

May 27, 2018

RELATED STORY AND PHOTOS OF FAMILY AND LOVED ONES

DAVID HOWARD NELSON

The first “investor” in our family business was my brother, David Howard Nelson. At age 25 Dave suffered a head injury when hit by a car riding a bike on Beaver Road, between the Bay City, Michigan State Park, and my parents home on April 10, 1975. After the doctors did all they could we took Dave home to my parent’s house and started a therapy program provided by the Institute for Human Development, in Philadelphia.

We had 130 volunteers working 3 shifts a day, 6 days a week. My Mother (Eva June Nelson) had a serious heart condition, so we eliminated Sunday sessions to give her some much needed rest. After a three year struggle, we lost Dave to chronic, recurring lung infections. Dave had a very difficult childhood due to chronic, bronchial pneumonia. My earliest memories are of my little brother Dave sitting in a makeshift oxygen tent with my Mother, and Little Dave looking out a Mercy Hospital window at my sister Joan and I with our Easter baskets, while we waved at him. Despite his tough childhood years, Dave overcame his health problems and through exercise and fitness became a handsome, well built young man, with intelligence, charm, wit and a great sense of humor that attracted a large number of loving friends everywhere he went. Thus, It wasn’t difficult to find the 130 volunteers for Dave’s therapy.

Ultimately, the vulnerability in Dave’s lungs ended his life at age 28. Dave’s injuries were covered by two matching insurance policies. My parents had set up a trust for Dave with the matching funds. After Dave’s passing, Dad and I started our family business with these matching funds that ultimately led to the Duralt inventions.

Thus my brother Dave paid for the family business start up with very hard earned money, and his life.

DAVID HOWARD NELSON. (April 16, 1950 to October 8, 1978). (Pictures enclosed).



DAVE
Key Largo, Fla
1971



Dad, Dave, Mark
Fall '74



Dave + Dad
Fall '78



Dad + Dave
Fall 1978

OTIS L. NELSON, Jr.

As for my Father, the late Otis L. Nelson, Jr, he was my hero from childhood to the present time. With "big movie studio" good looks, Dad was courageous and daring, and a born leader, but also a very loving Father, husband and Grandfather to my son Dave, and my sister's son Peter.. While growing up, our house was a gathering place for many of our friends who nick named Dad, "the Big O".

My Father died at age 85, after suffering two strokes while relentlessly fighting to save our company and Duralt inventions from Lubrizol, Amway, "et al", and assorted other crooks.

Dad was a WW11 combat veteran. He first served in the 1st Ranger Battalion. On the push off from the Anzio, Italy beachhead the 1st and 3rd Ranger battalions led the spearhead and ran into the Herman Goering Panzer (tank) Division. Outgunned by Tiger tanks, the elite Ranger, light infantry put up a heroic, but desperate fight. Nearly 300 Rangers were killed in the ensuing battle, and two hundred Rangers were captured.

Although wounded, my Dad was one of only eight Rangers who escaped and evaded at nightfall back to American lines. After healing from his wounds, Dad joined another elite fighting unit, The First Special Service Force, (FSSF), a legendary U.S./Canadian fighting unit, the brainchild of Army Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, and Lord Mountbatten of England. The German High Command dubbed the Force, "THE DEVILS BRIGADE", in recognition of the ferocious battle capabilities of these USA and Canadian soldiers..

Years later, I had the honor and privilege to meet my Father's best friend in the "Force", the legendary, Howard Van Ausdale, Regimental scout. "Van" was a professional boxer, and silver prospector before the War, and taught my Dad to box when in rear areas for an occasional break in battle. Van led night attacks against German positions to raise havoc and to capture German soldiers for intelligence. Van told me about his first meeting with my Dad. He had just returned from leading one of the night assaults and was lying on the floor of his tent trying to sleep. A young guy kicked him on the bottom of his boots, and said, "are you the guy that leads those night attacks"? Van grunted, "yes". The young guy then said, "I'm going out with you tonight". The young guy was my Dad.

After surviving intense combat in Europe, my Father had two strokes and died in America, fearlessly fighting well financed, politically connected, big corporate thugs, in a desperate battle to save his company, shareholders, his family and his Duralt inventions. I find that to be very ironic, and highly outrageous. How do you feel about that?

My Father died on August 3, 2009. He was a youthful 85 year old man. My loving Sister, Joan Marie Nelson borrowed equity against her house to cover the funeral and burial costs. A military Honor Guard was present at the grave site ceremony in honor of my Father's military service in the Rangers and the First Special Service Force in WW11.

