

Levi Pennington

People

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Pennington to His Sisters Tot'n'Han, February 1, 1948

Levi T. Pennington

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February 1, 1948.

Dear Sisters:--

That white stuff that you would see out of doors if you were sitting beside me, as I wish you were, is snow. It fell last night, and one thinks of the poem which says

"Every pine and fir and Hemlock wore ermine too dear
for an earl,

And the poorest twig on the elm tree was ridged inch
deep in pearl."

A tiny bit of the beautiful is still sifting down, but that which falls on the pavement does not last long, for there is still warmth enough there to melt it almost as fast as it falls. But all the trees are carrying enough snow to make the scene exceptionally beautiful.

~~When~~ I got all that written before I went to church except the last word. And when I returned from church the snow was all gone from the trees, and only a vestige of it left on the grass, and that was gone in another hour or so. And this afternoon the sun has been shining brilliantly.

~~When~~ Our English Friends, who came a week ago yesterday, were with us ~~until~~ till Wednesday. (That's what happens when the old Remington fails to shove the paper up a space, and the man who is using it is too lazy to start over.) We took them for a drive to the coast Monday afternoon, and had just time to drive over there and back, getting home after dark. Tuesday we drove them up the Columbia River Highway as far as Horsetail Falls, and saw those cataracts as we never had seen them before, for Monday night had been cold enough to freeze and windy enough so that the spray from the waterfalls was blown about on the face of the cliff where it froze in all manner of fancy ice formations. Wednesday we took them to Corvallis by way of Salem and Albany, and though we had intended to come right back so as to get home by daylight, we did not do it, but stayed for dinner, with the Danns, Robert and Lyra and Dorothy, the daughter. (Lyra is our second cousin.)

Coming home (I'm sure it was after we had passed the last filling station, and they were all closed, anyhow) Rebecca asked me if we had plenty of gasoline, and I assured her that we had. I believed it, but the car knew better, and some miles south of Dayton, on the Dayton-Amity cut-off, the old La Salle died by the side of the road. The folks in front of whose house we came to a stop had no car and no gas. The next house up the road had nobody at home, apparently, except a dog, and he said he did not approve of my being there at that time of night. A passing couple took me aboard and I was soon in Dayton, where everything was closed up except a pool room. There I was told where the Shell filling station man lived, and I tramped down the street to find him, found him, and my troubles were over. He put his sox and shoes back on, took me to the filling station, got the gas, drove me out to where the car was sitting, with Rebecca locked inside, put the gas in the tank and wanted to charge me nothing for the service. I know where I am going to buy gas a good many times when I go through Dayton.

The college community is saddened by an accident that occurred Friday night. The past week occurred the examinations, and the new semester begins tomorrow. The Junior Varsity basket ball team went to Greenleaf, Idaho for two games, Friday night and Saturday night. Two of the young fellows drove in a separate car from the rest of them. (it was Thursday night, not Friday night.) On a blind curve they collided with a truck and completely wrecked their car, killing one of them and putting the other into the hospital with a broken femur, a broken finger, and with cuts and bruises so numerous that they say he looks as if he had been riddled with buckshot and then been badly beaten. The truck was driven by a woman, who had it right where it belonged. The boys were apparently driving so rapidly that they could not stay in their own lane on the turn, but swung wide and crashed into the truck. The one who was doing the driving is the one in the hospital, and they say he has a good chance to live, though it is my guess that he wishes it had been himself that was killed. I'd certainly not like to be in his place.

I suppose the whole world is shocked at the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi. What the results of it will be I suppose nobody can know. Some think it will result in the bloodiest civil war that the earth has ever known. What an ironical thing it would be if the killing of the greatest peace man in all Asia if not in the world should result in wholesale bloodshed.

I thought when I started this letter that I'd have a lot of things to tell you, but I find that the only thing that would really interest you is not yet ripe, and so I'd better just taper off by assuring you that we love you in the same old way, you and all yours. And you know without my telling you that I am always

Your brother,

Tot'n'Haa,
Ionia'n'Hastings,
Michigan, U.S.A.