
Levi Pennington

People

5-19-1946

Levi Pennington Writing to Mary and Cecil, May 19, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/levi_pennington

Recommended Citation

Pennington, Levi T., "Levi Pennington Writing to Mary and Cecil, May 19, 1946" (1946). *Levi Pennington*. 54.

https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/levi_pennington/54

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the People at Digital Commons @ George Fox University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Levi Pennington by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ George Fox University. For more information, please contact arolfe@georgefox.edu.

May 19, 1946.

Dear Mary and Cecil:--

Another week is started, and the first day of it has gone except for the last four hours till midnight. It has been a pleasant day so far as weather is concerned, and I have just finished a letter to Parker and am writing to you as a very pleasant privilege. Mother has had a nap and has been reading as I have been pounding this machine.

The past week has been marked by an exceptionally interesting address at the Chamber of Commerce, an even more interesting one at the Rotary Club, and the primary election to choose candidates for the various offices to be filled next fall. The republican candidate for congress had no opposition, another man had filed for the gubernatorial nomination, but Snell, the incumbent, beat him nearly or quite 5 to 1; there was no contest for the other state offices; Emmett W. Gulley and Eugene Marsh were rivals for the nomination for state senator, and there were four candidates for the two seats from this county in the house. Gulley lost to Marsh by 500 votes or so, which most folks think was a pretty good showing, considering that Marsh has for years been in state politics, and was speaker of the house during the last session.

The speaker at the Rotary Club kept everybody in a good humor while he made a telling attack on the O.P.A., which he considers the cause of most of the economic ills of the country today. He said he was seldom reminded of anything as he appeared before an audience, but that as he looked at us he was reminded (he did not understand just why) of a time when he was asked to speak before the patients in an insane hospital. He was getting well started in his address when a patient in the back of the room stood up and shouted, "Rotten!" Somewhat disconcerted, he went on with his speech, when the patient again arose and shouted, "Very rotten!" Continuing, though feeling much disturbed, he saw this patient arise again and shout, "Perfectly terrible!" He quit the platform, but as he stepped into the wings, the superintendent of the institution said to him, "Don't let the shouting of that patient disturb you. He has been here for twenty years, and that is the first sensible thing he has said in all that time."

He told of another time when he spoke before a big club, and at the close of the meeting he was handed a check for \$50.00. He told the president of the club that he was not in the habit of taking pay for his speeches, and would like to donate the check to any project that the club was raising money for. The president accepted the endorsed check, and then, the speaker said, he wished to know for what the club was raising a fund, and was informed that it was to secure better speakers for the next year.

He said he knew it was against the rules of Rotary to advertise in a Rotary meeting, and so he would not do that, but would only remark that his firm made cranes and other tractor equipment, their office being at 1127 Killingsworth Avenue, and

they were open from 8 to 5 every week day. He said that sometimes he did do a bit of advertising inadvertently. Once he mentioned the Parker fountain pen, and the next day received a fine Parker pen as a present. At another time he mentioned the Stetson hat, and got a fine new hat as a present the next day. And he closed that "paragraph" of his talk with the words, "Don't you think that the Cadillac automobile is a very fine car?"

Well, that was the style of his humor, of which I have just given you samples. Most of his talk was dead serious, and he mentioned a number of things that made one think of what Bumble said about the law. "If that's the purpose of the law, the law is a ass, a idiot." One example he gave was that of the Jantzen Knitting Mills in Portland. The O.P.A. required them to maintain the prices of 1941, which they could not do without heavy loss, in view of the increased cost of labor and material. So they abandoned the things they were then manufacturing in 1941, and took up new lines on which they did not have a cost structure and for which they could charge a price that would make them a profit. Other firms have taken up the lines that Jantzens had in 1941, and because they did not have a cost structure at that time, they are selling the same stuff that jantzens used to make at twice the price that the Jantzens could charge for it if they were manufacturing it now. (I know that the O.P.A. put a \$9.00 price on Louis Hult's old fir wood when others were being allowed to sell it for \$15.00, and one man was piling it up in "units" for which he charged \$1.00 a unit, which got him far above the \$15.000.)

