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Levi Pennington

People

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9-25-1946

### Levi Pennington Writing to Bertha May, September 25, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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September 25, 1946.

Dear Bertha May:--

When we came back from Portland last Friday without getting a chance to come out to see you, I thought I would surely get to write to you Saturday or Sunday. But I did not get it done either day, and since that time I have been so busy (and part of the time have felt so far from hilarious) that I'm just now getting a letter started.

One of the things that have kept me busy is the mass of shingles that still clutter up most of the space right about the house, where the original cedar shingles and the masses of composition shingles were shoveled off right onto the ferns and shrubs and flowers. Mother has been working for the past three days (not all day, of course, but hours each day) gathering up the cedar shingles for kindling, and tossing the composition stuff out to one side, for me to wheel out to the parkway on the west side (and south of the driveway) for the garbage man to take to the city dump some time in the future.

Another thing is the prune picking, of which Carl Byrd has done the most, though I have done some of the picking and all of the shaking. We got the last of these prunes off to the dryer this morning. There was more than half a ton of them, and they ought to be worth something when they are dried. I hope to get them sold as soon as possible after they are dried, and not get stuck with them as I was last year. (You see, we did not get back from our eastern trip till after the first of February.)

Filberts are coming on now, and soon walnuts. One of the Schaads is taking care of the Italian prunes up at the Rex place, and I suppose they are all in the cannery before this. But I have not arranged yet for the handling of the walnuts and what filberts we get from the squirrels and the jays.

The filberts down here are dropping rapidly, and if I did not have to go to Albany tomorrow, we'd get them picked, I hope. As it is, we shall have to wait till later. Perhaps Mr. Byrd can work at it a bit Friday morning. The nuts look very fine, and will make a treat for some of the folks back east, as well as for us. I don't know how they are at the Rex place.

Then there are the apples to pick from the big tree by the compost heap, and there are a good many of them. Mr. Byrd wants to help me with them, for they want some of the apples.

Two different days I have felt "below par", on Monday in the morning and today in the late afternoon. I don't know why I should have felt done up Monday, as Sunday was not a particularly hard day, though Mother and I did take a rather long walk in the evening, clear past Mrs. Madson's place, where there was a fire to which it looked as if the whole town went. I have more of an excuse today, for I wheeled this heavy composition roofing, half a dozen to a dozen loads of it, out to the parkway, then shook prunes till ten o'clock, then got ready and went to the opening chapel at the college, then to the Rotary Club



kuhcheon, then to Springbrook with the prunes, then out to Dundee after honey( which I did not get), and I don't remember what all else. Pretty tired this evening, but guess I have a right to be.

Tomorrow Carl Byrd and perhaps his wife and just possibly Mother are going with me to Albany, where that woman who is leaving her estate for me to use in the cause of temperance is to go over her will with me. I hope that this is the last trip that I shall have to make in connection with this matter.

The Rotary Club have arranged to have a "birthday table" for the members who have had a birthday within a certain month -- or months, for when they decided this, they made the first occasion for all whose birthdays occurred in July, August or September. There were about eight of us or maybe one or two more at the "birthday table." Each of us contributed a cent for each year of life thus far to the help of the Boy Scouts, and they sang "Happy Birthday" to us.

The college has the biggest enrollment in its history, 146 when I was over there this morning, with more still registering. President Gulley gave the opening chapel address. The presentation of the faculty and office staff and the showing of the new students and the Freshman class in contrast to those who were here last year, all this was interesting to me. The Freshman class outnumbers all the rest of the school, and my guess is that there are at least four and maybe five times as many new students as those who were here last year.

You would not know a good many who are on the force now, and there are a considerable number that I do not know. You'd know Mary C. Sutton, Oliver Weesner, Russell W. Lewis, Laurence Skeen, Perry D. Macy, Edward Harmon, all teachers, and Loyde Osburn, librarian. You would not know many of the rest of the list, Miss Willcuts, Home Economics; Mr. Riley, Speech; Mr. Clark, Music; Mr. Thornburg, Art and Piano; Mr. Knight, Spanish and Bible; Miss Macy, Physical Education for Women and Dramatics; Mr. Berryman, History; Mr. Hinshaw, Physical Education for Men and Bible; Mrs. Hinshaw, office secretary and Commercial; Miss Aldrich, Piano; Mr. Hockett, I forget what he is to teach; Mrs. Crecelius, Organ; Mr. Shotzel, Physics; and Mrs. Knight, treasurer. Maybe you'd know some of these, but not many.

But Mother has gone up to bed, and I'll end this and go up too, so as not to disturb her by going later.

With love from both of us,

Affectionately always,

Miss Bertha May Pennington,  
830 S. E. Sellwood Blvd.,  
Portland 2, Oregon.