

To Professor O. Levenspiel

6th June 1991

Dear Tony

It's traditional in Britain to give a person who is retiring a gold watch, a vote of thanks, and a clear path to the exit. We don't suppose the State of Oregon will give you a gold watch, and we shan't either! Sorry to disappoint you. We can share the vote of thanks for all the times and pleasures we have shared with you. As to the exit, we are sure that this is not really a way out but a way in to somewhere else, which probably won't be very different from where you are now. So today is a rite of passage.

We wish you a long, happy, and active retirement. We are sorry that we shall not be able to share the family party with you. However, we shall think of you and the family, and we hope that before not too long we shall all meet ~~out~~ up again, somewhere. Let us know if you are coming to Europe. We'll do our best to visit North America

With all our love

Amelia & Jeff

AMELIA & JEFF LEIGH

Dr. Octave Levenspiel - Dept. of Chem. Engineering

Very gratified to learn that the longest serving Levenspiel student has finally graduated and is about to embark on a new career.

Wishing both you and Mary-go every horticultural success at Otter Rock.

Much love

Daniel

To

Kipps

Daniel

Forthcoming Events

To and Daniel are pleased to announce the development of a new model, to be launched in early December.

Dear Tavy,

CONGRATULATIONS.....A lot of people have a lot to thank you for.... Uncle Abe was very proud of your achievements and particularly pleased with the Holmes/Watson problem (Ch.5, No.14) which he sent to us as kids, it appealed to his sense of humour (and ours)...Thanks for the instruction, its been a pleasure...and may we greet you and the family and your friends as you meet today with a phrase never used by English people, "Have a nice day" and very many more. Only sorry that we can't be with you. We wish you every future happiness.

With all our love,

*Mark, Bengt and Lisa*

P.S. I hope you haven't heard this one. 3 types of people live on an island. Some always lie, some are always truthful, and some are real people who sometimes lie and sometimes tell the truth. Three very knowledgeable locals, one of each sort, and obviously great friends are drinking googliox (better than alcohol, no hangover and not combustible) whilst playing galloping dominoes on a sandy patch near a fork in the road. The road sign which would have showed which fork leads to heaven and which fork leads to hell has been destroyed by a recent explosion at a nearby chemical factory. Some charred fragments of paper from the blast lie nearby. One fragment, seemingly the back of an envelope, reads... "1 Imperial gallon of water = 10 lb. People float." These facts, half remembered by every English schoolboy, are not very helpful. Another fragment says "mean residence ". It may describe the island's mud huts, but is also unhelpful. The field crickets, disturbed by the explosion are not chirping, although night is falling. You approach the group of 3 locals, who have just discovered, to their amazement, a pool of alcohol in the sand. Your way lies ahead, and are unsure which fork to take. Being a very modern thinker you are even unsure whether you want to go to heaven (all that harp music all the time) or hell (at that temperature the field crickets will make a fearsome racket) but you can leave that decision 'til later. For the moment you want to know which way is which, and just have enough time to ask the locals 2 questions, before they drink the alcohol and become totally incoherent.

'91-06-06 10:58

Friday, June 7, 199 P.002

Hey Tavy!

May we celebrate with you the 8th? We'll dance and sing your praises and what recollections! Rerouting the stream at Otter Rock, building alder tunnels in Maine (fit to camp in). Don't forget the Octagon House in Lewisburg, nor bringing vitality to that University on the Susquehanna. We'll miss seeing your mischievous face but hope for a visit soon.

Love,

*Manning + Lisbe*

Dear Tavy,  
 So you are finally  
 graduating! Congratulations!!

Best wishes on your  
 next adventures.

We'll be looking forward  
 to seeing more of you  
 at the beach.

Love,

Dan, Doris

Jeni, Katie

Sadie,

Darcy,

Bootsie,

Athena



TO:

PROFESSOR OCTAVE LEVENSPIEL,  
OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY.



YOU CANT RETIRE!!! YOU NEVER LEFT SCHOOL!!! NOW MAYBE YOU'LL WORK.  
TO KEEP YOUR MIND ACTIVE - HOW MANY OF THESE OLD FRIENDS CAN YOU NAME.  
WITH BEST WISHES AND SINCERE REGARDS - Dennis and Jackie. England



# GAME

You figure this  
out ?



TAVIE -

you have a way of stirring up the universe -  
and making it interesting and exciting again

Opening minds is no small achievement!

