



[Ken and Barbara Jo Davis papers](#)

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*Ken Davis*

**Memories**

*Ken Davis*®

*Clearly  
a  
Classic*



*Ken Davis*®

September 22, 1923 - August 22, 1991



September 22, 1923 - August 22, 1991

You're invited to a birthday/going-away party in honor of KEN DAVIS on Sunday evening, September 22, 1991 from 5 p.m. until 9 p.m. at Rupert's Nightclub, 5410 Wayzata Blvd., Golden Valley, Minnesota.

Ken loved to dress up; we hope that you will dress up for his party.

The family will be assembling a "BOOK OF MEMORIES". Please use the enclosed sheet to write your favorite story about Ken. Bring your story with you the night of the party, or mail it to:

Barbara Jo Davis  
4210 Park Glen Road  
Minneapolis, MN 55416

*"To Be Davis"*

*Ken  
determined  
energy  
working to climb  
a mountain  
of envy  
black, white  
any leech  
all equal  
kids, friends  
open doors  
locked doors  
same high expectations  
peace in Barbara  
jazz in the bones  
hustling to  
can't quit  
won't quit  
don't quit  
ever  
ever  
ever  
pissed  
proud  
roar of a lamb  
my friend  
my loss  
my heart*

*Kim Walter  
8-22-91*



## KEN DAVIS--CLEARLY A CLASSIC

Ken was a man who touched many lives. He reached out. He gave freely of himself, even while protecting his privacy. No one who ever met him, forgot him. Some hated his guts; others loved him intensely.

The pages that follow are recollections, anecdotes, tall tales and tributes written by those who knew him. They are a snapshot of the man.

The authors used many adjectives to describe Ken--strong, determined, proud, outrageous, gregarious, sweet!, belligerent, indestructable, unforgettable. But the words he used to describe himself are most telling: "I'm a Virgo and a perfectionist--a pain in the ass."

Those of us who lived with Ken and/or worked with Ken know that the going was not always easy. He was a complex, angry, sometimes difficult man. But he was also generous to a fault, loyal, honest and loving.

His was a great mind--not necessarily a genius, but resourceful, imaginative, witty, yes, and wise. If he ever called you on the telephone, he remembered your number for life. Never a day went by that he didn't have an idea for a business or a money-making venture. He could walk down any street in any part of any town and see opportunities, see open doors where others saw barriers.

He said, "You've got to have three things to make it in life: ideas, imagination and execution. If you have those three, you can get the money."

He never let his race nor lack of money stand in his way. He never expected to be given anything. A workaholic, he was at work the very day he was admitted to the hospital for the last time. Even during his dying days, Ken loved to sit behind a desk at the hospital and to hear about what was going on at the office. I don't know whether he understood any of it by then, but somehow work seemed to comfort him.

One of Ken's favorite sayings was "Everybody has class; only a few have style."

Certainly Ken fit the dictionary definition of STYLE: "A mode of living that is fashionable or luxurious; elegance; smartness in dress; a distinctive mode of action or manner of acting."

Style influenced all that he did, all that he was. STYLE is the reason he loved jazz and New York and Frank Sinatra and Jackie Gleason and tuxedos and good restaurants and Macanudo cigars and shirts with "BBQ" embroidered on the cuff. STYLE was the reason his desk had to be custom built and his parties, elegant. STYLE made him fiercely loyal and brutally honest...and it made him forego doing anything that he could not do well. He wouldn't even use a calculator for fear that he would do it wrong. STYLE made Ken Davis Barbecue Sauce the best.

Even though he was notorious for using all the racist and sexist cliches, the mixture of people who were his friends put the lie to his words. In Ken's world, there was no color. And he was the ultimate feminist, one who truly believed in the abilities of women.

He said, "Women are the best business people. You can trust them. If you treat a woman with respect and pay her well, she'll give you her best and she'll kill for you."

His prejudices were these: ignorance, lack of ambition, violence and most of all, dishonesty. The worst thing anyone could do to Ken was to betray his trust.

As his wife, I truly felt both loved and respected. Ken gave me "things" in great abundance, but even more importantly, he gave me moral support. He used to say to me, "Baby, you can do no wrong, even if you do get all fucked up." And he'd point his cigar at me and grin. He made my life very full; he changed my life in ways that no one else could have done.

As you will read in this book, he touched many lives, filled them up to overflowing. He was loved.

*Barbara J. Davis*



*Ken Davis*<sup>®</sup>

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

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Ken was a great supporter of the arts. I can remember the pure joy on his face when he witnessed the precision staging of the Christmas Spectacular at New York's Radio City Music Hall or the dances of the Ukrainian Ballet or the art of Diego Rivera in Mexico City.

On one occasion, he and I went to the Guthrie Theater to see James Earl Jones in "Master Harold and the Boys". In one scene, Master Harold, an adolescent white boy, spat in the face of his black servant played by James Earl Jones. There was a collective gasp from the audience.

In that moment of silence, Ken said in a loud, booming voice, "Why, you dirty, rotten motherfucker!" He proceeded to get up from his seat and headed towards the stage, with me tugging on his coattail.

"Ken, you have to sit down. It's only a play!"

When I finally got him calmed down, he spent the rest of the performance muttering under his breath about the wrongs man does to man.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ BARBARA JO DAVIS  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA  
\_\_\_\_\_



*Ken Davis*  
MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

## My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

### KEN, MY EMPLOYER, MY FRIEND

I remember the first day I walked into the office. I was taken aback to see Ken sitting at his desk and telling me to just come on in. (In most offices the owner is hidden away from people just wandering in off the streets.) My first impression - What the heck am I doing here? A half an hour later I left the building still laughing and trying to keep things in perspective and not be disappointed if I didn't get the job. That was almost two years ago. It's been a wonderful ride ever since.

When I started Ken told me he probably wouldn't remember my name and would probably call me "cutie", but since we already had a "cutie", I became "QT II".

Ken always took care of me. I had be careful what I said about anyone who called or Ken would be on the phone telling them not to fuck with his bookkeeper.

He loved to get people in trouble with someone else so he would tell someone that the other person didn't like something and wait for the fur to fly. He especially liked to get Brad in trouble. He told me that Brad didn't like my blue miniskirt. I thought and thought trying to figure this one out because I hadn't worn that skirt since who knows when and Brad had never seen it. Ken just kept insisting that Brad hated it. I finally figured out that I was supposed to wear it because Ken liked it.

Ken was the most generous man I have ever met. He had time for anyone who needed or wanted to just talk or had a problem. He gave not only of himself but of his resources. If Ken said he would do something for you, he would do it no matter what.

I miss Ken very much, but he is with us every day and will continue to be with us.

I have not only lost a wonderful employeer but a very good friend.

NAME *Shylla*

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

My Name is MARK I Am A FRIEND  
of Kevin A FRIEND FOR A Long Time. I WAS  
AT your House BARB ONE NITE AND I WAS  
TALKING TO Ken He WAS SMOKING A CIGAR  
AND He LOOK AT me AND SAID BOY WHY  
DON'T you STOP working for THAT WHITE  
MAN AND get your own SHIT you ARE NEVER  
going TO get ANYWHERE working for Him  
you will Be His SLAVE TILL you 65 years  
OLD Do you WANT TO Be A SLAVE Boy OR Do  
you WANT your OWN SHIT well Boy you  
ANT SAYING NOTHING well. SO I SAID NO SIR  
I DON'T WANT TO Be NO SLAVE, well get your  
OWN SHIT Do WHAT you WANT TO Do in life  
you ONLY get one CHANCE AT it Boy, you  
AND THAT DAMN Kevin DON'T NO NOTHING  
ABOUT life ALL you WANT TO Do is CHASE  
SKIRTS, get your life Together Boy. ALL The  
Time He WAS SMOKING THAT cigar SMOKE WAS  
EVERYWHERE I DON'T know How He smoke THAT  
CIGAR AND TOLD me ALL THAT WITH OUT  
BREATHING. I HAVE NEVER forgot THAT NITE  
BECAUSE He WAS RIGHT I AM STILL working  
FOR The WHITE MAN A SLAVE BUT I AM  
Doing WHAT I WANT in life WORKING HARD  
AND LOVING The LORD

NAME MARK A. ROCKYMORE

ADDRESS 3619 50 COLFAX



# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

IN AUGUST 1990 I INVITED KEN AND BARBARA TO VISIT  
MY WIFE SYLVIA AND ME IN FLORIDA. KEN LOOKED AT ME AND  
SAID "I AM NOT COMING TO FLORIDA, I AM NEVER COMING  
TO FLORIDA." I ASKED WHY? HE SAID "THERE IS NOTHING  
IN FLORIDA EXCEPT ALLIGATORS AND YOU, AND I DON'T WANT  
TO SEE EITHER OF YOU."

NAME

*Maurice A. Lawrence*

ADDRESS

MAURICE A. LAWRENCE  
6201 Falls Circle Drive, N.  
Apartment 414  
Lauderhill, FL 33319-6357





*Ken Davis*<sup>®</sup>

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken Davis

the barbecue sauce man

was full of ideas

laced with sass

swirled in smoking cigars.

Ken laughed to the music

filled the room

with jazz and ribs and baseball scores.

Ken loved his wife

my friend Barbara.

Together they worked hard

understood spirit and grit

knew how to make life glitter

in a string of Saturday nights.

NAME Darleen & Harry Hauck

ADDRESS 1100 North Tyrol Trail

Golden Valley, MN 55416



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken Davis was indeed a classic--his sense of sartorial elegance, a wheeler-dealer with a show of ultimate confidence and an inscrutable observer (behind his tinted glasses) of the scene around him.

Ken would arrive at our annual holiday Open House and establish himself in a comfortable chair in the center of the action. There he would sit, like some Eastern potentate and make pithy observations about the party scene. Swirling around him were all the players, stopping to check in with Ken, to ask about the barbecue business or to ask where he was playing Santa Claus this week. He was especially notable because of his "Bah, Humbug!" tie and the ever-present cigar.

Every woman was "Doll" to Ken, no matter her age or appearance. When he spoke, his voice was pitched low, so one had to bend slightly toward him to catch his words. His sardonic grin hinted at all kinds of secret thoughts and ideas running through his head.

Ken may have worn his "Bah, Humbug!" exterior well but I truly think he enjoyed the holidays with all the parties, party clothes and party people.

NAME Marcia And John Copeland

ADDRESS 2810 Xanthus Lane

Plymouth, Minnesota 55447



# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Every moment with Ken Davis was an "event," and there were many of these in our long and enjoyable friendship. One which stands out above the others most exemplifies the traits I always associated with Ken - honesty, determination, loyalty, self-confidence and abundant creative thinking.

The setting for the story I am about to tell was the Dain Office Building in Minneapolis. This event took place many years ago. Ken and Barbara had assembled an attorney, food brokers, supermarket specialists and a few personal friends. Ken believed that he could develop a barbarcue sauce of the highest quality for distribution through the supermarket system. With his honesty and a sense of humility, he laid his cards on the table in reference to his meager financial situation, the fact that he didn't have a track record in the food industry, and the point that his product was unknown and untested. The reactions to these disclosures were immediate and negative. One food broker remarked, "How do you think you're going to knock established brands, such as Open Pit and others, off the grocery shelves in order to make room for your unknown product?" Another one said, "What makes you think consumers are going to pay a premium price for your sauce?" And the criticisms continued throughout the meeting. Ken listened attentively to every word uttered, and graciously thanked everyone for attending. A less determined person would have given up at that point. However, Ken was convinced that he had a product of excellent taste and value and he was not going to be dissuaded by the odds as enumerated among the group. Well, the rest is history!

NAME Don and Ivy Celender

ADDRESS 15 Duck Pass Road

North Oaks, Minnesota 55127



# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I never thought of myself as much of a fighter until I met Ken Davis. Ken kind of took our family under his wing and made us feel a part of his family. But I believe his main enjoyment was getting me to fight. I'm one of those slow to anger and slow burning people and he liked nothing better than saying something he knew I'd disagree with or accuse me of something he knew I didn't do. Then he'd keep picking and picking until I finally "put up my dukes". Of course, he let me rave as he sat back and chewed on his ever-present cigar. He did teach me how to fight and I'll always feel that that's the way he showed me that he loved me. Don't be scared of the "big guys". Go on and take 'em on.

My favorite person when I was growing up was my Grandad who always had a King Edward cigar in his mouth or hand. Just the smell of a cigar triggers some memory of him, and I think that's why Ken seemed to be someone I wanted to do things for or just pat on his head. Now when I smell a cigar, my mind will also be drawn to the memory of another man that taught me a few of life's lessons.

We'll miss you, Ken. We'll remember our trips to Acapulco and New York, the visits up and down the hill (he called us the "hill Niggers" and he and Barb were the "swamp Niggers") and the dinners in town. God bless you, Ken, because under that hard, rough facade was a warm, caring person. I'm convinced of that!!!

Linda and John Vukelich and Children (Dana, Kelli and Nick)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_





# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

My favorite stories have to include Ken's trips with Dave Nimmer to the Wild Fishing grounds of Minnesota or to the even wilder grounds of Chicago. His trips with Barbara, especially to a certain Greek restaurant in Chicago or an Italian restaurant in New York are special favorites. Barbara's stories of some of her trips for General Mills are also classics. But my absolute favorite, and possibly one nobody else has heard, concerns how I met Ken.

Many years ago in the long ago and faraway land of Mount Sinai Hospital in Minneapolis, I was admitted to the hospital. The year was either 1967 or 68. My roommate was a Black man who wore shades. He told me many stories of his life. His experiences in the Army when he discovered his sergeant was stealing, a humorous anecdote about a pawn shop in Great Falls, but especially a recent experience at Mt. Sinai. His previous roommate had been another Black man who also wore shades. They had been having a good time, had been joking around and laughing. A nurse came in and started looking through the drawers and closets. When asked what she was doing, she replied that she was just straightening up, but the two men knew she was convinced that two Black men, both wearing shades, laughing and generally acting goofy, had to be on drugs. And she was going to find them. The man's name was Jackson, and the man running the Pawn Shop was my father-in-law. A few months later I was again a resident of that "excellent" establishment. My roommate again was a Black man. Yes, he too was wearing shades. We soon became friendly. The staff generally tried to ignore him. I used to go down the hall and steal towels for him. I told him Jackson's story. He laughed and said, "NAME I was the roommate." Later that day my wife came

(over)

Doc & Mike Friedman

3054 Boone Avenue

# COALITION FOR BLACK DEVELOPMENT



IN HOME ECONOMICS

Post Office Box 16689  
Hattiesburg, MS 39404-6689  
August 3, 1991

Mr. Ken Davis  
Ken Davis Products Inc.  
4210 ParkGlen Road  
Minneapolis, MN 55416

Dear Mr. Davis:

I think that it's time someone told you how much we appreciate your support, cooperation and interest in the National Coalition for Black Development in Home Economics. You have been our "most staunch" supporter for the past five years (at least).

We may not always verbalize it, but we do notice and we appreciate it. Without your support we would not be the strong, recognizable organization that we are today.

It's time somebody told you how much we appreciate your encouragement of and support for Barbara Jo. We all notice, envy, and appreciate that too.

It's time some body told you "YOU ARE A VERY SPECIAL PERSON." It's time somebody told you!

Sincerely,

Raygene Paige, Ed.D., C.H.E.  
President

rp/





*Ken Davis*

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

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Ken's death will leave a big hole in my life and in the lives of all whom he favored; yet i'm so very grateful for all the fun times and laughter we shared. His style was so outrageous; his interests to wide and varied, that he stood so tall and special in my eyes.

I'll never forget when you [Barbara] accused Ken of acting like the "Black Tornado" and he rebutted by calling you the pretender to the "Black Virgin Mary". Such fun!

JUDY TAUBER  
Brooklyn Park, Minnesota

---

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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*Ken Davis*

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

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Somehow he seemed indestructable, a very strong man.

I was thinking of the first time I ever heard about him and his sauce--long ago when I hadn't been at Betty Crocker very long. I was talking to Betty Thompson, don't know how we got on the subject of barbecue sauce, but she said, "I like Ken Davis'". Only in that soft Southern accent is sounded like "Ah lahk Kin Davises". And for some reason that memory sticks with me after all these years.

Lucile Mann  
Anoka, Minnesota

---

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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*Ken Davis*

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

It was with very deep regret that I heard about Ken. He was one of those people we always looked forward to seeing because of his unfailing sense of humor. The office won't be the same without him swearing at me and trying to hire all of my help away. For years they used him to try to get pay raises out of me.

It seems that whoever you talk to knew Kenny, and I am proud to say that I knew him.

Jim Cheever, D.D.S.  
St. Louis Park, Minnesota

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

#### KEN DAVIS, THE LION HEARTED

Ken had a roar that would make the strongest man tremble in his boots, yet his compassion for ones he loved was un-excelled. He would not accept NO or CANNOT, because he would make things come true. He would put forth every effort to show you that it could be done and give you an example. He always did his ground work well before any presentation. This is one of his virtues that made him so successful.

Ken had a way with words that made it hard to feel close to him. He could make a drunk sailor hang his head in shame because of his words being so seedy. Yet, he has uttered such flowery words that the angels smiled.

He enjoyed good music; he smoked the best cigars, ate in the best restaurants, traveled to the best places for fun and enjoyment, but always taking care of business.

He has some of the best products on the market. Behind every great man is a great woman, and behind Ken Davis was his lovely wife Barbara. Ken treated Barbara with adoration and love because he adored her and let her know it. I will always remember him as a DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

If you were ever in Ken's company for any length of time, you will always remember him. It might be in a positive way or a negative way, but you will never forget him. He made a mark in this world that is hard to beat.

I admired him for his honesty about everything. He truly was not a pretender.

Ken, as I knew him.

ESTER ANDERSON  
Detroit, Michigan

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



*Ken Davis*

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Since one's spirit lives on, and Ken had so much spirit, personality and charisma, he will live in our memories for decades to come. Ken was always an individual, a class act and his own person--qualities which we do not find very often these days.

