A CHRONICLE OF REMEMBERINGS

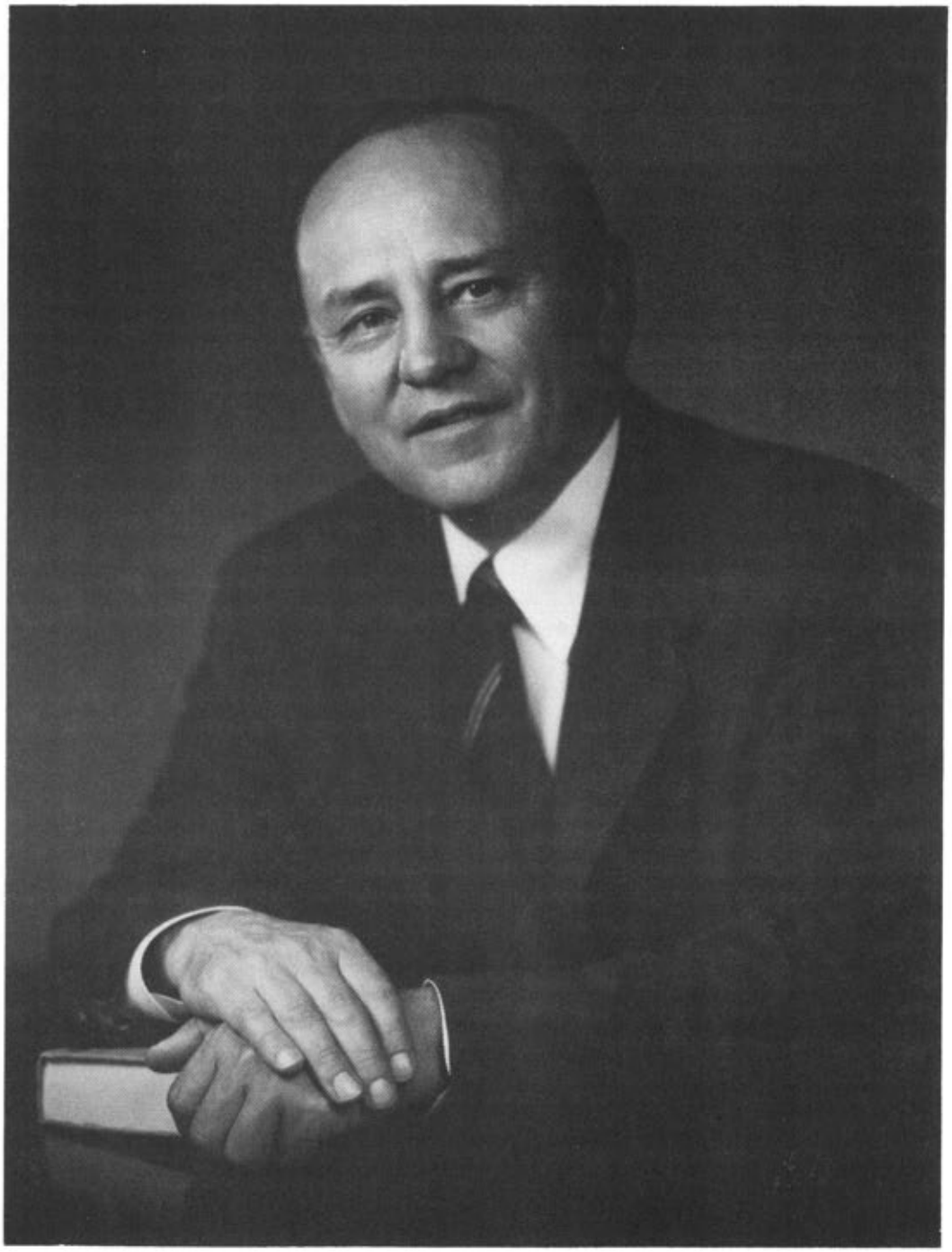
David DeZurik

FOREWORD

This book was intended to be my autobiography, but because it covers my life's work, it inevitably includes a history of the DeZURIK manufacturing enterprise. I hope the reader will find the combination of interest.

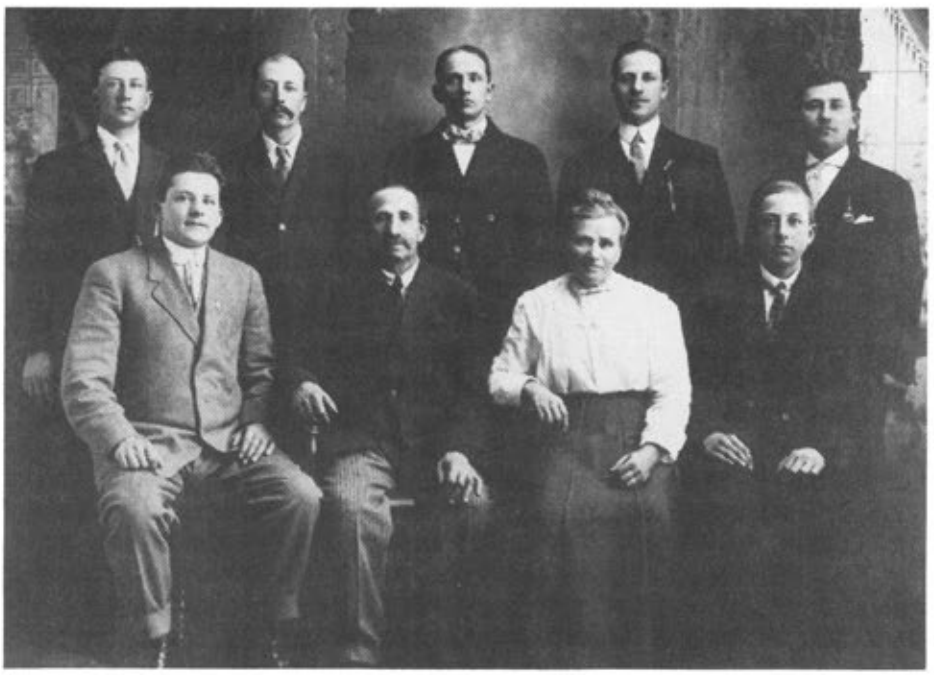
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to thank my wife, Alice, for her assistance and support. I also wish to thank my daughter, Joann DeZurik Cierniak, who did the editing. DeZURIK Corporation staff performed the typing, photo preparation and printing, for which I am very grateful.

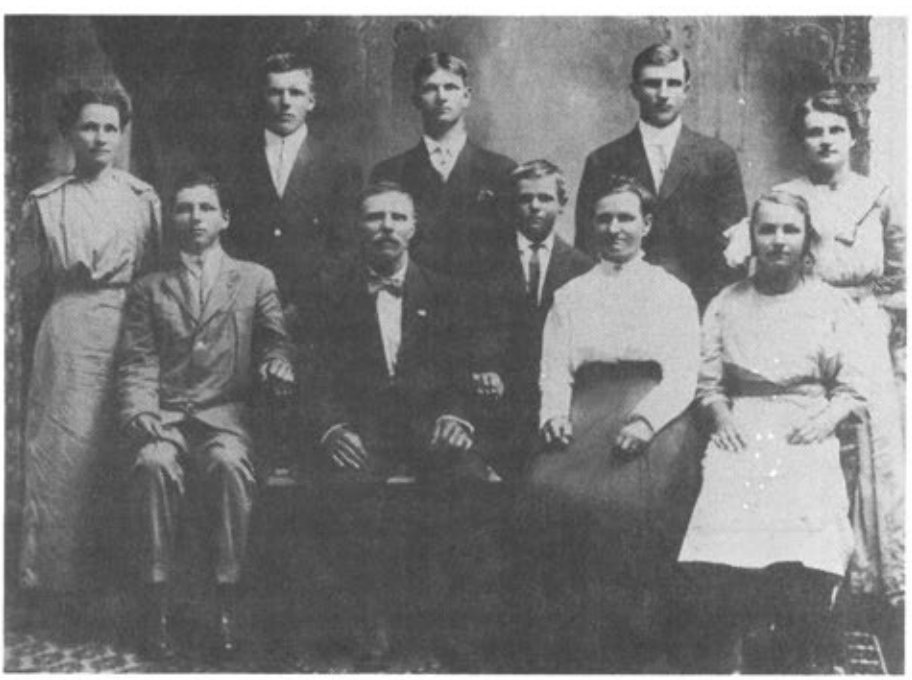


David DeZurik

Alice Marsh DeZurik

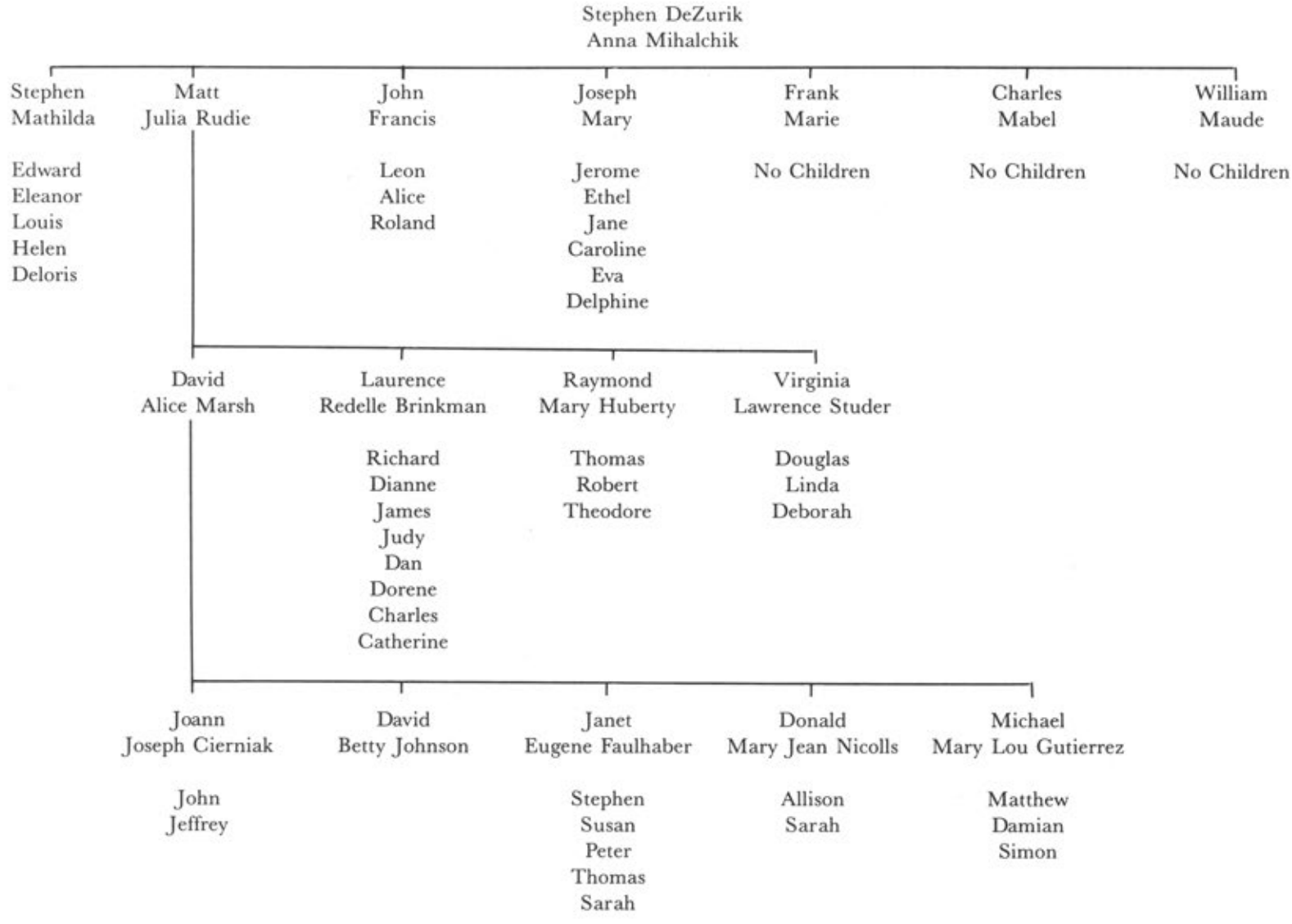


My father's family
Front: Charles, Stephen DeZurik, Anna DeZurik, and William.
Rear: Joseph, Stephen, Jr., my father Matt, John, and Frank.

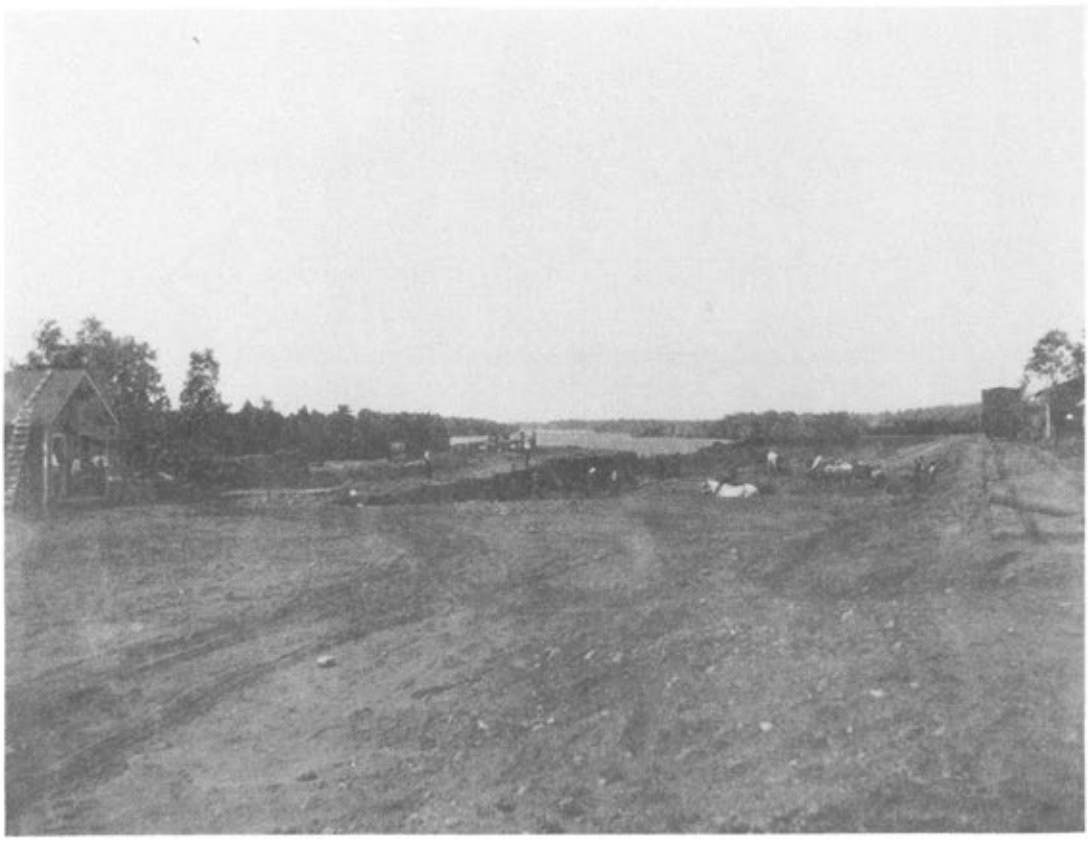


My mother's family
Front: John, Mike Rudie, Joseph, Julia Rudie, and Anna.
Rear: My mother Julia, Paul, Mike, Jr., Frank, and Mary.

BLOODLINE DESCENDANTS OF STEPHEN AND ANNA DeZURIK



Almost finished:
Stephen DeZurik farmhouse east of Royalton, Minn. Built by sons, Matt and John. Circa 1900.



Sartell circa 1905.
Start of paper mill construction.

Matt and Julia DeZurik
June 20, 1905

Matt DeZurik residence
1907

Matt DeZurik residence
1913

David DeZurik, Jr.
March 10, 1932 — November 18, 1975

Christmas 1975
Front Row: Janet DeZurik Faulhaber, David DeZurik, Alice DeZurik, Joann DeZurik Cierniak. Back Row: Donald DeZurik, Michael DeZurik.

They tell me a light rain was falling on Sartell, Minnesota, the night of my birth, October 27, 1906. There were only about a dozen homes in the village, which was situated seventy miles northwest of Minneapolis, on the banks of the Mississippi River. There was also a small sawmill owned by the Sartell brothers, after whom the village was named.

The sawmill itself was located about one mile north of the village, and logs to be sawn were floated down the river from cuttings made in the forests further up river. The office for the sawmill was at the south end of the village, directly on the western bank of the river. It included a small grocery store. A ferry boat ran across to the east side of the river, directly below the office. Over on the east side, slightly north of the ferry landing, a dam was being built, and a large pulp and paper mill financed by investors from Wisconsin was also going up.

Quite a few unmarried construction workers had rooms and took their meals at a hotel and rooming house on the west side of the river, across from the dam. This place was owned by Max Alpine, who walked with a cane. Alpine's wife did most of the cleaning and cooking in the hotel, helped by their daughter, Goldie, who later married Jack Stevens, head machinist at the paper mill. The majority of married construction workers lived in Sauk Rapids, three miles down the river, or in St. Cloud, two miles further down. These men commuted to and from work on the Northern Pacific Railroad, which operated a combination freight and passenger train which left St. Cloud at six o'clock in the morning and returned at six-fifteen in the evening. A small locomotive, affectionately called "Maude", pulled the train. During the day "Maude" served as a switching engine, moving carloads of material and machinery at the plant site as needed for the construction project.

Most of the homes in Sartell were very modest wooden structures. The three Sartell brothers, owners of the sawmill, were the only residents whose houses could have been called comfortable by present-day standards. The Sartells had built two small dams on Watab Creek, and the flow of water through each dam turned a small water wheel connected to an electric generator. Electric lines ran from the dam to the Sartells' homes, as well as to adjacent residences, but none of these buildings had running water or central heat, so their only "convenience" was electric lights. Power lines had not yet been extended to the area where my parents lived. The Sartell family also had put in a telephone system connected to the exchange in St. Cloud. It consisted of a simple eight-party line which served their three family houses, the sawmill and four other nearby residences.

A gravel road ran along the west bank of the river, and one block west of this road my father, Matt DeZurik, had constructed a simple sixteen-by-twenty-foot wooden building where he lived with his pregnant wife, Julia. They had been married one year earlier, and hoped eventually to put up a larger home on the property to the immediate west, at which time their more primitive dwelling would become a woodshed. In 1906, however, they were living in this one-room cabin, which they furnished with an iron bed, a table, four oak chairs, an oak rocking chair with side arms, a small homemade cupboard, and a wash stand. There was also a combination cooking and heating stove which would burn either wood or coal. The well just outside the door provided water, which had to be carried in for cooking, washing and bathing. There were no plumbing facilities, just an outside toilet.

At about ten o'clock at night on October 27 my mother began to have labor pains. My father immediately walked three-quarters of a mile to one of the Sartell family houses, from which he telephoned Dr. Rand in Sauk Rapids. Most children were born under the care of a midwife, not a doctor, at the turn of the century, but my mother was of delicate health and had been going to the doctor regularly, so it was decided that he would come for the delivery.

It normally took about one hour to ride by horse and buggy from Sauk Rapids to Sartell, but in an emergency a horse was expected to travel much faster. Dr. Rand calculated the time he would need for the journey and told my father that since I was to be my mother's first child, there probably was no hurry, as labor undoubtedly would continue through the night. He said he would arrive about two A.M.

After a seemingly endless wait, Dr. Rand appeared at the door. He came in, examined my mother, and then sat down at the table to have some coffee and cookies with my father. When labor had progressed to the point where I was expected to be delivered in about two hours, Dad invited Dr. Rand to move from the table to the rocking chair, the only comfortable piece of furniture in the house. It was sturdy, made of oak, and my mother had sat in it a great deal the last few months, probably contemplating how she would rock me to sleep in it after I was born. When Dr. Rand sat down, his two hundred and seventy pounds were too much, and the entire rocker fell apart. Dr. Rand landed on the floor with a tremendous thud, and all of this commotion seemed to have accelerated my mother's labor: I was delivered into the world by three A.M., with one of the neighbor women assisting. I certainly was ushered into this world with a bang!

The next morning my father hired a boy with a horse and buggy to go to my Grandfather Rudie's farm, west of Bowlus, Minnesota, to bring my mother's sister, Mary Rudie, to look after her so that he could return to his job on construction at the paper mill. He was earning 20¢ an hour as a carpenter, and was also working on the installation of machinery. The rate for laborers at that time was 16¢ per hour, and everyone worked a ten or eleven-hour day. Obviously, three people and a small baby in a 16 x 20-foot building in the dead of winter is not the most comfortable arrangement, but Aunt Mary stayed most of the winter, because my mother was in rather poor health after my birth.

The following spring my father started building what was to be our home for the next seven years. The work was done in the evening, most of it by the light of lanterns, and Dad had the help of a number of the carpenters who had daytime jobs constructing the paper mill. This new house consisted of a large kitchen, one bedroom, a dining room and a sitting room on the first floor. The second floor had two bedrooms of liberal size and one which was quite small. The dining room was very bright, with a large bay window facing south. As soon as we moved in my mother and her sister put a great variety of potted plants on the windowsill, and it was a delight for Mother to sit there in the sunshine, in the reconstructed rocker which my father had put back together with glue and pieces of iron scraps at critical points.

My Aunt Mary continued to live with us, and my Grandfather and Grandmother Rudie frequently came to visit by horse and buggy from Bowlus, a ride which took them about five hours. Grandpa Rudie had been a storyteller in his native Bohemia, where every village had a storyteller to provide entertainment between visits by small groups of actors. My grandfather had a keen imagination and a great talent for sitting down in the evening and conjuring something up in his mind and developing it as he went along. Usually the story was based on some imaginary village hero who either accomplished a great military exploit or became a very astute and successful businessman. It was always a pleasure for me to hear Grandpa Rudie's tales, especially when he described the grace, delicacy and beauty of the girl his hero courted during the course of the action. A problem often arose, though, about my being allowed to stay up late enough to hear one or two of these after-dinner adventures. My mother always wanted me to go to bed, so I would plead with my father to let me stay up until at least the end of the first story, because otherwise I wouldn't be able to sleep anyway. He understood, and most of the time I did stay up.

My grandfather's stories were always told in Bohemian, so I developed a good knowledge of the language, although I have now forgotten all but a few words. My father had strong feelings about our own immediate family speaking English, even though he appreciated his Bohemian ethnic heritage. "We are in America," he would say, "and the official language here is English, so all who are able must learn to speak it properly." He wanted us children to take part as fully as possible in American life, without impediments caused by cultural differences. However, with my grandparents on both sides there was no choice, since within the family they spoke only Bohemian. I conversed easily with them by the time I was five years old.

My paternal grandfather, Stephen DeZurik, was born in 1849 in Bohemia, then part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire under Emperor Franz Josef. As a young man he was drafted into the army and served in the cavalry. He proved to be an excellent horseman, but surely he would have been killed in the line of duty except for a fortuitous accident. The very night before his company was to leave to put down an insurrection in a village, Grandfather was kicked by his horse, so he was sent to the hospital and didn't go along with the others. A few days later he learned that as soon as his company entered the village, which was surrounded by high walls, villagers closed the gates, and then they massacred every single cavalryman. My grandfather was the only surviving member of his company.

Grandfather was soon promoted to the Company of Hussars, the elite horsemen of the Austro-Hungarian army, and he was one of the honor guards for the emperor at the time of his discharge from the service. When he came to America he brought his huge fur coat, tall fur hat, and his saddle, which he hung in the attic of his home near Royalton.

While Grandfather DeZurik was still in the army some of his friends and relatives emigrated to the United States and settled in the Pittsburgh area, where many worked at the Carnegie Steel Plant. Hearing about their life in the new land, my grandfather was inspired and decided to leave behind his war-scarred native Bohemia and seek his fortune in America. It meant temporarily being separated from my grandmother and their two small sons, but Grandfather found work at the steel plant on arrival in Pittsburgh, and after a few years he saved enough money so my grandmother, Steve Junior and my father, Matt, could be brought over.

My grandfather's love of horses came with him. After he moved from Pennsylvania to Minnesota and acquired a homestead farm east of Royalton, he developed, by selective breeding, a line of farm horses which were his pride and joy. They were medium size, very sleek, and were excellent workers. He brushed and curried them every Sunday morning, and harnessed them to the buggy for the trip to church. They made a very beautiful sight indeed, and people came from many miles around to buy horses from him. This is how my father met my mother.

My mother's parents, Michael and Anna Rudie, were originally from a village in Bohemia not too distant from where my father's parents grew up. When they heard about Stephen DeZurik's fine horses they made a trip from Bowlus to east of Royalton to see them. My mother, a shy, beautiful young girl (according to my father's accounts) came with them, and that was when my parents first became acquainted. The Rudies bought a horse and took it home, and after that my father would often walk from five miles east of Royalton to three miles west of Bowlus, a total one-way distance of seventeen or eighteen miles, to court my mother. Any man so dedicated was bound to be successful!

My paternal grandparents, Stephen and Anna DeZurik, lost several children to early death and had seven surviving sons, but no surviving daughters. Matt was the second oldest child, and early in life he demonstrated considerable ingenuity. He had only eighty days of schooling during his lifetime, so most of what he learned he had to teach himself through acute observation and extensive reading. Neither of his parents spoke much English, although Anna was proficient in several central European languages and had served as private tutor to wealthy families in Bohemia before her marriage.

As a young man my father developed quite a skill at butchering livestock, and he often traveled on foot to farms in a twenty mile radius of Royalton to help with butchering of cattle and hogs. Dad also liked to care for injured and sick animals. He told me about a time when some horses were galloping through the Royalton farmyard at night, and one of them jumped on a calf which was lying down. The belly of the calf burst open, and the intestines were hanging out, so Dad pushed them back in and sewed the ruptured skin together with a large needle and some strong string. He then wrapped a piece of burlap bagging around the calf and put several turns of rope around the bagging. The calf survived and grew into a fine cow, producing calves of her own.

As a youth my father must have done a great deal of tinkering with simple mechanical equipment on the farm. By taking parts from some of the old machinery he was able to make a drill press, which I remember was still standing near the granary when I visited the farm as a child, many years later.

At the time I was born Dad was still working on construction at the paper mill in Sartell. As soon as most of the buildings were erected he was promoted to millwright, a job which involved setting up various machines to be used to make pulp and paper. Once the mill was actually in operation, he took care of all machinery installation and maintenance. This meant he had to work almost every Sunday, because the machinery was running on production Monday through Saturday, and repairs had to be completed on Sunday so that the plant could start up at seven o'clock on Monday morning. I used to carry a hot lunch all wrapped in towels, in a basket, from my mother's kitchen to Dad at noon on Sunday, and then later I would bring him a hot dinner for his evening meal. Afterwards I would walk around the plant studying the machinery, and when I got tired I would lay down on a pile of waste paper and go to sleep. Dad would wake me up when his work was finished, and we would walk home. He often got only three hours of sleep before he went back to the plant at seven o'clock in the morning.

