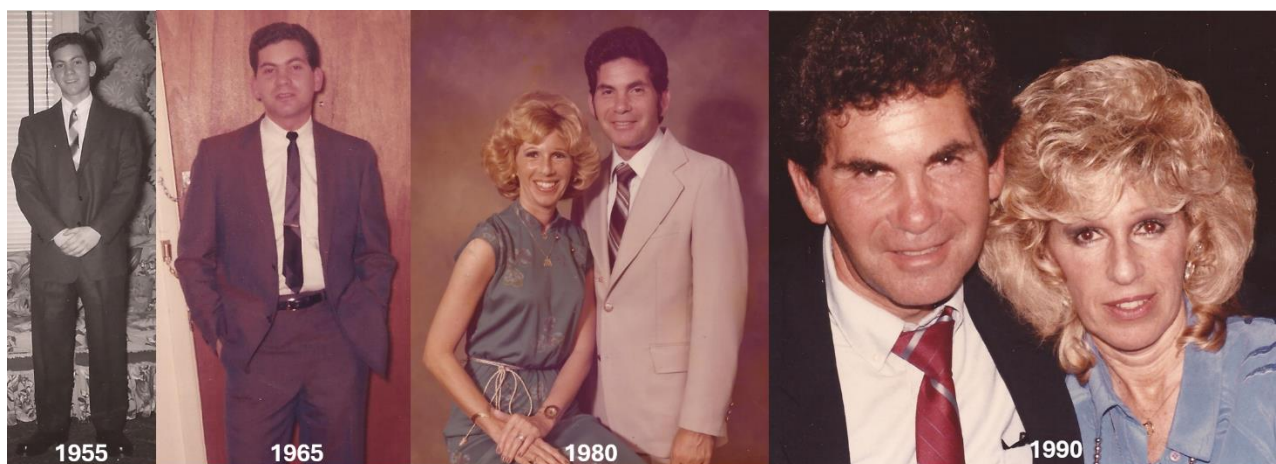
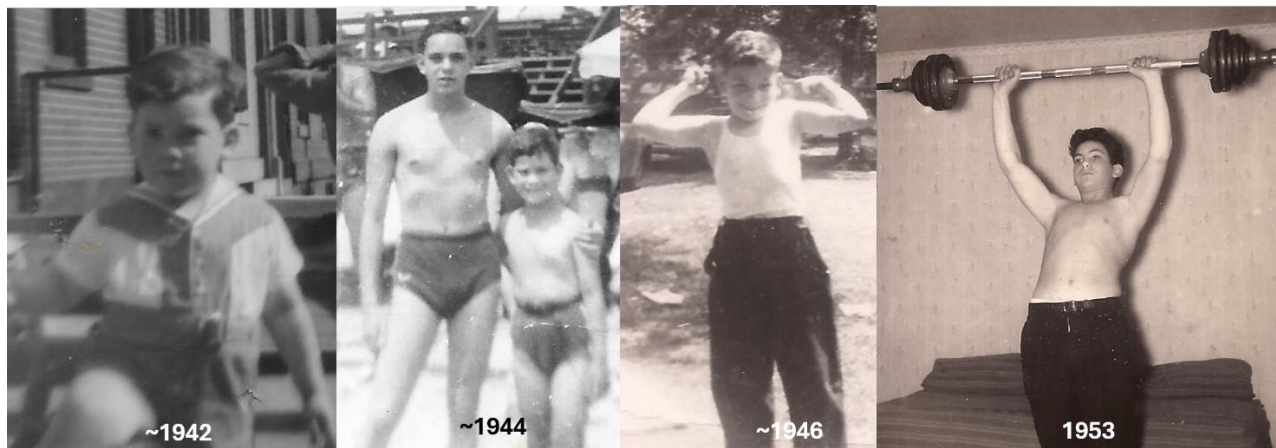


A Very Brief "Autobiography"
Harvey Norman Mayrovitz
September 01, 2026
1st Edition



A Very Brief Autobiography

I have called this document "A very brief biography". I was motivated to create it because there was a lot that I never knew about my father and grandfathers that I would have liked to have known. So, I wanted to try to fill in some possible unknowns about me and my journey so as to not repeat that type of gap for any and all who might want to know more.

It's not a real autobiography and much remains unwritten about, including details of the births of my sons and grandchildren and a host of other things. I figure they can fill in the blanks for their prodigy if they are so inclined. Maybe when this is read there will be questions for me that will help clarify this or that and the bits left out. I hope there are such questions and I can answer.

On the next page I have provided a table of contents (TOC) with links to various sections. But I think that it would be better if the bio were read from the beginning and the links used only later to revisit certain events. So, without further ado I invite you to begin.

HNM September 1, 2026

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Before the beginning [\(TOC\)](#)

On my mother's side, I am named for Hyman Harris, who married Anna Reif on November 18, 1910. At that time, both were living in Philadelphia at 412 Pine Street. Hyman was born in Russia, Poland, on July 22, 1887, so at the time of his marriage he was 23 years old. His stated occupation was as a Tinsmith. Anna was born in Austria-Poland on August 15th, 1887, and was 23 years old at the time of her marriage to Hyman. Her stated occupation was as a finisher. Anna, who had grey eyes and stood 5 feet 2 inches tall, became a naturalized citizen at the age of 54 on October 3, 1936, while living at 1537 N. Marshall Street. Hyman, who worked as a roofer, became a citizen at age 39, by which time my mother, Rose, was already 14 (born 2/7/1895) and my aunt, Elenore (Elka), was 5 years old. According to the record I was reading, Hyman was only 5 feet 3 inches tall and had black hair and brown eyes. Unfortunately, I do not have any pictures of either Hyman or Anna to share. The photo IDs on their naturalization papers were somehow removed.

On my dad's side, I know a little bit about his father, my paternal grandfather. Morris Mayrovitz was born in Romania, in a city whose name I cannot recall. He married a woman in Romania who was my blood grandmother, but I never knew her and don't know her name. He arrived in the US in 1905, and my dad was born on 11/7/1906. I say blood grandmother because Morris remarried after her untimely death. He married Mary, the grandmother I knew. Mary was also from Romania, but a different city - not sure which one. Morris and Mary went on to have two children, my Uncle Ramond (Ramy) and Aunt Esther. My Dad and Aunt Esther as a child are shown in Figure 1, Esther "grown up" in Figure 2, and Ramy in 3.

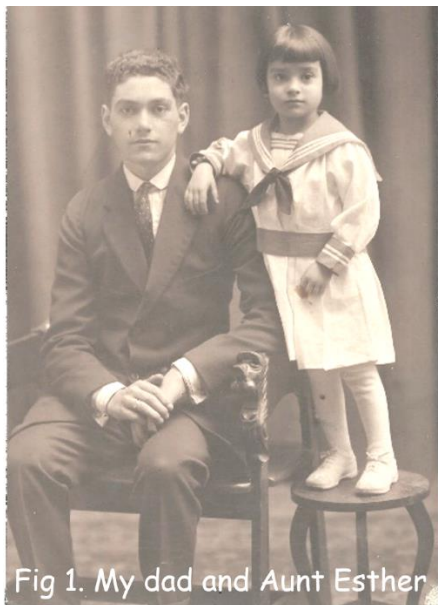


Fig 1. My dad and Aunt Esther



Fig 2.
Aunt Esther



Fig 3. Uncle Ramy

Morris and Mary resided in Chester, PA, where they had a small shop that sold ice cream and other small items. Together with my parents, visits to them were reasonably common and very enjoyable. I even spent some summer weeks there with my Uncle Ramy, who was a great swimmer and a physical education teacher. He married a teacher (Jan) and then moved to Maryland. His kids were the origins of the Maryland Mayrovitz group, none of whom I have ever met, although I have occasionally seen their names on the internet.

One of the few pictures I have of my GP is shown in Figure 4 together with my dad and my brother Ron. The pic was taken in Chester circa 1953. My grandmother Mary is pictured in Figure 5 together with Randy and Robbie.

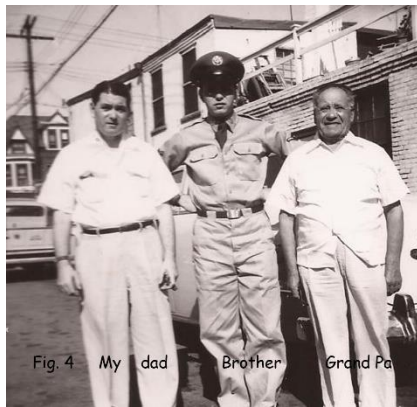


Fig. 4 My dad Brother Grand Pa



Fig. 5

As far as my mom and dad, I do not know much about when or where they met. I believe my dad was born in Buffalo, NY, and I know that my mom was born in Philadelphia. Well, somehow, they met and got married, and I have the wedding picture to prove it (Figure 6). Not sure of the year or the exact place. In 1932, my brother Ron was born. Figure 7 shows my dad lifting Ron in the air when he was close to one year old.



Fig 6. My Mom & Dad
on their wedding day

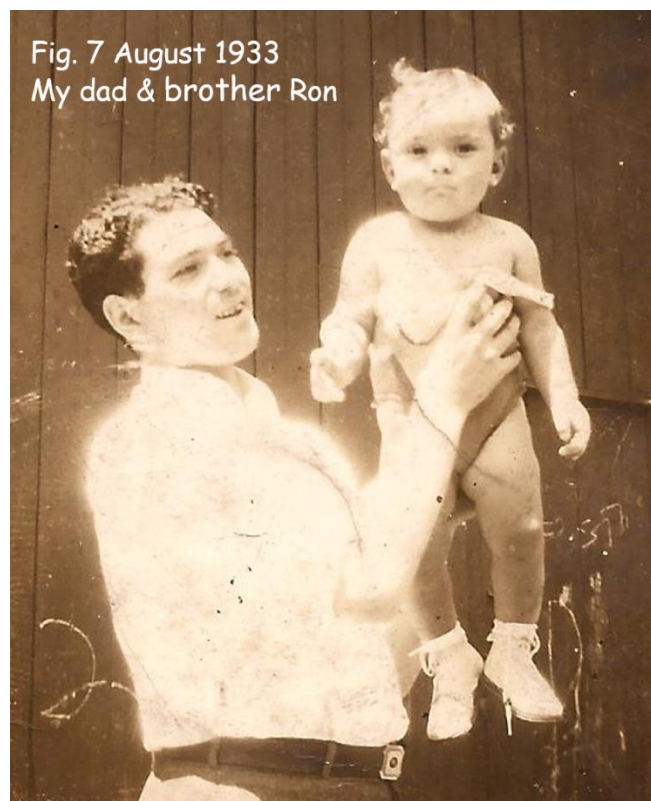


Fig. 7 August 1933
My dad & brother Ron

Seven years later, on December 31, 1939, I was born. As it turned out, my mom had had a miscarriage along the way, and who knows - if she had not - would I have come along? My baby picture portrait is shown in Figure 8, and my mom's portrait in Figure 9.