To have enough talent, guts and confidence, but most important, the good product of business sense...To put his name and face on his business is a rarity. Too many people these days want to be faceless member of a corporation or of society. Ken, however, was one of the few to be acknowledged and judged up front. Not shying away from his business or accomplishments.

TONI RYMANOWSKI  
Minnetonka, Minnesota

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_





Faribault Foods

Reid V. MacDonald  
PRESIDENT

Faribault Foods, Inc.  
Baker Building  
Minneapolis, MN 55402  
(612) 333-6461

August 26

Dear Barbara,

I want to express my deepest sympathy to you for the loss of your husband.

Ken Davis was a larger-than-life figure who will never be forgotten by anyone who met him. To me, he was as sweet as he was belligerent. He was affectionate and gruff at the same time. Like many, many others, I greatly admired him for what he had accomplished.

I know this must be a difficult time for you, but please know that I and many friends and acquaintances are thinking of you now and will remember him always. Best regards,  
Reid





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

September 3, 1991

It was with great sadness that I learned of Ken's death while my family was vacationing this past week.

Barbara - although I knew Ken for just a couple short years, it was like I had known him longer. I will miss his swearing at me, his badgering me about what I did and didn't know about jazz, and what he knew about throwing a good party that I should learn.

I also learned that Ken cared about the community and the people in it. His products reflected his dedication to things that are good, and this will continue well past the time any of us around to worry about it!

My thoughts and prayers are with you in this time of transition.

Bob Olson



## Lakewood Community College

DOHES



# Ken Davis® MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

## My Favorite Recollections of Ken:



**UNION PACIFIC  
SYSTEM**

Union Pacific Railroad  
Missouri Pacific Railroad

P. O. Box 1262  
Cheyenne, WY 82003  
Monday - 2 Sept. 1991

Dear Barbara,

Kim called me today on the telephone and surprised me with the news of your husband's passing-away. Needless to say I was quite shocked! I am so saddened to know that one of the truly distinctive and accomplished men, who I've had the privilege of knowing, is no longer with us.

More than any politician or preacher, the modern entrepreneur is the person who I admire and respect the most. Ken Davis was such a man, one who started with an idea, nurtured it, and built a very successful business along the way. He enjoyed the fruits of his success and shared them generously with you and his friends. I'll always remember him as being a very gregarious man, one who enjoyed life to its fullest! I know I'll surely miss him.

Trusting that with the passage of time some measures of peace and serenity are returning to you soul, I remain, with love,

Your sincere friend,

Robert Fryml

*Cheyenne WY*



# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

#### KEN DAVIS AS SANTA CLAUS

Ken, as many of us know, was not a Christmas ritual enthusiast. So the day he was asked to play Santa Claus for some of the City's youth was not one of his personal highlights. However, putting his personal feelings aside, and letting a sense of duty prevail, Ken accepted the role.

Of course Ken had some conditions. His natural beard would have to do, and his ever present cigar could not be banned.

So the big day came. Ken dressed in red, natural beard groomed, and cigar in mouth went to greet the hyped kids of Minneapolis to listen to their requests for Christmas goodies.

As Ken was settling into his role, a young fellow jumped onto his lap, and with a jab to his stomach said: "You're a fat S.O.B. aren't you?" To which Ken replied: "What did you say?" And the boy replied: "I said you are a fat S.O.B.", and punctuated it with another sharp jab to Ken's stomach.

Never to be daunted, Ken took a firm grip on the young boy, looked him in the eye, and said: "You're a bit salty for your age, and you better watch yourself, because I ate something about your size on my breakfast cereal this morning! Here is your toy, and now get the hell out of here!"

---

NAME JOHN BEWDT  
ADDRESS 1120 TONKAWA RD  
LONG LAKE, MN 55356



# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

- August 30, 1991

- Dear Barbara Jo,

- A friend of mine from Minneapolis (Jean Jacobs) sent me a copy of the article announcing the news about Ken. We were shocked and saddened to learn he'd passed away.

- It was wonderful to see you this past summer at the reunion. You were just as spectacular as I had remembered. You and Ken have always been impressive and special people, and that's why I wanted to write and share with you some of my memories and thoughts about Ken.

It was the early 70s, one day when we were at your well decorated place or at our small, impoverished apartment. I can remember Joe talking to Ken about how to ask for a good table at a night spot, and Ken volunteered some seasoned advice. He explained you're supposed to walk in like you own the place (I'm sure Ken's performance was convincing), "lay some dead presidents on 'em" and tell 'em you want the best table in the joint." Joe was impressed and so was I. Of course, back then we had very few dead presidents to lay on anything, but it sounded like a good strategy anyway.

I can remember Ken sitting patiently in his car at the employee entrance waiting for you to leave work. He always shared a friendly greeting. He always had a wonderful, colorful way of expressing himself. He commanded respect. He was unforgettable.

I'm sure he endured many hardships in his lifetime, but I also know he was blessed when he met you and again in the success of his business. He is admired by many for the contributions he made through his charitable activities. We remember him with fondness and affection.

When I returned home from Minneapolis, I brought Brooks and Scott small gifts and, for Joe, bottles of Ken's barbecue sauce. He was very grateful! He LOVES it! Every time he cooked with Ken's sauce he exclaimed how he'd forgotten how good that product was. It really is THE BEST sauce on the market. It's easy to see why it sells so well.

NAME CANDACE DEVARY  
ADDRESS Richmond, Washington





# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I met Ken Davis through Judy Tauber when she was a legal secretary for Art Gill. They asked me if I'd like to do a little bookkeeping for Ken's "Edina Chicken" business. I agreed and Ken would bring me the book work evenings, since I couldn't drive after dark and I had a day-time job.

The most poignant and cherished memory I have of Ken is one night when he was sitting at my table and I received a telephone call from Andrine Munsch giving me Barbara Jo Taylor's telephone number to pass on to another friend. Well, Ken intercepted that message saying, "I'll take that number" and the rest is history. WHAT A HISTORY!! WHAT A TEAM!! I looked up the word poignant to be sure I was using it correctly, I was. My dictionary says; (1) Keenly distressing (2) Keen or strong in mental appeal (3) Affecting or moving the emotions (4) Pungent to the smell.

My feelings were: How dare you Ken? (Silly thing to say to Ken - - of course he dared.) On the other hand, I kind of liked the idea. I thought but didn't say: Go for it Ken even if it stinks.

Well, he did and he won and nobody could be happier than I about this success story. Ken liked to give me credit for their meeting but not true as much as I'd like to believe it. Ken did it on his own or was it destiny spelled K-E-N D-A-V-I-S.

The blessing I received from this union was a new friend in Barbara Jo. She is very special to me and I love her. I hope she will always stay close because she lights up my life - they BOTH did.

Thanks for all the Bar-B-Q-Sauce, ribs and Southern Comfort.

NAME Ruth Pearson

ADDRESS 10060 - 199th St. W.

Lakeville, MN 55044



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken was having one of his big B.Q.'s in a Shopping Center in St. Louis Park. He asked me for enough spices to make 100 lbs. of Italian sausage to serve with his B.Q. Sauce. We were sitting in his bus, when a gentleman knocked on the door and stated that he had just eaten an Italian sausage sandwich, and it was the best he ever had. He asked Ken if he could buy 5 lbs. of it. Ken said that it was not for sale, that it was just for the B.Q. that day, but for the right price I'll sell anything. The man said O.K. I want to buy it. Ken said it would cost \$5.00 a lb. The man took 5 lbs. for \$25.00 and couldn't stop thanking Ken. He thought he had a deal. I couldn't believe it. As the man walked out of the bus, Ken turned to me and winked and said, Rocky I'm in the wrong business. We sure had a good laugh over that one.

NAME Robert J. Facente Jr.  
ADDRESS 742 Conway St.  
St. Paul, Minn. 55106





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I experienced Ken's love and caring ways while I was recovering from a personal tragedy.

In the mail I received a spiritual booklet at just the time I needed a lift. No name from the sender, however it was by accident that I discovered that Ken was the sender.

I will always remember Ken everytime I taste his wonderful Barbecue Sauce and everytime I hear a jazz tune.

Most of all I will remember Ken for his big heart and his caring ways and I will miss him.

Happy Birthday, Ken

NAME

Bael Holzer

ADDRESS

14511 Limerick Lane  
Minnetonka, MN 55345



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I will always cherish this vision and dream  
mutual with Ken and Barbara.

(Barbara with)  
a group of us / Ken the spearhead / Vanguard  
stimulator - met to organize and  
dream of developing a 24 Hour all  
jazz radio station serving the Minneapolis-  
St. Paul area.

Our discussions presented some alternative  
progressive visions for expanding  
the cultural experience of Twin Cities - you  
listening on an all season - year round - all day - all  
night basis.

The concept of this broadcast service  
further extended to quote Ken Walter -  
"JAZZ in the Bones

hustling to  
quit quit  
don't quit  
ever - ever - ever  
joined proud  
road of lamb

Ken Davis -

He was a remarkable man, - a back - way out front!

pushing the  
glass ceiling -  
pushing  
down those  
barriers to  
entry.

NAME

Leigh Korman

ADDRESS

4208 Franse Avenue South  
Minneapolis, Minnesota  
55416



# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Is how good his sauce taste  
on my food! I never knew  
Ken Davis personally, just his  
daughter "Dorma" and if she's a  
reflection of her father he had  
to be a "Wonderful" person.

NAME

Sherri L. Harris

ADDRESS

1604 Sloan #3  
St. Paul, MN 55101



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Floyd & I have many enjoyable memories of Ken and Barb when I think of all the lovely parties he and Barb gave.

I'm remembering the time they came to our house for a fish dinner. Sat at the kitchen table relating incidents of their many visits to Acapulco, New York, etc. and the chicken. It became an evening of hilarity because of the witty, unique manner which Barb had of filling in what Ken would get her to relate.

Another memory was when my daughter and 10 yr. old grand daughter from Texas were coming for Xmas and I wanted to get together with Ken and Barb for a celebration of my 4th wedding anniversary as well as my daughter's birthday but Ken told me I was reluctant to have him around the 10 yr. old because of his speech per emphasis. So we finalized plans to meet at "Chonni's" for dinner and he said to me on the phone, "We have to keep it clean, Miller". When we arrived, Ken & Barb were there waiting. Ken kept it clean for 45 minutes. (smiles)

NAME

Floyd & Millie Clark

ADDRESS

4121 4th Ave. S.

Minneapolis, Minn. 55409





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

To us, Ken was one of the most sincerely generous persons we knew or have ever known. In his own "groff" way, he was warm, considerate, and concerned. He was a person to be reckoned with and one to be respected for his accomplishments.

When he offered me, Gloria, a ride from the airport into town at one of the many American Home Economics Association meetings we attended, I offered to pay my way. Such an insult to him, especially since the car was rented. Believe me, I was reminded of that incident several times. At that meeting he helped to recognize the accomplishments of Barbara's and my colleague, Norma Williams, whose edited 1988 Yearbook had just been released. He seemed to always be there for us in that organization. I know he will share with me in the same way when my book is completed -- in my thoughts and spirit. Hence, too, I shall always remember his 65th birthday party and my search for many days for a very special gift (he shopped + pretty pay).

From one self-made man to another, I, little, admired his business ability. It is hard for us (Blind brothers) to build and maintain an organization that will be profitable. He shared a lot of his know-how casually and flamboyantly. I learned a lot from him, and hope that I can continue as he did. I, too, shared his jazz enthusiasm and enjoyed every minute in his home.

You are with us, Ken. Thank you for your spirit, color, challenge, and good faith. We remember!!

NAME Gloria & Eric Williams and Kate (over)  
ADDRESS 4254 Basswood Rd.  
St. Louis Park, MN 55416

9/22/91

One of my favorite recollections of Ken was on a cold winter morning about 5 years ago. The old Shindlers was still on the corner of 7th & Hampton. (Ken & I both liked that newsstand.)

I was standing in the middle of the street shooting pictures. Block E was scheduled for demolition. I wanted to photograph it before it was gone.

Ken came driving by, on his way to buy Sunday newspapers. Of course he wanted to know, "what the hell are you doing in the middle of the god damn street at 50 below." It was a beautiful snowy morning. He was driving the station wagon.

I waited for him to come back outside. I got a great shot of him coming out of Shindlers... cigar in mouth & newspapers underarm.

He told me, or rather would tell me from time to time I needed to be tougher. He wouldn't put up with people's bullshit & reminded me not to either.

I loved going to the Lincoln Del on Lake... early morning... when Ken & his cronies would collect. I learned a lot about business & how a strong Black man makes it in a virtually all white business. He'll be with me forever.

Love Cat Maxwell Williams



THE  
"WINGS"

Sue Blau '91





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Our first meeting was at my Mom's house. First thoughts: Who is this brash person that my mom was anxious for me and my husband to meet? How dare he speak to me or my mother in that manner? Didn't realize that mom had his number. He tried but could never win with her. She could talk faster, louder and never came up for air. His choice of words topped his July 4th. He would tick his tail and shut his. We are sure that, with the tick of them together now, St. Peter has resigned.

Shortly before he left us, he would call and state (not ask) that he was coming to dinner. He would eat until he was stuffed, then look at Barbara and say, "Let's get the hell out of here." "The damn food was no good anyway!" He would come back in a few days for more.

He will always cherish his memory. He roared like a lion but we know he was a Pussy Cat.

NAME

Sam and Kathy Williams

ADDRESS

5107 Russell Ave N.

Minneapolis, MN 55430





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I have dozens of favorite stories about Ken. However, my initial meeting with Ken is indelibly etched in my memory.

I met Ken late one Friday afternoon. I was being interviewed for a bookkeeping position at KDPI. An ebullient, "Hi Doll! Come on in!" greeted me as I walked through the door. The next two hours were filled with some of the most unusual and unorthodox interview questions that I'd ever encountered.

Ken seemed very interested in my personal life and especially interested in whether or not I intended to have children. I informed Ken that I had three stepsons and had no further desire to experience motherhood.

At hearing this, Ken leaned back in his chair, waved his ever-present cigar and moaned, "Oh, baby, you've got one of those second hand husbands. That's bad. That's B.A.D.!"

Ken's humor and endless empathy about life with a 'second hand husband' endeared me to him forever.

NAME

Betty Hess

ADDRESS

5845 Brentridge Drive  
Shorewood, MN 55331



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I'll always remember laughing and  
arguing with Ken. But most of all I'll  
remember his genuine concern for me  
and my well being, and I'll always  
remember things he told me about  
life and priorities. Ken was one of  
a kind, an unforgettable character and  
that I'll remember with respect Always.

NAME Bill Altman  
ADDRESS 2226 Oregon Ct.  
St. Louis Park, MN 55424



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

What I will miss most about not having Ken around is that sometimes it just felt good to have someone to BS with. Working in a corporate department of amiable sensible females, I need the release that bantering with Ken gave me.

Ken has the tendency to tell you what he wanted rather than ask. The were having lunch at Jeanie Kizer's and I was helping by serving coffee. Ken wanted coffee and then pointed his finger at me and said "Sweet and low". And I said "Oh sure -- that's what they all call me when they want it!!" From then on, I was "Sweet-and-Low".

On August 14<sup>th</sup> when I was visiting Ken in the hospital, he kept looking at me but I wasn't sure if he knew who I was. He finally took my hand and I said "Oh, I bet my hand is sticky from serving birthday cake -- but that is what happens when you hold hands with old Sweet & Low! Then he grinned and said "Oh -- Sweet-and-Low" -- so that is how we remember each other.

NAME Lois Thrust

ADDRESS 4204 Hemlock Lane N  
Plymouth, Mn 55441



In loving memory  
of:  
Mr. Ken Paris.  
♡ Sincerely,  
Alvia, Carol, & Loua.



Mary L. Gunderson

Writing

Public Relations

Publications

September 22, 1991

Dear Barbara Jo and all of Ken's family,

There wasn't a time that I didn't listen to Ken talk that I didn't have to take a second look at some opinion of mine. I found Ken to be outrageous, authentic, shrewd and a solid gold character who liked it that way.

The summer of 1987 I spent many fine hours biking, canoeing, hiking and even spent a few seconds jumping off a mountain attached to a rope. I was of the opinion that there was nothing better than this outdoor life. Among the people I knew, the best, the holy of holies, was to go "up north," especially to see fall color.

I told tales of my outdoor adventures to Barbara Jo. And, you, Barbara Jo, told me a story:

Once you and Ken decided it was time to drive "up north" and see what all the fuss was about the trees turning colors in September. So you reserved a condo, packed your bags and drove somewhere north of Duluth.

The drive took you even farther north from your winter haven in Acapulco and slightly farther north from the general direction of New York City nightclubs and shoe stores. But, you and Ken were willing to give this a try. I mean, some of you best barbecue sauce customers were devotees of "up north."

So, you arrived, unpacked and settled into two chairs on the deck, situated for a fine fall view. You turned to Ken, he to you. You both said, "Let's go home."

What a guy! What a couple! Love you Barbara Jo!

