

Levi Pennington

People

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## Pennington to Parker Pennington, June 6, 1947

Levi T. Pennington

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June 6, 1947.

Dear Brother Parker:--

Your letter of Sunday has just arrived, and I am going to answer it today while there is a little lull in the proceedings. Though for the most part the proceedings have been proceeding since five of the clock this morning. I picked enough peas to make nine pint cans and some for dinner, and did not get the west half of the fourth row picked. Well, picking and shelling and canning those peas took a good share of the forenoon.

Hope you have a good time at the graduation of Parker III. And hope you get that property sold soon. And I'll be glad when you get all the work done that you have to do at Interlochen.

That was an interesting clipping you sent from the Free Press about old days in Detroit baseball. The first big league ball I ever saw you helped me to see there. I saw Willits, the pitcher, knock one of the longest home-runs I ever saw inside a park, right down the middle and past the Bull Durham sign -- he could run just a little bit faster than I could right now, but he got clear around before they got the ball back into the infield, and the manager properly yanked him right then. He was blowing like a grampus when he got in, and could probably not have thrown hard enough after that exertion to break a pane of glass. That man Gainer -- I wonder what became of him, for he batted like a fiend that day, as he did for a long time -- was a star player on that particular occasion. I saw Larry Lajoie rap out a ball that was really a pitch-out -- had to lean clear across the plate and hit it out at arm's length, but he had signalled for a hit and run play, and no pitchout that was in reach was going to make a sucker out of the man who was going down to second. Cobb and Crawford and Wild Bill Donovan and Mullins -- I believe it was Mullins who was a Wabash boy, and who used to do his pre-season training in the Wabash gymnasium-- there were giants in the earth in those days.

The Tigers are right up there among the pictures, though they are not right now at the top. I'd like to see some good base ball again. I've seen nothing but High School ball for years now. Did not get to see the college play a game this year. Fact is, I'm not in on much of the college doings these days, though I think I shall go to the concert this evening, which opens the commencement program.

College affairs, as well as the affairs of the yearly meeting, seem to be in a pretty bad mess. The college has no president, and none in prospect, unless they employ one of the members of the faculty who has been a ring-leader in the opposition, and if they do that, I'll think it is the final word in assininity. (That extra s is for emphasis.) They say that two of these men are at outs now because each wants to be president. I'm better fitted to be the next ring entry against Joe Louis than either man is to be a college president. And this same element which has wrecked the college and has it facing a big financial deficit for next year has also got the yearly meet-

ing's finances into such a mess that the treasurer says that the organization is facing bankruptcy. How long the rank and file of the yearly meeting will consent to be led about by the nose by a group of leaders who don't know how to lead even if they knew where they wanted to go and how to get there, I can't guess.

I'm so glad that you found things looking so well at the cemetery at Traverse City. I feel as if I owed something to somebody for the care that the lot receives.

Hope the rowboat comes out all right, and that you get some good use of it this year. I'd like to fish every lake and stream I ever fished when a boy, and a lot of them that I wanted to fish and never had the chance. And I'd like to catch a lake trout -- I lived right there on the shore of Grand Traverse Bay and never even tried it.

If that Letter From Heaven can ever help you, that will be a thing for which I shall be grateful no end.

But the postman was generous today, and brought letters from Tom, Hannah, J. J. Handsaker of the Heifers for Relief, the Western Union, C. Walter Borton of Philadelphia, and other communications. I must get to writing to some of these folks, for the coming of these English Friends is going to "cramp my style." Rebecca won't even want this machine in the dining room nor in the parlor nor the kitchen nor the bathroom, believe it or not. I suspect she'll think it ought to be in the den, near my desk. (Don't women have the strangest ideas?)

With love from all three of us,  
Mr. Parker O. Pennington,  
Interlochen, Michigan.

Best wishes to all.

Yours truly,