I am not sure when the picture of my mom was taken, but there are a few I can pinpoint in terms of time. In Figure 9, I was 15, so this was taken in 1955. In Figure 10, it was about 6 years later (December 17, 1961) at our wedding at the Wynne in Philadelphia.



A few years later, my brother Ron and Margie got married (Figure 11), so this would likely be about 1964. Finally, the pic in Figure 12 would have been taken around 1966 since both Robbie and Randy are imaged. This was taken at our home (343 Avon Street).

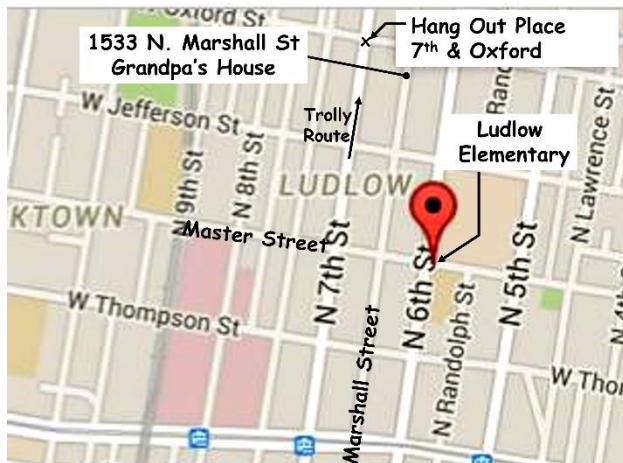


In the Beginning (TOC)

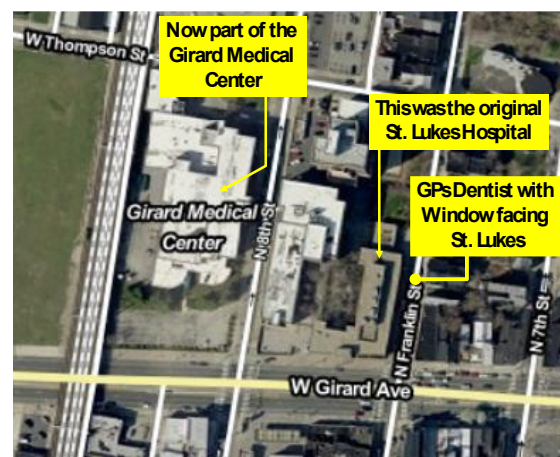
So, the earliest memory I have is of me in kindergarten, in a big room, where we were all given the chance to take an afternoon nap. This room was sort of a room that, when not used for napping, was used for gym-like activities. But during the nap time, which I think lasted 20-30 minutes, the room was fitted with a large number of flat mats - one for each student. Once all students were lying down, the room lights were either lowered or turned off - I don't remember which. As I think of it now, I can actually vividly picture the hall leading to the nap room and the nap room itself. After the nap, I also remember that we were given some juice and a graham cracker. This was kind of a highlight of the nap experience, as I remember it.



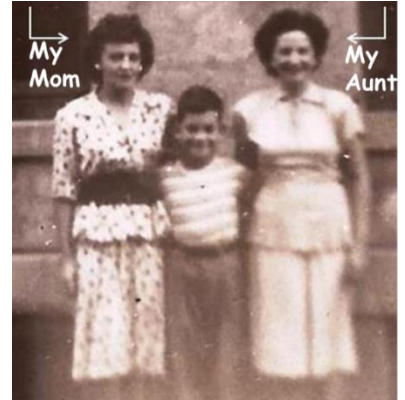
So, where was this nap experience happening? In my elementary school, James R. Ludlow Elementary. I never knew who James R. Ludlow was, but the school was located at the intersection of Sixth and Masters Streets in Philadelphia, about 1 mile from where I lived at the time (1533 N. Marshall Street). I remember always walking to school - down Marshall Street and then down Master Street to the school, although sometimes I would stop on the way to pick up one of my childhood boyfriends - Jerry Brown, who lived on Jefferson Street.



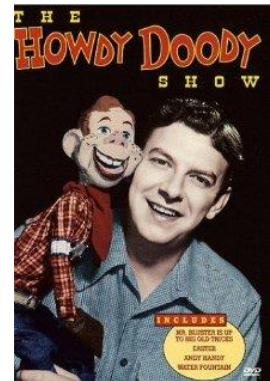
So, if this is my earliest memory of school, what about the time before this memory - where and when did it all begin? I was born on December 31, 1939, at 7:15 P.M. in St. Luke's Hospital, now part of the Girard Medical Center. An interesting thing about St. Luke's location is that my childhood dentist had an office directly across the street from the hospital. I have vivid memories of sitting in the dentist's chair and looking out through a large window directly across the street from where I was born. I can't remember my thoughts - just the window and staring at the hospital entrance as the dentist worked on me.



The photo shows me, my mom, and my aunt in front of my house at 1533 N. Marshal Street when I was about 5 years old. So, what were my elementary school days, as you ask? Well, pretty good - I liked school and did a lot of reading. I earned good grades and helped with some of the teachers' activities. One in particular I remember pretty clearly: I would be the guy who got out of class a bit early, so I could walk to a local luncheonette and pick up lunch for several of the teachers. As I remember, the luncheonette was about three blocks from the school, and the favorite lunch for the teachers was at that time called a "Texas Tommie" - essentially a hot dog with cheese! So, I would get the orders from a handful of teachers and head out about 15 minutes before Noon. I was able to do this because they thought that, for me, missing 15 minutes of class was no big deal - and it wasn't. I felt good about this responsibility. At other times, I was called on to go downtown to the then-central office of the board of education to deliver or pick up stuff - but for the life of me, I can't remember what. These activities were done when I was in 5th and 6th grade.



I also have memories of earlier grades - particularly third grade. One of my teachers had a daughter; I can't remember the teacher's name or the daughter's name - I am terrible with names! I think it might have been Irene. But I do remember the daughter as being my first "girlfriend" - yes, even in the 3rd grade! So, for the sake of brevity, let's call her Irene. I think the year was around 1947, since television had just become commercially available. This is very relevant since what I remember most was going over to her house after school and watching television for the very first time. This was no simple task since she lived somewhere in West Philadelphia, and I had to take a trolley car to get there. I remember sitting on a sofa with Irene, watching the very popular show of the day, Howdy Doody. I know I also had dinner with her and her mother (my teacher), but I can't remember if I stayed over or how I got back home. I think I stayed over and then drove back to school with Irene and her mother the next morning.



I think that my "real" first "girlfriend" emerged in either the 4th or 5th grade. I remember her name - Jacqueline -, but I am having trouble visualizing her face or much else about her, except that her parents were French. The "girlfriend" I remember more clearly is Linda. Linda lived on Sixth Street, which was very close to my school, and I remember there was a bit of competition for her affections between me and some of my boyfriends - but ultimately, I won. I can recall visiting her at her parents' on the third floor of a row home along 6th Street, which had a trolley car route that, when it passed, made a characteristic noise. It's hard to remember many details about places Linda and I went, but one I do remember was a school show where Linda sang a song titled - of all things - Cielito Lindo (lovely, sweet one).

Life on Marshall Street [\(TOC\)](#)

I have been trying to piece together the memories I had of living on Marshall Street in those earlier years. There is no way I can put these in order, so let me focus on a few that are vivid. These memories can be named as follows: The shoeshine box, The scooter, The great fire, and the arrival of Ginger.

The shoeshine box. I wanted a pair of skates but lacked the funds, so I decided to go into the shoe-shining business to earn some cash. The first step was to build a shoeshine box with a place to store my supplies: shoe wash, shoe polish, brushes, and more. It also needed a place on top for the client to rest their foot while I polished it. I built it out of wood and went on to become the neighborhood shoe-shine kid. Much of my business came from the many men who sat outside on weekends. Cost per shine was 10 cents! But after a while, I accumulated enough money to buy my skates, which I think cost about \$3.

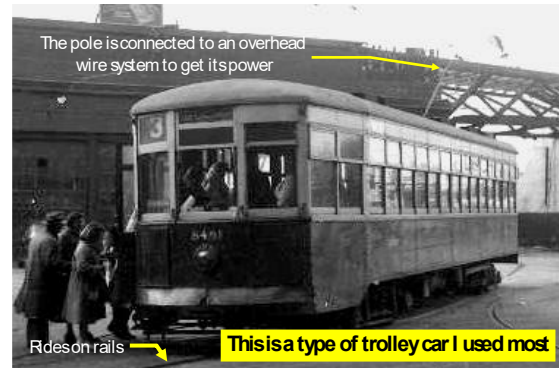
The scooter. In those days, we had no TV and spent much of our time outside playing and now skating up and down the street. At the time, I did not have a bike, so I set out to build a scooter using a pair of roller skates, a wooden fruit box, and a long piece of wood to which the skates were attached. It worked, and I proudly rode up and down Marshall Street on my self-built scooter. Of course, my roller-skating days were over.

The great fire. Our house was directly across from a nonprofit organization that processed donated magazines, comic books, and furniture, which would later be made available to those in need. The magazines were often kept outside in large, movable bins for part of the day. These bins were the target for all the kids in the neighborhood, and me as we scoured through them looking for comic books. We were often chased away, but we always returned and were usually successful in our quest. On an extremely cold night, with temperatures below freezing, the facility was engulfed in flames. I remember looking out the window at the roaring fire, my teeth shattering. The water pouring onto the blaze froze as it struck, forming giant ice crystals. I remember the firemen who came into our house to use our phone and wanted to pay for the call. The facility never reopened.

The arrival of Ginger. You may know that my first dog's name was Ginger. I had no idea that she was coming. I was outside my house on Marshall Street one day around 5 pm when I saw my father in the distance walking toward the house with his arms folded across his chest, as if he were carrying a package. It wasn't until he approached that I saw the package was a little brown puppy. It turns out he had a friend whose dog had recently given birth, and Ginger was the runt of the litter. I can still vividly picture my dad walking toward me! Although I don't have many pictures of Ginger as a pup, the adjacent one shows her with my dad sometime after she had already given birth to one of the many litters she would have.