- The Batres -

# Ford, Bacon & Davis Utah, Inc.

Engineers - Constructors



DATE: JUNE 6, 1991 JOB NO.: PERS. 03890 TIME: \_\_\_\_\_

MESSAGE TO: DR. OCTAVIUS X. LEVENSPIEL

COMPANY: O S C (DEPT. OF CHEM. E.)

STATE & CITY SENT TO: CORVALLIS, OR.

TELECOPY NO.: 503-737-3546 (ALT. - 3155)

VERIFICATION NO.: \_\_\_\_\_

NUMBER OF PAGES, INCLUDING COVER SHEET: 1

MESSAGE FROM: ED IMMERGLUCK

Telecopy No.: (801) 584-1440 (Canon 620)

Verification No.: (801) 583-3773

WHAT'S THIS TALK OF RETIREMENT?  
(OR IS IT 'TIREMENT OF CORRECTING FRESHMAN CHEM. E. PAPER.  
WORK NEEDS YET TO BE DONE!  
SO, PUT ON YOUR CAP AND GOWN AGAIN FOR A DAY, TO  
CELEBRATE COMMENCEMENT  
OF THE  
POST-PROFESSORIAL-PHASE OF YOUR LIFE!  
THEN, GET ON TO PERFECTING THE KINETICS OF THE  
CAT IN THE HAT PLUG FLOW REACTOR  
OR PERSUE OTHER SUCH MUNDANE/MONDIALE(?) ENDEAVORS!  
GOOD LUCK, HAVE FUN! — Ed (HI TO M-10)

Transmitted: Time/Start Time/End Date Sent by

Receipt verified by:



M. VACHERON  
59 ALAMO AVENUE  
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94708

They asked me to believe;  
and I believed.

They asked me to believe  
in Santa Claus;  
and I believed.

They asked me to believe  
you are retiring;  
and I believed.

Oh, what fools these  
mortals be!

Michel

June 9, 1991

No one believes that Octave's retiring  
He's not long in the tooth nor minus his hair  
(Mary Jo sure makes of them a well-rounded  
pair)

Mid the green piney woods at the Rock of the  
Otter

Everybody feels cool and it never gets hotter  
Cause the air that you breathe is particulate  
free

And because one and all are invited to tea.  
We wish you the best and wherever you may go  
We hope you make plans that include San Diego!

*Ellie and Bob*

Here's Wishing dear 'old' Octave a Happy Retirement. We love you and hope that this means you will come to visit us with your better half, much more often.

We know Octave almost all his and our lives, starting in Shanghai, China, then Australia and now in L.A., which brings me to the following tale -

Having lost contact with Octave since 1948, one day in 1975, our son Danny who was a senior student at the University of New South Wales in the School of Chemical Engineering, Sydney, Australia, came home and showed us a book on Chemical Reaction Engineering, and said: my professor tells us that the author of this book is coming to give seminars here, and that he is originally from Shanghai. His name is Professor Octave Levenspiel. Do you know him? I said: Tavy Levenspiel? He used to take me to teenage parties. Danny dropped the book, stared at me, and then said: You mean, you mean - you know him? ... he's famous! And, this is how we caught up with dear old Tavy and his lovely wife Mary Jo, and of course we are very fond of Morris. We have yet to meet the rest of the family.

Love and Best Wishes from Mary & Alex Samson - FAX 213-475 7660

Remember Octave - we are not Downunder but very close to you - L.A.

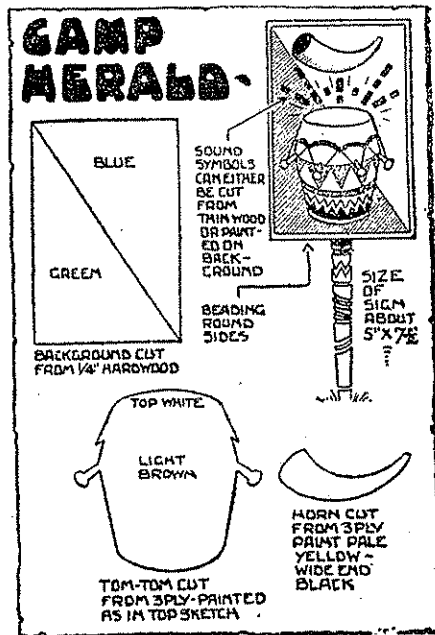
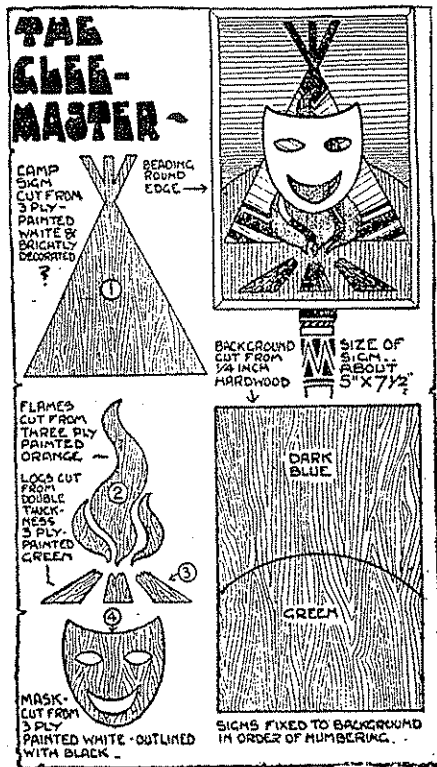
June 6, 1991

