

## **Donald Hoyt Doud AMTA Hall of Fame 2020/2021**

My name is Tom Doud and I am the youngest of three sons that the recipient of this award had with his wife. Our mother is no longer living, and my two older brothers are very regretful that they are not able to attend this tremendous acknowledgement ceremony. All three of us sons live on the east coast, and I am the only one who is retired, so unfortunately I had to take on the difficult and unpleasant task of leaving the freezing cold and snow of Vermont to come to warm and sunny Arizona for this prestigious moment, and a week of palm trees and Cactus League spring training baseball games!

The man you are honoring with this award passed away 41 years ago this month. His work in water filtration was actually a full 50 years ago. So to think that you folks took the time and effort to delve into the archives of water filtration history, and dig up the information about the pioneering efforts of my Dad and others, and then to actually memorialize their work with this very honorable Hall of Fame award, is truly amazing.....very, very much appreciated by our entire family. My father was a very modest and humble man, and would be SO honored and appreciative of what you have done here for something that occurred a half century ago.

When my Dad worked in water filtration with the DuPont Company from 1969-1976, his job was to travel throughout the country to display, explain, and develop markets for a water purification system that utilized the reverse osmosis technique of filtering salty or poor quality water. The equipment he marketed was known as a Permasep Permeator and his display model consisted of about 75 pounds of connected equipment. He had a habit of referring to most mechanical things as a "unit" and he was so proud of this RO "unit". He brought it to our school classrooms, he displayed it to family and friends, and he often brought it home.

His pride with that filtration system one day caused him to proudly proclaim to me, "Thomas, this unit is so efficient that you could actually put urine into it and it will yield completely safe to drink water!!" Well I did not believe that, as I thought it would take some sort of a divine intervention miracle to pull off something like that. Well, keep that thought in mind as I digress for a moment.....

In my father's working years of adulthood, he was first a college chemistry professor for five years, and then a market researchist/market developer/salesman for 25 years with the DuPont Company. In those lines of work, you HAVE to be a good talker and THAT he was! My father LOVED to talk. He loved to engage in conversation with people, ask them questions, get their opinions, philosophize with

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them, encourage and urge them, lecture to them, and mostly.....to educate them. He was such a prolific talker that he even used to give his chemistry class lectures *in his sleep!!*...which would annoyingly wake up my Mom!

Well, guess what gene I inherited from him? I don't know a short story and when people ask me what color the sky is, it is often five minutes before I get around to saying the word blue. So when I was told that acceptance remarks had to be limited to 5 minutes, it made me realize that for me to accomplish *that*, it was going to take a far stronger divinely intervened miracle than the urine to potable water trick!

But I will try to keep this short, and I will do so by reading a lot of my words, and reading them very fast. I want to tell you a little about who this awardee was, and then leave you with two takeaway concepts that I just know he would want to convey to you if he was here at the podium today.

Donald Hoyt Doud was born in 1924, a few years before the Great Depression, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, which was an area of northeast Pennsylvania already experiencing its own depression from the declining coal mining industry of that region. He would proudly tell you that he was the tenth generation Doud in America, born 285 years after the first Doud came to the coast of Connecticut from England. When he was 5, his family scraped together what money they had, and moved to the nearby rural town of Waverly, which is where he grew up. In his youth, he loved tennis, biking, science, and anything medical related.....as he aspired to be a doctor. In the autumn of 1941 he went off to college at Cornell University. On one of the last Sundays of his fall semester, Pearl Harbor was attacked, and he never returned to Cornell. He hoped that the military's great need for doctors and medics would expedite his route to that goal, but he contracted rheumatic fever, darn near died from it, and a resulting heart defect from the illness disqualified him from military service. During the war years, he went to a variety of Pennsylvania colleges, and still pursued a fast tracked short cut to end up at Temple Medical School, where soon thereafter by flunking out, he learned the hard way that you need to have basic things, like organic chemistry, before you will ever cut it in med school. After obtaining his degree, he became a chemistry professor at Keystone Junior College, in the next town over from Waverly. 70 years ago yesterday, while giving a presentation to a biking club about upcoming group bicycle trips, he was stunned by a cute blonde athletic gal sitting in the audience. He said to himself that he sure hoped she was paying attention and cared

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about biking, because he hoped she would join the bike rides so he could get to meet and know her. After the talk, she headed to the water fountain. He ran to the fountain and held it for her. She said thank you and he introduced himself and asked her out on a date. They were engaged five months later. Everyone thought my Mom was pregnant, but she wasn't. They were just made for each other.

He helped get her a job as a Physical Education professor and field hockey and basketball coach at Keystone, where they enjoyed the first four years of their marriage. In 1954, they moved three hours south to Wilmington, Delaware because he landed a job with DuPont and our Mom taught Phys Ed and coached at a high school. The following year they embarked on creating a family, and over the next several years, with the precision of my Dad's engineering and chemistry background and the health education practices of my Mom, had three sons.....each separated by exactly two years, two months, and sixteen days! Our mother then spent the next 22 years at home, raising us three children.

For the first 15 years with DuPont, my father worked in various areas of market development, mostly with synthetic fibers, and a good chunk of it with Corfam, a material like leather that was used heavily in the shoe industry.

When I was 8 years old in 1969, he came home from work one day, delighted to have been selected to work in a new area for DuPont, water treatment and purification. It was known as the Permasep Division and required him to relocate to a brand new building that was part of a few DuPont buildings erected on what had been a farm, in Glasgow, Delaware, not too far from the University of Delaware in Newark. It doubled his commute from ten minutes to 20 minutes, but it was a beautiful area. He often took us there on weekends, where we would play sports outside, raise hell inside when we were supposed to be doing homework, and learned to drive as young teenagers on the empty rural roads of that complex.

