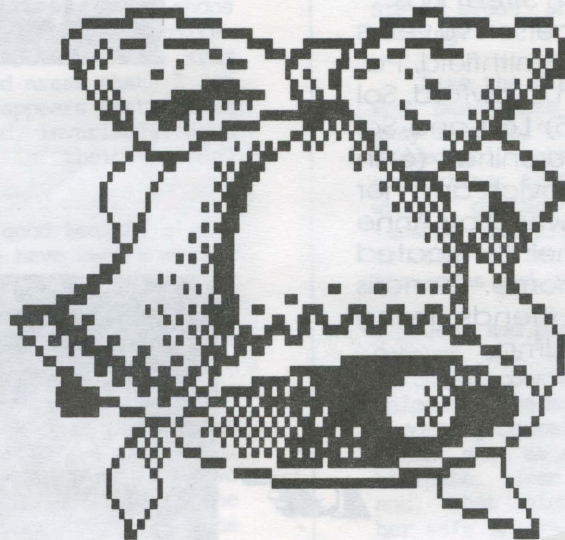


APOLOGIES

Because of my desire to get this newsletter printed and mailed, I had no one to proofread the copy. Inevitably, my numerous typographical errors were not corrected. One error, however, fault of the typesetter, was misplacing the captions for the photos of Temple Israel and Uniontown High School.

Michael

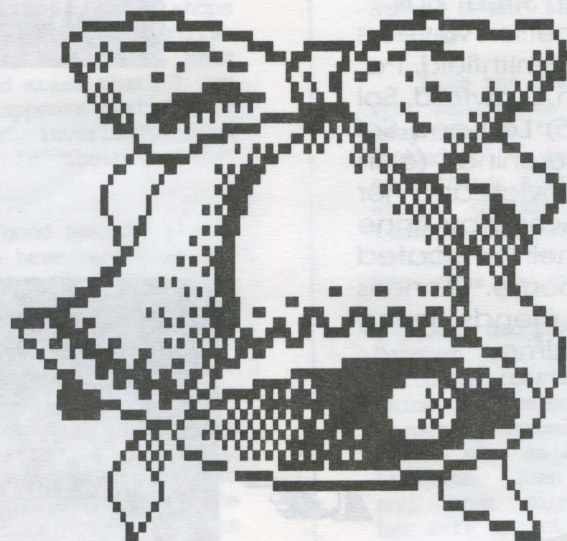
That you, have  
Holiday Season  
have a



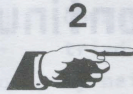
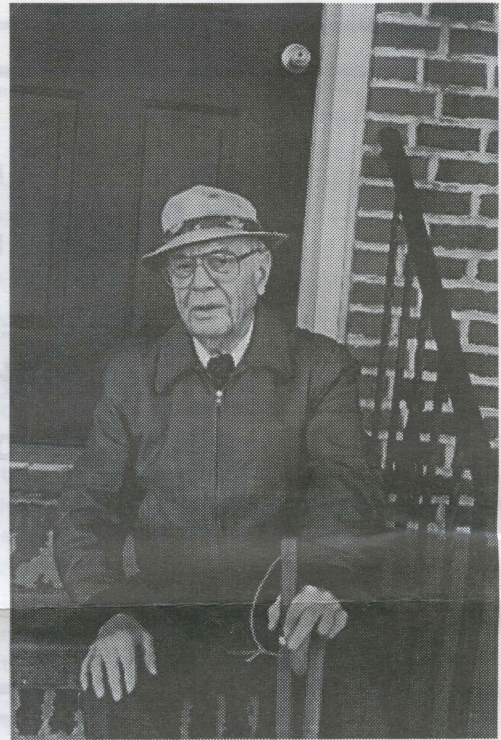
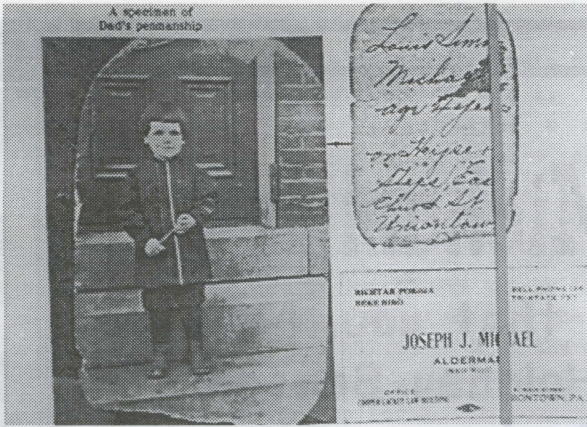
Very Happy  
1997