Love,

Mary

Mary Gunderson

29 Idaho Avenue West

Saint Paul,

Minnesota 55117

(214) 489-5090



# **Ken Davis.** MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

## **My Favorite Recollections of Ken:**

### **WHEN FIRST WE MET**

**Minneapolis, 1973  
will always be memorable to me.**

**At Goldfein, Silverman, CPA  
came Ken Davis with cigar, puffing away.**

**He said very little the first few visits,  
other than a quick grunt and groan.  
Somehow I knew that wouldn't last long.**

**As time went on we began to chat.  
"Where are you from?" some of this and some that.**

**Surprisingly gentle, from such a big guy, so much interest and concern.  
It was just the beginning of what I would learn.**

**The challenge, ahead could I passed the big test.  
Could I handle the gruffness?**

**But, because I first met the soft side of this wonder  
it was easy to look beyond the thunder.**

**Then an invitation to share in the hospitality of Barb and Ken's ribs.  
And we know what a treat that is!**

**Though the miles were to keep us parted,  
that never effected the friendship that started.**

**Each Christmas remembered with a box of sauce,  
the taste I acquired was never lost.**

**Ken Davis, the most memorable man I ever met.  
Ken Davis, the man with a big heart, and a lot of love, that I will never forget.**

**Pat Spann  
26782 Summerdale Drive  
Southfield, Michigan**



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I'll Never forget the time ~~that~~ that Kevin and I wanted to surprise Ken on his birthday a few years ago. Kevin had a cake made with Ken's face and logo on it. We were in the office waiting for Ken to come in. While we were waiting he calls me to tell me he wasn't coming in, I told him that he had to come in ~~a~~ right away because his sales manager was starting some trouble with Kevin and I. (I knew this would set him off) He said "what's he doing". I said it was very serious, and he should come in right now. Ken shows up about 10 minutes later just smokin' mad and demanding a meeting in his office right now. We could hardly keep a straight face but when he walked into his office and saw the cake he said "what the F--- is this". Then Kevin and I and the rest of the staff sang happy Birthday to him. We still had to explain that there was no trouble. We really caught him by surprise that time.

This is just one of many, many recollections of a man who was so special to me.

An inspiration  
Honored  
Loved.

NAME

Lee Aistrup

ADDRESS



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

My first recollection of Ken is when he had to be admitted to the hospital to start treatment. He was furious to say the least. Nothing was going right. He was a tough customer who hated every minute of it. Within 5 minutes of arrival he was threatening to check out. Somehow, he stayed, and initially the treatments worked. I could see he was a fighter.

To get through treatment, Ken did three things. First, he always had music playing - he brought his tapes every time. Second, he never quit working. While chemo was infusing in one arm, he was calling somebody on his cellular telephone. He refused to slow down. Third, he depended on his wife Barbara.

His relationship with Barbara was my last memory. I'll be honest - he was very demanding - she had a tough position. But, somehow, each time I saw him, he said something to me about how much he appreciated her. No one could ask for as much love and support as she gave to him, and I know he loved her very deeply.

NAME

Douglas J. Ranch, MD

ADDRESS

5000 W. 39th St

Minneapolis, MN 55426





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Jan and I were having dinner one evening at the Davis household, and many subjects were being discussed, mostly by Ken, between good natured insults directed at us about one end of our fucked up bodies to the other. Ken was in a story-telling mood, (wasn't he always?) Out of the blue the topic turned to skiing.

During his younger days as a jazz musician, it seems that Ken slept little, drank a lot and partied hard. After a particularly hard night of elbow-bending with his cronies, the unholy bunch led by King Ken, decided to go to Colorado to out-party & out-ski the local pros. "Do you ski?" I asked. "Shit, what's the big deal?", was the reply. "We went to the pro shop, rented all this shit, had some more booze and took off to the top of the mountain, drunk."

At the summit, Ken began to realize the error of his ways. The only way down is to ski down. "What happened then?" we asked. "Everything! We were drunk, cold and scared, and too stubborn to back off". Off they went, as the story goes, faster and faster, totally out of control, through the bushes, knocking down trees, slamming into each other, rolling & tumbling, feet to the stars, definitely not skiing. "I woke up in the hospital, all fucked up." "Did you break anything?" we asked. "I broke every God-damn thing" was the reply, 'even my dick!'

Nuff said Ken, we miss you!

NAME John & Jan Gairy

ADDRESS 419 So. 3rd St.

Minneapolis, Mn. 55415



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken - Once told me about the Minnesota migratory bird that kept putting off flying south for the winter. After all the other birds had gone south finally he saw a storm coming out of the north - so he took off and headed south after flying a couple of hours he got caught in a very bad sleet storm - his wings iced up and he landed on a farm in Iowa. Well he was frozen + dying and thought he was finished - When all of a sudden this big cow came over the top of him and crapped right on top of him - This being warm he began feeling better the ice melted and he started singing - Then the barn yard cat heard him - came over to him, cleaned him off and then ate him.

Ken told me this story had 3 messages in it - First of all not everyone that craps on you is your enemy and second not everyone that helps you is your friend and most important of all sometimes it pays to keep your mouth shut even when you are crapped on.

Ruth + I have always had an enormous amount of love + respect for Ken + will miss him.

NAME Geo. + Ruth Broshears  
ADDRESS 2233 KINGS DR.  
Woodbury, MN. 55125



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

It was a lovely day being in the company of Ken and Barbara Jo Davis. We were in the car going to Maria & Tomas' place to lunch. We finished our wonderful meal and left the place. (With me thinking well perhaps a ride was in the plan for the rest of the day.) Ken and Barbara had a much different plan for me - of course - They had become somewhat weary of my complaints re: no man in my fitful life. Okay, they decided on a remedy for my malady, Epistaxis!!!

A few doors down the street from the "eatery" was a very sleazy bar.

Barbara Jo and her Ken decided I should be inside checking it out - all by myself, of course. They each grabbed one of my arms. At the same time pushed me into the "bar" and stood outside holding the door shut. I screamed - then two very slimy men slithered from their bar stools to pay me a visit. I proceeded to push on the door vigorously - I seemed to gain strength - opened the door & sent Ken & Barbara almost into the street. Ken looked at me strangely (as usual) - then he & Barbara (my dearest friends) laughed - saying "Huh girl - we thought you were weak & sick! Shit there is nothing wrong with you Beverly, if a good man can't take care of. We returned to the car."

NAME

Beverly T. Young

ADDRESS

2400 Nevada Ave. #322

St. Louis Park Mn. 55426

#546-0247.

I love you both,  
forever. I  
swear the above is  
the truth. (B.T.U.)





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Having dinner with he & Barbara  
When ever they came to N.Y.  
When he came to see "Black and Blue"  
The look on his face when I gave  
him his watch with the really big  
numbers on the face.  
When Ken & Barbara invited my trio &  
I to perform at his birthday party.  
I shall never forget when I called Ken  
and told him that 48 gallons of BBQ  
sauce had been delivered by U.P.S. to my  
Apt. I have a one bed room Apt.  
& here are all these boxes sitting all over  
the living room. Well, Ken exploded - He  
said "You have 48 gallons of Sauce" How  
in the hell did that happen. I said "I  
don't know" He said "I'll soon find out"  
So I sent the sauce back. One thing I liked  
about Ken, He said what he meant, & meant what  
he said. He sure cut spoken and I think a  
lot of people didn't like him for that, but I  
did because I'm the same way. If you'd tell  
Ken what people thought, His reply "I don't  
give a fuck" & that the truth. On behalf of  
My trio & I - Ken will be missed. Love you Sis.

NAME Carrie Smith  
ADDRESS 123 So. Munn Ave  
East Orange, N.J. 07018 # 10 F





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Began the week we moved in next door & he told us where the property line was & explained that as long as we lived here we would never find any chicken or rib bones beyond the line. And if he caught Winston, our dog, across the line he would put him on the spit & grill up the smoker. He laughed his ass off when we told him we didn't want any "Shine Chickens" coming over in our yard - those big crows! He enjoyed our nicknames for him, which were - B.D. of course & his favorite "Studly"! We were called none other than "Sweet D" & Cutie & later Archie!

Last winter because of extreme cold our dog wouldn't go out to pee his holes & so we purchased 2 pr. of baby booties for him lg. sz. One day when K.D. called & said "I know you guys are strange & I don't know you well yet but what's wrong with that fucking Winston? He's wading in the backyard like he has a cob up his ass. Ron explained about the cold & why we put booties on him - K.D. immediately hung up & he called back saying "I've heard everything but you two are the cruelest mother fuckers I've ever met!"

NAME

ADDRESS

Ron & Linda Johnson  
9110 Flyway Circle



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

My only time spent with this memorable character was at my home for dinner a few years ago, along with Barbara Jo, Mary Stiedemann and some others. He is unforgettable in that he always had plenty to say, and in a dynamic way. Opinions certainly, but varied & colorful. A fun person to be with I felt and am only sorry I had little contact other than that one night.

He and Barbara Jo did give permission for our NAME (National Association of Miniature Enthusiasts) National "Houseparty," in Minneapolis in 1989... to use the Ken Davis label for one of our special Minnesota favors for our 1200 registrants from all over the United States, Australia, Hawaii and other locations.

We reduced the label down to a 1" = 1' miniature...we hand painted 1200 tiny bottles and caps and pasted on all those wee labels, plus made 1200 miniature white & red aprons with Bar-B-Que stamped on them, and enclosed a card in the package with credits due to this marvelous entrepreneur. (sp?). So, my personal miniature collection has a lasting and cherished bit of the Ken Davis lore...makes me proud!

Since I will be out of town for his special party on September 22, I'll have to catch up on the details at a later time. You may be sure I'll be thinking of you that night.

September 16, 1991

NAME

*Jean Ocken*

ADDRESS

405 Sunnyside Lane  
Golden Valley, Minnesota 55422



to you Barbara!!



SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

Kenny Davis was always a dreamer, and I liked to remember him that way, a state-of-the arts dreamer, one who appealed to my own sense of what the world should be like according to Kenny Davis, and I liked that. He always had ideas that some did not seem to understand or dreams about things like doing your own things - using your dreams and ideas to get it together, some ideas that Kenny had were pretty advanced for the time I knew him, he dreamed of owning a maid and cleaning service before the Merry Maid franchise was even thought of...but they were always the kind of thoughts that would make a person wonder and as Arsenio Hall says.....say hummmmmmmmmmmthat was Kenny, and sometimes you thought they just might work.....

Along the way, maybe some of the ideas were taken and re-worked by people who are millionaires today, and maybe .....just maybe they had stopped a while to talk to my friend Kenny Davis, and he told them what he thought they should do...it mighta sounded a bit wild at the time, but they could have said.....hummmmmmmmm and maybe, just maybe wherever he is now, he is batting around some crazy idea that might sound pretty good to the almighty, and a few years that idea will come to pass and someone will say, well.....I guess Kenny Davis passed this way. Good luck Kenny wherever you are, and keep on dreaming.

ADDRESS

Betha Calloway  
1804 N. 30th  
Omaha, Neb. 68110





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken, he could be a bear one time, and a pussy cat another, you just had to get to know him. My memories are a lot work related. We were working this gig at Southdale Ford. The guys name, is John Lent that got into trouble that day. He was in the back, supposedly getting the grills started. Only instead of light the grills, he lit his hair on fire. He turned the gas on, but didn't have a lighter to start it right away. When he finally did light it, the hair went before the grill. We were all suppose to keep quiet, so Ken wouldn't know, but it seems like he had a sixth sense when something was wrong, and he always got Lent got hell as usual. Foud

Then there was John Taylor, Ken loved him. Everytime Ken would tell John do something. John would analogize the situation first. Ken's motto was DO IT NOW.

Now we come to Mark, who was probably the shortest term employee of them. Ken told him he was to help Barb bring some items in from the car. One of the items was a full kettle of bean soup, which Mark proceeded to dribble from the front door threw the newly cleaned hallway into the kitchen. When Ken's eyeballs saw soup from one end of the office to the, the SHIT hit the fan immediately. Ken watched over Mark that whole day, and told Tracy & me, he's (Mark) that is, is never going to make it. That probabaly was the longest week for both Ken and Mark.

Then there was Ken's 65th birthday party. The music, the friends, the gift I can still see Ken's eyes when he opened Tracy's and my present, the most famous (rubber tree). A Stud always needs one of them. I loved to give him shit.

My most recent story is when Tracy & myself were sitting in the hospital with Ken one Sunday afternoon. We got there and all he was doing was giving the nurses shit. We'd ask him differant things and then with a gleam in his his favorite expression came out (FUCK UM). I will always remember this, Ken took my hand and held it for awhile, then looked at me like a little child, and said I Love You. I cupped his chin and said I Love You too. I'll never forget that, because Ken was like a father to me. I will truely miss him.

NAME

Diane Lindemeier

ADDRESS





# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I recall about 8 1/2 years when I answered a ad, when the Davis were looking for someone to clean their house. I spoke to Ken the first time on the phone. I recall him mentioning he was president of Ken Davis products Inc. I met ~~with~~ him for the first time couple days later. I was hired and the same time introduced to his Barbecue Sauce. I have been using Ken Davis Barbecue Sauce ever since and have introduced many friends to it. It's clearly a classic!

*Shawn*

NAME

*Shawn McPadden*

ADDRESS

*Hamburg, NY 55339*



# Ken Davis® MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

## My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ah, where to begin? There are so many, many recollections from over the many years. But, one comical episode stands out.

During the early days, Ken delivered his product to stores personally in his vehicle - a practice he even continued to his "special people" long after the product was handled through the major warehouses.

I was with him on one of the early trips when he delivered several cases of glass gallons (plastic came later). The open cases were loose in the back of the car and we were in too much of a hurry, as I recall, to really secure them. All went well until we had to make a quick stop to avoid an accident; the car stopped--the cases didn't!!

They hit the back bulkhead and exploded. It was a colossal mess--Ken Davis Bar.B.Q Sauce all over! I think we started with a garden hose and finished with having the car specially cleaned.

The car never really lost the smokey Bar.B.Q odor completely - but, after all, it was the sweet smell of success!

The sauce is a classic -- Ken was THE CLASSIC!

Paul Joyce

NAME Paul Joyce  
ADDRESS Hopkins, MN



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

It was a brief meeting,  
but I could tell Ken was  
"good people". I was  
fortunate to have met  
him. Instantly I knew  
we had so much in  
common - for example, our  
love of hats, and dressing  
up. Ken - a great guy -  
clearly a classic!

NAME

Bill Prince

ADDRESS

Bill Prince  
4324 Collingsworth  
Houston, TX 77026



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I was fortunate to be in his company. Unfortunately, for only a few hours - less than a day. Oh, but what an experience. Ken left a lasting impression on me, my husband, and our friends - my Mom said he is such a nice friendly man - so obviously good for Barbara. My friend and my Honey admired his warmth and friendliness.

Like me, I could tell Ken liked Center stage. He liked himself. I do so admire people that like themselves. Had you ever like and respect others without liking yourself. Ken was an inspiration to me - He inspired me to start my business and believe in its success. It was him who reinforced my belief in using my name, and marketing my product. Ken, a wonderful man, a great husband, it was so obvious, his love and admiration for Barbara. I can't forget him.

NAME

Cavlon Robinson

ADDRESS

5406 Randon

Houston, TX 77091





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

As we all know Ken had a tremendous sense of recall + pronunciation of a new friend's name. I met Ken thru my morning breakfast routine at the Lincoln Del about 10 yrs ago. We fenced with each other continually but still became good friends. My wife Pat and I had been planning a Super Bowl Party and wanted to invite Ken and Barbara as we had enjoyed Barbara's company and had tolerated Ken's for quite a while. We sent out the invitations and awaited the usual RSVP's. One evening I rec'd a phone call - it was Ken - He said "I got this fuckin invitation to some god-damned Super Bowl party but I don't know who the fuck you are &" He then asked - "Who are you?" I told him - "This is Norm Renson" - He said "Who the fuck is that" I tried to tell him - "We have breakfast together every morning - in fact we have for the past 2 yrs" He asked me then to describe myself - I told him what he could do to himself and then he said - Oh! Norm - now I know who the fuck you are - OK - We'll be there - and he hung up. He and Barbara did come to the party and many more after that - in fact the legs where are still rubbed in the carpet where he left them.

NAME

Norm + Pat Renson

ADDRESS

2431 Hyde Park Lane  
Edina



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I haven't known Ken very long. We met through Anna Hinton at the 1st Annual Jazz Party. After that being a guest of the Davises during the Jazz Party and again last year in Denver. (How I missed him this year). However, I felt that Ken was a close friend. We never talked about a venture into a Naples Jazz Station - radio that is.

Ken was groff with a heart as big as could be. (He was generous to a fault and his own style - a class act with lots of soul - groovy - home made - chilling - what a guy - what a loss.

Barbara, let me know if I can do anything for you and I love you both.

Love,

NAME

Barbara Sully

ADDRESS

3700 N. Cedar Street #107  
Chicago, IL 60613



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

We have MANY Recollections of Ken! We met Barbara and Ken years ago at the Acapulco Princess Hotel. The following year when we returned there, Barbara and Ken showed up and Tony went over to ask if he was Ken Davis whom we'd met the year before; Ken was surprised that we'd remembered. How could we forget -- Ken with his big bag and cigars; Barbara with her big hats and earrings. From that day on, we had fun and looked forward to our return each year. Ken called Tony "The Plantation Owner" because he always wears white. He had names for so many people who returned year after year -- Tony's was complimentary!

For Breakfast, we went to "La Posidita" restaurant, Barbara and Ken would be there waiting for us, reserving "our table" overlooking the Ocean. Ken would always produce Ken Davis BBQ Sauce for our eggs and bacon - that big bag never left his side.

Then, also, there were the Dinners, when Ken would arrange with the Maitre'd to have a course of Ribs sent to the table -- using his Sauce! What great evenings! The Musicians never forgot us; they would time and again return to our table, playing our requests. FUN! FUN!

KEN DAVIS is a Legend! Ken was one of the "Good Guys" -- we'll remember him (and Barbara) always. May his legacy live on. May he rest in Peace.

And, God Bless You, Barbara

*Joan and Tony*

NAME Joan and Tony Fiorito

ADDRESS 17 Grace Lane

Ossining, New York 10562





# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken would call me at 1:00 o'clock in the morning, and say Buddy, what's going on. and I would say Just making your B.B.Q. Sauce. Then Ken would walk in with his large cigar, and walk over to the sauce line and put his finger in the sauce then taste it and then he would say (Just Right.)