The Totem  
Sept. 1941

## "Chrystals"

"A good wine requires no bush"

But a good sign might improve your Camp.



## Passing The Backwoodsman Badge At Tungkou

By P/L D. G. KLIEN, 9th Troop

ON Saturday, 19th July, Scout Tavy Levenspiel and I were busy packing and preparing for a 2 day camp at Battery Creek. Time was flying fast, and after some arguing and checking over our lists we decided we were ready to leave.

At 1.15 p.m. we met Mr. Gordon and friends, and were off on the "Whangpoo Gem." The sky was very grey and although there was a slight drizzle all the way our spirits were not "dampened," we still had high hopes of passing the Backwoodsman and Camper Badges.

After the long trip down river we eventually arrived at Battery Creek or Tungkou, and at 3.30 p.m. we unloaded our gear and immediately started looking for a suitable camping ground. Mr. Gordon insisted that as we were to pass the Backwoodsman Badge we should camp outside his garden and go forth into the wilderness of Jitts' garden. As soon as we had decided where we would build our shelter we began collecting materials to build it with. (P.O.R. states: Build a satisfactory shelter for two people out of natural materials and sleep in it). After a few minutes we had collected a number of odds and ends of oars, plenty of bamboo and from our haversacks lashing rope. We then started building the skeleton of the shelter but soon after discovered that we did not have enough rope; so, we made our own rope by twisting willow together. This was very strong and quite efficient.

The thatching of the shelter was done with long reeds cut from the sides of small creeks. This was a very tedious job, it lasted for three hours and resulted in many small cuts, all over our knuckles, from sharp stubs of reeds. Anyway we finished the shelter and as we were admiring it, it started to rain. We ducked under it and to our surprise and delight it did not leak. Were we tickled pink? I'll say we were, especially by the end of reeds sticking out of the sides.

At about 8 p.m. we had dinner and Aquarius drinks with Mr. Gordon. The latter then instructed us about the journey in the dark, another test for the Backwoodsman Badge.

When we set out after dinner, it had stopped raining, but it was pitch dark and there were no stars but we used the slight glow on the horizon in the direction of Shanghai as our "North Star."

We started off in opposite directions, Tavy with a lantern and I with a flashlight. At first I was quite alright, reading my compass directions, counting my paces and following the narrow track between rice fields. However this did not last long as my light grew dimmer and dimmer until it was useless.

Every now and again I heard the howling of a "wonk" and frogs jumping around, also from time to time I would very carefully miss my footing and enjoy some sloshy mud in the paddy fields. This was ankle deep and gave me quite a thrilling sensation as it oozed into my shoes.

After ten minutes I arrived at a very quiet village. Here there were street lamps and as my torch had died out, I memorized the rest of the directions, but the darkness beat me, and I found myself surrounded by uncrossable creeks. My shouts were eventually heard by Tavy who had successfully reached the midway point of the circle laid by compass bearings, and had met Mr. Gordon, and they eventually found me and guided me out by shouting directions and put me on the correct track again, and I found my way back to the Houseboat.

After washing our legs with disinfectant, we listened to the News from Mr. Gordon's portable radio, and so to bed under our little shelter which was quite dry, but we did not sleep for hours for crabs and frogs.

The next morning we were awakened by the squeaking of birds and twittering of wheelbarrows, (I mean, you know what I mean!) We soon got up and a little while later I found out that I had forgotten to bring toothpaste along. Instead I tried Carbolic soap; huh! I almost went mad, in fact, I was frothing at the mouth.

