

AN INVENTED LIFE

A NOVEL BY ALAN AMRON BASED ON TRUE EVENTS
THE SMOKING GUN

Alan Amron

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to my kids, both of whom I'm most proud of, and my grandchildren.

Acknowledgment

Gloria Amron

Herman Amron

Eileen Amron

Iveta Saksone

Richard Grobman

John Anderson

Philip Josephson

Tyler LeDent

Alex Hay

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About the Author

Alan Amron is a prolific inventor and creator of new, novel, and unique ideas. From products to negotiations, he has a unique gift. His father Herman Amron used to tell his friends, “My son Alan could put his finger in a glass of water, and it would turn into Seltzer.”

And his father’s predictions came true. Today, Alan has 40 United States patents issued. Some of his inventions include the battery-operated water guns for Larami, Blue Box, LJN, Tyco, Buddy L, Coleco, and Remco toys, Air pressurized water guns for Trendmaster, Bubbles and water sprinkler for Fisher-Price. Of course, let’s not forget the Photo wallet for Nikon Camera, the First Down Laser Line for football, and the Press-on Memo sticky notes today known to the whole world as Post-it notes by 3M.

MY MANTRA

To clear my mind of daily thoughts, I implore myself to think only the following:

“Neil Blank, I went to high school with him. Arthur

Blank, the founder of the Home Depot stores. Blank and Jones, a music group I like.”

Repeat this in your mind several times, and it will clear your thoughts, allowing you to sleep.

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Preface

An Invented Life shares the story of Alan Amron, a visionary inventor. Even as a child, Alan found it fascinating to create new things, always exploring and trying to understand how everything worked. In the book, Alan tells his story and shares snippets from his childhood and youth in Brooklyn, how he always looked at things differently with deeper insight. This is his journey.

Alan started his creating and inventing journey at a young age. Many of his inventions were patented and he significantly profited from them as well. Battery-powered water guns, temperature alarms, the digital photo wallet, etc., were among his many creations, yet his most famous and controversial invention was the Post-it sticky notes.

Even though he is the inventor of the Post-it sticky notes, he was ripped off of his invention due to an unfortunate set of events. But accepting defeat is not in his nature, so he kept fighting, and finally, after a lengthy legal battle, he got the rightful claim of his creation.

But *An Invented Life* is not all about inventing. Alan tells us about his successes and how he made his way into Hollywood, getting the chance to meet many legends. Loss was part of his journey, though, and he shares various accounts of it because this is also a story of tenacity and determination.

Alan had always been a freethinking person, and the preconceived perceptions of some people never constrained him or his imagination. The book shows how he became a successful inventor, an entrepreneur, and a businessman. He met many difficulties along the way, but he never gave up, and his determination changed his life. Alan gives examples of how some minor mistakes and oversights can significantly impact a person's life. By sharing his story with the world, he wants the readers to be mindful of their decisions, always considering the possible future impact of their actions.

An Invented Life is a ride filled with twists and exciting turns of events, depicting both happy and low moments. It provides textbook examples of what not to do and what to do in life. This compelling story provides some great teaching moments for those determined to change their

lives for the better.

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Chapter 1

The Start

Inventing wasn't an occupation or a way to earn a living when I was growing up, but I did it anyway. I've invented the Post-it sticky note, the battery-operated water gun, and a first-down laser line in football, to name just three. I didn't pick inventing; it picked me. I simply was very good at it, and I have 40 patents to prove it. One of the hazards of being an inventor is that you don't always get credit for what you've invented. That's part of my story, too. I'm not bitter; I only wish to set the record straight.

But there's so much more to my story than inventions. You see, this also is a story about famous people like Muhammad Ali, Frank Sinatra, J.D. Salinger, Jerry Weintraub, Dick Clark, Pat Summerall, Cindy Williams, and Kristy McNichol. I have experiences to share and more stories to tell, and you'll get them all here.

I always said I never wanted to read books. I wanted

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to write them. My wish was to give people something they could learn from. But for the last twenty-two years, I've been reading a lot and enjoying it, catching myself using words and terms I didn't use before. So now it's my turn to write a book. Maybe you want to invent something. Perhaps you already have an invention and aren't sure how to legally protect your idea. Learn from my successes, my mistakes, from what I did or didn't do. I started out naïve, having a romanticized view of what inventing entailed, but I persevered and ended up richer for all the experiences.

I was born on November 20th, 1948, and my parents Gloria and Herman Amron from Brooklyn, New York, named me Alan Amron. I have an older brother named Ivan, and when I was twelve years old, our family moved to Baldwin, Long Island, where my younger sister, Sue, was born. In 1966, at the age of seventeen, I graduated from Baldwin High School, and the summer before college, I worked with my father in one of his five self-service kosher meat stores in Brooklyn and Long Island.

Around that time, I invented what would one day be called the Rasco Temperature Alarm. My parents were vacationing in Puerto Rico, leaving the store manager in

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charge, but when my father got back to the store, he was welcomed by a proper mess. At some point over that weekend, the power had gone out, leaving the meat exposed. As a result, a thick layer of blood covered the floor, and the disgusting stench of rotting meat was overwhelming the place.

Dad lost thousands of dollars worth of meat, and the store refrigeration units were totaled. I couldn't bear seeing my father go through so much difficulty, so I created (invented) a new system that would monitor the cold storage temperature and call you at home at any hour of the day if the refrigeration breaks down. I did it by buying Honeywell thermometers, designing an electronic timing module to allow for the defrost times, and wired them with telephone dialers I got from a security-alarm supply store.

My wife, Eileen, drew the schematics on her bedroom floor at her parent's house, and my friend, Chris Garnett, helped us install the system in Dad's store. My father never lost money again, and soon I was helping my neighbors and local supermarkets, blood banks, and hospitals by implementing the system in their storage freezers.

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Today, this endeavor is Rasco Temperature Alarms. I still own this company, and its technology is used in places like the hospital for special surgery in NY, The New York City blood bank, King Kullen Supermarkets, Key Foods, etc.

After graduating from Baldwin High school, I was accepted to Memphis State University and was recruited to the football team as a walk-on. It was hard work, and I gave it my all only to end up with a dislocated shoulder. Diagnosed medically unfit to continue, I was forced to quit.

The end of my sports career made me lose interest in college as I didn't believe they were teaching me anything useful for my life's endeavors. There wasn't anything they could teach me that I couldn't get from a book. College was merely a jumble of quizzes and assessments, reading books, and submitting reports and essays.

I was never good with testing, as I preferred to learn the subject instead. College stopped making much sense after the football fiasco, and I finally decided it just wasn't for me.

When the Vietnam War broke out, I enlisted myself in the United States Naval air reserve as an alternative to

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being sent to the front lines in Vietnam. I got to work as an aviation electrician at the Brooklyn Naval Base until I was honorably discharged in 1977.

It's funny, but I never thought of being an inventor as a career. I mean, it's not exactly something you announce to the classroom on career day. Okay, strike that. It's not something you would tell your wife or your parents when they ask you how you're going to pay the bills. But as I said, I didn't choose to be an inventor; it picked me. For the longest time, it was all I knew, and I was very good at it. I often came up with ideas nobody else ever did. By the time I was done, it was hard to think of a world that functioned without them.

I was six or seven years old when I came up with my first invention: A board with the light bulb attached to a battery that made it look like the chamber of bullets and a wall switch I mounted to the bottom of the wood furring strip. When I pulled that switch, the light would go on. It was a toy that looked like a bullet coming out of the end of a gun with the light on.

My family was always supportive of my endeavors, and my father would joke that if I stuck my finger in a glass

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of water, it would turn into a seltzer. I always fixed things around the house. That is, first I'd break them, then fix them. And then I would invent something new.

But as you see in the following chapters, my biggest mistake is that I didn't protect my inventions when I started, and this haunts me to this day.