Dad had a great love of the land, and in 1910 he purchased a 240-acre farm near Buckman, Minnesota, fourteen miles east of Royalton. He rented it out to a sharecropper, with the farmer taking two-thirds of the crop and my father getting the other one-third. Buildings on this farm consisted of a small log barn and a granary with three small rooms, two on the first floor and one on the second floor. There was no well, so water had to be hauled in barrels from one of the neighboring farms both for household use and for watering the livestock in the winter, when water from the swamps was not available. The farm was most unusual in that almost two hundred acres were under plow, and this was all in one piece. Most farms in central Minnesota were made up of small pieces of land under cultivation, each piece usually not exceeding ten to twenty acres, and these pieces of land were separated by pastures, wood lots and meadows. Dad's farm had a three-quarter mile long field, all in one piece.

In early spring of 1912 the papermakers union at the mill in Sartell went on strike, so the mill was shut down. The only part of the work force which was unionized was the paper machine operators, but the rest of the employees couldn't work, since the papermaking machines weren't running. This left our family without any income, since my father had to be laid off. After much deliberation he decided we should move to the farm. We took my mother's brother, Paul Rudie, with us with the idea of adding more buildings and making Buckman our home. We lived in the granary while a water well was being dug and a new house was being built. I was then six years old, my brother Roman was about three, and Laurence was one.

When the well was finished, and the new house was about half finished, all of us, except Dad, became critically ill. The nearest doctor was in Royalton, fourteen miles away, so Dad rode a horse six miles to the nearest telephone at Little Rock and called for Dr. Watson in Royalton. Dr. Watson came out, leaving Royalton in the morning and arriving at about two in the afternoon. He almost lost his horse when it stepped off the road, which was covered over with water from heavy rains, and slid into the ditch. The horse would have drowned except that the doctor cut the checkrein with his knife so the poor animal could get his head above water, and somehow he managed to get back up on the road. Dr. Watson diagnosed our illness as cholera, caused by bad water, and recommended that we all be brought into Royalton until we recovered. Dad put some hay and straw in the bottom of the wagon box and we got in and lay down while Dad drove the team of horses for the fourteen-mile ride to the edge of town, where we stayed at my Grandmother DeZurik's. All of us slowly got better, except for brother Roman, who continued to decline until he died. My father went the mile and a half into Royalton and bought a beautiful mahogany casket at the hardware store, where they usually kept an inventory of two adult and two children's caskets. Roman was buried in the Royalton cemetery, and my father made his tombstone out of concrete poured into a wooden mold which he had made himself.

After the death of Roman my mother said she would never return to the farm. Just about that time the strike at the Sartell paper mill was settled, so Dad left Uncle Paul Rudie at the farm to finish, with the help of local people, construction of the house. My parents, Laurence and I once again moved into the house on the back street in Sartell, and Dad returned to work as a millwright. The farm was soon placed in the hands of a renter. My brother, Raymond, was born in Sartell in the fall of 1916.

Aunt Mary Rudie, who stayed with us much of the time, eventually met and married a Hollander, Irie Sheerhorn, who worked at the paper mill. They lived in Sauk Rapids. In 1916 Uncle Irie was painting the walls of a tunnel which connected the water filter plant with the basement of the paper mill. He came in contact with high voltage wires and was killed. Aunt Mary later married John Herman, who also worked at the paper mill.

My father always wanted to have a good home for his family, so in 1914 he bought a lot overlooking the river on the front street in Sartell and built a new house. It still stands, the first house north of the Presbyterian Church. The first floor consisted of a living room, sitting room, dining room, pantry and winter and summer kitchens. On the second floor there were three bedrooms and a full bathroom.

The basement had a large open area which served as general workspace for winemaking when our grapes were ripe and for sauerkraut preparation in the autumn. There was a special room where the temperature was usually about 40 degrees F, and it was partitioned into bins for storage of fresh potatoes, cabbage, rutabagas, carrots, onions, parsnips, pumpkins and squash, all harvested from our garden. Shelves along one wall were for home canned ground cherries, apples, raspberries, strawberries, jams, jellies and vegetables.

Dad's younger brothers, Charles and Frank, who by then were operating Central Plumbing and Heating Company in Minneapolis, came to Sartell and installed the furnace and water system. The house was wired for electricity, but it was not connected to the power lines, since my parents didn't have enough money to pay for the hook-up or the use of electricity until later. There was a well in the basement of the house and a hand pump which forced water into two eighty-gallon tanks. A single-cylinder brass hand-operated pump was used to apply air to the top of the tanks, to force the water out into the plumbing system. A pipe running through the firebox of the wood-burning kitchen stove heated water, which then ran into a tank in the upstairs bathroom, so our home had running hot and cold water, better than they had in the palaces of Europe during the time of Emperor Franz Josef.

My duties in our family's new home were as follows:

Every morning and again after school:
Carry out the ashes from the furnace and fire it when it was operating.

Bring in coal and wood for the kitchen stove.

Every evening:
Walk nearly a mile to the Fred Sartell farm to buy a pail of fresh milk.

Also, I was responsible for pumping up the water system at least once each day so that we could maintain our supply of running water.

I started elementary school in Sartell when I was seven years old. I had had a great deal of pre-education from my mother, who bought a blackboard and had me learning the alphabet, doing arithmetic and writing words at an early age. By the time I entered school I had the equivalent of at least one year of education, so at the end of the first year the teacher put me into the third grade. I completed the first and second grades in one year, but after that I slowed down and followed a regular schedule. I was the only boy to graduate from the eighth grade in 1920.

In 1917 my father decided our family should have an automobile. All of the men in the Millwright Department at the paper mill drove Ford cars, and the foreman, as well as others, often took us for rides in their automobiles on Sunday afternoons when the maintenance work in the mill was completed. Their cars were started by turning a crank projecting out of the front of the automobile, and sometimes it took a substantial amount of winding before the engine would get going. The cars were equipped with tires known as "clincher type," the name indicating the means of securing them to the rim of the wheel. They were extremely fragile and it was unusual for anyone to get four thousand miles from a set of these tires, and all during that time you could expect to have many punctures, blowouts, and other problems.

Ford cars then sold for about $300, and when my father told his friends he was going to buy a car, they assumed he would also buy a Ford, but he told them he did not want to come from work on Sunday afternoon and "wind the cow's tail" before he could go for a ride. He wanted a car with a self-starter. He also said he did not want a car requiring that each time a tire went flat it had to be removed, the inner tube had to be patched, perhaps a boot had to be put in the ruptured casing, and then it had to be reassembled and pumped by hand. At that time tires were inflated to 80 psi, so a great deal of pumping was required.

Instead of a Ford, Dad decided to buy a four-door Dodge touring car with an electric starter. The price was $575. When we had a flat tire with the Dodge we simply jacked up the wheel and took off the demountable rim with the flat tire on it and replaced it with a fully inflated spare tire with its own separate rim, carried on the rear of the car. Whenever we had a flat tire on the weekend my job on Monday after school was to take the tire apart and do the patching work, then attach it again on the rear of the car. Afterwards Dad would drive to the nearest filling station to inflate it, ready for the next flat. We kept the Dodge for five years, and eventually traded it for the latest model Gardner.

When I was still in elementary school our tenant at the Buckman farm would call my father each year in early October, when the grain on the farm had been harvested and assembled into stacks. He would schedule a date for threshing, which had to be coordinated with the traveling thresher man and his crew. Dad would go to the farm and stay several days to take care of his share of the crop, and when he got these calls he would come to the village schoolhouse to ask the teacher to excuse me from classes so I could go with him. Dad and I had a bedroom in the farmhouse, but I preferred to sleep in the hayloft of the cattle barn with the threshing crew.

Threshing was very strenuous work. We arose at five A.M. for breakfast, which started with a mug of coffee laced with a shot of bootleg whiskey. This was followed by bacon, eggs and toast. Work started at six A.M. There was a break at nine o'clock, when the farmer's wife arrived with coffee, sandwiches and cookies or cake. At noon we went to the farmhouse for a large meal. The break at three or four P.M. was just like the one in the morning, with coffee, sandwiches and dessert, and then threshing continued until after dark, when we had another large meal.

A huge, straw-fired steam engine drove the threshing machine, called a separator. This machine removed the kernels of grain from the stalks, and they flowed into a bag, while the straw was blown onto a huge pile. Dad kept count of his share of the bags of grain, which had to be hauled fourteen miles to market. I kept busy talking with the man who ran the steam engine or with anyone else who could spare time to converse with a young boy.

Because my mother wanted to raise her own chickens in Sartell, my father developed a portable chicken yard. It was thirty inches high and had a box with several nests raised up off the ground in one corner. This entire chicken yard was about twelve feet long and about eight feet wide. It was mounted on skids and could be pulled across the lawn during the summer, from one spot to another, so the chickens could get fresh grass to eat, supplementing their usual grain diet.

In the winter Mother sprouted grain in the basement, covering seeds with burlap and watering them daily until the grain sprouted through the mesh. Then these sprouts were gathered and fed to the chickens, so the quality of eggs we had was high both in winter and summer. Today we eat vegetable sprouts in restaurants, entirely bypassing the chicken and egg process to get at the sprouts.

Our chicken yard usually contained six chickens, and we got at least five eggs per day. Any chicken which failed to lay immediately became a candidate for the stew pot, and was replaced by one purchased from a neighbor, with the assurance that it was a regular producer.

In 1917 the price of farm land in Minnesota was at peak levels. Dad still had the farm near Buckman, but he wanted to acquire another farm nearer my maternal grandparents' town of Bowlus. With only about $2,000 in the bank, and over my mother's objections, he used all this money as a down payment and bought a 166-acre farm on which the bank in Little Falls held a mortgage of more than $16,000. He immediately hired some men and arranged to have the barn rebuilt and considerable work done inside the house. Every weekend when Dad wasn't working we went to the farm. This was quite often, because Dad was now in the good graces of Mr. Weber, the paper mill manager, and no longer did repair work. Instead he was constantly experimenting with new mechanical developments and contrivances as ideas for them came into his head.

One Sunday we drove up to Bowlus and stopped at my mother's parents' home for dinner. Afterwards Dad planned to go to the farm to talk to the tenant, but he was wondering whether the tenant would be there. My grandfather assured him he would be, because his wife had just had a baby on Saturday morning. We drove out, and when we came to the farmyard no one was there. Dad and I walked around, and finally we saw the cows coming up from the pasture. There, driving them, was the farmer's wife!

My father asked, "Where is Leo?"

The woman answered: "He took the kids to the baseball game."

Dad said, "Grandpa Rudie told me you had a baby yesterday morning."

"Yes, I did," she said. "It's in the house."

Here she was, driving cows up from the pasture, while her husband was at a baseball game, and she had just had a baby the morning before. Some stamina!

I graduated from the Sartell elementary school in 1920, and then enrolled in Sauk Rapids high school. Transportation could have been a problem, but Ralph Perry, owner of a small grocery store and pool hall about two blocks from our home, had a Model T Ford pick-up truck. He had two children near my age, and there were several other children in town who also wished to go to high school. Perry built a wooden enclosure and mounted it on the back of the pick-up truck. This became the Sartell-to-Sauk Rapids school bus. The enclosure was far from watertight and had no heat, so we were half frozen at the end of the three-mile trip. We paid 10¢ for the round-trip ride.

The principal subjects I took at Sauk Rapids High were Latin, English, mathematics, and European history. I had a substantial interest in the Latin language, although it was even at that time beginning to fall into disfavor within the church and among scholars.

During spring term I arranged my course schedule at school so that I would be out by one o'clock. Then a friend and I would walk directly to the banks of the Mississippi River just north of Sauk Rapids. That was where we had a piece of iron pipe, and a bucket which we would hang on the pipe and place between two rocks. We would fill this bucket with water and build a fire under it. After removing our shoes and

stockings, we would wade into the cold river and catch fresh water crabs, which very much resembled Maine lobsters, except for their size. Then we would drop them into the boiling water and have a regular little feast. Afterwards I would walk back up to the road to be there by three o'clock, when Mr. Weber, manager of the paper mill, would be driving by in his Cadillac. He lived in St. Cloud and always went home for a two-hour lunch.

Mr. Weber was a very kind man. He made a complete tour of the paper and pulp mill every morning when he arrived at the plant. He spoke to very few people, but observed everything that was going on and made his decisions based on these observations. He had been employed at Forest Products Laboratories in Madison, Wisconsin for a number of years before taking over the management of the paper mill, and was very much interested in research. He liked to see anything new being developed, a trait which turned out to be of great help to my father.

Mr. Weber always stopped to pick me up and give me a ride to Sartell. Having no children of his own, he took an avid interest in other people's children, and we carried on a lively discussion every time I rode with him.

I had not yet finished my first year of Latin, but when Mr. Weber learned that I was taking this subject he gave me a problem in translation. He said: "Can you translate: '*Gallus tuus ego et nunquam animus?*' "

All the way to Sartell I racked my brain, but I could not translate the words, although I remembered them. I worked on the problem that night, and then asked my Latin teacher for help the next day, but what we ended up with didn't make any sense whatsoever, so when Mr. Weber picked me up the next time and asked me if I had successfully translated what he had given me, I told him that I had tried and that the teacher also had tried, but it didn't make any sense.

Mr. Weber set about explaining. The first word, "Gallus", meant "rooster". "What else is a rooster?" he asked, and I answered: "a chicken".

He said, "No, it is a cock. So we take the first word 'cock', and the next word 'tuus', which means 'your', while 'ego' means primarily 'self esteem', but also can be considered as the letter 'I', which is pronounced the same as the word 'eye'. The next word 'et' of course means 'and', 'nunquam' means 'never', while 'animus' means 'heart' or 'mind'. With this line of reasoning you end up with a translation which says: *Cock your eye and never mind.*"

Mr. Weber gave me one of his wry smiles and said, "When you translate this for your teacher, do it in such a way that she will not be angry with you or want to write me a nasty letter!"

Mr. Weber was an important influence on my life when I was young, but my father's influence was always the strongest. Dad was very outspoken. He didn't mind having a drink, but he was always opposed to excess. I remember one time when our family was waiting for the train to return from Royalton to Sartell on a Sunday evening, and a priest came into the station to wait for the train too. He was obviously drunk. He sat down, and the moment he hit the bench my father was standing in front of him. With a furious glare in his eyes, looking directly at the priest, Dad said: "You are a pig! Do you hear me? You are a pig!" Some of the people in the station applauded, while others maintained an eerie silence, shocked that anyone should address a member of the clergy in this manner.

For as long as Dad had been working there, the paper mill had produced pulp by grinding wood pressed against huge grindstones turned by waterwheels in the Mississippi River. Naturally, there was a great deal of water available in the spring, and very little in the summer, so most of the wood was ground in the spring, and then it was made into laps, which were sheets of 70% moisture, 30% pulp fiber, about a quarter of an inch thick. The laps were stored outside and provided pulp for use in the summer and the parts of the winter

when there was less water flowing in the river than was needed to grind the pulp for the papermaking machines. Each lap of pulp weighed about twenty pounds, and the laps had to be stacked on hand trucks, pulled outside, and then piled into huge mounds, which were then covered with canvas.

In 1922 the Yale and Towne Company invented a battery- powered electric fork lift truck which had two forks projecting from the front, with an electric motor to raise a load. The machine also had another electric motor for propelling it, and a large assembly of storage batteries which had to be charged at regular intervals. The paper company bought several of these trucks and built wooden skids on which they piled the lap pulp and transported it with the electric trucks out to the storage piles. They used one truck to transport finished rolls of paper from the shipping floor into the railroad cars. Each roll was wrapped with heavy brown paper on the shipping floor, and two pieces of wrapping paper were cemented onto the ends of the roll. The wrapped roll was then upended.

The upending operation required several men, because each roll was quite heavy. My dad looked at this situation and made a sketch of a device to mount on the fork lift truck. This attachment meant the rolls could be upended without the use of manpower. Dad showed this sketch to Mr. Weber, who immediately said: "DeZurik, go ahead and build one."

My father was quite proficient at blacksmithing and fabricating, so he did. The device was a huge success, and Mr. Weber immediately applied for a patent in my father's name. This attachment was later sold to Yale and Towne and is still in use today. Dad got about $500 for the patent. At that time it seemed like quite a bit, but in today's market it would be considered peanuts.

My parents had a hectic time raising three mischievous boys. On June 30, 1921, they were blessed with a daughter. Virginia appeared to be a healthy baby for the first few months of her life, but then she went into a gradual decline. The family doctor wasn't able to determine the cause of the problem. One day she had a convulsion, and one of our neighbors suggested that my parents call in a specialist in diseases of women and children who was new in the St. Cloud community. Dr. Schatz examined my sister and said she had rickets, a malady similar to the scurvy suffered by ancient sailors who lacked vitamin C in their diets. The doctor prescribed fresh squeezed orange juice, and within a week Virginia was fully recovered. She's been full of zip ever since.

The summer of 1921, when I finished my first year of high school, marked my entrance to the working world at age fifteen. The Sartell sawmill ran only part of each summer, until the supply of near-at-hand logs had been used up. The logs further north in Minnesota were going to sawmills close at hand. I applied for a job just as the mill was starting up, and was offered 10¢ per hour to "feed the Hog". This consisted of feeding pieces of scrap wood from the sawing operation into a power-driven machine which cut the wood up into chips which were then blown into a steam boiler to provide power for the log-sawing operation. By the middle of July the supply of logs was used up, so the sawmill shut down and I was out of a job.

About that time I heard that the lines of the Sartell telephone system were going to be rebuilt. I went to William Sartell, president of the phone company, and asked if he might have any work for me. Mr. Sartell said he had hired a Mr. McManus to do the rebuilding job, and he suggested I see him, as he would, no doubt, need a helper. Mr. McManus was surprised to have a visitor, since he had just arrived in town. He said I could have the job as his helper at 15¢ per hour. Wonderful — a fifty percent increase over my previous job! Mr. McManus asked me if I knew where the phone company could rent a horse and wagon. I told him Mr. McNeal, who lived a few doors south of my parents, had a horse and wagon, and I would ask him if it would be available. Mr. McNeal offered the horse and wagon at one dollar per day if I would feed and water the horse, and also clean the stable. I went back to Mr. McManus and told him of the arrangement, which pleased him very much. I was to start work the next day.

The next morning I got up at six o'clock, had a quick breakfast, grabbed my lunch box and ran to Mr. McNeal's barn. There I harnessed the horse, hitched him to the wagon, and arrived at the McManus house promptly at seven. Mr. McManus said he was pleased to see that I was on time, so I resolved always to be punctual.

The work on the phone line consisted of stringing a new pair of wires on the poles and installing new insulators. We worked from seven to noon, and then from one to six P.M. At the end of the day I ran home after unhitching the horse and giving him water. Then after supper I went back to the barn to clean the stall, fill the manger with hay, put oats in the feed box, and brush the horse. I hardly had a moment to myself, and this job ran until the last week of August.

From my summer work I saved almost $150. I had been studying radio magazines given to me by Mr. Peebles, the paper mill chief electrical engineer, who had a single vacuum tube radio with headphones running off the car battery in his garage. I visited Peebles whenever I found time after work, and he let me listen. I was totally fascinated, and made up a list of parts I would need to build a set for myself. Cost estimates for parts came to over $95. I talked to Dad about it and he was sympathetic to my enthusiasm, but he did not think I should spend two-thirds of my earnings on this, because I needed clothes for school. I knew money was short on account of the farm mortgage payments, so I agreed with Dad's persuasive logic and gave up the idea.

After my first year of high school at Sauk Rapids I asked my dad to let me transfer to St. Cloud, because Technical High School there was thought to be a much better institution. I came up with the idea of driving our Dodge car to school if I could get enough other students to pay 25¢ each per day to ride with me. There was no problem in getting the five other students I needed, as there was no public transportation between Sartell and St. Cloud. At that time there was no such thing as a driver's license. I was just fifteen years of age when I started hauling the other students with me. We had no insurance, but neither did the lawyers launch personal lawsuits at the drop of a hat the way they do today. No one even thought about liability in case of an accident.

My first passengers were Roscoe and Elsie Sartell, Freda and Alice Luhde and Alice Marsh. All these young people belonged to the First Presbyterian Church in Sartell, and here they were with a Roman Catholic chauffeur driving them to school, and paying him for it besides! Dad and I figured with the $6.25 per week we were collecting from the riders we could pay for all the gasoline we needed and still have a little left over for some of the wear and tear on the car, but we never did keep close accounting records, which was fortunate for me, because I continued to drive the car to school for the three years while I attended St. Cloud Tech. Although Dad and I did most of the constantly needed repair work on the car ourselves, the cost of the parts certainly came to more than the money left over after paying for gasoline.

The Sartell Presbyterian Church had a youth group which put on a basket social about once a month. Alice Marsh invited me to attend, and my father agreed that it would not cause the church to collapse, nor would I be sent to perdition for setting foot in a Protestant church, so I went to the gathering. Alice told me which was her basket, so that I could bid the price up to 25¢ and win it. After we got the basket we sat and ate the sandwiches and cookies, and then I walked her home, as I was not permitted to drive the family car after dark. I thought she was a splendid girl, and I must have continued to think so, because I have been married to her for somewhat more than fifty-seven years at the time of this writing.

I again worked at the sawmill for about six weeks during the summer between my sophomore and junior years of high school. I didn't find any other work for the rest of the vacation time, but my parents were renting a second lot for a garden, so we had two and a half lots of vegetables to take care of, which kept me reasonably busy.

During this summer of 1922 my uncle, John Rudie, and his sister, Anna, were married in a double wedding ceremony in the Bowlus church, with the reception at Grandpa Rudie's farm. My uncle Paul Rudie, who

was older than John, was still unmarried. He was superintendent of construction for a large building contractor in Minneapolis. John chose Paul to be his best man, and his bride chose Theresa Mockenhaupt as her bridesmaid. Theresa was a teacher in Minneapolis, and was engaged to be married at Christmas. The double wedding reception started at noon and continued until after a second wedding dinner on the following day.

There were over one hundred guests and family members present. Paul and Theresa became very well acquainted and rode back to Minneapolis on the train together. Within a week Theresa broke her engagement, and by about the first of the year she and Paul were married. They moved to Marquette, Michigan, where Paul was in charge of building a large three-story addition to the Teachers College.

In April, 1923, I decided to write Uncle Paul in Michigan to see if I could get a summer job on his building project. He wrote back and said I could come, so I left the day school closed. I rode the train, and it took about twenty-four hours. The job paid 40¢ per hour. I thought that was terrific. I rented a room which I shared with Theresa's brother, Bob, and for this we paid $2 per week. We ate next door at Mrs. Zerbel's boarding house. Three large meals cost $1 a day.

The construction project ran ten hours per day, six days per week, and on Sunday I served as watchman, so I was working seventy hours per week and earning $28. My assignments varied from pulling nails, carrying lumber, and checking incoming carloads of millwork, to operating the valves at the top of a tower one hundred feet high, from which the flow of concrete was regulated into spouts carrying it to the places where it was to be poured.

That summer Alice Marsh and her mother went to Puyallup, Washington, to visit relatives. I didn't have Alice's address, so I wrote to her sister, Escha, in Sartell, and she sent it to me. Alice and I exchanged several letters during the summer.

Paul and Theresa Rudie scheduled a motor trip back to Minnesota at the end of August. My job was finished, so I returned with them in time to start my senior year in high school. I graduated in May, 1924.

Dad's younger brother, my Uncle Charles DeZurik, had become very successful in real estate. He had built and sold three apartments with twenty units each on Girard Avenue South in Minneapolis, as well as a sixty-unit building in Duluth. The summer of '24 he and a partner were just completing a forty-unit building in Virginia, Minnesota, and Charles invited me to leave with him the morning after my graduation to take a job as resident rental agent for the new building.

We first drove to Duluth so Charles could sign the bonds for the building financing at the bond company office. Once the procedure was completed, he put the bonds into a brief case, handed the case to me, and I carried over $200,000 worth of securities two blocks down the street to a bank. This certainly was a far cry from the experiences I had had back home in my little village!

My job in Virginia was to show the elegant apartments to visitors and try to convince them to sign leases. I stayed in a one-bedroom model apartment, my first taste of the opulent life. There was a uniformed maid to do the cleaning, and I took my meals nearby at the Ormond Hotel. The apartment contained a large console phonograph and a collection of albums of classical records. I played music by different composers every evening, and slowly I developed an affection for the classics which has been with me ever since. Even as this is being written I am listening to a public radio station playing the music of the masters. Alas, by the third week in August all the apartments had been rented, so I had to return to Sartell, to a much less indulgent life style. It wasn't easy.

I had hoped to enroll for the fall term at the University of Minnesota, to study mechanical engineering, but my financial resources were still too meager for that. I applied for the position of assistant chemist at the paper mill, was hired, and worked there with Walter Garding for a year, saving my money so I could go to

the University in the fall of 1925. My job consisted of gathering and testing samples of purchased pulp, coal and chemicals. The experience I gained gave me an excellent knowledge of the pulp and paper-making processes, which I supplemented with much reading of textbooks on the subject. All of this was very valuable to me when I later went out to sell my dad's inventions to the industry.

As a side issue, I became a stock market chartist, investing in several stocks and following them daily with charts on which I also entered several economic indicator figures. The stocks were bought on 10-point margin, meaning I invested $100 for $1,000 of stock. The $900 balance I borrowed from the broker. This was a hazardous game, but I was most fortunate, and made about $500 during the year.

Some background in papermaking is necessary for understanding my father's next invention. I will try to describe the process without becoming too technical.

A mixture of 99.9% water and .1% pulp fiber flows out onto a continuously traveling, endless wire screen, running across a series of rollers. The water drains through the wire mesh, and the pulp fibers remain behind on top of the wire to form the sheet of paper. The wet paper is then passed through roller presses to remove further moisture. Then it is introduced into a long series of steam-heated, cylindrical dryer rollers which produce the finished dried paper at the opposite end. It is vital to the process that the wire screen not be allowed to become clogged, because if this happens the formation of the paper will be defective. To prevent clogging, spray pipes are installed across the width of the forming screen as it returns to the point of beginning, where the pulp and water mixture is being applied. This high pressure water flushes any remaining fibers out of the wire mesh, so it is clean and ready to receive the next pulp and water mixture when it is applied. The wash water contains small amounts of fiber and chemicals, which must be disposed of. Complicated systems of screening, sedimentation, chemical treatment, etc. have been employed to recover as much as possible of the materials that otherwise would have been lost by being discharged into the river. (In the 1920's no consideration was given to pollution of the river by the introduction of these materials.)