At the time of my Father's death, I was physically and emotionally exhausted after years of corporate war against Lubrizol, Amway, "et al", and then the loss of my Father under very difficult circumstances.

OTIS L. NELSON, Jr. (January 21, 1924 to August 3, 2009) Pictures enclosed.

EVA JUNE NELSON

My Mother's death preceded my Father's. Her loving support was always vital to all of us in life and in our family business and beyond. After my Brother Dave's insurance matching funds were depleted, she and Dad

mortgaged their house to continue the Duralt business. Mom did not complain, but we had great focus in our efforts to pay that mortgage off, and eventually we did.

My Mother's heart condition was very serious and the family doctor advised her against having children. She promptly had three!! (Thanks Mom) She always worked tirelessly for her family, including throughout the ordeal with my Brother Dave.

!! Mom's pictures are inter-dispersed with Dad's. Our friends had a nickname for her too. "Sergeant Eva". She was able to maintain some sense of order when a bunch of rowdy teenagers were having too much fun. Hence the nickname. However, what she was best known for was an abundance of great cookies and other pastry delights. Mom was a great baker, and generous with her creations, from chocolate chip cookies to brownies, cakes and pies.

After her 3rd heart valve replacement she couldn't get off the respirator, and we lost her. She is buried in the family plot with my Brother Dave, and my Father Otis, at Floral Gardens in Bay City, Michigan.

EVA JUNE NELSON. (March 14, 1925 to December 28, 1987).



Atis J. Nelson Jr.



In Loving
Memory Of
Otis Lovel Nelson, Jr.
January 21, 1924 - August 3, 2009

Gathering Song: Like A Shepherd Bob Dufford SJ.

Refrain

Like a shep-herd he feeds his flock and gath-ers the lambs in his
arms, hold-ing them care-ful-ly close to his heart,
lead-ing them home. home, lead-ing them home.

1-3 to Verses **Final**

Verses 1, 2

1. Say to the cit-ies of Ju - dah: Pre-pare the
2. I my - self will shep-herd them, for oth-ers have
1. way of the Lord. Go to the moun-tain-top,
2. led them a - stray. The lost I will res - cue and
to Refrain

1. lift your voice: Je - ru - sa - lem, here is your God.
2. heal their wounds and pas-ture them, giv-ing them rest.

Verse 3

3. Come un-to me if you are heav-i-ly bur-dened, and
3. take my yoke

to Refrain

1 rest.

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In Loving Memory Of
Otis Lovel Nelson, Jr.
January 21, 1924
August 3, 2009

ST. FRANCIS PRAYER OF PEACE
Lord,

Make me an instrument of your peace:
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
Where there is sadness, joy.
O Divine Master,
Grant that I may seek not
So much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive;
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
and it is in dying that we are
born to Eternal Life.

Amen

Squires Funeral Home



Dad & Mom
After my brother's Death





Dad
in
Uniform

circa
1943

Dad & Mom
1946



Dad & Dave
1957



-1972- Dad & Howard Van Ausdale
VAN was Dad's best friend
& was Regimental Scout
First Special Service Force

Otis L. Nelson Jr.



Oris L. Nelson Jr.

RANGER



Otis L. Nelson Jr.

USA
CANADA



Highlights (so far) from the life of Otis Lovel Nelson, Jr. (aka Pook)

- Born on January 21, 1924 in Bay City, MI --a little earlier than expected--to Otis, Sr. and Esther (Parker) Nelson. Given the formal name Otis Jr., he was nicknamed 'Pook' by siblings. Sisters and brothers included Cecilia, Bernice, Ed, Dick, Pat, Harry, and Beverly.
- A good student with a love of history, a taste for adventure, and a penchant for Zane Grey novels, he graduated from Central High School in June of '42.
- He followed his brother Ed into military service, and joined the Army's Quartermaster Corps in 1943. Once stationed in North Africa, he transferred to the 1st Ranger Battalion under Colonel Darby of 'Darby's Rangers' fame. (Rumor has it that he picked a fight with a superior NCO -and won- in order to obtain this 'transfer', one that brought him into major action.) After the decimation of the 1st Ranger Battalion at Anzio, Otis (one of ten from the battalion who were not killed or captured by Hermann Goering's Panzer Division) joined the Canadian-American First Special Service Force, 1st Company, 2nd Regiment under Colonel Fredericks. Otie was recommended for various decorations, and received a purple heart for wounds sustained in combat. He arrived back home on October 30, 1945 after 28 months overseas.
- Postscript: In 1998, Otis was awarded the Canadian Parachute Silver Maple Leaf Wings by the Canadian government for service with the 1st Special Service Force during WWII.
- Otie married Eva June Brown on August 31, 1946. The two were introduced to one another by Otis's Uncle Dewey at a VFW event.