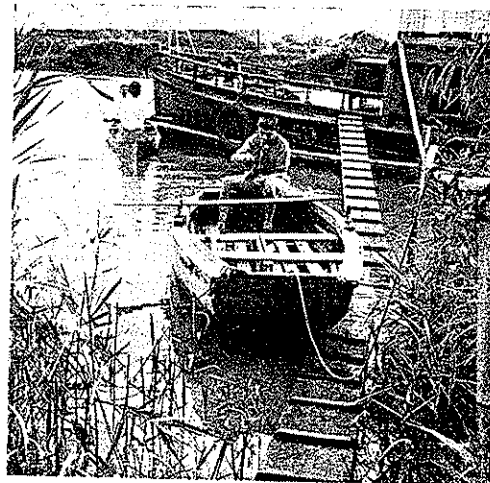


Before breakfast we passed the axeman's test on one of Mr. Gordon's trees. Tavy proved himself very good at this. I didn't like the idea of chopping the same branch that I was sitting on whilst hanging over a creek.



After breakfast Tavy Levenspiel left on his 3-mile test hike, with compass directions, and a prismatic compass (which Mr. Gordon used in the last war). On his return Levenspiel had to report what he saw at the end of the journey. Meanwhile, I had passed my written tests for the Camper's Badge.

The next item was the killing and cooking of the two pigeons which we had brought along especially for this test. The "execution" was carried out on Tavy's return (not on him, I mean the birds).



When cleaned and after wrapping them up with mud, which most probably contained germs with long names, we put them at the bottom of the fireplace built between stones, in accordance with P.O.R. The result was a rather burnt and muddy tiffin, but still,—(bet you couldn't do better!!)

After tiffin and a half an hour rest, I went on my test hike. As this was three miles into the back country Mr. Gordon went by a different route to the place where he expected to meet me, a Christian church. However, I missed a bridge and went a long way round and arrived half an hour late, but I did find the Church, although my feet were blistered.

We had tea after the hike, it was 6.00 p.m., but better late than not at all! (especially with hungry people).

After tea we pitched and packed the Rovers' big tent, and made Hunter's Stew and did our knots, and so passed the final part of the Camper's Badge test.

When this was over some time was spent studying the stars, and to end the day we listened to Carol Alcott's 10.15 p.m. broadcast.

Another good night was spent under the shelter. After breakfast we pulled down the shelter and then left for Tungkou jetty, where we caught the 9 o'clock ferry for Shanghai.

Thus the camp came to an end. We had a marvellous time and felt that we had done some real scouting.

May 23rd 16  
DENIS  
AND HAPPY DECADES -  
I ANY HAPPY DAYS TO YOU,

ROAST A LEMON PEEL? (and how many years back does that go)

OCTAVE AND HOW HE WAS NAMED

This story comes from one of the few people around, that knew Tary at the age of 8.

You know how numbers are assigned to children as they are born, as in Charlie Chen's number 1 son, number 2 son etc.

Well heres a secret, one night Tary's father had a disturbing dream, that his son would be born a double zero (00). When this funny little kid arrived, his dad said to himself, it was only a dream, but even so, something must be done about it, just to be on the safe side. Being a scholarly gentleman, a mathematician and an inventor, he decided to solve the problem. After intense scrutiny he "stacked the numbers" in his son's favor. He put one zero on top of the other, got 8 and called him Octave.

To dispell any lingering concerns, he swore that he would teach his son everything he had to know by the age of 8.

I met this smart, kind, kid right around that time, do you know how different it is to get along with a guy who is "an authority on everything" at the age of 8?

But heres the biggest gripe, when all the kids at school studied hard and did their homework to achieve 1st place or 28th place as the case may be. Tary never seemed to do any homework and always seemed to average around non-sensical 5.8!

ROAST A LEMON PEE? (and how many years back does that go)

Man 23<sup>rd</sup> 10

OCTAVE AND HOW HE WAS NAMED

This story comes from one of the few people around, that knew Tary at the age of 8.

You know how numbers are assigned to children as they are born, as in Charlotte's number 1 son, number 2 son etc.

Well here's a secret, one night Tary's father had a disturbing dream, that his son would be born a double zero (00). When this funny little kid arrived, his dad said to himself, it was only a dream, but even so, something must be done about it, just to be on the safe side. Being a scholarly gentleman, a mathematician and an inventor, he decided to solve the problem. After intense scrutiny he "stacked the numbers" in his son's favor. He put one zero on top of the other, got 8 and called him Octave.

To dispell any lingering concerns, he swore that he would teach his son everything he had to know by the age of 8.

