

Levi Pennington

People

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9-6-1946

## Levi Pennington Poem to His Brother Harold, September 6, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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### Recommended Citation

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## TURN ON THE HEAT.

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From time to time there's talk of furnace  
To warm us or perhaps to burn us.  
Mostly the talk is of a gas one,  
An iron, copper, tin or brass one.  
One trouble is, we cannot get one --  
It's now been years since I have met one.  
And if a dozen we could get  
They haven't gas to run one yet.  
These may begin to circulate  
In 1947 or '8,  
Though many a future speculator  
Thinks 'twill be '59 or later.  
If then a furnace we could get,  
Of gas they might be stingy yet.  
Impatience then though it may burn us,  
We'll not now get a gassy furnace.

"Well, then, try oil" says brother Tom.  
It sounds exciting, but keep calm.  
There are some units now on sale.  
You send your orders in by mail  
To Rears & Sawbuck's great big store  
Or Ward Montgomery's next door.  
They do not guarantee a price.  
(The old rate has been doubled twice.)  
But if your heating scheme you change,  
Although perhaps you'll think it strange,  
Next winter you cannot get oil.  
You'll have to scheme and bribe and toil  
To get enough to keep from freezing,  
And that would not be very pleasing.  
Plenty some men anticipate  
In 1947 or '8,  
While others quite as wise opine  
Oil will be scarce till '49.  
All things considered, I should say  
There's no oil furnace right away.

With situation thus so hectic  
My thoughts just turn to an electric.  
There is convenience no end,  
Real convenience, my friend.  
No wood to tote, no oil corrosion,  
No noise, no soot, no gas explosion.  
You do not need to throw a switch.  
A thermostat's provided, which  
Turns on the juice when it gets cold --  
Keeps rooms at 70 I'm told.  
We have here near Pacific's shore  
Hydro-electric power galore,  
And with each new year, Uncle Sam  
Puts in another power dam.  
Of all the country, our fair state  
Now has the lowest 'lectric rate.  
I do not know exactly what's  
The rate per thousand kilowatts,  
But this I'm sure of, this I know,

Our rates are very, very low.  
 'Twould seem to be our real salvation --  
 But this requires wall insulation,  
 Rock wool or shredded redwood bark.  
 Where would you get them? Save the mark!  
 If you were lucky as can be  
 You might get some in '53 --  
 The fellow might, that is, who runs  
 Around with old Johns Manville's sons,  
 Or who is thick as thick can be  
 With some big redwood company.  
 If insulation now you had,  
 Here's something else that's pretty bad.  
 To mention it seems comical,  
 It's not yet economical.  
 Our rates are lower than elsewhere,  
 But still I've not enough to spare  
 To heat my house with 'lectric juice --  
 To think of it is just no use.

All things considered, seems to me  
 We'll simply have to leave things be,  
 Still feed the old wood furnace fire,  
 Though price of wood should go still higher.  
 I might try gas an if I could;  
 I might try oil -- they say it's good;  
 And electricity is fine;  
 But it appears it's wood for mine.  
 One thing is good -- this is no bull --  
 I'm glad I've got a basement full.