Dad thought that if a spray pipe could be devised which would take the water normally discharged into the river and return it for reuse through the spray pipes during the wire screen washing process, this would save a considerable amount of energy, because in the winter water from the river was coming into the plant at slightly above freezing temperatures and was being discharged at room temperature. The ordinary spray pipe simply contained a series of closely-spaced small holes from which the washing water was discharged, and these holes quickly clogged with fiber when the recycled water was pumped through them. Dad forged a spray nozzle from a piece of pipe and screwed it into the end of a hose. This produced a fan-shaped spray, and because the interior contours of the nozzle did not have any sharp corners, residual fibers in the water passed right through, hence it would not clog.

Dad then made up a complete spray pipe, using a series of these nozzles, and tested it on a paper machine, with the approval of Mr. Weber. This worked to perfection, so both paper machines were equipped with this new type of shower pipe which employed waste water for washing instead of introducing a constant supply of fresh water into the recovery system.

Dad applied for patents on his invention, and Mr. Weber suggested that Dad start a company to make and sell the shower pipes to the industry. He recommended that we call the company "DeZURIK Nozzle Shower Company."

We immediately got busy and had a photograph taken of the shower pipe in operation on the paper machine. Then we wrote up and had printed a small circular which we mailed to various pulp and paper mills all over the United States and Canada.

There was no telephone in the family home, so the only communication Dad could have with anyone interested in learning more about his product was by mail. We bought a used Oliver typewriter, and I began to learn

to type letters and make address labels for our circular mailings. We had no factory, so we made the shower pipes in the machine and pipe shops at the paper mill. All of this, of course, had the enthusiastic approval of Mr. Weber.

At first there wasn't enough business for these spraying devices to warrant the building of a factory or even the hiring of anyone full time to produce them. Dad and I continued in our jobs at the paper mill. I was nineteen years old, Laurence was fourteen, and Ray was eleven. We all helped make the shower pipes, using the facilities at the paper mill in the evening whenever there was an order, each doing what he was able, considering his age.

In September, 1925, I enrolled at the University of Minnesota School of Engineering. My parents were still saddled with farm mortgage payments, so I was entirely on my own. Since I had not taken physics or chemistry in high school, I entered special accelerated classes in these subjects. Students were supposed to be on par at the end of two quarters with those who had taken these subjects in high school. The pace was rapid, the campus seemed huge, and I felt a sense of adventure coupled with a lot of anxiety, because I knew in order to stay in school I had to do well academically and also manage to support myself with a part-time job.

The first thing I did when I arrived in Minneapolis to begin the school year was rent a room from a widow and her spinster daughter for $3 per month. Their house was directly across the alley from Uncle Charles' apartment. Cost of food was a great concern, and luckily I quickly found a job at Wrigley's Cafeteria on downtown Hennepin Avenue, working from five P.M. until eight P.M. for a meal ticket worth $1 per day. I had my breakfast and dinner there. At lunchtime I paid 10¢ for a small bottle of milk and a hamburger at the White Castle near the campus. With this system I controlled my monthly expenses to $3 for rent, $3.10 for lunch, and about $3 for streetcar fare, or a total of less than $10 per month. I was still playing the stock market and was doing fairly well, having developed a friendship with a broker at Charles E. Lewis & Company in downtown Minneapolis.

During Easter vacation I went home, and while I was wandering around in the paper mill I came upon a silver-haired, well-dressed man about fifty years of age. He was sitting on a stool with several small pieces of pulpwood lying on the floor, and beside him was a steel pressure vessel called a retort, with a steam pressure gauge he was intently watching. I struck up a conversation with him, and he said he was a consultant to Mr. Weber, presently engaged in experimenting with a new process for making pulp. He asked me about myself, and I told him I had worked as assistant to the chemist the previous year and was now studying engineering at the University. He asked me what I was going to do during summer vacation, and I said I had no plan, whereupon he offered me a job at a better salary than I had been receiving when I previously worked for the chemist. I immediately accepted, and went home to announce my good fortune in getting a job with Mr. Fred Fish. Dad said he had helped Mr. Fish set up his equipment, so I realized that besides my own qualifications, my father's contact may have had a role in my being hired. Nevertheless, I went back to Minneapolis a proud and happy young man.

My Uncle Charles and his wife, Maude, were living together, but their relationship was gradually disintegrating, and they began to seem more like strangers to one another than like a married couple. Each night after dinner they went off in separate directions, returning to their apartment only at about midnight. Since I had a key to their place, and it was only a few steps from where I lived, often after work I went over there to study. The surroundings were beautiful, with rooms that looked like something out of a decorating magazine. There was a radio, a phonograph and a treasure trove of classical recordings, perfect distraction for me as I carefully made my way through long and difficult calculus assignments.

I spent each Saturday and Sunday with Charles. Not having any children of his own, he made me his confidant, and in the process he taught me an immense amount about the workings of the business world. He always discussed his experiences of the previous week with me in great detail, so I was exposed to complex problems and to the means Charles used to solve them. This non-academic training was a vital part of my education.

The DeZurik family in 1925 in the front yard, with the Mississippi River in the background.
Back Row: Raymond, David, and Laurence.
Front Row: Julia, Virginia, and Matt.

After working six weeks at Wrigley's Cafeteria I was no longer able to abide the poor quality of food served there. Perhaps nineteen years at my mother's table, with the most succulent Bohemian soups, entrees and pastries as normal bill of fare, had spoiled me. I complained to Uncle Charles, and he told me about an excellent, expensive cafeteria which had just opened eight blocks from where we lived, in the Lake and Hennepin area. He said it was called Carlings. I went there, applied for a job, and was hired as part-time busboy. They offered $3 per week plus an evening meal. The food looked delicious, although I was a little disappointed when I learned that employees could select only from a limited menu.

I had been working at Carlings three weeks when one evening I was eating my dinner in a booth near the kitchen door. I happened to take a forkful of a cooked vegetable which didn't taste right. I put the food back in the dish, not knowing that the executive chef was watching from the kitchen doorway. He came to me and asked what was wrong. I told him it just didn't taste right. He took my spoon, tasted the food, and immediately carried the dish back to the kitchen, where he ordered the item removed from the counter. The counter closed at eight o'clock, and after that we worked until eight-thirty cleaning the counter, tables and chairs and stacking dishes. This particular evening the executive chef drew me aside and said he had a new job for me. I was to carry the food from the kitchen to the serving counter, and taste whatever I wanted. If it wasn't right, I was to turn it back to the chef. What a perfect arrangement for a struggling student with an immense appetite! The executive chef was in the kitchen a great deal of the time, and if he observed me turning something back he would also taste it, and never once did he countermand my judgment.

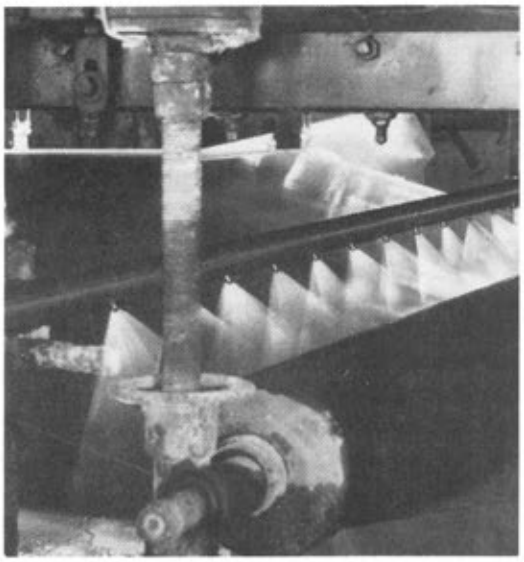
On the first of June, 1926, I went back to Sartell to begin the summer job with Mr. Fish. He had also hired Dr. Eric Wahlforss, from Helsinki, Finland, and I was to work under his direction. My duties included testing a wide range of chemicals and combinations of them to learn their effectiveness in dissolving lignin, the constituent which binds together the cellulose fibers in wood. The test process was very interesting, because it was related to the field of organic chemistry, whereas my studies up to this point had been confined to the field of inorganic chemistry.

When I went back to the University in the fall Uncle Charles offered me a job in his office. I was delighted. I had classes until twelve-thirty each day, and then worked for him all afternoon. I was able to observe the broadest range of business practices, and I sat in on negotiations in buying, financing and selling property. I shall be eternally grateful for the opportunity Uncle Charles afforded me. By the end of the next summer he had consolidated his holdings and reduced his ventures to the point where he closed his downtown office and was handling his investments from his apartment. He and Maude were divorced, and Maude then married my Uncle Bill. Charles arranged his life to allow for far more travel than anyone I had ever known, and his accounts of trips all over the U.S., Europe and South America inspired me to resolve one day to see such places for myself.

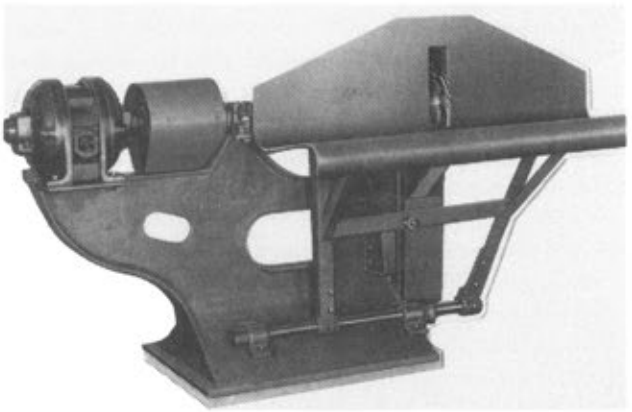
I had carried on a steady correspondence with Alice Marsh, but by the fall of 1928 lightning had not yet struck. I was in Sartell for a visit, intending to return to the University, but a series of events changed everything.

The mail order business of DeZURIK Nozzle Shower Company was pretty much at a standstill. My father had invented another machine to control the consistency of pulp slurries and had licensed its manufacture and sale to Valley Iron Works of Appleton, Wisconsin. He collected a royalty on each machine this company sold, and his financial health had improved substantially, but when he developed a new model for the consistency controller, Valley Iron Works was reluctant to change. Dad discussed cancelling the agreement he had with them if I would be willing to quit school and take up the sale of the machine.

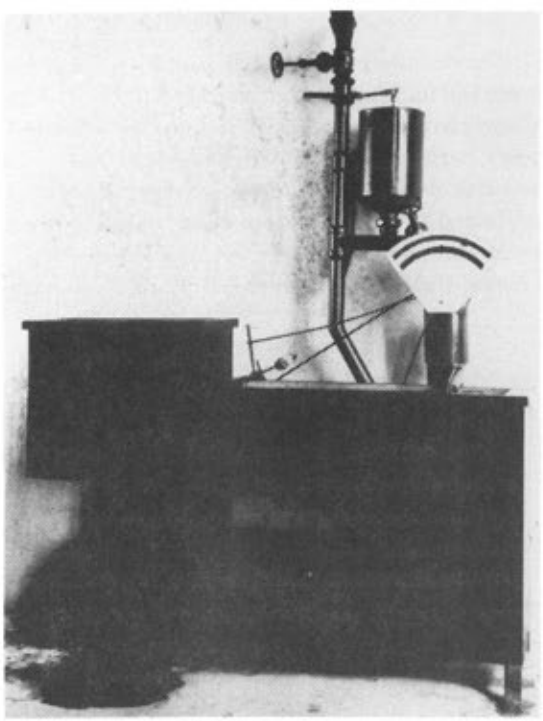
Dad had also designed and built a machine for sawing dirty knots out of pulpwood. The knots were surrounded by occluded bark from the tree, and if they were not removed before the wood was made into pulp, the resulting finished paper would contain black specks and would be unacceptable to customers. The usual method of



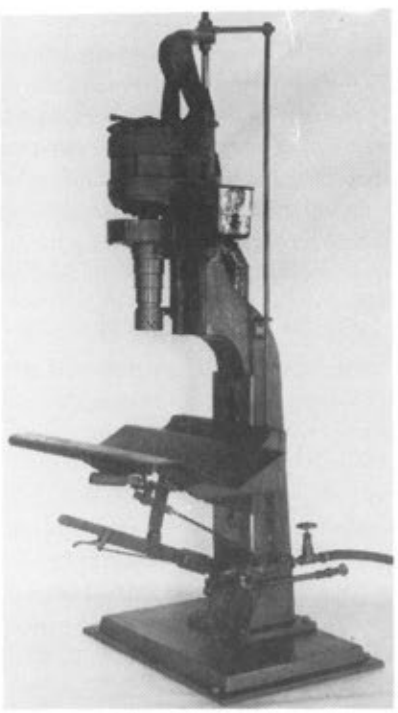
The first product —
Shower pipe on paper machine.



Second product —
Knot sawing machine.



Third product —
Consistency controller.



Fourth product —
Knot boring machine.

removing these knots was by chopping them out with a hand axe. The cost of labor for this operation was high. Dad's machine used two saw blades with a series of knives between them. This combination quickly cut out a 1-3/4" wide slot in the wood, removing the knot and some of the surrounding wood. The machine would do the work of four to six men with hand axes.

During the time I was away at the University, Alice Marsh was working in the paper mill office as a secretary. My return to Sartell led to the beginning of a full-fledged romance. I decided that business and romance were as much as I could cope with at one time, so I abandoned the idea of going back to the University. I spent the winter helping Dad build the new model consistency controller, which was then installed in the paper mill. My job was to run exhaustive laboratory tests to determine how accurately the machine performed.

Dad's original Knot Sawing Machine worked so well that we redesigned it to make it marketable. I took on the responsibility of writing sales literature for the Shower Pipe, the Consistency Controller and the Knot Sawing Machine.

At Christmastime I slipped a ring with a miniscule diamond on Alice Marsh's finger, and we were engaged to be married on June 17, 1929.

During the winter of 1928 Dad and I mailed literature on DeZURIK products to all the paper and pulp mills in the USA and Canada, but the results were discouraging, and I concluded that if our venture was to succeed it would require personal sales presentation and visits to the mills. I made a short trip to Wisconsin in the early spring, using my brother Laurence's car. He was working as a clerk at Montgomery Ward in St. Cloud. On this trip I sold a few shower pipes and a knot sawing machine, and we were somewhat encouraged. We continued to build the shower pipes in the shops at the paper mill. The knot saw was built at the St. Cloud Iron Works Company, because it required several machine tools larger than those in the paper mill machine shop.

Alice and I were married as scheduled. The ceremony was performed in the parish house of the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Sauk Rapids. Laurence was my best man, and Alice Luhde, Alice's close friend, was bridesmaid. Alice did not join the Catholic church. She preferred to continue in the Presbyterian church, in which she had grown up, and this has never been a source of conflict between us. The wedding dinner was at Alice's parents' home, with family and a few close friends. That afternoon we departed on our honeymoon, again using Laurence's car.

Some honeymoon! We drove to Eau Claire, Wisconsin. The next morning at nine I was at the office of Eugene O'Brien, manager of Dells Pulp & Paper Company. I had met him at the Sartell Paper Mill when he visited Mr. Weber. He asked me how I was doing, and I told him I had been married the day before and was on my honeymoon. He said, "You were just married yesterday, what in hell are you doing here at nine A.M.?" When I replied, "Mr. O'Brien, I have a living to make," he got up from his desk, put his arm around my shoulder and said, "Let's go out and measure up one of our paper machines. I'll give you an order for a full set of shower pipes."

You can imagine my elation when I went back to the hotel to get Alice for the drive to Ladysmith, about thirty miles north.

I didn't know anyone at the Ladysmith mill, but I was ushered in to see Charles Dupuis, the superintendent. When he heard my story he gave me an order for an oscillating shower pipe which Dad had recently developed. He came out to the car to meet Alice, and asked where we were going to spend the night. I said we would go to the hotel, but he said we must first come to his home and meet his wife, Edith. Once we were there they insisted that we stay for supper and sleep at their home. We became fast friends, and after they transferred to Port Arthur, Canada, we visited the Dupuis until Charles died suddenly, and his wife moved to Michigan.

Our wedding
June 17, 1929

Our second home in Sartell, 1940.

Our home in St. Cloud, 1959.

The honeymoon continued. I visited several more paper mills without any immediate results, but developed some excellent prospects. At Wisconsin Rapids I called on the purchasing agent for the mill. He told me that due to the depressed condition of the industry they were restricting their buying to indispensable maintenance items. My technical explanations did not impress him, and I began to develop an aversion to purchasing agents with great financial power and insufficient engineering background to realistically evaluate the merits of new products.

I went next to their mill three miles up the river and talked to the manager, Mr. Purvis. He looked at the sample piece of pulpwood with black knots partially cut out by our machine. Then he looked at the photo I was carrying, and asked the price of the machine. I told him it was $575. He immediately filled out a requisition and called the purchasing agent I had left just an hour before. He said, "John, I am sending a Mr. DeZurik to you with a requisition for a knot sawing machine priced at $575. Please give him a purchase order for it." Some discussion then ensued, apparently with respect to buying machinery. Finally Purvis said, "Look, John, we have five men chopping knots with hand axes. One man and this machine will do it better, so go get any approvals you need and get me this machine as soon as it can be made and shipped." He told me not to leave the purchasing agent's office until I had the order, and to call him before I left if there was any problem.

This was phase one of our honeymoon. We returned to Sartell to live with Alice's parents until we could get our own place.

Alice's brother, Blaine, operated a large farm near Bancroft, South Dakota, about two hundred and fifty miles from Sartell. Ed and Rosamund Marsh had a new Model A Ford, and we decided to continue our honeymoon by taking them with us on a trip to South Dakota. We arrived in the late afternoon, and while touring the farm I saw hundreds of flickertail gophers running from one mound to the other all along the edge of a corn field. The corn was about 6" high, and the gophers had already eaten several rows at the edge of the field. If this continued, they would destroy Blaine's entire crop! I knew what we had to do. Blaine did not have a gun, so we drove into town and I bought a single-shot twenty-two caliber rifle and two hundred cartridges. The next morning after breakfast I went out and started shooting gophers, but my mind was whirling with thoughts about other things, especially how the little business, which was now my family's only source of income, could be nurtured to success.

When we returned to Sartell phase two of our honeymoon was over. Alice had saved some money, a few hundred dollars, and I had a very small check, about $75, coming from DeZURIK Shower Co. each month. It wasn't much, but we decided to pool our money and buy our own Model A Ford. At further risk, Alice quit her job, and we left on a long selling trip destined for eastern Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, New York and even further if the outlook warranted. Dad was optimistic, but my mother was concerned that I could not make a living in this venture. My own confidence was high, although I admit I was sometimes apprehensive.

We had been married two months when we started out. Alice soon announced that she was pregnant. She began to suffer acute morning sickness, living mostly on chocolate malted milk shakes. When we returned to Sartell she immediately began to feel better, but she has been reluctant to travel ever since. The trip was moderately successful from the point of view of the new business. I sold several knot sawing machines, consistency controllers, and quite a few shower pipes.

With a baby on the way it was now time for us to move into a place of our own. A small frame house with green shutters was available on the main street facing the river in Sartell. It had a nice living room, kitchen with a small dining area, and two bedrooms. There was even a flush toilet in the basement, a real amenity for newlyweds in Sartell in those days. We bought the home with no down payment. Using a substantial discount Uncle Charles had at Bontell's Furniture Store in Minneapolis, we bought a living room suite,

a bedroom suite, dining table, stove, dishes and many of the other things needed to start housekeeping. The styling and quality of the furniture was surprisingly good, and after we put down a small "Oriental" rug and Alice made draperies which I hung on wooden rods, our little cottage was transformed into a modest but charming home. Our daughter, Joann, still has that sofa, reupholstered, of course, and the dining table, which expands to seat twelve people and is as good as new.

Even though DeZURIK sales gradually increased, Dad continued to work at the paper mill. When several firms using our knot sawing machines said they did not like the amount of good wood wasted on each side of the black knot and suggested we develop a drilling machine to remove the knots, Dad and I hung a huge piece of paper on the living room wall of our little house and set about making a full-scale drawing for a knot borer. I had taken a course in pattern making at the university, so I was able to design and make patterns for the castings required for building this knot borer. Dad, Laurence, Ray and I worked evenings producing the shower pipes and consistency controllers which had been ordered, and I also made a small set of drawings for the knot borer and arranged to have it built for us by St. Cloud Iron Works.

Although the country was in severe economic depression, we were still able to sell our products, because I convinced mill officials that a small investment would quickly pay for itself in operating cost savings and quality improvement. We were offering exactly what they needed, and we always tried to maintain the highest standards of service and dependability.

On March 24, 1930, our first child, daughter Joann, was born in St. Cloud. The hospital was totally new, having been dedicated the previous summer. Most babies in central Minnesota were still delivered by midwives, and as an inducement for families to break this custom the hospital offered a deal: ten days hospitalization with complete care for mother and child at $30. Doctors normally charged $15 to $20 for prenatal care, delivery and postnatal care for both mother and child, with no pediatrician involved. For our doctor we chose Francis J. Schatz, a highly regarded obstetrician. His fee was $25. Total cost for ten days hospitalization and medical care was $55. Children were a real bargain in those days!

The first knot borer installed in the Sartell mill worked very well, but we made some design changes to improve it cosmetically before offering it to the trade. In late August, 1930, I struck out on an extensive sales trip to visit the paper and pulp mills in the eastern states. We now had four DeZURIK products to sell, and the knot borer was very well received, as was a refined design of the consistency regulator. It was an encouraging sign.

On one sales call I arrived at eight o'clock in the morning at Algonquin Paper Corporation in Ogdensburg, N.Y. I explained the purpose of my visit, and the office manager sent me to see Jerry Mahoney, pulp mill superintendent. He looked at the pulpwood sample with the black knot partially drilled out and was immediately enthusiastic, because he saw a labor-saving potential. Algonquin had twelve or fourteen men chopping knots with hand axes. Mahoney suggested we go to the office to see Frank Augsbury, president of the company. We started for the door, but Jerry saw Mr. Augsbury approaching.

An introduction produced only a grunt. At twenty-four years of age I was a bit taken aback by such a reception. Mr. Mahoney showed him the wood sample and a photo. Mr. Augsbury studied both and finally responded: "Jerry, I've been shoving money into this mill faster than you can poke crap through a knothole, and I'm getting sick of it. You already have more people and machinery in this wood preparation department than you have room for."

Jerry replied, "But Mr. Augsbury, a couple of these machines would save the labor cost of ten men."

Mr. Augsbury raised his bushy eyebrows, glared at me and said: "Well, all right, if you want to ship us a machine, we'll try it. If it works, we'll pay for it, but if it doesn't, we'll send it right back." With that he stomped out of Mahoney's office. I told Mahoney I would think about it, and I left.

About two weeks later I picked up my mail in Boston, Massachusetts. A letter from Alice included a photo of several babies, all about the same age, at a six-month party for Joann. They were sitting on the floor, and they all looked so much alike that it was very difficult for me to pick out my own daughter from the group. I had been gone about a month, and I was overcome by homesickness.

Another letter was from Dad, and it included a message from Algonquin Paper Company inquiring about how soon we would ship the knot borer to them. Dad wondered why I had not sent in the order I had gotten from them. I drafted a letter to Algonquin asking for a formal purchase order on which we would accept a clause reading: "This equipment to be shipped transportation charges collect. The equipment is subject to thirty days trial and may be returned transportation charges prepaid. A charge of 10% will be paid on the purchase price to cover our reconditioning expense." Within two weeks after the machine was delivered to Algonquin they sent us an order for two more.

From New York state I traveled to Massachusetts and Maine. It should be noted that the Model A Ford was being driven mostly on narrow dirt roads to remote locations, because most mills were built on rivers which provided power from dams as well as large volumes of water needed in the pulp and paper making process.

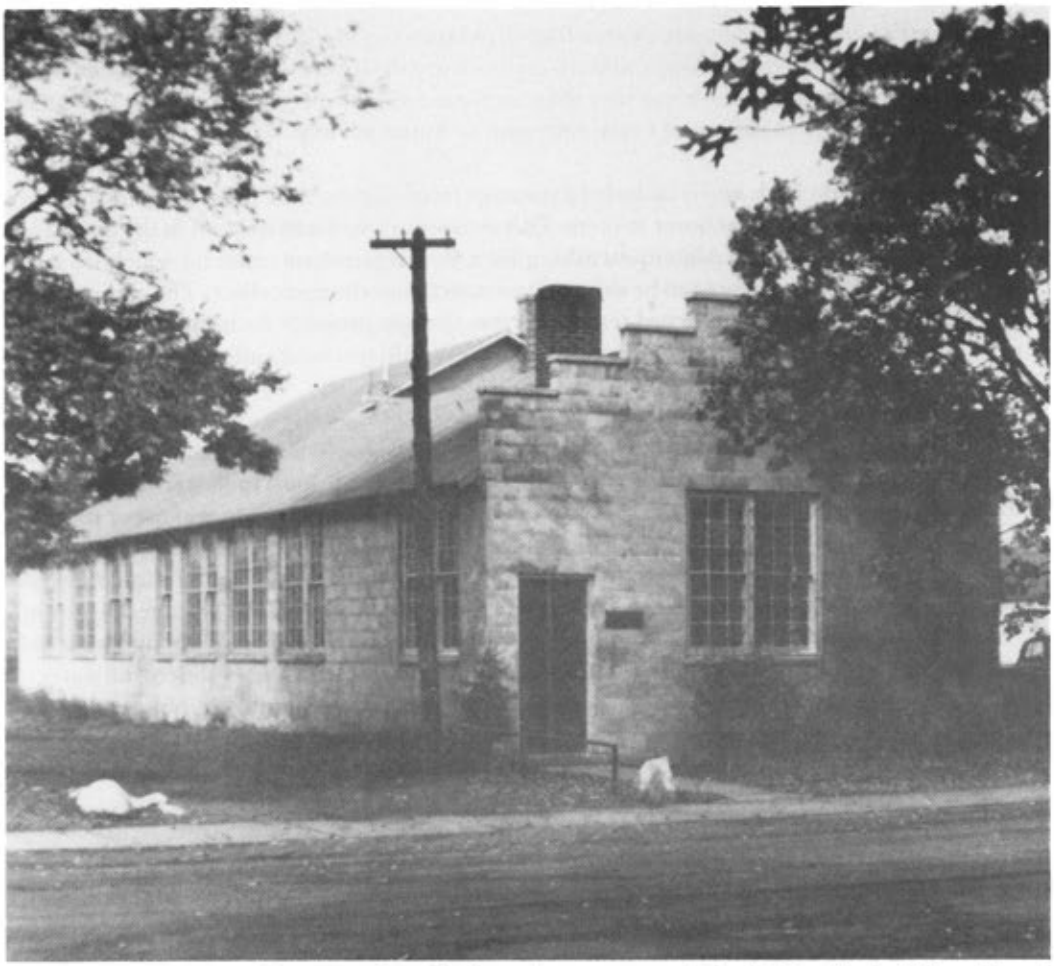
This trip lasted nine weeks, and I concluded that we were now at the point where I should not be gone for so long at one time. I was needed at the office, which I had set up in one of the bedrooms of our little house. I was enough encouraged by the interest our products seemed to be generating, though, that before I left the East I appointed our first sales agent, Otto Goeppinger, in New York, to cover the coastal states. At almost the same time a letter came from Frank Wilder of Portland, Oregon, wanting to represent us on the west coast, so my own calling territory could now be restricted to the manageable midwest region. The pulp and paper industry in the south, in spite of the ample wood supply, had not yet been developed because of high pitch problems in the wood in that area.

