

REFRIGERATION

AUGUST 2023

magazine

**Lahaina Shaved Ice
stays open**

Tubular Dude

PHOTO:
Hurricane Idalia
hits Florida

106th IPIA
CONVENTION SCHEDULE



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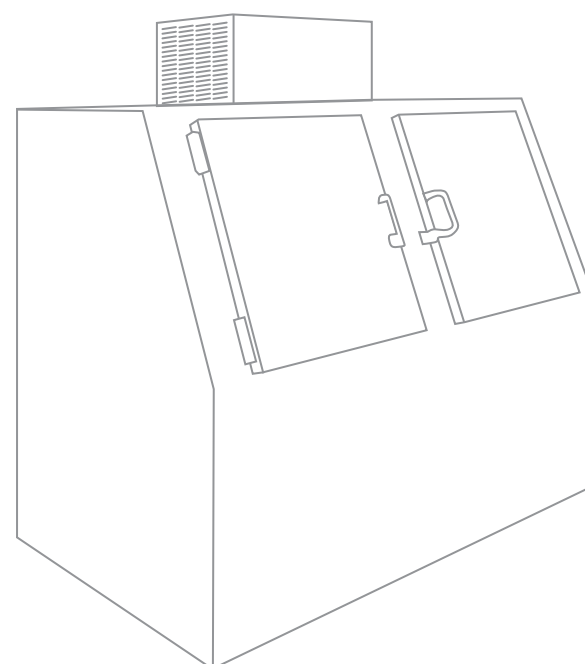
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REFRIGERATION magazine

August 2023
Vol. 206 | No. 6
ISSN #0034-3137

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Established as ICE in 1906, *Refrigeration Magazine™* is published thirteen times a year, including the Annual Buyer's Guide.

Postmaster:
Send notice by form 3579 to:
Refrigeration Magazine
2930 Cedar Knoll Drive
Roswell, GA 30076

Annual Subscriptions:
US: \$49/year or \$79/two years
International: \$79/year

Single Copies: \$6/copy

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Bagged Ice is the Constant Clear Solution

In the recent Maui fires, two Ululani's Hawaiian Shave Ice locations burned down after 15 years in Lāhainā. Hawaii shave ice is a sweet specialty for locals and tourists alike, with dozens of techniques to concoct the perfect fruit syrup-soaked, snow-like frozen treat. The small, close-knit community is full of family and extended family, working to clean through the remains of their town.

The power of the family business, on ANY scale, is vital to its community.

The owner of the company shares the devastation to the town inside this issue.

And the rest of the world continues to undergo storms, fires and floods, each one mightier and stronger than the last.

When I worry about that, I remember a happy surprise during the early, uneasy days and weeks of the pandemic: this image surfaced on the internet of what a polluted city will improve to, in just a little bit of time.

Clarity is key to your product, just as it is in all things.

Happy Reading!

Mary

Mary Yopp Cronley
Editor
Refrigeration Magazine



"Clarity is key to your product, just as it is in all things."



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TUBULAR Dude

A young boy stood in front of the convenience store repeatedly opening and closing the door to the ice merchandiser. He was careful not to step in the motor oil someone spilt onto the ground. His mom would tear into him if he tracked that into the house.

Cool air rushed to his face each time he opened square metal door. The sound his voice made as he yelled into the near empty box sounded hollow and echoed backed to him. A few moments later he was startled a loud angry voice. "Hey, kid.! Get out of there! " The boy quickly jerked his head out of the box. The store manager, a big man with a large belly and bushy eyebrows, wearing a nasty snarl on his face, pointed a large chubby finger in his face and shook it. The man's voice was high-pitched and exasperated. This was not his first experience with the young hooligan.

"Get out of here, Punk! The next time I see you doing that, I'm going to roll you up in a tight little ball, toss you in there and lock the door behind you! Now scam!

The boy dropped his strawberry Slurpee. It hit the ground with a thud. Most of the iced drink shot up out of the cup like a fountain landing into a large puddle of oil. An empty quart of Super Start Motor Oil lay next to it. The boy looked sadly down at his drink and then to the man's stern face.

"That's two messes I have to clean up, kid. Now get out of here!"

The delivery truck from Always Nice Ice Company backed up to the ice merchandiser.

Benny, the driver, walked to the back of the truck and opened the rear door. This was his last stop. It was just as well. He'd already put in a thirteen-hour day and his back was killing him. It was starting to get dark and Benny looked forward to going home.

