

# Louis Lewon

25 Edwards St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Just received your last letter re my brother, Lou. You have his correct home address, but the last name is Lewon, and not Lewow. This was changed legally almost 30 years ago, for business and pronunciation reasons by our entire family.

First, I want to apologize for Lou's long delay in sending his story. As I explained before, it is difficult for Lou to write, especially about himself, so, after numerous phone calls to him, etc., to fill in the narrative—all he has given me is dates and places. He also sent me the money for his cost of the booklet and am enclosing money order for him too.

My father had a slight heart attack about 2 weeks ago and was in the hospital until last Friday, so we have all been pretty busy and preoccupied to answer more promptly. He is home now and doing well enough for his 82 years. And my brother Rubin, with whom Lou is now associated in business, was away in Las Vegas, Nevada on vacation, so that kept Lou tied down at the office alone, all of which made it difficult to get any cooperation out of him.

This reminds me of my senior days in Glasgow High School, when Lou used to help me with my chemistry experiments, and I used to help him with his English themes. So here goes his story. I hope you will allow for any slight discrepancies, as I have to rely on memory and what was told me by the family. Certainly, Lou was never one to talk about himself, let alone write.

From 1927 to 1929, he attended Montana State University. He was just 16 when he graduated from high school. There is a picture of the baseball team at Mont. State, and I recognize Eitaro Etow, as well as Lou, in the picture. Lou won a scholarship and went to the University of Wisconsin at Madison, Wisconsin, from 1929 to 1931, graduating with a B. S. in Chemistry. While at Madison, he roomed with Beuford Barr (Gordon's brother). He got another scholarship which entitled him to one of the "Big Ten" universities for his Master's Degree, and went to the University of California, at Berkeley, Calif., from 1930-1931, getting his Master's Degree in Chemistry in 1931. Lou worked his way through most of his college days, as the depression was on and the family couldn't help much in a financial way at that time.

Lou worked for the Spreckels Sugar Company for the period from 1931-1943. He first started as an experimental chemist, then as research chemist, from 1931 to 1936 in their Western Sugar Refinery in San Francisco. This company made sugar from beet sugar, and he gained a great deal of experience and also proved a valuable asset to the Company. From 1937 to 1939, he was the Chief Chemist at the Woodland, Calif. Plant (this is a little ways from Sacramento, Calif.) While there, he eliminated several steps in the refining process of beet sugar, thereby saving the company some \$30,000 a year in the manufacturing costs. He received a substantial promotion for this, and was then placed as Asst. Supt. of Spreckels Sugar Co. at the Salinas, Calif. factory, from 1940 to 1941. Later, from 1941 to 1943, he was promoted to Superintendent of the Salinas, Calif. factory.

About this time, Lou wanted to help with the war effort, and the U. S. Navy requested he serve in a civilian capacity, due to his experience and recommendation from the Spreckels Co., the Service felt he could best serve his country in this capacity, rather than in direct combat. He was therefore sent by the Navy Dept. as a Specialist Physicist in degassing and anti-submarine warfare. His duty was to assist in detecting mines and otherwise protecting our military seacraft from the enemy. He was stationed in Cristobal & Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, from 1944 to 1945.

From 1946 to 1947, Lou was with a survey group (I recall a professor from the Univ. of Utah, as one of his team-mates), sent to North China to establish beet sugar factories. He was an engineer with this group, with headquarters in Peking, China. Their mission was to assist with establishment of refineries, and help Chinese to run their own sugar refineries. I want to mention one amusing incident here. It was 1947, and the War was over. Up to this time, all China was intent on their common enemy, Japan. Afterwards, as of old, the internal struggle started again, and the Communists began to gain strength. Anyway, one of the Communist leaders approached Lou, while he was in Peking (working under Gen. Chiang Kai Chek's Nationalist Govt.), and asked him if he would go to Manchuria to establish sugar refineries up there. When Lou asked this important Communist leader, if he would guarantee safe conduct for the return journey from Manchuria to Peking, he

couldn't promise that. Anyway, Communist pressure got so bad in Peking, Lou and the rest of American survey group got out and came back to the States.

