

Levi Pennington

People

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Levi Pennington Writing to Friends, June 18, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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June 18, 1946.

Dear Friends:--

Yesterday we got two letters from two of the best letter writers that we ever get letters from, and since one of these signed her husband's name as well as her own and told about her father and the children, I am including the whole family in my salutation.

I'll be writing this letter on the installment plan, for a guess. Oregon Yearly meeting is in progress, and I must be down there in less than an hour; though I have been awake for four hours and up most of that time, I have not yet eaten my breakfast, and I'll soon be stopping for that; if the 'phone does not ring repeatedly before we get off to the church I'll never know why; it is not too early for folks to call about one thing or another; and there are other possible occasions for breaks in the writing of this letter.

First of all, I can say that thus far the yearly meeting has moved along smoothly. Some folks do not like everything that is now a part of our program; there have been the difficulties that might have been expected in adjusting to the new discipline, with its reorganization of the work of the yearly meeting, the Evangelistic and Church Extension Board and the Foreign Mission Board being the only ones left intact (and the original draft of the new discipline provided for the uniting of these two boards), while the other ten boards are combined into four; and there has been dissatisfaction and gratification both in regard to the change of time for the yearly meeting which makes it run over for three days this week instead of ending Sunday night. But there has been no open disunity, and probably will not be unless and until the case of Robert Dann comes up in the meeting on ministry and oversight. That will probably be tomorrow morning, though it may come sometime today. And Robert, I suppose, will not be present nor represented by attorney, official or unofficial.

Gervas A. Carey is again presiding clerk, which is a great improvement, and Mary C. Sutton is recording clerk, and that does not need any improvement. The change to six boards instead of twelve will mean a real shake-up, and some of us do not yet see just how some of the boards are going to function. For instance, the Board of Public Relations (just how appropriate the name you can judge) is a combination of the departments of temperance and public morals, stewardship, peace, literature, and education.

Well, the yearly meeting is scheduled to close tomorrow at 4:00 P.M., according to the printed program. They have taken time enough so that they ought not to have to stop the clock in order to keep it at four.

We are so glad that the trip of father and son from the northwest to the southeast was made so successfully and with so little discomfort to the former. And we hope that the stay in Florida may do a lot of good, though we'd not

be too well pleased with a permanent residence there for our friend Clifford N.

We see Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Morse frequently -- Mrs. Charles sat right behind us at yearly meeting yesterday, and the letter from Florida is over there now, though my guess is that it was read right after Rebecca took it over last evening. The last time I talked with Mrs. Morse she was taking some new medicine which she thought was really helping her -- but that was some time ago, and I do not know whether it is still doing her good, as we all hope it is. *(She has read the letter, too.)*

The memorial hour brought memorials in the yearly meeting for five prominent friends (some more and some less prominent) who have died during the year. They were Minerva Emma Mills, wife of Preston Mills and mother of three or four preacher sons, Lottie M. Brown, of Greenleaf, I think, Levi Sanders and Lucy Rees of Springbrook, and Amanda M. Woodward.

You see, I dropped back to the yearly meeting again. And I might mention the annual report of President Emmett W. Gulley, who is just finishing his first five years as president of the college. He reviewed the achievements of the past five years, which were rather impressive. The endowment has increased by more than \$120,000.00 during this period, the biggest single addition being the gift of the Mr. Roberts who died recently, head of Roberts Brothers of Portland. My guess is that that gift was put in at \$50,000.00, and it is well worth it, for we have a fifth interest in the building given, and it could be sold for a quarter of a million dollars in a minute -- we know who'd be glad to buy it. Another gift, which was also put into the will while I was president, was the bequest of Mrs. White, which I suppose is probably listed at \$15,000.00, and it is bringing in an income on more than that, as present incomes go. Best of all, if it works out, we got a friend of the college, not a Friend, to make Pacific College residuary legatee in his will, to an estate that is probably worth \$250,000.00, of which he is giving away about \$25,000.00 to other legatees. He is a man over 87 years old, and if there is no change in his will and nothing goes wrong, the college will some day get better than \$200,000.00 in one lump.

We envy the Russel Harrisons -- nobody will ever know how much we enjoyed our visit to Daytona Beach. (If we had not wanted to see you all very much, we'd never have come at the time we did. And how well you took care of the big family you had on your hands those days.)

We are very glad that you had that delightful trip to Washington. Hope that you got some real re-creation, in spite of the strenuous elements of the trip.

The Penningtons are not catching a lot of fish. We were over at our cottage, El TeePee (Rebecca selected that name, not L.T.P.) for eight days shortly before commencement. Rebecca did not so much as wet a line, and I did not do much fishing, for nobody was catching any fish, to speak of. One day I got three little trout in the Big Nestucca below the bridge at Pacific City, the longest one less than seven inches long, and those three minnows made me high man -- I know of only one

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other fish that was caught, and there were probably a score of fishermen there while I was fishing, coming and going. My entire catch was seven fish that could legally be kept, and the seven of them if laid end to end would not have measured four feet. But after yearly meeting and the things that must be done about the place here for a while, we hope to get out to the coast again, and I am determined to find some better fishing than that, if we have to drive a long ways for it.

I don't know how you heard that the pastor and I were doing a lot of fishing together. He did go with me to Sisters for a commencement address (I mean that I gave the address), and the next day we fished the Deschutes a bit. Up till noon one fish had been landed, a rainbow less than ten inches long which I caught. We were to go back to Sisters by three o'clock so that we could get home before dark, so I did not go with William Pribbenow, our pastor, and Lloyd Baker, superintendent of the Sisters schools, when they made their way up the stream over some very rough terrain. I went back to the car, at the top of the canyon through which the Deschutes runs along there. (They got back about 6:30, and we spent another night in Sisters. And they caught some nice fish after four o'clock. Mr. Pribbenow had never fished for trout before in his life.)

Mr. Pribbenow and I went to the Yamhill river up near Fairdale one day, but there was really no fishing there without another long trip down the river and over rough trail, and my legs won't stand the kind of rough travel that they used to take in stride.

But they named me on the press committee this year, and there is some work to do getting this press stuff written and into the mail. And a lot of letters have piled up the last few days, and I must get some of them attended to yet this evening, so I'd better end this.

With our very kindest regards to all of you, from Clifford N. to his youngest grandchild there, in which Rebecca joins heartily, I am

Sincerely your friend,

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Raiford et al.,
1600 Crescent Ridge Road,
Daytona Beach, Florida.