One hundred, twenty-pound ice bags lay stacked on an old, beaten up, wooden pallet nearest the open rear door. All of the bags had "Have an Ice Day" printed on their lower portion. He grabbed two bags at a time and placed them inside the box. As he grabbed the last two bags and turned to put it into the box, the bottom corner of one of the bags

caught on a small jagged splinter. It tore into the bag leaving a small ripped hole. Benny didn't notice and tossed the bag into the merchandiser. He also didn't see the lone, tubular piece of ice drop to the ground.

Happy to be done with the long day, Benny closed the rear door of his truck and cheerfully drove back to the ice plant.

Moments after Benny drove off, the assistant manager of the small market locked up the store for the night. He then walked to the ice merchandiser, put a lock on its door and headed for his car. The big man with the large belly deliberately chose not to look to the ground. He knew there was a mess to clean up there. The oil and spilt Slurpee could wait until morning.

Had he looked down to the ground as he was locking the icebox, he would have instantly stopped.

On the asphalt where the young boy had dropped his iced drink, something very unusual was occurring. An ice cube, only partially melted, sat atop a thick glob of spilt pink slurpee. The slurpee looked like a black and pink swirl as it had settled into the motor oil that lay beneath it.

The mixture pulsed and glowed an eerie florescent blackish-green, beneath the pinkish swirl.

Large mis-shaped, throbbing, slow forming bubbles, created air pockets that rose to the top of the mixture. One bubble, larger than the others, gurgled its way to the top, swelled even larger and then burst. A large glob spurt from it landing on the square metal door of the ice merchandiser. In an instant, the remaining mixture, as if it had a life of its own, bubbled quicker. In its movement, it inched towards the ice merchandiser. Slowly it edged toward the box until it reached the thin metal exterior. The thick, jelly-like mixture adhered to the metal skin. It shimmered in pulsating movements up the box until it reached where the first burst landed. In the blink of an eye, the mixture disappeared into the box.

The small, scraggly dog jumped. Brown alert eyes looked towards the sound coming from across the street. He focused on the rectangular metal box placed against the wall of the small store. He was familiar of the location as from time to time he would find discard pieces of food in the parking lot.

Too high pitched for a human to hear, had one been in the area, the dog walked slowly towards

the odd noise. The hair on his back and neck stood. He growled nervously.

The ice merchandiser quivered violently. The forceful vibration vacillated from violent shudders to gentle swaying. The noise that at first only the dog could hear, grew in intensity and volume. Its pulsating movement continued to the point of the box rocking back and forth, and from side to side, with its metal sides expanding outward.

Suddenly all sound and movement stopped. The dog cocked his head. He snarled anxiously, cautiously turning away. He was less than a hundred feet from the merchandiser

when a loud bang stopped him in his tracks. He glanced back in fear to where the icebox

was. Pieces of it were falling to the ground in jagged, glowing pieces.

Only the very bottom of its base remained. The dog was nowhere to be seen.

"What was that?" The young man protectively pulled his wife close as they both jumped at the sound of an explosion. They were on their nightly walk, less than one block from the convenience store.

"Geez! I don't know, Billy." Kathy was four months pregnant with their first child. Her doctor recommended the nightly walk that Kathy enjoyed so much. She loved her husband deeply and called the walks they took together every night their "special time."

The sudden loud bang had frightened her. She instantly looked at her husband with a scared expression.

Billy held her close and smiled. "Maybe it was a backfire from a car. Nothing to worry about, sweetie." He took her by the hand and continued their walk. They walked another two blocks when they heard a voice.

"Alright, you two. Stop right now!"

Startled, Billy turned. A man stood in the doorway of the old and abandoned warehouse they were walking past. He had a gun.

Kathy turned and saw the man. He was slightly obscured by the shadows, but the look on his

face and the gun in his hand was all she needed to see. Billy brought her in closer to him and stood between her and the man with the gun. His heart pounded. He was scared and Kathy's trembling only increased his fear further.

"Don't try to be a hero, buddy." The man stepped out of the shadows. He was tall and thin. His face was gaunt and he looked as if he had not eaten in days. The thin body twitched uncontrollably and Billy's first thought was the man was on drugs. That scared him more.

Kathy cried softly and held on to her husband tightly.