NAME

Ken Schmitz

ADDRESS

15800 So Lind Road  
Eden Prairie MN





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Some rare moments out in my mind to; "One Time" when Ken and I were truck drivers for the famous Orchard Wilhelm Furniture Co. in Omaha Ne. We were in search for a certain address to deliver furniture in the "Above Average" residential Area.

All of a sudden Ken said, "Stop the truck; I'm going to take a leak." He descended from the cab of the truck, and walked to the rear of the Boy Bed truck; opened the double door and climbed in. Once inside he closed the double doors just enough to leave about a 6" crack; then began to relieve himself. Enroute back to the cab of the truck, he was stopped by a well built man; apparently someone who saw what he had done. The stranger politely scolded Ken for his lack of respect to the neighborhood. Words were exchanged. Ken became impatient and suggested the stranger leave where the sun doesn't shine. Promptly the stranger reached in his pocket and pulled his I.D. Card. Much to our

NAME

Mason, L. Prince

ADDRESS

5510 Fort St.

Omaha Ne. 68104

surprise, the man in question was George Duesek, the very famous West.



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken, above all was my friend and a man of his word. He would always keep you informed and say "I'm looking out for you". The time we spent together was sincere and honest and his sincerity and honesty ~~is~~ the legend he leaves behind.

The troubled times we had, and there were several, are times that were overshadowed by Ken's determination to succeed. With all the outward appearances negative or positive you could see through to Ken's "Big Heart" and his strong will to be your friend.

When times were really tough he would coin my phrase. I know, I know he would say "Don't Worry".

We will all miss him and we loved him.

Sincerely,

Nick Grammas

NAME

Nick Grammas

ADDRESS

10415 29<sup>th</sup> Ave N.

Plymouth, Minn 55441



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken was a great believer in women, all women, long before it was fashionable. As one of the female foursome, known as the "Wings", Ken supported our quest to show him there was a decent restaurant in Minneapolis, despite his misgivings. Ken was always right and one hilarious disaster rolled into another but none, worse than Capone's, in Skakopee!

We never waited longer, we never sat so alone, we never laughed so hard as we did that afternoon. I was facing the kitchen entrance and nearby restrooms. A young man wearing yellow rubber gloves, and running a yellow mop bucket and mop was hard to miss as he travelled from the kitchen to the lady's bathroom, over and over again. I mentioned to Ken, who was fuming after an hour's wait and still no food, that the young man was obviously sent to find an Italian sausage (and also Ken's entrée). The last we saw of Ken that afternoon was the back of his head, marching into the kitchen. Our lunch arrived shortly thereafter and Ken returned to the table... never saying a word! Thus was born the "yellow mop bucket" and the man of action the Wings were to see so many times thereafter!

NAME

John Walter

ADDRESS

Minneapolis, Mn



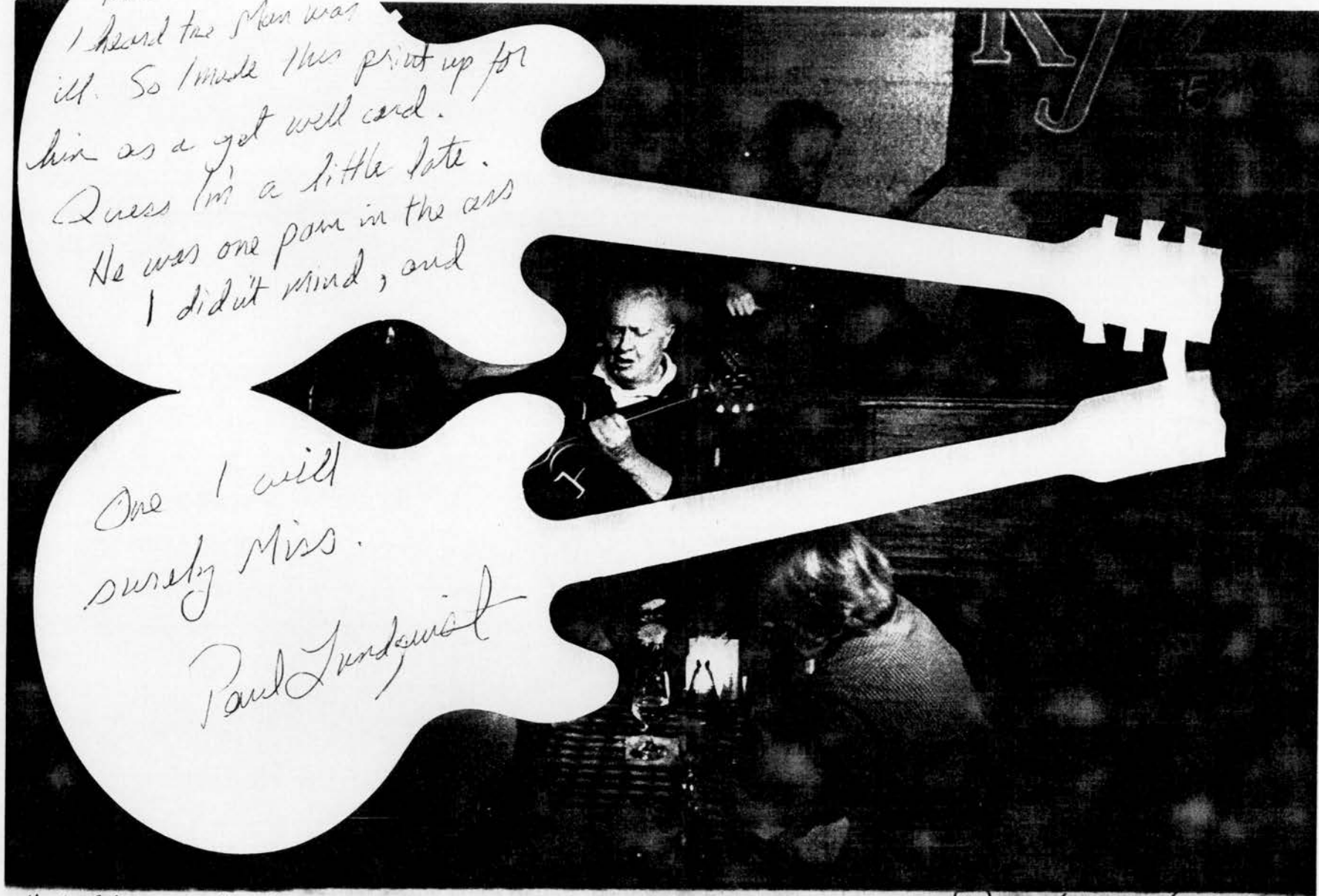
Hi Barbara,  
I heard the Man was  
ill. So I made this print up for  
him as a get well card.  
Guess I'm a little late.  
He was one pain in the ass  
I didn't mind, and

One I will  
surely miss.

Paul Lundquist

Herb Ellis, Seattle, 1985 December.

Paul Lundquist







# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I had seen Ken for years at AHEA on several occasions - but I did not know who he was. Then one day - I saw him with Barbara Jo - and being the smart person I am, it did not take me long to figure out that he was the man in her life. I do not remember how we met or who introduced us but we met. He immediately gave me a lecture on how to run an "organization" and get ahead, we talked about "why" we do things the way we do and "why" we do not make progress. After that encounter - we talked each year at AHEA - or should I say he talked and I listened.

I will fondly remember the night of December 6, 1990 when the three of us went to see Johnny Mathis in concert at the Grand Opening of the New Convention Center in Minneapolis. I was wined, dined and shown a good time by Ken and Barbara Jo.

Most of all I remember his beliefs in and support for the National Coalition for Black Development in Home Economics.

I could always count on a very intellectual, stimulating and challenging conversation when I was in his presence.

NAME

ADDRESS

Rogene Paige  
P.O. Box 76629  
Baltimore, MD 21204-6629



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I WOULDN'T WANT TO EMBARRASS THE MAN, BY TELLING HIM HOW MUCH INSPIRATION HE GAVE ME TO SUCCEED IN MY BARBECUE BUSINESS. I FOUND KEN DAVIS AT A TIME IN MY LIFE WHEN I WAS TRYING TO BE AN INDIVIDUAL.....BE ME.....AND THERE HE WAS .....SOMEONE WHO REALLY WAS AN INDIVIDUAL....HIS OWN PERSON AND FROM THAT POINT IN MY LIFE, UNTIL THE PRESENT, I'VE FOUND THAT RUNNING UPHILL.... AGAINST THE ODDS IS A LOT MORE FUN THAN JUST RUNNING WITH THE CROWD.

WE DIDN'T GET TO SPEND A LOT OF TIME TOGETHER, BUT YOU CAN BET THAT WHEN I SITTIN' BY THE SMOKEHOUSE, JES TENDIN' THE FIRE, THAT THERE WILL BE AN EXTRA CHAIR FOR A FRIEND AND A COLD ONE IN THE COOLER .....AND MR. BBKING ON THE STELLAR RADIO, I'VE REALLY COME TO APPRECIATE LUCILLE AND HER SASSY WAY WITH A GOOD BLUES TUNE...

THANKS KEN, ITS BEEN FUN

SINCERELY

Bill Bones 9/

NAME

Bill Bones

ADDRESS

751 SAGINAW Rd  
Sanford, Red Keg, Mich 48657



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Anytime with Ken & Barbara is Memorable, but when coincidence steps in, strangeness is the rule. One cloudy winter day in the early 80's, my brother Ron was to drive me to the airport for a vacation in Tampa Florida to visit some friends. These friends requested that I bring something they can't even find on the black market in Tampa. "The Sauce". So we stopped into the St. Louis Bygones to pick up 6 quarts. That's all that was in our cart. So we strolled into the check out line and, Lo! Behold its K.D. cart in tow, packages of cigars in his cart. He pulled in behind us. My brother had not met K.D. before, Ron picked up a jar from our cart & looked at the label, and a gasp, looked at Ken, looked at the label again, and a gasp looked at Ken again, Ron studdering a-be-sha-a-be, meanwhile, the largest grin ever cracked across Ken's face, his body vibrated from the rhythm of his chuckles. He invited us out to "The Station Wagon" and handed us each a jar of some new product sauce he was starting to market. And as we said goodbye to K.D. and climbed into our car, butterflies flew above, birds chirped jazz sonatas, the clouds broke up in portraits of K.D. & the sun shone warmly. The magic of the moment carried us and our cargo to the airport.

NAME

Paul Lundquist

ADDRESS

280 N. 2nd Ave. #203

Minneapolis, MN 55401





SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

ABOUT A YEAR OR TWO AGO, BARBARA, MYSELF  
+ TEN + BARBARA WERE IN NEW YORK SEEING  
THE BROADWAY PRODUCTION "THE PIANO LESSON"  
AT HALF TIME INTERMISSION, TEN AND I WENT  
OUTSIDE THE THEATRE FOR SOME FRESH AIR.  
A TALL ROBUST FELLOW. VERY FRIENDLY, ENGAGED  
IN CONVERSATION. AFTER DISCUSSING THE MERITS  
OF THE PLAY HE OFFERED HIS HAND TO US, SAYING  
HE WAS RIBBY SHORT'S BROTHER FROM  
PASADENA. TEN MUST HAVE THOUGHT HE  
WAS SHOW BOATING, BECAUSE HE REPLIED, OH  
YEAH, AND I'M TEN DAVIS.

THE OTHER FELLOW SENSED THE LACK OF BELIEF IN TEN'S PART AND SAID, BUT I AM BOBBY'S BROTHER, AND BY THE WAY, ~~HE SAID~~ I'VE HEARD OF YOU. TEN WAS FLATTERED THAT HE SAID THAT. AT THAT POINT THIS FELLOW MADE A FRIEND FOR LIFE AND TEN PROBABLY WOULD HAVE ACKNOWLEDGED HE WAS THE DUKE OF PADUCAH HAD HE SAID SO, BUT HE REALLY WAS BOBBY SHIRT'S BROTHER AND WE HAD A BIG LAUGH ABOUT IT.

NAME Annie + Barbara Kargener  
ADDRESS 58 KIRKWOOD ST  
LONG BEACH, N.Y. 11561





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I HAVE KNOWN KEN FOR ABOUT 20 YEARS. VERY FEW OF MY OPTICAL CUSTOMERS WERE LIKE HIM. WHEN KEN CAME IN MY OFFICE I ALWAYS LOOKED AT THE SIZE OF HIS BAG OF GLASSES TO DETERMINE HOW MUCH TIME I WOULD SPEND WITH KEN THE CUSTOMER. IT WAS USUALLY A HALF HOUR OR MORE. THE REST OF THE TIME WAS SPENT WITH A FRIEND. KEN WOULD USUALLY BRING IN FROM ONE TO SIX PAIR OF GLASSES AND IN HIS WORDS THEY WERE ALL F----- UP AND THEY USUALLY WERE. FORTUNATELY I WAS ALWAYS ABLE TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE PROBLEMS FOR HIM.

KEN WAS A SATIN AND SANDPAPER PERSON. HE WAS A MAN THAT COULD AND WOULD TREAT YOU LIKE FINE SATIN IF YOU WERE STRAIGHT WITH HIM, BUT CROSS HIS PATH THE WRONG WAY AND COARSE SANDPAPER WOULD BE COMING ACROSS YOUR TAIL END AND USUALLY AGAINST THE BRAIN.

VERY FEW PEOPLE WERE LIKE KEN AND UNFORTUNATELY I PROBABLY WON'T MEET MANY MORE.

I WILL MISS HIM VERY MUCH.

NAME MARTIN JONES

ADDRESS 7321 DOBWOOD

EXCELSIOR, MN 55131



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken was the very first client with whom I dealt after I graduated from law school. It was a bit of shock to go from sterile academics to dealing with a living, breathing, often swearing client of Ken's stature. In the years that followed, Ken became not only a favorite client but a man who had my respect.

My first "project" for Ken was to obtain documentary information for a passport. I thought this should have been easy enough. I was wrong. In grand Ken Davis style, I learned that Ken had no birth, school or baptismal records, relatives, or any other evidence necessary to obtain his passport. Ken was kind enough to tell me the state in which he had been born as well as the fact that the school he had attended had burned to the ground 50 years ago. I was left to go from there. On the day that Ken was ~~set to leave~~ scheduled to leave, I finally found the information needed. Both from <sup>him</sup>, because of Ken, I learned to do the impossible. Fast.

NAME John Steffenhagen  
ADDRESS 4168 Browdale Ave  
St. Louis Park, MN 55416



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Big, bad, beautiful in his own very special & unique manner.

His outrageous descriptions of people who dared to venture into the realm of Ken-language

His outspoken irreverence for those folk he deemed phony.

His generous support of both the visual & the performing artist.

His persistence in a market thought to be closed - perseverance resulting in 40% plus sales without the common hype or media ads commercials - unbelievable but you know it to be fact!

A true entrepreneur, a really hard act to follow.

Talk about role models!

He is now & will continue to be missed by any & all who came in contact with "The Kid" - Sir Kenneth D.

NAME

Walter Davis

ADDRESS

2515 S. 9th St. / 1906

Mpls. / MN. 55406



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

IN 1979 I WAS A YOUNG UPSTART FROM CHICAGO WHO GREW UP EATING GREAT RIBS. WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED IN THE TWIN CITIES, FRIENDS TOLD ME ABOUT A GREAT LOCAL BARBECUE SAUCE. I TASTED IT AND FELL IN LOVE INSTANTLY. THEN I MET THE MAN WHO CREATED IT AND UNDERSTOOD WHERE THE SOUL OF THE SAUCE CAME FROM. KEN WAS A FRIEND AND A GREAT SUPPORTER OF MINE. WE WOULD OFTEN TALK ABOUT DOING A RESTAURANT JAZZ CLUB TOGETHER SOMEDAY. UNFORTUNATELY WE WERE BOTH TOO BUSY TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. HE MAY HAVE TO WAIT AWHILE FOR ME TO JOIN HIM, BUT WHEN THAT DAY COMES... HEAVEN WILL BE FILLED WITH A GREAT BASS RIFF AND THE SWEET SMELL OF BARBECUE.

NAME

TORIE NIDETZ, EXEC. CHIEF RYFAT'S AMERICAN CAFE

ADDRESS

5410 WAYzata Blvd

GOLDEN VALLEY, MN 55426





# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Thank you Barbara Jo for including me among those whom you asked to express recollections of Ken on his birthday/going away party on September 22, 1991.

Ken Davis was a nondescript personality by any standard. He defined himself, his values and his self-worth. He was so well focused that no external source could redefine him. Ken developed and implemented his own life's agenda. For one to enter into Ken's "Arena", you had to invest in his values, and accept his agenda; there were no exceptions - no alternatives.

I have chosen a commanding array of adjectives to describe the Ken Davis I knew. Ken was accomplished, adamant, articulate, and audacious. He was comfortable, confident and committed to his values, and to those whom he loved, especially his wife Barbara Jo. Ken was determined and demonstrative. He was unsteretyped, unambiguous, and unconquerable.

Ken esteemed his friends as he esteemed himself. Thank you Ken for accepting me into your "Arena", your circle of esteemed friends.

NAME

Lisa Boykin

ADDRESS

1399-97th Ave. # 718  
San Diego, CA 92101



*Ken Davis*

MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

*HIS SMILE, HUMOR, LOVE OF JAZZ MUSIC  
LOVE OF MAN & WOMAN & CHILDREN. GENEROSITY*

NAME *ROY A. GIVENS*

ADDRESS *402 No. 48<sup>th</sup> ST.*

*OMAHA - Ne. 68104*

September 9, 1991

Dear Barbara

I recieved your letter and the obits for Ken today and wanted to thank you for sending them. I have not as yet read the obits because it makes me to sad. I will have to save them for a later date.

I wanted to tell you that I really loved Ken. I don't say that about many people, but I can say it about him. I enjoyed being with him and I think for a long time he enjoyed my company. Our relationship became strained toward the end, but I think that was more from his natural tendency to avoid close friendships. Most people didn't know that Ken was a real softy inside. He was a sweet guy who covered it up with outrageous comments and a loud threatening voice and bouts of depression, or whatever it was that made him angry from time to time.

