

Levi Pennington

People

6-25-1947

Pennington to N.E. Pennington

Levi T. Pennington

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Recommended Citation

Pennington, Levi T., "Pennington to N.E. Pennington" (1947). *Levi Pennington*. 175.
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June 25, 1947.

Mr. N. E. Pennington,
Sellersville, Penn.

Dear Mr. Pennington:--

It was kind of you to send me the clipping from the Inquirer, and I am glad to hear from somebody who bears the same surname that is also mine.

I did not suppose that my commendation of the editor of the Inquirer would get into print, though I did want him to know that I appreciated Mr. Sokolsky's article. It is strange indeed that a smear campaign could be so successful as was the one against Hoover. It is no great compliment to the intelligence of the American people.

It was my privilege to sit by Mrs. Hoover at a Lincoln Day dinner in Portland at which her husband was the speaker, and I heard her say one of the most magnanimous things I ever listened to, as we talked during the meal about the events of the late 20's and early 30's. Reference was made to this smear campaign, and she said, "With the American people believing what they had been made to believe about Mr. Hoover, they did the only thing they could have done in defeating him. She was a very lovely woman, and one of his close friends of other days told me some time after her death that Herbert Hoover was the loneliest man in the whole world. I have been in their home repeatedly, both while they were in the White House and at Stanford University, and both my wife and I learned to love and admire Mrs. Hoover no end.

I suppose that you and I are distantly related -- they say all the Penningtons are except the negro Penningtons in Canada who took my grandfather's name when he assisted them in their escape from their masters in the south. I know all my relatives of the Pennington name who are descendants of my great grandfather, who had only two sons, one of whom had only one son. But this great grandfather of mine had a number of brothers, and I don't know many of their descendants. I've always intended to look up my ancestral lines a bit more, but never got at it. I knew of the collateral ancestor, Sir Isaac Pennington, father of the noted early Quaker Isaac Pennington, whose grave I visited at Jordans cemetery, and the story of how his body was dug up and hung by Charles II, though Sir Isaac, who sat on the court which sentenced Charles I to execution, did not vote for the execution. Had an interesting experience in the Lake District in England when my wife and I were sitting in the home of a Mr. Brunskill, who was intimately acquainted with many of the nobility, hunting and playing golf and tennis with them frequently. He remarked that I bore a highly honored name in Quaker circles, and in the course of the conversation I remarked that Baron Muncaster was a Pennington, and mentioned the cup that is called The Luck of Muncaster. I thought I saw

the flicker of an eyelash, but Mr. Brunskill was too polite to say a word. Presently he excused himself from the group of three before the tiny grate which was trying in vain to heat a great room with a handful of coal, and went to the opposite end of the room and took down a big book, which I learned afterward was Burke's Peerage. After looking in it, he came back and sat down by the fire and said, "You were right, though I thought you had made a mistake. I did not think that Lord Muncaster's family name was Pennington, but it is."

I did not call on Lord Muncaster, but he has never called on me, so that makes it even.

Again thanking you for your courtesy in sending me this clipping, which I had not seen till I got your letter, I am

Sincerely yours,

Levi T. Pennington.