For the next seven years, he had what was the funnest period of his professional life, traveling more than half of each year to every corner of the United States, mostly the Midwest, Rockies, California, and Florida, demonstrating the Permasep Permeator to towns, municipalities, farms, ranches, and companies, convincing them that reverse osmosis was the way to go with desalinization and purification of salty or brackish water. He traveled A LOT, often leaving our home on Sunday nights or Monday mornings, which made me cry, yet he would leave us with a very detailed itinerary of flight information, hotel phone numbers and addresses, schedules, and contact phone numbers. He sometimes sent us post cards on those

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trips, and brought us home special treats. When the airport limo brought him home on Friday night, he would be tackled by his three sons who would fight over who got to carry his suitcase and RO equipment into the house. As a family, we would then pursue sports and outdoor activities all weekend long. His extensive travel eventually earned him membership in the Trans World Airlines (TWA) Half Million Mile Club. The rigors of travel were very stressful for him, but he LOVED the way his work HELPED people and HELPED communities. Through his work, he established personal friendships with individuals and families in every single state he traveled to.....often helping such friends with jobs, college choices, and personal and professional connections. What he accomplished in those 7 years is pretty much summed up by this great recognition you have provided him with here today, but I want to close with two points he would want you to know.

Our father thought it was important for his sons to experience, firsthand, what one of his typical business trips was like, so he insisted that we join him for two straight weeks on the road upon reaching our 15<sup>th</sup> birthday. My oldest brother went on that venture in 1971, when our father covered Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wyoming, and Montana. My brother Don had to WORK HIS BUTT OFF on that trip, hauling that RO gear from location to location, setting it up, and breaking it down. But my Dad made sure to weave in a LITTLE bit of pleasure to include fishing, a visit to Yellowstone, and attending an auction at which my brother bought a mounted deer head.....which was so big that it needed to have a separate airplane ticket purchased for its seat on the way back home. On that trip, Don laid eyes on the beauty of Bozeman, Montana and declared that Montana State University there would be his college home, which it later was, and has been a key part of his life.

Two years later, my brother Jim went to similar Midwest and Rocky Mountain areas, but also got to see Colorado and California. Just like Don, after laying eyes on Colorado, he ended up in college there three years later. Jim claimed to have not had to work as hard as Don did, and enjoyed attending a Wyoming rodeo where he acquired a bullwhip and lariat with which to terrorize our Yellow Labrador Retriever, and got to play around at the Knotts Berry Farm Amusement Park in California.

Both brothers vividly recall how much our father had to hustle between towns and cities and displays and conventions. This was back in the days when some of those

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western states did not have speed limits. My father blew up the engines of a few rental cars back then, and my brother Jim recalls not even wearing a seatbelt so that he could scooch over to the driver's side of the front seat to watch the speed limit needle get embedded past the 120mph mark!

By the time I hit 15, my father covered Florida and the Caribbean. I had it really tough. We spent a week in the Virgin Islands, followed by several days in Ft. Lauderdale, and ended with a week in Bermuda. Being the youngest, and most spoiled, I did absolutely NO work. All I remember is playing golf and snorkeling every day, and the only filtration I was exposed to was whatever my kidneys were doing with a beverage that came out of a green and silver can labeled Heineken! Yet as little as I worked on that trip, I have made up for it over the past 20 years by being a volunteer overseeing the community water system of my 55 residence neighborhood, which consists of very sulfur laden water pumped from three wells, chlorination of that water, removal of the chlorine products with charcoal bed carbon filters, and the administration of a small secondary dose of chlorine for disinfection. In fact, just like the article you saw about my father's work with the Leeds, North Dakota town water in 1973, after a 36 year career in law enforcement, I just concluded a three year project with our state, an engineering company, contractors, and the neighborhood Board of Directors to accomplish an overhaul of our system.

Those adolescent trips were of immeasurable value to us.

And now I will close with the final point. When I went off to college as the youngest child, my father told my Mom that for the past 22 years, she had gotten the rotten end of the stick, having to work so hard keeping the home front under control while he was on the road. He said that he would now like to take her on some of his business trips. The first opportunity for that was 39 years ago this week, to Hawaii. While there and enjoying a sunset cocktail on the beach on St. Patrick's Day evening (the same day of the year they had first met), my father looked at a mole that had always been on his tricep his whole life, and noted that whereas it had always been flat, it was now growing outward like a potato spud. He commented to my Mom that he thought he would have it looked at when they got home to Delaware. He did get it tested, and it was melanoma skin cancer, and it killed him 11 months later, just after his 56<sup>th</sup> birthday.

So the lesson my father would want to impart on you, as he parted from this podium today if were still alive, would be to think about that, and use it to make

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sure you keep your priorities straight in life. He would want you to realize and appreciate that with all of the fine work you are doing in water filtration and membrane technology, and all of the travel you do with that work and the great places and sights and activities you have enjoyed during such travel, your success and enjoyment is largely based upon having a dependable and untiring devoted spouse, or significant other, or family member who is taking care of the home front (especially raising the children) in your absence.

My brothers and I are totally blown away by you bestowing this Hall of Fame status on our father. I don't care if it is baseball in Cooperstown, football in Canton, basketball in Springfield, Massachusetts.....or even the Country Music Hall of Fame in Nashville, when you have H.O.F. inscribed next to your name, you have done REAL well at something in life! To our mother and us three sons, my father ALREADY had a place in the Hall of Fame of husbands and fathers,..... and now you have elevated him to *your* Hall of Fame. We thank you for that legendary recognition, and urge you to be the same quality of parent and spouse he was, beyond the work you do at your profession.

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