Our last breakfast in New York went well, but I had the feeling that I wasn't going to see him again and I left with a sense of sadness, but smiling. We had talked of all those things that didn't really mean anything, except that it entertained both of us and made us both feel good.

I am sorry that he's gone. I will miss him, but will remember all those good times that we had together. All the jokes and wild crazy talk, the moments of friendship and the feeling that we were rather alike in a lot of ways. It's like losing a bit of yourself when someone as big and loud and funny and loving as Ken Davis leaves the earth. He was a good guy and I loved him, even if he was much too fearful to love me back for more then just a few loud and funny moments.

Godon



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Each time I would get a call to ask if I could come over I would have this feeling similar to a lion tamer going into the cage, center ring. I even got to the point of sitting in the chair, one removed from the "eject" chair as it became to be known. But on the reverse side of that coin, I had heard about Ken's hospitalization and I went to visit him and he was like a teddy bear with a hug that wouldn't quit!

WILD CAT, CUDDLY PUSSY CAT WE'LL MISS YOU

NAME

ADDRESS

*Diane Herley*





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

IT WAS RELATED TO KEN THAT HIS  
BUSINESS BOOKS WERE NOT UP TO DATE  
AND LOOKED A LITTLE MESSY - HIS RESPONSE -  
"HOW ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO HAVE A CLEAN  
SET OF BOOKS WHEN THE PERSON DOING THEM  
CAN'T EVEN COUNT THE BAGELS SHE IS  
WRAPPING"

NAME

JIM McLAUGHLIN

ADDRESS



*Ken Davis*

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Barb:

Once in a lifetime that certain individual comes along--To me  
Ken was one of those individuals, and I'm extremely glad that I  
was around during that lifetime.

We didn't expect much from each other; but we got so much  
more.

Ed Zappa

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

*First time I met Ken -*

*Ken's accountant had set up a meeting between Ken and myself and upon entering the office Ken said "Who in the F are you". Immediately the accountant introduced me and I said "pleased to meet you". Ken's immediate reply was "Why?" I was thoroughly confused at this point I merely said "damned if I know" at which Ken began to laugh and said "sit down, you and I are going to do business" That was over 10 years ago*

NAME

*Phil Renbow*

ADDRESS



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I've done alot of gigs with Ken & Barry in the past years. Ken would often sit in the bus and give orders over the P.A. system. I'll never forget we were getting ready for a gig. Ken told all of us that Tom was going to be in charge until Ken got there. Tom's daughter was helping out that day and she says daddy does that mean you get to sit on the bus and yell at people all day. Boy, if looks could kill. But Ken even had to snicker at it himself.

Alot of kids would come by the bus and is that the <sup>guy</sup> REAL Ken Davis!! So we'd send them on the bus. These kids would Bullshit with him and ask him for his autograph. You could see the sparkle in his eyes even behind the dark glasses. They'd come down off the bus and say, those bunch of little cockroaches. We sent one group of little girls on the bus they had a great time with him. One little girl told him she loved his BBQ sauce and she eats it on everything even tuna fish. Ken got such a kick out of that. He came out of the bus and said those were the coolest little girls he had ever talked to.

Ken could be a real tough guy on the outside but anybody who ever knew Ken knows that he was a great big, lovable, huggable teddy bear on the inside. And that is how I will always remember my dear friend Ken Davis!!!

NAME

ADDRESS

Tracy Brown





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

- his reaction to me when I would jokingly refer to him as SKIP - one of his fellow BBQ makers - some responses I cannot remember and others are unfit to print
- a great guy with a great sense of humor

NAME

ADDRESS

Dale Lacey  
Sydney's

Ken Davis - I said!  
Who is he?  
You'll meet him, Ed Said  
Just come along with me.

'Twas an appreciation party  
For a good relationship  
Developed between Ken  
And the sales group at Fist.

Ken was in charge  
No doubt about that  
Everyone enjoyed the evening  
It was nice to get a "pat on the back"

I thought Ken  
Was a breath of fresh air  
No pretense about him  
What was there - Was There!

That was the beginning  
Of friendship and cheer  
Shared with Ken  
Year after year.

His parties were great  
Friendship, jazz and food  
He knew the right ingredients  
To set a good mood.

From elegant buffets  
To Lee Ann Chin's or Bar-B-Q's  
Ken did it all  
For me and you.

Imported bands from New Orleans  
Small jazz groups to make you swoon  
We even spent an afternoon  
With Shirley Witherspoon.

Knowing his product was good  
He sold it from his car  
Going through neighborhoods  
Selling jar by jar.

His business became bigger  
And more sophisticated  
Still - his customers came first  
They were the ones that rated.

When it came to business  
He demanded perfection  
Line those jars up right  
In the Bar-B-Q section.

Barb was an integral  
Part of his life  
She was his confidante  
Sweetheart and wife.

Ed and Ken  
Made a good team  
They'd laugh and shout together  
And, generally, let off steam.

Ken would call  
Our phone would ring  
"Hey Baby," he'd say  
Let me talk to the King.

Though he tried to look tough  
He was very kind  
A better friend  
You'd never find.

This party for sure  
He would've liked  
No time for mourning  
Get on with life.

I have an image  
Of Ken in his bus  
Wearing his white suit and red tie  
When an angel stops him to ask  
"What's Up?"  
He says, "I'm finding my pie in the sky."

So - I say to Ken  
'Til we meet again  
It was very nice having  
You for a friend!

— Pat Zappa  
St. Paul, Minnesota



## Methodist Hospital

a LifeSpan<sup>SM</sup> member

*October 1, 1991*

*Barbara Jo Davis  
President - Ken Davis Products, Inc.  
4210 Parkglen Road  
Minneapolis, MN 55416*

*Dear Ms. Davis:*

*I would like to express my sincere sympathy in the loss of your husband, Ken. Just as you feel our oncology staff touched his life, he also touched theirs. Memories of people like your husband are what helps these nurses continue to do what they so beautifully do; help others peacefully close the door.*

*May you find comfort in the memories of his love.*

*Warmly,*

*Nita J. Kasan-Capps  
Director of Nursing*

*NC:dg*



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

THE FIVE-ALARM BALL OF FIRE WITH A BLOW TORCH FOR A MOUTH:

... the first time I met him at Art Gill's office when he dumped a pile of personal bills on my desk and told me to figure it out cuz he was sick and tired of dealing with the past.

... the first bottle of sauce he gave me with the statement, "this is just the first one, Bitch, the best is yet to come."

... the first time he met my friend, Ruthie Pearson, who had "volunteered" to help him sort out his massive financial mess and he said to me, "for a white bitch, she's damed cute."

... the first time I told him he was a wonderful friend -- impossible, insufferable plus an arrogant jerk but a forever friend -- and he told me that I was a member of the lost and ruptured generation and was somewhere between a bad dream and a wet dream.

... the time I called him to say I had a good friend who needed a job and he said, "Baby, I'm not looking to hire, but for you, I'll look."

... the times when Ken and Barbara Jo would stand at their front door, looking like something out of the New Yorker magazine, and he would say all kinds of ridiculous, vile, obscene and abusive statements and I would laugh and think each one was funny and wonderful.

... the times I told him his mouth was worse than the gutters back on the farm when I was a kid shoveling shit and that who did he think he was that he could have a monopoly on that word and he told me to f... off; that he not only had a monopoly on that word but he had it copyrighted, too.

... the times he would blatantly drop cigar ashes on the restaurant table cloth, the floor, into his water glass, and then holler for the wait person to clean it up and bring him a fresh table setting.

... the time, just recently, when I dug a hole in my flower garden and laid in a bottle of Ken Davis BBQ sauce and shed some sad and happy tears for The Man, the

Good Friend, and told Ken that for once, I had the last word and it wasn't going to be Good Bye, but rather, "So long, it's been good to know you, but I know you've got to be moving along."

There's no question but that Ken touched my life in many ways but I know that he loved life, bigot or not, and now, in death, he's just moved on to his next adventure.

And, Barbara Jo, the light of his life, you were the woman he loved, admired, and trusted, and not once, did you ever let him down. Thanks for this opportunity to write these few words.

NAME

ADDRESS

7740 Scott Avenue North, Brooklyn Park, MN 55443





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I met and talked with Ken on only two occasions - the Outdoor Birthday + Jazz Parties in their office parking lot. What I remember as my first image of him was his booming voice, big cigar and the color - RED!

What impressed me was the interest he took in the people he met. The second time we met, he remembered my business and connection to Barbara and genuinely wanted to know how it was going. I know from Barbara that they'd talked about my business and ideas that could help the group. That ability to take time for those of us much further down the ranks in experience, etc., amazed me!

With his flair and distinctive style, he should have been in the women's clothing business!

NAME

Linda Weber

ADDRESS

1360 Energy Park Dr, #120

St. Paul, MN 55108



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

When I think of Ken, two stories come to mind. You may not know that after my heart attack Ken called our home and wanted to speak to me. He told me that if Pam & I needed anything, no matter what for us to let him know and he would do anything reasonable to help! No one during that time of my recovery ever left such impact in my heart or mind, and I will never forget his kindness! The second story brings laughter to all of us. Ken & Barb had a meeting at the bank. Barb had to leave to catch a plane so Ken threw me the keys to his car. You can't imagine the looks I got driving Ken's car. People kept staring at "Whitey" driving the car that had Ken's picture on it, the aroma of cigar smoke and the sound of jazz. I will sadly miss my friend but his memories will live in my heart forever.

NAME Thomas R. Mayfield (The Rev)  
ADDRESS 11421-99th Pl. N.  
Maple Grove, MN 55369



# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:



- dipping whole chickens in buckets of Bar-B-Que Sauce in 1975 -  
 Having Ken's interested encouraging presence in our lives throughout 16 years - his appearing - visiting at our special times & parading together down Stillwater Streets handing out meat balls in Ken's barbecue sauce with Ken waving out the door of the "big bus" - a time out at our cabin just visiting and resting a while -

NAME

ADDRESS

Theresa & Bud Brine, Family  
 1790 Washington Ave.,  
 Stillwater, Mn.



KIM DAVIS.

I'M MEMORY OF A MAN WHO WAS MY CUSTOMER AND FRIEND, WHO HAD WHITE GOLD JEWELRY, DIAMOND AND BLACK ONYX, AND HAD SOME WILD IDEAS AS HOW TO PUT THE THREE OF THEM TOGETHER AND MAKE THEM VERY CUSTOM JEWELRY.

KIM ALWAYS CAME DOWN TO THE SHOP WHEN HE NEEDED SOMETHING FIXED, OR MADE. BUT THE REAL REASON WAS HE HAD ABOVE ALL HIS EMPLOYEE HUTS, AND NEEDED SOME NEW CHALLENGES. HE WOULD WALK IN AND SAY HI TO EVERY ONE AND HAD A RUNNING CONVERSATION WITH EACH AND EVERY ONE. HIS BEST WAS THE WOMEN. HE KNEW HOW TO GET UNDER THEIR SKIN, AND A LOT OF TIMES SAID THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE BUT WOULD HAVE BEEN SUED FOR AS AN EMPLOYER. NONE OF THE BULLSHIT WAS DONE IN A WICKED OR HATED, IT WAS IN A GOOD SPIRIT. AND HE LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT. HE WOULD BRING KIDS IN A WHILE, TOOK THEM ALL OUT TO LUNCH, AND BRACKET IN HOMES A COUPLE OF TIMES. I DON'T THINK ANY OF THEM KNEW HOW MUCH FUN HE HAD. WE WOULD WALK OUT TOGETHER WHEN HE WAS LEAVING AND I WOULD TELL HIM THANK YOU SO MUCH A BIRTH YOU GOT THEM ALL FIXED UP AND HE WOULD HAVE A SMILE ON HIS FACE AS BIG AS COULD BE. OVER THE YEARS WE BECAME GOOD FRIENDS. HE TALKED ME ABOUT BUSINESS. AND WE ALWAYS HAD A GOOD TIME SHOOTING THE BREEZE. EVERY COUPLE OF MONTHS I WOULD HEAR FROM HIM. AND NOW I FIND MYSELF GOING TO CALL HIM. I WILL REMAIN MISS HIM.





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

is seeing him at Calhoun square enroute to his cigar store and/or around Uptown's Art Fair.

It was always a treat for me to run into this massive black man. So strong and so tender. He had this indomitable nature about him that I felt was so challenging, yet charming and lovable and stimulating.

I hope he's happy in his new home. I was saddened to know he'd left us.

NAME

Carroll Barnes

ADDRESS

1934 Dupont Ave S.

Mpls 55403



# Ken Davis.

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Roger + I were privileged to meet Ken + Barbara through my sister + bro-in-law - Martha + Jim Semetron. We've had many fun times together! Before we met ~~Ken~~, Roger was always intrigued by the famous Ken Davis bus - and was thrilled when Ken gave him a personally guided tour of it - so impressive. One of my fondest memories was at a "Jazz the 3rd" party where Ken identified pictures of all his Jazz friends - and personally selected some great Jazz tunes to play. It was a mini-course in Jazz and I still remember his favorites he played that day. Finally, I remember a trip on Lake Itasca this summer - and the kindness and love that always shined between Ken and Barbara.

NAME

Nora Pearson

ADDRESS

5156 W 95 St.

BLMT Mn 55437



*Ken Davis*<sup>®</sup>

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I had the pleasure of meeting Ken Davis in 1975 when I visited Minneapolis on business and they invited me to spend the weekend with them. Barbara Jo has been a good friend of mine since 1965 when for several years we were co-workers at Cox Heart Institute in Dayton, Ohio

Barbara Jo and I kept in touch all these years and despite the fact that we very seldom saw each other, we maintained our friendship through correspondence and occasional phone calls.

I knew the person who Barbara Jo would marry would be someone extraordinary, to say the least. After my visit with Barbara Jo and Ken in 1975, I realized they were happily married and I liked Ken as Barbara Jo's husband as well as a person. Ken impressed me as being a friendly, extraordinary individual. Even then Ken was interested in people--Barbara Jo, specifically, and other human beings in general.

During my visit in 1975 we toured Minneapolis by car. The three of us spent around an hour parked at the curb in downtown Minneapolis "people watching"--a favorite pass time of Ken and Barbara Jo's--all the while eating popcorn. It was a fun tour and Barbara Jo and Ken were very hospitable, making my visit with them a memorable one.

That visit was sixteen years ago and I have been (in comparison to Barbara Jo and Ken) more or less sitting on the sidelines, enjoying hearing from them concerning their lives--always hoping to visit with them again some day

NAME Loretta Sophia Meyer

ADDRESS 524A Watervliet Avenue

Dayton, Ohio 45420





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I'll never forget that day Fourteen years ago, when a man with his dream walked into my office, & later my life, with a jar of Bar-B-Q Sauce, a spoon, a big cigar, and a one page business plan.

As we all know, Ken never wasted words. He simply said, "this jar of sauce is who & what I am all about." "I would like you to taste it and tell me what you think!"

Well... To make a long story short, I became Ken & Barb's banker and good friend.

I watched as Ken & Barb worked through the trials & tribulations of a growing business, to finally achieve that dream.

I felt as proud as they did knowing that I was there to see it happen.

It was very apparent, that over the years Ken became more than just a client, he was my friend and I'll never forget that bond. In Ken's own words... it don't get no better than that Baby! //

NAME

Ken, I'll miss ya.

ADDRESS

Bob & Sally Jacente  
5243 Overlook Drive  
Bloomington, MN. 55437





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

The year Ken played Santa Claus.  
We ran a feature on him and it  
drew a great deal of comment. Ken's  
performance was great, right in the  
spirit of the season.

NAME

Lee Canning

ADDRESS

4737 Woodridge Road  
Minnetonka



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

His Class

His Style

His Cigar

His Jazz

His Love of New York & Mexico

His Station Wagon

His Great Parties

His Hard Work

His Great Products

His White Tee & Red Carnation

His Beautiful Home

His Beautiful Wife

His Darker Clean Suit

NAME

Terry & Jerry Scovel

ADDRESS

515 Jaxalyn Circle  
Golden Valley, Texas 75141



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

FOR MANY, MANY YEARS, KEN DAVIS WAS A PART OF MY LIFE! Coming from a musical family (the Peterson's), it seems we'd get together to perform or play music together often. What we also really love to do together is have family dinners. With siblings, Mom, Jeanne Arland, and the 10 grandchildren, that is quite a group. Gathering around mom's pool and barbequing is one of our favorite past-times, and Ken's sauces were always right there. From the chicken to putting "hot & spicy" in our baked beans, seems we were cooking some mighty great dishes together, thanks to him. Now he spiced up those times, and still does!

I had the honor of working with Ken and Barbara in the summer of 1990. Being jazz lovers, they were familiar with my work and asked me to perform at one of their parties. Both being nurturing people, they always said, "Have you had enough to eat", to "Come and see the restaurant on wheels" to "Here Jeanne (my mom), needs more comfortable shoes to perform in" to complimentary of the jazz group I was there that day. My favorite conversation was with Ken and Leigh Kammann in regard to the jazz club Ken was to open by the airport in the future. "1st class, and a waiting audience for you jazz. Not like any club at this town." I hope I get to work that club for you someday Ken, and on behalf of my family, my husband, Stuart, and myself, "Thanks for the memories".

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
With love,  
Denny Peterson  
4900 MILLION LN  
OAKLAND, CA 94618



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

#### Business Venture

I offered half of my Harlem Property at cost to Ken. He accepted and promised to send his Business manager.

The Business Manager advised against.

A year later I sold the property for \$550,000. He would have made 100,000 profit.

He was very much interested to export to Japan and to Russia.

Later the Russians invited him to come and open a plant.

To our regret it was too late he was already sick and couldn't make it.

He wanted to buy my property for \$200,000 in Cambridge Massachusetts.

He was a genius of a man.

