

Levi Pennington

People

2-16-1947

Levi Pennington Writing to Folks, February 16, 1947

Levi T. Pennington

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/levi_pennington

Recommended Citation

Pennington, Levi T., "Levi Pennington Writing to Folks, February 16, 1947" (1947). *Levi Pennington*. 120.
https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/levi_pennington/120

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the People at Digital Commons @ George Fox University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Levi Pennington by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ George Fox University. For more information, please contact arolfe@georgefox.edu.

Newberg, Oregon,
February 16, 1947.

Dear Folks:--

If you don't like frivolity, don't read this, for I have no serious intention of writing anything serious. I've been serious enough the past week, and I'll have to be serious tomorrow, with a preachers' luncheon and business meeting, the funeral of a distant cousin of ours in the afternoon, and an address to a men's brotherhood gathering from ^{three} towns in the evening. (The cousin? Bess Gardner, whose maiden name was Ramsay. Her mother was a Cook, and a full first cousin of the mother of Willis, Parker, Lorena, Hannah and the writer of this epistle or whatever it could be called.)

One of the frivolous things I intended to tell you about was a fishing trip taken by four of us Friday afternoon and Saturday. Unless somebody caught a cold, the trip was catchless. The four who made this trip were:

Emmett W. Gulley, president of Pacific College on his way out, his services to terminate at the time of commencement in June. He is a big mouse, as Parker can testify, six feet six inches in height, and weighing somewhere between 260 pounds and half a ton. (Scrupulously accurate figures would be nearer to the former than the latter, but he has quit telling his weight, and we've never been able to get him on the stock scales long enough to get his actual weight.)

Lawrence Skeen, vice president of Pacific College and professor of Chemistry, also probably on his way out. He is somewhere between six feet and eight feet tall, and weighs between 160 and 27 pounds. (The former figures are most near to the actual ones if I could give them.)

Hubert R. Armstrong, a graduate of the college and for a time on its faculty, now superintendent of schools of Newberg. He is a stocky fellow, probably about five eight in height and weighing as if he were cast iron inside.

Levi T. Pennington. Probably the less said about him the better. You know of the Swede who was taking a sleighride with his girl, and who under the influence of the moonlight, the beautiful night, the close proximity of the lady, and whatever else it is that prompts such things, said to her, "Olga, will you marry me?" Well, Olga had evidently been thinking of such a thing for some time, for her response was immediate and affirmative. "Yes, Ole", she replied. Now Ole had not really intended to propose, for he was not at all sure that he wanted to be married. He drove along the road for a time in deep silence, not stopping the horse to kiss the lady, as would have been most proper unless he had a horse that could be trusted to keep the road in such an intoxicating emergency. Olga was a bit perplexed not to say distressed by this silence and lack of demonstration, and presently she said, "Ole, vy den'd you say somet'ing?" Ole replied with deep conviction, "My tank dere been too much said a'ready." Well, about this fourth member of the party, "My t'ank dere been too much said a'ready."

We drove first to where the stream with the ambitious name of Three Rivers flows into the Big Nestucca -- Parker could show you the very spot. Here we fished for steelheads for a time, the others being all fixed for it, while I was

in my business clothes, ^{2.} expecting before I did any fishing to go to
*cottage, start some fires, and change to my fishing togs before
I did any fishing. We found two men there who had been fishing
all day, with no result. We fished only about two hours, and
caught as many as they had all day, but no more.

Then we went to El TeePee, had a good supper which the
wives of two members of the party had fixed up for us (One of
the other two expected to buy things we needed at the store,
and he did buy some bread and some milk) while the other fellow
did not know he was going till about an hour before we started)
and then spent the evening (till about eleven o'clock) playing
chess and checkers. (Gulley beat me at chess, and I beat him
worse at checkers.)

Up at six the next morning, we had our pancakes and our
et cetera, and then drove up the Little Nestucca, to the second
bridge above Stella Falls. There were men fishing in the big
pool just below the falls, though that is not allowed under the
new ruling of the State Game Commission. Just above that second
bridge beyond the falls was a lovely stretch of fast, deep water,
a favorite spot for fishermen, as the camp fire remains and
other evidence would have shown. While I was parking the car
and getting myself ready, the other fellows all got their hooks
into the water, and so I was last getting started. I made my
way to the water's edge, waded in just a bit, and was making
ready for my first cast when --

One time I was walking with Father on an icy sidewalk
and I slipped and almost fell. Father quoted a verse of scrip-
ture to me, "The wicked stand in slippery places." I replied
that I noticed that he was having no difficulty -- I was finding
it very hard to stand. Well, just as I was getting ready to
put that gob of salmon eggs right where a big steelhead would
gobble it up and start a real circus, my feet went out from under
me with great celerity and unanimity, and I was in water clear
up to my more-or-less dainty waist.

Skeen gave me a hand and I got back onto terra-such-firma.
I propped myself against a tree, rolled my hip boots down to
the knee, held up one foot after another and let the water pour
out -- there was lots of it in spite of the fact that I had my
feet in my boots -- and waddled back to the car and drove the
eight miles or so back to El TeePee, where I dried myself on a
dish towel (had forgotten to take any towels, and we had brought
them all in on our trip in October), put on dry clothes (I had
a fire going when we left and it was still burning, for I had
not been gone long, as you can plainly see) and called on Mrs.
Eckerson, visited the two stores, had a talk with Mr. Frail
(his Frail wife greeted me from the window), did some things
that needed to be done about the place (the kids of the neigh-
hood had pretty thoroughly wrecked the pine tree at the north
end of the porch) and presently went back to get the three men
I had left at the second bridge above Stella Falls.

