

Levi Pennington

People

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7-12-1947

## Pennington writing to Lura Miles, July 12, 1947

Levi T. Pennington

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July 12, 1947.

Dear Friend:--

Your good letter of the Fourth arrived just after I had left with Emmett Gulley for a long desired fishing trip to a lake near Sisters. Lloyd Baker, one of our graduates, had invited me nearly two years ago to fish that lake with him, and to bring a companion with me. At that time very few people knew about the lake, and almost nobody except those from the little town of Sisters ever fished it. But since that time it has been "discovered", and now people from all over the state fish it. It was fished so much over the Fourth that neither Baker nor Gulley caught any fish in it -- yes, Baker did get one little fellow. The two of them went over the ridge, too hard a climb for my poor legs these days, though once I could have run the entire distance. There they caught the limit, but I caught the limit in the lake where they did not get any but that one little one. And my biggest fish that day was the biggest one caught, as it was both the other two days we fished.

This lake where we fished on Tuesday is called Three Creeks Lake because it is fed by three mountain streams. It is at the foot of Broken Top, which is like the Three Sisters except that its top has been blown off. The lake is 6,400 feet above sea level, and there were snow drifts about it -- I scraped the dirt off the top of one of them and ate some snow. We did a bit of fishing Monday evening in the Metolius River, and on Wednesday we fished the Deschutes.

But not right away after we left Sisters, for we did a lot of driving first. We intended to fish below Bend, but Baker decided that so much irrigation water was being taken out and the river there was so low that we'd better go above Bend, which we did. Here we found the water so high, irrigation water being released from the Wickiup Reservoir, that there was no chance to get any fish. (You see, the water is impounded at the reservoir, and from time to time released from there and taken out of the river channel lower down by diversion dams.) Well, we drove around the Wickiup Reservoir, already a big thing but when the dam has been raised some more it is to cover 11,000 acres, and on up to the Sheep Bridge, where Baker lost his bearings, and all the directions we knew were up and away. But I studied the map -- I had napped while we were driving, and got turned around so that north was south to me and east was west -- and we went all right to the Deschutes Bridge, the river being closed from one bridge to the other.

At the Deschutes Bridge Gulley and Baker left me and went up the stream, while I fished right there by the bridge and the Forest Ranger Station, where there are parking places, picnic tables and all that. They got the limit that day, too, but I did not fish a great deal, for I got two falls, one of which did not hurt anything but my dignity, and since nobody was watching that amounted to little or nothing. I just went down among the swamp grasses and mosses along the bank of the stream, and was really amused to find that I had actually stuck my face right into the moss -- not actually into the mud, but near enough.

In the second fall, however, I kicked a rock so violently that it blackened my big toe nail, and I think it will come off, as my left thumb nail is doing after I hit it with a hammer some months ago. (It is nearly off, and will soon be off entirely. I'm protecting it with adhesive tape, or before now I'd probably have caught the fragment that remains and pulled it off, perhaps a bit painfully. As it is, it does not hurt at all, and the toe has had surprisingly little pain.)

We drove home over the Mackenzie Highway, through the lava fields and down the lovely river. If there is a lovelier drive than that, those who have a chance to take it are fortunate indeed.

We got home in good time for the meeting of the Foreign Service section of the Oregon Branch of the American Friends Service Committee, of which Rebecca was the convenor. We hoped to get the section organized, but when they found that Rebecca was not to take the chairmanship of it, they felt that they were not ready to organize, and so there is to be another meeting next Thursday evening.

We had planned to go out to the coast soon after my return from Sisters, but this meeting will delay our going, and so we have the cottage rented to the Sutton-McCracken family, who will go Monday and come back the following Monday, and we hope to get there before they leave. After the Thursday evening meeting, we have promised to take Ida VanBlaricom and a guest of hers who is coming Wednesday for a visit to Silver Creek Falls.

I thought I had written you about the yearly meeting, but evidently I did not. It went very well for the most part, though there was an attempt to start a heresy hunt against two of the oldest ministers of the yearly meeting, on the grounds that they were not true to the peace testimony of Friends. But even Edward Mott was not favorable to that sort of heresy hunt, though he had been kept enough in the chase for Robert Dann.

The announcement of the selection of Gervas Carey as president of the college was the outstanding thing of the session. Very few knew that he was being considered, and when the announcement was made, there was a distinctly audible gasp from the big crowd that were present that day, and then the yearly meeting burst into spontaneous and enthusiastic applause such as I do not remember ever hearing in a Quaker yearly meeting before. Carey is the man of all the men on earth on whom the yearly meeting could come nearest to uniting. He may not be able to pull the institution out of the mess it is in, but I don't know who could if he cannot. He'll never get back the \$250,000.00 to \$500,000.00 that the college board threw away by their persecution of Emmett Gulley, but nobody else could.

Of the three members of the faculty who were most disloyal to the institution, only one is to be on the force this coming year. Harmon was removed by the college board, after they had kept him on long enough to make a lot of trouble by his refusal to cooperate with the administration, the head of his department, or anybody else. George Moore has resigned, supposedly with the full consent of the board, after being one of the principal "borers from within" for the past three years or more. Roy Clark,

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thing exceptionally fine about it that put you in our debt. As a matter of fact, aside from the fact that nothing we ever did for you was in the nature of the slightest hardship but was always a pleasure, you were always doing such kind things for us that even if we had made sacrifices to help you, which we did not, you'd still have been ahead. We do not forget the drives in your car, the care you gave to Bertha May when we were gone, the many times we ate your good food, the lovely reel that Herman gave me to replace one that was worn out which he insisted that he had accidentally spoiled, and strings of things of that sort. But best of all was an understanding friendship, a real sympathy in the best meaning of that word -- we are far richer, in the true riches, because of our friendship with you and Herman, and with other relatives of yours, too, who could not have been kinder to us if we had been Herbert Hoover and his wife--it seems more natural to mention them than merely to say "the president of the United States and his wife", for that suggests a man who was president longer than anybody else has ever been, and considerably longer than I wanted him there, a matter of three terms and part of a fourth longer than I wanted him there.