Paul Brown

MR. A

ARONOWICZ, INC.  
345 SEVENTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

NAME

ADDRESS

10001 N.Y. 10001  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001  
ARONOWICZ, INC.  
345 SEVENTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001  
MR. A





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken Davis, for me, was initially a man of mystery and wonder. Who was this person of great size -- behind The Shades ???!! It took a few trips to Minneapolis to discover that Ken was, in fact, a raconteur of outrageous -- and outrageously funny -- tales; an astute judge of people, a man of insight and great honesty -- and probably best of all, a man who had found the important issues of life and knew how to live life to the full. I learned a lot from Ken -- it was quite obvious that for him, life, really, was a grand adventure to be generously shared with those you love and those whose paths cross yours. I never ceased to marvel at his honesty, openness and generosity. His philosophy is one to admire and to emulate.

Good music, wonderful food, and gut-aching laughter made visits with Barbara and Ken a joy.

Thanks, Ken, for the good times and the fond memories!!

NAME

K. Verne Anderson

ADDRESS

1300 Bluebell Ave  
Boulder CO 80302



# Ken Davis®

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

When we first met Ken and Barbara, we were very impressed with their friendly and jovial personalities, and we grew to love them very much. Each year we looked forward to going to Minn. to the Jazz Party and being with them. They always invited all the musicians to their home for an afternoon of great fun and delicious food, and the very best hospitality ever. They were a gracious host and hostess. We were very impressed with the huge collection of photographs of the different musicians which he had on display in his home. He was truly a connoisseur of jazz. Ken was also very generous. At different times of the year, he always gifted us with his delicious seasoning and barbecue sauce. He and Barbara attended other jazz parties across the country and we were always so happy to see them.

Ken had a special love for jazz and the musicians. Although he had a great business empire, he never forgot his friends or failed to enjoy himself with them.

We were really shocked and saddened by his death and will miss him very much.

Ken will surely be missed in the jazz world.

NAME Dorothy and Snooky Young

ADDRESS 14650 Runnymede Street

Van Nuys, CA 91405



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I guess you could say that I personally adopted Ken as a father figure. Once in a while, he would drop me to father (which I would do at the time) at Southdale, and we would go to the Club Court for a coffee & a roll, whereby we would discuss our favorite topic - jazz and whatever else was happening. I will always be eternally grateful to Ken & his wonderful wife Barbara for inviting my late wife Barb & I to their X-mas parties, whereby I got to sit in and play with great musicians like Ray Williams & the others.

Like I said before, he was one of the nicest down to earth people I ever knew & I'll always love Ken & Barb for that. God Bless Barb & Ken both, for they brought enjoyment to a lot of people. In fact, of all that his Ken & Barb have done is out of this world.

NAME

Juan "122" Asencio

ADDRESS

4501 DUNHAM DR

COINA, MN, 55435

PH: 925-5329



612/341-4147

Rudy Boschwitz  
Plywood Minnesota  
Honorary Co-Chairman

Mannie Jackson  
Honeywell  
Honorary Co-Chairman

Ira Smith  
Executive Director

Donald Banks  
Norwest bank, Retired  
President

Joe Rian  
Treasurer

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Ken Davis

Roxanne Givens

Tom Heffelfinger

Jerome Newsom

Congressman Jim Ramstad

Dr. John Williams, D.D.S.  
Board Member Emeritus

September 17, 1991

Barbara Davis  
4210 Park Glenn Road  
St. Louis Park, MN 55416

Dear Barbara,

I keep thinking about Ken, who I considered one of my best friends. I think about him because he always admired me and reminded me of my own family. If every black man had the integrity Ken had we wouldn't have any problems.

Barbara, I really loved the man. He would call me once or twice a day sometimes, just so we could laugh. I will always remember Ken, he really thought about the kids and their problems. I want to tell you that I enjoyed having him on my Board.

If there is anything you need me for, please do not hesitate to call me. God Bless!

Sincerely,

*Ira Smith*  
(no)  
Ira Smith  
Executive Director





# Ken Davis<sup>®</sup>

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I will always remember Ken Davis as a strong, principled man  
with a spirit that was bigger than life.

NAME Shannon K. McCambridge

ADDRESS Larkin, Hoffman et al.

2000 Piper Jaffray Tower

222 South 9th Street

Minneapolis, MN 55402



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I REMEMBER THE TIME WE MET AT A BACKLASH COMPANY TO GO OVER SALES, THIS WAS A NO SMOKING OFFICE. THERE WAS A PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY & A VICE PRESIDENT IN THE MEETING. KEN PULLS OUT 1 OF HIS CIGARS, AND LIGHTS IT UP. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS 2 GUYS RUN ALL AROUND THE BUILDING LOOKING FOR A ASH TRAY. IT WAS FUNNY

KEN KNEW HOW TO GET UNDER THEIR SKIN. HE WAS A SHOWMAN. 1 OF THE BEST HE WILL BE MISSED

NAME

Mike Blude

ADDRESS

6947 EDENVALE BLVD  
EDEN PRAXIE, MN 55346



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken and I shared a hospital room in January 1991. The music he brought with him which played from early morning til late night, took so much aggrivation out of being in the helpless state of hospitalization. I enjoyed how he ran his business from the hospital bed, telling someone over the phone, "When I see a check in my mail for the amount you owe me, then you can call me 'Ken' - til then I'm 'Mr. Davis' to you!" A very special man in my book.

NAME Robert Potter  
ADDRESS 16169-321st Ave  
Princeton, MN 55371



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

My favorite story about Ken, really shows the pussy-cat side of him. John and I first met Barbara-Jo in Minneapolis on one of our relocation scouting trips from N. Y. We invited she and her husband to contact us in N. Y. if they came to town. We subsequently met Ken on Thanksgiving Day, 1988, at our home for dinner. He immediately showed us what he was about, (video tapes, promotions, gift boxes, etc.) The man could sell sauce!

We had a great time: lots of food, good folks, and great jazz playing in the background. We were impressed with his presence, and knew immediately that he truly was the one and only!

John and I told him that we were considering a move to Mpls., and after telling us we were full of shit, he proceeded to give us lots of advice, and to express all of his opinions about the Twin Cities. The one thing I remember him saying was that "If you have something to offer, you'll do well!, but you have to fight for it." All of the advice he gave us was right on.

Ken was the first to believe in us, because, because he challenged us by sending round trip tickets to come to the Twin Cities to seek housing and work. Ken & Barbra sponsored us, wined and dined us, and became true friends. Ken, to us, was truly our Godfather of Soul. We'll never, ever, forget him

NAME Janice & John Gairy

ADDRESS 419 So. 3rd St.

Minneapolis, Mn. 55415





*Ken Davis*

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

THE KATERN DAHLS AND THE MILLERS  
REMEMBER THEIR FRIEND, KEN, IN A VERY  
SPECIAL WAY. KEN, A BEAR OF A MAN IN  
SIZE AND STATURE, HAD A HEART THAT  
WOULDN'T STOP WHEN IT CAME TO OUR  
RELATIONSHIP WITH HIM. WE REMEMBER ALL THE  
HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS HE MADE REGARDING  
KEVIN KATERNDAHL AND HIS RESTAURANT.  
WE ALSO REMEMBER HOW HE WANTED TO  
"MEXICANIZE" HIS FABULOUS SAUCES. AND WE  
REMEMBER THE SMILE ON HIS FACE WHEN HE  
TALKED ABOUT HIS FAVORITE SUBJECTS:  
FOOD AND MUSIC. THERE WILL ALWAYS BE  
ONLY ONE KEN DAVIS AND THOSE THAT  
WERE TOUCHED BY HIS PRESENCE WILL  
ALWAYS BE THAT MUCH BETTER FOR  
KNOWING HIM. AMEN.

NAME LUCHA, JACK AND JOHN PAUL MILLER  
ADDRESS AND RICHARD KATERNDAHL AND  
FAMILY - 42 CONVENT COURT  
SAN RAFAEL, CA. 94901

GORDON BROWNE RB-  
283 E 5TH ST  
BROOKLYN NY 11218 19AM

**WESTERN  
UNION** | **MAILGRAM**®



1-002019S262 09/19/91 ICS IPMRNCZ CSP MSPD  
7184363615 MGMS TDRN BROOKLYN NY 72 09-19 1050A EST

▶ MRS BARBARA DAVIS  
9120 FLYWAY CIR  
EDEN PRAIRIE MN 55344

DEAR BARBARA  
YOU MIGHT WANT TO READ THE FOLLOWING ON SUNDAY. "I HAVE BEEN  
INFORMED THAT KEN DAVIS HAS GONE TO A PLACE THAT IS ALWAYS HOT. HE IS  
GOOD FRIENDS WITH THE BOSS AND IS ALLOWED TO SWEAR AS MUCH AS HE  
WANTS. WHAT MORE COULD HE ASK FOR."

GORDON BROWNE  
NEW YORK WRITER 283 E 5TH ST., BROOKLYN NY 11218

10:45 EST

MGMCMP



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Ken Davis; A Man Who Knew Exactly  
What he wanted.  
A Man Who Always  
Dressed Very distinguished. From his  
Suits, to his hats, to that certain scent  
of cologne that he would always wear.  
A Man Who Always  
Brightened my day with his famous line  
"Shit Baby" (That was my favorite)  
A Man Who I would  
always tease by telling him I liked  
Rudolph's BBQ Sauce better than his.  
(Of course that wasn't true though)  
A Man Who I always  
looked up to.  
A Man who had that  
look of power to him.  
Ken Davis;  
A Man who is, and  
always will be greatly missed.

NAME

ADDRESS

Sharon Power-Barker  
5707 HWY #7-432

Exton, PA, 19341

55416



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

The Bluster! How I recall the bluster!  
He could come into a place and rattle  
everybody's cage. Once you knew him you  
enjoyed it with everyone else - and  
tried to compete with him - until you  
learned better. Which was quick!

I met him some years ago but  
really knew him for just over a year,  
and I really feel so bad that I couldn't  
know him well longer. I hope it would  
have been for mutual benefit - I know  
it would have been for mine.

Happy Birthday, Jazz Man!

NAME

Gene Minenko

ADDRESS

210 W. Grant St. #419

Mpls, MN

339-7757

55403





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

I started working with Ken in September of 1979, 12 years ago. At our first meeting, Ken informed me that he was only going to work for another 2 to 3 years. He had absolutely NO intentions of working until he was age 65. Like all other entrepreneurs, it is very difficult NOT to be involved in a business, particularly when your name is on it.

As a novice in the Bar-B-Q pits, Ken gave me an invaluable lesson in Bar-B-Q cooking with a covered grill. I can still remember his astonishment that anyone could be so stupid as to put certain types of meats directly over hot Bar-B-Q coals. He was also astonished that anyone would ever put Bar-B-Q sauce on meats as they were cooking. This was all back in 1979 before covered kettles were the main source of outdoor cooking. In any event, Ken Davis made by Bar-B-Q cooking a whole lot tastier and enjoyable during the last 12 years.

NAME Jim and Tina Diede

ADDRESS 10916 Glen Wilding Lane  
Bloomington, MN 55431



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

AS KEN AND BARBARA'S FAVORITE CHAUFFEUR,  
I HAVE HAD THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY MANY  
TIMES. HOWEVER, TWO INSTANCES STAND OUT THAT  
REVEAL A BIT ABOUT KEN'S SENSE OF HUMOR AND  
LOVE OF LIFE:

(1. KEN WAS LOOKING INTO RENTING THE STATE FAIR-  
GROUNDS GRANDSTAND FOR A PROMOTIONAL EVENT. WE  
WERE ESCORTED ONTO THE RACE TRACK FOR A QUICK  
TOUR OF THE GROUNDS AND WHEN WE HIT THE TRACK  
IN OUR 15 PASSENGER MOTOR HOME / LIMOUSINE KEN  
SHOUTED, "SAM, OPEN HER UP!" THIS INCONGRUOUS  
SIGHT - A BIG, UGLY LIMO BURNING UP THE SPEEDWAY  
AT 80 MPH KEPT EVERYONE IN STITCHES FOR QUITE  
AWHILE.

(2. KEN AND HIS WONDERFUL SPOUSE WERE RETURNING  
LATE ONE NIGHT FROM ONE OF THEIR NUMEROUS SALES  
JUNKETS. KEN WAS ALWAYS GLAD TO GET HOME, BUT I  
WAS RUNNING LATE AND ARRIVED TO MEET THEM AT THE  
AIRPORT IN A GRIMEY T-SHIRT AND BLUE JEANS THAT  
LOOKED AS IF THEY HAD GOTTEN CAUGHT IN AN ELEPHANT  
STAMPEDE. I STARTED TO APOLOGISE FOR MY SHABBY  
ATTIRE WHEN KEN INTERRUPTED, ANNOUNCING TO THE  
WHOLE AIRPORT, "SAM, I DON'T GIVE A SHIT IF  
YOU GET HERE BUCK NAKED! NOW WHERE'S THE  
FUCKIN' CAR?" WE HAD A GOOD LAUGH, AND NOW I  
KEEP AN EXTRA SUIT AT THE ~~Garage~~ GARAGE!

NAME SAM PARKER - BORTON LIMOUSINE

ADDRESS 3146 LOUISIANA AV. So.

ST LOUIS PK, MN 55426



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

Being neighbors to Ken for many years, we have many recollections, but this is the most humorous. Ken's home security system ~~failed~~<sup>failed</sup> one day, and to make matters worse, Ken got locked out of the house. And to still make matters worse, he was in his bright yellow bath ~~robe~~<sup>robe</sup>, - incidentally it's length was above the knee. He had no choice but to come to Martha's door "mid afternoon" to use the phone to call Barbara. Neighbors are still wondering why Ken was leaving Martha's home mid afternoon in his yellow bath robe.

NAME

Jim and Martha Demetriou

ADDRESS

9130 Flyway Circle  
Eden Prairie, Mn 55347





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

My favorite recollections of Ken are what is pictured on the letterhead - Ken's picture and his signature. One saw it on his name on his card, on his marketing information! Here was a man who stood behind his business. In a world and business climate of the anonymous "manager" or CEO, or corporate president or raider, Ken stood out, and stood above. Here was someone who had the guts, belief, drive and gumption to put his signature and face on everything he did. There was no buck passing, there was someone who took responsibility for what he believed in and worked so hard for.

Ken was a refreshing change from the "created" product of "symbols." Ken Davis was not afraid to be out front to represent his product and company. He was someone who was not afraid to work hard and stand-up for a business he believed in. More people should take a lesson from the man with the monogrammed car.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Le Petit Chef  
5932 Excelsior Blvd





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

- ① Ken's strong support of Venny and me during our decision process to leave Sunstar Foods and start our own company.
- ② Ken's infectious chuckles - Heh, Heh, Heh -
- ③ The BBQ for the Jazz party musician and friends
- ④ his love of jazz
- ⑤ the weekly evening telephone call asking "What's happening, Baby?"
- ⑥ his comment to Tom that the only jazz musicians that Tom liked were dead - (not true, incidentally)
- ⑦ The ribs and champagne lunch that Barb & Ken served to Tom, Venny and Julie, the Friday I resigned from Sunstar Foods
- ⑧ His forever comment: I heard it on the street - that such and so, etc

Barb, Venny and I wished we had "heard it on the street" that Ken was so sick. I am grateful we ran into you at the Jazz Party. We both look forward to seeing more of you starting with second week in October at the Dakota (live music) Bob & Doris Kanie to join us.

Love,

NAME Tom & JONNY SWANSON  
ADDRESS 1037 BRENNER AV  
ROSEVILLE, MI 48063



*Ken Davis*<sup>®</sup>

MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

## My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

When Ken and I first met, he told me he was looking for a lawyer who could be tough, and asked me if I was tough enough. How do you answer that question? When my answer was lacking in firmness, Ken put it another way and told me he wanted somebody as tough as Hitler and asked me if I was that good. Asking a Jewish boy if he is as tough as Hitler took me aback, but I figured I would have my chance some day.

Several weeks later, somebody approached Ken about buying his business. Ken was not looking to sell, but this company promised him money and security, as well as the opportunity to continue running the business. We met with the people and started flushing out their offer. As we talked, it became more and more apparent that they did not want Ken to manage the company, but would give him a job as a "spokesman." They wanted to change his face on the logo into a cartoon character, and tell Ken where to go and when to go, promoting the product. Ken was still thinking about the opportunity that was first discussed, when I turned to him and said I thought this was a terrific idea, and that Ken could be "Uncle Jemima." When I said this, the room turned quiet. Barbara looked away. While there is usually cigar smoke surrounding Ken, this time I sensed quite a bit more smoke surrounding Ken. He said, "What did you call me!?" I told him it sounded like they would be making him into Uncle Jemima. We then had a private conversation, during which Ken said a few of those famous

NAME Chuck Modell

ADDRESS Larkin, Hoffman, Dalv & Lindgren, Ltd.  
7900 Xerxes Avenue South, Suite 1500  
Bloomington, MN 55431

"M.F.'s," first at me, and then at the potential buyer. Our negotiations terminated. After a short de-briefing between me, Ken and Barbara, the day ended, and Barbara and Ken left. As Ken walked out the door, I could still hear him muttering "Uncle Jemima," "Uncle Jemima" . . .



# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

"GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"...

HIS MEMORY WILL LIVE WITH ME FOR ALL MY DAYS TO COME. KEN WAS TRULY MY GOOD FRIEND AND ONE THAT I WAS PROUD AND FORTUNATE TO KNOW. WE GREW UP IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD, ATTENDED THE SAME GRADE SCHOOL (COMENIUS) AND PLAYED ON THE SAME SCHOOL SPORTS TEAMS. KEN WAS A REAL COMPETITOR AND A FUN GUY TO BE WITH. HE HAD A GREAT PERSONALITY AND ALWAYS WITH A GENUINE SMILE. HE WAS VERY RESPECTFUL, PARTICULARLY WITH THE OLDER FOLKS.

