

Levi Pennington

People

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6-5-1947

## Pennington to Mary, June 5, 1947

Levi T. Pennington

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### Recommended Citation

Pennington, Levi T., "Pennington to Mary, June 5, 1947" (1947). *Levi Pennington*. 139.  
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June 5, 1947.

Dear Mary:--

"The lull before the storm" one might call the past few days, though they have been busy enough. But tomorrow the commencement exercises begin, and from then till the evening of the 17th there will be little time for relaxation.

And this week had its extras along with the regular things and some specials in preparation for the busiest time of the year, commencement and yearly meeting. Tuesday night was meeting on ministry and oversight; last night was monthly meeting. And tonight comes the meeting of the executive committee of the Oregon Branch of the American Friends Service Committee. The Littleboys of England arrive Saturday ~~night~~. From then on there will be something scheduled all the time -- Monday's schedule including a trip up the Columbia Highway and perhaps clear around the Mt. Hood Loop.

We keep rejoicing in Cecil's Ph.D. -- We know that all of you had a hand in his getting it, just as Mother deserved as much credit for my graduation from Earlham as I did. It's an honor in which we all share, and in which we shall continue to rejoice.

I am enclosing a clipping from this morning's Oregonian in which I was sure you would be interested. I did not know where Corwin Hinshaw was these days. It would seem as if he were "right up among the pictures" in the Mayo Clinic.

Just had a visit with Charley Hodson, on a matter that has the town pretty thoroughly stirred up. The city council has decided that they want the Hillsboro-Woodburn Highway to go through Newberg on College street to Fourth, then east into Wynooski street. That will mean widening College street to 40 feet (though 36 feet would do for parking and a two lane highway), and this widening will take out nearly all the trees in the parkways, send this traffic right past three active churches, crossing First street at the busiest corner in town, and going right down the street where practically all of the High School and Junior High School students travel. Meridian street, two blocks east, is already paved to a width of 36 feet, and seems to most of us to have many advantages over College street, the biggest one being the matter of safety, to church and school people. (The school buses use College street, the only paved street running to the High Schools.) I had some extensive correspondence with the State Highway Commission on the subject, and had a visit from the engineer in charge of this project, who was very courteous and considerate, and who said that they wanted to please Newberg, and were routing the highway down College street at the request of the city authorities, that another route would serve the purposes of the Highway Commission as well as College street, and that it seemed to him the next move should come from the city council.

Well, Monday night a petition was presented to the council, signed, as Dr. VanValin remarked, "by 99 44/100%" of the property owners on College street, and a lot of other prominent

citizens, including the presidents of both banks, the superintendent of schools, the president and president emeritus of the college, representatives of the churches including our own pastor, and other people of importance. The council heard the petition, listened to our arguments, and after we had left the council chamber confirmed their former action in asking that the routh come right down College street. (The city will in that way get two or three blocks of new paving at the expense of the state, and they expect to get a traffic light at First and College, and that's the only argument thus far advanced.)

Well, Charley Hodson wants a delegation of prominent citizens to go to see the State Highway Commission, and I have agreed to go with them if they select a time when I can make the trip, if they get Armstrong, superintendent of schools, Guley, president of the college, and two representatives of the residents of College street.

It's a pretty busy time for me, as I pointed out to them. I could have gone yesterday afternoon; I might have got away this afternoon. There is the possibility that I could get off tomorrow afternoon. But tonight comes the meeting of the executive committee of the Oregon Branch of the American Friends Service Committee; tomorrow evening is the commencement concert; Saturday the Littleboys of England are due to arrive; Monday we hope to make that trip up the Highway and around the Loop -- it won't be easy for me to get away.

Mrs. Hattie Hinshaw leaves in a few days for the home of Delbert and Ruth Replogle. This afternoon they are having a party for her at the home of her daughter-in-law -- or is she a daughter-in-law after Cecil is gone and she has remarried? -- and they are giving her a book with names and pictures of a lot of her friends in it. Mother has been the one who has had the job of pasting in the pictures. Louise Rodgin did the best part of the collection of autographs and messages to be written in, and the gathering of the pictures. (Some of the latter were taken a good while ago, and might not at first be recognized by one who knew the subject only recently.) Well, they'll have a good time, I'm sure. *Her giving of this book was Mother's suggestion.*