"Please don't hurt us," she cried. "I'm going to have a baby."

The man smiled cruelly. His eyes were glassy and barely open. The wall he leaned against appeared to be holding him up.

He gestured weakly at Billy with his gun. "Your wallet; let's see it."

"Give it to him, Billy!" Kathy cried uncontrollably. "Don't let him hurt our baby."

"That's right, Billy boy. Do as she says or," he pointed the gun at Kathy's stomach, "I will hurt the baby." As he reached out to take the offered wallet, he stumbled and fell into Billy. Kathy screamed as Billy tried to back away from the falling man without tripping his wife. The man caught himself from hitting the ground by clutching Billy's throat.

With one hand on Billy's throat and the other hand clutching the gun, the man held the weapon to Kathy's stomach.

"I told ya not to be a hero." The man took a step back with a filthy, scab-laden hand still around Billy's neck. "And now, you're going to pay the price." He released his hand from Billy, and stepped back with wide, hysterical eyes, his gun still aimed at Kathy. She sobbed frantically and tried to turn her stomach away from the man. Billy attempted to shield her from the weapon without making any sudden moves that would prompt the man into shooting.

Though Billy was scared for his wife and unborn child he continued to struggle to figure away out of this. He knew this man would shoot him. How could he save his wife and unborn child.

"I wasn't trying to do anything! You stumbled into me! Here; take my wallet!"

The man found support against the wall waved the gun in the air. He laughed manically.

A strong wind blew dropping the temperature dramatically. Had the young couple not been scared out of their wits and on the verge of being killed, and had the man with the gun not been on drugs, they would have immediately noticed the sudden drop in temperature. The appearance of the light snow that began to fall also went unnoticed.





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Billy stood in front of his wife. The decision was made. He would charge the man. He knew he would be shot but hoped Kathy could get away in the confusion. In an instant he knew he would never see his child born but the sadness was quickly replaced by an anger he had never felt before. This man, a drug addict, would destroy three lives over the few dollars he had in his pocket.

Billy turned to his wife. They shared a look. Her lower lip quivered and tears flowed down her face. Her make-up was streaked and her blue eyes, filled with terror.

"Get ready to run," he whispered. He squeezed her hand and turned to face his fate. Deciding not to give the man anymore time, Billy set his feet. It was difficult because his legs felt like jelly. Taking a last look at Kathy, he made sure she was directly behind him. I have to shield her from the bullet.

The man's laugh grew crueler. He waved his gun in small, erratic circles. Billy's heart pounded as he prepared to lunge.

It's now or never.

The addict's gun now pointed to the sky. Suddenly the wind blew harder and the snow fell harder. This time, Billy did notice. Kathy screamed.

The drug addict's eyes widened with confusion as he turned his head to the fallen snow. He turned again to his victims and shakily pointed the gun. His finger began to tighten on the trigger.

"Now!" Billy screamed. He leapt forward and felt as if he had hit a brick wall. He fell backwards into his wife. He knew he had taken a bullet. In a flash, he realized he had failed and his wife and unborn child would die. Before his eyes reopened, he heard a wild and terror-filled scream. He somehow realized that the scream was not his or Kathy's. It was the gunman's scream. Lying on his back, against the wall, with Kathy partially under him, Billy looked up.

The screaming man was held up in the air by a...man, made of ice!

For a moment Billy thought he was dead. Kathy's soft crying beneath him allowed him to quickly discard that thought.

Before them stood a large something, made of small tubular pieces of ice. He held the would-be killer by one arm. The drug addict screamed wildly, his free arm and legs beating against the frozen giant. The iceman slammed his elbow into the jaw of the screaming addict. The man went limp. On the ground laid his gun. The man made of ice placed the now unconscious gunman on the ground and kicked the gun towards the street.

He turned toward Billy and Kathy. With his wife now sitting beside him with their backs against the wall, they held their breath in unbelieving terror as they took in the man that stood in front of them. But he is not a man, Billy's mind told him. The thing that stood

before them was made entirely of ice. From head to toe, he was ice, small tubular shaped ice cubes stacked together in the form of a man. He stood well over six foot and his girth resembled that of a heavyweight boxer. Walking to the gun laying in the street, the man of ice picked it up. He walked back to Billy and Kathy, grabbing the drug addict by one hand and tucking him under his massive arm. He looked at the young frightened couple and...smiled!

