

Levi Pennington

People

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Levi Pennington Writing to His Brother Parker, September 13, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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September 13, 1946.

Dear Brother Parker:-

Do you hear that thud-thud----thud-thud . going on outside? It is the shinglers putting on the last shingles on the porch in front of the house. The job will be all finished in a few minutes now, and the shinglers will be off with their check for something like \$175.00, their rate for labor alone being \$5.00 per square. The shingles themselves cost decidedly more than that, though not quite 50% more. But the cost of nails, tin shingles, sheet metal for the valleys, ridge roll (if it can be got), and the rest of the material needed will put the total cost of this new roof well over \$400.00. Well, did you ever hear of my having that much money at any one time? The bank was good to me, but they'll not be likely to abate the tithe of a hair from the full principal and interest called for by a bit of paper with my name at the bottom of it.

But I put an ad in the paper which came out yesterday which might bring in some money. I'm offering the Rex acreage for sale. Don't expect to make a lot of money on that sale, since the house was burned down. If the house was still there I suspect I could sell the place for a thousand dollars more than it cost, or thereabouts. The house among the trees on the corner east of us and across Sheridan St. they could have sold repeatedly for \$8,000.00, old and disreputable as it is; the house on the opposite corner of our block, offered once for \$1,500.00 (Rebecca says it was offered as low as \$1,200.00) was bought by the college for a girls' dormitory for \$6,000.00; King Cady is building on the corner next north of us, and I believe he said he had been offered \$20,000.00 for the house in its present state of incompleteness; George Moore, Howard and Mary's son on the college faculty, has just sold his incompleated house in the block east of us, or so I am told, for \$12,600.00; the Woodward house, sold ridiculously low for \$5,000.00, is now offered for \$7,900.00; and so it goes. "Frosty" Frost of the Chamber of Commerce told us the other day that we could double the population of Newberg right off if we had housing, and I suspect he is right. Well, if the Rex place sells, I'll let you know. I'm not going to give it away, with as good a crop of nuts on it as there are this year. (The prune crop there is short, but the petite trees at the garden are trying to outdo themselves, and I think they have done it.)

It was good to get your letter of the 9th., which came this morning. It must have been a hard trip for you from Interlochen to Detroit last week. Do hope that with the passing of time the absence of Christine may be less hard to bear. I know that she would want it that way.

I trust that another two weeks or so will see the road machinery tearing up the earth for that Pennington Shores road. You've had delays enough on that job, surely.

Yes, I am sure that Mr. Waldo would have been less happy if I had won that \$1,000.00 prize for the biggest fish in the Astoria Salmon Derby, and as you say, we must always consider others. That's how I try to solace myself when I lose a big

fish, by thinking how fortunate the other poor fish is when I am unlucky.

Don't know when we shall get out to the coast, but it is not going to be right away. In the first place, there is this yard to clean up, and that's a real job. It would be bad enough if it were just the old cedar shingles to remove, but along with them is all this composition roofing. The shingles will make good kindling, and the composition stuff would make good fuel, too, if one could have a furnace that would stand the heat that it generates. But if one were to burn it in the furnace, he'd have to do it in such small quantities that it would take years to get rid of it. Unable to bring my Scotch soul to a point of sacrificing all the cedar shingles for kindling, I'm picking out the composition for a trip to the dump yard, and sending the cedar down the chute into the basement, where we'll have kindling enough to last for a long time.

Rebecca is to see Dr. Selling October 1, the earliest date he could give her. We may go to the coast for a time and come back for that date. I still hope that we shall be out there for a considerable time, for we rest there better than here, and besides there seems to be the only place that I really get anything done on the autobiography of Simon Peter, on which I ought to be working a good share of the time if I am ever to get it done.

Some days ago I lost that brass watch fob which I have worn for nearly 40 years. It was made by two of my Earlham College classmates, and I prized it very highly. I did some very earnest hunting for it, and put an ad in the Graphic which came out yesterday, but with very little hope of getting it back, for I had been out to Springbrook and all over the down-town part of Newberg between the time I knew I had it and the time I first missed it. Well, just a few minutes ago, as I went to sit down in this chair where I am writing, I saw the fob lying in the chair, between the cushion and the arm support. I had evidently caught it on the arm of the chair when I got up at some time last Monday, and had caught the fob on the chair arm and pulled the ring off the watch with the fob and strap attached. I'm going to go down and have that man Drews fasten that ring on so it will stay, if he has to solder it on.

But it is time that I went out and did some more clean-up work. We can at least get enough of the old roofing material off of the walk leading into the house from the sidewalk so that folks can get in if they try. Right now, though I opened the way last evening, it is all blocked up again by shingles shoveled off of the porch.

With love from us both to both of your two children and their families and plenty for yourself,

Affectionately your brother,

Parker C. Pennington,
688 Collingwood Avenue,
Detroit 2, Michigan.