**From Lou Michael**

The usual belated wishes that you, have  
had an enjoyable 1996 Holoday Season  
and will continue to have a



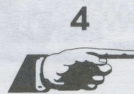
**Very Happy  
1997**



### VISITING IN UNIONTOWN, November 1996

(1) Louis S. Michael, age 4, on front steps of Heyser home, Uniontown, Pa. In those days, the Michael family lived directly across the street. "Prof" Heyser was a music teacher who generously devoted his Saturday nights reading Horatio Alger stories to the Church Street kids.

(2) Same steps and same person 90 years later. (3) LSM at Burchinal home, Smithfield, Pa. Photo by Mac Burchinal. (4) Jean Crawford, Sol Michael and Louise Novotny. (5) Lou and Sol Michael and Louise's sister, Polly Burchinal. (6) In the Fox Den Pizza Hut, Anne Popovich and her daughter Dewbbie. The shop, owned by Anne and her husband, Ron, is conveniently located only four doors away from Sol's home. Anne is the daughter of my long time friends, Irving Silverman (now deceased) and Alma.



TO MY KINFOLK, AND FRIENDS: BELATED GREETINGS AND  
BEST WISHES FOR A CONTINUING HAPPY 1997

I trust that this newsletter serves as an acceptable expression of appreciation for the welcome letters, cards and special phone calls that I received for my birthday and other special occasions. The Chanukah newsletter was intended to be the only one for 1996 but, after that, personal experiences worth recording prompted second thoughts. So here they are.

During the summer months, Murry Hills and, especially, my Building #8, were practically empty of "Snowbirds" who had returned to their homes in northern United States, Canada and Finland. Murry Hills is rapidly becoming a largely Finnish community.

For me, life alone has been made much more endurable by the services of the two who are now dear friends, Nancy Stuart and Debbie Marchal. It is comforting to know that one, or both will be available for assistance in keeping medical appointments, grocery shopping, routine housework or even an occasional relaxing telephone conversation.

Nancy, one time pharmacist assistant and one time Vice President of a local bank, now balances the check book, and keeps my medicine dispensers correctly filled. Debbie, knowledgeable in many fields, shops for groceries that meet an old man's dietary requirements (low sodium, in particular), launders and, from the carpets, finds and cleans soiled areas that I am unable to see. Better yet, it appears that I have become a member of both families and, invariably, have been invited to participate in their holiday celebrations and social gatherings.

Although I seem to be enjoying good health, since writing the prior newsletter there have been a number of occasions when I required medical attention, some routine, some urgent. For example, on 07 October, my dermatologist operated on a suspicious lump over my cheek but, happily, found only a benign cyst.

On Friday, 11 October, there were two minor, but irritating, events that made me think the fates were conspiring to prevent my scheduled trip to Uniontown. My VOX watch failed and one tooth came out of my two tooth denture. Fortunately, I did not swallow the tooth. That was the day that I picked up my airline tickets. I had to wait until Monday to leave the denture but it was repaired satisfactorily and returned the same day.

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#### I REVISITED UNIONTOWN

On Wednesday, 16 October, I was up at 0500. Nancy had packed my luggage the night before so that the time necessary for me to prepare for departure was appreciably shortened. Her friend, Cheryl Wheeler, arrived at 0600 and because of an impending hurricane, Cheryl helped me close the new back porch shutters. All others can be closed from the outside. She then drove me to Palm Beach Inter-national airport.