I met this smart, kind, kid right around that time, do you know how difficult it is to get along with a guy who is an authority on everything" at the age of 8?

But here's the biggest gripe, when all the kids at school studied hard and did their homework to achieve 1<sup>st</sup> place or 2<sup>8</sup> place as the case may be. Tary never seemed to do any homework and always seemed to average around, you guessed it, 8!

However, he knew his legacy of being a double zero, albeit from a dream, perhaps that's why he's always had a concern for the less fortunate, perhaps that's what it takes to be a good teacher. Professors don't retire, they just don't work so hard, and you can see from this story, how that should come naturally to Tary.

Denis Klince  
Ave 419, house 31, 1/2 Yuan Road, Shanghai, China. - circa 1939.

May 23<sup>r</sup>  
DENIS  
-  
HAPPY DECADES -  
AND HAPPY DAYS TO YOU,  
TAVY,  
MANY HAPPY

### OCTAVE AND HOW HE WAS NAMED

This story comes from one of the few people around, that knew Tavy at the age of 8.

You know how numbers are assigned to children as they are born, as in Charlielchen's number 1 son, number 2 son etc.

Well here's a secret, one night Tavy's father had a disturbing dream, that his son would be born a double zero (00). When this funny little kid arrived, his dad said to himself, it was only a dream, but even so, something must be done about it, just to be on the safe side. Being a scholarly gentleman, a mathematician and an inventor, he decided to solve the problem. After intense scrutiny he "stacked the numbers" in his son's favor. He put one zero on top of the other, got 8 and called him Octave.

To dispell any lingering concerns, he swore that he would teach his son everything he had to know by the age of 8.

I met this smart, kind, kid right around that time, do you know how difficult it is to get along with a guy who is "an authority on everything" at the age of 8?

But here's the biggest gripe, when all the kids at school studied hard and did their homework to achieve 1<sup>st</sup> place or 2<sup>nd</sup> place as the case may be. Tavy never seemed to do any homework and always seemed to average around, you guessed it, 8!

However, he knew his legacy of being a double zero, albeit from a dream, perhaps that's why he's always had a concern for the less fortunate, perhaps that's what it takes to be a good teacher. Professors don't retire, they just don't work so hard, and you can see from this story, how that should come naturally to Tavy.

Denis Kliene.

one 419, house 31, Yu Yuen Road, Shanghai, China. - circa 1934.



# Shanghai Recreation Club



Cricket Captain:—

P. MADAR.

Hon. Secretary-Cricket Section:—

A. A. KLIENE.

c/o LOWE, BINGHAM & MATTHEWS.

2, PEKING ROAD, SHANGHAI

TEL. NO. 15539

## CRICKET SECTION

TAVV'S

TEACHERS

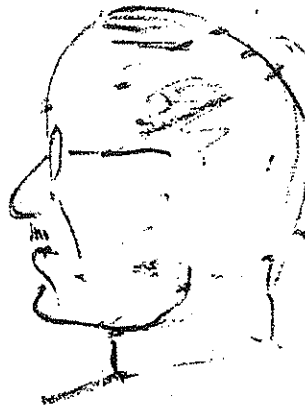
SPIVEY

Shanghai, .....

CROW



STANDRING



CORBETT



GODWIN



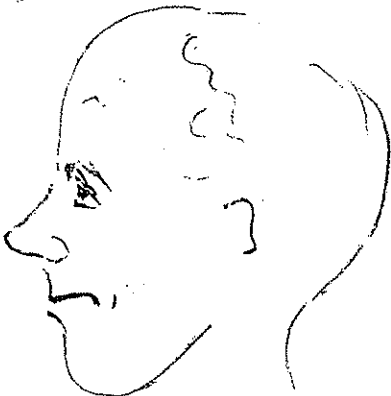
ROGERSON



SMITH



MACKORCKINDALE



ANSTICE



JONES

Daughter has her PhD from Berkeley, and is currently an Asst Prof of medical studies in the Eng Dept, Univ of BC Canada. Joy, graduated with an HR grad in Asst manager at Raley's in Chico. Susan has her BS in Comp Sci, is married and lives in orland, 10 miles from Chico. ~~They~~ <sup>she and her</sup> husband work for the family business "Dab Taylor Trucking". Home 2 grandsons (ages) 9, and 2. Joyce is well, looks as wonderful as when we ~~first~~ married Aug 22, 1956. Lots have gone by, I remember talking to you a few years ago. We plan to travel to Canada some time during 1991-92, and will call and drop by to see you. I still would like to win one chess game with you. EMail me if you want to, or call us at home (916) 840-6605. You and your wife would always be welcome to visit and stay with us. We have lots of bedrooms since the last moved out. All our love  
George / Joyce

EMAIL george@crechp.cuchico.edu.

