

PERSONAL PHOTO CAPTIONS

1. In 1943, I really wanted to be a sailor. Actually, I did ultimately end up in the Department of the Navy! Taken at my Grandmother's house in Buffalo, NY.
2. My younger brother John and I had a lot of fun pretending we were GI Joes. My Uncle Joe had given us his uniforms after the war, and only now do I realize how thin he must have been. After WWII there were a lot of war movies and we all played Army and Marines. My dad bought me a helmet liner, a wooden .03 training rifle, a cartridge belt and canteen. Boy, that was a "hot set up".
3. A typical 1948 grade school photo – we always forgot to tell mom about the "dress up" day and there I was in my flannel shirt.
4. Me on the tractor my Uncle Jack taught me to drive. Jack is in the driver's seat and I am holding cousin Joey from sliding off. Taken on Jack's farm in East Aurora, NY about 1951.
5. I was really proud of this flounder. Caught it off the main commercial fish pier in Chatham, Massachusetts in the summer of 1952. This was the year we brought my dad home to die.
6. In 1950, my dad had made friends with a man who had served in the Navy with the owners of a commercial trawler operating out of Chatham. For three summers these fishermen took us out 2 or 3 times. The boat was the "Alice Nancy" owned by Dave and his partner Walter. The trip would start about 2 AM, and by the next morning we would be on the fishing banks. A Cape Cod trawler lays down two trawl lines, each nearly a mile long, with a hook about every yard. By the time the second line was down they would start hauling in the first one. In those days there was a large cod or haddock on every hook.

The boat was about 40' long and the position to pull in the fish was about mid boat. I would stay in the stern and use a grappling hook to grab the "little" ones they threw back, and sell them in the village later that night. I was about 20' feet from where Walter and Dave worked and I saw many giant blue sharks that would come right up to the boat on the surface and take 20-pound fish with one bite. Their tails were nearly even with me and that's about 18' to the trawl line! This was also very hard, hot work for the fisherman. It was only years later, when I saw the movie *Jaws* that I remembered Walter used to strip naked and jump in the ocean with a rope around his waist so Dave could tow him in the wake. Refreshing but... a two hundred-pound piece of bait!

7. This is a typical High School photo taken in Mountain Lakes about 1954.
8. This was taken in 1955, in my basement gunroom at 17 Maple Way, Mountain Lakes NJ. I am holding my Colt .45 ACP; and on the wall are a "cut down" Springfield 45/70 rifle and a Mossberg 12-gauge bolt-action shotgun. Also, on the right side of the photo is the skull of a fish my father caught 1934, in the Orinoco River near Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela, South America. It is called Payara, and for its two-inch fangs the natives called it El Diablo (The Devil). The piranha in the river also cut down on any swimming. See more of My Father on this site.

9. This little shooting range was in the hills between Mountain Lakes and Rockaway Valley. This is also 1955, and I am shooting with my friend Bob Gannett who went on to a career in the US Army. We are both firing our 45/70 rifles. You can also see a German P-38 pistol on my belt. My Colt .45 was in my ammo box. Another good friend and Fraternity Brother, John Vaughn took the photo. John also had a great gun collection. He and our mutual buddy, Peter Daily joined the USMC a year before I did and were a great influence on my decision.

Can you believe the three of us walking through Mt. Lakes, New Jersey with all these weapons and ammo and all the Police Chief said was: "Hey, boys where you goin'?" Up to the Torn range to target shoot Harry. "OK, be careful." Harry Dennis had been Chief of Police in Mt. Lakes for decades and it was a different time. Can you imagine that today? His son Harry Jr. was an Air force Colonel at the Pentagon. I was there on business once and met with him to talk about the good old days in Mountain Lakes.

10. I had enlisted in the USMCR in October of 1956, and I went to Parris Island in February of 1957. In August of 1958, Peter Kettle and I enlisted for four years in the USMC. On our trip from New York, NY to Camp Pendleton, CA, one of the more interesting things we did was pick up two Navajo Indian hitchhikers in Arizona. In exchange for all the liquor we would buy they agreed to be our guides. Being from New Jersey I had never seen an Indian, except in the movies. By the time we got to Grand Canyon I wished they would disappear, but the next morning they were still there. The older one was named Reit Jenson and he was traveling with his nephew. Reit spoke some English and I have long remembered his name.