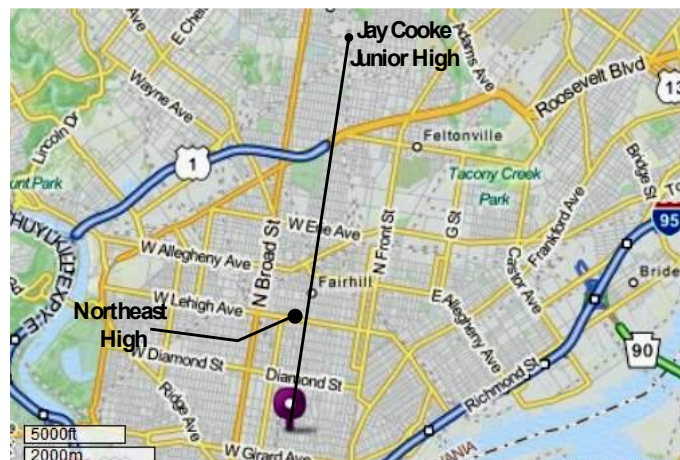


I guess I have mentioned trolley cars a couple of times already, and maybe some folks reading this don't know what a trolley car is (was). So, a slight divergence may be in order since trolley cars were the main form of transportation in my early days. Here is the type I rode most often. It was electrically powered, with a pole connected to a power line, and it ran on tracks. The operator would increase or decrease the current driving the wheels in contact with the track to speed up or slow down the trolley. Later, a differently shaped, more streamlined trolley was introduced. I rode the trolleys to my junior high school (Jay Cooke) and to my high school (Northeast High), but let me hold off on these details until later. Trolleys could run on one-way streets or two-abreast on two-way streets.



Junior High [\(TOC\)](#)

After graduating from elementary school (grade 6), I went to a junior high school, as it was called then. The school was Jay Cooke Junior High, located in the Logan section of Philadelphia. I attended Cooke from grade 7 through grade 9. It is now considered a historic site. I guess I entered junior high around 1952, when I was 12. Yes, to get there, I had a nice, long trolley ride starting at the corner of 7th and Oxford (shown as the hangout site on the map on page 1). Students who were going to Cooke and



Jay Cooke Junior High School
Attended 7th through 9th grades



older students who were going to what would later be my high school all assembled on the corner in the early morning and patiently awaited the #3 Trolley. When it came, we

all piled on and sprinted for a good seat. When we arrived at 7th and Lehigh, the high school students got off, and we continued for quite a while. The overall ride was about 45-50 minutes. Generally, the ride home from Cooke was much more engaging than the ride to school. The main reason, I guess, was that in the morning, I was either tired or studying, and most students just took it easy. But on the way home, most of us were hyped



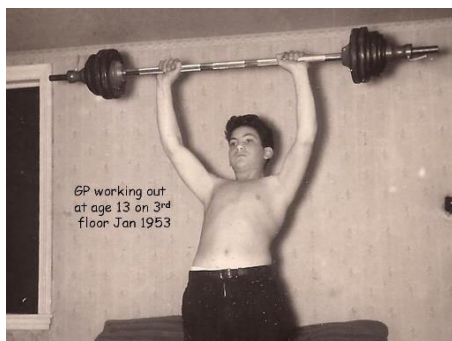
GP Jr High Graduation 1954

up, and to top it off, the trolley route passed by a stop where a whole bunch of junior high and high school girls got on the trolley. This happened when we stopped to load students from the all-girls' school called Little Flower. The ride home was usually very interesting. My memories of junior high school are not good. I do remember an ongoing interaction with one of the students. There was a guy whose name I've forgotten, a real bully. He was big and tall, but the key to his success was his artificial leg. I don't know the story of this leg, but because of it, fellow students and I were reluctant to call him out. I personally tried to avoid him, but that was pretty impossible. I can actually picture him hopping up the stairwell and latching onto my shoulder, almost knocking me over. Well, to make a long story short, one day he did a similar thing while my back was turned, and almost reflexively I turned and knocked him to the ground - he never bothered me again! 5

During my junior high years (ages 12-15), many other events occurred, and I am not sure I can place them in proper chronological order. So maybe I should consider some of the major events in this time frame. One of the biggest was my bar mitzvah. I studied for this with Rabbi Farber. He was an elderly man with a medium-length beard, mild teaching skills, and a kind heart. I went to his house a few times a week after I got home from school, but I can't remember exactly when this started. In any case, after studying, the magic day arrived. The actual service was on a Saturday at the Synagogue on 7th Street, very near where I took the trolley to school. I can't remember the exact date, nor can I remember the actual name of the Synagogue - maybe later. I know I have a photo of me at



Great Grand Pa (ggp) and Great Grand Ma (ggm) circa 1953



GP working out
at age 13 on 3rd
floor Jan 1953

the gathering after the service at the Synagogue, but I can't find it. The gathering took place at home (Marshall Street), and GGM and great grandpa (GGP) were there with a few friends and other relatives. There was a table with a spread of cold cuts, a cake, coffee, and other simple touches, but

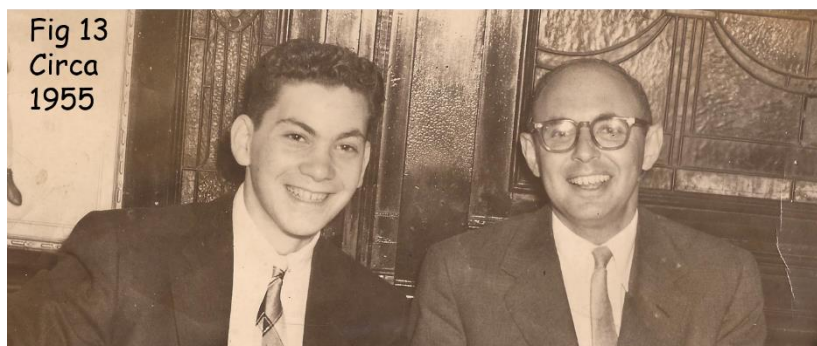
nothing elaborate. I was pleased with the way things went - I wish I could find the few pictures that depict a few of the aspects. The closest I can come to a picture of what I looked like is from when I was 12, lifting a weight, and later at the beach in Atlantic City with my brother Ron and GGM, shown on the right. It was taken in the summer of 1954, so I was about 13. My brother was 7 years older, so he was already 21. My Bar Mitzvah was when I was 13 years old, but I can't remember the month - it could have been in January of 1954.



Uncle Ron - GGM - Grandpa circa 1954

AZA and Bill Merz (TOC)

Sometime during my junior high school years, probably starting in 7th grade, I became a member of the AZA, Aleph Zadik Aleph (אצא). This was a teenage Jewish male organization associated with the Bnai Brith organization. My joining was in large part promoted by parents who felt that my present social trajectory could use a course correction. Somehow, probably due to the actions of my mother, she linked up with a person who ran the local Philadelphia chapter - Bill Merz. Bill had a very positive impact on my course direction (in a good way) and was a great, long-lasting friend who, in fact, was the godfather of my oldest son, Robert, your dad or grandad! Bill and I are shown in Fig 13.



My stint with AZA was mostly athletic, where I played football and basketball and got to meet a lot of nice guys. In fact, it was in AZA that I met Malcom Traubman, who, as it turned out, was my dear wife's first cousin on her father's side. I also attended some of the meetings and participated in other activities. It was a really good experience.

Beyond the AZA experience, Bill, who ran an insurance brokerage, offered me an after-school job, which I gladly accepted. His business was located downtown at about 22nd and Chestnut Street. So, after school, I would take the subway down to Broad and Market Streets and walk the rest of the way. I think I may have also come in on some Saturdays. I kept in contact with Bill for many years. He often came over to our house on Avon Street for dinner. What I can't remember is when this relationship ended.

My jobs along the way (TOC)

I already described my first "job" - the shoeshine boy. That was the one where I built a shoeshine box and charged 10 cents a shine to the men who sat around my street on weekends. The proceeds of this adventure went towards the purchase of my first pair of roller skates. I guess you could say I was self-employed! In my younger days, I had some real jobs, but I am having difficulty placing them in chronological order.

I think my first one was working as a delivery/stock boy for my uncle Jack Smogar who was married to my Aunt Elka. He had been a chef in the army during World War II, then owned a grocery store that, if I remember correctly, was at 5th and Diamond Street, about two miles from where I lived on Marshall Street. At first, I would only work on Saturdays, since that was when most big orders came in. At the time, my job was a

delivery boy. People would either place orders by phone or come in person. For those who called in, I would fill most of the items in boxes, and when the orders were complete, I would carry the boxes - usually only one - on my shoulder and walk to their house to deliver the order. A big tip at the time was 25 cents. Later, my role was expanded, and I worked a few days after school and even some nights. I learned to cut and grind meat for hamburgers, display produce, and wait directly on customers. So, for this part of my job, I received a small salary.

One thing that stands out about this job is my walk to the store from home. As I mentioned, it was about two miles, and to help pass the time, I would avoid stepping on payment cracks. I also remember that on the way, I passed a donut-making company with a big window where I could look in and see the donuts rolling off the production line. I also remember passing the Stetson Hat Company plant. That's where the famous hats were made, and there was a rule that all male employees had to wear them. As they walked to work, they would carry their hats in their hands and not put them on until they got close to the plants. Some workers waved to me as I walked by. I can't remember how old I was at the time, but I guess it was between 11 and 14.

I also worked at another store with a different relative whose name I can't remember but was a cousin of my mom. He had a mostly fruit store near 20th and Columbia Avenue, about two miles west of where I lived, and yes, I had to walk to and from work. The store had both indoor and outdoor displays of fruits and vegetables. As I remember, the neighborhood was a bit "tough," and my main job was to stand outside and watch for and potentially prevent theft and also help serve people with the outside purchases. This was a demanding job, as I usually had to stand outside for 8 hours straight. I don't think this job lasted long. Again, I can't recall my age, but I was not more than 16.

My next job remembrance was at Lit Brothers, the department store. It was located in the center of the city at 8th and Market Streets. I didn't mention it before, but at this time, my dad was working in the shoe department of Lit Brothers, and he got me a job as a stock boy. I have a pretty good idea of my age at this point, since Mommie tells me we knew each other then, and she even came to visit me there on occasion. I think I was also driving at this time since I would drive home with my dad on the days I worked. So, I must have been early 16. I worked after school and also on Saturday. My job was purely stock work in the ladies' dress department and elsewhere when needed. I used to work with another stock boy who was from South Philly. He was a classic Italian guy, and we worked well together. On Saturday, we would have lunch at a nearby pool hall, since he was well into the game. We would eat our lunch (hoagies and Pepsis) while shooting some pool, and we would always be late returning to work. Ah - the simpler times. There was also a cafeteria-style restaurant in the store where I sometimes took a break. I think Mommie even ate at this restaurant when she visited. At this time, my mother was also working downtown at a department store (Wanamaker's) in the jewelry department. So, when I left work with my dad, we would go to Broad and Market Street to pick her up.