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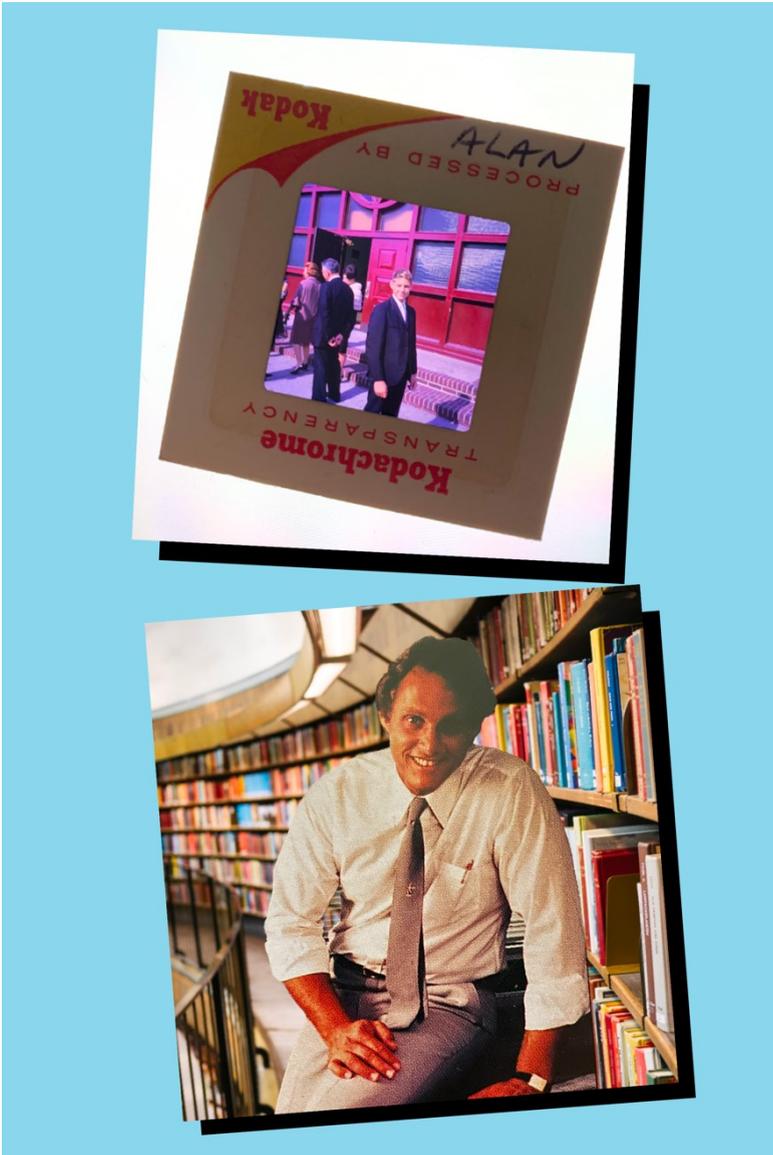
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Alan Amron at 17 in business with 2 trucks and 10 men

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Equipment Director
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- 24-hour monitoring, 24-hour access, 24-hour security, 24-hour maintenance, 24-hour cleaning and pest control.
- 24-hour monitoring, 24-hour access, 24-hour security, 24-hour maintenance, 24-hour cleaning and pest control.

A banking establishment that chills the very blood

LONG ISLAND FOCUS

By SALVATORE ARENA

Specialists say the risk of contracting an illness by having a blood transfusion is decreasing as the use of donor blood is declining. In fact, the use of donor blood is declining so fast that it is expected to be replaced by a patient's own blood in a few years.

Dr. Frank J. Sponzo, a hematologist at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, says that the use of donor blood is declining because of the risk of contracting an illness. He says that the use of donor blood is declining so fast that it is expected to be replaced by a patient's own blood in a few years.

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Chapter 2

Press-on Memo Sticky

Notes

In 1971, at the age of twenty-two, I met Eileen Blitz at a Jewish wedding. Eileen was twenty-one at the time, and fate would have it to sit next to each other at the reception dinner. I was the cousin of the bride, and Eileen, the cousin of the groom.

Consistent with Jewish weddings on Long Island, the food was Kosher and quite mediocre, but the company was anything but. Food was the last thing on our mind because a spark had been ignited, as sparks are known to do when the chemistry is right. After a few months of dating, we decided to follow in our cousins' footsteps. That September afternoon in 1972 was a beautiful day to wed on. The trees were still green, and life was filled with nothing but possibilities.

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After the wedding, we rented an apartment in Freeport, Long Island, two blocks from my Rasco Temperature Alarm Systems office. Nine months later, we bought a house in Plainview, Long Island. There I continued working on one of my inventions, Rasco Refrigeration Alarm Systems Corp, dedicated to making and installing temperature monitoring systems in supermarkets, hospitals, and blood banks.

Not having lost my passion for tinkering with things to find out how they worked, I transformed our garage into my mini-workshop.

One day, I was so absorbed in my workshop that I lost track of time. Glancing at my watch, I realized I was running late for an important appointment, but I couldn't leave the house without letting my wife know where I was going. Back then, cell phones, beepers, smartphones, and text messaging were thirty years into the future. If you wanted to leave a message, you had to Scotch-tape a slip of paper into a visible place in the house.

The problem was where to leave this message. Where would she look? She could go anywhere in the house. The closet door where the coats were kept was a possibility.

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It was a warm day, though, and even if she was wearing a coat, she might not see the closet door on her way to the kitchen. Taping it to the front door would let the whole world know that the house was empty. The dining room table was out, too, because there was every chance she'd bypass it on her way to the kitchen. The refrigerator in the kitchen was the best bet.

Surely she'd notice a sheet of paper taped to a big white rectangular box. But there was no Scotch tape in sight. There was a roll of nice gooey two-inch-thick duct tape in the garage, but the residue it'd leave could only be removed with some toxic solvent. Again, I did a once around in search of Scotch tape or magnets.

Then, an idea started forming in my mind. I put a stick of gum in my mouth and chewed while glancing at the clock. I was late, growing later by the second, so I chewed more frantically. I quickly took out a tiny piece of that gum – not much bigger than a match head – and kneaded it with some dust so that it would lose some of its stickiness. I then squashed the note into the gum on the refrigerator, and voila, it stuck.

Later that evening, my wife was impressed with three

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things: that I'd cared enough to leave a note in the first place—many men wouldn't—secondly, that I left it in the perfect location, and thirdly, that the message hadn't fallen to the floor. The gum peeled off the refrigerator without leaving a mess, and it did smell a bit like spearmint.

But it also smelled like a product. What if there were a pad of paper that had some kind of Scotch tape-like sticky material on the back? Not sticky like Scotch tape, though, something with a lesser adhesive quality—something more like drafting tape—something formulated to be removable and re-stickable without leaving a residue or mess. The wheels were turning, and I got to work.

I began collecting and testing adhesives and added solvents to rubber cement to make it less sticky. I tried every type of tape I could find until I finally converged on the best formulation. Flushed with success at my ability to replicate it, the next task was to find a way to mass-produce it.

On November 14, 1973, I found a chemist who tested my sample and said he could make the mixture at a mutually agreed price. By December, I had found someone to print the memos, and he introduced me to the artist who produced the artwork for the memo samples and advertising brochures for

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mass mailing. The very same artist who designed and did work for Rocky Aoki of Benihana fame.

I purchased a professional mailing list of companies and top executives in the stationery industry. By February 1974, I was ready for mass mailing, with pre-printed, named, and addressed permanent peel-n-stick mailing labels, pre-printed, special mailing envelopes, product advertising brochures, and — most importantly— the actual Press-on Memo product samples themselves.

I dropped everything off at a mass mailing company—almost 300 pounds of material—and they stuffed the envelopes, complete with names, addresses, and postage. Everything was mailed, and my fingers were crossed.

On July 22, 1974, I opened the Press-on Memo company's P.O. box in Merrick, Long Island. Two days later, my company was officially incorporated in the State of New York, where I could legally sell my combination sticky note pads.

Around that time, I met a guy named Jeffery Brown, who financially invested in the startup company. His investment paid for the marketing and an exhibitor's booth

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at the upcoming invention show, which was to be held in the main ballroom at the Americana Hotel (now the Sheridan) in New York City. Many major manufacturers attended this show to find new and innovative products.