AS A GROUP OF YOUNGSTERS, MANY OF US HAD NICKNAMES --- THERE WAS REND, CHICK, SPUDS, BUTCH, BONIES AND OTHERS. MINE, "TANGE" STUCK WITH ME --- SHORT FOR TANGERINE I GUESS. MY BIRTH NAME ACTUALLY IS TONY. KEN WAS SO MUCH BIGGER THAN THE REST OF US GUYS SO WE AFFECTIONATELY CALLED HIM "JUMBO". HE LIKED THAT --- I THINK. IN ALL THE YEARS I KNEW HIM, HE WAS SUCH A JOVIAL GUY AND EASY TO GET ALONG WITH.

AT TIMES WE WOULD HANG OUT AT CHARLIE'S POOL HALL WHICH WAS DOWN THE STREET FROM OBIE'S GROCERY STORE AND VERY CLOSE TO WHERE WE ALL LIVED. KEN WAS A TERRIBLE POOL PLAYER AND BECAUSE OF IT, HE TOOK A LOT OF RIBBING ABOUT IT -- BUT, HE TOOK IT WELL AND WOULD OFTEN SAY "I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE MY LIVING PLAYING POOL". WE GOT AWAY WITH KIDDING HIM ABOUT HOW HORRIBLE HE PLAYED POOL BECAUSE WE WERE ALL BUDDIES. AN OUTSIDER WOULDN'T ATTEMPT TO CRITICIZE HIM.

IN THOSE EARLY DAYS NONE OF US HAD MUCH OF ANYTHING.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_





# Ken Davis

## MEMORIES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 - AUGUST 22, 1991

### My Favorite Recollections of Ken:

WE WERE ALL POOR BUT HAPPY BECAUSE WE HAD THE FRIENDSHIP OF ONE ANOTHER. BICYCLES, SCOOTERS, ETC. WERE OUT OF THE QUESTION --- WE COULD NOT AFFORD THE LUXURY OF THOSE THINGS. WE PLAYED GAMES LIKE KICK THE CAN, 2-4 (A TAG GAME), MARBLES, SOFTBALL IN THE STREET, AND OTHER FUN GAMES. WHEN KEN WASN'T RUNNING ERRANDS FOR OBIE'S GROCERY STORE HE WOULD BE WITH US GUYS.

KEN WAS AN ENTERPRISING YOUNG MAN AND FROM THE BEGINNING I ALWAYS KNEW THAT SOMEDAY HE WOULD BE A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN. I REMEMBER ALL TOO WELL WHEN HE STARTED HIS OWN JANITORIAL SERVICE. HE DID WELL WITH IT BUT ADMITTED THAT HE STRIVED FOR BETTER THINGS. HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS CAME OF NO SURPRISE TO ME AND NO ONE WAS ANYMORE PROUD OF KEN THEN ME.

ALTHOUGH HE AND I WERE MANY MILES APART, I OFTEN THOUGHT OF HIM AS I'M SURE HE THOUGHT OF ME AND THE REST OF THE FELLOWS HE GREW UP WITH.

MY DEEPEST AND SINCERE SYMPATHY GOES OUT TO KEN'S FAMILY FOR THEIR LOSS OF A FINE MAN AND IN MY DAILY PRAYERS, I WILL INCLUDE ONE FOR MY FRIEND, "JUMBO" DAVIS.

RESPECTFULLY,

NAME TONY J. "TANGE" MARCUCCIO  
ADDRESS 3424 SO. 72<sup>ND</sup> AVENUE  
OMAHA, NEBRASKA 68124



Faribault Heritage Festival, Inc.  
Parade Committee

awards this

Certificate of Appreciation

to

*Celebrity Marshall-Ken Davis*

for your participation in the 9th annual Faribault Heritage Festival Parade

Given this 21st Day of June 1991

*Chuck Carr*  
PARADE DIRECTOR

*Patricia A. Miller*  
*Judith H. Gilman*  
PARADE CHAIRPERSONS

*Will Fritsch*  
*Michelle P. Palmer*  
PARADE CO-CHAIRPERSONS

Mr. Davis,

Thank you so  
much for participating  
in the Fairbault  
Heritage Parade - and  
for honoring us as our  
Celebrity Grand Marshall.

With sincere  
appreciation,

Patricia & Cindy  
Miller Gilbertson





FOUNDED IN 1849

# MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Research Center, 1500 Mississippi Street, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101 • (612) 296-65

August 23, 1991

Barbara Jo Davis  
Ken Davis Products  
4210 Glen Park Road  
St. Louis Park, MN 55426

Dear Ms. Davis:

On behalf of the Minnesota Historical Society, please accept my condolences on your husband's unexpected and untimely death. Ken Davis was a modern Minnesota pioneer--a self made businessman who overcame prejudice and a lack of resources with creativity and exceptionally hard work. For this reason, the Society would like to document Ken Davis's life and business by preserving his personal papers and business records, as an educational resource for future generations.

Some background information on the Society's collections may help you to think about my request. The Society's collections are broadly representative of Minnesota and used extensively by researchers, from high school students to advanced scholars. Our collections include the records of both individuals and organizations. The papers of James Ford Bell, of Frederick M. Jones, of Hubert Humphrey, the records of Northwest Airlines, of the Hallie Q. Brown/Martin Luther King Community Center, of the Bush Foundation--all of these are in the Society's collections. In March of this year the Society was pleased to preserve the papers of Oscar Howard, another important food service entrepreneur and civic leader.

Papers donated to the Society are boxed and transported to our Research Center, organized and cataloged (both in-house and in a national computer database, so that researchers across the nation can learn of them), stored under the best archival conditions, and made available for research use. Our reading room is free and open to the public; it is used by thousands of researchers, from students to professional scholars, genealogists to local historians. You would, however, have the option of restricting research access to some or all of the papers for a specific period of time.

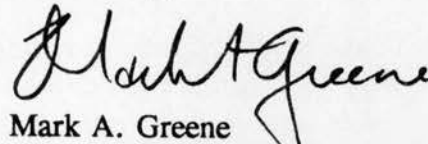
The types of papers we would be interested in include such things as diaries, letters (relating to business, family, civic, or other matters), scrapbooks, photos, speeches and other writings, files relating to the civic, religious, and business organizations in which Ken Davis (and you) have been active, files relating to the development and running of his various businesses (e.g., annual reports, promotional material, ledger or account books, samples of labels or product packaging).



Barbara Jo Davis  
August 23, 1991  
Page 2

I hope you will seriously consider our request to preserve your late husband's papers for the information and education of future generations. If you are at all sympathetic to this request, I would be happy to speak or meet with you to answer any questions you might have. Indeed, it would be a pleasure to give you a tour of our Research Center, so that you could see how we serve researchers, and catalog and store collections. This can be done entirely at your convenience, even months hence. Thank you for your consideration. I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Mark A. Greene". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Mark" being more prominent.

Mark A. Greene  
Chief, Manuscripts Acquisitions  
Division of Library and Archives

MAG/bje

"  
To Be Davis"

Then  
determined  
energy  
working to climb  
a mountain  
of envy  
black, white  
any leech  
all equal  
kids, friends  
open doors  
locked doors  
same high expectations  
peace in Barbara  
jazz in the bones  
hustling to  
can't quit  
won't quit  
don't quit  
ever

ever  
ever

pissed  
proud  
roar of a lamb  
my friend  
my lass  
my heart

Pat  
8.22.91



Papa

Megan



♪ Ode to K.D. ♪

Even though we didn't know you  
very long,  
We grew to love you just like  
it says in the song.  
You shared with us your sance,  
Style and jazz...  
For these we thank you and  
treasure more than anyone has.  
As for Archie and Lutie your  
memory lives on in our heart,  
So don't you forget us either  
K.D., you ole fart!  
May God Bless you and keep  
you...

Love,  
Ron & Linda



If I should ever leave you whom I love  
To go along the Silent Way, grieve not  
Nor speak of me with tears, but laugh and talk  
Of me as if I were beside you there  
(I'd come--I'd come, could I but find a way!  
But would not tears and grief be barriers?)  
And when you hear a song or see a bird  
I loved, please do not let the thought of me  
Be sad...for I am loving you just as I always have  
You were so good to me!  
There are so many things I wanted still  
To do--so many things to say to you...  
Remember that I did not fear...It was  
Just leaving you that was so hard to face...  
We cannot see Beyond...but this I know  
I loved you so, 'twas heaven here with you!

----Isla Paschal Richardson



*Local sauce king Ken Davis.*

### **The Man Behind the Shades**

You probably already know about the sauce. Ken Davis Bar-B-Q Sauce is to local rib fanciers what Perrier water is to snobs. One local bon-vivant and barbecuer says that "you could put it on cardboard and turn it into a delicious meal."

But who is that man behind those Foster Grants? The dark shades add an air of mystery to the visage of Ken Davis, whose portrait adorns every jar of his barbecue sauce.

Davis, a 30-year veteran of the food business, has been making his famous sauce for 25 years. The recipe was developed by his grandmother, who grew up on a ranch in Wyoming. Davis himself was born and raised in Omaha, where for many years he operated a commercial kitchen, supplying chopped liver, baked beans and barbecue sauce to local restaurants and delis. When riots in Omaha in the '60s wiped out his business, he moved to the Twin Cities, and is now based in Hopkins. Among his many other accomplishments, he boasts of having entertained thousands of kids as Minnesota's first black Santa Claus.

The labels on his jars allude to "the original secret recipe," but Davis quickly concedes that there isn't much of a secret to it. All of his ingredients are listed right on the label, and anyone who wanted to spend a little time experimenting could probably duplicate the flavor. The real secret to his success, Davis insists, is that his is the "Cadillac of barbecue sauces." While his competitors spend their money on advertising, he says, he puts his money back into the product, using only the best ingredients. (To see what he means, next time you're out shopping compare the ingredients in Davis's sauce with those of some of the nationally advertised brands.) To spread the word, he relies on word-of-mouth and in-store demonstrations. The formula seems to work; his sauce outsells the national brands in some local supermarkets.

# ST. PAUL PIONEER PRESS DISPATCH

## One, only Ken Davis regrets selling name



### Barbecue sauce magnate sours on dual deal

By Wilma Randle  
Staff Writer

**L**ike the "Original" label on his famous barbecue sauce bottle, there's only one Ken Davis.

But there are two companies bearing his name.

The first company, Ken Davis Products, based in St. Louis Park, was started in 1970 and is owned by Ken Davis, a burly, cigar-smoking, 64-year-old black man. Fried chicken and ribs at his original business, an Edina eatery, won him a loyal following and his barbecue sauce, packaged in jars bearing his picture, has made him something of a living legend.

The other company is Ken Davis Worldwide. Formerly based in Golden Valley, it moved its headquarters to Miami last month. Coincidentally, that company also is headed by a man named Ken — Ken Sherman, a 37-year-old white man whose business reputation was made lifting weights. Sherman and his partner, Harold Cottle, operates two Olympia Gym fitness centers in Minneapolis.

Both companies are players in the small but lucrative and growing \$350 million barbecue sauce industry. But other than sharing the Ken Davis name, they pretty much have nothing to do with each other.

Sauce-maker Ken Davis' tale is like a page straight out of "How to Pull Yourself Up by Your Bootstraps."

Davis, a native of Omaha, Neb., says he was traveling around the country in 1959 when he happened to visit Minneapolis and decided it was a place he would like to live. "I thought the people were real decent," he said.

In 1961 he moved his family to Minnesota, where he was hired as head of maintenance operations for Dayton's. "I told Dayton's that I wouldn't be working there for long because I didn't like working for anyone other than myself," he recalled. But he stayed with Dayton's until 1969. Then, after he'd been out of work almost a year because of illness, he decided to branch out on his own.

His first business venture was a restaurant in Edina where he attracted a loyal, hungry following for his tasty ribs, chicken and shrimp.

In 1970, Davis decided to take the advice he often received from customers and sell his popular thick, sweet barbecue sauce.

His competition was food giants like Kraft, Heinz and Hunt, and he had all of \$100 to invest in his new venture. "The odds against me making it were 100 to one, but I'm a gambler," Davis said.

From the looks of it, he won.

Today Ken Davis Bar-B-Q Sauce is a staple at cookouts throughout Minnesota and the four other Upper Midwestern states in which

it is distributed. Davis said he has about 52 percent of the retail market in those states and more than 30 percent of the institutional food service market.

He won't say just how much he's made from his sauce, except that it's a pretty fair amount. He employs seven people at his St. Louis Park headquarters.

Davis said he sells more than 100,000 cases of sauce a year. The product line has expanded from his original sauce to include four others — garlic, onion, spicy and honey mustard. He also sells a salt-free seasoning mix and barbecued baked beans.

He confirms rumors that he's been widely courted by the major food companies. One story has it that General Mills offered to buy him out for \$4 million.

He won't confirm that price, but he said, "Everybody's tried. I've made it clear that neither me or my company are for sale."

Ken Davis hasn't sold his company, but last year he did sell something of almost equal value — his name.

In a deal worked out with Sherman, Cottle and several other investors, Davis sold the licensing rights to the use of his name and Ken Davis Worldwide was born.

His attorney said the deal made sense because Davis had decided he wasn't going to try to take his company national.

The agreement allows the new company to use the Davis name and the familiar logo of a black man with dark glasses and a bushy Afro hairdo, Davis' likeness. The partners can either buy goods made by Ken Davis Products or manufacture their own. They also have the right to sell products with the Ken Davis name anywhere except the five-state area that Ken Davis Products calls its turf.

Ken Sherman, president of Ken Davis Worldwide, has no interest in the Midwest. He and his partners want to take the name Ken Davis to the rest of the country.

Sherman, a native New Yorker, came to Minnesota in 1976. He says that although his college degree was in chemistry, he found that selling was what he did best.

At first he sold cars. Then he sold interest in weight-lifting.

A body-builder, he started the first Olympia gym with Cottle in 1979. It was Cottle who originally convinced him they should go into business with Davis.

Sherman said he's selling his ownership in the gyms and taking over the sauce business full time.

It's nothing short of a miracle that a deal was worked out with Davis at all, he said.

"He liked us personally. He thought we were his kind of guys."

Industry experts say that barbecue sauce is about to go upscale.

Sherman believes Ken Davis sauce can win a spot on the trend list.

According to a recent article in Forbes magazine, more than 180 million Americans are eating barbecued foods each year, sparking about \$6 billion annually in sales of grills, charcoal lighter, groceries for cook-outs, and related items. They're spending about \$350 million a year on barbecue sauce. That figure is expected to grow, since barbecue sauce sales have jumped more than 33 percent in the past five years and much of that growth is coming from higher-priced, premium sauces, the article said.

Sherman has been fiddling with the original Ken Davis product in preparation for its national debut.

The Worldwide product line now consists of three sauces — original, smokey and spicy.

The products also have new packaging. Instead of the traditional bottle, the sauce is being sold in plastic, microwavable tubs.

"We use Ken's basic formula but we increase certain ingredients," said Sherman. "Minnesota tastes are pretty bland. Our tests in California found that we couldn't go up against Kraft's Bull's-Eye all over the country with Ken's Smooth n' Spicy. It was too bland for West Coast tastes so we just added more jalapeno peppers."

The Miami move was prompted in part because the company's newly named chairman, Richard Yulman, lives there. Yulman, a major investor in Ken Davis Worldwide, formerly was head of Sealy Mattress Co.

"We would like to get national distribution of our sauce in five years," Sherman said. "I'm realistic. We're a niche product. We won't be the number one barbecue sauce in the nation. We're a start-up, developmental stage company. Anything can happen."

Going national won't be easy, said Craig Carver, an analyst who follows food companies for Dain Bosworth in Minneapolis.

"Taking a regional product national can be very difficult, especially when you're trying to compete with a national brand."

In barbecue sauces, Kraft has the lock on the national market, currently claiming about 50 percent. Its recently introduced hotter sauce, Bull's-Eye, is selling well.

"There are a lot of regional players out there who won't go anywhere but local," said Carver.

Still, it's not impossible to succeed, said Mary Dawn Wright, a chef in the food service division of General Mills.

"Each region of the country prefers its own taste in barbecue. The Midwest, for example, prefers a more sweet sauce," she said.

And, she added, people have stronger feelings for their barbecue sauce than they do for many products.

"People tend to have brand loyalty to barbecue sauce," she said. "There are certain items that people tend to price shop. Barbecue sauce isn't one."

The original Ken Davis is not pleased with the way the other company bearing his name is doing business.

The personal relationship he had with the other Ken and his partners has gone sour. Ken Davis said the newcomers aren't taking the same care he does in making the product.

And, he said, he's sorry he struck the deal.

It's a nice deal for Davis, said Sherman.

"He gets a percent of the gross," he said. "The better we do, the better he does. You would love to have the money from us in a year that he'll get. I'd love to have the money in year five that he'll get."

Davis said he plans to continue running his company and that he has no plans to expand it beyond its current five-state market area. Nor, he said, does he have any plans to back out of the agreement with Sherman's investor group.

"But I wouldn't do it again," he says adamantly. "Even if it was God."



## Star Tribune



Friday  
August 23/1991  
Read then recycle



Barbecue sauce king Ken Davis, 67, died Thursday. Page 6B

6B • •

Friday/August 23/1991/Star Tribune

## Obituaries

# Ken Davis, barbecue-sauce maker, dies

By Pat Pfeifer  
Staff Writer

Ken Davis, 67, the barbecue sauce king who once peddled his spicy concoction from the back of a station wagon to every supermarket and grocery store in the Twin Cities, died Thursday at Methodist Hospital in St. Louis Park.

Doctors told Davis in January that he had cancer. He underwent five months of chemotherapy treatments, and it appeared that the cancer was in remission. It reappeared in mid-July, and he went into a coma on Sunday, said Brad Haddy, a management consultant for Ken Davis Products Inc. in St. Louis Park.