Other jobs I had while in high school included working at a bakery, where my main job was cleaning the ovens, and working in a haberdashery that sold shirts, pants, and the like. The bakery job was grueling and didn't last long - lots of work for little pay. The haberdashery job included delivering items and stocking, which I did during the summer. I will write about my high school and college experiences later, but one summer job I had was as a Fuller Brush salesman. This was an exciting job. I had a territory in the Frankford section of Philly. I had a small case that contained various products, and I would physically knock on doors - one after the other - and try to sell them. I had great success for one reason. It was a very hot summer, and most of the clients who came to the door were women in sandals or barefoot. The key was that one of the products was a cooling spray. So, my ploy was to spray their feet with this product quickly (without permission). They loved it, and almost all bought one or more cans, opening the door to other purchases. Since I worked strictly on commission, I earned a lot that summer to help cover the coming tuition.

Another way I increased my sales was through my connection with the waitresses at a diner where I often had lunch. They would act as sub-salespersons, and in return, I would give them free products. I found the people in this Frankford neighborhood very down-to-earth and friendly. That summer was one to be remembered!

High School Days [\(TOC\)](#)

The next major milestone that comes to mind is starting high school. My high school was called Northeast High. It was the same high school my brother (Uncle Ron) went to, an all-boys school located at 8th and Lehigh Avenue. Its location is marked on the map on page 3. It was about a 20-minute ride on the #3 trolley. I guess I started 10th grade at NE High in 1954, since I graduated in June 1957. I know these dates because I matriculated at Drexel College in the fall of 1957 and graduated with my bachelor's degree in electrical engineering in 1962. More thoughts on these years later.

When I entered high school, I was placed in a special group of students known as the



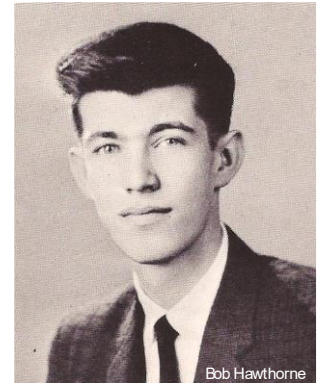
Honors group. While other students had varied classes with different classmates, the Honors group stayed together in all their classes and for all three years of high school (grades 10-12). As I recall, there were only about 15 of us in the Honors class, and I can remember only a few names. I wish I could locate my high school yearbook - this would help me recall. But anyhow - I can picture a few of my closest friends as



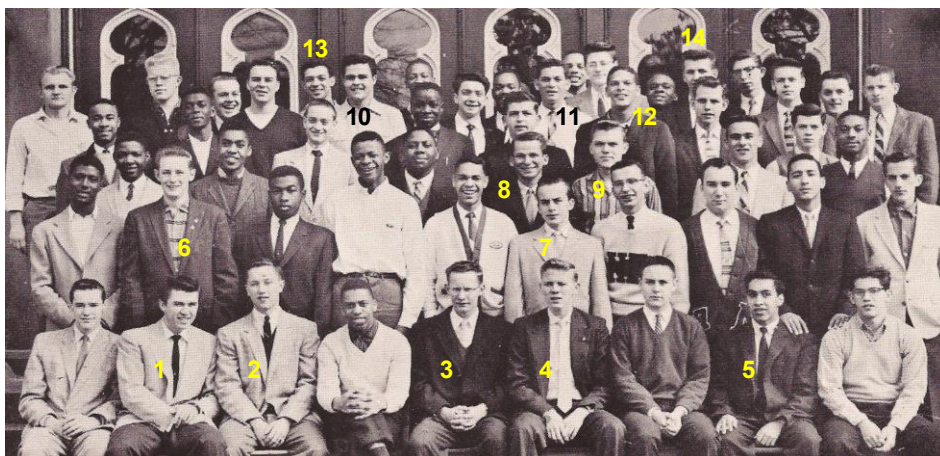
images and with names less easily. Bob Feenan was one of my closest friends.

As it turned out, he played on the same football team as I did, only he played the equivalent of a free safety today. Bob was a little taller than I was, with blond hair.

Another close friend was Bob Hawthorne. Bob was a quiet, easygoing guy and a cross-country runner who always sported a crew cut for as long as I knew him. The two Bobs and I would most often eat lunch together, sometimes joined by others. Now lunch was an interesting adventure. I cannot remember there being a cafeteria - although there probably was one. So, lunch was either brought or purchased. A famous hangout lunch place where the favorite was steak sandwiches was right across the street from school. I sometimes partook, but it was a madhouse trying to order. I have good memories of my high school experiences and friends, but I am short on specifics.



I can remember sitting in class, and I can almost vividly picture my classmates' positions. There was only one African American in the class - a fellow (Melvin Roby). He sat in the row in front of me, and we were pretty good pals. He went on to play on the high school basketball team (He is #12 in the picture below). All of my classmates went on to college; several of them enrolled at Drexel with me, though not necessarily in the same program. Bob Feenan went on to become a civil engineer, and once we entered college, we drifted apart. A few of the students did go into electrical engineering, and I did see them a bit in college. Still, all in all, these folks were my "academic-buddies," and we didn't do very much socially outside of high school activities - basketball and football games, track meets, and the like. The numbered photos on the next page were all friends of a sort, most of whom were in my honors class. All of my classmates went on to college, several of them enrolled at Drexel with me, though not necessarily in the same program. Bob Feenan went on to become a civil engineer, and once we entered college, we drifted apart. A few of the students did go into electrical engineering, and I did see them a bit in college. Still, all in all, these folks were my "academic-buddies," and we didn't do very much socially outside of high school activities - basketball and football games, track meets, and the like. As noted, the numbered photos below were all friends of a sort, most of whom were in my honors class. Looking back, I wish I had been more socially involved with some of these folks.



1. Val Shiller 2. Harry Shaw 3. Tom Beattie 4. John Erickson 5. Mike Gonzales
6. Lou Paul 7. Jim Johanson 8. Bruce Doorly 9. Anatol Witoshkin 10. Rick McDowell
11. Grandpa 12. Melvin Roby 13. Lou Lepre 14. Bob Feenan

Friends along the way [\(TOC\)](#)

Besides my high school times, I had a couple of quite different groups of friends. One group was mainly kids from my neighborhood, and the other was a more social group of male friends.

Chronologically, my first group of guy friends were those in elementary school. Going back to my elementary school days, there were two "best friends". One - who was really my best friend - was Jerry Brown. I sometimes stopped by his house on my way to elementary school (Ludlow) and we walked together. Jerry and I often traveled and went to parties together while in elementary school. Strangely, I have no recollection of him beyond elementary school. The other guy was a Filipino, but for the life of me, I can't recall his name. He was about my height, thin, and wore thick, round glasses. We often traveled as a trio, with Jerry often in friendly competition with me for the affections of the fair sex in our school. Sometime between junior high and high school, I made other friends who were my schoolmates, some of whom I have already mentioned.

Then there was my "neighborhood group" of friends. This consisted of kids who lived near my neighborhood on Marshal Street. Let me name the characters as I remember them. Two brothers lived on 6th Street, which was around the corner from me. John and Joe Rosen, as I recall, with Joe the older, and both of them close to my age. Next door to these guys lived another guy who was a bit quirky, but he was included in the group nonetheless. I think his name was Ralph. This group of 3, plus others in the neighborhood, did many things together, mostly sports related. We would play stickball a lot. We, together with whoever we could round up, would try to organize pickup hardball games. Sometimes these games were on a pretty much dirt lot, and sometimes we actually journeyed to Fairmount Park, where there were several open baseball fields. We lived on about 7th Street, and the park was about 47th Street, so it was a 4-mile trek to get there. At this time, none of us was old enough to drive. Sometimes we played cards, usually for small amounts, and nothing was really too bad. There would also be the hangout time. This is the time that was spent in and around the luncheonette at 7th and Oxford. The big things there were in regular order: playing pinball, sitting in the booths, talking, and playing cards on the steps. The only picture I have of friends around this time is shown in Figure 15. I was about 12, and the picture was taken during a vacation in Atlantic City - my parents' favorite place for any vacation. I think the friend's name is Mitchel, but I'm not sure.



Also hanging out around this luncheonette were two other guys, one named Ralph (not the same Ralph) and the other, Charles. Charles was an okay guy, tall and thin, and pretty much a follower, with Ralph as the leader. Ralph was, in retrospect, a troublemaker. Always scheming, up to no good, and wanting my core group to participate. Because I was hanging out occasionally, I could not really avoid contact with Ralph, since he was often at the luncheonette with Charles and their girlfriends, whose names I have entirely forgotten. For the most part, I avoided any substantial interactions with Ralph, but I sometimes played cards with him and some of the other boys. I really liked nothing about Ralph. These interactions pretty much ended when I was in junior high school, when my interests shifted, and I developed different guy friends.

Sometime during this general time frame (junior high), I became good friends with another bunch of guys. Harry Maseloff, Henry Eichenbaum, Marv Cohen, and Henry Blackman. Mommie and I have been trying to figure out how I met these guys, but I just can't

remember. The only one I still communicate with (as of 8/8/2026) is Harry. He was with me when I was driving on Castor Avenue and first met my future wife. I even spoke with Harry recently and asked him if he remembered how we first met - he did not remember either. He now lives in Scottsdale, AZ, with his wife Mimi.

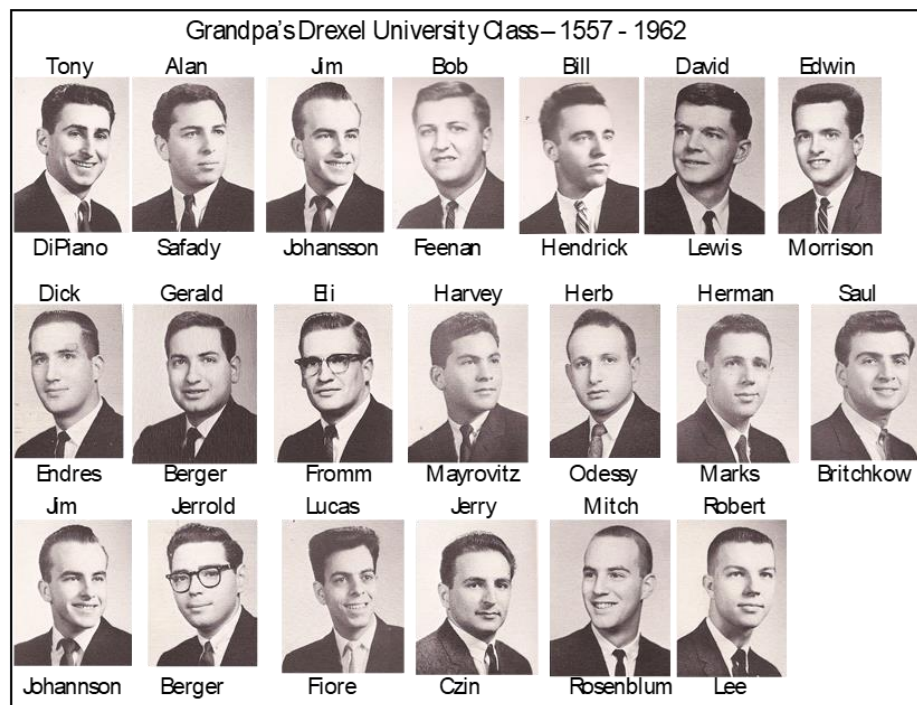


Above is a picture of them together with Mommie, when they visited us in Philadelphia in 1977. When I spoke with Harry recently, he told me that Marv Cohen was now living in Miami and Henry was living somewhere else in Florida. Henry passed away recently.