- Otis and Eva had their first child, Mark, on July 24, 1947. Joan followed on February 22, 1949, and David arrived on April 16, 1950. The family lived on Beaver Road in a house built by Otie, and located a stone's throw from the houses of



ANDREW MEDICHINI/Associated Press

Hiding place: People take part in a memorial ceremony Friday in the grottos of Cisterna di Latina, near Rome where the town's population lived for months during the war in 1944.

Italian town marks World War II tragedy

ASSOCIATED PRESS

CISTERNA DI LATINA, Italy — For American forces fighting their way north to Rome, it was the site of a heroic but hopeless stand, where only eight men out of two Ranger battalions escaped German troops.

For the Italians caught in the fighting, it was the place where they lived underground for months before being sent on a forced march north by the Germans.

On Friday, the anniversary of the roundup in 1944, this town between Anzio and Rome held its annual commemoration of the bloody events of World War II with ceremonies held beside a monument to victims of all wars.

Cisterna battle

This town of 32,000 people, once a manufacturing center but now the heart of kiwi production in Italy, has not forgotten the elite U.S. Army Rangers, who fought to liberate them from the Nazi occupiers. There is a Via dei Rangers, a school named after the Rangers' commander William O. Darby and signs noting Cisterna is twinned with Darby's hometown, Fort Smith, Ark.

The site of the Cisterna battle, alongside a canal on the road to Nettuno, is recorded by a plaque in English, German and Italy recalling those who "fought and died."

Rangers slaughtered

By all accounts, the Cisterna battle was a disaster for the Americans. The Rangers were used as a spearhead after the landing at Anzio, but because of poor intelligence met unexpected, fierce resistance at Cisterna and by authoritative accounts did not have the support weapons to overcome it as they battled through mud and drainage ditches. Rick Atkinson, in the book "Day of Battle" said 250 to 300 Rangers died and eight escaped, leaving hundreds of others captured.

"We lived for months underground," said Bruno Fieramonte, 75, a retired school teacher. Then, on March 19, the Germans rounded up the entire town and marched them north. Many ended in labor camps and farms as far north as Tuscany.

Surviving Rangers, mostly in their 80s, generally visit around American Memorial Day, combining it with a stop at the military cemetery in Anzio-Nettuno.

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Laurel State Journal
3-20-10
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Did like to
visit these
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Cisterna
Anzio Nett
by, too

SHARON ELIZABETH MINNOCK.

My Life Partner, and fiancé. Sharon Minnock “stepped up” upon my Father’s death and likely saved my life and the company. Intelligent, courageous and beautiful, Sharon had developed a very successful computer software consulting business. Her clients were CFO’s of major construction companies that required new, and advanced computer financial systems. One of the top consultants in her field, she was elected to the Board of Directors of the Construction Financial Managers Association (CFMA), the only board member not a CFO of a major construction firm.

Sharon purchased a home for the two of us in Highlands Ranch, Colorado, a suburb of Denver. She outfitted two offices for us and paid the monthly bills that enabled me to continue the fight for our company and Duralt Technology through years of litigation, and corporate warfare against daunting odds. Also, since I was working without compensation, Sharon also paid for our summer vacation trips to Michigan, with my son Dave, to see family, and other generosity on her part.

Sharon worked tirelessly, perhaps too much so. In March 2013 she was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer, and given 6 months to live. Sharon elected to fight courageously for her life, and had a battle plan outlined that could prolong her life and her work for 3 or more years.

Tragically, she died 3 months later on June 4th, 2013. In her will she bequeathed our home to me, asked to be cremated, and that I scatter her ashes in the Rocky Mountains. I did scatter a small bag of her ashes on Mount Evans as she requested, but couldn’t bear to give her ashes up completely. I have one additional small bag of her ashes to scatter at the Eiffel Tower in Paris, France. Sharon and I planned to have a formal engagement trip to Paris, as soon as the corporate war for Duralt was completed. I intend to keep that date.

The remainder of Sharon’s ashes rest in an urn in our bedroom, on a table overlooking Mt. Evans and the Rocky Mountains she loved.

SHARON ELIZABETH MINNOCK. (March 17, 1952 to June 3, 2013).

Given the courage exhibited and the sacrifices made by those I love, and the continued injury to others I love, I am obligated to bring this matter to a satisfactory and just resolution, no matter the retaliation and cost to me personally.

