

THE EVENING I drove to Purgatory to visit friends it was hotter than that. The Misses Harriet Plimpton and Marguerite Evans summer in a house built by Miss Plimpton's ancestors. Their winter home is at Philadelphia.

They say they are retired; both have taught but if the life they live is a state of retirement then most people would consider regular hours of work a cinch.

Miss Plimpton writes poetry, paints with oils, does woodcarving and sculpturing. We looked at some of her oil paintings. She is something of a stylist, in that each picture has some quality definitely her own. I'd say she is a realist; she catches moods and all her work shows vitality.

The picture I liked best - a painting of Camden - she pooh poohed but I stayed with my belief and won a bit of agreement as to its good points. She called my attention to the clouds, saying there were too many of them. They were distinctly separate clouds and if these were integrated the picture might be bettered. As it was it pleased me, for I found much to admire.

HER PAINTING is interesting but she is better at sculpturing; even an amateur knows that. She has done a billy goat in a mache medium which is most difficult but vastly effective. He's an ornery looking goat but that's what Miss Plimpton intended. Billy delights!

She also works with black wax and at this time is doing two pieces - a mother and child, and a young man. The mother has stooped and has her arms held out waiting for the child to run to her. The young man is seated and looks toward the sea. I don't know what magic does it but vitality flows from him; he's not handsome nor is he unhandsome but this doesn't matter; all his latent manhood is apparent; he is strong physically, forceful in personality, and keen mentally - he's somebody.

Miss Plimpton has a mare and foal cast in bronze; it requires no great stretch of imagination to call this Madonna and child. Again the vitality characteristic of her work is seen. The lines are beautiful, the stretch of the foal's neck, the flare of the mother's tail,

and the motherliness of the mare charm.

Miss Plimpton is doing a head of Miss Evans and something about it was bothering her. She looked at it, turned away, talked, looked at the head again. Finally, she couldn't stand it. She got the head down, made a slight change or two and seemed better satisfied. Her hands are strong, not tapering but rather square, perhaps a little heavy but they become deft in touch and certain at work. It was most interesting to see her become part of her work; the two fused.

* * *

SHE WRITES poetry; is a member of the Poetry Fellowship of Maine and of an English poetry society; she has had work published here and abroad.

Miss Evans likes to cook and has the touch of a gourmet; her salads are interesting with a soupcon of something that makes one wonder, then one tastes again and tries to find the answer. Miss Evans is very active in church work, and is a member of a society devoted to care of the aged.

She and Miss Plimpton are seasoned travellers. Miss Plimpton spoke charmingly of Scotland. She told of hearing a small, dark, wiry Scot play a dulcimer; she spoke, too, of hiring another Scot to show her Edinburgh. She can do a bit burr admirably, and told how her guide announced, "There, that is all I can show you in the time stipulated."

Miss Evans spoke warmly of the Mediterranean. She spoke also of Irish coffee. She and her companion had many times been urged to try Irish coffee. After ordering the drink they noticed men only were drinking this concoction. They asked their waitress if it was a drink for men only and were told no. It is coffee served with whiskey, flame and flourish.

Both Miss Evans and Miss Plimpton said it is true that the green of Ireland is a distinctive green, a different green and an unforgettable experience in color. Perhaps, green is their color, for it is symbolic of spring and they keep spring anew in their lives. I wonder, if rather than being retired these two have been retread.



1959

—KJ Photo by Shaw

Miss Plimpton displays a Camden scene