My college days [\(TOC\)](#)

This started in the fall of 1957 when I entered Drexel College, actually Drexel Institute of Technology or DIT, the MIT of Philadelphia, to major in Electrical Engineering. As I said earlier, some of my high school classmates also went to Drexel, most of them majoring in engineering. Because most of the engineering prerequisites were similar in the first two years, students often ended up in the same groups across many of their classes. Beyond two years, those majoring in the same type of engineering were the ones who stayed together the most. The photo on the next page is a composite I compiled from my 1962 yearbook, featuring many of my classmates and friends, most of whom traveled with me through my college years. A few of these guys were my study buddies, a few I saw socially, and a few only in the college setting. Bob Feenan was one of my buddies at Northeast High School and was also on the football team.

My study buddies were mainly Alan Safady, Mitch Rosenblum, and Tony DiPiano. However, I do remember Mommy and me going out socially with Tony and his wife a few times. After graduating, he did underwater work on buoys for the government. After my graduation, I saw Alan Safady a few times since he took a position with a company that sold electronic devices, and I was working as an engineer in industry. Socially, the only one we saw more frequently was Saul Britchkow and his wife. We socialized for a while, and then somehow it stopped. Not sure why. Looking at the picture now brings on all kinds of flashbacks - too many to write about - but all good. The picture should be labeled as 1957, not 1557!



Eli Fromm went on to become a bigwig in engineering at Drexel and was recognized by the IEEE for his contributions. I don't know about any of the others, except Toni and Alan, after our graduation in 1962. Not to be maudlin, I had decided to look up all the guys in the picture to see if I could discern anything as of today (11/30/2025). Will return with an update. I probably should not have checked. The first thing I found was that Tony died in 2011 at age 72. The second thing was that Alan Safady died in 2012 at the same age. Worse yet, Bob Feenan died in 1999 at 58. I am stopping looking now - getting depressed and moving on to events after my graduation from Drexel.

This is a pic of me sometime during my college days, fixing an old Zenith television. At this time, I was living in the Feltonville section at 4916 Rorer Street. You can see great grandma in the background, sitting in her favorite chair, watching TV.



The Love of My Life [\(TOC\)](#)

Everyone probably knows how Mommie and I met way back when I was 16, and she was 15, on Castor Avenue in Philadelphia. Figure 14 is a pic of us during our dating time circa 1957.



Fig 14
Circa
1957
Dating

We did get engaged sometime later as evidenced by the announcement in a Philadelphia paper. Well, on December 17th, 1961, we finally tied the knot. A wedding at the Wynn in the Philly suburbs. It went off even though the Rabbi scheduled to perform the service forgot about it, and we

had to call at the last minute while waiting for him to arrive. Lucky for us, his son, who was also a Rabbi, was home and came to officiate.



I was still an undergraduate at Drexel and would not graduate until the following June. Mommie was supporting us while working at the naval installation near her parents' house at 6307 Langdon Street.

However, her boss would not approve of her time off for our honeymoon, probably because the Naval facility's cafeteria would be very busy during Christmas, and she was needed. So, we waited.

We finally went and arrived at Miami Beach after a 24-hour train ride. We stayed at the



Carolyn Hotel on Collins Avenue, which no longer exists. The pic above shows us in our hotel room. I took Mommie's pic, and she took mine. Of course, we were using a regular film camera, so these images are scans of the original photos. The fact that our honeymoon, all those years ago, was down in South Florida was a harbinger of things to come. I think we stayed in Florida for about a week, then took the Orange Blossom Special back to cold, snowy Philly. At this point, we had our own apartment on Dungan Road (7905) on the 2nd floor with an apartment below us. I think our car at this time was either the red Reneau or the black Dodge Dart. Whatever it was, I would drive Mommie to work, then continue to my classes at Drexel, at 32nd and Chestnut Streets. This continued until my graduation with a BS in electrical engineering in June 1962.

After graduating from Drexel in 1962

My first job after graduation was with the Radio Corporation of America (RCA). They had several locations near Philadelphia, but the one I first got was in Camden, NJ, just across the Delaware River. I don't have many memories of what that job was like, but I do have a few interesting ones. One is that I worked on developing a device that could pick up signals from Russian submarines being transmitted in Russian and translate them into English, using, at the time, a telegraph machine. Another thing I remember is that they were working on a modem that at the time was as high as the ceiling - now, of course, tiny. The last thing I remember is one of the Union guys telling me I was working too hard and needed to slow down, or I'd make it difficult for the rest. He was a huge guy, so I slowed down and stopped working through lunch. Somewhere along the way, while still at RCA in Camden, there was a major layoff, and I was asked to join the planning department, where I was not doing engineering but developing strategies using the Program Evaluation and Review Technique (PERT). This required deep, uninterrupted thinking to navigate complex planning procedures. I did not particularly like it, so I applied for a transfer and got one to the Princeton, NJ, facility. There, I worked on the Nimbus satellite, but I really can't remember what I actually did. I also can't remember how long I stayed with RCA, because the next thing that comes to mind is my jump to Philco. But before writing about those memories, let me diverge.

Master's work at Drexel [\(TOC\)](#)

Sometime after graduation, I applied to the master's program at Drexel and was admitted. Because I had a full-time job at RCA, I took all my courses at night. This was tough: I had to leave my day job, head straight to the university (it ran from 7 to 10 pm), then get home at about 11 pm, when we were living at 7905 Dungan Road in Northeast Philly. I wish that I had some photos to show of that, our first apartment after we were married. But I diverge. After night class. I needed to be at work the next day at 8 am. Luckily, I was only going one or two nights a week. But because of the slow pace, I didn't earn my master's degree until 1966.

Sometime after I obtained my master's degree, I recall taking on an evening job teaching at Drexel's Department of Electrical Engineering. The class ran from 7 to 10 pm, and I taught various courses ranging from elementary electrical circuits up to electromagnetic theory. There were usually only about a dozen students in these classes, all of whom had day jobs. Their prowess ranged from very basic to advanced, so preparing for this heterogeneous group posed real challenges. What I do remember is that sometimes after class (which was one or two days a week) I would go to the restaurant directly across from the university to enjoy their great-tasting rum cake and have a beer with my friend Gene Hebert, whom I will talk more about soon. Then it was the long drive home. I have long sought to find a place that makes such a rum cake, but until now I have had no luck.

Transition to Philco [\(TOC\)](#)

I left RCA, not sure of the year, for a job at Philco. I am not even sure what events led me to leave and choose Philco, but there I was at the plant in North Philly on Wissahickon Ave. My first assigned task was to design a power supply. To me, this was not very interesting. I was really looking for more sophisticated tasks



Mr. Eugene J. Hebert Jr.
Evening College, Drexel University, Pa.

because I was always more theoretically oriented than in mundane ones. Nonetheless, it was a task, and I worked hard to do it well. I think it was at Philco where I made friends with an excellent engineer and thinker. His name was Gene Hebert. Gene also taught in the evening college at Drexel - a fact that would soon influence me. In any case, my stay at Philco was short-lived - here is what happened. Gene left Philco and joined AEL, a company based in Blue Bell, PA, a Philly suburb. I was dissatisfied with the design work I was doing at Philco, and Gene was urging me to consider the move. I don't remember all the details, but it happened. One of the motivating factors was my interest in medicine, and I learned that at AEL, which I think stood for American Electronics Labs, there was a path into that part of the company.



Transition to AEL [\(TOC\)](#)

I don't recall the year I transitioned to AEL, but I do remember the office I had when I arrived. I shared it with another engineer whose desk was against the opposite wall. Of course, I can't remember his name, but I recall his face in my mind's eye and remember him as kind of a loner and sometimes volatile. It was at AEL that I first met Jerry Choder, who became a longtime friend. My first task at AEL was to help design a system that would light up when a missile-control radar illuminated a warplane. Being the theoretical guy, I spent too much time figuring out how bright the light needed to be for the pilot to be sure to see it. The project manager was more interested in moving more quickly. However, my most significant and longest-lasting task was developing a real-time spectrum analyzer. I won't go into the reasons or the technical aspects; suffice it to say this was under a military contract and required multiple trips to an Army base in New Jersey to meet with various folks overseeing the project.

Multiple people were working on this large project, including Jerry Choder, who sadly passed away last month (March of 2026). Jerry and I put in a lot of overtime in the evenings. This overtime allowed us to go out for dinner together with a fellow Frank MacAfee. While at AEL, I made two attempts to change my career path. I was intrigued

by the mathematics unfolding in the pure research department and met with the head to see if I belonged. I didn't - the math was out of my range -so I put this into my "I tried" basket. The other attempt to shift direction was to try to infiltrate the "biomedical" group. They were conducting experiments on rabbits and implanting devices. I attended several of the surgery sessions and realized the guys doing the work were fixated on a single device and, at best, poor surgeons. So, number two effort went into my "I tried" basket.

At some point during my tenure at AEL, I decided to take courses in the Biomedical Engineering Department at the University of Pennsylvania. I was accepted and began taking the night courses I could. So, I would leave AEL and drive all the way down to U of P for a two-hour class once a week. At the same time, I continued teaching in the evening electrical engineering program at Drexel - so I was really busy - a full-time job in Blue Bell, courses at night, and teaching at night. Thankfully, something occurred that moved things in my long-term favor.

Transition to the Presbyterian Hospital [\(TOC\)](#)

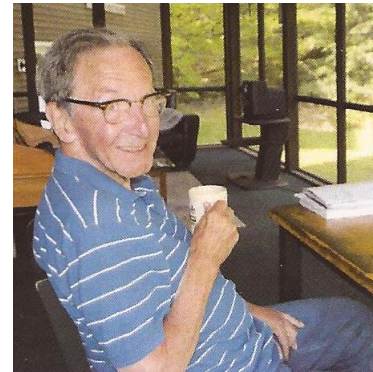
I had been looking for other opportunities and came across an advertisement seeking an engineer to support research underway there. I applied and met with the MD person who was doing the research. It turned out to be Ernst Attinger, who had also taken his PhD at the University of Pennsylvania in the same department where I was taking courses. Even beyond that, his mentor was Abraham Noordergraf, who would ultimately be my PhD advisor. What a confluence of events! Attinger and I hit it off, and I was hired on the spot. Now I would be working at 39th and Market Street, near U of P, and could take the day courses while working on my PhD. Attinger was on board with this plan.