Sincerely,

Mark L. Nelson.



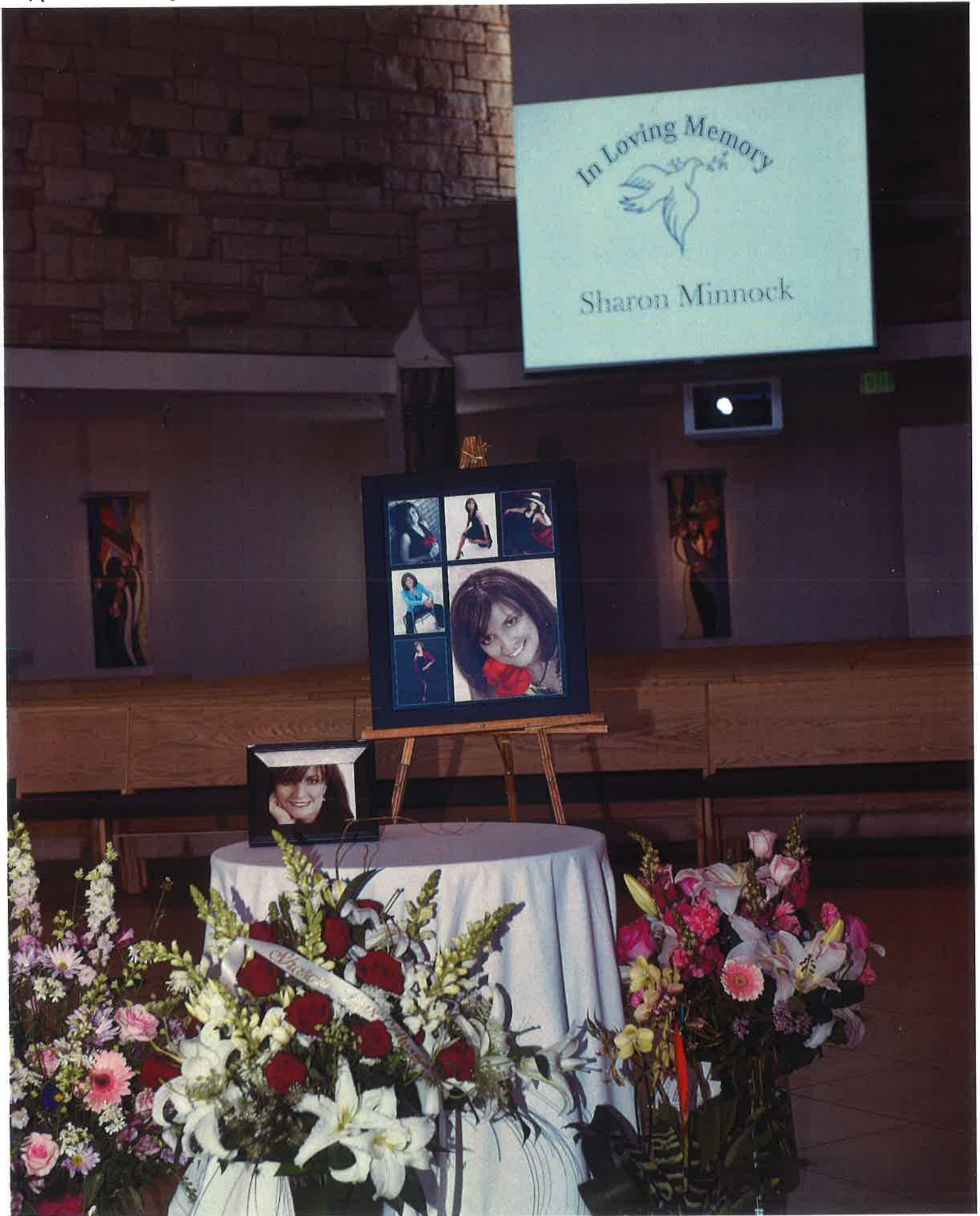
Sharon E. Minnock and Mark Nelson
Winter of 2012 Skiing
Beckenridge, Colorado



Shaon Elizabeth Minnock
60th Birthday 3-17-12

Highlands
Ranch - Co

Sharon's Funeral - St Mark's July 2013



Mt. Evans
July 2013
Sharon's Ashes
URN



Sharon's Ashes
small amount
ON Mt. Evans
At Sunset
July 2013



Our Home - Sharon's memorial - Azules - ever Looking Rockies



Perpetual Roses Daffing