Davis, of Eden Prairie, grew up in Omaha, Neb., with his mother, grandmother and stepfather. He went

to work at age 6 to help his family pay the grocery bills and worked for a grocer all the way through high school. After graduation he enrolled in the engineering program at Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. He served in the Army Corps of Engineers during World War II.

After the war he played jazz professionally (he was an upright-bass player) and owned a commercial kitchen that prepared salads and barbecued meat for delis and small restaurants in Omaha. He also owned a small commercial maintenance company.

"In those days, if you were black and went to apply for a job they handed you a mop," said his wife, Barbara Jo Davis. "He made the most of it and started his own business with a mop."

He moved to Minneapolis, where he had heard there were more opportunities, in about 1967. After painting houses and working at other odd jobs, he joined Dayton's as maintenance supervisor at its Brookdale store.

He bought Edina Chicken in 1969, a take-out restaurant at 50th St. and France Av. S., where customers clamored to buy the sauce Davis used on his chicken and ribs.

At that time he threw each batch together using a pinch of this and a pinch of that. A home economist at General Mills named Barbara Jo Taylor helped him develop a consistent recipe. They were married in 1972.

Edina Chicken closed after a year, and Davis launched Ken Davis Prod-

ucts Inc.

"Kenny was quite a character," said Dave Nimmer, a journalism instructor at the University of St. Thomas in St. Paul who met Davis in 1968. "He used to peddle his sauce out of the trunk of his car. He lugged it from Stillwater to metropolitan Minneapolis. He simply wouldn't take no for an answer. He was indefatigable. He worked harder than anybody I've ever seen trying to put this business together."

It took him six or seven weeks to complete the rounds of every store in the seven-county metropolitan area, Haddy said yesterday.

"That's why Ken Davis Products today has 100 percent distribution in Minnesota," he said. "Every place you go that sells groceries sells Ken Davis products."

Today the company distributes six barbecue sauce flavors in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and North and South Dakota and has annual revenues of several million dollars. Friends have the sauces shipped to them as far away as Switzerland and Japan, Haddy said.

The secret recipe is attributed to Davis' grandmother, who grew up on a ranch in Montana.

He insisted on the personal touch to sell his products. He traveled in a 45-foot-long customized bus with a licensed kitchen and four barbecue grills in its belly, and he demonstrated his craft in many Minnesota cities. He raised money for causes from food shelves to baseball teams. He served barbecue at the State Fair, the Minneapolis Aquatennial and the St. Paul Winter Carnival.

He and his company received local, state and national recognition for his sauces and his work on behalf of charities. Recently he was asked to attend conferences in Moscow on international trade. He and his wife were planning to visit the Soviet Union in late September. His company was asked to begin a joint venture with a Soviet company.

Davis loved jazz and was friends with several famous musicians. He was one of the first black Santa Clauses to entertain children in the Twin Cities.

Besides his wife, he is survived by sons Kenneth J. Davis Jr. of Los Angeles and Kevin Davis of Minneapolis; daughters Anita L. Davis of Denver and Donna Cooper of Omaha; a sister, Maxine Summers of Omaha, and two grandchildren.

At the family's request, no services will be held. Memorials to the Park Nicollet Medical Foundation Cancer Fund or the Methodist Hospital Foundation Cancer Center Fund are suggested.



**23<sup>RD</sup>**

AUGUST 1991

FRIDAY

# METRO

**C**

SECTION

14 PAGES

## Kenneth Davis dead at 67; made popular barbecue sauce

LYDIA VILLALVA LIJO STAFF WRITER

**K**enneth J. Davis, the entrepreneur whose likeness became the familiar logo for his popular barbecue sauce, died Thursday at Methodist Hospital of complications related to lung cancer. Ken Davis was 67 and lived in Eden Prairie.

In November 1970, with \$100 to invest and at the urging of customers who loved his thick, sweet barbecue sauce, Davis launched what became Ken Davis Products Inc. The recipe for the original Ken

Davis Bar-B-Q Sauce is based on a recipe originated by Davis' grandmother, Ardelia Gardner, who developed the sauce in Wyoming.

Davis' St. Louis Park-based company has expanded its product line from the original barbecue sauce to five other sauce flavors and other food products. The sauces are distributed in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and the Dakotas.

DAVIS CONTINUED ON 6C ►



**Ken Davis was proud that he'd had only four jobs. No job lasted more than a year, because he didn't like working for anyone.**

## DAVIS/When brokers wouldn't carry sauce, he sold it him-

In 1987, Davis told the St. Paul Pioneer Press that he sold 100,000 cases of the sauce annually. Brad Haddy, management consultant at Ken Davis Products, said Thursday that the privately owned company generates multimillion dollar revenues each year.

Davis' wife of 19 years, Barbara Jo, is president of the company. The couple met in 1970 when Davis hired Barbara Jo, a home economist, to stabilize the barbecue sauce before it was sold on grocery shelves.

Barbara Jo Davis described her husband as a lifelong risk-taker and a "true entrepreneur."

"Ken always prided himself on the fact that he only had about four jobs in his life and none lasted more than a year because he didn't like working for anybody. He always had his own business," she said.

Davis was inspired by his grandmother, who not only created the sauce, but also taught Davis about self-sufficiency, and by a merchant who owned the grocery store where Davis worked as a child, Barbara Jo Davis said.

The grocer told Davis, "Ken, one thing you have to know is being a minority in this country means you have to make it on your own." It inspired him. He always believed that, Davis' wife said.

Davis moved to the Twin Cities from his native Omaha, Neb., in the 1960s. In Omaha, Davis had owned a commercial kitchen and a janitorial service. After moving to Minnesota, he was hired by Dayton's to head its maintenance department, Barbara Jo Davis said.

Davis opened Edina Chicken in 1969 and the fast-food chicken and rib restaurant quickly developed a following. The following year, Davis took the advice of customers and a bookkeeper who urged him to sell his barbecue sauce.

Initially unable to enlist the support of brokers and warehouses, Davis drove to food stores throughout the seven-county metro area and convinced grocers to sell

his barbecue sauce, said Haddy, the management consultant.

Davis later resisted lucrative offers from major food companies that wanted to buy him out. But in 1986, he sold the licensing rights to the use of his name because he decided he did not want to take his company national. The investors who founded Ken Davis Worldwide said their goal was to sell the product nationally. However, the plan failed and the company went out of business.

Ken Davis grew up in an integrated neighborhood in Omaha. A

jazz aficionado, he began playing the upright bass professionally while in high school, Barbara Jo Davis said. He maintained a lifetime love of straight-ahead jazz, but did not pursue a musical career "because he could not be the best there was," she said, explaining that Davis' personal credo was, "If you can't be the best, then you just don't mess with it."

Davis briefly studied engineering at Drake University in Iowa. During World War II, he served with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

"What I have always said in the 21 years that I've known him was: It was never dull. He always had something going on," Barbara Jo Davis said.

In addition to his wife, Davis is survived by sons Kenneth J. Davis Jr. of Los Angeles and Kevin J. Davis of Minneapolis; daughters Anita L. Davis of Denver and Donna D. Cooper of Omaha; a sister, Maxine Summers of Omaha; and two grandchildren.

Davis will be cremated and no memorial or funeral services are planned.

## The Star Tribune News Quiz

### Topics in the News

- Five people were killed and more than 100 hurt in a New York \_\_\_\_\_  
 a. bridge failure.  
 b. airplane crash.  
 c. subway train crash.
- President Carlos Salinas de Gortari's PRI party did very well in elections in \_\_\_\_\_  
 a. Mexico.  
 b. Argentina.  
 c. Spain.
- Yugoslavian jets bombed targets in \_\_\_\_\_  
 a. Greece.  
 b. Croatia.  
 c. Hungary.
- There have been violent street battles between Jews and blacks in \_\_\_\_\_  
 a. Israel.  
 b. Ethiopia.  
 c. New York City.
- Communist Party activities have been banned in \_\_\_\_\_  
 a. Moscow.  
 b. Dallas.  
 c. London.
- One of the world's best-known newspapers was suspended from publishing last week. Its name is \_\_\_\_\_  
 a. the New York Post.  
 b. Pravda.  
 c. the Christian Science Monitor.
- A crowd of 200,000 gathered in the city of Antananarivo to demonstrate against Didier Ratsiraka, the president of \_\_\_\_\_  
 a. Madagascar.  
 b. Sri Lanka.  
 c. Byelorussia.

### Faces and Places



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3



No. 4



No. 5

8. Match the people shown above with the news stories listed below:

- \_\_\_\_\_ TV evangelist Jim Bakker's prison sentence was reduced.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Twin Cities barbecue king Ken Davis died at age 67.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Raisa Gorbachev is ill. Few details of her condition are known.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Mikhail Gorbachev's personal military adviser, Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, killed himself.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Arthur Fletcher, the chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, said black military personnel and civilian employees in the armed forces are being discriminated against in Germany.

9. Cuban prisoners took hostages at a prison standoff in Talladega, Ala. Here's a map of Alabama. Label these cities:
- a. Montgomery.
  - b. Mobile.
  - c. Birmingham.
  - d. Tuscaloosa.



Answers to the quiz are on page 19A.

# Friends mourn Ken Davis with a saucy party

■ Barbecue sauce creator **Ken Davis** wanted to be remembered with music and minimal mourning, we hear. Before he died last month, Davis left instructions not to have a funeral. Instead, his widow, **Barbara Jo Davis**, threw him a party at Rupert's Sunday for about 300. His dark glasses were placed atop the urn bearing his ashes; alongside it was a much better cigar than the Macanudo he smoked.



■ Humphrey Day Dinner guests who are also invited to **Lorie Humphrey's** wedding have a choice to make. The Oct. 5 events overlap. Organizers of the annual DFL Party event apparently weren't aware that that's the day when Attorney General **Skip** and wife **Lee Humphrey's** oldest child plans to marry **Jim Bachelor**. The stress of arranging a wedding apparently isn't enough for this couple — they're both also sweating out the results of their bar exams. While guests who want to attend both events think that will be nearly impossible, the AG says that's what his late dad would have done — go to the wedding but duck out to hear presidential candidate Sen. **Tom Harkin**, D-Iowa, at the dinner.

■ We hear that the reclusive **Stephen Adams** actually has been seen lately

**C.J.**

surprised if the Nuggets got some financial assistance that the club had applied for from the NBA, and then that the club had no chance of getting the assistance for which it had never applied. . . . "At week's end he trumpeted a dramatic 'improvement' in KOA radio's coverage of the Nuggets this year," Krieger writes, but never mentioned that the "improvement" was the elimination of color man **Dave Logan** (which saved the station an estimated \$35,000 in travel costs). "Question: Is honesty part of the dead wood **Leiweke** has kicked out the McNichols Arena door?" writes Krieger. Whew! **Leiweke** could use the alias bestowed on him by **Sid Hartman** during a WCCO-AM

MINNESOTA DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH  
Section of Vital Statistics

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

LOCAL FILE NUMBER

STATE FILE NUMBER

|   |  |  |   |  |  |   |                                  |  |
|---|--|--|---|--|--|---|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. DECEDENT'S NAME (First) (Middle) (Last)<br>KENNETH JOHN DAVIS SR.  |  |  | 2. SEX<br>Male  |  | 3. DATE OF DEATH (month, day, year)<br>August 22, 1991 |   | 4. TIME OF DEATH<br>12:30 P.M.   |  |
| 5. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER<br>[REDACTED]   |  |  | 6a. AGE Last Birthday (years)<br>67   |  | 6b. UNDER 1 YEAR<br>months days                        |   | 6c. UNDER 1 DAY<br>hours minutes |  |
| 7. DATE OF BIRTH (month, day, year)<br>September 22, 1923   |  |  |   |  |  |   |                                  |  |
| 8. BIRTHPLACE (city and state or foreign country)<br>Omaha, Nebraska  |  |  | 9. WAS DECEDENT EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? (specify yes or no)<br>Yes   |  |  | 10a. PLACE OF DEATH (check only one - see instructions on other side)<br><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> HOSPITAL <input type="checkbox"/> ER Outpatient <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER <input type="checkbox"/> Nursing home <input type="checkbox"/> Residence <input type="checkbox"/> Inpatient <input type="checkbox"/> DOA <input type="checkbox"/> Other (specify) |                                  |  |
| 10b. FACILITY NAME (if not institution, give street and number)<br>Methodist Hospital   |  |  | 10c. CITY OR TOWNSHIP OF DEATH<br>St. Louis Park  |  |  | 10d. COUNTY OF DEATH<br>Hennepin  |                                  |  |
| 11. MARITAL STATUS - Married, Never Married, Widowed, Divorced (specify)<br>Married   |  |  | 12. SPOUSE - Name (if wife, give maiden name)<br>Barbara Jo Taylor  |  |  | 13a. DECEDENT'S USUAL OCCUPATION (give kind of work done during most of working life. Do not use retired)<br>President/Owner  |                                  |  |
| 13b. KIND OF BUSINESS/INDUSTRY<br>Barbeque Products   |  |  | 14a. RESIDENCE - State<br>Minnesota   |  |  | 14b. COUNTY<br>Hennepin   |                                  |  |
| 14c. CITY OR TOWNSHIP<br>Eden Prairie   |  |  | 14d. STREET AND NUMBER<br>9120 Flyway Circle  |  |  | 14e. INSIDE CITY LIMITS? (specify yes or no)<br>Yes   |                                  |  |
| 14f. ZIP CODE<br>55344  |  |  | 15. WAS DECEDENT OF HISPANIC ORIGIN? (specify yes or no - if yes, specify Cuban, Mexican, Puerto Rican, etc.)<br><input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No  |  |  |   |                                  |  |
| 16. RACE (see instructions on other side)<br>Black  |  |  | 17. DECEDENT'S EDUCATION (specify only highest grade completed)<br>Elementary/Secondary (10-12) College (1-4 or 5+)<br>2  |  |  | 18. FATHER'S NAME (first, middle, last)<br>Fred Davis   |                                  |  |
| 19. MOTHER'S NAME (first, middle, maiden surname)<br>Helen Gardner  |  |  | 20a. INFORMANT'S NAME (type, print)<br>Barbara Davis  |  |  | 20b. INFORMANT'S MAILING ADDRESS (Street and Number or Rural Route Number, City, State, Zip Code)<br>9120 Flyway Circle<br>Eden Prairie, MN 55344   |                                  |  |
| 21a. METHOD OF DISPOSITION<br><input type="checkbox"/> Burial <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Cremation <input type="checkbox"/> Removal from state <input type="checkbox"/> Donation <input type="checkbox"/> Other (specify)  |  |  | 21b. PLACE OF DISPOSITION (Name of cemetery, crematory, or other place)<br>Metropolitan Crematory   |  |  | 21c. LOCATION - City or Township, State<br>Minneapolis, Minnesota   |                                  |  |
| 22. LICENSE NUMBER (of Funeral Establishment)<br>0717   |  |  | 23. NAME AND ADDRESS OF FUNERAL ESTABLISHMENT<br>Cremation Society of Minnesota<br>4343 Nicollet Ave. Minneapolis, MN 55409   |  |  | 24a. CERTIFICATION - PHYSICIAN<br>I attended the deceased from 11/30/91 to 8/22/91<br>and last saw him/her on 8/22/91<br>I (did/did not) view the body after death  |                                  |  |
| 24b. SIGNATURE Physician, Medical Examiner or Coroner<br>[Signature]  |  |  | 24c. LICENSE NUMBER (of physician)<br>6308317   |  |  | 24d. DATE SIGNED (month, day, year)<br>8/30/91  |                                  |  |
| 25. NAME AND ADDRESS OF <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> PHYSICIAN <input type="checkbox"/> MEDICAL EXAMINER OR CORONER<br>Douglas J. Rausch, M.D.<br>5000 W. 39th Street<br>Mpls, MN 55416  |  |  | 26. REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE<br>Lorraine Lincoln, Deputy<br>27. DATE FILED (month, day, year)<br>SEP 11 1991   |  |  |   |                                  |  |
| 28. CAUSE OF DEATH<br>PART I Enter the diseases, injuries or complications that caused the death. Do not enter the mode of dying, such as cardiac or respiratory arrest, shock, or heart failure. List only one cause on each line.<br>IMMEDIATE CAUSE (final disease or condition resulting in death)<br>a. <u>Brain Metastases</u><br>due to or as a consequence of<br>b. <u>small cell carcinoma of the lung</u><br>due to or as a consequence of<br>c. <u></u><br>Sequentially list conditions, if any leading to immediate cause. Enter UNDERLYING CAUSE (disease or injury that initiated events resulting in death) LAST |  |  | If diagnosis deferred <input type="checkbox"/> Check box  |  |  | Approximate interval between onset and death<br>4 weeks<br>8 months   |                                  |  |
| PART II OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS contributing to death but not resulting in the underlying cause given in PART I  |  |  | 29a. WAS CASE REFERRED TO MEDICAL EXAMINER OR CORONER?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No   |  |  | 29b. WAS AN AUTOPSY PERFORMED?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No   |                                  |  |
| 29c. WERE AUTOPSY FINDINGS AVAILABLE PRIOR TO COMPLETION OF CAUSE OF DEATH?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No   |  |  | 30. MANNER OF DEATH<br><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Natural <input type="checkbox"/> Accident <input type="checkbox"/> Suicide <input type="checkbox"/> Homicide <input type="checkbox"/> Pending investigation <input type="checkbox"/> Could not be determined |  |  | 31a. DATE OF INJURY (month, day, year)  |                                  |  |
| 31b. TIME OF INJURY   |  |  | 31c. INJURY AT WORK?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No  |  |  | 31d. DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED   |                                  |  |
| 31e. PLACE OF INJURY At home, farm, street, factory, office building, etc. (specify)  |  |  | 31f. LOCATION - (street and number)   |  |  | city or township, state   |                                  |  |

Print  
Ink  
Other

her side  
Instructions  
of death  
other  
items

PROVED BY  
M.L.J. EXAMINER

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