My tasks at Presby were multifaceted. A few PhD students were conducting ongoing cardiovascular research. One student I remember was Lee Huntsman from Seattle - he went on to earn his degree and then return to Washington State. I just checked (4/19/2026) Lee's career and learned that he went on to become president of the University of Washington in Seattle. At the research building at Presby, there was a reasonably sized surgical suite, with a dedicated veterinarian and a few Japanese postgraduate students conducting experiments. I was able to observe and participate in these; I learned a lot. However, my main task was to work on a project that Attinger had secured from the government. It focused on using bentonite to assess fluid flow in various vascular-like structures. Bentonite had the property that, when illuminated by a particular kind of light, it would fluoresce, allowing the fluid's path to be traced. This required many experiments I had to conduct on my own, as well as a few trips to Washington, DC, to attend conferences. I also remember that, while at Presby, there was a psychologist studying nystagmus who would put monkeys in a chair that rotated at different speeds to induce it. Not sure of what he learned from his experiments. I can sort of picture what he looked like, but I can't remember his name.

Transition to the University City Science Center [\(TOC\)](#)

Ernst Attinger, the MD PhD I was working under at Presby, received an offer to chair a program at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville and decided to accept it. This meant that the research work at Presby would end, and I would be out of a job. He asked me to come to Virginia to complete my PhD work there with him. So, mommy and I took a trip to Charlottesville to check things out. At the time, it was a small college town with little going on, and we decided it wasn't for us.

Somehow, in the meantime, I secured a position at the newly formed University City Science Center, directed by Lyle Peterson, an MD with ties to my PhD advisor, Brahm Noordergraaf. The details of how this came about are cloudy, but it was good luck, since it meant we did not have to go to Virginia for sure. The adjacent picture is of Dr. Noordergraaf.



Life at the Science Center

Being at the Science Center was great for me logistically. The offices were located at 34th and Market Street, just two blocks from the University of Pennsylvania, where I was taking courses. My role at the Science Center was to collaborate with others to develop research ideas and grant proposals that would benefit the broader community, including the University of Pennsylvania, Drexel, and other local colleges. I believe I had the fancy title of director. But I was not alone. There were two others with whom I worked closely at the center. One was an MD named Art Schless, and the other was a business planning guy whom I can picture but, as usual, can't remember his name. What I do remember well is that, at lunch, the three of us would assemble in my office and play bridge nearly every day. As of 2026, I have forgotten everything I knew about the intricacies of bridge. As far as my tasks and other activities are concerned, I vaguely remember a few. One involved developing a plan to set up a monitoring system for a cardiac care unit. At that time (circa 1968), intensive care monitoring was in its infancy. I recall pairing up with a cardiologist and driving to a hospital in NY to give a presentation.

Another project was to develop an artificial heart testing facility. This was a project to be done in conjunction with Drexel, and by the strangest of events, the person in charge at Drexel was Eli From, one of my undergrad class buddies. It should be clear that the Science Center served as a facilitator of research and had no research capability of its own. Another project underway at the Graduate Hospital, funded by the government, was developing a mathematical model of the cardiovascular system. This was a pet project of Dr. Peterson, worked on by Bob Cox, a recent graduate from the same program I was in at U of P. Bob was conducting experiments at Graduate Hospital and the Veterinary School. Later on, Bob became the assistant director of the research project at the Graduate Hospital. On several occasions Mommie and I went to group parties hosted by Bob and his wife. We also went to one or two parties hosted by Dr. Peterson, where we mingled with other folks working at either the Graduate Hospital or the Veterinary School.

Off to Holland [\(TOC\)](#)

Life at the Science Center was good. It allowed me to take the courses I needed at the University, do things I liked, and get paid. I was still at the Science Center for the first Earth Day in 1970, when I helped organize a symposium and subsequently produced a report on electromagnetic and nuclear power issues for Earth Day. But soon afterward, my advisor, Brahm Noordergraaf, told me he was taking a year's sabbatical in Holland, from



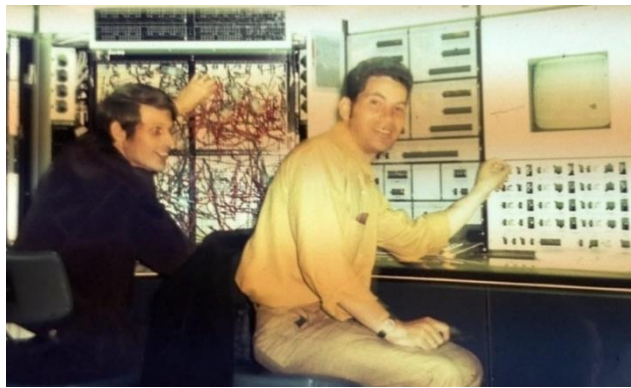
whence he came, and wanted me to go with him. He would arrange for me to earn some income, and I would conduct research at Delft University and spend time in Rotterdam at the hospital. This was a massive decision for Mommy and me. As you very well know, it was a go, but of course, I needed to leave my job at the Science Center. However, Lyle Peterson told me he would keep the position open so I could resume when I returned. So, as I remember it, we packed up our Volvo 144, drove to New York, and sailed to Rotterdam on the ship New Amsterdam in August of 1970. Both our parents saw us off.

Life in Holland [\(TOC\)](#)

The trip across the ocean on the New Amsterdam was memorable and exciting, yet my memory of the details is vague. We had a cabin, way down below decks, toward the front of the ship. The cabin had bunk beds, and I can remember that there was often a background smell of gasoline, probably diesel. There was an exercise room and a long deck for daily walks. It was a very relaxing trip filled with anticipation. We docked in Rotterdam after the journey of eight days, as I remember it. Maybe it was seven. In any case, our first order of business was to offload our Volvo and the trunk that mommy had so carefully packed. I don't remember much about that first day, but I do remember that we were somehow connected to an apartment along the waterway in Rotterdam. I think we stayed in the apartment for about three weeks. During that time, we had two rooms and no bathroom, so we had to go down the hall to use the shared one. We also had no TV but did have a cozy kitchen where we ate. Finally, we moved to a small house at 44 Karvestraat in



Hoogvliet. Hoogvliet was a village about 10 km from Rotterdam's center, with a significant Shell Oil presence. The pic shows mommy with the boys in the backyard of the house. The boys went to a Dutch school, but in different grades, and learned some Dutch. Mommy handled everything while I was off doing my own thing, either at the hospital in the center of Rotterdam or at Delft Technical School, which was actually a university located in the small, charming town of Delft, a little north of Rotterdam. The pic shows me with my Dutch partner working together on what was then called a Hybrid computer, which contained features of the digital computer you are familiar with and an analog computer. This was being used to develop a model of the cardiovascular system. Unfortunately, I don't have any worthwhile photos of the Rotterdam hospital, since I spent most of my time in Delft—lots of good memories of what went on while we were living in Hoogvliet. Mommy



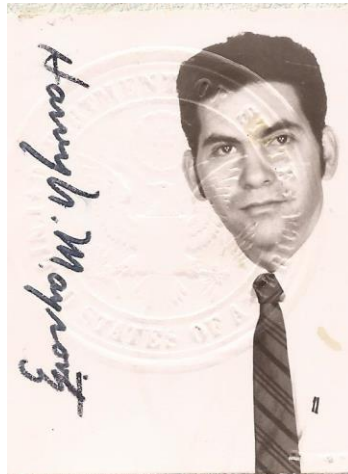
did the shopping for dinner and always made sure she said "niets varken" when ordering. We ate plenty of tongue and chicken croquettes to avoid pork, a major

Dutch staple. Other memories are of Mommy at the laundromat, picking up the clothes or the boys from school. The pic shows Mommy leaving the laundromat, with the understanding that our house was not equipped with a washer, a dryer, or, for that matter, any air conditioning. The house had two stories, with the kitchen and living room on the first floor and a large picture window overlooking the street. Mommy would sing songs while walking home with the boys. About a month before we were set to return to the USA, we learned that Dr. Peterson would no longer be associated with the Science Center, and it looked like I might be out of a job. It was not until we actually returned that things turned out okay, as I will relate.



Return from Europe [\(TOC\)](#)

Our return trip was in August of 1971 on the same ship that we crossed over on - The New Amsterdam. As we departed, a group of our neighbors was on the shoreline waving us goodbye - we could see them from the deck, and they could see us. I have been trying to recall their names, but no luck. I believe one of our immediate neighbors was a schoolteacher, and the other worked for Shell Oil. There was a Shell refinery nearby and with our windows always open there could be a smell of petrol if the wind was blowing in our direction. The trip home took eight days, and events were much like the crossing—a few differences. Since Robbie had learned to speak Dutch, he was able to join a duet during one of the musical gatherings on the ship. The pic shows him and a cute little girl singing together. I also located the 1970 passport photos for everyone, as shown below.



We enjoyed the trip home and were full of anticipation of arriving in New York and seeing everyone. Mommie tells me that there was a little seasickness this time, but I don't seem to remember that part. The one bit of work I had to do during the trip was to finish learning German, so I could ultimately pass my language requirement. Essentially, I had to translate portions of the famous book on microcirculation, written many years ago by August Krogh - of course, it was in German. Ultimately, I did pass that part of my studies.

Mommie and I were unsure how we would handle the financial situation when we arrived home. We had saved only about \$1000, since we had used the money I had earned to support our multiple trips through Europe. That \$1000 was all the money we had in the world, and I was facing a no-job situation. We decided not to think about it and enjoy the time and the voyage home.

Arrival in the USA

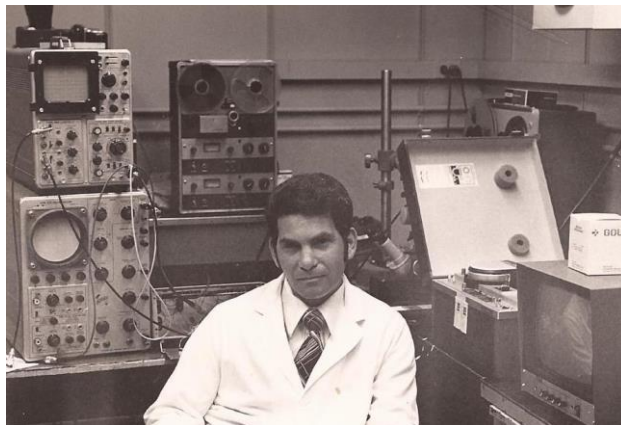
We docked in New York in the early morning hours and disembarked. We were met by both Mommie's parents (Nanny and Pop Pop) and my parents. After waiting for the famous Volvo 144 to emerge, we loaded it up and off we all went, heading to Philly. When we arrived home (343 Avon Street), it was decorated with a welcome-home sign and lots of balloons our friends and neighbors had placed in anticipation of our arrival. It actually felt terrific to be home! This was despite the incredible adventure we had just experienced, which, if there is time, I will write a separate piece delving into our travels and adventures.

