

Levi Pennington

People

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## Levi Pennington Writing to His Niece Mary, October 2, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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October 2, 1946.

Dear Mary:--

Your card of Friday last is just received, and it was good to hear from you again.

I'm glad to tell you that Rebecca is much more like herself than she was for months during the late spring and the summer. We went yesterday to see her Portland physician, and she is to go again tomorrow for a further examination. He said that he found nothing that was not quite satisfactory in his examination yesterday. Nobody gives any encouragement that they can cure the trouble that is causing her dear hands to shake, but this man before did improve matters a bit, and I think slowed up the progress of the trouble a good deal.

But Rebecca is doing many things now that she could not do a month or two ago. We have not yet got out to our cottage at the coast, where we had expected to spend a large part of the summer, but we still hope to get out there soon, perhaps on Saturday of this week.

If we do that, it will look on the face of it as if I were running away from a responsibility that I had definitely assumed. But that will not be the fact. I became responsible for the solicitation of this section of Newberg, some 20 blocks or so, for the Community Chest, which will make its drive in the residential section next week. But I took the job with the understanding that I was to organize it, and if I found that I could get away before or during that week, I was to be free to do so, especially if I could secure the right sort of man to take my place. Well, I was the first man in the list of leaders to secure my solicitors, map and divide the district, assign territory to the various solicitors, whom I had to a meeting in which we went over matters thoroughly. Then I arranged with Scott Leavitt, an ex-congressman who insists that he is much better as an organizer than as a solicitor, that he is to be my second-in-command all the time I am here, and is to take over if I find that I can be away, as I still hope that I can, as I have been hoping ever since the middle of June.

I have a job that is much bigger than the small part I have in this Community Chest drive, for I am head of a church drive for relief of the suffering peoples across the seas, a drive which ought to bring in as much as the entire Community Chest drive. We started the campaign <sup>Thursday</sup> at the Friends Church here, where I was the solicitor, and we raised considerably more than \$1,000.00, with still more coming in, so that the total is now nearly or quite \$1,200.00. And this is in addition to \$2,116.32 which this church sent for relief during the year that closed September 1. And in addition to this money, most of which I raised at a meeting of the church last spring, we have sent a ton or more of clothing, which is quite as much needed as food. Most of the churches will not make their solicitation until after the Community Chest drive is over, though the Methodist Church takes its offering next Sunday, according to a plan adopted some time ago. I headed the campaign last spring, and again this fall.



So glad that you got to visit the folks in Michigan, and I know that they enjoyed your visit very much. Tom and Hannah made another trip to the Grand Traverse region recently.

We've been terribly busy for the last few weeks. I am unbelievably busy for a man who has retired and has nothing to do. There have been the prunes to take care of -- I got half a ton from the five trees at the garden; then there were seven bushels of apples, King and Northern Spy -- on the tree in the back yard here -- and I don't know what to do with them now that I have them picked; we have had the house reroofed, and there are just scads and codles of old cedar shingles and composition shingles (we had a composition roof put on right over the cedar shingles when that old roof began to leak) that we are trying to take care of whenever it is dry enough to work outside; the man who was to disk my walnuts at the Rex place did not get it done and yesterday I had to hustle around and find somebody else to do it; what few potatoes we have need digging; there are pumpkins and squashes that we hope to get canned; I could go on and on and on with piffin' jobs of one sort or another. And there is never any let-up so long as we stay here in town, for if there are not things that need doing for us, there are things that somebody else wants done, a chapel address at the college, a talk to the Sunday School, tsking care of the big box of clothing that has accumulated at the Portland General Electric Co.'s office, or something of the sort. We really get more rest out the coast than anywhere else, even though I write more there than anywhere else. (I'm working on an "autobiography" of Simon Peter, and I almost never get at it here, for there is always something else to do that needs doing right away. Out there nothing happens every day of the week.)

Well, I hope we shall get out there before the salmon run is over. They have been catching some good fish there already, and this is the month of the big run, or the biggest we have; none of them are big compared with what they used to be.

But I must end this and get at some other matters, including some other letters that I must write. Rebecca is leaving in a few minutes for the first meeting of her Wednesday Club for the year, and this evening we are due at two places, the ladies' night of the Rotary Club and the monthly business meeting of the church. Think we'll go to the Rotary Club for the dinner, then to the church for the business meeting, then back to the Rotary Club for whatever is left of the program.

With love from both of us to you and any of the rest of the family you see (do hope that Joe can stop and see you on his way to or from that conference),

Affectionately your uncle,

Miss Mary Pennington,  
1007 First St.,  
Wausau, Wisconsin.