In the fall of 1931 Dad convinced Mr. Weber that money could be saved by storing pulp in large tanks in slush form instead of making it into laps. Dad designed a model system, which used large insulated tanks, pumps, a piping system and a substantial number of 8" valves. The valves were to be a plug cock type, using a cylindrical plug in a cast iron body. Valley Iron Works, our former licensee for the consistency controller, made such valves. Dad still had a cordial relationship with them, so the paper mill ordered these valves for their system.

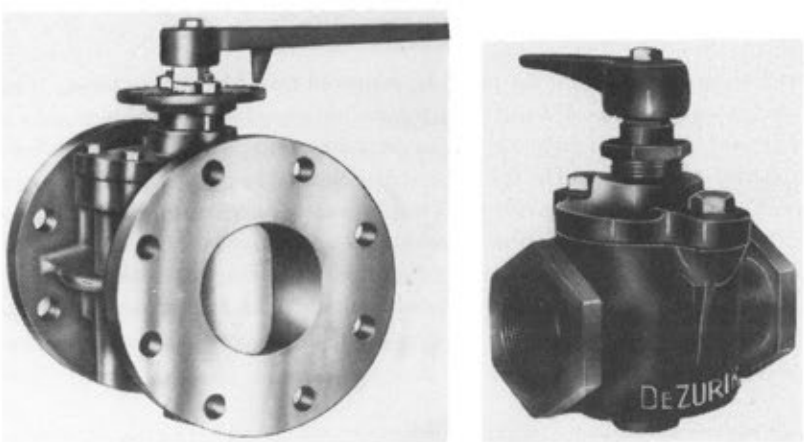
Within a week after the slushing system commenced operation, the valve plugs became very difficult to turn. This was because the pulp was made by grinding spruce logs, and this wood contained some pitch, which was ground with the wood. The pitch attached itself to the metal surfaces of the valve plug and the inside of the valve body. The pitch build-up was causing the difficulty.

Valley Iron Works recommended that the plugs be removed from the valves during Sunday shutdown of the plant. The plugs were then to be ground down to provide some looseness between the plug and the valve body surfaces. This was accomplished according to their directions, and the plugs were well greased before being reinstalled in the valve bodies. The valve turned freely on Monday. Tuesday, less easily. By Thursday, again the valves were almost impossible to turn. The plugs were removed and ground down for a still looser fit in the valve body. This eased the problem somewhat, but now the valves leaked, so the water came through, leaving a mass of heavy pulp behind which plugged the pipes, so that they had to be disassembled for cleaning. I told Dad that I knew of a company in Ohio which also made a plug valve used in some mills. An inquiry to them produced brochures with cut-away illustrations. Their design was almost identical to that of the valves giving trouble at the Sartell mill.

Dad put on his well-worn thinking cap, and early one morning he conceived a design for a plug valve completely different from anything known at that time. It had a segmented plug mounted on pivot bearings at each



The original plant, on the current Sartell plant site, was opened in 1932. The building allowed DeZURIK Shower Company to move out of the Watab Machine Shop and provided 2,400 square feet of manufacturing and office space.



Original Eccentric Plug Valves

end, with a cam, or eccentric closure against a raised body seat. In this design the sealing face of the plug cleared free of the seat the moment it was turned slightly toward the open position.

From Dad's sketch we quickly made a full-scale drawing, then patterns. Finally castings were purchased, and the first of several million DeZURIK Eccentric Valves was produced in the machine shop at the Sartell Paper Mill. One of these valves was installed in the troublesome piping system. It worked perfectly the first week — the second week — the third week. Enough castings were ordered to make valves to replace all of the defective valves in the system. When they were installed, the problem was solved.

I immediately recognized a market potential, but we knew we could not sell valves without a factory. The machine shop at the paper mill could not let us tie up its equipment, and besides, most of what was there was old and inaccurate. The making of these new valves required a high degree of precision machining to produce the eccentric plug face and body seating surface so the valve would not leak when closed.

Building a factory in 1932, the depth of the Depression, was a venture which required the utmost optimism. I was working almost around the clock, and was able to take a maximum of about $100 a month out of the company for living expenses. We managed quite well on that amount, because we were a small family, and large pork chops were selling for about 7¢ apiece. Alice did a lot of canning and sewing, and our household budget was frugal, with no arbitrary indulgences. When I traveled I stayed in tourist homes for $2 a night, including breakfast, or at places like the small, clean hotel on 44th Street in New York City which charged $5 a day for a room, and with three good meals included.

With the $3,000 to $4,000 the company now had in the bank, we decided to build a small factory on a lot at the west end of the paper mill dam. Dad's brother, John, who was a contractor in Chicago, was out of work because of the Depression. He came to Sartell to do the construction for us. Dad was still putting in regular hours at the paper mill, Laurence was clerking at Montgomery Ward and Raymond was in high school. All of us pitched in and helped on Uncle John's crew when we could spare the time, and DeZURIK Shower Company soon had a neat 30' x 40' cement block building. The present DeZURIK factory of over 250,000 square feet is an expansion of this original structure.

To equip the factory, we spent several weeks shopping around for used machinery. When Papenfus Garage in Sauk Rapids went bankrupt there was a large sale, and we bought a single-spindle drill press with a stool for the operator at a cost of $18. This drill was finally taken out of service in the early 80's.

One of our primary needs for valve manufacture was a large engine lathe. For the knot saw and knot borer we needed a metal planer. For making wood patterns we needed a band saw. Dad and I went to Minneapolis to see what was available there. The F.E. Saterlee Company had exactly what we needed, except that for our purposes the engine lathe needed raising blocks so we could machine the large valve bodies we were designing. We negotiated a price of $500 laid down on our shop floor for all three machines, including the cost of equipping the engine lathe with raising blocks.

Aluminum Company of America had a large factory in St. Cloud (the old Pan Motor plant) which made pistons and some other automotive parts. The business was only marginally profitable, and finally closed. One of their employees, a man named Roy Mullaly, from Sauk Rapids, had been working as a full-fledged expert tool and die maker. His wages had been 40¢ per hour. He heard about our plant, which was now completed, and came to apply for a job. We hired him, our first non-family employee, for 40¢ per hour, 40 hours per week, which was less than $70 per month. On this salary he supported a family of wife, four children and dog. Roy was a Godsend to us. He designed and built highly accurate machining fixtures for the manufacture of our valves, and also did the machining of all of the valve parts.

As soon as everything seemed ready for production, I wrote up a circular on the valves and made a trip to

visit potential customers all over Wisconsin. In spite of the depressed economy, I found much interest in our new product. Our total sales in 1932 were about $40,000.

The business grew to the point where Laurence left his job at Montgomery Ward and was assigned various responsibilities in the plant. Raymond finished high school, and he also joined the firm. Both of them were involved in a broad range of tasks and, like myself, they grew in experience as the business expanded. It soon became clear that Laurence's inclinations would lead him to concentrate on the manufacturing operation. He eventually took over factory supervision. Ray's talents drew him to the field of industrial design, and for many years he headed the company engineering department.

Having gotten such a bargain when Joann was born, we decided to try again, and David, Jr. was born March 10, 1932. A girl, and now a boy. Five years later Janet was born, on October 10, 1935, and then another boy, Donald, on June 7, 1937.

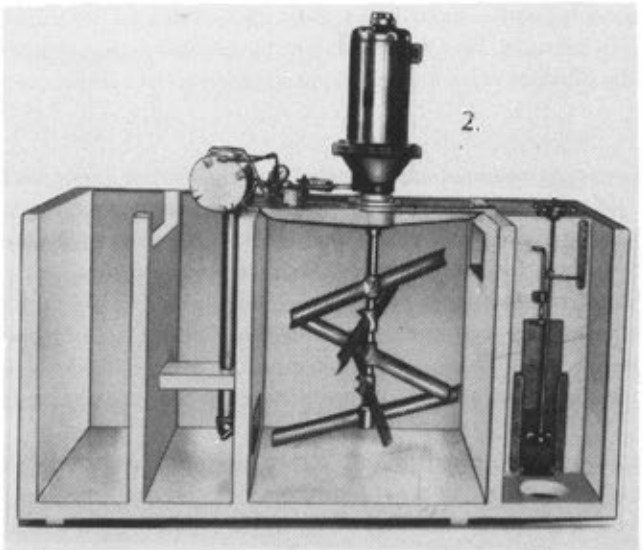
Alice had been doing my secretarial work all along since we were married. After the plant was finished she would bring the children along when she came to the office every afternoon, having devoted the morning to household tasks. I bought a used Edison dictating machine with a wax cylinder, the same as on the very first phonograph, and I would dictate every morning so Alice could transcribe from the same machine in the afternoon. We would tie Dave, Jr. into a little wicker chair which we would put on a work bench out in the shop. He would spend hours cooing and gurgling at the speeding belts running from the line shaft to the various machines.

Even before Janet was born, however, Alice decided to give up her non-paying job as my secretary in order to devote more time to the children and the household. Laurence's wife, who left a job as a secretary at Zapp's Bank in St. Cloud when she got married, volunteered to take over for Alice. Later Ray's wife, Mary, who had been a bookkeeper, worked part-time in our accounting and production control departments, also as a volunteer. This arrangement didn't last long though, because Redelle and Mary also soon left to take care of their own growing families. I finally hired a paid secretary, the first of several. They usually left to get married or else moved away. If they stayed in the area and worked after marriage they promptly acquired child care problems.

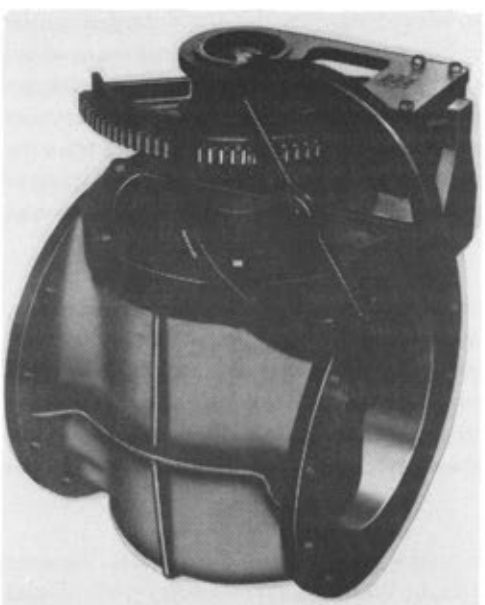
Our consistency regulators were working well at the Sartell Paper Mill, but Mr. Weber was not one to forego any opportunity to evaluate new products. One day he saw an ad for a new type of consistency regulator being introduced by Noble & Wood Machine Co. After discussing it with Dad and me he phoned them and discovered that the machine had some interesting features, so we were curious to investigate it. The manufacturer agreed to send a machine to the Sartell Paper Mill for a 30-day trial. Dad was in charge of making the installation of this device which, if capable of providing superior performance, would be very damaging to our business.

The machine consisted of a motor-driven agitator suspended in a flow chamber. Any change in the torque required to turn the agitator in the flowing stream of pulp stock caused a pair of pawls to open or close a valve adding water into the pulp mixture at a point ahead of the agitator. The device was quite cumbersome and tests indicated that it did not fulfill the manufacturer's claims for accurate control. It was removed from service and returned.

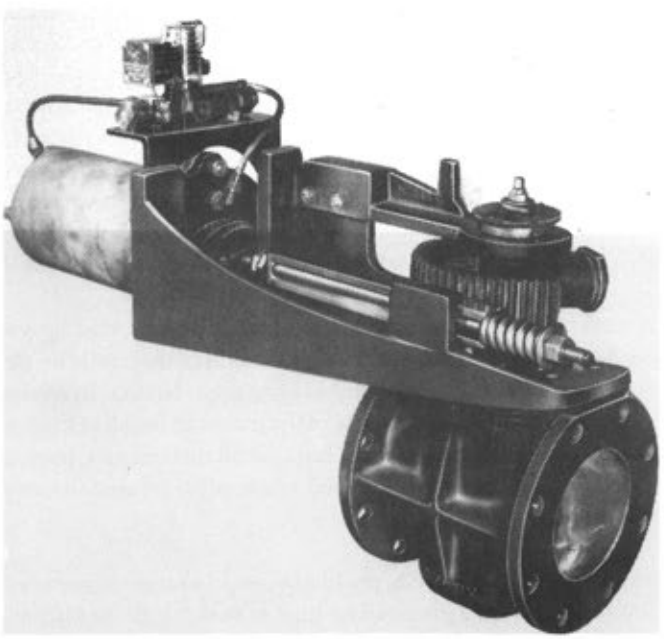
Dad thought a somewhat different torque motor consistency controller could be designed which would overcome the problems of the Noble & Wood machine and give greater accuracy than our own current design. As an experiment, we mounted a vertical gear head motor on a ball bearing turntable. The gear motor turned an agitator at 45 R.P.M. in a chamber through which the pulp stock flowed. Any change in the consistency of the stock would cause a change in the force required to turn the agitator. An arm extended from the motor turntable. It was connected to an adjustable spring which balanced the rotative force required to turn the



Original motor driven sensor type consistency controller



Handwheel actuator for larger valves



Pneumatic valve actuator

agitator. The end of the arm was connected to a hydraulic pilot valve, and this pilot controlled the movement of a cylinder-operated dilution valve. This arrangement represented a major improvement, because it gave proportional control of the dilution valve in contrast to a fixed rate of valve movement in our competitor's device.

In late 1936 we built a prototype machine and installed it in the Sartell Paper Mill, where I had full access to the laboratory and could run necessary tests to determine the accuracy of our design. These tests proved that our machine was capable of controlling the consistency of the stock to previously unattainable levels of accuracy. Before we could go ahead on production we asked our attorneys to conduct a search of the U.S. Patent Office files to determine whether our device was patentable. This search disclosed that the Noble and Wood machine was covered by a patent issued to Milton Schurr, an employee of Brown Company, a paper manufacturer in Berlin, N.H. There were nineteen allowed claims in the Schurr patent and they were sufficiently broad in scope, we feared, to make it certain that our design was an infringement of this patent.

Noble & Wood, however, had discontinued manufacture of their machine in the meantime, so I called Mr. Schurr and told him that while our device was substantially different, the broadness of the claims in his patent indicated we might be in infringement. We set up a meeting in New York to include a member of the Brown family who was vice president of Brown Company. We were prepared, if necessary, to pay Brown Company $50 to $100 per machine for a license.

The meeting didn't last as long as I expected. I showed Brown and Schurr a drawing and photo of our machine, and Brown conceded that if we were to litigate the matter, the courts would undoubtedly invalidate a substantial number of the claims in the Schurr patent. Brown finally said, "Look, DeZurik, we are paper manufacturers, not machinery builders. You go ahead with your machine and we won't challenge you with any claims of infringement." I asked him if he would give us a letter to this effect, and he agreed. I went back to Sartell and announced the good news, with considerable elation. As soon as we mailed catalogs we experienced great success in selling our consistency controller. A later refinement converted it to pneumatic instead of hydraulic control of the dilution valve in order to produce visible proof of operating accuracy. We made constant design improvements over the years to maintain our leadership in this field.

All along we had been purchasing our gear motors from General Electric. One day the Minneapolis area G.E. salesman was visiting Green Giant Canning Co. at LeSueur, Minnesota, then the world's largest canner of cream style corn. Dr. George Scott, technical director of Green Giant, was telling the G.E. salesman about their problems in trying to adjust the amount of water added to cream style corn to compensate for changes in the amount of starch in the kernels as corn of various maturities was being canned. Older corn has more starch than young corn. When older corn was canned, its excess starch absorbed a lot of moisture from the contents of the can, hence the housewife could tell the age of the corn by its texture as she poured it out of the can. Green Giant wondered if there was some means of controlling the moisture. The G.E. salesman gave Scott my name, and called and asked if I would visit the LeSueur canning plant.

After a study of LeSueur's capacity requirements, which were much smaller than in our other applications, we designed and built a miniature version of the machine we were making for the pulp and paper industry. It was installed at LeSueur and worked to perfection. In a subsequent meeting with Scott he said Green Giant would like to buy exclusive use of the machine for all of their plants, but I told him this might be illegal. After Green Giant ordered our machine for all their plants, most other canners of cream style corn followed suit. Within a year many canned food wholesalers refused to carry cream-style corn from producers who did not use our machine.

In 1935 Weyerhauser Co. decided to build a large expansion to a pulp mill in Everett, Washington. We were invited to submit a proposal for knot borers. Since the pulpwood on the West Coast is much larger than wood in the Midwest and East, where we had been selling all our machines, we decided to design and build a

prototype. It was to be mounted over a conveyor which would carry the large logs to and from our machine. The conveyor system would be supplied by Sumner Iron Works of Seattle as part of a large contract for the entire Weyerhauser wood handling system. We shipped the prototype and I went to the mill to witness the trial run. When I got to the test site I was surprised to discover that Sumner Iron had already installed a prototype knot borer of their own design which included a conveyor system which moved the logs forward or backward as well as turning the logs to bring the bad knots under the boring head. I knew immediately that we had been badly outclassed, and I ordered our machine returned to Sartell without it even having been uncrated. We salvaged a few parts, scrapped the rest, and never again tried to enter the West Coast market for wood cleaning machinery. Had this happened several years earlier, the effect on our fledgling business might really have been devastating.

The DeZURIK Shower Company plant had been operating for about three years before our sales grew to a point where Dad felt safe enough to leave his position at the paper mill and devote full time to our business. By the year 1938 we definitely needed to expand. With an addition to the factory we tripled our floor space, and we continued to add new machinery for our increasing production requirements.

In 1937 Sartell had a population of about six hundred. Claude Witherell, a very reasonable man with a talent for arranging compromises, was mayor, and Lester Sovereign, an engineer at the paper mill, was one of the councilmen. A job change forced the Sovereigns to leave Sartell, and the council appointed me to fill Lester's unexpired term.

Sartell's annual budget was miniscule by present-day standards. Political decision-making was completely aboveboard, and there was no graft or influence peddling. Council projects were small, but cost containment was vital, because townspeople had little money, and they needed every penny for their families. We had to be frugal when it came to municipal improvement, but realistic too.

For example, it was obvious that the north side of Sartell needed to be connected to the main sewer line. The council hired a consulting engineer to submit plans, and if it hadn't been for council members' vigilance and close scrutiny of the "expert's" design, the whole thing might have become an expensive fiasco. The engineer specified six-inch pipe because, he said, there were only a few homes to be served on the line. He made absolutely no allowance for the other homes which would eventually be built on what was then vacant land. Alarmed council members argued that calculations should include allowance for future growth. At first the engineer wasn't convinced, then finally he relented and recalculated. His new recommendation was for eight-inch pipe, which cost only one dollar more per foot than the six inch, and saved the townspeople a great deal in the long run.

Inadequate local telephone service was a severe handicap in Sartell, particularly for business, and of course the town's economy depended on business. Townspeople didn't simply take telephone service for granted in the 1930's, it was something that had to be fought for. The locally-owned Sartell Telephone Company was connected to the Northwestern Bell Telephone exchange in St. Cloud by only a few wires. This meant customers paid $1.50 per month to be on the lines with seven other parties. Lines were always busy. In urgent situations it was often faster to walk or drive in order to communicate directly with someone rather than wait until a line was free. This situation was especially difficult for our customers, who must have had a mental image of Sartell as a primitive outpost.

Through a friend I learned that a group of farmers north of Sartell had once had their own telephone system. Their single line ran to St. Cloud and was no longer in use. I arranged for DeZURIK Shower Company to buy the line for $20, and I asked Northwestern Bell to hook up our office and the four DeZurik homes. I was emphatically informed that the Sartell Telephone Company had an exclusive franchise in the village, and that we would not be allowed to have our own independent line. After a lot of complicated maneuvering we sold the system to the Sartell Phone Company with the proviso that our office and homes would have

exclusive use of this line, and that all maintenance would be done by Northwestern Bell. We then drew up rules based on everyone in our family agreeing to keep the line open for business by refraining from calling out during business hours, except in case of emergency. This certainly was inconvenient, but it was the best we could do.

By about 1940 many other Sartell residents were clamoring for improved phone service. The Sartell Telephone Company finally sold out to Northwestern Bell, and we were overjoyed to get two private lines to our office, although our four homes were still on the four-party line. We felt very privileged, because the rest of the village still remained on the old eight-party lines. Plans to modernize had been shelved by World War II.

At the end of the war the village council inquired how soon a new phone system would be installed in Sartell. The phone company said it might be a long wait, possibly two years. Their excuse was that there were still material shortages, and that prior commitments had piled up during the four-year period when modernization was at a standstill. I happened to read in the newspaper that Northwestern Bell had applied for a rate increase, and that a public hearing was to be held in St. Paul. I suggested to the council that we send a delegation to this meeting, and since I already had a lot of experience in dealing with the phone issue, I was appointed to attend as village representative.

The hearing started at nine A.M. with a presentation by the phone company showing increased costs of poles, wire, insulators, etc. A representative of the city of Minneapolis, which opposed the rate increase, pointed out that since all of these items were being bought from Western Electric, a phone company affiliate, prices probably were not based on free market competition. Discussion dragged on until noon, when the chairman asked if anyone had a short statement to make before adjourning for lunch. I stood up and said: "I represent the village of Sartell, five miles north of St. Cloud. We have a turn-of-the-century telephone system of eight-party lines. The phone company tells us we cannot have a new system for two years. We object to paying increased rates for something which is only marginally effective!"

When I went out to the lobby, reporters from two Twin Cities newspapers cornered me and asked if I would elaborate on my statement to the commission. I did, and both evening papers carried the story, perhaps because nothing more interesting had come up at the hearing. The next morning when I arrived at my office my secretary said the phone company's St. Cloud district manager had called and wanted to come out to see me immediately. Twenty minutes later he appeared, accompanied by the vice president of the regional office in Omaha. We exchanged pleasantries, and then they asked me just what the village of Sartell wanted. I responded that we needed a modern phone system which would offer residents a choice of single lines or two-party lines at rates comparable to those charged in St. Cloud, and we didn't want to wait two years to be brought into the Twentieth Century. Apparently they hadn't liked the adverse publicity they'd gotten the night before. They agreed to immediately implement a plan for a new phone system, and in less than two weeks a large cable was run out from St. Cloud. After about sixty days Sartell had a completely up-to-date system, the cause for much celebration for the entire population.

I was reelected to the Sartell Village Council every two years until much later, in 1949, when we moved to St. Cloud. Then, because I was no longer a resident, I was required to resign.

By the spring of 1936 Alice and I had three growing children and another on the way, so we began to look around for a larger house than the one we were living in. What we eventually bought was a typical midwestern style, medium-sized, two-story frame home with three bedrooms, two bathrooms and screened porches on the front and back, at the south end of Sartell. Within a few years we removed the front porch and remodeled the exterior. From then on the house resembled a modified New England salt box on the outside, and had an open, free-flowing feeling inside. Our property included a large side lot with apple, pine and willow trees, a perfect place for active youngsters to cavort with neighborhood children and our Springer Spaniel, Murf.

Alice's parents bought the bungalow next door to our house so they could be near their only grandchildren, and before long there was a well worn path between the two houses, with all the coming and going back and forth. Mr. Marsh was retired, and he spent his summers taking care of the two yards and raising vegetables. Our dinner table was always loaded with fresh produce, and "Grandpa" also kept us supplied with cut flowers, nasturtiums and gladiolas being his specialty.

DeZURIK Shower Company was steadily adding employees, including a man to call on customers in the Midwest part time and take care of correspondence when he wasn't on the road. His name was Paul Torre, and he had a prodigious memory for names and faces.

Over the years I made it a point to attend all important pulp and paper industry meetings, whether regional, national or international. Acquaintances and friendships begun there developed into an open door welcome whenever I visited plants across the nation. Alice accompanied me to most of these meetings, since with her parents next door they could oversee our full-time, live-in maid, who earned $3 a week besides room and board, the going rate for household help at that time. They kept the children on as reasonable a course of behavior as could be expected from loving and indulgent grandparents.

About a year before the U.S. entered World War II the federal government established the War Production Board, with a branch office in Minneapolis. I made a trip to the Twin Cities to check with the board on whether there would be a role for us in this, because I knew that a number of companies in the Midwest were producing material for the British armed forces.

I learned that Pressed Steel Car Company of Chicago was making an armored tank from a British design. In this tank the commander had to depend on an observer to tell him of battlefield conditions. He gave his orders without even seeing the battle scene. Minneapolis Honeywell was designing a periscope mounted in a cast armor hood which could be field mounted on the tanks already in service, as well as on the new ones, and with this device the tank commander would be able to make his own observations of battlefield conditions.

The people at WPB had a drawing of the Honeywell cast armor hood and they were getting bids for the machining work on this part. I took a copy of the drawing back to our plant and we prepared a process sheet for the necessary machining work, but decided we couldn't submit a bid because we had no experience in machining cast armor.

I told an official of the WPB that before we could submit anything, we needed a sample rough casting to establish the machinability rate. He said they had only sample bronze castings, but this would not solve our problem, since we were well experienced in machining bronze. Then Carl Shipley, one of my former professors at the University who was heading up the periscope project at Honeywell, called. I told him we couldn't bid until we ran a test on the actual part made of cast armor. Two days later he called again to ask how long it would take us to give a bid after we got a sample cast armor part. I told him about half an hour. He said he would immediately make the seventy-mile drive himself to bring us a part. He arrived two hours later. Roy Mullaly took the part to the shop, and when he brought it back he gave me a figure on the machinability and in a few minutes I quoted Shipley a price of $8.60 each for the machining work. He instantly said we had the job, and this response frightened me a little. I wondered if I might have made a mistake and if we were too low in our estimate. I mentioned this, and he said our price was within pennies of their own figures, but they had bids ranging from $2 to $60 per piece, and we were the only ones who insisted on running a test piece of actual material.