I also learned from the bartender at the El Trovar Lodge "You can't bring those Indians in here. It's illegal to have Indians in a place that serves alcohol in the State of Arizona". Can you imagine that today? The photo, with me in the middle, was taken in the parking lot of the El Trovar Lodge the next morning as we continued our trip to CA.

To put Grand Canyon in perspective, we were there in August and were virtually alone. I remember when we arrived having to ring one of those little bells that used to sit on hotel desks. "Bing" and me asking Have you got any rooms tonight? "Of course, how many." Staying in the main lodge was within our budget of less than \$10.00 a night and Peter and I each had our own room. We did not have time to go to the bottom of the canyon, but the mules were available the next morning for a small fee. I have been back to Grand Canyon four times since 1958. Anyone who has been there recently will know how amazing this little story is given the traffic and expense now.

11. I first met Sandy Robinson in 1955 and had a "Mad" crush on her from the first day. I would have given anything to have dated her in High School, but that was not to happen until the next photo. Our timing never did turn out right but she and I are still very close.
12. Christmas Leave 1959 was a real homecoming. Pretty proud and sharp in my dress blues. I was taking my first love, Sandy Robinson to the Annual Mt. Lakes Club Christmas Dance.
13. I also took USMC leave in 1960 to spend time in Los Angeles with Nancy Kronung, another girlfriend who impacted my life. She was a High School girl in South Pasadena and Steve Niebur had paved the way for us to get connected in LA. I remember we went to one great party in the Hollywood Hills. I only to later learned it was Chill Wills daughters party at the home of the famous cowboy actor from the 1940's.

14. By 1966 I had already been named Manager of Advertising, Sales Promotion and Public Relations for Aircraft Radio Corporation in Boonton, NJ. Cessna owned the company and I began my pilot training there with CFI Dick Plahn, an engineer with the company. Only later did I learn Dick had been a Pacific Theater USAF fighter pilot, who had fought in many of the major air battles in New Guinea and the Philippines. Many of the men at ARC had a WWII history. In fact, one of our sales managers, Wade McClusky Jr., was named for his famous father who had led the diver bomber attack at the Battle of Midway. Wade senior is featured in both Midway movies, one from the 1970's and the other from 2020!
15. This was our trade show booth at the 1967, Reading Air Show. I am standing on the left in front of my good friend Jack Malone. I am talking with one of our Sales Managers, Retired Air Force Colonel, Hal Hockelberg. My first pilots' license is taped in the lower right corner.
16. Tom Guthrie was Chief Pilot for *Plane and Pilot* magazine. I had flown to Los Angeles from New Jersey and we picked up a Cessna 310 at Long Beach airport. Tom, the Editor Bob Said, and I flew the plane to Reno to demo the new ARC autopilot for an editorial. The magazine photo caption says: "Thomas Leeming, right, FBO at Reno airport, presented Guthrie with a pair of complimentary wings on his first flight after achieving his Airline Transport Rating. Bob Rohrer of Aircraft Radio Corporation pins the wings on our beaming chief pilot." I had a lot of good times with Tom and he went on to use his ATR with a major airline.
17. In 1969, my best friend Elgin Lee Davis and I flew a Cessna 337 Skymaster half way down the Baja peninsula to Punta Chivato, on the Sea of Cortez. With us were his wife to be, Susan, and my first wife Carolyn. Susan took the photo of Carolyn and me with Elgin.
18. A later photo of Elgin and his wife, Susan, a beautiful girl from Hawaii. It was just like Elgin to pull the waitress into the photo. He was the most generous man I ever met; and he and Susan were my best friends in California! Elgin passed away in 2000, and by then Susan had long been remarried. Her second husband Jim, and Elgin were good friends. Elgin and Terry, another beautiful lady, were then a couple, and they were all good friends. In 2002 Jim also passed away. Susan and Terry have both lost great guys. I had dinner in Santa Monica with Jim, Susan and Terry after Elgin passed away; and Jonnie and I had dinner in Los Angeles with Susan and Terry in November of 2002.
19. In 1971, RCA Corporation sponsored me to attend my first Advanced Management Program at Harvard Business School. I am in the top row second from the left. In the first row, first from the left is Tony Gallie, Senior Vice President of N. W. Ayer New York, then one of Americas largest advertising agencies. We became good friends and he was the man who enabled me to join Ayer in Los Angeles, which changed my whole life! Thank you, Tony!
20. Love of My Life, my wife Jonnie, where I met her in 1972. This was an extemporaneous snap shot by one of the N. W. Ayer Art Directors. It was taken in front of our office building at 5900 Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles.
21. Somewhere in the middle of the Mojave Desert during the 1973 Barstow to Vegas desert race. I was the advertising agency Account Executive for Yamaha and was one of the few at dinner that night with a Finisher Medal!
22. The 1973 Barstow to Vegas Finish Line. What a day! I was a motocross racer and this was my first taste of what it was like to ride a motorcycle across 180 miles of open desert.

