
Levi Pennington

People

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Levi Pennington Writing to Mary & Family

Levi T. Pennington

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March 23, 1947.

Dear Mary and Family:--

The day is more than half gone, and yet for me the biggest part of it is ahead, for I am to preach at the Methodist church this evening, at the same hour that the last of the special evangelistic meetings is being held with Carl Byrd, ~~or~~ pastor, in charge. This morning I made the announcement of the offering for him, as it was felt that we should make up a special offering for him as we would have done if we had had an evangelist from outside.

There was no meeting last night, and they wanted me to go with a group from the college to play chess with some of the Pacific University folks at Forest Grove. I won one of my two games, and had the other man hopelessly beaten in the other, and then let him out with a stale mate -- I just had not put him in check with my last move, but with a king, a rook, a knight and a pawn in his immediate vicinity, I had his king so tied up that he could not move without moving into check. And so the score, instead of being 2-0 became $1\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$. (We set my last move back just to see what would happen, and I mated him without any difficulty.) Gulley won all three of his games, but the rest of the party fared so badly that the score was $14\frac{1}{2}$ for P.U. and only $8\frac{1}{2}$ -- or was it $8\frac{1}{2}$? -- for P.C.

I had spent Saturday at home, not feeling too well, a result, perhaps, of a rather strenuous life during the week. Monday and Tuesday I had spent with the U.S. veterinarian and another member of the Heifers-for-Relief state committee, testing heifers for tuberculosis and Bang's disease, and I got home both evenings too tired to go to meeting. Wednesday I spent at home, writing and working on that fence we are to have along the south side of the lot. But in putting on a picket near an elder shrub, I guess one of the elder shoots deflected the hammer a bit -- at any rate it hit the wrong nail, and when it was time to start for the meeting, I did not have to hold my wrist to count my pulse; I could count it by the throbs in that thumb. So I spent Wednesday evening at home, nursing a very painful thumb, which had lost most of its pain by morning. Thursday I traveled about a bit with the U.S. veterinarian and the other man investigating the results of our tests, and did a lot of writing -- fortunately it was my left thumb that was hurt, and I do my spacing on this machine with my right thumb. Friday we spent in Portland, where Mother did some shopping and I attended a meeting of the committee that was got together during Ray Newton's visit to promote the organization of a branch of the American Friends Service Committee for Portland. There is to be another meeting Friday evening to effect the preliminary organization if there seems to be enough support for it among Friends in this area.

It is needless to say, I suppose, that the organization of a branch of the AFSC in Portland will "stir up the animals" in Oregon Yearly Meeting. It will be interpreted as a move to divide the yearly meeting, to promote the organization of Pacific Coast Yearly Meeting (nothing that we could do would

affect that, anyhow), and otherwise an unorthodox not to say a wicked thing to do. It is hard to know just how to look at a thing of this sort. Certainly the work of Oregon Yearly Meeting's service committee has been inadequate. The so-called Northwest Friends Service Committee, which was merely Oregon Yearly Meeting's Service Committee, though it was hoped that it would grow to real rivalry with the AFSC, did not do a thing for the Japanese -- when it was proposed in the yearly meeting that something be done along this line, the one who proposed it was rather summarily "squashed" by Edward Mott, then the clerk. They refused to spend any money raised for C.P.S. work for Edwin Sanders, the real reason being that he was not sufficiently "orthodox", but one of the ostensible reasons being that he should have stayed in the prison camp instead of going to the C.P.S. camp. The peace department is no longer connected with the service department, and nothing is being done, so far as I can learn, in the way of peace education outside of the Friends meetings themselves. There is not sufficient emphasis placed on relief except in Newberg meeting. There will be plenty to do if a branch of the AFSC is organized in Portland. But that will not change the fact that those who have a part in its organization will be under the ban.

Oregon is just about at its most beautiful these days. The peach orchards have not yet lost their bloom, and the pears and prunes are now in bloom, and there are bouquets miles long. I hope that Mother will go out for a short drive this afternoon later to see it.

The college situation is still in a mess, though I suppose the folks who have had their way would tell you that all was going beautifully. Half a dozen or more of the present faculty have resigned, and at the last meeting of the board, a week ago Friday night, they elected as many folks to the faculty, on the sole recommendation of George Moore. Among these was a proposed new president, the one they knew was coming having declined the position. They do not know that this new man they have elected will accept the offer, and that is true for the folks they have elected to the faculty. One of these is a girl who graduated from the college a year ago, and who was expecting to be married right after commencement, when her husband-to-be is graduated. He told President Gulley the other day that they were still expecting to be married right after commencement, and that he was going to attend Columbia University next year, with his wife with him there. He remarked that he had seen how Gulley had been treated, and the rest of the folks who had given so much of their lives to Pacific College, and he could see no reason why they should "stick their necks out" to get the same kind of deal.

One of the things that is a bit disturbing is the size of the faculty salary schedule, not that it is higher than it ought to be, nor higher than it might have been if they had not thrown away that quarter of a million dollars, but higher than present financial resources would seem to justify. Last year's salary schedule called for \$25,000.00 -- I mean the salaries for this year. The salaries offered for next year's faculty total something over \$44,000.00. Just how they expect to meet it is not clearly visible to me. But George Moore, the magician, will probably pull it out of a hat. (Just as he twice raised

\$50,000.00, the \$100,000.00 total reduced to \$5,000.00 when it came to money in the bank rather than pipe dream.)

I think I have told you of the illness of my cousin Alice Pennington Bertram, youngest daughter of my father's brother John. She died Friday, and the funeral is tomorrow.

Right there Mother awoke from her nap, and with Mrs. Strevey, Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Morse we took a "blossom" drive, to Dundee, then west over the Dundee Hills and swinging northward to the South Chehalem Valley Road, then back to Newberg and up over Chehalem Mountain and across to Middleton, and on home. We saw miles of prune trees in blossom, with some cherries and pears, plenty of wild cherries, Oregon grape, dogwood and other blooming trees and shrubs.

And now I must end this letter and get to some other writing. Have to write to some of the AFSC folks about the meeting Friday.

With love from both of us to all of you,

Affectionately always,

Mrs. C. E. Pearson,
13 Marion Ave.,
South Glens Falls, N.Y.