I was on a roll and would be showing three new products on the show. One was the Press-on Memo sticky notes, the second was the sticky adhesive itself, sold in seven-ounce spray cans called Stick-EM-UP, and the third was a battery-powered water gun I'd recently built a prototype of in my garage.

There were hundreds of booths at the inventor's show, featuring everything from the zany to the practical. But one man's zany is another man's practical and profitable. It even had television coverage. A famous New York City television news reporter from WOR's Channel 9 News was making the rounds with his cameraman and sound guy.

Most inventors would have given their right arm to be featured on television news, and the odds were in my favor when they stopped by my booth. The guy occupying the booth next to mine had invented a toilet for dogs. It was a six-foot-tall box, the size of a refrigerator. It was made

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under the premise that the dog would voluntarily enter and do his business.

Upon completion, the owner would flush it with no mess. The reporter and his crew ate it up, and they thought it was a must-have for every dog owner. *Sure, I thought incredulously, and as soon as the happy dog would exit, he would sit on the couch and read the newspaper while smoking a pipe.*

“... and there are silly inventions,” the famous New York News reporter said while holding my water gun. “Like this sub-machine gun that runs on batteries,” he said with a mocking giggle that caused a deliberate stutter in the word “runs” as he pressed the trigger and shot water into the camera.

The reporter completely ignored my Press-on memo sticky notes invention. As people do more often than not, he got it completely wrong. My reasoning was that even though people love their pets, dogs simply can't be expected to function like humans. People, on the other hand, like to play with water guns. I don't know how he got it backward in his critique, as my “silly” battery-operated water gun went on to make hundreds of millions of dollars worldwide. I've never

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heard of or seen the pet bathroom invention again.

I decided not to be disheartened by the reporter's remarks and continued to be persistent about showing my invention to others. Soon enough, two men approached my booth showing a keen interest in only my Press-on Memo sticky notes invention and its sticky spray adhesive.

They were executives from 3M Company and asked a considerable amount of technical questions, which I answered to the best of my ability. It was a bit uplifting to see someone finally taking an interest. Little did I know how things would turn out.

I was impressed by the way they carried themselves, overly friendly, and dressed in fine suits. And when they passed on their business cards, I was amazed. Those cards were printed in color, and that was something unusual back then.

“We like what you've done here,” one of them said. “With your permission, can you give us some samples and explain how to make them.”

There it was, the moment I made my mistake. Not only did I give my samples, but I ended up disclosing my

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trade secret solutions and details as well. It was done under the strict understanding that they would keep the matter confidential.

Later I was told that several 3M Company design, marketing, and engineering departments had evaluated my product, and the consensus was that the Press-on Memo sticky notes would be too expensive to make. They explained that the glue would gum up the machinery and couldn't be applied by any known process.

I attempted to address each problem, relating each to pre-existing products that could be made (like the manufacture of lined paper pads and masking tape), which would produce the product when combined with sticky glue. The impression I got was that 3M felt it was theoretically impossible to do. The company that prides itself on innovation and the ability to think outside the box simply wasn't interested. I thought the product was dead for 3M.

But I had still considered the inventor show to be a success. Potential customers did take and buy samples of my sticky adhesive spray and my handmade combination Press-on Memo sticky note pads. I made each page by hand-spraying the paper with my sticky adhesive in my garage

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without any great ventilation, then assembling them into pads by hand-aligning the paper one on top of another. For this to work as a viable product, it would have to be mass-produced by machinery. That meant either licensing it to a company with the resources to develop it properly or developing and building the machines myself.

But the sticky spray adhesive was a different story, and it began to take off. I arranged for my Chicago chemist to send the formula to Rite-Off in Plainview, Long Island, that had made the first samples I brought to the trade show. That company made cleaning chemicals, and they had a small lab where they could mix the components. They got the formulation right and became my supplier. They would put the sticky adhesive in cans, place the four-color Stick-Em up label on them and box them up in cases of 12.

My customers were art supply stores, stationery stores, and even supermarkets. You couldn't ship pressurized cans in the Post Office in those days, so all my customers were restricted to New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

By then, I had given up on the Press-on Memo sticky notes pad and focused on the Stick-Em Up Sprays, selling

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approximately sixty thousand dollars worth of cans and Press-on Memo sticky note pads.

Unfortunately, I didn't patent my Press-on Memo combination sticky note or sticky spray because I didn't have the money. A thorough patent search would have uncovered a 1968 Swiss patent for a somewhat similar note product, but that was for a permanent adhesive on a piece of one-page paper, not a pad.

But that note product (as understood from its claims) was not intended to be reused or repositioned, leaving a residue. It was an adhesive-backed notepaper that was good for one-time use only. If only I had filed for a patent, there would have been enough variation between my Press-on Memo combination sticky glue notes and notepaper and the Swiss patent that I would have been able to secure intellectual property rights.

The combination sticky note, then called Press-on Memo, had been publicly displayed, used, and put into commerce in over two-thousand-piece professional national stationery industry mailer and at the New York City national invention show. I had already given away and sold several samples of it. Legally, the clock had started, and I had

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exactly one year to apply for a patent before my idea entered the public domain.

Patent law is quite clear that from the moment you publicly display or offer to sell your better mousetrap, you have one year to file a patent for it. And once the deadline passes, anyone on Earth can build your better mousetrap, and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it. But trade secrets are different.

In 1976, 3M was amid test marketing their own sticky bookmark product called Press N' Peel. By then, it had been a full two years after I had shown my product to 3M and provided them with several samples of my combination sticky notes, which I called a Press-on Memo. 3M had apparently solved the technical problems formerly declared insurmountable in their sticky bookmark.

Company lore has it that Arthur Fry first began work on this sticky bookmark product in 1974. He got the idea in church, which is a wholesome incubator for new ideas. Art sang in the choir and marked the hymns he sang with strips of paper. In dire need to keep the markers secure in his songbook, he realized he needed a mild adhesive to hold the paper in place. And if his idea was viable, then perhaps it

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may have other applications. And so began a tremendous innovative force within 3M to reinvent the already-invented. So the Sticky Note emerged in 1980, that 3M renamed it the Post-it note.

To this day, my invention of the combination of sticky notes remains in the public domain. Trademarks are a different story, and 3M has trademarked their version of the product; first Press N' Peel, then the Post-it note.

Because I failed to patent my invention, no one else could patent it either. Not even 3M could have, without notifying me beforehand, but they filed for this patent issued in 1997 anyway. Processes and machines to make it can be patented, but not the repositionable, reusable combination sticky note product itself. That patent should have been revoked, but I was paid off to go away. Over the last 45 years, 3M has been accused and convicted of misleading the patent office, claiming inventions they never really invented.

In 1978, Press N' Peel by 3M sticky bookmarks went national unsuccessfully. Then in the '80s, they changed to what my original disclosure to them was, Post-it sticky note pads, not a one-sheet sticky bookmark. By then, I had already sold the last of my Stick-EM UP sticky spray

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adhesive.

Actually, I had moved on to Hollywood to manage the career of television and movie star Kristy McNichol and her brother, Jimmy McNichol. It had been several years since I had given up on the Press-on Memos when in 1997, I came across an ad on TV.

Flabbergasted, I watched an astronaut in a space shuttle, writing a note and sticking it onto his console: no tapes, pins, or magnets. My son Scotty and I immediately recognized my Press-on Memo sticky notes. Before I had the chance to get my bearings, my son pounced on me. He asked why some company claims to have created something I'd already invented.

I sent a cease-and-desist letter to 3M via return receipt to prove a point and teach him about ownership rights. They were doing a clear trade secret violation, and I sued them for that the following week.

Since I had been involved in several patent litigation cases with my battery-operated water guns a few years before, I knew how to write, file, and serve the federal patent summons and complaint case against 3M. The ten-day

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deadline to respond to my warning cease-and-desist certified letter passed, and 3M didn't even bother acknowledging it. So I filed suit in Federal court as is legally required before litigation.