It was generally agreed that sooner or later the U.S. would enter the war. We knew that when this happened material for our regular line of work would be very difficult, if not impossible to obtain, so we thought we would be well advised to enlist the aid of some of the machine shops in St. Cloud to do most of the machine

work on our part for the Honeywell contract. With such an arrangement we could keep our larger and better Sartell facilities open for additional contracts. I was confident that we would get some.

Honeywell had left two sample parts with us, so we immediately began to design and build machining jigs and fixtures. I went to the president of the machine shop in St. Cloud which had been doing our machining work before we built our own plant, and asked if they would be interested in contracting with us. He said they were busy enough doing repairs for the stone cutting industry in the area, and didn't want to take on anything else. Two years later they were out of business.

Next I went to another machine shop which also served the stone cutting industry. Mr. Arnold Allen, president of Granite City Iron Works, said he was worried about future availability of material for their line of work, so he said they would be glad to do defense work for us if we provided tooling and instructions. Besides Granite City, we gave a contract to another small shop for one of the other operations on the part. We retained only the work of drilling and tapping two small holes and making overall inspection of the finished parts.

For many years Alice's parents' next door neighbor was Claude Witherell, production manager at the paper mill. Claude was a widower and a pillar of the Sartell Presbyterian Church. Alice had often taken care of his son, Richard, especially after the death of his mother. About two years before Alice and I were married, Claude married for the second time. His bride was Vivian George, of St. Cloud, known affectionately as "Auntie Vi" to our children over the years when they were growing up.

The Witherells had a cottage on the north shore of Big Watab Lake, sixteen miles west of St. Cloud, near St. John's University. One weekend they invited us to stay there with them so Claude and I could do some fishing. We brought Joann and David, Jr. along with us, and at night we took over a sleeping porch at the cottage. In response to repeated invitations we spent many weekends with Vi and Claude Witherell and their four-year-old daughter, Peggy, during the summer of 1932, then again the following two summers.

In those times Watab Lake was a true haven of tranquility. The road leading there from St. John's ran through densely wooded, gently rolling hills. It was just two unpaved tracks, with all manner of weeds growing in the middle. At twilight the lake was so still you could hear fish jumping and loons calling, because boats and canoes belonging to the fourteen or fifteen families who lived along the lakeshore were powered by oars rather than motors. There was no electricity or running water, and the atmosphere was akin to what one finds today only in very remote areas, such as at some of my favorate fishing camps in the Canadian north woods.

By the spring of 1935, shortly before the birth of our third child, Janet, we decided we should no longer impose on the Witherells. Fortunately, the cottage next door to them became available for rent because the owner, Bill Sharpless, former superintendent of the Sartell paper mill, moved to Wisconsin. Like all other summer homes at Watab, it was quite primitive, without indoor plumbing or electricity. Bathing had to be done in the lake, and cooking was done on a rather unreliable kerosene stove. The only refrigeration was a wooden ice box, and we hauled our own ice every few days, bringing it out from town. Beginning on May 15, when fishing seasen opened, we would go to the cottage every Friday evening and return to town on Sunday evening. About June 15 we moved to the lake for the summer, and I commuted by car sixteen miles each way from the Sartell plant. The next summer, 1936, we made quite a caravan, coming and going with three children, a dog and a car fully loaded with groceries, ice, live fish bait, laundry and the many other things needed for our own family plus visitors who often came to spend weekends with us. Alice's ability to handle the logistics of these safaris was certainly almost equal to what would have been required to organize a polar expedition by dog sled.

One evening during the summer of 1938 the children were playing in the water along the lakeshore when David, Jr. stepped on a nail which was protruding from a small board. The nail entered the ball of his foot,

and he was in great pain. We carried him along the shore about a quarter of a mile, so Dr. J.P. McDowell, who had a cottage further down the road, could assess the injury. Dr. McDowell cleaned and bandaged the wound, but by the next day David was running a high temperature, so we took him to the St. Cloud Hospital. An X-ray disclosed that the nail had struck a bone and punctured its protective coating.

David stayed at the hospital, and his high temperature persisted, so we asked our good friend, Rosalie Timmers, RN, to recruit two other special nurses to provide round-the-clock care. The fever continued. Further X-rays disclosed that David had contracted osteomylitis, and that the bone in his foot was being eaten away. I phoned Rosalie at the hospital during the night and said we would like to take David by ambulance to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester the next day, and we wanted her to go along. She said that David's foot had finally started to drain just before one A.M., and that his temperature had subsided. Alice and I went to the hospital at seven AM., and one glance told us David was better. He came home on crutches a few days later, his foot in a cast with a drainage tube projecting from the top.

During the nineteen months David was on crutches he became so proficient at catapulting himself five or six feet that he was almost always able to keep up with his playmates. The next summer after the accident Dr. McDowell would stop by at our cottage on his way home each evening to check on David, who still wore the cast and whose foot was still draining. One of these times I was under a tree putting a new line on my fishing reel. David's crutches were leaning against the tree, and Dr. McDowell asked me where he was. I pointed upward, and there, twenty feet above the ground, sat David, in the branches.

In the fall we took David to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. There they removed the heavy plaster cast he had worn for over a year, and after an examination soon concluded that time would heal the foot. They applied a new, lightweight cast, and we came home. The next day the new cast was already completely shattered. It wasn't nearly strong enough to undergo the pounding of a superactive, seven-year-old boy. Dr. McDowell replaced it with another heavy cast, and nineteen months after the accident David was finally free to walk without crutches.

After the DeZURIK factory in Sartell had been producing periscope parts for the British tank for about a month, my professor friend at Honeywell complimented us on the quality of work we were turning out. He suggested I visit Pressed Steel Car Co., in Chicago, the tank builders, because they had told him they were looking for good subcontractors for other defense items. I went to Chicago and met Mr. Kollodge at Pressed Steel Car. He gave me a drawing and showed me one of the finished main suspension brackets they had been making for tanks. Each tank required six. This was a much more complex part than the periscope hood we were machining, so I viewed it as a major challenge when Mr. Kollodge offered to ship us a machined defective suspension bracket so we could prepare bids. I eagerly accepted.

Our bid for the machining was mailed to him within a few days after the sample arrived. The following week, when I went back to Chicago, much to my surprise Kollodge asked me when were going to send him our bid. I told him it had been mailed a week before, but neither he nor his secretary had seen it, nor could they locate it within their organization. I told him the bid was slightly over $38 each. He said that was fine, but he needed an exact figure to put on an order for five hundred pieces he would give me. I phoned the plant for the exact price, got the order, and came home.

We immediately started making fixtures and again turned to our friends at Granite City Iron Works to machine a small ancillary part for the bracket. Our facilities were limited to producing four brackets per eight hours, so we put the plant on three shifts, six days a week, giving us a production of seventy-two pieces per week. After several weeks of production I went back to Chicago. Mr. Kollodge had given an order for five hundred brackets to Hudson Sharpe Machine Company of Green Bay, Wisconsin, at the same time as our order. They made some equipment for the paper industry, so I knew the company very well. I told Mr. Kollodge we needed another order if they wanted us to continue working for them. He said every part

we had supplied was perfect, and told me Hudson Sharpe hadn't yet produced the first part. He phoned them, cancelled the order he had placed with them and arranged for the castings they had to be reshipped to us.

A large proportion of Stearns County residents were of German, Czech and Polish descent. For a long time newspapers, magazines, radio broadcasts and movie newsreels had been informing us of the terror sweeping through our ancestral homelands, and it seemed only a matter of time until the U.S. would enter directly into the conflict. Most emmigrants had quickly taken on an American identity, and many young men enlisted in the armed forces even before the draft went into effect.

On December 7, 1941 the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Our government immediately activated the plans which had previously been developed for an all out war. All critical materials were under allocation and priorities were required for their purchase. These priorities were issued only for essential purposes. Gasoline was rationed. Everyone with a car was given an "A" card for three gallons of gas per week. I used my car to go back and forth to the Twin Cities for our essential business purposes, so I was given a "C" card, which gave me extra gas. Food ration stamps were issued. Men registered for the draft, and a few of our employees were called into service. Our plant was at that time the only one in the area fully converted to war work, so most of our people were deferred from military service.

Two of my brothers in-law, Dick Peterson and Larry Studer, were conscripted, as was my friend William Woodward. One day Norbert Kowalkowski, our insurance agent, was commenting about how poorly the allied campaign was doing in the war. I said if it got much worse I would enlist, but he said our nation would be better off to surrender to the enemy rather than use someone like me. Given my history of back trouble, I probably would have been rejected.

On a trip back to Chicago, Kollodge told me that a firm in Detroit, F.L. Jacobs & Company, was setting up to produce complete assemblies of suspension units for the armored tanks which Pressed Steel Car was building, and that Chrysler Corporation was also setting up to make complete armored tanks.

I decided to make a trip to Detroit, and after I gave my business card to the receptionist at F.L. Jacobs, several men came towards me with outstretched arms. I felt like the prodigal son returning to his father. Charles Eisenhower (no relation to the general), president of Jacobs, said: "We called every town in Wisconsin trying to locate you. We hear you are doing a great job machining armored tank suspension brackets." I replied a bit icily that DeZURIK Shower Company was in Minnesota.

We went into a conference room and the men proceeded to question me about how many units we were able to produce per day. I told them twelve, and they said they needed at least fifty. I responded that we could make more, but we would need more machinery, and someone other than DeZURIK would have to supply it. They then took me to the downtown Detroit Ordnance District Office, where they had arranged a meeting. The Colonel in charge discussed the matter in detail with the Jacobs people, and they assured him that DeZURIK had an impeccable record for good quality on the production of these parts and that we were currently producing them. The colonel agreed that the government should buy the machinery we needed for fifty units per day, but I told him that in view of the urgency for our production increase, we would, no doubt, be forced to buy used machinery. He said we should locate the machinery and have the dealer send his office a quote in six copies. He then would sign them and send them on to Washington for final approval, after which they would be sent back to the dealer with proper instructions for releasing the equipment to us and billing the government.

When I asked the colonel which war he planned to be ready to fight with this procedure, he wanted me to explain, so I said: "Jacobs wants us to start producing fifty units per day within one hundred and twenty days. We have to find the machinery, bring it into our plant, make the installation, design and make the tools, jigs, fixtures and gauges. The dealer will not hold the used machinery we select while the paperwork is being processed."

He asked me how else it could be done. I said, "We will find the used machinery, and while we are at the dealer's office we will phone you or someone else you designate. We will describe the machine, identify it by serial number, give you the price, and you should give him authority, confirmed the same day by wire, to release the machine to us, and the U.S. Government will pay for it." He blustered that such a thing was unheard of, so I told him it didn't appear that our talents were needed in the war effort.

At the pleading of Jacobs' president a conference call was arranged with some high level, swivel-chair artists in the Washington office of the Ordnance Department. After twenty minutes of heated discussion the Detroit office obtained authority to grant a variance from normal procedures, and to do it the way I had suggested. Before I went home by train that night, I called Sartell with the news.

The following day I called a friend at the Minneapolis War Production Board and told him what had happened. I said we immediately needed to hire some design engineers and draftsmen. He told me that Minneapolis Moline, with plants in Minneapolis and Hopkins, makers of farm machinery, was closing down. He was sure they had the kind of people we needed. He gave me the name of a man at Moline and said I should call him in ten minutes. Meanwhile, he would make a call of introduction. When I reached the man, about twenty minutes later, he said he would recommend us to some of their people. I explained that it was an urgent matter, and he said he would expedite his efforts. Later that day I had a call from a man named Richard Wilcox, a design engineer. He and a friend, Ray Stoner, wanted to come up to see us. The next day we hired both of them, and within a few days we hired two draftsmen. We were well on our way, having decided on our requirements for the major pieces of machinery.

While Dad was busy supervising an extension to the factory, Laurence was in charge of production and Ray was in charge of engineering. Ray and I went to Chicago to look for machinery. I had talked on the phone to Marshall Goldberg, University of Pittsburgh football star who was with Emmerman Machinery Company, a very large used machinery house. He was Mr. Emmerman's son-in-law. I had told him what we were looking for, and when we arrived he showed us several machines which appeared to be in good condition. We called the Colonel in Detroit, and by the end of the day we had a great start on procuring needed machinery. A week later, after more decisions, Ray and I returned to Chicago, because Marshall had a machine I thought would be suitable for boring two large-diameter holes and machining the bottom of the holes. Ray doubted that it was heavy enough for the job, so we deferred purchase and went on looking for another item on our list. We had asked Marshall to hold the machine for us for a few days, so they had put a sold tag on it before we left, but we were in strong disagreement, and argued all the way back to Sartell.

The next afternoon Marshall phoned and said two men had been in and looked at the machine. They asked about the sold tag, and Marshall told them it was being held for a company working for the Detroit Ordnance District. They said they were working for Chicago Ordnance District and they would go to their director and have the machine commandeered for them.

Marshall came from a long line of enterprising people. As soon as the men left, he had the machine loaded on his truck. He phoned me and said we had to make a decision, because before the end of the day he expected a call from Chicago Ordnance District taking the machine away from us. I contacted Ray on the intercom phone and told him what was happening, and he agreed that we should take the machine. I told Marshall, and phoned the Colonel in Detroit to confirm the purchase. It was a close call for us, because an hour after the truck left for Sartell with the machine, the two men were back with an order demanding release of the machine to them. We installed it and it performed very well, although much credit must be given to special cutting heads on the machine which our engineers designed for the job.

The machinery purchase program was more than half completed when Charles Eisenhower called from F.L. Jacobs. I almost fell out of my chair when he said, "Dave, we have just finished a big meeting and we want you to set up for one hundred per day instead of fifty." I immediately called Marshall Goldberg and told

him to round up duplicates of all the machinery we had already bought. Additional tools, jigs and fixtures had to be built. Some of these were made in Minneapolis shops, but unfortunately some had to be redone, because they were not up to our standards. We started up using mostly unskilled laborers we had to train on the job. With a lot of hard work, we met our schedules.

Each day a contract truck left our plant, taking finished parts to Detroit and bringing back a load of rough castings on the return trip. Finished parts were also shipped by rail. Besides our own plant, we had Granite City Iron Works set up to make one hundred ancillary parts per day. We paid them every Friday, and Arnie Allen, the president, was pleased because we were actually covering their payroll for the week.

In an attempt to relax, I always liked to play golf during the summer, no matter how busy I was the rest of the time. I often played at the St. Cloud Country Club with three other fellows from the plant. Andy Thomas, an engineer, was a born teacher. When he came to the company he immediately joined the bowling team, and he did such a good job teaching the other players that they won the league championship. The first time he was in a foursome of golf with me he watched as I played the first hole, and then asked if I would like some suggestions. I told him they would be most welcome, and following his advice I took eight strokes off my game in the remaining nine holes. One of Andy's recommendations was that in the future I start out with a visit to the club bar for a good belt of Scotch to relax me before teeing off.

During my freshman year in high school I had slipped on the icy steps leading from my parents' house to the street. Although I landed on my tail bone and it was quite sore, I was young, and the hurt soon went away. Later, though, while I was working for Uncle Paul Rudie in Michigan, a plank which was laid between two supports broke as I was walking across it, and I fell fourteen feet to the cement floor below. I landed on my lower back, but I was still young, and I felt just fine in a few days.

Now, however, in the fall of 1942, at age thirty-six, my back began to give me real trouble. Nothing seemed to help, and at last the doctor put me in the hospital. There was no pain when I was in bed, but as soon as I stood up the pain became almost unbearable. I went to a chiropractor, then an osteopath, but neither one was able to give me any relief. A visit to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester seemed to hold out the only hope for help.

After several days of testing, doctors in Rochester told me I had a ruptured disc between the fourth and fifth lumbars of my spine, and needed surgery. This came as no surprise. I told them I would come back in a few days, because I had some important matters to take care of before I could be away from the office for several weeks. In Sartell, in spite of constant pain, I made my way through the pile of paperwork on my desk, temporarily delegated some responsibilities, and then returned to Rochester. The surgery was performed by Dr. Uhlein, a renowned neurosurgeon from a well-known family of Milwaukee brewers. I had a private room at St. Mary's Hospital, and private duty nurses, in very short supply, cared for me until the end of the day after the surgery.

Usually the recovery of patients having a laminectomy (disc operation) is quite rapid. The removal of disc pressure on the spinal nerves should promptly eliminate pain, so the patient should be up in two or three days. My surgery, on the other hand, did nothing to help my condition. The pain was intolerable, and one private duty nurse was put on a twelve-hour shift to care for me in the daytime. At night I was loaded with sedatives, the only way I could sleep. After eight days, the doctors gave up. I could only walk very short distances, and even that with pain. The whole thing seemed pointless. I was utterly frustrated, confused and fearful, but I had to go home.

On Easter Sunday I was lying on the sofa in our living room in Sartell. Lester Sovereign and his wife came to visit. They had twin daughters, one born with a club foot. After a long search for a specialist who could correct the child's deformity, they finally found Carl Chatterton, head orthopedist at the Shriner's Hospital in St. Paul. Dr. Chatterton repaired their daughter's foot to almost one hundred percent of normal. Les and Myrtle suggested I consult him, and they called him on my behalf the first thing Monday morning.

I hadn't given up hope. Alice and I arrived at Dr. Chatterton's office before noon on Tuesday. The waiting room was crowded, so I got a number and was told to wait. When Dr. Chatterton and his assistant, Dr. McCain, finally heard my story and examined me, they said they couldn't see why I had needed the surgery done at the Mayo. I was very bitter. I said, "It's quite simple, Doctor. I was lying on this examining table on my back. The doctors told me to turn over on my stomach. When I did, they saw $1,100 on my back, and decided to remove it."

Both doctors were hilarious over this, and Chatterton asked how long I could spend with them, because he said they wanted to put me in the hospital for complete back rest. He made a call to St. Joseph's Hospital, but no rooms were available until the next day, so Alice and I went to the St. Paul Hotel for the night.

The next afternoon I checked into a double room at the hospital. My roommate had had a hemorrhoidectomy the previous afternoon. I went to bed, and Alice went home. My bed sagged so badly I couldn't stand it, so I got up and sat in a chair. The staff insisted I go back to bed, but I refused, and sat up all night. Every few hours the other patient was given a dilation, which almost caused him to hit the ceiling, because it was intensely painful, but apparently it was necessary according to procedures in existence at that time. I didn't sleep a wink.

At eight A.M. the doctor arrived with the head floor nurse and asked why I wouldn't follow orders and stay in bed. I told him to feel the bed, and when he did he turned to the head nurse and said, "This man has a back problem, he cannot lie in a soup bowl! Get him a different bed." The nurse said there were no other beds available, and he replied, "Switch him with the patient in 204. He has a different problem, and this bed will be all right for him."

I was then moved into a beautiful private corner room with two large windows and private bath. Compared with today's costs, it certainly was a bargain: $8 per day. They raised the foot of my bed about twelve inches and hung two eight-pound weights on ropes which ran over pulleys mounted on the foot of the bed. The ropes were taped to my legs. The idea was to stretch my spine, relieving the pressure. Every half hour a nurse or one of the two interns who had rigged me into this contraption came and asked if I had any pain. I was fine. About eight P.M. one of the interns came and expressed surprise that I still had no pain. He said the device they had me hooked up to was called a Buck's Extension, and it was usually quite painful to the patient. I asked him if he was disappointed because I had no pain. He replied, "No, but I am surprised, and you should be thankful."

The next morning Dr. Chatterton arrived, and he was very pleased. They disconnected the weights and he asked me to get up and walk. However, after only a few steps, my back again began to hurt, so they put me back on the Buck's Extension. The next morning they tried me out once more, and I had the same painful results. Regrettably, it was back to the machine once again. My patience was nearly exhausted.

Over a period of several years of DeZURIK's dealings with the War Production Board I had developed a close friendship with Lt. Commander Steve Wolf. He ran the Navy office at the board and was in charge of priorities for air travel. When I flew on business he always got me a Class Three priority and I was pleased because this was the same priority the newspapers said was given to F.D.R.'s dog "Falla". I never got bumped on a flight using this priority.

When Steve Wolf called for me at Sartell he was told that I was in St. Joseph's Hospital in St. Paul. He phoned there, and then came to see me. I told him the whole story of what seemed to be my medical debacle, and after some discussion we began to talk business. Steve remembered that we had been in valve manufacturing before the war, although we had only made one large order for valves since the war began. He asked me if we would be interested in making 3,500 steel gate, globe and angle valves in sizes 2" to 6" inch for a steel foundry which had a Navy contract. This foundry could make the castings, but they needed someone to do the machining. I told him we had some equipment available for machining the 3,500 valves, but I was

sure we would need more. "No problem," he responded, "It will be supplied." Our plant was already running twenty-four hours, seven days per week, making the suspension brackets for tanks, but I said I thought we could take on the additional valve job.

The next day the president of the foundry in Iowa arrived at my hospital room with Steve Wolf. I looked at some of the drawings they had brought along, and then had them take the whole lot to Sartell so our engineers could prepare estimates.

On Friday Dr. Chatterton said the Buck's Extension wasn't doing the job on my back, so the next thing he wanted to try was a body cast from my armpits to my hips. He said he would apply it on Saturday, but Saturday morning came and went, and no doctor turned up. I thought I was stuck until the following week, but he arrived at two P.M. and said he had been at a medical meeting all morning.

I was immediately taken to a room where there was a rope and pulley set hanging from the ceiling. At the end of the rope was a cross bar of wood with a looped strap on each end. Attendants placed my arms in the loops, and by means of the rope they hoisted me so my shoulders were about seven feet from the floor. There I hung, like a butchered hog, and the doctor said I should relax! In about ten minutes my body muscles loosened and I stretched out. They applied a heavy two-inch wide gauze impregnated with plaster of Paris, wound in several layers around my body. I was left hanging for another ten or fifteen minutes while the plaster set up, and then was taken back to my bed. The doctor said I should get up on Sunday morning, and he would be along about eleven o'clock. I did get up, shaved and sponge bathed what was outside the cast. I had just finished dressing when Alice arrived. She helped me settle into a chair, and at last the doctor came in. He asked how I felt, and when I said I had no pain, he asked me to walk around the room. I did, still without pain, so he told me I could go home, and come back in about a week.

After an absence of ten days, on Monday morning I was at my desk working. The only discomfort was from the cast. Tuesday Steve Wolf called, and after inquiring about my condition he told me there was a problem with the valve order. The Des Moines Navy Office, which had originally helped the foundry get the valve contract, now insisted that the machining be done in its own district rather than in the Minneapolis district, where we were located. After negotiations lasting several days we were finally given the job of machining the 3½" to 6" sizes, but the 2" to 3" valves were to be machined by a firm in Iowa. Fortunately, we were allocated the same amount of machinery, as well as the jigs and fixtures we would have needed for the entire job of 3,500 valves.

One of the best examples I've personally experienced of government waste and bungling was the case of the brothers Klabin. These two men owned a paper mill in Germany, and when Hitler started his ascendancy they sold out and moved to Brazil, where they decided to build a pulp mill. Apparently they had powerful connections at the U.S. State Department, because they were able, in spite of the restrictions on the use of strategic materials except for the war effort, to get a U.S. government priority for the large amount of equipment needed to build the plant. At that time no U.S. paper company could have gotten an authorization for the purchase of a single valve unless the one they had absolutely could not be repaired. Of course new construction of this type in the U.S.A. just didn't have a chance.

I became acquainted with all of this when we got the order from Industrias Klabin Do Parana for a large number of valves made of an expensive 90% copper and 10% tin alloy. We shipped a carload of the valves against an irrevocable letter of credit which paid us when the valves reached dockside in New York. Less than one week after the ship carrying the valves left New York, it was torpedoed and sank. Klabin promptly called and ordered a complete duplicate set of valves, using another priority which they got from the U.S. State Department. Why in hell material as extremely critical as tin could be commandeered from the war effort by our State Department for an unneeded pulp mill in the jungles of Brazil, I will never know. So goes the working of government bureauacracy. Someone wisely said, "There are two ways to do everything: The right way and the way the government does it."

The valves we were authorized to produce for the war effort through the foundry in Iowa were to be used on small aviation gasoline tankers being built by a number of firms, including one on the Minnesota River southwest of St. Paul. I visited this company to find out about the service on which the valves would be expected to operate. The plant manager took me out to a small building containing a large pile of valves from several makers. These valves had been rejected because they leaked on aviation gasoline. They could pass the usual high pressure hydrostatic test and another test of air at 100 pounds pressure, but the service required tight shutoff on aviation gasoline at a pressure of only two to five pounds. I was alarmed, and went home. The next day we decided we would apply three tests instead of two to every valve we made. We would ship nothing which did not meet rigid requirements. The third test would be with air at two pounds pressure. The basis of this procedure was the idea that at the high test and operating pressures normally used the valve seating parts would flex to give a tight seal, even if they were slightly distorted in the machining operations. We then took great pains to design machining fixtures which would not distort parts during the machining operations. When we tested the first valves they did not leak on the two-pound pressure test, so I took two of them to the shipbuilder on the Minnesota River for a test on aviation gasoline. The valves were drip-tight, and the manager was well impressed with our quality.

I continued to wear my body cast for three weeks. When I went back to Dr. Chatterton he expressed surprise that I could bear to wear the cast for so long, but I told him this slight discomfort could not be compared with the previous pain I had suffered. He finally removed the cast, and I have had to live since then with a weak and sometimes painful back, but the situation has always been tolerable.

We had shipped 1,000 valves on our contract without a single rejection when Steve Wolf called and said the machine shop in Iowa still had not produced a single valve. He wanted to know if we would be willing to take over making the 2,000 valves in 2" to 3" size if he could get the government's contract cancelled with the other firm. The next day we had the contract for the additional 2,000 valves.

We still had our staff of engineers. Working under my brother Ray's direction, they had designed the jigs, fixtures and tooling for the armored tank suspension brackets. They had done the same for the valve production, but in both cases we were doing the machining and finishing on products designed by others. After much deliberation we decided to design our own line of steel valves for both high and low pressure service. We submitted these designs to the Bureau of Ships, U.S. Navy, and won approval. This was a significant event, because once we were placed on the approved bidder's list we began to receive inquiries from the Navy as well as from shipbuilders who did their own purchasing.

Before we finished the valve machining contracts from the Iowa firm, we already had orders for valves of our own design. Brother Laurence was in charge of the machine shop, and Dad, as the elder statesman, went all over the place using his ingenuity to solve whatever problems arose, sometimes before they were apparent to anyone else. Laurence put in extremely long hours, often being called out of bed in the middle of the night to solve difficult problems which threatened to halt production.