23. I completed the race again in 1974, and after months of conditioning, I did much better but this was still the most grueling thing I have ever done.
24. The 1974 Barstow to Vegas Finish Line – this time more behind me than in front!
25. Doing very well in a 1974 race on the International motocross course at Indian Dunes, just north of the San Fernando Valley.
26. The 1974 starting line for the Viewfinder Grand Prix. It was called Viewfinder's because the members of the motorcycle club were all Hollywood stunt men. This was a tough crew.
27. Number plate 10 on my Yamaha YZ-250 and wearing my Harley Davidson MX shirt. I wonder what the Kid in the yellow shirt was thinking as I went by at about 50 MPH.
28. Number 5C was another Indian Dunes Grand Prix. I know this was the first lap because I vividly remember the blast of water knocking my left foot off the peg. On subsequent laps I kept the front wheel up!
29. Another shot at Riverside International Raceway under plate 367.
30. A great photo of Jonnie and me, taken in 1975, by her uncle William G. Mennen in front of the Lone Pine at Pebble Beach.
31. I entered Rutgers University night school on a probation non-credit waiver in 1962, and graduated in 1975, with a BS in Business Administration from the University of Southern California. I had made up my mind in the USMC, I would make up for being a high school dropout.
32. One of my greatest races ever. The famous automobile racer, Mickey Thompson created this event to bring the excitement of Baja to the spectator. It was a 10-mile closed course, 100-mile Grand Prix. My pit was next to later Indy 500 winner Rick Mears, who was then racing a single seat Baja car.

On the first day of practice it took me several hours to get up the nerve to get on the track with the cars and trucks. You cannot outrun a four wheelers on a motorcycle and it was really unnerving to have Parnelli Jones coming down on you in a giant pickup truck with blasting straight exhausts. The four wheelers raced separately on race day. I was on a Yamaha YZ and won my class in the 1976 Score/AC Delco World Championship, held at Riverside Raceway.

33. Jonnie and I produced this 1977 show for Harley Davidson. I was then Western Region Sales Manager, and I had a lot of promotional skills from my days as an ad manager and advertising account executive. In November 1977, Street Chopper Magazine said it was "... the largest motorcycle show ever held in the U. S... There is no doubt that Jonnie and Bob Rohrer working with HD pulled it off with flying colors".

My West Coast Sales Team was, standing from the left: Gordon Churchill and his wife Joanne and their daughter, Spokane WA; Mike Shattuck, San Francisco, CA; Bruce Rathbun, El Paso, TX; George Croker, our west coast field service Representative and John D. Ellison, Denver, CO. Kneeling from the left Dick Terry, Los Angeles, CA and me. Not shown but also helping was Sondra Theodore, *Playboy* "Miss July" 1977, and Hugh Hefner's girlfriend at the time. She was just great!

34. Another great photo of Jonnie and I taken in 1977 by Bill Mennen at his home on 17 Mile Drive in Pebble Beach, CA.
35. One of the great 1977 California races, the Orange County Motor Cycle club (OCMC) 100-Mile Grand Prix, held each year at the Riverside International Raceway. This was my last big Grand Prix. I never rode as well as I did that day, before or after. I still have my full-face helmet with my OCMC race number on the side.

I loved racing motorcycles. Of all the things I have done this stands out and I would not trade it for anything. I only stopped when we moved to Wisconsin. There was an MX course about half way to Madison but you had to join a club with the agreement to bring a pick and shovel and help keep the course up. After the great manicured tracks in California I was not ready for this – nor did I take up the engineering department invitation to screw studs into my knobby tires and ice race at –20 on the Milwaukee River. My racing days were over, and my road riding was now primary.