My suit explained that they didn't have the right to claim they invented it because I had invented it first, and they shouldn't advertise themselves as the creators on television. I made sure that I had exhibits proving my point and put together an excellent package. I served them with these papers, and a few days later, an attorney from 3M contacted me with an offer to settle.

One of the settlement terms was that they would promise not to advertise they invented the Post-it Notes anymore if I agreed not to make public that I had created it, effectively preventing both parties from ever coming out as the inventor of the sticky notes. The settlement offered me either twelve thousand dollars or a lifetime supply of Post-it notes. It was a no-brainer to me, and I accepted the cash offer.

Initially, I asked for \$48 million but ended up with \$12,000 instead. At least I got my point across, showing my son to stand up for himself and managed to prove, at least in

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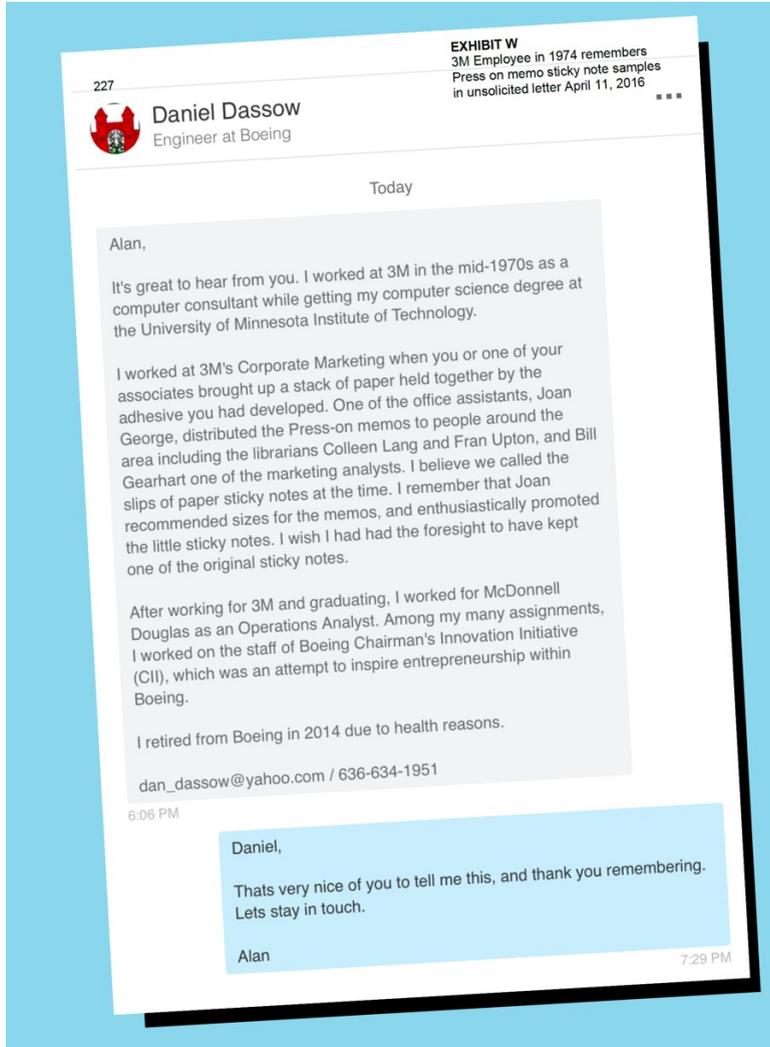
the court of law, that I was the original creator of the sticky note pad.

At the time, I thought I had overcome the juggernaut that was corporate America. They say hindsight is twenty-twenty, and looking back, I realize I had simply won a battle. War was still on the horizon, so I again, in 2016, found 3M violating our settlement agreement by falsely claiming they invented the Post-it sticky notes.

I thought I could file suit myself again and did so, suing for almost the same thing I had built my case in 1997. 3M replied, “We have a 1997 agreement, and you can’t sue us for the same thing again.” They were right. The judge ruled to uphold the 1997 settlement agreement.

My mistake was not arguing the violation of that agreement, and my next filing will be with a large contractual expert legal firm. I’ll sue them for breaching the 1997 settlement agreement contract, which in 2016 was confirmed and upheld by a Federal Court judge.

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THE DOCUMENTED AND EXHIBITED PROOF:

1- April 11, 2016 - 3M former marketing department employee (who was there in 1974) unsolicited letter refuting false and misleading damaging public statements made by 3M, and is eye witness proof that 3M reviewed Amron's Press on memo post a sticky note invention in 1974:

Today

Alan,

It's great to hear from you. I worked at 3M in the mid-1970s as a computer consultant while getting my computer science degree at the University of Minnesota Institute of Technology.

I worked at 3M's Corporate Marketing when you or one of your associates brought up a stack of paper held together by the adhesive you had developed. One of the office assistants, Joan George, distributed the Press-on memos to people around the area including the librarians Colleen Lang and Fran Upton, and Bill Gearhart one of the marketing analysts. I believe we called the slips of paper sticky notes at the time. I remember that Joan recommended sizes for the memos, and enthusiastically promoted the little sticky notes. I wish I had had the foresight to have kept one of the original sticky notes.

After working for 3M and graduating, I worked for McDonnell Douglas as an Operations Analyst. Among my many assignments, I worked on the staff of Boeing Chairman's Innovation Initiative (CII), which was an attempt to inspire entrepreneurship within Boeing.

I retired from Boeing in 2014 due to health reasons.

ALAN AMRON

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF FLORIDA
PALM BEACH DIVISION

CASE NO.: 16-80125-CV-Cohn/Seltzer

ALAN AMRON Pro se

Plaintiff,

DANIEL DASSOW
AFFIDAVIT

v.

3M COMPANY AND ARTHUR FRY
AND SPENCER SILVER

Defendants.

DANIEL DASSOW
AFFIDAVIT

Daniel Dassow, being duly sworn, deposes and states:

- 1- I am over the age of 18 and have knowledge of the facts stated in this affidavit.
- 2- I wrote the following unsolicited letter to Alan Amron via a LinkedIn connection on April 11, 2016.
- 3- "Alan, It's great to hear from you.

I worked at 3M in the mid-1970s as a computer consultant while getting my computer science degree at the University of Minnesota Institute of Technology.

I worked at 3M's Corporate Marketing when you or one of your associates brought up a stack of paper held together by the adhesive you had developed. One of the office assistants, Joan George, distributed the Press-on memos to people around the area including the librarians Colleen Lang and Fran Upton, and Bill Gearhart one of the marketing analysts.

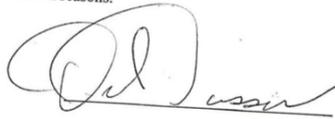
AN INVENTED LIFE

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I wish I had had the foresight to have kept one of the original sticky notes.

After working for 3M and graduating, I worked for McDonnell Douglas as an Operations Analyst. Among my many assignments, I worked on the staff of Boeing Chairman's Innovation Initiative (CII), which was an attempt to inspire entrepreneurship within Boeing.

I retired from Boeing in 2014 due to health reasons."

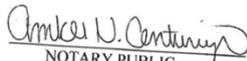


DANIEL DASSOW

STATE OF Missouri

COUNTY OF St. Charles

Sworn to or affirmed and signed before me on July 8th 2016 by DANIEL DASSOW.


NOTARY PUBLIC



AMBER N. CENTUNZI
My Commission Expires
December 4, 2017
St. Charles County
Commission #13554231

ac ✓ Produced identification
MO DL # M148012014

ALAN AMRON

098

EXHIBIT E

Michael Solomon, Esq. attorney in 1974 for Press On Memo his Affidavit notarized and signed attesting to the dates of Amron inventorship and efforts to put into commerce in 1974- today 2016 a sitting Judge in New York

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NASSAU) SS.:

I, MICHAEL SOLOMON, ESQ., being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am an attorney duly admitted to practice in the State of New York and was a partner in the firm of Frits & Solomon in 1974 with offices located at 33 South Grove Street, Freeport, New York.
2. Alan Amron was a client of our office at that time.
3. Alan had retained our office to file for a New York Corporation called "Press On Memo Ltd". On or about July 24, 1974 we filed the Certificate of Incorporation with the Secretary of State through the office of Gerald Weinberg, Esq., 90 State Street, Albany, New York. A copy of the Certificate of Incorporation is annexed hereto.
4. Alan was a 100% shareholder of the corporation at the time of incorporation.
5. Alan had invented a memo pad with a strip of stickem glue on the back of each sheet of paper enabling one to post notes in and around the office or home without the use of pins or tape and without leaving a glue residue.
6. The purpose of the Corporation was to manufacture and sell press-on memo pads.


