

Levi Pennington

People

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Levi Pennington Writing to Bertha May, May 6, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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May 6, 1946.

Dear Bertha May:--

Your little clock has come back from the repair shop in San Francisco. I thought of sending it on to you, but if you are to be home Saturday, as I hope you are, perhaps we may as well leave it right here till you come.

I have just called up the stage depot, and they tell me that you can buy your ticket there on the Greyhound stage and get off here. That seemed the more natural to me when I saw a Greyhound come out of the stage depot here today. And even if you could not get off here, it would be easy for you to call up from Dundee and have me come out and get you. Don't know just how they run, nor when you can get a stage there, but I can come and get you, day or night.

Did I tell you of my fishing trip Saturday? Louis Hulit took his boat and Mr. Pribbenow and I went with him. We fished for twelve hours and did not get anything, though I hooked one and led it up to the back of the boat where it got off before Hulit could gaff it. Now Hulit has called me and asked me to go with him and George Gwin tomorrow, and we'll be off and away at 5:00 in the morning.

I got part of the garden planted Friday morning, and planted some more this morning. Counting what was spaded and planted before the plowing was done, I have half of it planted and some of it up. Three rows of peas are up, and some of them, two rows, are climbing. A row of radishes is up, too, and I think the lettuce, though I am not sure of that. And a row of onion sets are doing all right. I have planted since the plowing was done a row of Swiss chard, a row of beets, a row of spinach, a row of lima beans, a row of carrots, a row of parsnips, a row of zucchini squash, and four rows of golden cross corn. I intended to plant half a dozen more rows in the morning, but now I'll be off to get the winter's supply of fish -- if I get the necessary cooperation from the fish.

A letter from Hannah tells of serious doings there. The father of Stuart Cleveland, husband of Lorena, Hannah's daughter, died rather suddenly. The widow has come to Hastings for a time, but they hope that she will find a suitable woman to live with her, otherwise she might have to live with Stuart and Lorena and the children, and that would not be a good thing for any of them. Lorena is having hard enough time to keep up as it is, and it would be hard on the elder Mrs. Cleveland to live with those lively youngsters. But they feel that she must not live alone, for she has had one stroke, and is likely to have another at any time.

Got another copy of The Saturday Review of Literature, for which I suppose Mrs. Brant is responsible. Have not got the puzzles worked out yet, though I have a start.

Today was Candidates' Day at the Chamber of Commerce, and we heard nine of them, including President Gulley, tell of

their qualifications for the offices they are seeking. Don't know what Gulley's chances are. Today I turned over to him \$40.00 that a friend of mine who thinks he is all right sent for his campaign through me. I was not to let Gulley know who sent it.

But I've been pounding this machine for a long time now, and I must read and sign the letters and get ready for rest. I want to get to bed early this time. I did not get too much sleep Friday night, for I was up before four o'clock.

With love from both of us,

Affectionately always,

Miss Bertha May Pennington,
830 Sellwood Boulevard,
Portland 2, Oregon.