After several years of battling intermittent acute depression, my mother took her life in June, 1943. Dad continued to live in the house north of the Presbyterian church. He hired a live-in housekeeper, Hattie Kitowski, a widow. A few years later Dad said he was going out of town for a few days. When he returned he announced that he and Hattie had been married. I congratulated him, knowing he had been a lonely man since Mother's death, but I told him there was a potential problem, because Hattie had two children by a previous marriage, and I was concerned that they might want to get involved in our company.

We went to my friend, Burns Swenson, at Northwestern Bank of Minneapolis, seeking advice. Up to this time the business had been operated as a rather informal partnership between Dad, my brothers and myself. Since Burns was about to retire from the bank, he called in an associate, Bob Conn, and together they came up with suggestions on the restructuring of our company. It was at this time that we incorporated as DeZURIK

Corporation. After making certain that Hattie would be economically secure if she were to outlive him, Dad put all of this company stock except two shares into a trust for the benefit of Laurence, Ray and myself. He left other assets and the family home to our sister, Virginia. His reasoning was that we would be responsible for the success or failure of the business, while Virginia got more durable assets. The company stock had never paid a dividend up to this time because, after paying us comfortable salaries, the rest of the company's earnings were being plowed back into the business.

In the summer of 1943, Mrs. Sharpless, the wife of our cottage landlord, died in Wisconsin. Bill Sharpless retired shortly afterwards, and he notified us that he wanted to move back to his lake place in Minnesota. This left us with no place to stay the following summer. The thought of four children in town with little to do once school was out prompted us to scramble to find another place. We looked at some attractive cabins on other lakes, but they either faced the wrong direction or else the water in the lakes developed algae in hot weather and was unsuitable for swimming. We were spoiled, because the north shore of Watab is cooled by breezes from the south, even on the hottest days, and because Watab Lake is spring fed and perfect for swimming all summer long.

We seemed to be at an impasse when luckily, at that very time, Mrs. Donahue, a widow with a cottage just two doors from the Sharpless property, put her place on the market. It was little more than a shell (it still had no running water or electricity), but we bought it. The location was perfect, affording a sweeping view across the water, and there was a wooded hill in the back to shelter us from chilly north winds. I designed a two bedroom and bath addition which Ted Miller, who had done some of our plant construction, immediately started building. The REA had run a power line along the hill behind all the cabins, so we were finally able to have a modern water system. We dug a well, which is still supplying all of our water needs, and on some weekends there are as many as sixteen people, including many grandchildren, staying with us. We moved into the cottage the following June, and still live in it every summer. There have been several subsequent remodelings, the last enlarging the porch to a comfortable family dining room that's ideal for large gatherings. In the late 1950's we built a roomy guest house apartment above the garage.

Over the years every weekend at the lake has been hectic, but a loving joy. We miss many of the people who were once our neighbors but are no longer at the lake: the Witherells, Kate and Tom Wark, Eleanor and Wally Walker, Rosalie and Loren Timmers and Harriet and Elmer Thies, but the present residents of their cottages have also become our friends, and there is still a very strong sense of community on the north shore of Watab.

As DeZURIK Corporation continued production for the war effort, we began to give thought to the hoped-for and inevitable end of the war. We now had a greatly expanded plant, and if we were to utilize this facility for commercial purposes we needed to seek out additional markets. We were making gate, globe and angle valves for shipbuilding. These valves were all of steel, but there was also a large commerial market for these same valves made of cast iron. We decided to study the possibility of entering this market, although our estimates indicated slim prospects for profitability, especially since we did not have our own foundry to make the castings. After paying a profit to an outside foundry we knew there would not be much margin left to cover manufacturing and marketing costs, so we dropped this idea.

We took a look at our line of eccentric plug valves which we had been selling to the pulp and paper industry from the very beginning of our own manufacturing operations. These valves had metal-to-metal contact of the seating surfaces, so they did not provide absolute shutoff on clear liquids or gases. We came up with the idea of putting a rubber facing on the valve plug to provide a cushioned closure against the seat in the valve body and ensure a tight shutoff. The vast technical problems we encountered in developing proper synthetic rubber compounds and then the proper adhesives to cement these compounds to the plug faces could be the subject of an entire book. Ray, Wilcox, Stoner and the rest of our engineers spent many days researching solutions. Persistence won out, and we at last developed a valve suitable for a broad spectrum

of industrial requirements. Much of the market demanded smaller valves than we had been making, but our engineers eventually overcame this obstacle by designing new sizes. Of course, all along they had to concern themselves with a maze of technical production difficulties.

A study of our costs for purchased castings led us to believe our profitability and our competitive edge could be enhanced if we had our own foundry. Through friends at WPB I learned that an aluminum and bronze foundry established specifically for defense production was being closed. We negotiated for the purchase of all machinery and equipment in the plant, and then built a foundry at Sartell and bought additional equipment to produce iron castings, as well as bronze and aluminum.

By the summer of 1945 the war was at last over. After a rather shaky transition we went back to making and selling equipment for the pulp and paper industry. Profits from our defense work and profits from the business with pulp and paper mills, which had been the mainstay of our business before the war, were able to sustain us through the long period of building and equipping the foundry and completing the development work on the rubber-faced plug valve.

In 1947 I was elected to the board of directors of the First American Bank of St. Cloud, a member of the Bremer Bank Group of St. Paul. The officers were George Meinz, Chairman; Bernard Meinz, President; James Parker, First Vice President. The directors, besides myself and the officers, were Al Hall, Don Bohmer and Fred Schilplin. We met once or twice each month, and one of our duties was to approve commercial loans above a certain size. Smaller loans did not require board approval. Strangely, the loans we were asked to approve had, almost invariably, already been made. It seemed like a strange system, but I was told it was standard operating procedure.

The bank building was located on the southwest corner of Seventh Avenue and St. Germain Street in downtown St. Cloud. The bank also owned three commercial buildings immediately to the west. As business grew, the bank needed to expand, and this created a substantial conflict among board members. One faction wanted to add a floor to the bank building and create a drive-up facility by tearing down two of the buildings to the west. Jim Parker and I advocated the building of a new bank at a new location.

George Meinz had died, and his son Bernard was now board chairman and president. Jim Parker heard a rumor that the Robertson Lumber Yard property might be for sale, since they were talking about moving to a larger tract on the west edge of the city. Jim and I urged Barney to call a special meeting of the board to authorize the taking of a ninety-day option on the property. A representative of the Bremer group, who owned controlling interest in the bank, endorsed the plan. The option provided time for a study by a Chicago consulting firm. Without disclosing the option to them we asked for the study to gather data on the best location for a new bank. They came up with data confirming the wisdom of a new bank in the vicinity of our optioned property.

The property was purchased and a new bank building was designed and built. It has already been expanded to accommodate further growth in the business.

In 1962, when I moved to Florida, I offered to resign from the bank board, but I was urged to stay on. It took two years before the bank examiners discovered that a board member named DeZurik was absent from the meetings from September of one year until May of the next year. The examiners said this was highly improper, and they demanded I resign, which I did.

Like many Minnesotans and other refugees from the frozen north, Alice and I began to spend vacations of four to six weeks in Florida each winter. For two years we went to Clearwater Beach, and we spent one winter in Fort Meyers Beach and another in Indian Rocks Beach. These were working vacations. Although I did a lot of fishing, I also spent six to seven hours almost every day developing a catalog and producing

charts to use as a guide in preparing a price sheet for the full range of valve sizes and styles made of a wide range of materials. Another ambitious project I had underway was devising a system for projecting market potential for our valves on a state-by-state basis broken down to separate area potentials within each state.

At this point we had specialized representatives selling our machinery and valves to the pulp and paper industry in both the U.S. and Canada. Our markets now embraced other industries, however, so we needed to select representatives with a completely new set of qualifications based on the kind of potential customers they were to visit. I decided to strike out to what appeared to me to be the areas with the highest potential on my first search for new agents. In New York I located and signed a contract with a firm which also had an office in Philadelphia. Then I traveled to Pittsburgh and Chicago, where I also appointed agents. We now had a core organization of general industry agents, and I needed to establish some policies for dealing with these agents before making further appointments.

As soon as Chicago and Pittsburgh began to develop orders, I arranged to exhibit our valves at a trade show in St. Louis. The design of our valve was so extraordinary that it was the talk of the show. I was flooded with prospective customers, and even more important, agents petitioned me from every area wanting to represent us. Maury Waterman of Chicago, and Miflin Jacobs of Pittsburgh, both appointed as our agents on my first trip a few months before, knew many of the agents in most parts of the country. They provided invaluable assistance in giving me behind-the-scene recommendations on the agency candidates. I appointed and assigned territories to six or eight agents on the spot.

From St. Louis the exhibit went on to New York for the Chemical Industries Trade Show, and here again the reception was extremely edifying. I appointed more agents, and by the end of the show we were represented in most of the principal industrial centers of the United States. Sales grew rapidly. We completed another expansion of the Sartell plant and installed additional production machinery.

On October 10, 1949, our fifth child, Michael, was born. Our oldest child, Joann, was then nineteen, David was seventeen, Janet was fourteen and Donald was twelve. We had quite an age spread from the oldest to the youngest! When Michael was one month old we decided to look for a larger house.

For several years we had admired a certain home in St. Cloud, and it came on the market just as our interest in moving was at a high point. Inspection convinced us that its dignified colonial exterior was not matched by a floor plan that appealed to us. This was a great disappointment, since the location, in the midst of many handsome homes on the steep banks of the Mississippi River, was very appealing. Realtors took us to see other homes on tree-lined streets on the south side of town, but they just wouldn't have been right for our particular family. Then, suddenly, there it was, a tall old brown brick structure with granite and wood trim at 401 Second Avenue South. The first floor had a large entrance hall, living room and dining room, both with wood-burning fireplaces, a den, sun room, large kitchen, butler's pantry and half bath. The second floor had four bedrooms, two bathrooms, a large sleeping porch and at the very back, a maid's room and a balcony. There was a large gameroom with a model railroad and ping pong table in the basement. On the third floor there was a huge storage area and a fully finished room with a large Yale lock on the door. Perhaps Harry Young, the realtor who originally owned the house, went there when he wanted to get away from it all. Without much hesitation, we bought the house. Everyone in the family loved living there, and "401 nostalgia" is even now often the topic of family dinnertime conversations. We sold the house in 1962 when we moved to Florida.

Dad was beginning to show his age, but he continued to work every day. Although he was president of the company, he preferred to spend most of his time on the factory floor. He had grown up using his hands to fashion the first models of equipment which sprang from his agile mind, and he found wearing dress clothes an impediment to his accustomed activities, so he often instead wore bib overalls. Of course, he deviated

from this practice whenever I informed him that we were expecting important visitors. Then he would appear wearing a traditional three-piece pinstriped suit. As soon as the visitors left, though, he would change back to the bib overalls.

In the winter of 1949 Dad's health began to fail. The first sign was weight loss, and by the spring of 1950 he became badly jaundiced. He told me he was sure he had cancer. Local doctors put him in the hospital, and when it was obvious that they were dealing with a deadly disease, they called in a specialist named Dr. Varco from the University of Minnesota Hospital. He wanted Dad transferred to Minneapolis by ambulance. Dad said he would only go in my car, so I put blankets and a pillow in the back seat. When he came out of the St. Cloud Hospital in a wheel chair and saw the bed I had made for him in the back seat of the car, he would have none of it. He sat in the front seat and talked about the beauty of the countryside during the entire seventy-mile trip to the University Hospital.

When we arrived I went to the admissions office. The person in charge asked me to have the patient brought in. I said he would stay in the car until the paperwork was completed, and I would provide information, deposits or whatever else was needed. Only after a room was assigned to him would I take him out of the car.

I have always been a little suspicious of the care provided to paying patients in teaching hospitals, so I asked Dr. Varco if Dad could have round-the-clock special nurses. He said it would be no problem. Once Dad was settled in and I had met his nurse, I went home.

The next evening when I returned to the hospital Dad told me he had a different nurse on the first shift, and now another strange nurse on the second shift. I immediately went to the superintendent of nurses. She said it was policy to assign special nurses at random each day. I called Dr. Varco and told him unless Dad had the same nurses each shift except for their day or days off, I would take Dad back to St. Cloud. As a result, hospital policy was again temporarily shelved and there was no more random nurse assignment in caring for Dad.

After extensive tests Dr. Varco determined that surgery would be necessary. We quickly deposited six pints of blood. The operation two days later disclosed that Dad had cancer of the liver and pancreas. Three days later, on Sunday, July 30, 1950, he died.

In the early spring of 1950 I received a letter from Ralph Heys, managing director of Millspaugh Ltd., Sheffield, England. He wanted to know if we would be interested in meeting to discuss the possibility of our licensing Millspaugh to manufacture and sell DeZURIK products to the European market. Millspaugh had been founded by an American of the same name who had invented a highly successful component in papermaking machinery. When Mr. Millspaugh died, the company was sold to Hadfield Steel Ltd., founded by Sir Arthur Hadfield, inventor of one of the greatest advances in the field of corrosion resistance, stainless steel.

We had done some business in Europe, but it was not significant enough to justify my making a trip there, so I invited Mr. Heys to come to Sartell. He arrived with J.B. Thomas, chairman of the company, and after much deliberation we drew up the outline for an agreement to be drafted and formally executed by both parties. Millspaugh appointed Arthur Pearson to come to Sartell, study our manufacturing processes, and then manage the plant they were setting aside in England for DeZURIK production.

Pearson was a delightful fellow, an excellent engineer and, like my dad, an artist in making three-dimensional free-hand sketches. He spent about two months at Sartell, and during his stay he was present at our daughter Joann's wedding. He held many of the reception guests spellbound with his accounts of life in England during World War II.

When Arthur Pearson returned to England he managed to equip the plant and apply our systems for marketing and production control. By 1951 the entire operation was well established and had been functioning for a few months. Then, suddenly, everything came unglued.

At a general election held in 1951 the British Labor party was swept into office. Immediately a program of nationalizing the basic industries, including steel manufacturing, was set in motion. Hadfields, as a result, fell under control of the British bureaucrats. Once they discovered that Hadfields owned Millspaugh, a manufacturing operation, they decided the program was not to include machinery production, so they spun off Millspaugh from Hadfields. All of Millspaugh's working capital had been combined into Hadfields at the time of nationalization and now, as a result, Millspaugh was cast adrift without any of their own capital, and all efforts at recovery were futile. Lest the reader think this is an isolated bureaucratic blunder, I would like to point out that volumes could be written about even worse incidents within our own government, and perhaps every other governing body in the world.

Millspaugh's shortage of funds forced them to sell off a substantial portion of their assets. This included the building and machinery for DeZURIK production, which was then combined into their plant which made large machinery for papermaking. After extensive trans-Atlantic telephone discussions, Pearson asked me to come over to England, because he was encountering severe problems trying to integrate DeZURIK valve production into the system used in the heavy machinery plant.

I suggested to Alice that this would be an excellent opportunity for her to visit the land of her ancestors. Her father was born in Kent and her mother's parents also emigrated from England to America. We decided to go over by ship, and booked first-class passage on the Queen Mary, with return on a BOAC Boeing Stratocruiser. When we arrived in New York the evening before our departure for Europe we invited our friends, Howard and Catherine Kivlin, to dinner at the Roosevelt Hotel, where we were staying. We had cocktails in our room and dinner in the main grill, where Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians were playing for dancing.

At this time fall and winter suits for men were almost invariably made of wool, and were inclined to wrinkle. I had discovered that the wrinkles would disappear if I hung my trousers by clamping the cuffs in the top dresser drawer overnight. I did this at the Roosevelt, and when I got up the next morning I found the trousers soaking wet. Cocktail ice in the bucket on the dresser had melted, leaked out through a crack, and run down all over my trousers. A frantic call to the valet brought immediate action. Wet wool shrinks when dried, so the trousers were fastened in a stretcher frame, taken to the warm boiler room, and dried with fans. They came out perfectly ready for our three P.M. departure.

Our stateroom on the Queen Mary was up on the main deck, with two large portholes looking directly out over the ocean. Everything was on a grand scale. The steward said our stateroom slept forty soldiers during the war. The bath had running hot and cold sea water as well as the usual fresh water. Dinner on the boat was a formal occasion, with women wearing floor-length gowns and men decked out in tuxedos. A steward and stewardess who were stationed in the hallway just outside our stateroom door laid out our formal clothes every afternoon, and arranged for them to be laundered after each evening's wearing.

At the time we came aboard the Queen Mary the chief dining steward asked our preference for dinner seating. We were traveling alone, so he suggested we sit with Greenwood, the head purser. One couple at Greenwood's table had been visiting Abitibi Paper Mills in Canada, where they had large investments. There was a chemical engineer from Birmingham, England who was returning from a visit to several American factories. Another couple, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Keith, were from London. They had been to Washington on a mission for some British banks. Mr. Keith had been on Eisenhower's staff during the war, and was later knighted and retired from the chairmanship of Rolls Royce Ltd., the luxury car builders. We spent much time with the Keith's, and later had dinner at their flat in London.

Aboard the Queen Mary
October 1952

One morning at breakfast I mentioned to the purser that I would like to see the engine room of this 1100-foot long ship. That afternoon a white-gloved page appeared at our door bearing a silver tray holding a gold engraved and sealed envelope. I opened it and found a card which read approximately as follows: "The chief engineer sends his greetings and requests your presence in his office on the engine room deck at ten A.M. October tenth. Purpose: touring engine room."

I arrived at the chief engineer's office and was surprised to find another passenger there, an official of a large paper company, someone I had met at several industry conventions. I inquired about his wife, and he said she was also aboard. I immediately invited them to a cocktail party Alice and I were giving the next evening. He asked which class we were traveling, and when I said first class he said they couldn't come to our party, because they were traveling second class. He explained that no second or third class passengers were allowed in the first class section of the ship, and that there were signs telling first class passengers not to go down stairways to lower decks where other than first class passengers were traveling. In the case of a sinking, I presume this rule would have been relaxed at least to the degree necessary for passengers to board the lifeboats!

In mid-Atlantic on Saturday night we encountered a violent storm. The Queen Mary was not equipped with stabilizers, and she rolled from side to side to the point where we became apprehensive, but our cocktail party went off without a hitch. Sunday morning the ship was still rolling. When we went to the main lounge for the ten A.M. religious services there was a sign posted on the stage which read: "Church services cancelled due to inclement weather." We sat down in two large chairs, and a steward appeared to ask if we would like a drink. Church was closed, but the bar was open.

On this voyage the Queen Mary was routed from New York to Cherbourg, France, and then ended the trip at Southampton. From there we were to take a boat train to London. Due to the storms, the ship was delayed, so we stayed aboard for yet another night and took the morning train to London. Arthur Pearson and his wife, Marian, met us at the station and took us to the hotel in a taxi.

After lunch Alice went up to our room to get a camera so we could photograph the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. When she reported that she couldn't find the camera, I went up to look, and I couldn't find it either. We concluded that we probably had left the camera in the taxi. Mr. Pearson suggested we go around the corner to the Bowes Street Police Station to report the loss. I thought this would be entirely futile and suggested I buy another camera, but he advised that we wait until morning to do that. After the loss was duly reported we went on a tour of the city with Pearson, using his camera to take pictures. We returned to the hotel about five P.M., and the desk clerk had a message for us: The police had returned our camera, and it had been placed in our room.

The next morning Pearson and I went to the precinct station so I could thank the police. I asked how I could have had such good fortune, and the desk sergeant said this was not at all unusual. He opened a drawer and showed us a beautiful lady's watch set with many diamonds. It had been turned in by a cabbie a few hours earlier. I was amazed, but I understood when he explained that if a cabbie was found to have failed to turn in anything left in his cab by a passenger, he would lose his cab license, not for a day, not for a year, but for a lifetime!

The following day we took the train to Sheffield, where we checked in at the Grand Hotel for a stay of several weeks. We were saddened to see that many buildings all over the city were boarded up and others were in ruins, awaiting repairs from the devastating German bombings which had been concentrated on this important steel-producing center. We also learned that food and material shortages were still drastic here. In London I had been able to get bacon and an egg for breakfast, while in Sheffield only pseudo- sausage (30% meat, 70% cereal) and toast were available. Life in 1952 was still very difficult for the average Englishman.

Our room at the Grand Hotel was typical of those in old hotels in Britain. It had two large windows, and there was a coin-operated electric heater in the wall under one of them. This heater was the type that ran for one hour when activated by a sixpence, and then at the expiration of fifty-nine minutes gave a loud click as the coin dropped into the lockbox. I had to keep a stack of sixpence on the windowsill so when we were awakened by the click I could bounce out of bed and deposit another coin.

October in the north of England is mostly cloudy, and the air is cold, raw and penetrating. Although Alice and I were accustomed to the severity of Minnesota winters, we certainly were surprised by the intensity of the heavy, bone-chilling dampness that's characteristic of English autumns. By the time we got up each morning our room had been warmed to an almost tolerable level, thanks to the hourly coin deposit, but all was lost when we went down to breakfast, because the maid would come in as soon as we left and open the windows.

While I was engrossed in business consultations, Alice kept busy sightseeing, shopping and lunching with wives of Millspaugh executives. We were often invited to dinner at charming country inns outside Sheffield, and weekends we visited historic castles in the area.

The day after I arrived in Sheffield, Mr. Thomas of Millspaugh sent his Humber Pullman limousine to bring me from the hotel to the steel works. I wanted to begin by observing the manufacturing methods they were using for DeZURIK valves. I was shocked at what I discovered. A good example of how bad things were on the factory floor was the factory's material handling methods. Millspaugh's contracts with the Union stipulated that nothing weighing over fifty pounds could be moved by hand. This included removing an 8" valve body from a machine and placing it on the floor or on a cart by which it could be moved to the next step in the process. As a result, workers were using the only available alternatives: The machine operator would signal to a man sitting in the cab of a 20-ton overhead crane which ran on tracks about 30 feet above the shop floor. The crane operator would move the crane into position over the machine, with his assistant walking below holding onto the dangling cable and chain. The machine operator would stand by while the crane assistant fastened the chain to the valve part. The part would be lifted from the machine and transported by the crane to the next machine. The crane would then pick up another part and place it into the first machine. This procedure consumed as much as fifteen minutes for three men on each part between each stage of machining. Multiply this inefficiency and tremendous waste of manpower a hundred times and you will understand why the whole operation left me outraged. I borrowed a hotel typewriter and dictated a report, which Alice typed, detailing my observations for the Millspaugh board. I found much to criticize and little to praise.

At the end of the second week I gave a copy of my report to each of the senior directors, with a sub rosa copy to Pearson. I was promptly invited to attend a senior board meeting where officials expressed appreciation for my efforts and directed Heys to implement my suggestions to the fullest possible extent. The morning after this session Heys called a staff meeting to include all local directors.

I had pulled no punches in my report. The first part covered the cumbersome paperwork system I found to be a great impediment to productivity. I noted that paperwork cost for processing an inquiry and a subsequent order for an 8" valve which was already in stock equalled or exceeded the selling price of the valve. Heys read this statement to all present, and then demanded to know why the work was being done this way. Staff people just hung their heads and remained silent. All, that is, except for Pearson, who stood up and said, in his best British accent, "Mr. Heys, we are doing it that way because you ordered it." Heys was taken aback, but quickly regained his composure and said, "Well, if it isn't working, let's change our paperwork system for the valve business to the way Mr. DeZurik has suggested." Everybody nodded in agreement, as one man.

The rest of my report dealt with problems on the factory floor. We had a lively discussion, and then made

decisions we thought would correct some minor problems, but efforts to correct the major inefficiencies always eventually ran up against a stone wall of Union contract restrictions. Perhaps part of the reason for this was the impediment to change which had for hundreds of years resulted from the traditional British way of life and of running businesses. Hierarchy was regarded as holy, and I observed that this philosophy touched almost every aspect of English life.

Millspaugh had three dining rooms at their plant, and the midday meal was served without charge to all employees. One large room was for rank and file factory workers. The second room was designated for foremen, supervisors, office personnel and other lower-to-middle management people. The third room was reserved exclusively for the senior board of directors, local board members and their guests.

Because I was president of our company, I was able to dine with the directors every day in this holy of holies. Board lunches there were fully ritualized. As soon as everyone was assembled, Mr. Pearson took a small key from his vest pocket and unlocked a sideboard, where there were matching decanters of liquor and wine. Each person fixed a drink of his choice, and as a special concession to me, a bowl with some ice was added to the bar supplies. After aperitifs, we sat down at a long table. Mr. Thomas, chairman, always had the place of honor, at the head. Ralph Heys, managing director, was on his right, and Jim Little, Secretary and Treasurer, was on his left. Others were seated in strict accordance with their rank in the company. While I was there, since I was president of DeZURIK, I outranked Heys, so everyone on the right side moved down one place so I could be seated next to Mr. Thomas.

The meal usually consisted of soup, a fish course, a meat course and dessert, all served with great ceremony. It was often difficult to stay awake in the afternoon following this huge midday banquet. I inquired how this custom had started, and was told it began during the war, when food was rationed for all households, but not for factory commissaries. Anyone working in a factory ate a huge, unrationed meal at midday, and then his own ration coupons could provide extra food for other members of his family.

At first when I was in Sheffield Mr. Thomas always sent his limousine to fetch me from the hotel. After a few days Arthur Pearson mentioned that he drove right past the hotel every morning. I suggested to Mr. Thomas that I could ride with him. I was an early riser, and was always ready when Pearson arrived, but one morning I decided to get a haircut at the hotel barber shop, which opened at seven o'clock. The haircut cost me two shillings, which I paid. Except for several pennies and hapennies, the only coin I had left in my pocket was a half crown (2 shillings and 6 pence), so I gave this to the barber, as a tip. Pearson was waiting when I came to the lobby. I told him I'd just had a haircut. He asked how much the shop charged, and I told him the price, as well as about the tip. I thought nothing of it, but during cocktails that noon Mr. Pearson came up to Mr. Thomas and said: "Mr. Thomas, do you know what David did this morning? He gave the barber a half crown tip!" Mr. Thomas shrunk back in utter shock and gasped out, "How in the devil did you happen to do a thing like that?" I explained that after I paid two shillings for the haircut, I didn't have any other coins. "Didn't you have a penny?" he asked, in disbelief. "That would have been enough! And Mr. Pearson, you should check on why they charged David two shillings when my shop charges tuppence less." Pearson informed him that the hotel barber shop was more expensive than others. Thomas then responded: "Well David, perhaps you should return to America before you ruin everything for us." The British "colonial mentality" is a strange thing. All of this from a wealthy man over a 52¢ incident!

Our return flight from London left in the evening and arrived in New York the following morning. We bought four seats instead of two, and those seats could be made up into a full-size double bed. After cocktails and dinner we put on our nightclothes, went to sleep, and woke up only when we heard noises outside our window. The plane was on the ground at Gander, and the ground crew was adding fuel to the wing tank. We went back to sleep, and were awakened for breakfast while flying over Maine.