36. The Harley Davidson senior management team posing in front of company headquarters in Milwaukee, WI. This was a PR shot for the 75th Anniversary Ride in 1978. I am sure the 2003 ride will be much larger! I am on the right, end of the second row. I rode a Wide Glide from San Francisco, via Los Angeles and Louisville, KY, back to Wisconsin. Jonnie was pregnant with our son Jaron at the time.
37. Jonnie and I visiting Audrey and Bill Mennen at their home in Paradise Valley, Arizona. It was 1979, and we were sure proud of our new son Jaron. Bill took the picture and I remember thinking aren't you going to take a couple to make sure it comes out. He was a great "one shot" photographer!
38. My Harley Davidson Sales Team in 1979. This was taken at a National Sales Meeting in Scottsdale, Arizona. I am in the back row on the right end.
39. In 1980 I was Vice President of Marketing and Sales of the AMF Harley Davidson Motor Company. This photo was taken in Valdosta, GA on our way to Daytona Speed Week. I had spent the night in the Valdosta Camp ground with the Iron Barons Motorcycle Club! I am sort of in the center here with my new 1340cc Flame Wide Glide. Willie "G" Davidson, grandson of the founder is on my far left, and the H-D President and his wife are to my right.
40. My son on his Honda MR-50 giving his little brother Jaron a ride. This was taken in the front yard of our home in Dousman, Wisconsin. Our address was a map coordinate: W338 S4915 Fox Hollow Drive. The house was surrounded by the Kettle Moraine State Forrest and was a beautiful location we really enjoyed!
41. Another business photo taken in 1984.
42. In 1987 I took my Verex "Gold Circle" Sales team to Reno on a reward trip. These were the top performers in the company out of my sales staff of seven Regional Vice Presidents and over 100 Account Executives and Account Service Representatives. I am in the back row second from the left.
43. Me at the Brandenburger Tor in Berlin just after "The Wall" came down. I was staying in a hotel in the "East" and will never forget what it was like at the beginning of the German unification.

44. I was on a business trip to Japan, China, Hong Kong and Taiwan in 1991, and had time during my stay in Beijing to tour the Forbidden City just off Tiananmen Square. The photo of Mao is huge. I had hired a guide provided by the hotel and she had taken the picture. In looking out over the vast parade ground I asked her if that was where the Tiananmen incident occurred. She froze in fear and cautioned me “We can’t talk about that!”
45. I remembered hearing about Manneken Pis, the famous statue in Bruxelles Belgium. I finally found it in 1991 and was surprised to see how small it is. The Belgians deserve a lot of credit for getting the amount of publicity they get from this little work of art!
46. Another typical early 1990’s business photo taken in New York City.
47. On our way to dinner in Ft. Worth in 1994. We were with Jim McCormack and his girlfriend Micki.
48. Our son Steven from my first marriage to Carolyn Smith. As you can see, he loves to fish and is shown here on his boat off the California coast. Steve subsequently served in the US Army and is now married with a teenage daughter and manages his own construction company.
49. Our 1997 Family Christmas in Dallas, TX. Steven was visiting from San Diego, CA, and Jaron was a senior in Plano High School.
50. In 1997 we took Jaron to Acapulco for his High School graduation. This was taken at Senor Frog’s restaurant, which overlooks Acapulco Bay. We were staying on the ocean at the Princess Hotel on the other side of the mountain. From the left: Jaron, Jonnie, me and Steve who joined us from California.
51. Jaron and I playing golf at Nags Head while on our 1999 vacation to the North Carolina Outer Banks. That day Steve was deep-sea fishing.
52. Saying goodbye to my son Jaron at the Austin, Texas Airport after his 2002 Graduation from the University of Texas. Jaron now lives in Dallas, TX; and he and his wife Dale have a beautiful four-year-old daughter. Dale is a federal government employee and Jaron is a corporate financial executive.
53. This was my granddaughter Grace who is now 14! Daughter of my son Steve and his wife Alli. I was reading to her from my first book *The Brimful Book* of Mother Goose tales my father gave me for my second birthday on July 2, 1941!
54. Our dogs Dixie the brown Bichon Poodle mix, and Nicki the white Bichon. Dixie and Nickie are now both gone, and our present two are Daisy and Maggie! I love the two we have and miss all the ones that have passed.