For the first time in my many trips from Florida to Uniontown, I booked my flight through Pittsburgh to Morgantown, West Virginia. That additional air travel saves an hour of driving time from airport to Sol's home.

Liftoff from PBIA was at 0846 and, after changing planes in Pittsburgh, we landed at the Morgantown airport about 1300.

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Continued

About 1300, we landed at Morgantown where Sandy Roth and Sol met me and drove back to Uniontown. Imagine my surprise when, as we pulled into Sol's garage, to see my old Omni parked alongside and daughter Jean at the kitchen door waiting to welcome us. Jean and Vern had flown from Oregon to Massachusetts, visited with Janel and toured part of New England. Vern, alone, flew back to Oregon. A year earlier, I had "sold" the Omni to Jean for \$1.00 but it had been in Janel's possession since then. In the Omni, Jean had driven from Mt. Holyoke to Uniontown.

The next day I had an opportunity to test my pacemaker by long distance when Mary Fulton called from Dr. Behrens' office. Using the Trace-a-pace and Sol's phone, Mary's instrument in Florida recorded the signal from Uniontown. Still operating, my pacemaker had been implanted in November 1986.

In a critical oversight, no pajamas had been packed in my luggage. Next morning, Jean, Sol and I went shopping and bought pajamas that were much too large in every dimension except the waist that was uncomfortably tight. Regardless of that, I bought them. Later, Jean and I drove to the Penn State Fayette Campus located about six miles north of Uniontown. In the book store, Jean bought the Penn State sweat shirt that, in the photo, she is seen wearing.

Like the Elk's Club and my favorite bakery, the Fox Den Pizza Parlor is located only thirty seconds away from Sol's home. After our shopping trip, I persuaded Sol to buy a large pizza with everything on it; everything, that is, except the hot peppers with which, during a prior visit, I had learned a painful lesson. Our friend of many decades, Alma Silverman, is the mother of Anne Popovich who, with her husband Ron, owns and operates the Fox Den.

Jean had planned to return to Hartford on 20 October but Hurricane Lili had been battering the northeast coastal states and she decided to remain in Uniontown one more day. Janel called from Mt. Holyoke reporting cancellation of the International Regatta in which she, as a member of the 8-oar crew, was to participate. Jean departed on the morning of the 21st and, that night, calling from Janel's room, reported her safe arrival. Despite a one hour detour to visit the Penn State main campus at University Park, (just for another dish of Penn State ice cream) she had encountered no rain during the long drive back.

With Sol, I attended a Rotary Club luncheon meeting at the Uniontown Country Club. The 26th of October that would have been the 66th Anniversary for Sally and me, was made exciting by a house fire two doors away. Firemen required two hours to be certain that the fire had been completely extinguished.

For exercise during my visit I walked, sometimes alone and sometimes with Sol. On one such walk I took my camera and, as a memento, photographed Uniontown High-school, Temple Israel and the Ella Peach school building. On Church Street, Sol took a picture of me standing on the steps of what was once the home of the E. K. Heyser family. Ninety years before, someone had taken a photo of me standing on those steps but, at that time, I was not carrying a cane. (See photo).

Air temperature had dropped considerably during my visit and on the early morning of 04 November, the day of my departure, the temperature was 23F. At 0530 I went to Young's bakery to get the eight boxes of pastries that I had ordered for friends in Florida.

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The schedule for such early morning departure on 04 November was chosen because, with the only alternative departure time from Morgantown, my arrival at PBIA would have been inconveniently late for someone to meet me.

Sandy arrived at 0640 and, in fair weather, drove Sol and me to the Morgantown airport. The security check was no problem but I had to sign a release form because my eight boxes of pastries were improperly packaged. I did not require a wheelchair but an airport employee led me out to the plane and a cabin attendant showed me to my seat. Sol and Sandy waited until my plane lifted off at 0840.

The flight, involving the scheduled change of planes in Pittsburgh, was uneventful and, at 1200, Cheryl met me at PBIA. Any concern about the safety of the pastries was unfounded. Happily, the carousel brought them around to us undamaged. Of the eight boxes, I kept one for myself.