I found them at the first bridge above the falls, fishing
in a pool below that bridge, where we could see the big steel-
head swimming about, sometimes passing right under their baits,
with their noses turned up in contempt. Hundreds of these big
fish have been going over the falls, and that is quite a sight
to see. They told us that if we had brought our fly rods and

define Mary below. Well, here we go.

1. She's just the same, goin' or comin', a regular
palindrome.
2. Behold a California rock fish.
3. A recreational area with a comparative suffix.
4. Move the head to the foot and it still makes sense;
do it again, and it means much the same.
5. Volition is.
6. What a gift!
7. A turkey.
8. An aged, derisive laugh.
9. The king.
10. Behold, two personal pronouns, and the direction of
Washington from Detroit.
11. I am ---- a bit at the grocery.
12. If cloth is worth a dollar a yard, what are two
-----?
13. I dream of ----- with the light brown hair.
14. A type measure, a personal pronoun, a verb of being
and a cloth measure.
15. A sleeping place and a small article.
16. To deface, and a place to turn a train around.
17. The pig genus and an article. (How awful! and such
a nice girl!)
18. A roman heart and a small article.
19. It is, O, 'tis.
20. John Anderson (his wife's pet name for him), plus
a note of the scale plus a mild ejaculation.

As if that were not enough, I got to thinking of the various places where different members of the family have lived, with this result:

1. I love. (Latin).
2. The piece of ground toward the sunset.
3. A human being and a weight.
4. A body of water of great longitudinal dimension.
5. You belong to me. (Ouch!)
6. Battle, 1066.
7. Between the lakes.
8. Arbor vitae.
9. Great realm.
10. Occidental territory.
11. Wealthy world.
12. The village of a Sir.
13. An unused mountain.
14. The home of a famous regatta.
15. The river in which "the thousand souled" used to
fish when a boy.
16. The forest that came to Dunsinane.
17. The cataracts of Bengie Bellis's brother.
18. To cross, plus big town.
19. Depressed letter.
20. Juliet's boy friend.

That's as far as I went, just so that you'd know the score. (Ouch! quit throwing things. I know that they shoot 'em in Chicago for less than that, but we are not in Chicago.)

used finger-nail-size spinners, we could possibly have got some of the big fellows. Wouldn't I like to have one of those eight to twenty pound steelheads on a fly rod? But we supposed we'd be doing bait casting all the time, and so we had left our fly rods at home.

Back to El TeePee for another good meal, then a stop at the mouth of Three Rivers again where once more the three men who fished failed to get a strike, as had the three men who had fished there all day. Then we were off for home.

I gave one more exhibition of my fitness for the home of the feeble minded. I knew that I had gasoline for the entire trip, even with a trip to Portland since the tank was filled. I forgot that the Portland trip had taken us from the east side clear to The Highlands out Canyon Road. And I also forgot that I had twice made that trip farther up the Little Nestucca than we are accustomed to go. Armstrong had a dinner engagement, and we wanted to get him back in plenty of time for that, and so, though I knew we were getting pretty low on gasoline, I was sure we had enough to get us home. And then, as we were going up the grade about a mile south of Dundee, the engine began to cough, and I knew that in another four rods the old car would die by the side of the road. But the engine, skipping a syllable about every third kick, got us over the top, and we coasted down the grade for a furlong or so, to a filling station. Thank you.

Well, that's a long tale for such non-existent results from a piscatorial standpoint. But with that bunch of fellows I'd be willing to make a longer trip than that if I knew that we could not even fish when we got there.

I've told some of you that we've sold, or are in the process of selling, the acreage at the top of Rex Hill. We are getting more than we paid for the place, in spite of the fact that the little house was bruned down some years ago. Of course aside from the house the place is worth more than when we got it. I've planted more than fifty filbert trees, and they are just coming into bearing. But we shall be glad to have to place clear off our hands, for I could not give it the proper care, and trying to hire folks for such a job as harvesting the walnuts was always a nuisance. Last fall, for instance, I had hired our pastor's son to harvest the walnuts and filberts, and while we were out at the coast and he should have been doing it, he pulled out for California, and the nuts were never harvested. Don't know how much that crop would have brought me, but whatever it was, I lost it.

Well, here is some more frivolity. While I had to wait for something some time ago, I got to thinking of the names of some of the relatives of mine, sisters and brothers and others to the third and fourth generation. Don't wear out too much gray matter, and don't fool with it at all unless you enjoy such things, as I do. Here are the names, and maybe I ought to give you a sample. Suppose we take the name Mary. I might define it, "A printer's measure, plus always, plus a verb of being, plus a place to turn a train around." Very well, a printer's measure is the "em" -- call it M. Another word for always is aye -- call it A. A verb of being is are -- call it R. and a place to turn a train around is a Y -- call it that. M-A-R-Y that's what I said. (I don't mean that that is the way I

Now just think of that. I was going to end this on the preceding page, but I came to the end of the paper and so I'm over here on page 5, which will positively be the last.

I just had another letter from Alice Bertram, Uncle John Pennington's youngest daughter. She is still able to be up a good deal of the time, but has a very unpleasant prospect ahead of death from cancer of the tongue. Her sons and daughters are very good to her -- she is staying at the home of one of the daughters at San Gabriel -- and they will have a place for her in a hospital or nursing home as soon as that is better for her because of the more expert care that she can be given.

The papers keep telling us of wintry weather in your part of the earth. Here we have a considerable number of varieties of flowers in bloom, laurestinus, snow drops, daphnes, and others. (Violets don't count, for they often bloom in December.) I must plant some peas tomorrow -- some folks have theirs well up a week ago.

But I promised to end this on this page, and I'd better do it right now.

With love from both of us to all of you,