I remember an amusing thing in another address that I heard recently, nearly all of which was very serious, dealing with the subject of rubber, from the tree to the tire or other final product. This speaker was telling of the way in which a certain Scotchman had made much of an invention made by a man of another nationality. "That's the way with the Scotch", said this speaker. "An Irishman invented the bagpipe and gave it to a Scotchman and told him it was a musical instrument -- and the Scotch have not caught on yet."

Well, I did not intend to ramble^x on about the past. It seems as if the future is shaping up pretty definitely for the next month.

Tomorrow I suppose I shall attend the Chamber of Commerce luncheon, and in the afternoon, if he wants to do it, I think I shall take William Pribbenow, our pastor, for a trout fishing trip in the vicinity of Fairdale on the North Yamhill river. (If he does not want to go Monday, I may take him Tuesday afternoon.) Wednesday I drive to Sisters, a matter of 190 miles or so, for the commencement address there that night. Thursday I hope to spend fishing with Lloyd Baker -- there is supposed to be some very fine fishing in that section. Friday I shall probably come home by way of Albany, where I must call on an elderly woman who wants to turn over to me some thousands of dollars for use in the temperance cause in some way or other.

Mother is to go in and see Dr. Coffen again Wednesday -- he has been away, and that is her first chance to see him, and I am sorry that I cannot be here to go with her. When I get back from Sisters, if she feels well enough we'll get ready and

**ramble - is that a better word than ramble?*

Go to
week
went
meet
the 14

go to Woods, and spend some time at El TeePee. There are two weeks then till the commencement exercises begin. Commencement itself is on the 11th. Yearly Meeting committees and boards meet on the 12th and 13th, and yearly meeting proper opens on the 14th, continuing through the 18th or perhaps the 19th.

How I wish I could look forward to the annual gathering with the pleasant anticipations that one ought to have when approaching such a religious session. But I feel so deeply the undercurrents of intrigue, opposition, factionalism and all such things that I confess I look forward to the yearly meeting with a measure of dread and apprehension, and when it is over I am relieved that no more harm was done, even if I have to admit that I cannot see where any great amount of good was done.

Though consistent, long continued and successful efforts have been taken to eliminate me from every position of responsibility, I still feel responsible for whatever I can do to try to keep things in the right channel. If you wanted to find my name in the yearly meeting's list of officers and committees, you'd look in the list of ministers -- I thought that that was the only place it is in the book, but I find that I am on the Pacific College Corporation list -- for one year only. They'll probably remove me from that at this yearly meeting. Ousted from the clerkship, dropped from the superintendency of peace, replaced on the evangelistic and church extension board, removed from the executive committee, I suppose they consider me now demoted at least to the rank of "buck private in the rear ranks." But I shall have something to say when business comes up that seems to me to need my voice. If it does nothing else, it will put me on record, so that if and when things get straightened out, it can be remembered that at least one man was right when the yearly meeting went wrong.

Some of those things are coming about from time to time, though I do not know just how much is realized by any but the few on the inside. The mess that the yearly meeting got into in Seattle was caused by action that never had my approval. Work has been started in places where there was little or no chance of success, and the work has died miserably. Only in a few instances has my counsel been taken to start where there is a real chance and a real need, and to put enough support and a strong enough man there to get something done. The rapidly growing work in and around Medford is an example of what can be done when handled right, while Oretown, Sprague River, Seattle, (Dorothy Lee's meeting which Oregon sponsored and organized in violation of its promise) and other places are examples of the other sort of policy. The withdrawal from the Five Years Meeting, from the American Friends Board of Missions and from the American Friends Service Committee were effected over my protest; and even the last struggle that has come so near to wrecking the college found its occasion in the request for a gift of \$25,000.00 from the yearly meeting, which I advised against when asked, but my advice was disregarded. (Later the board withdrew its request, but the damage was done by that time, and I don't know how it can ever be repaired.)

The college campus looks a bit as if it had been arranged by a cyclone. Three units of federal housing for ex-service men are going up on the south end of the campus, along with