On the following day, Election Day, neighbor Polly Daigle drove me to the polling place. There I was greeted by another friend of many years, Ron Exline, a former Mayor of Lake Worth and now a resident of Murry Hills. Ron helped me at the booth but I still managed to spoil the first ballot and was given another.

For me, and for members of the Flagler Guides Association, the most distressing news of the day was to learn that after having served Flagler museum for many years, the Association was disbanded by President George Matthews. As a volunteer docent, Sally had served loyally since 1970. For ten years, I had maintained the roster and mailing list of the association. Members with whom I have spoken would like to keep the group together without using the Flagler name.

#### SWIMMING REGIMEN INTERRUPTED

Gradually, during the past three years, I felt the need to reduce what had been my daily swim of 45 laps (one mile). It was on 10 November, after what was to have been a swim of only fifteen laps, I had to sop at ten because of a frightening increase in my pulse rate. That led to a stress test by Dr. Behrens in which he determined that cardiac output was only 2% to 25% maximum instead of an essential 60% minimum.

Because of that unpleasant disclosure he ordered an angiogram to be conducted at JFK Hospital and that uncovered three blocked arteries. Angioplasty was ruled out and a computer study, based on my age, health and other pertinent factors indicated that there was but a 25% (probability of my surviving multiple bypass surgery. Remaining was the only alternative of continued regimen of medicine, diet and exercise.

Added to that physical problem was, that during a regular monthly test of my pacemaker, technician Mary Fulton discovered that the ten year old device was within a few months of ending its useful life.

Those problems, however, had not interfered with my social life that included my birthday celebration that Nancy gave at her home and a social gathering at the home of Debbie's sister Jennifer (Mrs. Vic Cioci).



#### Rear Row

Judge Tom Adams (new York), Debbie Marchal, (Vic Cioci), Suzanne Adams (Judge Adams daughter holding Debbie's granddaughter, Jordan)

#### Front Row

Lou Michael, Debbie's daughter Jennifer, Edith Adams, (???) and Joe Adams.

Joe and Edith are Judge Adams parents.



Nancy Stuart  
and Ted Glou's collection of teddy bears.  
01 January 1997



"I made those hors d'oeuvres myself."  
Ted Glou and Lou Michael  
01 January 1997

Meanwhile, Year 1997 had arrived and, accompanied by Nancy, we celebrated a New Year's Day at a party, in the Boca Raton home of fraternity brother Ted Glou. On 01 January, I was honored by being invited to lunch with Penn State President, Graham Spanier and a few other Penn State officials and alumni, at the magnificent Palm Beach home of Mrs. Cathleen Cox MacFarlane. The latter event I considered well worth the full page from my diary printed herein. My escort was Debbie Ream, former Editor of the Alumni Magazine, the Penn Stater, who drove from Daytona Beach to take me to that luncheon.

On 20 January, at least one of my physical problem was solved when, in a half hour surgical procedure at the Rothman Center Hospital, Dr. Paul Winokur replaced my tired old 1986 pacemaker with a brand new one. It would be comforting to know that the new one will work as well.

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i REGRET THAT THERE ARE NO PICTURES TO ILLUSTRATE  
THE FOLLOWING PAGE FROM MY DIARY ENTRY FOR THE BUSY DAY OF