"Have an ice day," he said in a clear deep voice. And as fast he had appeared, he was gone. In a whirlwind of ice and snow he disappeared! Instantly the snow stopped and the temperature rose to where it had been before his appearance.

Billy turned to face his wife. She was crying softly and trembling. Suddenly her eyes went wide and she jumped into her husband's arms, her hands frantically checking him for the bullet wound. There was none. Billy had been knocked backwards from the impact of lunging full force into their savior, a man frozen from head to toe.

As this thought dawned of both of them, they looked at each other with uncomprehending

eyes. Neither could believe what had just happened but they knew they were alive. Together they began to laugh, at first nervously, and then uncontrollably. They were alive! Billy had not been shot. Something had saved them. To the

old woman who was taking her nightly walk across the street, this young couple sitting in the doorway of the old abandoned warehouse, laughing loudly and hugging each other, was another reminder of why she thought she should move from this neighborhood. Drug addicts, she thought, shaking her head sadly.

Seven blocks away, police officer Henry Smotes just pulled into the precinct parking lot when he felt a sudden chill. He quickly forgot that thought as he saw what he was sure was only an indication that he was ready to go home. On the front steps of the 7th precinct building, was what looked to be a white, snow filled mini-tornado. As quickly as it had appeared, it was gone. What at first, he thought to be an illusion, turned into a man lying, unconscious, on the steps leading into the police station. He instantly recognized the man as one of the local drug addicts they had been trying to capture for the last month. It was John Gillian, a drug addict that funded his habit through armed robberies. He was tied up from head to toe and a gun lay by his side.

Two miles from the 7th precinct, Benny pulled his ice delivery truck into the parking lot of the ice plant where he had been employed for seven years, Always Nice Ice Company.

The misty white whirlwind of snow and ice that disappeared behind the building, to where the ice storage freezer was located was not seen. It was time to go home. RM

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★ IPIA 2023 CONVENTION AGENDA ★

(Subject to change)

SUN

NOVEMBER 12
(Early Arrival Day)

9:00 am-1:00 pm
11:30 am-5:00 pm
12:00 pm-9:00 pm
2:00 pm-5:00 pm
6:30 pm-9:00 pm

Executive Committee Meeting
Registration/Hospitality Desk
Supplier Optional Exhibit Set-Up (Restricted to Suppliers only)
Board of Directors/Committee Meeting
Board of Directors/Committee Dinner (Offsite) or Dinner on your own

MON

NOVEMBER 13

6:45 am-1:30 pm
7:30 am-4:30 pm
7:30 am-8:00 pm
8:00 am-1:00 pm
8:30 am-12:30 pm
10:15 am-12:30 pm
1:30 pm-2:15 pm
2:15 pm-4:15 pm
4:30 pm-7:30 pm

18th Annual Mel Eads Memorial Golf Tournament**
Supplier Exhibit Set-Up (Restricted to Suppliers only)
Registration/Hospitality Desk
Pre-Convention Training: PIQCS Refresher**
Pre-Convention Workshop: Dept. of Transportation (DOT) Supervisor Training**
Optional Activity: Austin City Bus Tour**
First Timers/Applicants Welcome & Meetup
Welcome Opening Session – Award Presentations, Gold Sponsor Presentations, & Featured Panel
Exhibit Hall Grand Opening and Reception

TUES

NOVEMBER 14

7:00 am-7:30 am
8:00 am-5:00 pm
8:00 am-9:30 am
8:00 am-10:00 am
8:30 am-9:45 am
9:00 am-10:30 am
9:30 am-10:00 am
10:00 am-10:15 am
10:15 am-12:30 pm
12:45 pm-3:15 pm
3:15 pm-3:30 pm
3:30 pm-5:00 pm
6:30 pm-10:00 pm

Roger Breisch Memorial Fun Run/Walk
Registration/Hospitality Desk
Breakfast in the Exhibit Hall
Exhibit Hall Open
Canadian Association of Ice Industries Breakfast Meeting
Ladies/Spouse Activity (*must be registered to attend*)
Coffee Break inside Exhibit Hall
Coffee Break/Refreshments for Focus Sessions
Focus Sessions
Exhibit Hall Lunch (12:45 pm-2:15 pm)/Exhibit Hall Open (12:45 pm-3:15 pm)
Coffee Break/Refreshments for Annual Business Meeting
Annual Business Meeting & Award Presentations
Chairman's Party (*offsite*)