Dear Tavie -

*Let me be the last to offer tailwags and bauaus about your retirement. I've been retired for years, and it's arfy.*

*When I've taken you on walks, I have tried to teach you my techniques for creative relaxation. Here are some more tips to help you enjoy your new status.*

*Eat well, at least one bowlful a day. It's good for your coat.*

*Menace the mailman at least once a week. He's getting away with entirely too much these days, and anyway, it's a real rush.*

*Watch out for fleas. That stand-on-your-head picture at your party worries me. You got a lot to learn, boy.*

*But hey, my bark-processing skills aren't the best these days, what with my arthritis and all. So let me offer to take you for more walks to show you the best places to, you know. No fire hydrants on Crest Place, what a bummer.*

*Have a good one, or several.*



Roscoe

6 June, 1991

Dear Octave,

Congratulations at having arrived at the point in your career when you are free from administrators. According to the scientific discovery described below, your productivity (rate of reaction) should now increase.

## Heaviest Element Discovered

Thomas G Kyle  
Los Alamos, New Mexico

The heaviest element known to science was recently discovered at one of the national laboratories. The element, tentatively named administratium (Ad), has no electrons or protons, thus having atomic number zero. It does, however, have one neutron, 75 associate neutrons, 125 deputy associate neutrons, and 111 assistant deputy associate neutrons. This gives it an atomic mass of 312. The 312 particles are held together in the nucleus by a force that involves the exchange of meson-like particles called memoóns.

Since it has no electrons, administratium is inert. Nevertheless, it can be detected chemically because it seems to impede every reaction in which it takes part. According to Dr. M. Langour, one of the discoverers of the element, a very small amount of administratium caused a reaction that normally occurs in less than a second to require over four days to go to completion.

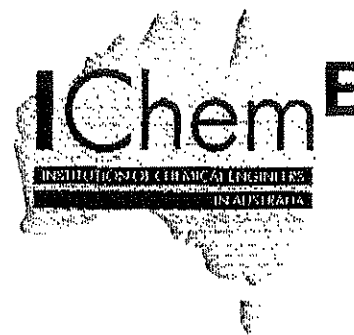
Administratium has a half-life of approximately three years, at which time it does not actually decay. Instead, it undergoes an internal reorganization in which associates to the neutron, deputy associates to the neutron and assistant deputy associates to the neutron all exchange places. A tendency has been observed for the atomic mass to actually increase during each reorganization.

Best wishes to you and Mary Jo for this new phase of your lives.



Tom Fitzgerald  
FAX (312) 812-1277

FAX 0015 1 503 737 3546



Tamr Levenspiel,

Congratulations to a great chemical  
engineer and teacher....

(not to mention a renowned Shaughailander)

As Winston Churchill said - on a  
totally different occasion:

"It is not the end, it is not even the  
beginning of the end - but it might  
be : the end of the beginning!"

Warmest wishes,

George Ossipoff.

Thursday 6th June 1991  
Sydney, Australia.

**TO OCTAVE LEVENSPIEL:**

**OCTAVE,**

**IT IS WITH THE GREATEST PLEASURE THAT WE ADD  
OUR BEST WISHES TO YOU ON THIS IMPORTANT  
MILESTONE OF YOUR RETIREMENT FROM OSU. WE  
WISH YOU A SMASHNG SEND-OFF TO A BUSY,  
INTERESTING, HEALTHY, AND PRODUCTIVE  
RETIREMENT! YOU ARE IN OUR THOUGHTS.**

**LOVE, PHYLLIS AND RALPH LUTWACK**

*Phyllis*

*Ralph*

### Congratulations Tavy

Our thoughts are with you at this most important time of your life. When I stop to think of the very busy life and profession you have had, it makes my head swim. Our congratulations and love are with you and Mary Jo as you start the most exciting days and years ahead. You two have so many interests in life with loads of friends and family all over the world to visit and bring sunshine to all our homes. Hope you get that motor home and start in soon. We will be at 3231 Davenport Avenue waiting to be at the top of the list of your stops as you start a new adventure and join the rest of the retired people doing and seeing all the things you never had time to do before. I know we are over 2,000 miles away, but our lives have been joined 8 times - thanks to Keith, Becky, Kyle and Cody. We hope to see you soon for our 9th visit to Oregon. Until then, do take care. Have a wonderful party Saturday and you know the Levien family is wishing you and Mary Jo only the very best for all the relaxing years ahead. You have worked long and hard, but this is the best part to living coming up. We know you will enjoy it. See you soon, with love and a hug.

