

DAVID C. NUSBICKEL

512 FLETCHER PLACE  
WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, 32789

August 14, 1974

Mr. Jack Carruthers  
Executive Manager, San Dimas Chamber of Commerce  
San Dimas, California 91773

Dear Jack:

Yesterday I received from my brother Fred, who lives now in Santa Paula, the Progress Bulletin article written July 7 regarding the vandalism committed upon the old home in which I grew up. Needless to say it was a very saddening article to read and I wish it were not true.

It was a wonderful home and was especially well adapted to the raising of a family which, I am sure you recall, it did. I visited the house with my three sons in the summer of 1962, but did not even go inside as the yard was run down so badly. I just did not wish to turn the knife in my wound. I am also pleased to receive the article of July 9, 1974, in which it looks as if a guard will be put on the place and possible renovation accomplished. I would like to see a family living there again.

A lot has gone on since the days when you sold the Saturday Evening Post and I sold the Literary Digest on the thriving streets of San Dimas. If I recall, we went to a dancing class together every couple of weeks. I have only been in San Dimas twice since then and in both instances have had to travel on through merely taking a glance out of the windshield. After spending five years in the Army during World War II, which I did not, repeat not, win singlehandedly, I settled in Florida, having married a girl from Tallahassee during the war between trips overseas. We moved in 1947 to Winter Park, Florida, which is a delightful residential community just outside of Orlando, in the middle of the state. I was interested at the time in getting settled into citrus in Florida and since have made several overtures at it, neither of which have gone particularly well or bad and in 1953 I suffered a heart attack which curtailed my activities. At the time I was in a farming and cattle raising venture which required about 18 hours a day of work, which of course I had to give up. Since that time I have spent approximately 21 or 22 years with an Angina problem and had to give up any particular physical exertion which is a little hard to do for a fellow who has a tendency to gain weight.

In order to cut down the physical activity I went into the Real Estate Brokerage business and it has been modestly rewarding. Our firm was the local outfit who assembled the 27,000 acres of Disney World and I was lucky enough to

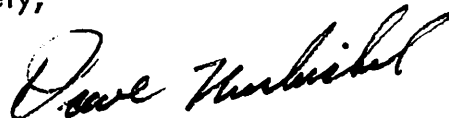
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head up that team. It was a very satisfactory proposition other than the fact that we had to sue in order to get our commissions.

During the postwar years my wife Mary and I have raised three fine young men and have had a very fine life together. Our oldest boy is 27 and now has a foothold in the low echelons of management with Westinghouse Electric in Pittsburg. He is an electrical engineer and seems to have abilities in the Atomic Propulsion field, specializing in Navy contracts. Our middle son is 25 and is at the Medical College of Georgia working for his P.H.D. in anatomy with an eye toward eventual teaching in medical school levels. Our youngest is only 21 and is a junior this upcoming year at Florida State University in Tallahassee where his Mother went when it was known as the Florida State College for Women.

About five years ago I had a call from and had lunch with Pink Teague. That's about the only contact I've had with the old crew with which I grew up. I am sure that many people have moved away as I have, and the crowd has decimated considerably but would be very interested in a letter from you as to who is still in the area and what they are doing. I would also be interested should you come across any news in regard the old house as to its final destruction or its renovation. My best personal regards to you. How is Sue?

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Dave Thurbid". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the "Sincerely," text.