

Levi Pennington

People

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Levi Pennington Writing to Gervas & Amy Carey, October 6, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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October 6, 1946.

Dear Friends:--

Hope you are having the time of your fair young lives, and in this hope Rebecca joins heartily. I am writing to you without knowing where you are nor whether this letter will ever reach you, but with the thought that if I do not find where you are to be, I'll mail it to Dundee, hoping that the postmaster there has the proper forwarding address for any time from the time you leave till the time you get back.

We find it hard not to envy you the privilege of being in the middle west during October. I'm an Oregonian, with as much web between my toes as if I were born here. But there is no denying that Michigan has a miracle of fall and spring that we do not have here. (The snows that they have in the winter we can more than duplicate by a drive of an hour or so.) The change from summer to winter shows a wealth of coloring that we have no way of duplicating out here, canvases miles long, splashed with the gorgeous colors of maples, birches, beeches, oaks, basswoods, Ironwoods, poplars and the other deciduous trees there which are different from anything we see here. And we do not have spring in the Willamette Valley as we knew it back in Michigan. Deep snows that kept the temperature down, abetted by the ice which covered Long Lake, until the sun had climbed far past the equinox. Then comes a long, warm rain; the ice disappears all at once in the lake (wonder if it does actually sink, as the old-timers believed); a warm breeze blows up from the south; the sun shines out from well up in the sky; and almost overnight the earth turns from brown to green. Well, you'll not see that miracle of spring; but you ought to see the gorgeous colors of autumn, and I hope the show is as fine as it can be.

My brother Parker will possibly be at Interlochen while you are in the vicinity of Traverse City. If so, I hope you see him. He may be staying at the home of the other brother, Willis, on the shore of Lake Wah-be-Kanness (formerly Duck Lake, near the National Music Camp.) I know Parker would be glad to see you, and I suppose Willis would, though he has never taken part in church activities as Parker has.

We've been trying to persuade Parker to visit Oregon again. He has time and money for the trip, but he does not want to make it alone. A lot of things have occurred to me as I have thought of your trip to Michigan and your return to Oregon. If you purchase a car while you are back there, and if it is a car that is big enough, and if you'd like to have somebody share the return trip with you, sharing the expense and perhaps taking part of the driving, and if everything else was favorable, it just might be that Parker would make the trip with you, even if you came back by way of Kansas, Texas, Arizona, California, and way points. Don't tell him that I mentioned it to you, if you should ever make such a suggestion to him. And if for any reason, and I can think of many, the idea does not appeal to you, even if you knew he was eager for it, you'll not mention it to him, even if you see him. And I hope you will see him, for I know he'd appreciate that. He has been disappointed again and

again and again in his efforts to get some road machinery at work on a road he has to build to the lots he owned and has now sold on a part of Lake Wah-be-Kannetta (formerly Green Lake) some distance from where the camp was located. Until I got his last letter yesterday, I hoped that the last promise of this machinery, which was to be ready positively October 1, would be fulfilled. This last letter tells us that October 21 is now fixed as the time when they can come to build that road. So he is having to "mark time" again at his home, 688 Collingwood Avenue, Detroit.

Carl Byrd seems to be getting a good start in his work here. Before the opening of college the audience had begun to grow materially; last Sunday saw the biggest audience for a good many years; and today's crowd was perhaps a bit bigger still.

Perhaps a man ought not to "tell tales out of school", but you'll be more interested than pleased to know that all is not harmony in the Religious Education department of Pacific College. Hinshaw, with a B.D. degree, is higher in the department than Knight, with a degree of M.Th., and if you think that Knight has let that pass without a protest, you do not know as fully as you might this mighty man Knight. Good night! He has said more words than a few about it to President Gulley -- I do not know to how many others. He has threatened to resign, but has thus far failed to make good his threat -- did I say make good? He points out with vigor that he has a Master's degree, while Hinshaw has only a Bachelor's, with no doubt as keen an appreciation as he is capable of concerning the difference between these two degrees. I asked President Gulley recently if the storm had blown over, and he thought it was only a lull between two blows, and he expects the next one to be struck soon.

There was a goodly company out Friday evening for the reception to Carl and Ella Byrd and to the students and teachers of the college. The Byrd family were all present, and some of the students and some of the faculty. Some of the new teachers and some of the older ones were not on hand. Clark was not at the reception -- somebody said that they had company. There is a feeling in some quarters that he is not cooperating with the music of the church as well as would be possible. He announced the try-outs for the a capella choir for last Thursday night, the night that had already been announced as the special time when they wanted new singers to join the choir. Knight told the pastor some time ago that he felt that he had not helped with the church music in the past as he ought, and wanted to conduct the music in the evening, with the help of Clark, and that pleases a considerable share of the musical interests of the church as much as it would please me to see Edward Mott reelected clerk of Oregon Yearly Meeting. Mildred Colcord is leading the choir again, and that does not please some of the "unco' guid" any more than the other arrangement pleases Fred Frost and Allie Calkins and some others that we could name. And thus our happy family lives on "in unity and harmony" to a greater or less degree, as America is the land of the free and the home of the brave, to a greater or less degree. (One would hardly put Georgia and Louisiana and Alabama at the head of the list as lands of the free.)

I'm glad to be able to tell you that Rebecca is considerably better, and we are actually looking forward to the pos-

sibility of a trip to the coast the latter part of this week, though there is nothing certain about it. She is to see Dr. Selling of Portland tomorrow for the third time in a week, and we hope the last time she will need to go. The Community Chest solicitation of the residence sections of Newberg is to be done this week, and I have become captain for the territory east of Meridian and north of First. Tomorrow evening the solicitors are to meet in a kick-off gathering at the Chamber of Commerce rooms. Berthe May is to be home Thursday, and maybe we'll get off Friday. We had expected to spend most of the summer at El TeePee, and we have not got over there yet.

One of the things that has been taking part of my time and energy is another campaign for the relief of folks across the sea. We made our solicitation a week ago today at our church, and more than \$1,000.00 was received in cash and pledges. Since that time other gifts have come in to put the total nearly or quite up to \$1,200.00. The Methodists were to take their offering this morning. Do not know how they came out. The Christian Church have asked me to speak to their people at some sort of leaders meeting on the 16th., and they are to take their offering the Sunday following, after a sermon in which this sort of thing is to be stressed by the pastor.

But I did not intend to write a book. That's what a man gets for starting his typewriter and not telling it when to stop.

With the hope that every day of your trip may be full of happiness and profit, to you and to others, and that you may come back to us much the better for the visit to the old "stamping grounds", in all of which Rebecca joins heartily, I am

Sincerely your friend,

Gervas and Amy Carey,
Dundee, Oregon.

I've tried to find a forwarding address but without success, so I am going to put it up to the Dundee Post Master, hoping that he knows where a letter will find you. I am just back from a meeting at the church, called by the Missionary Board of the yearly meeting, to consider a new proposition for the purchase of a farm in Bolivia, this one to cost \$34,000.00, with enough extra expense for repairs to buildings, farming equipment, etc., so that the entire project will call for \$40,000.00. The \$34,000.00 would all have to be raised in three months, and they must decide at once whether they will buy or not, and turn in the \$21,000.00 that is available as an initial payment. They have \$15,000.00 that was raised for the other farm and training school, and some other funds that they can borrow from other missionary projects for which money was raised that is not to be expended immediately.