Les and Flo

P.S. Our children and grandchildren wish you both all the very best, as they have watched us enjoy our retirement for over six years.

TO: T. LEVENSPERL

DEAR TAVY —

WHEN I WAS A STUDENT AT COLUMBIA,  
I HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF HAVING A  
PROFESSOR WHO INFUSED IN ME AN ENTHUSIASM  
FOR LEARNING, I HAD PREVIOUSLY LACKED. . . .  
BUT, MORE IMPORTANTLY, THE SCOPE OF  
HIS EXCITING INFLUENCE HAS PROVED TO  
BE BOTH ENLIGHTENING AND LASTING.

AFTER SEEING AND SPEAKING TO YOU  
THE LAST TIME WE HAD BOTH HAPPENED TO  
BE IN EVANSTON, I FEEL I CAN SAY  
WITH THE UTMOST CERTAINTY THAT YOUR  
STUDENTS FEEL AS STRONGLY AND AS  
FONDLY ABOUT YOU. . . .

ALL MY BEST — Jack Rubenstein



TO: Tavy Levenspiel  
FROM: Shirlee Rubenstein

June 7, 1991

Dear Tavy,

I have recently been telling people about the kind of exams you used to devise. They made me wish I was your student, to have the sheer pleasure of trying to answer those provocative, funny, challenging situations you conjured up.

I am sure your past students cherish you, your present students will miss you & future students will be deprived. On to the next phase.

Love,

Shirlee

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY  
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

College of Engineering  
Department of Chemical Engineering  
231 Sweeney Hall  
Ames, Iowa 50011-2230  
515 294-7642  
FAX 515 294-2689

June 6, 1991

Professor Octave Levenspiel  
Department of Chemical Engineering  
Oregon State University  
Corvallis, Oregon 97331

Dear Octave:

There's a rumor going around that you are retiring. Even if you decide not to scotch it, I've a question. Why do you call it retirement when all you're doing is changing your environment. Had I been a Levenspiel I would have more colorfully peppered my expression to convey something along the following lines: The statistical chances of your spending time in your gorgeous "thinking room" overlooking the Pacific would now be greater than in the formal instructional environment of the Chemical Engineering Department! An unhappy Samuel Johnson might have declared: I don't understand this. I had divided the world into two groups of people, those who retire and those who don't, and you topped the list of those who don't!

Anyway, Octave, it has been so wonderful knowing you, both as chemical engineer *par excellence* and as a warm and friendly human being. Your contributions will continue to inspire generations of students and researchers, and stories of your style, your commitment to simplicity--so uniquely Levenspielian, whether in everyday life or in the modelling of a complex chemical reactor--will continue to be passed on from mouth to mouth.

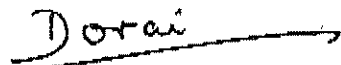
Remember your visit to Pune (it was *Poona* then) over two decades ago? My son does, for you hurt the lad's feeling by beating him at chess while simultaneously attending to about a dozen other things! This is only one instance of your many-sided personality of which Tom Fitzgerald and Bekki have written so eloquently.

One of your greatest contributions has been to emphasize, not in words but by example, that research is basically an intellectual exercise, to be pursued regardless of time or place. It is, as you would yourself say, not a batch or a semibatch operation, but a continuous one. And so, Octave, I know that your research will continue, and your many friends and admirers the world over will look forward to more Levenspielian (should I spell this with a double ell?) *Omnis* in the years to come...

On this formal occasion I would like to wish you and Mary Jo the very best in life. If you insist on calling this retirement, I can only say you that you retire with the satisfaction few can claim: of a job incredibly well done. Chemical engineering and chemical engineers are the richer by the Levenspielian experience.

Personal regards.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dorai". A horizontal line is drawn underneath the signature, extending to the right.

L. K. Doraiswamy  
Glenn Murphy Professor of Engineering

JAMES G. KNUDSEN, P.E.  
ENGINEERING CONSULTANT

June 6, 1991

OCTAVE LEVENSPIEL  
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING DEPT  
OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY  
CORVALLIS, OREGON 97330

FAX 001-503-737-3546 ①

OR  
503-737-3155 ②

OR  
503-737-3462 ③

TELEPHONE - 503-737-4791

Congratulations and best wishes  
for a happy and successful retirement.  
Sorry we can't be there.

