

Levi Pennington

People

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Pennington to Bertha May, May 16, 1948

Levi T. Pennington

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May 16, 1948.

Dear Bertha May:--

I'm writing this right in the middle of Carl Byrd's sermon, for a guess. I let Mother lie asleep till she awoke without any help from me, and when she got down stairs, though breakfast was all ready, we did not get it eaten till after church had started, and you know I am not at all eager to get to a service late.

If you want to know what Ben Hur Lampman thinks about "All kinds of weather", you'll find it in this morning's editorial column. I'm glad he liked the book, and he says some very kind things about it.

It seems to be selling well here in Newberg, and a good many folks have expressed their appreciation of it, though I do not remember all of them. Mrs. Boyes wrote a very appreciative letter, and Dr. Van Valin, Mrs. Spaulding, Prof. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis and I don't know how many others have spoken to me in appreciation of it. Prof. Lewis immediately asked me to come to his Twentieth Century Poetry class tomorrow and read some of the poems to them.

Mother is still gaining, and insists on doing most of the work indoors, and yesterday was out of doors not a little. Unless it gets more pleasant outdoors than it is right now, we both will spend the day under roof.

Yesterday was the Pacific College May Day celebration, and it was not much for size like the ones we used to have, but most of it was creditable. The parade contained only six floats aside from the Queen's, though there were two or three decorated cars with President Carey and a few others in them, and the Flying Club of the college pushed an airplane in the street as a part of the parade, and one of the students performed on the unicycle for a clown stunt. The floats were provided by the Women's Athletic Association, the Student Christian Union, the Student Preachers, the Foreign Missions group, a gypsy float to advertise the operetta, and a float for the International Relations Club.

The coronation and attendant sports were pretty tame, except for one feature, the bull fight. That was a comedy stunt in which two students represented the bull and another, dressed like a Spanish bull-fighter, was there with his sword to put the fierce beast to death. The bull was at first a regular Ferdinand, with no desire whatever to fight, and finally lay down to go to sleep, after eating a bit of the decorations and scaring some of the little boys and girls around the circle of spectators. Aroused by the prods of the picadors, the bull finally got mad, pawed the earth and bellowed, and made for the toreador, who was so scared that the picadors had to prod him from behind to make him willing to fight. At last the bull and the bull-fighter came together; the bull killed the toreador; attendants brought on the casket, a big trunk, and put the "dead" body into it; some girls came out and put some flowers on this casket; then the

corpse was carried off; and finally the bull was led away, as docile as a lamb. It was a clown stunt that did give a lot of amusement.

I was the speaker at the evening meal at the dining room, a special meal in honor of the queen for students and their invited guests. I made a lot of fun for them by my description of this May Day celebration, and then, as they had asked me to do, spoke of some features of other May Days, and closed with something more serious.

I then came home and spent the evening with Mother, and did not attend the operetta, which had a gypsy theme. I do not know how good or bad that was.

Don't say anything disparaging to anybody about this celebration. It would not be good to have folks know that in my mind I was comparing it with others we have had which have been, in some respects, better than recent ones. The floats they had in the parade were very creditable.

Nothing more from Otis Knight Pennington. Don't know whether they will change their plans, or come on and spend some time at El TeePee. I suspect the latter. And I've not had time to hear from Otis I. at Birnamwood.

Hope all goes well with you, and I'd be glad, and so would Mother, if you could be here Tuesday, whether Otis Knight and his wife get here or not.

with love from both of us,

Miss Bertha May Pennington,
3635 N. E. 114th.,
Portland, Oregon.