

Levi Pennington

People

7-31-1947

Pennington to Mrs. P.W. Bond, July 31, 1947

Levi T. Pennington

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I'd like to tell you that we are going to start for Indiana and other states east of the Mississippi river in a few days, and that we'd visit you, travel around among relatives and friends, attend Indiana Yearly Meeting and the Friends World Committee for Consultation and the Earlham Centennial. Honestly, however, we do not have any such prospects. If I had a legacy of \$100,000.00 from a rich uncle recently deceased, I'd make such a trip, if Rebecca were well enough to make it with me. But I have no uncle, if I had he'd not be rich, if he were he'd outlive me, or if he died before I did, he'd not leave me a cent.

I've spent some time while we've been out here doing some editing to my first hand-written draft of "Simon Peter", an autobiography of that worthy disciple. No, no publisher, and probably the thing will never get any farther than at present.

But it is time to eat again, and I guess I'll feed that face of mine, even though it does not look like that of a movie star.

With love from both of us to all of you,

Ever your sincere friend,

Mrs. P. W. Bond,
R.F.D. 1,
Lagro, Ind.

Speaking of movie stars, did I ever give you the rhyme I wrote about one once? You may have heard somewhere that sometimes the marriages of this class of people lacks the element of permanence, and it was that fact that inspired the verses:

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder who you are.
You were married yesterday,
Now you are divorced, they say.

When the blazing sun is set
You say, "This match is all wet."
Then you get a new divorce
Quick as man could swap a horse.

Thus you flit from mate to mate
Giving one by one the gate.
Though I know not who you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.