

In London, just back from Munich, Neville Chamberlain spoke of Czechoslovakia as "that far away country of which we know nothing." In New York preparations for a World's Fair were rushing to completion. As the fair opened, from the tallest tower near the Lagoon of Nations, a cluster of huge Cinaudagraph loudspeakers commanded the Flushing Meadows. This was the setting. It was 1939.

By then, a young second-generation Czech named R. T. Bozak had become chief engineer of Cinaudagraph. Jumping the starting gate by 15 years, Cinaudagraph had been early in the race to build quality loudspeakers not piecemeal, but from the ground up. The jockey on that track was Bozak; the tower was away up there. In connection with these monster 24-inch cones, as Rudy observed much later on, the only transients in the whole fair were the audience in attendance.

This was Rudy. Cinaudagraph '35 was followed by C. G. Conn '44, Wurlitzer '48 and preceded by Allen-Bradley '33; but in '48 heavy weather at Wurlitzer left the good ship Bozak & Family hard aground in Buffalo. The harrowing question of that time: Of what use is a fine cartridge, a wide-range recording, without a commensurate loudspeaker? The time was at hand; Bozak loudspeakers were to run fast on prepared turf. Following the suggestion of Norman Pickering, I went to see Rudy. On a hot summer afternoon in 1952 I found him, hand stretched out from the porch of his big old house on the North Tonawanda side of Buffalo.

Solo efforts sometimes start—and often end—in basements. Two minutes later we were down the stairs into a subterranean loudspeaker plant! The common goal of harnessing au-



Rudolph T. Bozak (1910–1981) was the recipient of the Audio Engineering Society's John H. Potts Award (now the Gold Medal) in 1970.

dio snapped us together with an almost audible click. Two loners au basement, au "entrepreneur," as some writers are wont to call it now, recognized the common need for larger quarters. That autumn Rudy and I moved our efforts together into a large industrial building in Stamford. We shared space there (in the cellar, of course) for two years. The friendship never ended.

Rudolph Thomas Bozak was born in Uniontown, PA, of Slavic-Czech parents. He studied at the Milwaukee School of Engineering. In 1981 the college awarded him an honorary doctorate in engineering. A year later, on February 8th, Rudy died, leaving his wife Lillian and three lovely daughters, Lillian, Mary and Barbara.

I think the one outstanding quality Rudy displayed was that he always "stuck to his guns." Sometimes misinterpreted as obstinacy, this characteristic was actually a reflection of his analytical mind. He thought through technical matters, and usually had come to the point where he

felt he knew exactly where he stood. Sometimes he might give a little, but not on matters of principle.

He operated his company the same way. For him, number one was not the image of integrity, but what he conceived as the real integrity of product and design of product. There can be a big difference; in the highly structured monolithic corporation this objective is nearly impossible to execute. Number two was the making of enough profit to survive and to expand in such orderly ways as are properly the name of survival and of function.

Rudy's generous AES activity, his great sociability, his incessant traveling, resulting in hundreds of friends—all these things attest to our loss.

Flushing Meadows may be quieter now, but Rudy Bozak's thousands of loudspeakers will continue to speak for him in other places for a long, long time. In my book, Rudy Bozak was the sort of human this world was made for.

Emory Cook