MICHAEL SOLOMON

Sworn to before me this
5th day of June, 1997.


Notary Public

ELLEN MAHLAN
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 90-1822673
Qualified in Nassau County 7/1

AN INVENTED LIFE

14- 1974 Affidavit by Press-on memo sticky post a notes investor partner Jeffrey Brown:

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF FLORIDA :
 : ss.:
COUNTY OF :

I, Jeffrey E. Brown, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I, Jeffrey E. Brown, was a 20% investment partner in the development and sale of the invention for a Press-On Memo pad concept with its inventor Alan Amron in 1974.

2. I am aware that a New York State Corporation called "Press-On Memo Ltd" had been set up for Mr. Alan Amron's invention in 1974 for the sole purpose of not confusing this invention with any of his other business ventures at that time, and to develop and sell this revolutionary stationary item to retail, wholesale and stationary product manufacturers.

3. I am personally familiar with the purpose of that invention of Mr. Amron's in 1974 called "Press-On Memo Pads". It was, in fact, the first ever memo pads with a sticking glue on the back of each sheet of paper to enable one to post notes in and around the office or home without the use of pins or tape without leaving any residue after removal.

4. I am aware of the Post-It Notes now being sold by the 3M company in stationary stores worldwide and I hereby

ALAN AMRON

confirm that Alan Amron was the first to conceive and first to offer for sale commercially in 1974 a Press-On Memo pad exactly the same as 3M Post-It Notes which were first introduced for sale in and around 1987.

5. My financial investment in Press-On Memo was to be used to fund the cost of developing this invention into a saleable and presentable product, to pay for the printing of the samples, and to do the mass mailing to the stationary industry introducing this item to the world for sale. I felt that my commitment to this novel invention was due to my belief that Press-On Memo pads had huge potential. It appeared to be a revolutionary new stationary item invented by Amron.

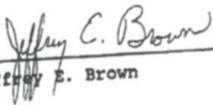
6. As I recall, we had joined forces with a sales group called Arkay Sales, Inc. Ronald Katz was the President of Arkay Sales, Inc. and was already established in sales and representation of manufacturers of stationary products. This was a great way for us to tie in our Press-On Memo Pads with the already established stationary industry people.

7. In or around 1987 when 3M Post-It Notes was first introduced into the market place, I had commented to my wife that Alan Amron must have made a business deal with 3M and excluded me from that deal and I was very concerned. I contacted Amron and he assured me that that was not the case,

AN INVENTED LIFE

no deal had been made. It was his intention to locate his original samples and documents of proof first. So that he could then prove beyond any doubt that his conception dates of 1974 for this product were prior to 3M's conception date of 1987. I took him at his word that his intention was to contact me when he had all his evidence gathered. He, in fact, did locate and contact me a few weeks ago.

8. I am without doubt or prejudice that Alan Amron was the originator and creator/inventor of the product that 3 M calls Post-It Notes.



Jeffrey E. Brown

Sworn to before me this
6 th day of June 1997



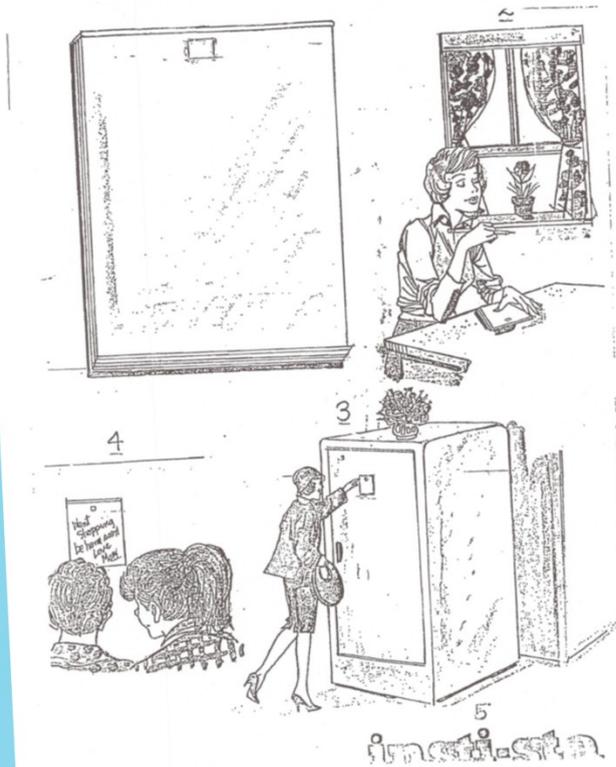
Notary Public



Darlene M. Scortino
MY COMMISSION # CC552455 EXPIRES
July 5, 2000
BOKROD TRUOY TRUOY FAIR INSURANCE, INC

ALAN AMRON

2- In 1973 my very first artist conception drawing of my sticky backed post a note:



AN INVENTED LIFE

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EXHIBIT F2
Original Press-On Memo art 1973
Used in 1974 mass mailing

Presto!



M
THE
MAGIC TOUCH

JUST JOT DOWN YOUR MEMO, TEAR OFF.

PLACE ANYWHERE, TOUCH THE MAGIC "M"
AND PRESTO IT STAYS. IT'S THAT EASY.

ACTUAL SIZE

A silent secretary right at your fingertips, for the home or at business, that allows you to hang your memo without the use of tapes, pins or magnets. It's practical, it's attractive, it's easy to handle and costs very little. It also makes a nice gift.

FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION WRITE TO:
PRESS-ON MEMO

340

ALAN AMRON

5- My 1974 Press-on memo sticky back post notes samples and advertising materials that I sent out via a purchased Mass to the entire stationery industry mailing, actual envelope:



AN INVENTED LIFE

6- Contents of that 1974 mass stationery industry executives mailing envelope with advertising materials and an actual sample of my sticky back note:

**THE
MAGIC TOUCH**

PRESS ON MEMO LTD.
P.O. BOX 302
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, NEW YORK 11570

ATTENTION: ATTS. STATIONERY CENTER
A REVOLUTION IN STATIONERY
MAIL DELIVERY AND PROMOTION

YOUR INVITATION
TO INSTANT PROFIT!
IT'S PRACTICAL. IT'S ATTRACTIVE.
IT'S EASY TO HANDLE...

JUST JOY DOWN YOUR MEMO, TEAR OFF, PLACE ANYWHERE.
TOUCH THE MAGIC "M" AND PRESTO! IT STAYS. IT'S THAT EASY.
THE NEW ALLOWS YOU TO HANG YOUR MEMO WITHOUT THE
USE OF TAPES, PINS OR MAGNETS.

WITH OUR EXCITING ADVERTISING
CAMPAIGN REACHING A MARKET
THAT'S ENDLESS! IT ADDS UP TO BIG
PROFITS! THAT'S NOT MAGIC...
THAT'S GOOD BUSINESS.

FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION WRITE TO
PRESS ON MEMO LTD. P.O. BOX 302 ROCKVILLE CENTRE, NEW YORK 11570

Presto!



M
THE
MAGIC TOUCH

JUST JOY DOWN YOUR MEMO, TEAR OFF.





PLACE ANYWHERE. TOUCH THE MAGIC "M"
AND PRESTO! IT STAYS. IT'S THAT EASY.
© Austin 1973

A silver anniversary celebration is being celebrated for the business of business. When should you be
being your friends and neighbors with PRESTO! It's practical, it's attractive,
it's easy to handle and more than 1000, 000 people are using it.

FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION WRITE TO:
PRESS ON MEMO LTD.