Our son Donald enrolled at St. John's University in the fall of 1955, during the Korean war. The following

spring he wanted to enlist in the army, because he would have been subject to the draft, whereas, if he enlisted, he would have had a choice of service careers he could follow. I was fearful that if he left college he wouldn't go back after two years in the military, so I convinced him to return to college in the fall. By the next spring he won my approval to enlist, based on his solemn promise to return to college after his discharge.

Don completed his basic training at Ft. Carson and was then assigned to Ft. Monmouth, N.J. for training in electronics. From there he was transferred to Sandia Base for advanced training. At Scandia officers urged him to enroll in Officer Training School. This would have meant two more years in the service, and when he called me about the matter and I suggested that this would be fine if he wanted to make the military his career, but otherwise it would be better to finish his enlistment and come back to college. He agreed, and upon finishing his training at Scandia he was shipped out to Korea as part of a small team responsible for the electronic systems on complex military equipment. He was stationed near Seoul, and nineteen months after his enlistment he was discharged. He returned to college, transferring to the University of Minnesota, and he earned a Bachelor of Arts degree with a major in Economics in December, 1961.

Being an avid skier, Don decided to spend the winter after graduation combining pleasure with work by taking a job at Aspen, Colorado. When the skiing season was over he and a friend traveled to Mexico and back up to Florida to visit us. I was sitting on our patio at about five P.M. when Don came around the side of the house with a cast on his leg. He had broken his leg on the last day of skiing, but still made the trip to Mexico and back to Florida, hitchhiking all the way.

Conflict is inevitable in running any business. If companies hire outsiders, duties that go with jobs are usually fairly well defined. When a father and three sons set about making decisions required to establish and sustain a manufacturing company, however, delineation of each person's responsibility can become fuzzy. Family members, totally dependent on income generated by the business, often find themselves working closely together for as many as fourteen hours a day. Pressure naturally builds as they all tend to focus attention on solving all problems, even the most minute, the moment they arise. A confusing pattern of interaction takes hold, and eventually even trivial matters can become the source of intense conflict.

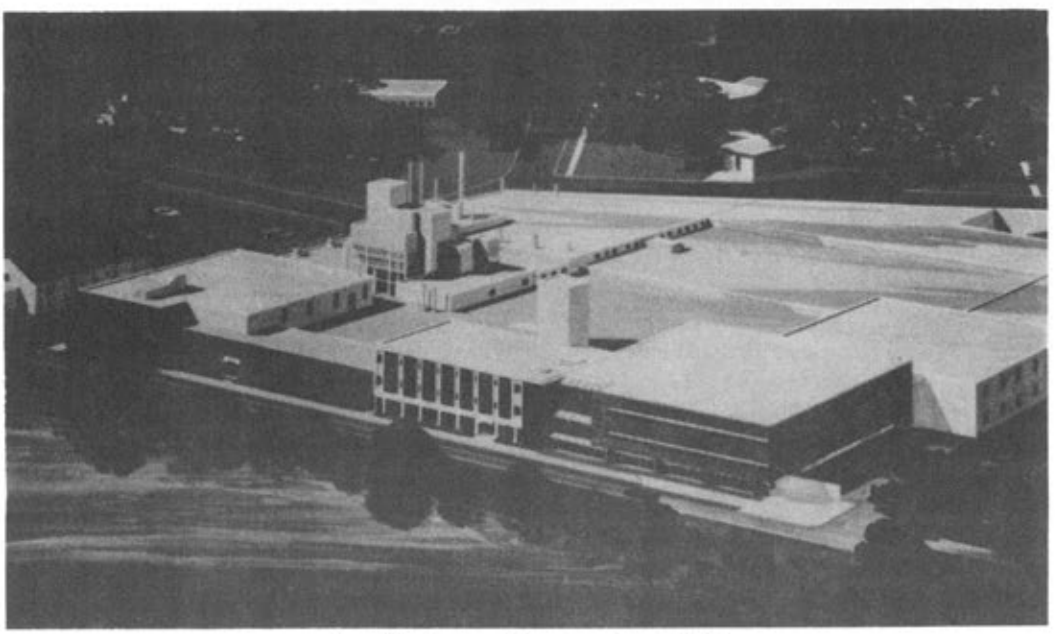
Dad, Laurence, Ray and I had our disagreements, our full blown arguments and our out and out wars, especially as the business grew and became more complex. Even though we shared the common goal of wanting the business to prosper, it took a lot of energy to work our way through heated debates. While Dad was alive he acted as arbitrator in our disputes, but after he died there was no one to make final, binding decisions. We spent more and more time in protracted meetings, and I began to feel there was not sufficient time left for us to devote attention to vital matters, such as a study of the company's long range needs. Somehow we had to find a way to eliminate the destructive quibbling which was greatly fragmenting our efforts.

In 1961 I was successful in having someone from outside the family, Dick Wilcox, appointed as general manager. He had come up through the ranks of the engineering department, as well as having devised and set up our entire production and inventory control systems. He had also made substantial contributions to difficult board decisions. This same year we appointed Al Lethert, our accountant, to the board, hoping he would add stability to our deliberations.

During the summer of 1961 we began serious consideration of building a second foundry to supply steel and stainless steel castings needed for our valve production. Our casting suppliers were often distressingly late, slowing the entire production process, and customers were beginning to complain. This new foundry would reduce our material costs, and since scheduling could be well coordinated, late deliveries would be substantially reduced. It seemed obvious that we should go ahead with the project. The question was: Where?

While I was weighing a multitude of pros and cons regarding the proposed foundry project I realized that constant distraction at the Sartell plant made it extremely difficult for me to concentrate. The very fact that

DeZURIK Headquarters, Sartell — 1957



Sartell plant and headquarters 1986.

I was close at hand made frequent interruptions inevitable. I began to wonder if I would actually be more productive if I were physically removed from the scene, in constant contact by phone, but safely distanced, in an atmosphere more conducive to study and creative thinking. I was getting weary and needed at least a brief holiday, so I decided to try a long working vacation.

After checking winter temperatures and fishing prospects in several areas, Alice and I chose Pompano Beach, Florida, as home base for the winter of 1961. Mike, who was then in sixth grade, was with us. We rented a house, and our next door neighbors turned out to be Eleanor and Boyd Armiger, boating enthusiasts par excellence. Boyd was a member of the Power Squadron in Pompano, and he invited me to take the boating course he was teaching at the club. I accepted, and of course the next step was to buy my own boat. The twenty-seven foot Chris Craft I chose was ideal for a beginner, and Boyd helped me equip it with the latest deep sea fishing gear.

As soon as word got around among the company agents that I was available for business consultation aboard a boat in Florida rather than at the Sartell office, representatives found urgent reasons to fly south. We did our share of "playing" during their visits, but we also put in many hours of hard work, and far from the turmoil of the factory we could quickly and clearly see what was often obscure in the other setting.

I had been immersed in comparisons of power costs, availability of raw materials, taxes, labor supply and attitude toward industry in various states when four of our agents from Montreal and Toronto arrived in Florida for an extended stay. We went fishing together in Bimini, and it was there, on that tiny island in the Bahamas, that we got into a detailed discussion of what could be done to substantially increase company sales in Canada. All four representatives were unanimous in urging that the next DeZURIK expansion should not be in the United States, but rather in Canada.

When we returned to Pompano Beach we set about gathering data and putting figures together. We made up charts showing long range projections based on manufacturing in Canada as opposed to supplying the market from Minnesota. Everything seemed to indicate we should defer building a stainless foundry and instead invest in a Canadian manufacturing facility. The agents flew home, and I flew to Sartell to present the results of our marketing research to the company board of directors. The board voted approval for the Canada project, and then we were again faced with the question: Where?

Of course our Montreal agents had been urging their city as the perfect location for the new plant. I had serious reservations, however, because I knew there would be a great many complications and extra expenses associated with our trying to do business in the province of Quebec, where the French language was required on factory floors, in written instructions, on drawings and for all communications. For my part, I would have favored Thunder Bay, Ontario, where we had been dealing with Woodside Brothers for two decades, but this site seemed too remote from the center of our potential markets.

For years we had kept an account at the Bank of Montreal to facilitate our dealings with Woodside. I decided to fly to Toronto and consult the bank's manager of industrial development for suggestions about specific places in Ontario seeking industrial development and possibly offering incentives to investors. He was no help at all. I called on officers in similar positions at two other large banks, and the response was much the same. I was beginning to wonder if our Canadian agents knew what they were talking about.

There was still the Royal Bank of Canada. When I talked to Tom Brady, their industrial development manager, he told me I should wait right where I was, at the hotel, and he would come over. As soon as I explained our plan, he asked if I could be ready to leave for a tour at eight o'clock the next morning. He said he would make appointments in Galt and several other cities, and the bank's chauffer would give me my itinerary and background information when he came to pick me up to drive me to various cities the next day.

After making extensive inspections of four cities and talking with local officials, Galt, Ontario, offered what seemed best suited to meet our needs. I went back to Florida, reviewed vast amounts of literature, and at the end of a week of intense concentration on every aspect of the site question, Ray, Dick Wilcox and I met in Toronto. The three of us went to all the places I had visited, and Ray and Dick agreed with my selection of Galt as most appropriate for our enterprise. Laurence, who was unable to make the trip, also agreed with our selection. I engaged an architect to get things started, and Wilcox began interviewing managerial candidates. When the announcement that a DeZURIK plant would be constructed in Galt appeared in Canadian newspapers, bankers who earlier had given me such a cool reception were immediately on the phone offering to help and soliciting our account. I told them it was too late, and all the business from the plant, which was turning a profit six months after it opened, went to the Royal Bank of Canada.

The experience of living in Florida and accomplishing a great deal with minimum stress convinced me that I could be extremely effective for the business by staying away from the day to day commotion. I began to think about a permanent move, and it was an opportune time, because back in Minnesota St. Cloud State College was condemning blocks of houses in our immediate neighborhood to construct classrooms and dormitories. If this continued, we'd soon be out in the street anyway. Alice and I had never been fond of northern winters, and we liked Florida, so we decided to look around for possible homesites in Pompano. We found a lot on a canal just off the intercoastal waterway in the Santa Barbara Shores section, bought it, and worked with an architect to modify and perfect plans I devised for a large, airy, French-inspired house. It included an office, a swimming pool and a dock for the boat just a few steps from the patio door.

We moved into the new house in January of 1962. Since then we have spent about nine months of the year in Florida and three months at Big Watab Lake in Minnesota. Until the company was sold I always flew back and forth to Sartell to spend two or three days there each month. Most of my actual problem solving took place in the office/den in Pompano, where Alice served very willingly and effectively as part-time secretary.

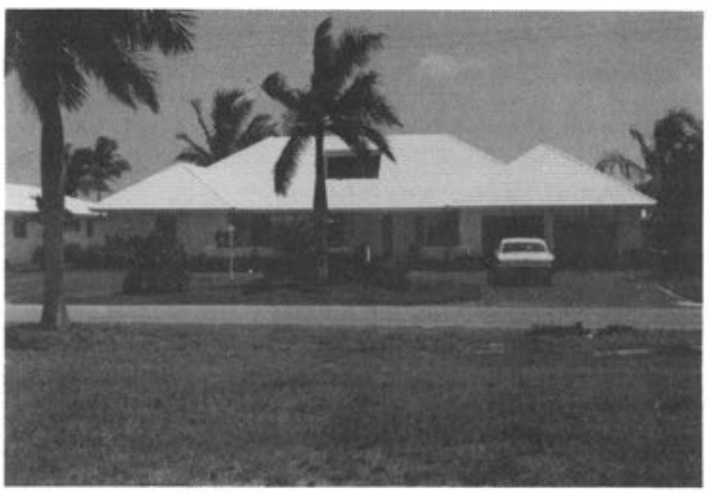
One problem which occupied a great deal of my attention was the company's constant need for additional capital for plant expansion and increased inventories. I decided to test response to a plan requiring our agents to carry their own inventories of popular sizes and styles of valves at a summer sales meeting attended by about one hundred of our representatives. A few of them had been stocking their own inventories all along, but others objected to the cost, so I carefully revised the plan to include lower prices and discount programs, which meant there would be definite advantages for agents taking on their own inventories. This proposal was very well received, and at the end of the year a lot of capital became available for expansion purposes, because almost a million dollars worth of inventory was being carried by the agents.

A major change in personnel at the Sartell plant came about when my brother, Ray, asked to be relieved of the increasing burden of heading up the entire Engineering Department. We appointed Ray Stoner to direct our design and process engineering, and Ray DeZurik became chief of our newly created research group.

Fishing has always been my favorite leisure activity in Florida, and since my boat lacked air conditioning and electric refrigeration, more necessities than amenities in tropical climes, I traded it in 1964 for a forty-foot Pacemaker. This boat, which I named the Alanda, had its own generator and was suitable for long expeditions to the Bahamas.

In January, 1965, my sister Virginia and her husband, Larry Studer, came to Pompano. With friends Alan Greenstreet and Doug Williams, Larry and I set out on a fishing trip to the Matanilla reef on the Bahama bank. We had excellent luck. The second morning on the water was exciting and exhausting, because we caught more than a dozen grouper before noon, the largest weighing in at fifty-five pounds. After a lunch break the "seniors", Alan and I, lay down for a little rest, leaving Doug in charge of piloting the boat to an area twenty miles east, where there were supposed to be a lot of yellowtail snapper.

Summer home Big Watab Lake after expansion 1974.



Florida Home 1963.

The Abyss.

The boat was running into three-foot head seas, and Larry was with Doug on the fly bridge when he decided to go below and get some beer from the refrigerator. As he was cautiously returning to join Doug, he grasped the back of the forward-facing seat to steady himself. The seat suddenly folded foward, thrusting Larry right into the edge of the windshield. A four-inch cut opened his forehead so his skull was visible, but amazingly there was no bleeding, because the protective metal strip on the glass had pinched the skin and blood vessels back, rather than slicing through them.

Larry came down from the bridge and lay on the sofa, pale as a ghost. We applied a cold cloth with ice. I raised the Miami Coast Guard on the radio while Doug started the run to Walker's Cay, about fifteen miles away. The operator had me switch to another radio channel, and then a doctor came on and questioned me about the extent of Larry's injury. Once he was satisfied that there was no immediate danger, he switched me back to the Coast Guard, and they ordered a plane from Freeport, Grand Bahama, to Walker's Cay. Based on our position and speed, I estimated our arrival time there to be three P.M., but half way to Walker's one of our main engines quit and our speed was cut to about eight knots, so we didn't actually pull into the harbor until four o'clock.

Several RCA-Philco employees who operated a missile tracking station at Walker's under contract with NASA were on the dock waiting with a pick-up truck, and they placed Larry on a litter and took him to the air strip, to a twin-engine plane of Bahamas Air Sea Rescue. In Freeport an ambulance met the plane and took Larry to the hospital.

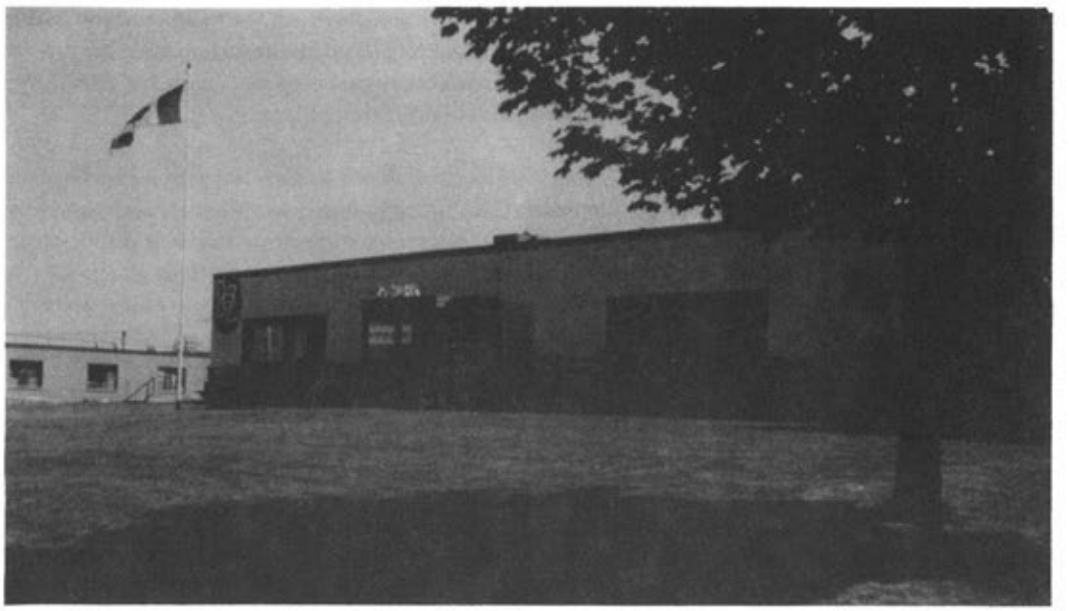
Doug Williams, Allan Greenstreet and I repaired the motor and stayed in the Walker's Cay harbor until the next morning. Then we left at daybreak for West End, Grand Bahama, a fifty-mile voyage. We rented a car as soon as we got there, and drove to the hospital, where we met Alice and Virginia, who had flown over from Pompano.

We found that Larry had a very close call. The cut started bleeding as soon as the plane was airborne, and it kept bleeding even after it was sewn up. This mystified the doctors, but Larry finally told them he was taking a drug called Dicumeral, which thins the blood and is often prescribed for patients who have had heart attacks. Doctors then knew what they were dealing with, so they started giving him transfusions, but the bleeding continued. At two A.M. they could not even get a pulse reading. Somehow Larry rallied, and the bleeding finally stopped at about four A.M. After a hospital stay of about a week Larry returned to Pompano and then to Sartell. Thus ended Landlubber Larry's first seafaring experience, probably his last.

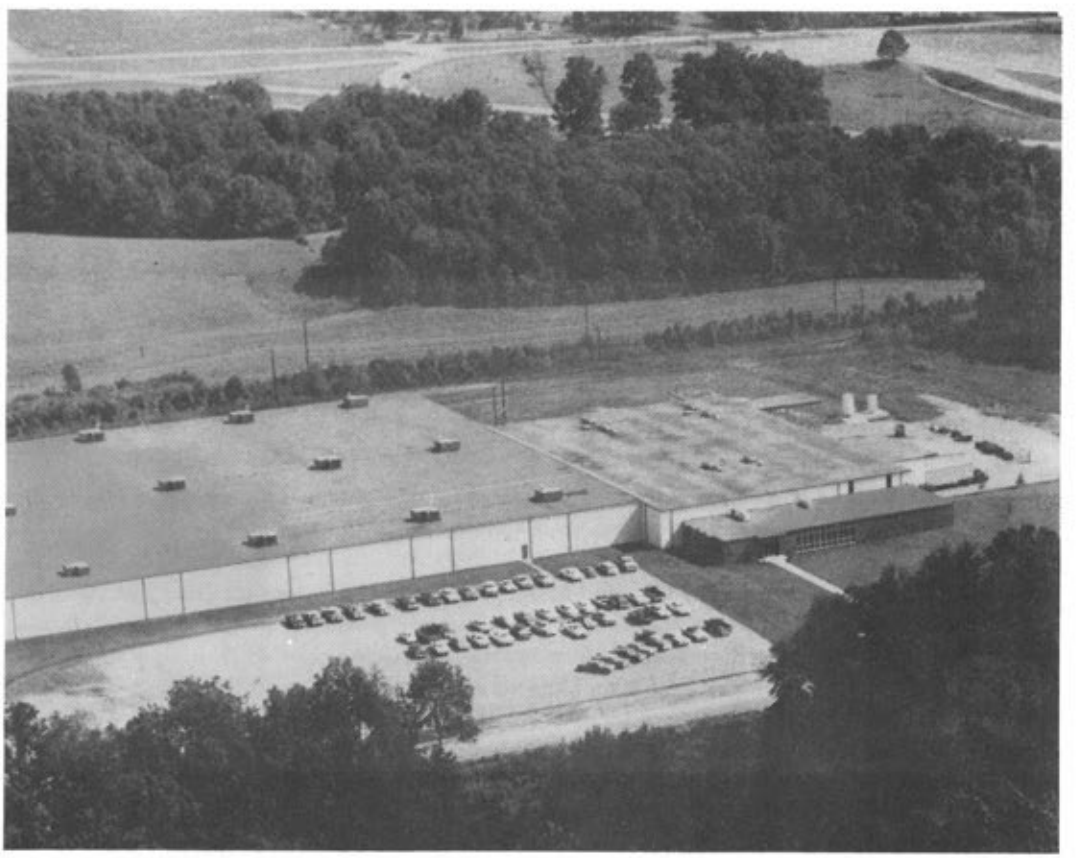
By the spring of 1965 our Sartell plant was again straining to keep up with the volume of incoming orders for valves. We needed to expand the factory, but we were running out of land. We had bought Perry's liquor store, which was adjacent to the company office, and had razed it to make room for one of our smaller expansions. We had also bought several homes on the north side of our property and moved them to new locations so we could make use of that land. It was time to take a look at something further afield.

During a brainstorming session on one of my visits to Minnesota Laurence came up with the idea that we should buy a large piece of farm land about a mile west of Sartell for a satellite plant. I was intrigued by this proposal, but wondered if, since a satellite plant would probably work in that location, there might not be advantages in building it hundreds or even thousands of miles away. After all, Sartell was a considerable distance from the center of our markets, and much of our raw material had to be brought in from the east. I offered to undertake a study of the location puzzle as soon as I got back to Florida.

I had long been concerned about the business climate in Minnesota. We had tried to stabilize our employment by producing valves for inventory whenever orders slackened, but Minnesota's high inventory tax discouraged this practice, so we were torn between trying to provide steady employment and paying a punitive tax. Likewise, the tax on new machinery discouraged the replacement of old or outdated equipment with the



Cambridge, Ontario Plant 1961.



McMinnville, TN Plant 1965.

latest designs. Out of utter frustration with the situation I wrote a paper on the subject of the Minnesota business climate, and the St. Cloud Chamber of Commerce had it placed on the desk of every state legislator, but we could not just wait around for the state government to take some eventual corrective action. We had to act promptly and base our decision on factors influencing our overall cost.

After a thorough review of all immediately available information I developed a series of questions, the answers to which would probably point us in the right direction. I sent questionnaires to ten states, and posted answers I received on a large spread sheet. The questions covered things such as taxes in several categories, workmen's compensation, power costs, incentives offered and various other areas of law and policy which had a direct bearing on manufacturing plant operation. I solicited advice from companies whose purpose it was to answer relocation questions for industry, but often I was not much impressed with their recommendations, and felt we could do as well on our own.

All along my research seemed to indicate that the state of Tennessee would be a prime candidate for housing our new facility. When evidence was almost conclusive, I visited Nashville, and state officials there took me on a two-day tour of communities in an area about one hundred miles north and east of the capital. As a result of what I learned, I proposed that DeZURIK build a thirty-two thousand square foot plant and office on a ten-acre tract in McMinnville, Tennessee, which Warren county offered us at a very reasonable price. This plant has since been expanded to almost two hundred thousand square feet. With our three plants we were able to meet the needs of our expanding list of customers.

It had become customary for us to spend our summers at Big Watab Lake and our winters in Florida. During the summer I went to the Sartell office every day, except for a once-a-month fishing trip to Canada. For these excursions my friends Al Petters, Toby Lackner and I bought an old Chevrolet with a trailer hitch to transport my 18-foot boat. We usually left on Sunday morning for the two-day drive to Cranberry Portage, Manitoba. Once there, we would fish on Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday we would start for home, arriving by dinner-time on Friday. This meant four days of driving to enjoy two days of fishing, but it was worth it!

About this time Brother Ray decided to take flying lessons. As soon as he received his pilot's license he bought a Cessna 337 twin-engine airplane. This was an unusual aircraft. Its engines were not mounted on the wings, but rather on the plane's center line, with one pulling engine on the front of the cabin and a pusher engine in the rear. The plane had six seats, but Ray removed the two in the back to greatly increase luggage space.

We immediately adopted Ray's plane for our Canadian fishing trips. With the car, boat and trailer posted at the Winnipeg airport, we could easily drive from there to nearby lakes and rivers. Sometimes we also posted our equipment at the Flin Flon, Manitoba, airport, and from there we fished area lakes. We even flew to places further north, such as Hatchet Lake in Saskatchewan.

The pristine beauty of the wilderness cannot be expressed in mere words. Once you have experienced it, you are drawn back again and again to refresh your spirits.

On one trip to Hatchet Lake my sons, Don and Mike, joined us. The lodge there had just opened a new lake which we went to in a float plane. Ray and I fished from one boat, and Don and Mike from another. Our two guides had never been on these waters before, but they took us to a place where a small stream cascaded down a rapids just before flowing into the lake. Here we all quickly caught our legal limit of beautiful two to four-pound walleyed pike. The boys were ecstatic. They had heard about places where every cast produced a fish, and now it was actually happening to them. We gorged ourselves on fried fish during shore lunch, and then, as usual, I spread out my space blanket and had a thirty-minute nap.

In the afternoon we continued to catch and release fish. At three o'clock the plane arrived, so Ray and I flew back to camp with our guide. The boys stayed on and fished for another hour before the plane returned to

pick them up. The four of us had caught more than 150 walleyes that day. We ate about six fish, and brought about forty back to the camp freezer. The rest we released.

This is fishing: you must push beyond crowded areas. There are fly-in camps in the far north which only allow visitors to bring out one trophy fish per person. You can have all the fish you want to eat while in camp, of course, but you have only one fish to show when you arrive home. This may seem a bit meager, until you realize that by observing the rules these far northern lakes will never be fished out. Sportsmen of future generations will have just as exciting an adventure as we had that memorable day in the distant Canadian woods.

In Florida I still had my forty-foot fishing boat, the Alanda. It had gasoline engines, and if they were not run every few days, they became very difficult or even impossible to start without the services of a mechanic. Accumulation of moisture of evaporating salt water which was always present in the bottom of the boat caused the problem.

In the fall of 1967 I decided to get a new boat with diesel engines, because they would be more reliable under high humidity conditions. I looked at several fiberglass boats in the 40 to 50-foot class, but I saw several similar boats out of the water at a boat yard, and workmen were patching blisters which had developed on the outer surface of the hull, so I was wary. I decided to investigate the possibility of having a custom-built boat constructed of salt water-resistant aluminum alloy. The man who had been servicing the electric generator on the Alanda told me about a firm he knew of which built a 40-foot boat of the material I was seeking.