WED

NOVEMBER 15

7:00 am-7:30 am
8:00 am-12:00 pm
8:00 am-9:30 am
8:00 am-10:00 am
8:30 am-9:45 am
10:00 am-10:15 am
10:00 am-5:00 pm
10:15 am-12:00 pm
12:15 pm-12:30 pm
12:30 pm-3:30 pm
2:30 pm
5:30 pm-7:15 pm

Roger Breisch Memorial Fun Run/Walk
Registration/Hospitality Desk
Breakfast in the Exhibit Hall
Exhibit Hall Open
Past Chairman's Breakfast
Coffee Break for Focus Sessions
Exhibit Hall Teardown
Focus Sessions
Load Buses for Plant Tour
Plant Tour and Lunch
Optional Activity – Clay Shooting** *Transportation will be provided from the plant tour to Capital City Clays and back to the hotel. (RSVP required)*
Final Cocktail Reception and Passing of the Gavel

THURS

NOVEMBER 16

Safe Travels Home!

Lahaina shave ice shop owner describes scale of devastation

The Yamashiros employ “a lot of people and residents from Lahaina,” they said, noting that their business has become a benchmark and sought out establishment in the shave ice world. Before the fires, they said, they would serve 1,000 orders of shave ice per day in the high season.

Ululani’s Hawaiian Shave Ice in Old Lahaina was a vibrant, beloved business that brought a unique mindset of “Alohatude” (“Spirit of Aloha with Gratitude” as it states on its website) to Maui before it tragically burned down in the wildfires last week.

A line outside Ululani’s Hawaiian Shave Ice in Lahaina, Maui. “It’s our employees and all of the residents in Lahaina that have been impacted and hurt by what’s happened,” co-owner David Yamashiro told “Good Morning America” in the wake of the devastation.

“Lahaina town is decimated.”

He and his wife Charlotte Ululani Yamashiro, who were born and raised on Oahu and currently live in Kula where fires are still ablaze, first opened the 65-square-foot shave ice shop in the heart of the historic harbor town 15 years ago.

“A lot of locals from different areas of Maui—from Kihei, from upcountry, from Kahului -- they didn’t want to go to Lahaina because it was more of a touristy town and parking was always a challenge,” he recalled, harkening back to the shop’s earliest days in 2008. “But when we opened up, they embraced us and our product. People

started driving from all over to come to our shop.”

David Yamashiro said that last Tuesday, before the fires erupted across the island, “there was already a power outage in Lahaina” which left him “unsure about whether we were going to open or not.”

Wildfire wreckage is seen, Aug. 9, 2023, in Lahaina, Hawaii.

Due to powerful winds that knocked the roof off two neighboring businesses, he said “the management company decided to not open the plaza,” at which point he and his wife contacted all of their employees and “told them that we’re not going to open,” which he said “really saved us from a lot of the casualties that could have occurred” otherwise.

“Once the major fire started, it was horrible what everyone experienced,” he added, reiterating, “I wasn’t there to feel the pain and just everything that they were going through. I can’t even imagine what everyone was going through.”

David Yamashiro confirmed that two of Ululani’s shave ice shops, 790 Front St. in Lahaina and the Banyan Tree location, as well as the business’s warehouse full of ice machines and equipment, burned down in the fires.



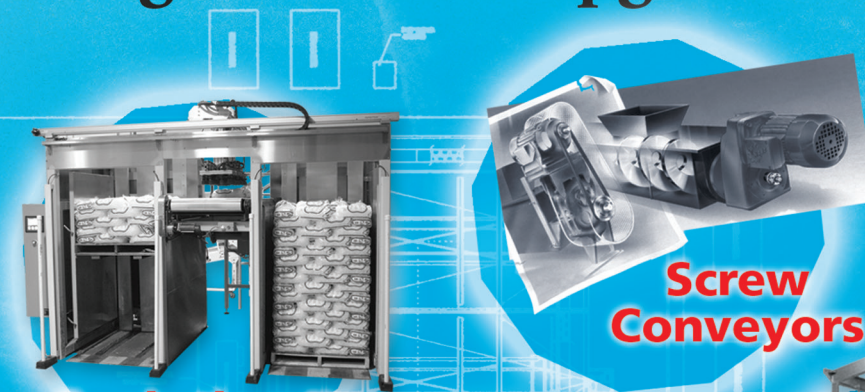
“The message that I want to send from myself and my wife [is that] we’re in a good spot, in the sense that we lost two businesses and we lost a warehouse, but we did not lose our home. We that did not lose a life of someone that was close to us,” he said. “One of our employees still cannot find two of her relatives. Those who cannot find their brothers, their sisters, their moms, their dads, children -- I cannot even begin to fathom that pain.”