After a day of sunshine it is raining again today. I worked on the parkway yesterday, and got in a bit of work on the east yard early this morning, but was soon chased into the house by the rain. I guess the cherry crop, which was not heavy as it was last year, is practically ruined. I talked with Fred Herring, the buyer for the big canning company in Salem, and he said that the only folks who will pick any cherries are the ones who will do some picking themselves without having to hire pickers. He was sure that there would not be profit in picking that had to be hired, as so large a share of the cherries are hopelessly cracked. I took a look at some of the Royal Anns on our tree, and about half of them were cracked yesterday. That was in the morning, and I suspect that many more were gone before the day was over, and that the present rain will account for still more. And for the first time that I remember the rain has cracked a good many of the Governor Woods, which are just coming to their best. There will be enough to eat, but nothing like the crop of some other years. But there are a good many on the Montmorency tree, and those are the ones we like best to put up.

It looks as if the peas would be ready to can just about the middle of yearly meeting. Ouch! They were filling when this rain began. I've not looked at them for days now. Don't want them to get too old, but it would be a mess to try to pick them in the mud, as we'd have to do now.

I've got back the reel that I pulled out of the bottom of the Willamette River at Oregon City along with that split-bamboo surf-casting rod. The reel is like new now, and the rod does not seem to be damaged by its immersion for a day. It's made for surf casting, but is a fine rod for salmon trolling, longer than most salmon rods, and all the better where a number of fishermen are trolling from the same boat. The two salmon that David White landed, 28½ and 30 pounds, were caught on a surf-casting rod that I made myself from a big and rapidly tapering Tonkin cane -- not so fancy as this split bamboo, but not at all a bad rod.

I'm anxious some day to try some real surf casting. I have not found a suitable place yet, for the beaches where I have tried it slope off so gradually that it is impossible to get the bait out where the fish are. I have been told by a man who claimed to be a real surf caster that one must cast out beyond the breakers, since these stir up the sand in a way that the fish cannot abide, and on these so gradually sloping beaches the breakers sometimes break several hundreds of feet out. I'll some day find a place where the slope is more abrupt, and I hope to get some good fish surf casting.

I'd like to get some striped bass that way, for they are among the gamest fish caught by that method of fishing. And they are still advancing up the coast. In the Coos Bay country some years ago, they have now reached and passed the Columbia River, though they are not taken so far north in any such numbers as in the Marshfield-North Bend country. (Marshfield is now officially Coos Bay. They wanted North Bend to unite in one municipality, but North Bend voted it down.)

Whatever next year is to be for the college, there will be a lot of change. One of the men who was offered the presidency has definitely refused it. The other refused it once, but they say he is coming to Oregon this summer to look things over. They have just one of the five or six Ph.D.'s they were to have under contract with their salaries underwritten by the first of February, and he has informed them that his health is such that he may not be able to fulfil his contract. Prof. Lewis remarked the other day, as he dismissed his last class, "I have taught my last class"; the student who heard him being uncertain whether it was said in gratification or regret. He becomes a regular fixture in the Springbrook cannery, where he has worked during the summer for a good many years. (I saw him wheeling out dried blackcaps at \$400.00 a load. Each 25 pound box was worth \$39.00 -- or at any rate that was what they were being sold for.)

I think I told you that the Spaniard who was to be head of the foreign language work wanted to come to a Quaker college because of the relief that his countrymen received during the civil war there under the American Friends Service Committee. When he learned that Gulley was being driven out largely because of his association with the AFSC, he cancelled his contract, and is not coming.

Bertha May's vacation begins today, and we are looking for her almost any time now. She will be here during all the commencement exercises and yearly meeting. Then off to El TeePee we hope.

Did I tell you -- I suppose I did -- that I have been made honorary president for life of the Herbert Hoover Foundation? They want President Gulley to do some money raising for that organization this summer, but he intends to take some real vacation before he works at anything. He is planning to go to Canada with Lou Rygg for some high class fishing, perhaps in the Kamloops country. And he is in favor of a trip to a lake up on the side of one of the Three Sisters with me if that can be arranged. Lloyd Baker has told me of a lake up there where there are lots of trout, and big ones, and asked me to come up to Sisters and he'd take me to it. I'm writing him to see if his offer is still good.

But I must get busy at some other writing, and I may need to give some more help in getting ready for this Hinshaw party -- I've just got back from taking some plates and cups and saucers over there, for they are expecting quite a crowd.

With love from both of us to all of you,

Mrs. C. E. Pearson,  
13 Marion Avenue,  
South Glens Falls,  
New York.