8- The actual United States Post office officially stamped receipt dated July 22, 1974 for my Press on memo mass stationery industry executives mailing:

-7- to you P.O. Box No. to you your address

ORIGINAL 147

RECEIVED BOX RENT FROM (Name of person)	AMOUNT								
Press on memo stationery	\$10.00								
With this certificate you may receive your money back if you return the certificate to the Post Office within 30 days of the date of issue. For the period ending (Date)									
BOX NO. 302	<table style="width: 100%; text-align: center;"> <tr> <td><input type="checkbox"/></td> <td><input type="checkbox"/></td> <td><input type="checkbox"/></td> <td><input checked="" type="checkbox"/></td> </tr> <tr> <td>8/26</td> <td>10/31</td> <td>2/21</td> <td>5/30</td> </tr> </table>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	8/26	10/31	2/21	5/30
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>						
8/26	10/31	2/21	5/30						
POSTPAID BY: <i>KRS</i>									



ALAN AMRON

7- The 1974 sticky backed Press-on memo post a note sample that was sent in each of the 2,000 mass stationery industry mailing envelopes:



AN INVENTED LIFE

**9- In 1973 proof of a letter dated
November 29, 1973 from a Chicago
Chemist who was to help me develop the
sticky tacky back adhesive for my
memo invention:**



DR. DAVID W. YOUNG, HON. AIC

CHEMICAL CONSULTING SERVICE
RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

1409 JOHN HANCOCK CENTER
875 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
(312) 649-1310

November 29, 1973

Mr. Alan B. Amron
Refrigeration Alarm Systems Corporation
31 South Grove Street
Freeport, New York 11520

Dear Mr. Amron:

With reference to your memo of November 14, the cost of a program for developing a composition suitable for your invention would be \$750.00, for research and product formulations, plus any cost for materials used. If you plan to proceed with a patent, there would be an additional cost of \$1,000 - \$1,500 for filing with the Government Patent Office.

*1/3 Down
3c Day*

I greatly appreciate your considering my office for assistance in developing a cement system for Con-Tactless. I would like to arrange a meeting to discuss this program. Also, before such meeting a sample of Tactless and Con-Tactless, as shown in Figures 1 and 2 of your report. Any additional information and descriptions would be most helpful.

Sincerely,

David
DAVID W. YOUNG

:lp

CONSULTING ASSOCIATE, R. B. MACMULLIN ASSOCIATES, NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK

ALAN AMRON

**10- Chemist letter United States Postal
Service officially US Government
stamped envelope dated November
1973:**

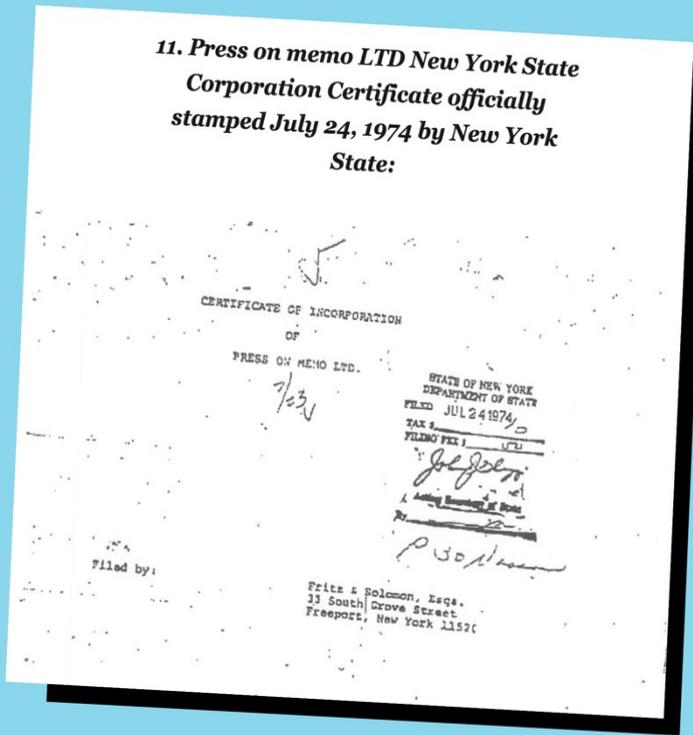
DR. DAVID W. YOUNG, HON. AIC
1458 JOHN HANCOCK CENTER
875 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611



Mr. Alan B. Amron
Refrigeration Alarm Systems Corporation
31 South Grove Street
Freeport, New York 11520

AN INVENTED LIFE

11. Press on memo LTD New York State Corporation Certificate officially stamped July 24, 1974 by New York State:



ALAN AMRON

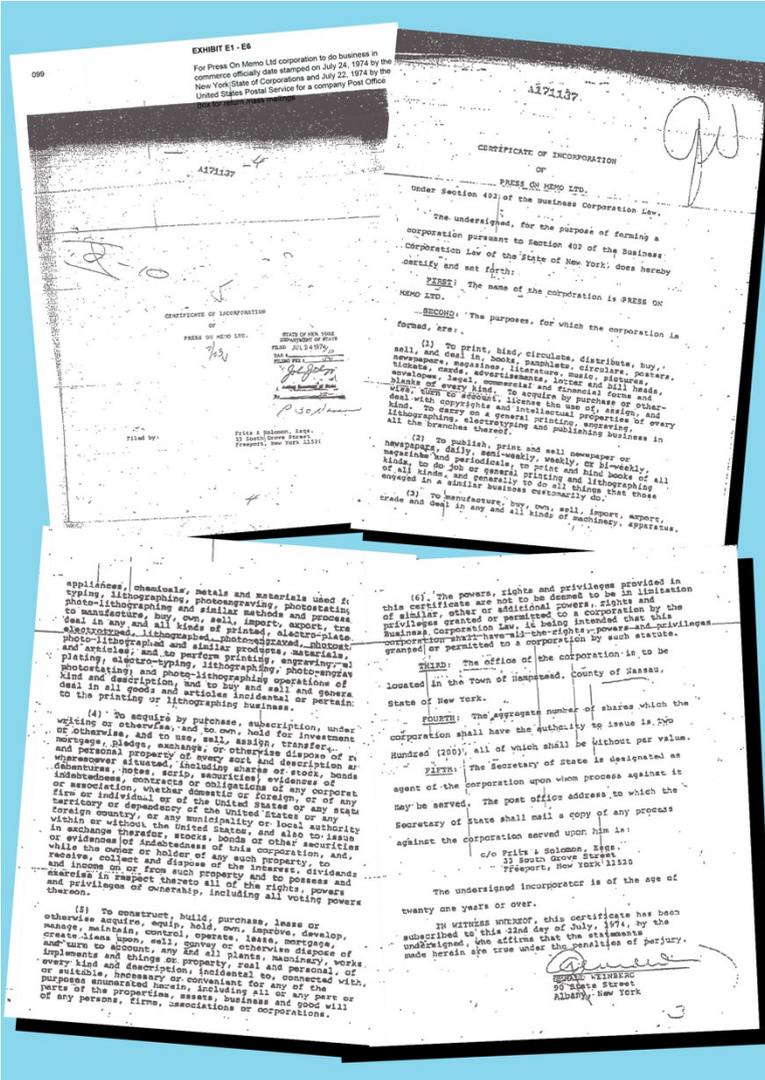


EXHIBIT E1 - E8
For Press On Memo Ltd corporation to do business in
New York State officially dated on July 24, 1974 by the
United States Postal Service for a company Post Office

117137
CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION
OF
PRESS ON MEMO LTD.
Under Section 402 of the Business Corporation Law.

The undersigned, for the purpose of forming a corporation pursuant to Section 402 of the Business Corporation Law of the State of New York, does hereby certify and set forth:

FIRST: The name of the corporation is PRESS ON MEMO LTD.