Back to Reality [\(TOC\)](#)

While in Holland, even though I was working, it felt more like an extended vacation. Of course, there were stressors that we experienced, such as Robbie's injury and losing Randy in Venice, and a few health issues. However, we were, in a way, remote from reality. This part of our lives was now over. I needed a job and to finish my PhD studies.

It turned out that, sometime after returning home, I received a message from Dr. Peterson offering me a research position at the Graduate Hospital (GH). He had left his position at the Science Center to devote his time to directing the GH research program, and I am sure he felt some responsibility for my finishing up my PhD. At GH, I worked on theoretical research to develop a cardiovascular model with Dr. Karaman, an outstanding analytical thinker. But since this work was not directly relevant to my thesis, I somehow managed to reach an arrangement with Drs. Peterson, Noordergraaf at the U of P, and Mary Wiedeman at Temple Medical School, to do my experimental work at Temple. At the time, Dr. Wiedeman ran a microcirculatory lab, where I met and worked with Ron Tuma. Parenthetically, Drs Peterson, Noordergraaf, and Wiedeman were among those on my thesis committee and had to approve my thesis and its defense, which would come later.

Graduate Hospital was downtown, at 12th and Locust, so I was still close enough to Penn to take the required daytime classes. On the other hand, Temple Medical School stood on Broad Street, a little north of Erie Avenue. So, when I didn't have a class, I would spend most of my time at Temple. I won't go into the details of what went on at Temple during my pre-PhD time; let it suffice to say that I was conducting experiments with bats and other animals, studying various aspects of blood flow as visualized and measured at the microscopic level. Once I got my PhD in 1974, thanks to Mommie typing the entire thesis on an old-fashioned manual typewriter and me successfully defending it, I stayed on at Temple as an assistant professor for a while, during which I continued my research and taught a bit to medical students. This arrangement continued until 1977, but then things changed.



Changes at Temple University [\(TOC\)](#)

Mary Wiedeman had the largest lab when I first arrived, and I worked there, sometimes with Ron Tuma, who was good at certain experimental preparations. It turns out Ron became chair of the department some years later and retired in 2024. I spoke with Ron yesterday (1/6/2026). He loves retirement and is doing well, and is still with Bodil, his wife.



In addition to Mary's big lab, I also had my own smaller area, as pictured on the previous page, where I did my own advanced research. Much of my work was done in that room, where I could view the bat wing under the microscope and make various measurements with the micromanipulators, as shown in the adjacent 1978 photo. The bat was awake, in a small chamber, its wing outstretched on the transparent board. Somewhere, I still have that microscope.



These were wonderful times for me at Temple, and I attended many scientific meetings across the US and abroad. Two of my favorites were presented in Toronto, Canada, and one at Oxford College in England. Ron Tuma and Bill Joyner (in the middle), pictured with me (on the left)

around 1977, were often at microcirculation meetings in Atlantic City, Nova Scotia, Las Vegas, San Francisco, and New Orleans, to name a few. In fact, Mommie was with me on many of these ventures, including trips to New Orleans and San Francisco.

Sometime in late 1976 or 1977, a new chairperson was brought into the physiology



department. His name was Alan Freeman, and his area of expertise was neuro. To make a long story short, there became a competition between him and Mary Wiedeman (pic at left), and he tried to get me "on his side" and wanted me to take on some neurophysiology-type work with him and abandon the microcirculatory work and association with Mary. I declined mainly out of loyalty to Mary. As time went on, Mary brought in no new grants, and she was told by Freeman that she could keep only one fellow in her lab, and that it would be Ron or me.

She chose Ron because he had been there much longer than I had, and I was about to be out of a job again. It was now 1978, and I was 28 years old. But a new opportunity opened up just in time.

Florida - here we come - or do we? [\(TOC\)](#)

I belonged to an organization called the Cardiovascular Society (no longer exists), and, in conjunction with one of their meetings, I traveled to a European meeting (can't remember the country) to give a paper based on my thesis work. My thesis advisor was a bigwig in this society, and he advised me of an opportunity that was to soon open in Florida. He knew this because another bigwig in the organization was a chap named Jeff Raines, who was setting up a research program at the Miami Heart Research Institute on Miami Beach. Jeff had trained at Harvard and MIT, had a mechanical engineering degree, and, as far as I knew, some kind of medical training. I never found out whether he had an MD. In any case, I was recommended to him by Brahm Noordergraaf and Mommie, and I flew to Miami Beach to meet with Raines. We met with him, had a great dinner at a restaurant that was one frequented by the "mob", met his wife at the time, and I was shown around the Miami Heart Institute. At some point I was offered and accepted the position, starting salary \$25K!.

Sometime after we returned to Philadelphia, we received a letter from the Board of Directors telling us to hold off on coming because of an issue. It turned out that the issue was with Jeff Raines, who had been involved with some woman, and there was a scene at a company picnic. There was a chance that he would be terminated, and all would go up in smoke. But somehow it was resolved, and the job offer remained intact.

What happened over the next few years is well known to Robbie and Randy, but just in case this is read by David or Mark, or even their wives or offspring, I will dive a little deeper. It might even jog the memories of those who have experienced it.

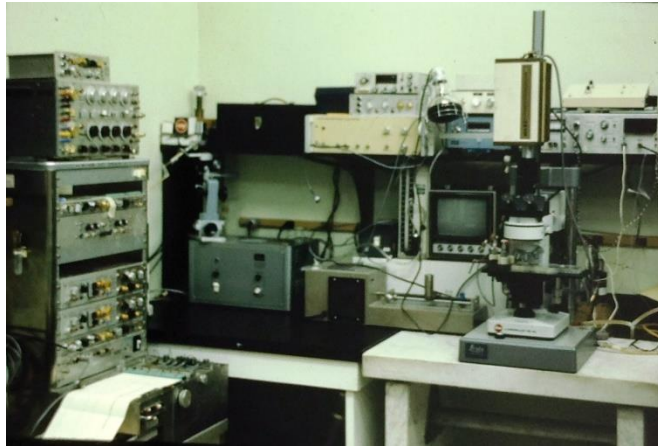
The Florida Trip

It was now the summer of 1978, and our car was a little green two-door Fiat with no air conditioning. I think the model was 128. We put the sale of our house in the hands of Mommy's cousin Bernie, packed the car with the two boys and Tiger our dog, opened the car windows and off we went. This wasn't the first time we had made this trip in the Fiat. We had done it several times before when we visited Aunt Harriet and Uncle Eddie at our now Sunrise destination. Sometimes we made the trip without stopping overnight, but on this trip, I think we stopped at the halfway point at a place called South of the Border.

Our plan was to stay at Uncle Eddie's mother's prior house until we could find a house of our own. Her house was in Sunrise, near about 93rd Street, but it was fine for our purpose. About a year later I think we moved into our final house - 2440 NW 87th Lane in Sunrise. We were impressed with the large lot and the water lake and the pool - so we bought it for the huge sum of \$62,000. It's worth about 10 times that now (08/27/26).

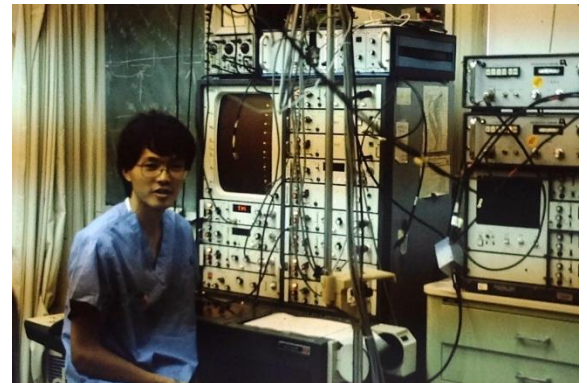
Life at the Miami Heart Institute [\(TOC\)](#)

Miami Heart Institute (MHI) was located on Miami Beach, about a 45-minute drive from Sunrise, depending on traffic and time of day. My official initial job title was Director of the Experimental Laboratory. I had an office on the 3rd floor of the so-called "Research Building" that was adjacent to the actual hospital. The office had a large picture window with an amazing view. The Experimental Laboratory was actually on the 5th floor. It had two large experimental rooms, an animal facility, a large office to accommodate students and fellows, a smaller office for the veterinarian, and a large walk-in freezer. One of the experimental rooms I set up was for microcirculation research, and the other was for research on the heart and large vessels. The picture on the left shows the setup for



studying microcirculation, and the picture on the right shows the surgical preparation area in the same room, where small experimental animals are prepared for microscopic study.

The picture below shows the other experimental room setup. This was used to measure and record cardiac electrophysiological and hemodynamic data. The researcher in the figure is Dr. Furukawa, a fellow from Japan working with Dr. Lister, a resident cardiologist, and me. I just checked (4/18/2026), and Dr. Furukawa is still working and publishing in Japan. This picture was taken in 1982 or thereabouts. While at the MHI, many students from the University of Miami completed their master's degrees under me. Almost all of them went on to become MDs. There were even students who came to do their



experimental work for their PhD. One in particular was John Roy from Temple University in Philadelphia, who went on to become a radiologist and even now works in Tampa, Florida. I was happy as the director of this lab and continued in that role from when I started in 1978 until 1998, with a small diversion that I will soon tell you about. During this time, I also worked in the Vascular Laboratory at the Hospital under the direction of Dr. Parry Larson. My work there was primarily focused on assessing microcirculation in patients with peripheral arterial disease and those with poorly healing leg wounds and ulcers. Dr. Larsen was a really great physician with the patient's interest in mind. Unfortunately, he did not take care of himself and suffered a stroke that ended his career.

The beginning of the end at MHI [\(TOC\)](#)

At some point during my time at MHI, Jeff Raines, the overall research director and my direct boss, was unceremoniously kicked out and replaced by a biochemist named David Crutchley. Crutchley had been occupying the 4th floor and was in charge of the biochemistry department. He was chosen by the then-CEO (Kathy DuCasse) to become the new research director. He was a sneaky guy who looked out for himself, and I did not have high expectations for him, did not like him, and could never figure out why they picked him. The bottom line was that he became my direct boss, and I endured it as best I could, mostly by avoiding him. I continued my work mostly undisturbed by the sudden change in leadership. I can't be precise on the year that this occurred, but I would say it was in the neighborhood of 1993.

