

Levi Pennington

People

9-8-1946

Levi Pennington Writing to His Sister Hannah, September 8, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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Recommended Citation

Pennington, Levi T., "Levi Pennington Writing to His Sister Hannah, September 8, 1946" (1946). *Levi Pennington*. 85.

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September 8, 1946.

Dear Sister Hannah:--

I hope that the same mail which carries this letter to you will also carry off a small box of nutmeats. In with these filbert meats (I don't know whether you like filberts or not, but if not you can feed them to the squirrels or dispose of them in some other way) are some round objects that look as if they might be bombs, atomic or otherwise, but as a matter of fact they are nuts, Australian nuts the name of which I have forgotten. You might have a bit of amusement by asking someone to crack them for you. Perhaps you will want to crack one yourself first, to see what I mean. No, they will not explode -- it is perfectly safe to hit 'em, and I mean hit 'em.

The past week has passed -- anything that is past has nearly always passed, I have noticed -- rather quietly for us. We canned 14 cans of beans one day. At one time I bought seven dollars worth of peaches from the Springbrook cannery -- we'd rather can the fruit ourselves, but we could not get the sugar. One day I picked three boxes of apples off of a little tree at the Rex place, and sold them for \$1.50 a box -- and got wet by a shower that came suddenly while I was up in the tree. There was a picnic put on by some neighbors Monday evening, meeting on ministry and oversight Tuesday evening, monthly meeting Wednesday evening, etc. Our pastor's wife has been very ill (better now, I am glad to say), and that has made a little extra for me, though not much. And it has begun this week to look as if I might have to lead in the campaign for European (and maybe Asiatic) relief if anything is done this fall.

Before we had done quite all that we hoped to get done last spring, one of the business men of the town told me (Come to think of it, it was in July) that he had been selected by UNRRA (if I remember rightly that is the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association) to put on in Newberg our share of the nation-wide drive that was to raise many millions for relief. Well, in view of the magnitude of that effort, it seemed to our committee that we ought to get out of the way for this bigger thing. So we closed up our campaign (except that we are still gathering clothing and accepting any money gifts that are given without putting on an active solicitation) and disbanded our committee, in expectation that as individuals we would cooperate in any way possible in this larger campaign.

And now this man who was to head the UNRRA campaign has informed me that he is not going to do anything about it, though he had accepted the appointment; that he has told the UNRRA that there is a committee functioning here (though he knew we had disbanded); and there is so much talk of the end of the work which the UNRRA has been doing (or failing to do) that it looks as if nothing would be done unless the churches take it up. I have written to the American Friends Service Committee for information as to the extent of the need, and if things go as they seem likely to do in the next two weeks, it looks as if I'd be up to my eyes in an effort to get a new campaign organized through the churches. It would have to be through the churches rather than through a general solicitation,

for Newberg is organizing for the first time a Community Chest campaign, and there is supposed to be no other general solicitation except the one for this bigger budget, which is to include Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Salvation Army, Children's Famm Home (maintained by the W.C.T.U.), a Catholic orphanage, Louise Home (for unmarried mothers), etc. and no general solicitation is supposed to be made aside from this big campaign. But schools, churches, etc., can make any solicitations they please among their own people, and since 99% or what we could raise would probably come from church people in any case, we ought to do as well as we did a year ago, and certainly better than the UNRRA would have done under the leadership of the man they selected.

I'm glad to be able to tell you that Rebecca continues to gain, though some days are better than others. She had a very poor night last night, and got nearly all her sleep after daylight, so that she did not go to church. She has been to but one Sunday morning service and one monthly meeting since yearly meeting closed June 19.

The roofers have been putting off our job because of rain or the fear of rain. They were to have started on my birthday, August 29, but it rained that day, and since that time there has been one rainy day and the rest of them have been cloudy and uncertain. But it cleared off today, and I expect the roofers to be here tomorrow morning -- at least I hope they'll be. I want to get that job done before it rains any more. If we can get the house roof tight, now that we have the wood all in, we'll be in good shape for the winter so far as what is in the building is concerned.

This week I hope to get most of the prunes gathered, though I suspect it will run over into next week before we can get them all off to the dryer. The five petite trees have the heaviest crop they have ever had, I think, and that is saying a good deal, for these trees always have a good crop, or nearly always. But they are bigger than they have ever been before, and so heavily loaded that one big limb broke off of one tree before I got it propped up, and there would have been a lot of breaking if I had not done a lot of propping. The prunes are dropping so rapidly now that I suppose the load is lightening, though the prunes that are still on are still growing somewhat.

Well, I hope you like that handful of nut meats. I did not intentionally put in any worms, but if by chance I did get one in, this is a free country, and you do not have to eat him. If you want to give Lorena and her folks a taste of these filberts, that will be all right with me, but if you do not, I'll never know it unless you tell me.

With love from both of us to all of you,

Affectionately your brother,

Mrs. T. S. Baird,
135 W. Bond St.,
Hastings, Mich.