From 1948 to the present date, Lou has been in business with his brothers in San Francisco and Salt Lake City, Utah. They deal in Industrial, Mining and Construction Machinery and Supplies and Equipment. He does quite a bit of traveling, has been to Honolulu, T. H. a number of times. And he is still single—never finds the time to settle down. That's it.

LOUIS LEWON

## Marion McFarland Martin

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DAYTON 32, OHIO

I've been in a quandry as to whether to speak or not . . . after all, to be so rudely dug up and reminded of my age, after all these years of feeling that I was dead and buried insofar as Glasgow and classmates were concerned . . . and what with getting by, or kidding myself that I was getting by, with making everyone think I was simply years younger than I am . . . what with a lovely teen-age (15) daughter and a pre-teen (12) son with a quiz-kid I. Q., which he never uses — not to mention a handsome young husband (my second catch! — 1941) at an age when I imagine that most of you are at least grandmothers and grandfathers . . . Well, after all, classmates! And another thing, you wouldn't have been my classmates if I hadn't gotten into that hair-pulling with Miss Scanlon (Algebra teacher) and Miss French (English teacher), so that I was restrained from graduating in '25, as I was supposed to, and had to linger around for an extra year with you '26ers. And I'm supposed to like being dumped into this bucket of cold water? If I'm late in answering your summons, it was because I had to recover from my chill before I could type . . .

I'm glad to hear that there are 33 (including me) of us left. Congratulations and greetings to all of you, and who knows . . . maybe in another ten years, if we keep digging, we may have found Sophronia and then there will be 34 of us!

But this is supposed to be all about me . . . I've managed to keep my svelte figure, and my face, too, looks pretty good. I'm sure you all remember me, if you remember me at all, as a rather "toothy" individual. Well, my dears, I had that condition corrected by orthodontia during my Freshman year in University — not by having them removed, but by having them pushed back into perspective . . . and I still have every one of them! Now, tell me about yours . . . But to get back to my face . . . true, it shows a little mileage (see '59 picture enclosed), but looks pretty well cared for. When the day comes that it looks as though it needs a retreat, maybe I'll just have it given the old "Wally Simpson" treatment. My hair has gone from ash brown, as you knew it, to auburn, to brindle, to white, but now I've finally settled for a gorgeous sort of platinum ash blond. (From ashes to ashes.) Quite devastating, if I had more of it! My daughter, Joan, lovingly calls me "Harry," which I have a sneaking suspicion would be spelled "Hairy," if she could spell, which she can't. Guess I'll just enclose a little photo of her too, taken at the same time mine was taken. Incidentally, the little poodle she is holding is named Martinique Silver Holly. Here, too, is a current picture of my son, Peter, and believe me when I say he looks like me — right to the very teeth. The handsome looking man in the color picture, with our two children, is my husband, Peter, and I'm very proud of him. He's become rather bald, since he's known me, which I think is very thoughtful of him, everything considered. For some reason or other, I'm reminded of one of Aesop's Fables, which I ran across at the library, when I was a kid in Glasgow, the moral of which I can't remember, but seems quite beside the point. . . .

It seems there was a man who had two wives — one a very young one, and the other a very old one. Every night, when he was asleep, the young wife pulled out all of his white hairs, while the old wife pulled out all of his black ones, with the result that he was soon bald. If any of you remember the moral, let me in on it, although I'm sure it will have nothing to do with why I'm reminded of the story, but, if you are the same sharp bunch of kids that you were in high school, you might be able to read into it a clue as to why my husband is bald.

My life has had its ups and downs, classmates, but I can truthfully say it has never been dull. Never born to be a "square", and not married to a square, things around me always moved at a fairly lively pace. We have moved around quite a bit, preferring to circulate, rather than vegetate. Eight years ago, my husband's job took us from Los Angeles to Washington, D. C., where his tour of duty lasted for four and a half years, which period