Well, maybe two years, or even less, after he was appointed research director, he was also booted out very unceremoniously and without warning. There was a rumor that he was playing around with some female staff members - who knows what was true. So, guess who was picked to be the new overall research director - yes, me! I really wasn't excited about this new position and what it involved, but it did have its perks. A really big office and the opportunity to attend various high-level dinners with my dear wife. Well, this arrangement continued until sometime in 1998, which meant I had been at MHI for 20 years. Then the axe dropped on me as I was unceremoniously asked to leave with a payout of 6 months' salary. I never really learned the reason, but one good possibility was that they wanted to install Paul Kurlansky as the research director. Paul was a cardiovascular surgeon whom I knew and who was well-connected to the Board, with many MD friends. He had recently developed a condition that prevented him from doing surgery, so I think this was an attempt to bring him in, which they did, and he remains the research director to this day (April 20, 2026).

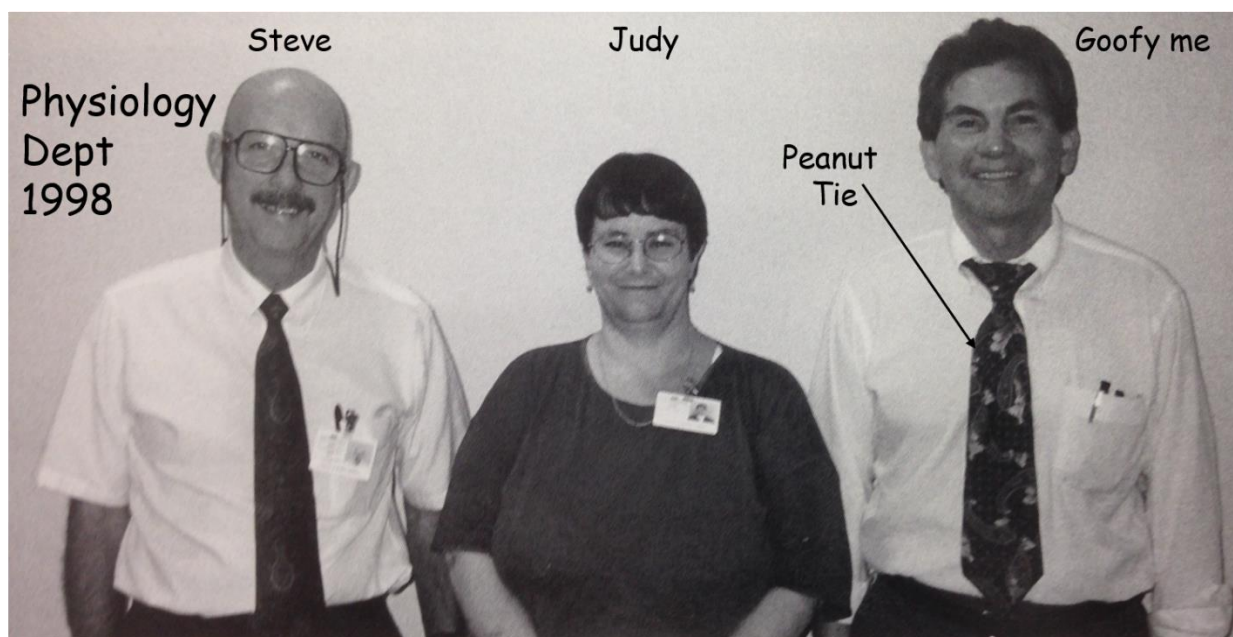
Jobless Again [\(TOC\)](#)

So here I was, suddenly jobless. After about a week of trying to absorb this, the planning and action started. I sent out a bunch of letters to friends at different universities to see what I could come up with. Most responded, but nothing was available. I knew I would need proof of my education wherever I applied, so I ordered transcripts and records from Drexel and U of P. I called a few people I knew, but nothing was available. I started to feel like this was never-ending. Finally, one of my letters paid off, and I got a call from a fellow I knew from the Microcirculatory Society - Patrick Harris. He was the chair of a department at the University of Louisville and indicated he had an opening, inviting me to visit. I did, along with my dear wife. To make this part of the story short, she hated it, although it might have been a good professional opportunity. I just discussed this with her, and she reminded me that the final decision NOT to take the position was based on a Chinese fortune cookie that informed us not to go. Not sure what that fortune cookie actually said, but the decision turned out well.

Saved by NSU [\(TOC\)](#)

I can't remember how long after I turned down the Louisville offer that I spotted an ad for a physiology position at Nova. I don't remember where I saw it, but I jumped on it, pulled out my CV, and sent it in. Not long after, I received a call from the then-chair of the physiology department, Steve Tarskevich, who asked whether I wanted to come in for an interview and give a presentation. Before I could say yes, he warned me that the pay would be puny; nonetheless, I gave a resounding yes. The big day arrived, and I went in to meet with him and others and gave a 40-minute lecture to a room full of skeptics. I got the job as an assistant professor of physiology and started on July 1, 1998. My calculations tell me I have been there for almost 28 years. My starting salary was about \$42K.

Originally, I was part of the College of Medical Sciences (CMS), which was responsible for teaching almost all of the health-related schools and programs at the University. So, at various times during my career at NSU, I taught physiology to nurses, PA's, physical therapists, anesthesia assistants, dentists, and osteopathic medicine students. Over time, I mainly taught cardiovascular and pulmonary physiology to osteopathic medicine students. Below is a pic of the entire physiology department when I first started. There was Steve - the chairperson, Judy, a physiologist who had been trained in Australia, and me. Steve has been retired for at least 6 years by now, and Judy, who had significant health issues, passed away many years ago.



Research at NSU

I have done a lot of research, but of late not very hands-on for several reasons. Mainly, doing hands-on work would require me to spend a lot of time on campus, which I am currently trying to minimize except for required on-campus teaching time. But given my reputation for research, many students are apparently asking me for projects, and I accommodate them by either supplying research writing topics now or by conducting survey-like studies in person or online. Once I commit to such projects, I become a writer,

editor, and reviewer for a paper on the research. A list of my peer-reviewed publications is on my website (<http://mayrovitz.com>), but in case it becomes lost or inaccessible, I have included a copy on the flash drive containing this document. It is up to date as of 8/16/2026. The following is a direct link to the link to the article menu ([HNM Papers](#)). This menu includes all my publications, not just those from my time at Nova.

Enter the MD program

About six years ago, in 2020, the MD program and school were established, and the College of Medical Sciences (CMS), of which I was a member, was disbanded, with its faculty absorbed by the MD program. By this time, I had already achieved the rank of full professor while at CMS, and that rank carried over into the MD school. During that time, my teaching focus was on the cardiopulmonary system (cardiovascular and pulmonary separately). I lectured only to MD and Osteopathic students. I continued my research as best I could and kept publishing. I have a web page with links to all of my publications for anyone interested: <https://mayrovitz.com>. I also became a founding contributor to a program in osteopathic medicine called the Research Practicum. This was in addition to my many lectures and my MD committee assignments. During my participation in the Research Practicum, I mentored four groups of five students each year (two semesters), mostly by providing reviews on various physiological or medical topics. I was the source of the topic and served as the editor and mentor. In most cases, these resulted in publications in peer-reviewed journals. I had done this for six years, but the other day (6/13/26), I decided to step back from this program because of major curricular changes being implemented in the MD program that will take me a lot of time to develop if I choose to continue teaching. When I informed the director of the Research Practicum (Robin Jacobs) of my decision, she wrote back a nice response, which I would like to share.

Dear Harvey,

Thank you for letting me know, although I must admit I am very sorry to hear this. I completely understand your decision and the reasons behind it. It sounds like you have a lot on your plate with the upcoming curricular changes and shifting teaching responsibilities. That said, I want you to know how deeply grateful I am for everything you have contributed to the Research Practicum. You have been one of the finest mentors we have ever had. The influence of a mentor like you extends far beyond a poster presentation or manuscript—it helps cultivate the intellectual curiosity and scientific mindset that our students will (hopefully) carry with them throughout their careers. You helped me shape and strengthen the Practicum from the very beginning. Faculty members like you are rare! I am hopeful that once things settle down with your new responsibilities, you'll be back. Thank you again, Harvey, for your friendship, your support, and your unwavering commitment to our students and to the Practicum. It has truly been a privilege to work with you. Warmest regards, Robin

Other stuff along the way [\(TOC\)](#)

Before summing up, I feel the need to memorialize, in word and image, some folks and other stuff along the way.

Ron and Margie

As I write this (8/11/2026), both are gone. Marge this year and Ron a few years back. Only Suzi is still with us. Things I remember are many, but not so many pics do I have. A great trip to Boston way back when for the whole group (except me) is shown in Figure RM1, and the same group some years later, during a visit to us in Florida, is shown in RM2.



Jerry and Suzie

As I write this (8/11/2026), both are also gone - both this year. Jerry was a longtime friend I worked with at AEL in Philly, and Mommie became friendly with his wife, Suzie, who was born in France. Jerry was an electrical engineer who attended Drexel and U of P. We often visited with them, and they with us. JS1 below shows them when they visited us at 343 Avon Street in Philly in 1977, before we left for Florida, and JS2 shows them when they visited us 40 years later in Florida, at 2440 NW 87th Lane, in Sunrise circa 2017.



Aaron and Barbara (Babs)

Babs was Mommy's friend from back in high school. But Babs and her husband, Aaron, became friends of ours over the years. Aaron was a nuclear engineer who is now long retired. We (especially Mommy) kept in touch. Figure BF1 shows Mommy and Babs at a Laurels resort during her high school years (circa 1957). Figure BF2 shows Babs and Mommy about 20 years later when we visited them and encountered a blizzard in Philly.



In the pic (below left) Mommy is outside their house posing for the camera while freezing her butt off. Babs and Aaron moved to Florida, and we recently attended Babs's 85th birthday party. BF3 is Babs and Mommie at the party.



Summing up (September 01, 2026) (TOC)

I have had a truly great career with twists and turns that ultimately took me in the right direction. Professionally, I have had the opportunity to teach, consult with many companies, work with and mentor many students at various levels, and conduct research and publish many papers, some more worthy than others, but all with some impact on posterity. Most of these are documented on my website, mayrovitz.com.

Whoever should read this brief biography, whether sons, grandsons, or their offspring, please know that my wife, your mother or grandmother or great-grandmother, who has been my loving partner for almost 65 years, has been my huge source of meaning, support, and happiness. I can say that the decisions we made together have kept us close to our family and given us both great peace, happiness, and contentment. As I reflect on the past, I can say with great assurance that there is very little that I would change in any aspect if given the chance. Maybe I would learn a language or two, or maybe learn to ski, but nothing more. As I write this part (9/1/2026) I have so many wonderful memories - even the very small things. The coaching years of Robbie and Randy's teams, the combined soccer refereeing, the ball games, their college years, their weddings, the grandkids David and Mark and all the friends and relationships along the way, and yes, even the small things too numerous to list. I may add to this text as time goes on, but I will close for now with my love to all.



Photo taken around December 2025