FRIDAY, 10 JANUARY 1997

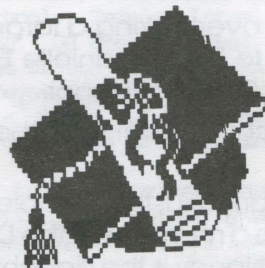
Thunderstorm at midnight. Nitro patch on at 0610. Overcast, light breeze but no rain, 52.4F at 0625. Weight: 123.5 pounds. Breakfast: Pills in OJ, fiber, apricots in sugar-water I returned to bed until my Sunshine call then proofread several pages of diary and newsletter. I went back to bed and listened to radio news until 1000 when I dressed in the clothes that Nancy had laid out for me. As promised, Debbie Ream arrived about 1100 and followed directions to McFarlane's in Palm Beach. Remember, this was on Worth Avenue and there was a call box at the entrance guarded by an iron gate. When Debbie drove in and spoke into the call box, coming out to greet us was none other than our hostess, Cathleen Cox McFarlane. Inside the door, welcoming other guests were President Spanier, Charlie Lupton, Dr. Rodney Kirsch, (Vice President for Development) and other Penn State officials. Debbie was greeted warmly and, occasionally, with affection, by most of those who had known her as Editor of the Penn Stater. Except for what is now Flagler Museum, in my long life I have never been in such a magnificent home. Couple by couple, the guests arrived and, other than myself, they were all important business and industrial leaders. There were about 30 guests. Many seemed to know me or, somehow, had heard something good about me. Lunch tables were set up on a rear veranda overlooking the lake. From the well provisioned buffet table in the adjoining room, it was Mrs. McFarlane who, personally, filled my dinner plate and brought it to me. Wines and other beverages were served by waiters formally dressed in black trousers, white jackets and bow ties. On the back of my place card, Debbie listed the food that was provided: Chicken Curry, fresh salmon, mixed green salad, brie cheese & crackers, hot beverages and dessert of Lemon meringue cake with raspberries. At our table, in addition to we two, Debbie listed Harry and Dorothy Isabel, Walter and Evelyn Arnold, Charlie Lupton, John Byerly and John Dietz. The latter three had come from Penn State. I was seated next to Harry Isabel and, in our conversation, when I told him that I graduated in 1925, he said that was the year in which he was born. When I told him that my birthplace was Uniontown, a small town in western Pennsylvania, it developed that he, too, was from Uniontown and, as a member of the Elk's Club, has known Sol for twenty years. He also remembered the name of Young's bakery where I bought pastries to bring back to Florida. After lunch, Dr. Kirsch told of Penn State's programs for continuing development. The party adjourned and, after thanking Mrs. McFarlane, Debbie brought me home at 1430, said goodbye and departed. I changed attire and worked

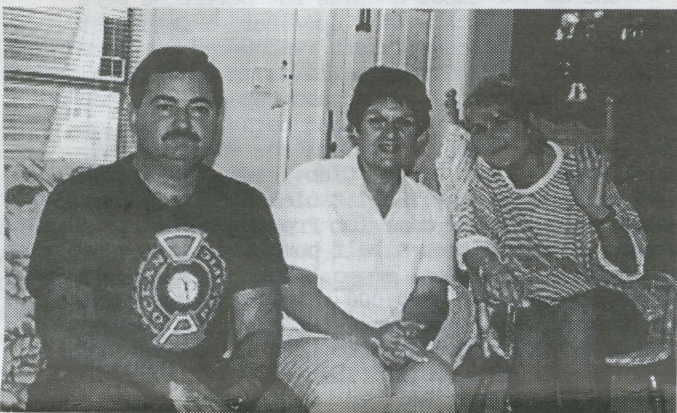
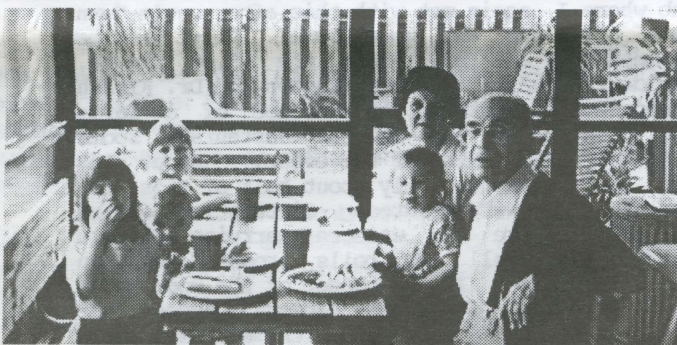
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on the computer until 1700 when Bill Zern called for me. We drove to the Boca Raton Resort and Club where I again met with this afternoon's Penn State officials and more alumni. Valet parking was mandatory and Bill paid the \$5.00 charge. President Spanier, Charlie Lupton and Dr. Kirsch were greeting guests at the entrance of a large room - probably one of the restaurant rooms engaged by Penn State for the event. About 140 were in attendance, only about half of those for whom name tags were printed. Circulating around the tables were two waiters carrying platters filled with small egg rolls, roasted chicken filets and dips. In the center of the room there was a large table of breads, various cheeses and fruits from which guests helped themselves. There was no charge for those goodies but beverages were another matter. At the open bar, a Coke cost \$5.00. Many of those present remembered me from other meetings. Ted Glou, who lives in Boca Raton, was there. Incidentally, Ted had refused to pay the \$5.00 valet parking fee and parked in the lot of a nearby apartment in which he once lived, walking from there to the Club. Ted, Bill and I sat at one of the many small tables and found much to talk about until time for President Spanier's address. For less than a half hour he spoke of Penn State's standing among other prestigious colleges, about the 400,000 living alumni and their support and about expansion programs. After adjournment, Bill drove Ted to his car then to Lake Worth. Home at 2025. That is when I removed the patch. I called Sol to report the Isabel encounter. This was really a day to be remembered.

