

THE HIGH ROLLER



It was 1978. I was fifteen years old.

I was pumping gas at Bob Kennedy's Shell station on Indian Road in the village of Lorne Park.

Just after lunch one day, a stranger pulled in driving a cherry-red 1963 Corvette.

He asked if I could put it up on the hoist to inspect the undercarriage.

Of course, I agreed.

What a car!

That chance encounter turned into a friendship; we spent thousands of hours together.

I always address him as "the High Roller."

He loves that moniker!

He was divorced, had no kids, had no siblings, and was an only child.

By pure happenstance, I fell under his tutelage, and I will forever be grateful.

He took a liking to me because I looked up to him and admired his business acumen.

Mentors appreciate admiration.

His influence on my career was profound and reinforced the many principles my father had already taught me.

He was proud of his success and exhibited stubbornness (and frugality) to a T.

His first name begins with the letter "T."

So does mine.

And so does the car at the heart of this story.

The Collection

The High Roller developed an obsession with certain models of classic North American luxury cars and built an impressive collection.

But there was one car that stood above the rest.

A 1957 Ford Thunderbird.

Canary yellow.

It had both the hardtop and the soft top, an extremely rare option.

It even had air conditioning – an exceedingly large expenditure for a convertible in 1957.

He had evidence that Marilyn Monroe had once sat in the car during a movie shoot.

I fell in love with it and, half-jokingly, beseeched him to will it to me.

I even offered to buy it from his estate because I didn't want such a special car to end up in the wrong hands.

Lately, I have been trying to reach him.

His landline is no longer in service. He never had an email. He refused to own a cell phone.

His house still appears occupied. There are cars in the driveway, but no one answers the door.

I dread to think that he may have fallen under the influence of a grifter.

He has always been incredibly wise and strong-minded.

However, at eighty-four years of age, he may have become more vulnerable and susceptible to being swindled.

Look after your parents and grandparents.

Help safeguard their finances.

They grew up in a different era and may naively still believe that people would never deliberately deceive them.

Teach your children about money and financial swindles while they are young. Some apps can help.

Fraud is everywhere, and scammers become more sophisticated every year.

Grifter Alert

If anyone asks you to sign a dental equipment lease so your office can become a showroom, walk away. Quickly.

Click [HERE](#) for a FREE copy of the 11th (and final) edition of my book.

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