JOYCE AND JIM

JUNE 6, 1991

TAVY -

I CANNOT IMAGINE YOU NOT TEACHING! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT!

ALTHOUGH I AM NOT CERTAIN THAT I EVER EVEN WAS A STUDENT IN ONE OF YOUR CLASSES, YOU WERE ALWAYS MY TEACHER. THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION THAT YOU BROADENED MY PERSPECTIVE AND INSPIRED IN ME THE DESIRE TO LOOK FOR FUNDAMENTAL EXPLANATIONS TO DEAL WITH PROBLEMS IN THE SCIENTIFIC AND ENGINEERING WORLDS.

ANN AND I TREASURE THOSE TOO FEW MOMENTS WE SPENT TOGETHER WITH YOU AND MARY JO DURING THE 1950s IN CORVALLIS; THEN IN LEWISBURG (DO YOU REMEMBER THE DEBATE IN YOUR OCTAGONAL HOME WITH SKINNER); IN CHICAGO; IN OUR HOME IN NEW PROVIDENCE, NEW JERSEY (DO YOU REMEMBER THE DEBATE WITH WERNER GLASS WITH YOUR FATHER PRESENT); IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOM AT ESSO OVERFLOWING WITH ENGINEERS WHO CAME TO HEAR MY FRIEND OCTAVE LEVENSPIEL; IN CHINESE RESTAURANTS AT AIChE MEETINGS IN WASHINGTON AND WHERE ELSE? AND THAT WONDERFUL STAY WITH YOU DURING MY HOMECOMING TO CORVALLIS AFTER 35 YEARS.

HOPEFULLY, AT LEAST ONE BLESSING WILL ARISE FROM YOUR RETIREMENT -- WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU SOON.

OUR BEST WISHES TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.

NORM AND ANN



Comprising:

TONSBERG PTY. LTD.  
WYONG MOTORS PTY. LTD.  
WYONG MOTORS (HOLDINGS) PTY. LTD.  
WYONG MOTORS (WHOLESALE) PTY. LTD.  
SOUTHLAKE MOTORS PTY. LTD.  
WYONG SECURITIES PTY. LTD.  
W.M. ENTERPRISES PTY. LTD.  
(Incorp. in N.S.W.)

Reg'd Office:  
122 RAILWAY STREET, WYONG, 2259  
PHONE: (043) 62 1044

Please address all mail to:  
P.O. BOX 111, WYONG  
N.S.W. AUSTRALIA 2259

FAX (043) 532116

DATE: 17. 6. 91 TIME: 9. 30 SENDER: MAX LEVENSPIEL  
TO: (FIRM'S NAME): O. S. U. - CHEM ENG FAX NO: 503-737-3546  
FOR THE ATTENTION OF: TAVY LEVENSPIEL  
PAGES TRANSMITTED: 1 Which includes this cover sheet.

Should any pages not be received satisfactorily, please contact the sender on:

PHONE - (043) 521044 OR FAX NO (043) 532116

MESSAGE: Hello Mary Jo + Tavy -

" MY DOG HAS FLEAS "

AND IF YOURS HAS THEM ALSO -

YOU WILL HAVE THE TIME TO DE-FLEA

HIM NOW THAT YOU'VE RETIRED!

Wishing you both a long, happy  
and healthy retirement together.

Love to you both.

Faye + Max.



FROM W.M. MOTOR GROUP MEMBER:



J. Edward Immergluck

Phone (801) 278-1250

4425 Jupiter Drive  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84124

June 3, 1991

Dear Bekki:

Jeanne and I were very pleased to get your invitation to your Dad's retirement bash in Corvallis. It sounds like it will be one of those not to be missed events, if one can see oneself to making the excursion. Jeanne and I were really trying to give it serious consideration, but it just wasn't in the cards.

We envy Tavy for having such thoughtfull and considerate children, to go to that length of effort. You are great!

We will be sending our wishes by Fax, as per your instructions. Sounds like there will be tons of them flooding in!

I thoroughly enjoyed spending a few days with Tavy last year, at the Old China Hands' reunion at Anaheim, in California. We had a great time reminiscing about our days in highschool and at college at Berkley. Next year, there is to be another such reunion at Vancouver, B.C. We're planning to drive up to the Northwest at that time and make some stops along the way, including Corvallis. We would hope to be able to see a video of THE EVENT at that time.

We wish you much success in your arrangements for the big EVENT!

Looking forward to seeing you all next year!  
Our best to your Mom & Dad!

Ed