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**BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR LOU MICHAEL**

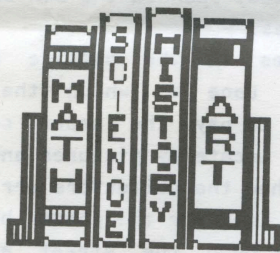
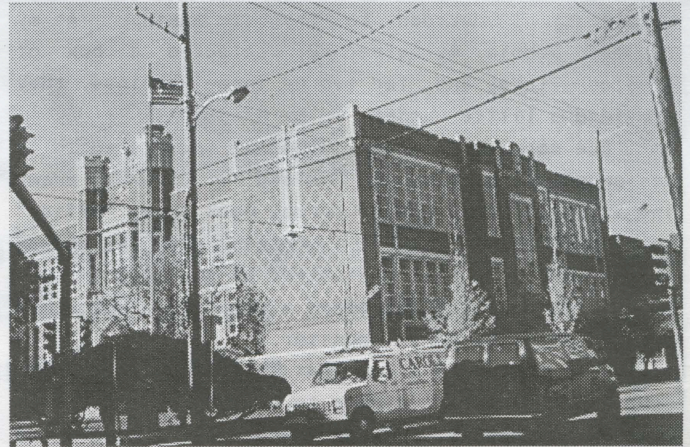
- (1) At the Stuart home: Lou Michael and his two invaluable helpers: (L) Deborah (Debbie) Marchal and (R) Nancy Stewart.
- (2) Attacking the birthday cake.
- (3) On Nancy's rear overlooking a large inland lake: a few of the guests: Left to Right: Danielle Elder, Debbie Marchal, Jordan, and the Guest of Honor.
- (4) Danielle and Michael Elder and the very special birthday cake.
- (5) More Guests: Larry Austin, Debbie Marchal and Nancy Riendeau. Larry is a member of the Delray Beach Detective Squad. Nancy is Nancy is the daughter of my helper, Nancy Stuart.
- (6) Two year old Michael Elder and a favorite toy.



## PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

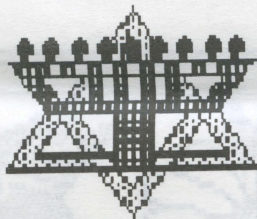
### THE ELLA PEACH SCHOOL

The Ella Peach School was built on the site of the original Central School. Mother and I both attended Central School but, when Mother was a pupil, Ella Peach was one of her teachers. During my years at Central, Ella Peach was still serving, but as Principal. In 1941, when it appeared that the United States was likely to find herself involved in the war in Europe, I was one of those engaged by Penn State to teach defense Training Classes. It was in the Ella Peach building that, until 1943, I taught adult classes in mathematics and Mechanical Drawing - with Slide Rules, not pocket calculators.



### UNIONTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Since my graduation in 1920, the building and stadium have been greatly enlarged but the facade and front steps are still as I remember them. It was here that I enrolled in what was called the Technology College Course to prepare for a career in engineering. Any artistic talent that I may have had was revealed in my contributions to the student publication, Maroon and White.



