy corner of the porch and I read, while Bot smoked. After supper Nevin came again - Janet & I went to bed before he left. Nevin is very handsome and fascinating; it is true - the type chosen to illustrate a story of a young business man, and he seems careless of all but Eleanor - I wonder if it is by her own choice that he is her only caller - the others by common consent are turned over to Janet, and yet I might suspect that he has not spoken to Eleanor definitely and never intends to - that she is burning her bridges a bit too soon.

Aunt Murray was talking to me today about Aunt Annie. It seems that Aunt Mary Campbell told Aunt Annie not to live with her brothers, that she should be more independent with the Campbells - I was furious when I heard it, so they tell me were Father & Uncle Murray. There is a

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problem — I shall be studying those
Campbells very closely. They are
coming for me tonight in the
auto, Aunt Annie wants me to-
morrow, as Elmer Stephen is coming
out to spend a last day before starting
for Greece. I have not seen him for
so long — not since he took me
withing the first year I knew you!
I want to see Max Williams again,
whom Aunt Annie and I used to
call "the prince" — I am told he is
very listless, but I can't think of no
one else to drag along to the steelworks,
and it seems that they are going
to insist on an escort.

I seem to have omitted Jack — he is the
nicest of them all. He is a little
older than Philip, tho' not so big.
His eyes are a peculiar gray — dark,
smoke-colored, with a wicked twinkle.
At present he is suffering in school —
the public school here has no vacation
for two weeks longer.

Woodscliff, June 17.

Cousin Rob says women cannot go through the steel works in summer because the men work naked. But he will try to get passes for a plate-glass factory. There is a bottle factory over the hill, Aunt Annie and I are going down to see if they are blowing -

June 18. The Stephens were up for dinner last night, also Lou Satter and a business friend. Lou is a testing chemist in the bureau of mines - I am always interested in people's occupation. It is such a relief not to have everyone bookish. In the evening we went motoring.

Today we go to town, and I'll post this. I cannot give you an address yet.

With love

JES