We were much interested in the news of the family, not only the grown folks but the children and the kid. But we were sorry indeed to learn that your sister still suffers so at night. We hoped by this time that she was all over her pain, and simply had to take care of herself, as folks are supposed to do after they pass 40. Do hope that the pain may cease soon. I had so much pain from the fall of 1944 to the spring of 1945 that I do not like to think of anybody having pain of any kind.

Glad for that visit to Sturgis. How it does help us to see the folks we love, and some of the ones we have not seen for a while. I'd like to spend the rest of the summer visiting my relatives in Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and New York, and friends in most of those states, especially Ohio.

I wish I could tell you that Rebecca is in good health, but she is not, and the doctor does not seem to be helping her, though she has taken his medicines for weeks now. She feels "all in" so much of the time, getting up about as tired as she was when she went to bed. If she does not feel better within a week, I think we shall go to a physician in Portland. Of course neither of us is as young as we used to be, but I don't like to see her feeling so far below par as she does.

Aside from my legs and feet I am feeling pretty well these days. I have too good an appetite, and my wife is too good a cook for me to preserve my "girlish figure" without real, heroic self-denial, for which I lack sufficient courage most of the time. But for some time now I've limited myself to two slices at a meal instead of six or eight, or whatever number I eat when I let myself go, and if I can keep my appetite down and not put down too much food I can get my weight down below 222, which reduction in poundage is "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Did I ever tell you -- I suppose I have -- of the time when we last met Madame Schumann-Heinck? You know her build -- she outweighed you by less than 200 pounds but not too much less-- and perhaps you know that though she sang almost without accent, she talked with a decided German brogue. Well, when we met her after

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her concert and I shook hands with her, she held my hand with both of ~~hands~~ and said, "Ah, you are too fat. Your wife is too good a cook." "You don't look undernourished yourself, Madame", I replied, and she threw back her head and laughed till you could have heard her all over a hundred acres.

The college is getting two new buildings this summer from Camp Adair, one for the science work and one for a dining hall and kitchen. The kitchen and dining room equipment will be moved out of the present Canyon Hall, the girls' dorm, and placed in this new building, the present basement of the girls' dorm, which as you know is almost entirely above the ground level, being made into additional dormitory rooms. And the present chemistry building will be moved and made into two residences for men with wives who wish to attend the college. The two new buildings are to be right along south of where the old gymnasium stood, which will build that part of the campus up almost entirely, as already there are the G.I. houses along River Street and one on Sheridan. Each of these buildings houses four families.

You'd hardly recognize the campus unless you approached it right from the front of Wood-Mar Hall. Driving up River Street, you'd first come to these G.I. houses, one on Sheridan and the other two on River, alongside the old athletic field. Then will come this science building, on the foundations of which the squad of men students is now working. Then the dining hall. Then the library, which is far better arranged than the old library used to be in Wood-Mar Hall. Then comes Canyon Hall, which is a very attractive building after it had been remodeled -- so completely rebuilt, in fact, that there was practically nothing left of the old building but the framework and the siding, which were covered with shakes. (I omitted Hoover Hall, the original college building, which is on the left side of that drive which is an extension of River Street.) Then beyond the girls' dormitory, Canyon Hall, is the new gymnasium, on the north side of North Street, where the George house used to be. Then beyond that, on both sides of the extended street, on the new part of the campus, are three more G.I. houses, two on the east side and one on the west, housing twelve more G.I. families.

These new buildings lack some of the grandeur and beauty of the ancient Greek temples, and with the cluttered-up appearance about some of them the campus is not absolutely a thing of beauty. But it does give a lot more students a chance for housing, and from that angle it is certainly a good thing.

With all due respect to the folks who have been in the war, it will probably be admitted that this influx of G.I. men has not added to the average quality of the student body. It has probably not lowered the intellectual standards, and probably the moral average of the students who have come to Pacific College is decidedly higher than the average of the G.I. students the country over. But religiously it has probably not improved the student body, and with the intense evangelistic zeal of part of the student body, the cleavage is very marked and there is no little antagonism. Some of the less religious feel that there is a distinct "holier than thou" feeling among many of the students, while some of these who are very holy and admit <sup>are</sup> sure that the others are fast going to the home of the finally impenitent. A group of these extremely religious folks appeared before the col-

lege board at its November session (not without encouragement from one element of the board it may safely be guessed -- no, one does not have to guess) and told the board a lot of things that were on their hearts, which they thought had been put there by God, although there was considerable evidence that Joseph G. Reece, George Moore and others were at least the agencies. It was after that invasion of the board by the students -- one faction of them, that is, the other element not being given a chance to be heard -- that President Gulley decided that the case was hopeless as far as he was concerned, and handed in his resignation for the third time, and it was accepted for the second and final time.

Well, Gervas Carey has my very best wishes, and my sympathy. Whether the opposition have learned their lesson and have seen that they cannot run the college without the help of those without whom it would have been dead and buried long ago one can only guess. I have more hope than Emmett Gulley has, and he was closer to the situation than I've been.

But here I've rambled on and on -- anybody can see that I could write a book, if anybody would read it. I'm going to end this right now.

With love from both of us,

Sincerely your friend,

Mrs. Lura C. Miles,  
Pleasant Hill, Ohio.