I contacted this company and saw drawings for a 44-foot salon "Fisherman" designed by a renowned naval architect. The hull for this boat would be fabricated in Norway from aluminum plates, and all of the construction would be inspected and certified by Lloyds of London. The finished hull with superstructure would be shipped to Florida on the deck of an ocean freighter. All of the finishing work, such as installation of engines, electric generator, galley appliances, air conditioning system and electronics would be done in the U.S.A.

I wrote a specification covering eleven typewritten pages, and this became part of a purchase contract I gave the firm. I decided to pay for the hull, including ocean freight and customs duty, upon arrival, because I had doubts about the financial stability of this company. I did the same with main engines, electric generator, air conditioning, custom cabinets and other major components. I made payments directly to suppliers, and they billed me rather than the firm holding my purchase contract. In this way, had the firm gone bankrupt, I would have been able to recover all of the major components to which I held title. The hull arrived from Norway in April, and the yard proceeded to install the machinery and do the finishing work.

I wanted to dispose of the Alanda before going to Minnesota for the summer. I listed it for sale, but then one of my friends suggested that I donate the boat to a school or research facility and take a tax deduction for the appraised value. Florida Institute of Technology was looking for a boat with a large open cockpit to use for taking samples of the ocean bottom for study in their Marine Geology Department. I decided to give the boat to F.I.T. and our arrangement was that I could use it until the day before my departure for Minnesota.

My new boat was supposed to be completed by September 1, but when I returned to Florida I found that the sea trials could not be held until early November. I was two months behind schedule when I finally took possession.

We didn't know what to name the new boat, which in the end cost considerably more than the original estimates. Our son Mike, who was attending the University of Miami at that time, suggested we call it the Abyss, appropriate because of the time and energy which had been required to make sure every aspect was just right, and because I had been pouring money into the project as into a "bottomless pit". Somehow the name stuck.

The Abyss had a large fishing cockpit equipped with a bait freezer, large tackle cabinet, tool cabinet, fish box, two rod cabinets and three fishing chairs. The main salon had a sleeper sofa, wet bar with automatic ice maker, expandable dining room table and food freezer. Forward and below were two staterooms, a complete bath and shower, and a galley with electric stove and refrigerator freezer.

Three hundred and fifty gallons of diesel fuel and 200 gallons of potable water were stored in sealed tanks integral with the bottom of the hull. The fly bridge contained the steering and control station, and was equipped with three radios, a hailer, an automatic direction finder, auto pilot, and seating for four people. The boat cruised at 18 knots, using a gallon of fuel each 5/8 miles, for a maximum range of 300 miles before refueling. This wasn't too painful when diesel fuel cost 14 to 16¢ per gallon.

Ray brought his plane to Florida, and we now had an ideal combination for fishing the Bahamas and the Florida Keys. I would take the boat to a marina near an airport. Al Petters or another friend would go with me. Ray would fly to the same location, usually bringing someone else with him. We would fish for two days, then leave the boat at the marina. The four of us would fly back to Florida in Ray's plane. A week or two later we would again fly over to the boat for more fishing. We usually ate and slept on the boat, and we always enjoyed these outings enormously. If fishing turned out to be poor in one spot, we just moved the boat to a different mooring near another airport, and fished at the new location.

If the boat needed major repairs I ran it back to Florida, and after the work was completed I either took it back where it came from or moved it to a new site. With this arrangement we left the boat for a month or more at three or four different places during the period from November to May. We liked docking at Marathon and Key West in the Florida Keys, and also in the Bahamas, where we based ourselves in Bimini, West End, Walker's Cay, Green Turtle Key, Spanish Wells and Nassau.

One time when the boat was stationed in Nassau there was trouble with the automatic pilot, one air conditioning unit and the ice-making machine. The dockmaster said the well-qualified local mechanics could make the necessary repairs, so I told him he should arrange for everything to be done, and we would return in two weeks.

According to schedule, Ray and I flew back to the Bahamas. Our friend Ernie Cook came along. Before going to the docks we stopped in downtown Nassau to buy provisions. Ernie and I went to the supermarket to get food while Ray went to the liquor store to resupply the bar. We had just finished buying the groceries when Ray burst into the checkout area of the supermarket to tell me I should come with him, because the liquor store was having a terrific sale on case lots. Never having been one to pass up a bargain, I decided to buy four assorted cases, since we planned to keep the boat stationed at various points in the Bahamas for at least three months.

When we reached the marina, I discovered that nothing on the boat had been fixed. The dockmaster had forgotten to call the mechanics! I was furious. It was noon, and he got three workmen to come immediately. Each one was assigned to solve a separate problem, and by three PM they said the work was finished. I paid each of them, and they left.

It was now too late to go fishing, so we decided to take a cruise out of the harbor, along the shore. Within two hours all the repair work was lost. Everything which was suposed to have been fixed failed again. I knew I'd have to take the boat back to Florida for repairs, but we decided to try to fish on the way home anyway. Ray was to fly his plane to the airstrip on the south end of Great Abaco Island, and Ernie Cook and I were to take the boat to a small fishing village near that airstrip. We left with the boat early the next morning, and Ray went downtown to pass the time before flying to meet us at our anchorage.

When we came abeam of the fishing village I realized there was no marked entrance channel. There seemed

to be a break in the reef, though, so I decided to enter at that point. As soon as we passed the reef I discovered that the bottom had many coral heads, and some of them came almost to the surface. Getting to shore would be very tricky. I ordered Ernie to station himself on the bow pulpit and direct me around the coral heads. I had to trust him. We moved forward very slowly. We had to shout at one another to be heard, but somehow we entered the little harbor without incident.

Later, when I said something to Ernie about the anxiety of traversing the dangerous passage, he responded: "Yes, Captain Bligh, I know if we had struck one of those coral heads you would have had me tied to the mast and flogged, just like in *Mutiny on the Bounty*."

Ernie nicknamed me "Captain Bligh," and when we returned to Florida he bought me a six-foot long bullwhip, which I've never used, but still treasure.

We engaged a native guide for fishing the next day, but didn't catch anything. Ray flew back to Fort Lauderdale the second day, and Ernie and I started out with the boat. This time we traveled through the Northwest Channel against a northwest wind and a moderate chop. When we came out of the channel into the Atlantic, however, the seas were running six to eight feet. I told Ernie we wouldn't be able to make the crossing of about forty miles under these conditions, so we headed south to put in at Bimini for the rest of the day and overnight. When we learned that the weather forecast was for continued high seas the next day, I called Ray and asked him to fly back over and pick us up, because Ernie was scheduled to return to Minneapolis, so we couldn't stay on and wait for calmer seas.

In Bimini we docked at Brown's, because the Big Game Fishing Club, where I usually tied up, was closed for remodeling. Only their bar was open. As usual we washed down the boat, and then at dusk I suggested we walk up the main street to the Club bar for a drink. By the time we left the bar and headed for the Red Lion Restaurant, it was already dark.

Bimini in the daylight has a kind of quaint, sleepy charm. The business district of the main street is about two blocks long, with a bank, a very small supermarket, a basic drug store and several little cafes. There's hardly any vegetation, except for a few palm trees and flowering shrubs. Squat, sun-bleached, ramshackle wooden houses boast an array of intense colors painted on doors, porch rails and eaves, and brilliant Bimini skies make everything seem to glow.

From dawn to dusk it's a quiet place, tranquil except for the occasional seaplane that clatters to an earshattering landing, the gulls that caw incessantly, and the dogs that seem never to cease their barking. Local residents busy themselves with the ordinary tasks of the workaday world while a few people lounge in whatever shade they can find and children in neat, starched uniforms stop to play on their way home from school.

Nighttime Bimini is another story. After sunset the atmosphere becomes boisterous, sometimes rough or even threatening. Locals, as well as tired, sunburned boat people, come out and stroll down the main walkway, checking on one another and on the "foreigners". Live music blares from steamy, crowded bars, nightclubs and saloons. It's a completely freewheeling place where Haitian prostitutes, refugees from poverty and oppression, appear out of the shadows, accost a male passerby and invite him to "Come along and have some fun!" People who have lived pretty conventional lives are sometimes shocked at the sleazy tone of Bimini after dark, but certainly it's no worse than the world's other ports of call, places like Old Amsterdam, the St. Pauli district of Hamburg or the East India Docks in London. If there's an underworld of gangsters headquartered in Bimini, so is there in New York, Miami, New Orleans and Los Angeles. As long as you mind your own business it's definitely safe to moor your boat at Brown's Dock or the club in Bimini, or at least it was during the years we stayed there.

When it was time for us to retrieve the boat, Al Petters flew with Ray and me to Bimini. Al helped me bring

the boat back, while Ray returned in the plane. As Al and I pulled into Port Everglades, where we had to clear customs, I wondered what would happen about the four cases of liquor still aboard the boat. The customs officer arrived, and he turned out to be the same one who had cleared me on several previous trips. I explained that we had bought so much liquor in Nassau because we intended to leave the boat at various places in the Bahamas over a period of several months, although the boat now had to be brought back for repairs. I said that in a week or two I would return the boat to the Bahamas. The customs officer took out a roll of red labels which read "Cleared U.S. Customs," and we helped him put a label on each bottle. By that time it was the end of the day, so we offered him a drink before he left for home. He accepted, Al opened a bottle of Scotch, and the three of us celebrated our arrival back in home territory.

When the boat was repaired we took it to Green Turtle Cay in the Bahamas. We flew back and forth every other week that season, and we had some great fishing.

Each year at the end of April I turned the boat over to Lauderdale Marine for summer storage. They would lift all twenty tons of it out of the water and put it into a large hangar. When I returned from Minnesota in the fall they would put the boat back into the water, start the engines, and I would head up the intracoastal waterway toward home. For the next several weeks our dock was always a beehive of activity. There was so much to be done: carpenters, electricians, electronic repair people, painters, etc., filled our driveway with service vehicles. Alice would ask "What will people up and down the street think about all these trucks cluttering up this nice neighborhood?" Our property may temporarily have resembled a boatyard, but the boat's health was usually restored quickly. Then we'd do a test run down the canal, and if everything was shipshape, we'd take off for the Florida Keys or the islands of the Bahamas.

My friends, the brothers Palmer and Orville Peterson, had a boat, but not for very long. Every few years Orv sells everything except his wife, and buys something else. My boat was in Key West one April. Ray flew Palmer and me down there, and we fished for two days. Then Palmer and I started to bring the boat back to Pompano. The trip usually takes about a day and a half. The auto pilot took care of steering, so all we needed to do was maintain a lookout for other vessels and keep an eye on all the gauges and instruments.

During the first day of the homeward journey Palmer mentioned that he might buy a boat of his own, because he lived in Florida year around while Orv was only there part of the time. Orv and Doris always went north for about five months, to escape the hot weather, just as Alice and I did. By the next morning I had devised a plan. Palmer didn't need a boat when I was in Florida, because he was always welcome to come fishing with Ray and me. My boat would have been going into storage two weeks later, and in addition to the storage expense there would be other costs, because the boat always needed extensive work each fall to get it back into service. The hot, humid, tropical air wreaked havoc with the electronic and electrical equipment when it was not being operated, because it didn't heat up, and therefore did not dry out. I told Palmer he could take the boat to his dock for the summer and use it, at no cost to himself except for fuel. He would, however, be expected to keep the boat clean and do such maintenance as he was able. He had been an electrical contractor and had also repaired automobiles, so he knew how to keep everything shipshape. I would pay for repairs he couldn't do and provide full insurance coverage. Frequent use of the boat over the summer would reduce damage from corrosion, and the boat would be ready to go when I returned from Minnesota in the fall. Palmer would have a fine boat to use and would have no investment. He agreed that this would work out well for both of us, and the plan was put into effect.

Doug Williams, a very knowledgeable deep sea fisherman, frequently went along with us on fishing trips. He was in charge of the catering service at the Orange Bowl in Miami, and after the football season he was not busy. Doug taught me a great deal about boat operation and handling which supplemented what I'd learned in Power Squadron navigation and boat handling courses. He usually flew over with us on the last trip in April and helped me bring the boat back for the summer.

All kinds of things can go wrong at sea, and basic mechanical skill is almost a necessity for deep sea fishermen. Once, while we were fishing, the raw water pump on the air conditioner for the main salon failed. Another system served the galley and the forward stateroom, while the third system served the master stateroom. Each system had its own raw water pump, so we decided to switch the pump for the galley system to the salon system. We taped the wires which were part of the galley system and were quite comfortable using a large open hatch and four portholes to ventilate the galley while the rest of the boat was served by the two operating air conditioners.

When we brought the boat home I had the pump repaired, and proceeded to reinstall it. Doug Williams helped me. He was behind the starboard engine checking the batteries, and my brother Laurence, who was visiting from Minnesota, was in the salon. I was wearing walking shorts, and sat in the engine room with my bare legs resting against the aluminum hull. Before installing the pump I had supposedly turned off the air conditioner switches on the main switchboard. After the pump was in place, I proceeded to remove the tape from the wires prior to connecting them to the pump. With the ends of these bare wires in my left hand, I received a tremendous electrical shock. The current passed through my body and, from my bare legs, through the aluminum hull into the salt water in the canal. The bare wire burned into my fingers and I could not let go. I yelled: "Help me!" Laurence didn't know what was wrong, but Doug scrambled out from behind the engine, ran up to the salon and turned off the master switch. He then helped me get out of the engine room.

I still carry the scars from this accident on the forefinger and thumb of my left hand. One time my doctor saw them and asked how long the current had passed through my body. I told him it seemed like an eternity, but he said that if my heart had gone into fibrillation while I was being shocked I would have died instantly. By his keen judgment and quick action Doug saved my life.

During the fall and winter of 1967 our company was very busy. Dick Wilcox, general manager at DeZURIK, was under great pressure. On two occasions when he informed me that he wished to resign I persuaded him to stay on. I was living in Florida, so I was partly insulated from the daily problems at Sartell. Still, I had been aware all along of the monumental demands which were increasingly taking their toll on all of us involved in the day-to-day administrative decision making.

I began to think about possible solutions, including that of selling the company, as a means of freeing us from the ongoing pressure whose effects, no doubt, would increase as we grew older.

The business continued to grow, and additional manufacturing capacity was needed. We decided to add 100,000 square feet to the Tennessee plant, and commenced construction in early spring of 1968.

In order to explore the possibility of an eventual satisfactory sale or merger of the company, I placed an ad in the Wall Street Journal, with a box number to conceal our identity. I was prepared to spend a couple of years investigating leads. Our ad brought several dozen replies, but even before we had the opportunity to review them, a representative of Colorado Interstate Gas Corporation approached us. Colorado Interstate had recently acquired another energy company in a merger, and it included a manufacturing division producing industrial equipment. They were interested in having our company in order to expand this division.

Our corporate counsel in Minneapolis and the trust department of the bank which held the DeZURIK stock trusts were enthusiastic about the outlook for a merger of our company on a tax-free basis into this highly successful natural gas production and distribution company. Colorado Interstate had an excellent earning and dividend history, and many leading financial analysts predicted continued growth. After several meetings we accepted their offer to exchange our stock for both their common stock, which was listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and a special issue of cumulative convertible preferred stock which was issued only to holders of DeZURIK stock. I remained as President of DeZURIK, and Dick Wilcox was named Vice President and General Manager.

We soon learned that operating plans for a regulated public utility like Colorado Interstate Gas were very different from those of unregulated free enterprise manufacturing companies. Public utilities give primary consideration to return on investment, while we had always placed much greater emphasis on return on sales. Trying to merge the two radically different philosophies presented many unanticipated problems. Dick Wilcox decided he could not operate DeZURIK Corporation in the manner to which he was accustomed, and he resigned. The board hired Bill Ball to take his place, and soon after that General Signal Corporation acquired the Colorado Manufacturing Division of Colorado Interstate, including DeZURIK. Since then the company has continued to prosper, partly because of the more compatible atmosphere it shares with its parent organization.

Our son, David, Jr., graduated from St. John's University in Minnesota with a degree in economics in 1954. From then on he worked in the DeZURIK Marketing Department. As the business expanded, Dick Wilcox appointed David sales manager. David was a bachelor and lived at home with us in St. Cloud until we moved to Florida in January, 1962. At that time he found an apartment of his own.

On November 19, 1963, Dick Wilcox phoned us in Florida and said we must come immediately to St. Cloud, because David was critically ill. Donald Strack, owner of the building where David lived, had been summoned by tenants, who had heard a pounding on the wall and had had no response when they rapped on the apartment door. As soon as Don Strack opened the door, he found David lying on the bed unconscious, flailing his arms and striking the wall during a convulsion. Someone called an ambulance, and David's doctor, Thomas Murn, arrived in a few minutes. Dr. Murn spent over an hour getting David's vital signs sufficiently stabilized so he could be moved to the hospital. David surely wouldn't have survived if it hadn't been for Dr. Murn's dedicated care.

Alice and I caught the first available plane to Minneapolis. When we arrived at the hospital, at about two AM, we found Dr. Murn waiting for us. He explained what had happened and told us David had a brain tumor.

David was unconscious for two days, and during that time a neurosurgeon from St. Paul who specialized in brain tumors came to the St. Cloud Hospital and confirmed the diagnosis. On the morning of November 22, David was taken to St. Paul by ambulance and was rushed into surgery. This was the day President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. After the operation the surgeon told us he had removed most of a tumor as large as his fist. He said the rest would have to be destroyed by radiation.

David regained consciousness before the end of the day, and the following day he was moved from intensive care to a room of his own. A few days later Alice brought him to Florida to be with us while he had radiation treatments. Three weeks later he returned to Minnesota and immediately went back to work.

David was married in 1965 and continued to live in St. Cloud. In 1972 it seemed that the pressures of his work were adversely affecting his health. The company transferred him to Jacksonville, Florida. A little over a year later a second brain operation had to be performed, because he was beginning to have seizures. After eleven years the tumor had reformed, and this time it was malignant.

Just before David's second surgery Alice and I took an apartment in Baymeadows, a suburb of Jacksonville, so we could be near at hand. The agony we experienced at spending most of each day watching his condition deteriorate defies description. Since David did not want to stay in a hospital, nurses cared for him at home. There was nothing we could do except watch and wait. At 5:30 AM on November 18, 1975, he died.

I remained president of DeZURIK Corporation until 1971, when I turned sixty-five. My retirement was the occasion of several parties. The first was in Sartell, where I received a gift of a diamond ring. A second, at the Essex House in New York City, was attended by many of the company agents I had appointed to

territories in the United States and Canada. A final party in conjunction with an annual sales meeting in San Juan, Puerto Rico, was the most festive of all.

Shortly after my retirement Bill Ball was transferred from Sartell to the headquarters of General Signal in Connecticut. Al Kremers, a man David, Jr. had hired for the Marketing Department many years before, became DeZURIK president, a position he still holds at the time of this writing.

The arrangement with Palmer Peterson taking over the Abyss during each summer worked very well. He had a boat to use, and it was ready to go when I returned in the fall. No more concentration of service trucks in our driveway. Like life itself, though, all things come to an end. Palmer bought a business in Leesburg, Florida, near Orlando, and he had his wife, Charlotte, moved there after selling their home in Pompano. At the same time the oil crisis came on, and diesel fuel rose from 16¢ to $1 per gallon in Florida and to $1.64 per gallon in the Bahamas. My favorate fishing spot in Walker's Cay, 135 miles away, now cost $570 for round-trip fuel alone.

One of the best fishing guides at Walker's Cay was Andy Heild. He always found an overabundance of fish for us. At the start of the oil crisis the owner of Walker's Cay bought a fishing boat and assigned Andy to operate it. This meant the only way we could get Andy as our guide was to charter Walker's boat. No more Palmer to care for my boat, no more Andy to serve as fishing mate on my boat, prohibitively high fuel costs, a large fixed investment, rising insurance and maintenance costs: all of these led to a consideration of selling the Abyss.

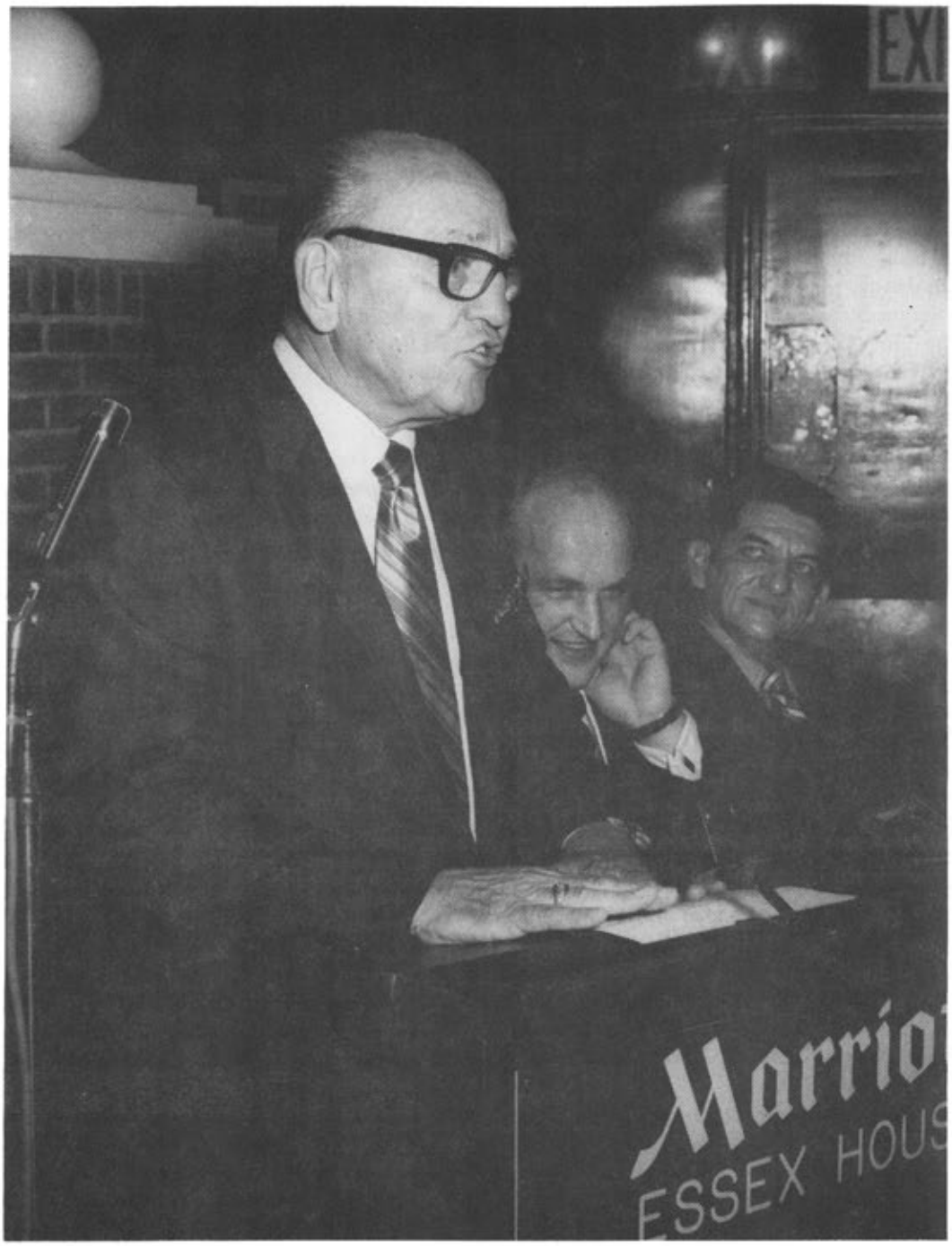
Because the boat was always kept maintained to the highest standards, a broker offered to list it at a very attractive price. During the six months he had the listing he asked my authorization for several reductions in price. In the fall of 1979, when I returned from the summer in Minnesota, I cancelled the listing and brought the boat back home.

Our Pompano Beach neighbors for several years were Ralph and Shirley Mocny. Ralph, a real estate investor and builder, had fished off my boat while it was in the Bahamas, and he knew it was sea kindly in rough waters. One Sunday morning in December he and Shirley arrived unannounced at our door. Ralph wanted Shirley to see my boat. They carefully inspected it, but made no comments. I didn't inquire about their interest. I knew they already had a boat only about six feet shorter than mine.

On Monday morning Ralph called and asked at what price I would be willing to sell. He assured me that he had not talked to a broker about my boat, so I quoted a price less sales commission. Then he wanted to know if I insisted on cash. I asked what he had in mind, and he offered 10% cash and the rest in second mortgages on properties he had sold. The mortgages all matured in eighteen months, so I accepted his offer.

Ralph took the boat to his dock, and he and Shirley soon made a trip to Cat Cay in the Bahamas. The sea was smooth, and Shirley was extremely enthusiastic. While they were there she encouraged Ralph to join the Cat Cay Club so they could make regular visits to the island. On the return voyage, however, the seas were rough. Shirley said the Abyss was almost as bad in turbulent seas as their old boat. Once back on land, she refused to go out again, and Ralph concluded that Shirley, like the vast majority of women, wanted the ride of a 600-foot long stabilized ocean liner, and of course this could not be had. Ralph sold the boat after using it for a dockside cocktail lounge for about a year.

Since my retirement Alice and I have been spending about five months of each year at Watab Lake in Minnesota. During the summer I still go to Canada once a month to enjoy fishing, which has always been my favorite sport. Winter months when we are in Florida we maintain an active social life, considering our age. I frequently make fishing excursions to the Bahamas, the Everglades and the Gulf of Mexico, and we occasionally take a Caribbean cruise.



Three DeZURIK Presidents

In the fall of 1985 Alice and I made a long and extremely interesting trip through Europe. We flew to Zurich, Switzerland, rented a car, and drove through northern Italy to Venice, where we boarded a ship for a cruise along the Adriatic coast and into the Mediterranean. At Nice, in southern France, we picked up another car and spent several days driving to Paris, stopping at remote areas along the way to stay overnight in authentically restored castles which have been transformed into busy inns. This trip left a distinctly different impression than previous sojourns in France, because we had the opportunity to appreciate the beautiful countryside, something which remains unknown to tourists who stay in big city hotels. In spite of the language barrier, we were able to communicate, even when we lost our way. We flew home from London, and since then we have gotten back into our normal day-to-day routine.

I still attend three luncheons each week: Tuesday at the Yacht Club, Wednesday at the Pompano Power Squadron and Thursday at the Coral Ridge Power Squadron. Friends with boats usually stop by to get me, and we have a drink as we cruise down the canal toward our destination. The rest of my time is spent mostly in reading, doing home maintenance, and enjoying each sunrise and beautiful sunset.

On October 28, 1986, I celebrated my eightieth birthday. It is now time for me to put aside my pen and reflect on the many exciting events in my life which were too numerous to include in this book. I hope that those I have shared with you have been of interest.