### TEMPLE ISRAEL

I like to use the term, Treasured Memories. It was here that I taught Sunday School classes. It was here that, on 26 October 1930, Sally and I were married. When maintenance costs became too great a burden upon a too small congregation, the Ark, Torahs and other ceremonial items, and bronze Memorial plaques, were moved to the Jewish Community Center and the building was sold. Sturdily built in 1902 it continues, still enhanced by its precious stained glass windows, to serve as a Uniontown landmark.





#### INCIDENTS NOT WORTH REPEATING

Weeks after having omitted dry cereals from my breakfast, I decided to try it again. At my request, Debbie, my helper #2, selected a box of Frosted Flakes and, for two or three mornings, they provided a little variety to my breakfast.

One morning, however, I became interested in a design on the back of the box and, in order to examine it, I took the box of cereal back to my "office" to view under the Optelec. (Optelec is the electronic device, the equivalent of a closed circuit television set. that projects a magnified image of printed material on the monitor.)

With that help I saw that the design was a word game for children, a game to be cut out and assembled by the parent. Having learned all I needed to know, I picked up the box of cereal and walked back toward the kitchen.

As I turned the corner into the kitchen, disaster struck and half of the contents spilled onto the floor. Unwittingly, I had been carrying the box upside down.

The vacuum cleaner used by Debbie was too small so I took out the old, unused Hoover, connected it and, with a dozen sweeps, removed from the carpet and kitchen tile, what I thought was all the spilled Frosted Flakes. As I rolled the Hoover back into the living room to wait for assistance in emptying the bag, I saw a few flakes that I had missed so I reconnected the sweeper in order to finish the job. I then saw still more flakes on the carpet and more and more.

I had left a trail of Frosted Flakes from office, through hallway and living room and dinette into the kitchen,. Through my second effort, I managed to perform a somewhat more thorough, if imperfect, job of carpet sweeping. When Debbie arrived, she swept up the remainder and emptied the bag.

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#### HERE'S ANOTHER

During both my visit to the home of Debbie's sister, Jennifer and at Ted Glou's New Year's party, I exposed a roll of film and had it processed immediately so that I could use some of the prints in this newsletter. The envelope of prints I left on the dining room table where I had been preparing copy for the letter.

Came Sunday morning and, with it, the voluminous Sunday edition of the Palm Beach Post. As usual, I laid the paper on the table, first to select the few sections that I am interested in reading and then to separate the ads and coupon sections that are of interest to Debbie. On this particular Sunday, Debbie found time to visit and perform some needed housework then picked up the papers, discarded some in the recycling bin and departed.

Continued

Continued

On Monday, I was preparing to prepare a page of photographs selected from the most recent ones and, despite a diligent search of the apartment, was unable to find the envelope. Thinking that perhaps Debbie had inadvertently picked up the pictures with the sections of the Post, I called her. Later, She told me that she had,also, checked her apartment and, unknown to me, and despite her suffering with a sore knee, had driven to Murry Hills and rummaged through the newspaper recycling bin. No envelope, no photos.

Not knowing of Debbie's ardent search, I went down to the bin, upended it and, piece by piece, tried to find the envelope. As I was working there my neighbor and friend, Salvatore Guagliano and his wife, Anna, came by. They volunteered to assist in the search and they, too, upended the bin but found no envelope of pictures.

Harvey Gudel lives in the outside apartment adjacent to Cynthia Lane on which the bins are located. I was ready to pay the paper collectors \$5.00 if they could locate my pictures and I asked Harvey to inform me when the collectors arrive. He then volunteered to look for the photos but, after dumping all the papers onto the street and going carefully through the pile, he was no more successful than any of us explorers, My pictures were irretrievably lost.

On 13 January when Tara Maule came to visit, I told her of the fruitless search for the urgently needed pictures and that I thought they had been lost forever. She then discovered the missing color photographs on the dining room table, where it had been all the time, carefully hidden under my paper cutter!!