“Between the friends, families, employees that we know, so much of what happened and the scale in which things happened is much more devastating than anyone realizes,” he added, noting that Lahaina and the west side of Maui are mostly “cut off from all of the other major parts of Maui -- there’s only two ways of going in and out.”



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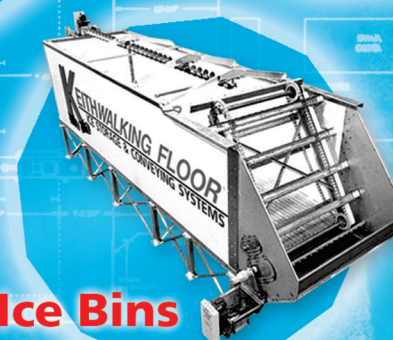
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As of time of publication, the Yamashiros had evacuated their own home in Kula, but said the flames had not reached their house.

"There's a lot of people wanting to help and trying to send things, but [people in Lahaina] couldn't get it for a long period of time," David Yamashiro explained. "The pain, the anguish, feeling left out -- that's very real."

The Ululani's Hawaiian Shave Ice employees at their Banyan Tree location in Lahaina, Maui. The Yamashiros employ "a lot of people and residents from Lahaina," they said, noting that their business has become a benchmark and sought out establishment in the shave ice world.

Before the fires, they said, they would serve 1,000 orders of shave ice per day in the high season.

"The memories that have been created, not only between the

locals, but with tourists that come, we are definitely a focal point and a destination point on everyone's must-do list," David Yamashiro said.

Since the tragic news of the fires, fans and followers of Ululani's have taken to social media to share memories on Instagram, tagging the business in old photos to muster support for their online fundraising efforts.

"We have a GoFundMe page as well -- 75% of it is going to go to help our employees and 25% is going to be for the Lahaina community," David Yamashiro said. "The need is so great. To be without a home, without clothes, to be completely uprooted -- nobody had time to grab anything of importance to them, some didn't even have a minute."

An aerial image taken on Aug.10, 2023 shows the historic Banyan

tree and destroyed buildings burned to the ground in Lahaina in the aftermath of wildfires in western Maui, Hawaii.

He added, "We're definitely doing this to try and get our team, our employees in a better place, and to try and help them achieve normalcy. We're also trying to make sure that they get some professional counseling, and we're encouraging that."

The Yamashiros' utility team has already delivered truckloads of supplies to the community.

"The reception and the gratitude that [those] employees saw from the people that managed to get a piece of the things that we brought over, their gratitude was so off the charts," David Yamashiro said. "It just inspires us to do more and more, which is what we plan to do." **RM**

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 - Vogt P24 7/8, Water-Cooled
 - Vogt P34AL W/ High Side
 - Turbo CF40SC 20 Ton Ice Maker
 - Turbo SF8SC 5 Ton Ice Maker
 - Turbo CF12, 6 Ton Ice Masker
 - Turbo SBF120 60 Ton Ice Maker
 - Turbo CF88 10 Ton Ice Maker
 - Ice One DX6 5 Ton Ice Maker
 - Ice One DX11 10 Ton Ice Maker
 - Vogt 112, 4 Ton Air-Cooled Ice Maker
 - Manitowoc RFF1300A Flake Ice Maker
 - Kloppenberg Stainless 1600LB Bin
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 - 9 x 30 Galvanized Screw Conveyor
 - 38x34x8' Tall Indoor Storage Freezer
 - 9" x 16' Stainless Screw Conveyor
 - 9" x 10' Stainless Screw Conveyor
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 - Lan tech Stretch Wrapper
 - Clinebell B56 Block Maker
 - Star 10LB Block Makers
 - Leer 10LB Block Makers
 - Hamer 1-Head Baler
 - 10lb Ice Bags
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 - 40lb Ice Bags
 - Turbo BP120 Block Press
 - North Star 60 Ton Rake Bin (2 available)
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