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Dear Lou:

I received a phone call from your sister Joan thanking me for sending her a copy of the memoir of Max Levy & Co. (Was it you who sent it to her?) She said she appreciated having it. She admitted to knowing little of what happened in that plant over the many years. Additionally, she volunteered to "look up" the birth order of Howard, Lionel, and Hortense. Rather unsurprising, I have not heard from her since. I have to depend on my instincts, and familiarity with the people.

I believe the birth order was Howard, Lionel, and Hortense. Howard occupied the front office. Howard was the dominant one. Lionel had a desk in the inner office, which before my time only sheltered him and Ed Goddard, plus a library of technical books, many quite valuable. It was hard to avoid the implications of status relating to Howard and Lionel.

Additionally, there was a table in the middle of the inner room which seemed reserved exclusively for Howard Hays to read his Wall Street Journal there in the morning. Ned and I were given no desks. Later, when Bill Coale died, Ned he was given Bill's desk. Ned and I brought it up from downtown to Max Levy in the Levy truck. We put it where a settee had sat, in the inner room. The settee had been the repository of old Engineering magazines, and Wall Street Journals, and went I know not where. It looked like a Stickley original.

One day, I had a mechanical drawing I had to make for the machine shop. In desperation, I settled on the "other" side of Hays's table, and went to work. Hays came in, said nothing, opened his Journal, and life went on. I continued to use that half-table as a desk, when I needed one.

Howard would occasionally wander through the office rooms. He would often stare ominously at the growing stack of unopened letters on Lionel's desk, but said nothing. When he wanted a private conversation, we would hear Howard call "LI-O-NEL" (emphasis on the last syllable) from the front office. Behind close doors, they held their conversations. I cannot escape seeing Howard as the older, and obviously, dominant brother.

I remember Hortense coming to visit a few times. I seem to remember, she had married a man much older than she, who had died, and whose son (her step-son) was occasionally asking Howard for money. One day after a visit, I asked Howard what that fellow was doing. Howard said "He's doing me!"

On another day I walked into Howard's office to ask a question. There were Howard, Lionel, and Hortense, having a wonderful time recollecting the past. The "Weltschmerz" was flowing.

If somehow the birth order is proven otherwise, by record, please let me know.

Best wishes, 