

Levi Pennington

People

10-4-1946

Levi Pennington Writing to His Aunt Dora, October 4, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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Pennington, Levi T., "Levi Pennington Writing to His Aunt Dora, October 4, 1946" (1946). *Levi Pennington*. 107.

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October 4, 1946.

Dear Aunt Dora:--

Your good letter of September 29 has just arrived, and we enjoyed it greatly. So glad that Mary and Cecil and Esther got to visit you, and that you had such a good time together.

We have heard much more from others about their doings than we have from them. They are doubtless too busy to write. We had a card from Bertha May and Esther from Niagara Falls; we got a letter from Parker telling how sorry he was that he had been visiting at Lorena's when they came to Detroit, and did not get back till just after they had left; now this letter from you telling of their visit to Indianapolis; we got a card from Mary at Earlham, telling nothing but the size of Earlham's enrollment and expressing the opinion that Earlham is quite a place these days and that Tom Jones seems to be getting a good start; and this morning some friends here called telling us that Mary and Cecil and Esther had been to Amboy, where these friends came from. Both Parker and Hannah, and perhaps Lorena, have been trying to get in touch with them, but in vain so far as I know. I had no idea where they were going to be, and could only tell the other folks that Bertha May was at Earlham, and perhaps she could locate the rest of the family. I do not know how long they were expecting to stay in that part of the country. Maybe they are back in New York before this.

It must have been a treat to Mrs. Albertson to hear about the folks she knew back in Glens Falls. Park and I had many a talk about the old days and the old friends at Traverse City.

By the way, has Parker visited you yet lately? I know he has thought of it, and probably it would encourage him if you could tell him that you still like your relatives, and would be glad to see him. Right now I suppose -- and hope -- that he is busy with his road work at Interlochen. He has been disappointed over and over in getting -- or rather not getting -- the necessary road machinery and crew. He was promised them definitely for October 1, and I hope that before this he is well along with the road work, and will soon have everything cleared up at Interlochen, so that he will not need to go there unless he just wants to go. It is a sad place for him -- as I guess every other place is since Christine left him.

What a lovely thing that dinner at Amo must have been. I must visit that place some day if I can, for there is where I was born, and I have never seen the place since the folks left there when I was a little, tiny chap. I was invited to speak at a conference of Western Yearly Meeting preachers some time ago, perhaps a couple of years, but could not do it then. They'd better not invite me again, unless they really want me to come. Maybe some day we can come back to Indiana for a visit, and can go with you out to Amo. A fellow ought to see his birthplace once after he has passed his childhood.

Oregon did not adopt the so-called daylight-saving time

this year, and so our clocks were fairly in tune with the rest of the universe, and did not have to be turned back. And, as you say, we can turn back the clock, but we can't turn back the time, not for a second.

I'm sure it must be sad for you to think of Otis's no longer being with you. But I am so glad that some of your relatives are good to you, even if some of them fall far short of the love and kindness they ought to show you.

I still hope that you may be able some time in the not too distant future to visit the folks in Michigan, and I know, for they have told me and I'd have known anyhow, that they will be glad to see you. There are times when it would not be best for you or me or anybody else to visit them. The last word from Ionia was that Harold had had a very severe time, and had had to be out of the store for three weeks. And Hannah has been laid up at times this past summer. But both girls want to see you when the time is right, I know, and I hope you can visit them.

Hannah and Tom got to see Willis and Cora on a recent trip into the Grand Traverse region for a rest. They said that they had a very good time, and that Willis is so glad to see any of his relatives. He is not much of a letter writer, that's true, and if I made my visit to him depend on his writing to me, he'd never see me. But he could not have been kinder to me when I was there a year ago, and if I ever get a chance to visit him, I'm going to do it, though I guess I'd probably do it if I did not think he would appreciate it overmuch. I have called on a sister a time or two in my life when it did not seem to me before I went that I would be any too welcome, and that suspicion was made a "convincement" before I left.

By the way, do you know anything more about Jimmie? Poor old chap, I wonder what kind of a time he is having these days. None too happy, for a guess. If I ever get back there, I'll want to see him. And won't that pillar in the church fall on my neck? Or will she jump on it?

Rebecca has been twice this week to see Dr. Selling, the nerve specialist, in the Portland Clinic, and is to go again Monday. She is much better than she was earlier in the year, and I hope this trip Monday may be the last one she will have to take. Thus far the examinations they have given her, and they've put her through a real "course of sprouts", has shown nothing of a serious nature, except that she is not so young as when I married her. (She's just as lovely, and more than forty years together has made her so definite a part of my life that if she should leave me -- let's not think of it. The thought is too terrible.)

I've been working a bit with the apples this morning. We'll be able to sell three bushels or more, I think. We want to keep some of them, but they are of varieties that are not long keepers. We'll make some mince meat if we can get the meat. We have our prunes all cared for, and now the apples will be out of the way by tomorrow. The grapes are coming along, and I wish we could share them with you. I have the picking of the nuts arranged for, and I hope we shall have more of them than most folks think possible right now.

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The two things that are occupying my time and attention these days are the Community Chest campaign, in which I have taken something like twenty blocks as my responsibility, and the community-wide campaign among the churches for relief across the seas. I have my solicitors all selected, the territory assigned and a meeting held in which we considered how the solicitation is to be handled, in my part of the Community Chest campaign -- I think I was the first one in the city to get my share of the job all organized. I hope that we can get our territory covered first of the entire list, too.

A much bigger responsibility is that of the community-wide campaign, which has to be through the churches, as this Community Chest solicitation is supposed to be the only one for the year, for relief overseas. The campaign really started last Sunday with the taking of the offering at the Friends church, where I had charge of it. We raised more than \$1,000.00 in the morning service, and gifts that came in later have increased the amount to nearly or quite \$1,200.00. Hope the other churches will follow a good example. This present campaign is in addition to the one last spring and other gifts during the year. From September 1, 1945 to September 1, 1946, this church sent \$2,116.32 for relief through the American Friends Service Committee, and besides that about a ton of clothing.

We still hope to get out to the cottage at the coast before the salmon fishing is all over. They have been taking some fine fish out there. Perhaps we shall get out there next week. And there is just the possibility that I might get out for a day with some members of the faculty, even if Rebecca does not get away for a while yet.

But the postman brought a liberal supply of mail this morning, including a card from the elderly woman in Albany who has made me joint owner of her savings account and now joint owner of her little home place, so that if she dies before I do, the whole thing will be mine, not for myself but to be spent in the advancement of the temperance cause. The savings amount is now well above \$4,000.00, and the little home is worth better than a thousand -- better than \$1,500.00 as prices are these days. She has been an earnest temperance worker for many years, and has long been planning to leave her little all to somebody to carry on this campaign. I did not know her at all, but she says she has been watching me for thirty years, and she has decided that I am the one to whom she wants to entrust her money for the advancement of the cause which she has served so long.

With love from both of us to you and all the rest,

Affectionately your nephew,

Mrs. Dora O. Masten,
411 North Delaware St.,
Indianapolis, Indiana.