

Levi Pennington

People

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9-8-1946

## Levi Pennington Writing to His Sister Lorena, September 8, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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### Recommended Citation

Pennington, Levi T., "Levi Pennington Writing to His Sister Lorena, September 8, 1946" (1946). *Levi Pennington*. 86.

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September 8, 1946.

Dear Sister Lorena:--

It is my present intention to crack some walnuts before I put this letter into the mail, and wrap up a few of the meats and send to you. You can give Hannah a taste of them if you want to, but if you don't I'll never know.

Along with the walnut meats I expect to put in some round things that look like atomic bombs or something of the sort. Well, they are not, but just Australian nuts, the name of which I have forgotten. You might have some amusement by asking Marl or somebody to crack some of them for you; better crack one yourself first so that you'll see what I mean. No, they will not explode; it is perfectly safe to hit 'em, and I mean hit 'em.

It looks now as if I might soon be tied up in another campaign for European (and perhaps Asiatic) relief. As we were nearing the end of our campaign in the early summer, one of the business men of the town informed me that he had been selected by UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association) to put on the campaign here as a part of the great nation-wide effort for the relief of the suffering peoples across the water. As this promised to be a campaign that would reach more people than our campaign had reached, it seemed best for us to "Get out of the way and let somebody run that can run." So we closed up our solicitation and disbanded our committee, still offering to care for any gifts that might come in before the UNRRA campaign got under way, with the Friends and the Brethren still caring for any clothing that might be given.

And now the man who was selected by the UNRRA and who had accepted the appointment informs me that he has written that organization that there is a committee functioning here in the interests of relief (though he knew that we had disbanded our committee) and that he is going to do nothing about it, but leave the whole matter of relief in the hands of this committee (which has ceased to be.) Well, in view of the constant talk of the end of the work of the UNRRA, it seems that if anything is done here, it will have to be done through the churches, and I may be up to my neck in the task of reorganizing a relief campaign before another fortnight has passed. They are just organizing Newberg's first Community Chest campaign, to include Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the Anti-Cancer movement, the Louise Home (for unmarried mothers), the Children's Farm Home (maintained by the W.C.T.U.), an orphanage of the Catholics, and other similar causes. We could not get this emergency relief campaign into the Community Chest budget for anything adequate -- our campaign last spring raised about three fifths as much as the entire budget of the Community Chest -- and so our campaign will have to be made, if we put one on, entirely through the churches, except for the communities surrounding Newberg -- the Community Chest just covers the municipality.

Aside from the work I have done -- purely consultative thus far -- in regard to this relief matter, I have not been



a very useful animal the past week. I went to a neighbor's picnic party Monday afternoon and evening; attended our meeting on ministry and oversight at the church Tuesday evening; attended monthly meeting Wednesday evening, etc. Every day we hoped that the roofers would get on the job -- I thought sure they would start Wednesday, but was later glad they did not, for we got a real rain that day -- it came suddenly and caught me up in an apple tree, where I picked three boxes of apples and sold them for \$1.50 a box. Friday we canned 14 cans of beans, which with what we have left over will be enough for our use this winter. We bought seven dollars worth of canned peaches from the Springbrook Cooperative Cannery. We'd rather can our own fruit, but this year we could not get the sugar.

I hope to get most of the prunes from our five Petite trees off to the dryer this week. We never had such a heavy crop on these trees, and that is saying a good deal, for we nearly always get a lot of prunes from them. The pastor's son was to have helped gathering these prunes Saturday -- I cannot stoop over as well as I used to, and it gave me a "headache" to "pick trash" even before I was ten years old. This young fledgeling Byrd went to Portland Friday, and so far as I know is still there, though he may have come back today.

But I have pounded this machine enough for a Sunday performance (the Jews would walk on the sabbath, but a sabbath day's journey was not far) and I think I'll end this and read a bit, and then go to bed.

With love from us both to all of you,

Affectionately your brother,

Mrs. H. W. Hiler,  
3 Wagar Place,  
Ionia, Michigan.