SECOND: The purposes, for which the corporation is formed, are:

- (1) To print, bind, circulate, distribute, buy, sell, and deal in, books, pamphlets, circulars, brochures, newspapers, magazines, literature, circulars, posters, newsletters, legal, commercial and financial forms, blanks of every kind. To acquire by purchase or otherwise, any and all rights, titles, interests, and shares, and deal with copyrights and intellectual properties of every kind. To carry on a general printing, publishing, and lithographing, electrotyping and publishing business in all the branches thereof.
- (2) To publish, print and sell newspaper or magazines, daily, semi-weekly, weekly, or bi-weekly, kind, to do job or general printing and lithographing of all kinds, and generally to do all things that those engaged in a similar business customarily do.
- (3) To manufacture, buy, sell, import, export, lease and deal in any and all kinds of machinery, apparatus,

appliances, chemicals, metals and materials used in typing, lithographing, photoengraving, photocasting, photolithography and similar methods and processes to manufacture, buy, own, sell, import, export, lease, distribute, circulate, photoengraved, electroplate, photo-lithographed and similar printed, electroplated, and articles; and to perform printing, materials, plating, electro-typing, lithography, supervisory, photocasting; and photo-lithography operations of kind and description; and to buy and sell and lease in all goods and articles incidental or pertain to the printing or lithographing business.

(4) To acquire by purchase, subscription, under writing or otherwise, and to own, hold for investment purposes, shares, securities, transfer, or otherwise, and to use, sell, lease, transfer, or otherwise, wherever situated, including shares of stock, bonds or debentures, notes, scrip, securities, evidences of indebtedness, contracts or obligations of any corporation, territory or dependency of any state within or without the United States or of any firm or individual or of the United States or of any foreign country, or any municipality or local authority in exchange therefor, stocks, bonds or other securities or evidences of indebtedness of any such property, and to receive, collect and dispose of the interest, dividends and income on or from such property and to possess and exercise in respect thereof all of the rights, powers and privileges of ownership, including all voting powers thereon.

(5) To construct, build, purchase, lease or otherwise acquire, equip, hold, own, improve, develop, manage, maintain, control, operate, lease, develop, create, lease, own, sell, convey or otherwise dispose of every kind and description of property, real and personal, and implements and things of property, real and personal, of every kind and description, incidental to, connected with, or necessary for the carrying on of any of the purposes enumerated herein, including all or any part or parts of the properties, assets, business and good will of any persons, firms, associations or corporations.

(6) The powers, rights and privileges provided in this certificate are not to be deemed to be in limitation of similar, other or additional powers, rights and privileges granted or permitted to a corporation by the Business Corporation Law, it being intended that this corporation shall have all the rights, powers and privileges granted or permitted to a corporation by such statute.

THIRD: The office of the corporation is to be located in the town of Hempstead, County of Nassau, State of New York.

FOURTH: The aggregate number of shares which the corporation shall have the authority to issue is, Two Hundred (200), all of which shall be without par value.

FIFTH: The Secretary of State is designated as agent of the corporation upon whom process against it may be served. The post office address to which the Secretary of State shall mail a copy of any process against the corporation served upon him is:

c/o Fritz A. Solomon, Esq.
33 South Grove Street
Hempstead, New York 11550

The undersigned incorporator is of the age of twenty one years or over.

In witness whereof, this certificate has been subscribed to this 24th day of July, 1974, by the undersigned, who attests that the statements made herein are true under the penalties of perjury.

ALAN AMRON
36 West Street
Hempstead, New York

AN INVENTED LIFE

12- 1974 New York State Press on memo
LTD Corporation CT-4 official tax
receipt:

CT-4
1974

NEW YORK STATE CORPORATION FRANCHISE TAX REPORT ARTICLE 9A, TAX LAW
(For corporations eligible to file this report, see instruction 1 on Page 2)
CALENDAR YEAR 1974 or other taxable PERIOD

SECUR _____ 1974 ENDED _____ 19 _____
File with Corporation Tax Bureau, State Capitol, Albany, N.Y. 12227, within 2 1/2 months after close of report year. Please read instructions on Page 2 before preparing this report.

EMPLOYER IDENTIFICATION NUMBER		FILE NUMBER	BUREAU USE
TN 9053 002		8817 291 049.40	

PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE

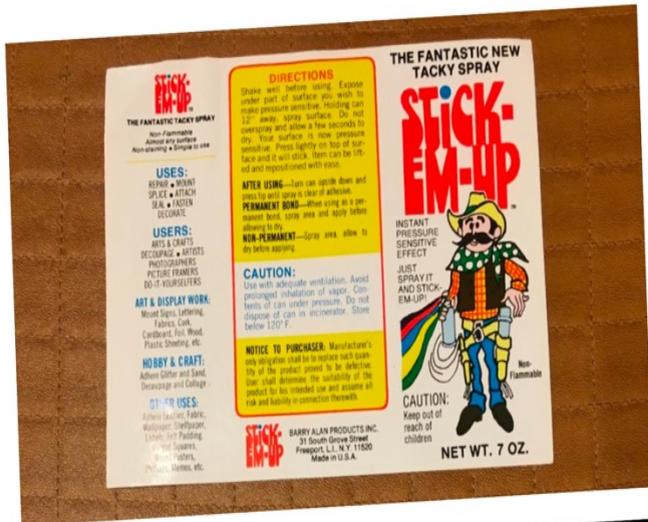
NAME
PRESS ON MEMO LTD.
NUMBER AND
FRITZ-ETAL
-33- GROVE ST
CITY OR TOWN, STATE AND ZIP CODE
GREENPORT NY 11520

Please use pre-addressed form. Correct any error in Employer Number, address and Zip Code.

CHECK IF CHANGED SINCE LAST REPORT: ADDRESS EMPLOYER NUMBER

342

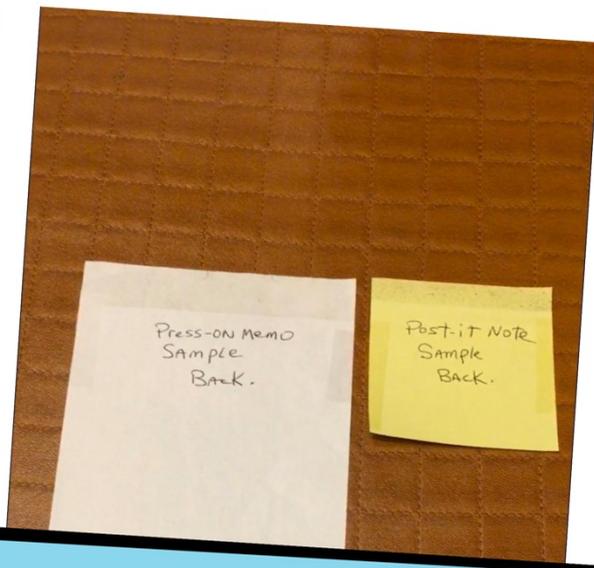
3- My very own sticky spray adhesive
that I developed and used in 1973 to
hand spray each sticky note back top to
make pads and sell them:



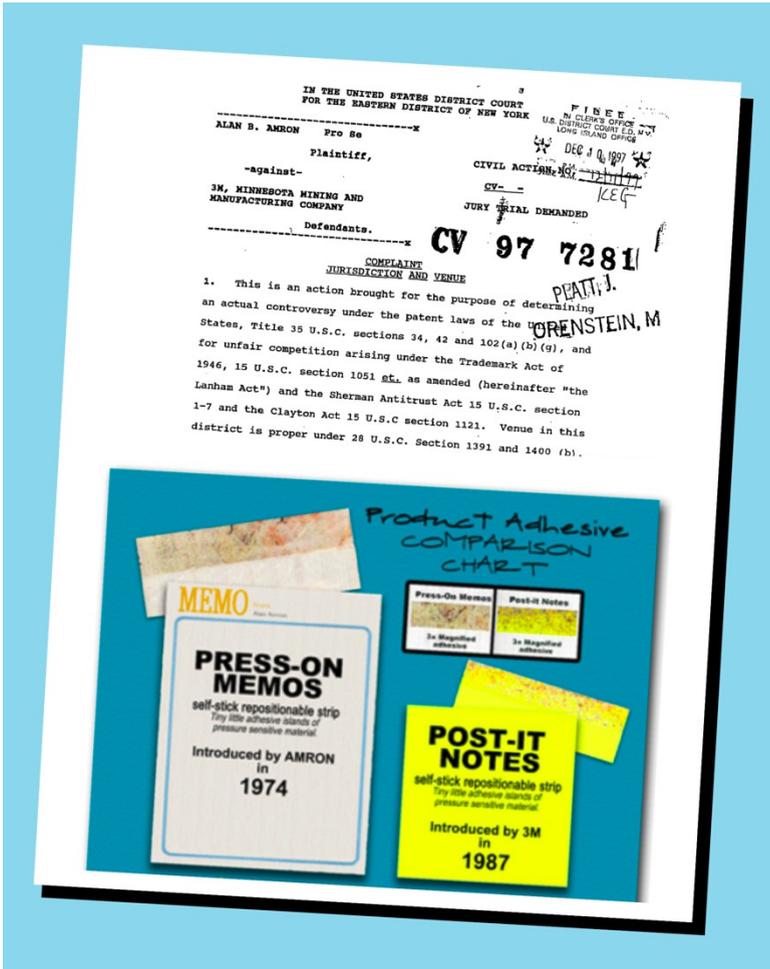
AN INVENTED LIFE

4- Side by side comparison of my Press-on memo sticky back note in 1973, and 3M Post-it note sticky back note in 1980:

The intended products names say it all, 3M Press n' peel is a secure bookmark and Amron's Press on memo and Post it are sticky notes.



ALAN AMRON



AN INVENTED LIFE

169

United States Patent

Silver

EXHIBIT P
1970 Silver filed patent for one specific sticky adhesive formula use as spray - nothing mentioned, discussed or implied as for other inventions combinations at all

(15) 3,691,140

(45) Sept. 12, 1972

- [54] **ACRYLATE COPOLYMER MICROSPHERES**
- [72] Inventor: **Spencer Ferguson Silver**, 3 M Center, St. Paul, Minn. 55101
- [22] Filed: **March 9, 1970**
- [21] Appl. No.: **17,880**
- [52] U.S. CL. **260/78.5, 117/155, 117/161, 260/29.6, 260/30.4, 260/31.2, 260/32.8, 260/33.4, 260/33.6, 260/79.3, 260/80.73, 260/80.8, 260/80.81, 260/86.1 R, 260/86.1 N**
- [51] Int. Cl. **C08f 15/26**
- [58] Field of Search. **260/86.1 N, 79.3, 78.5, 80.73, 260/80.8, 80.81**
- [56] **References Cited**
- UNITED STATES PATENTS**
- | | | | |
|-----------|--------|---------------------|------------|
| 2,892,822 | 6/1959 | Gray et al. | 260/86.1 N |
| 3,257,478 | 6/1966 | Jubilee et al. | 260/86.1 N |

3,385,839	5/1968	Honig et al.	260/86.1 N
3,428,617	2/1969	Scoblev.	260/86.1 N
3,485,806	12/1969	Bloomquist et al.	260/86.1 N
3,527,802	9/1970	Slagel.	260/86.1 N

Primary Examiner—Harry Wong, Jr.
Attorney—Kinney, Alexander, Sell, Steldt & Delahunt

ABSTRACT

Infusible, solvent-dispersible, solvent-insoluble, inherently tacky, elastomeric copolymer microspheres consist essentially of about 90 percent to about 99.5 percent by weight of at least one alkyl acrylate ester and about 10 to about 0.5 percent by weight of at least one monomer selected from the group consisting of substantially oil-insoluble, water-soluble, ionic monomers and maleic anhydride. The microspheres are prepared by aqueous suspension polymerization utilizing emulsifier in an amount greater than the critical micelle concentration in the absence of externally added protective colloids or the like.

19 Claims, No Drawings

163

Int. Cl.: 16

Prior U.S. Cl.: 37

United States Patent Office

Reg. No. 1,046,353

Registered Aug. 17, 1976

TRADEMARK
Principal Register

POST-IT

Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company (Delaware corporation)
3M Center
St. Paul, Minn. 55101

FOR PAPER AND CARDBOARD SHEET MATERIAL HAVING ADHESIVE COATING ON BOTH SIDES THEREOF FOR ATTACHMENT TO WALLS OR OTHER VERTICAL SURFACES TO HOLD DISPLAYS OR OTHER MESSAGES IN PLACE, IN CLASS 16 (U.S. CL. 37).
Filed Aug. 22, 1974; in continuation Sept. 25, 1974.

Ret. No. 72,879, filed Dec. 29, 1975.

P. P. ORALNICK, Supervisory Examiner
G. H. FECHTER, Examiner

EXHIBIT N
Post-it mark 3M never intended for use as sticky note invention



AN INVENTED LIFE

Product Characteristics Comparison Chart...

Press-on Memo™

1. Memo Pad
2. Self stick
3. Repositionable
4. Removable
5. Reusable
6. Press to hang
7. Padded by itself
8. Used as Markers
9. Adhesive will not transfer.
10. Memo Sheet
11. Adhesive applied by spray process to form islands
12. Amron put into use in 1974.

Post-it Note®

1. Note Pad
2. Self stick
3. Repositionable
4. Removable
5. Reusable
6. Press to hang
7. Padded by itself
8. Used as Markers
9. Adhesive will not transfer.
10. Note Sheet
11. Adhesive applied by spray process to form islands
12. 3M put into use in 1981.

The only difference is that Amron did it 7 years earlier than 3M...

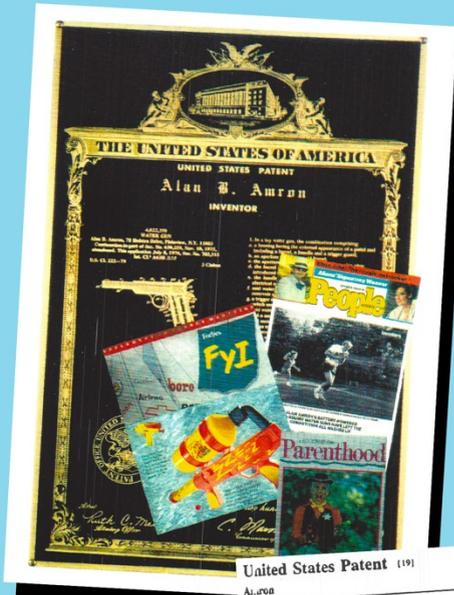
ALAN AMRON

EXHIBIT H

Image from the NEWS video coverage of the Press-On Memo and Battery Operated water Gun inventions at INVENTION SHOW IN NYC 1974 were we met with two 3M executives and gave them Press-On Memo samples, they gave us their business cards



AN INVENTED LIFE



United States Patent ⁽¹⁹⁾ [11] 4,022,350
 [45] May 10, 1977

[54] WATER GUN
[76] Inventor: Alan W. Amron, 70 Madara Drive, Plainville, N.Y. 11803
[22] Filed: July 8, 1976
[21] Appl. No.: 703,315

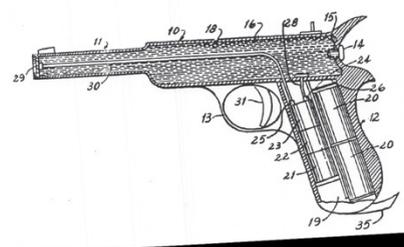
Related U.S. Application Data
[63] Continuation-in-part of Ser. No. 630,259, Nov. 10, 1975, abandoned.
[52] U.S. Cl.: 222/79, 222/333
[51] Int. Cl.: A63H 3/18
[58] Field of Search: 222/79, 333, 383; 230/332, 587

[56] References Cited
UNITED STATES PATENTS
 2,382,202 6/1942 Mangels 222/79
 3,174,708 3/1968 Wal 222/79 X
 3,901,449 8/1975 Bochmann 230/332

*Primary Examiner—Stanley H. Tollberg
 Attorney, Agent, or Firm—Charles Marks*

[57] ABSTRACT
 A toy water gun is provided with a battery driven motor and pump assembled with a chamber communicating and nozzle in the gun. When with a water reservoir and a nozzle in the gun. When the motor and pump are energized, intake and exit valves operate alternately to determine a series of spurts of water from the chamber through the nozzle.

3 Claims, 8 Drawing Figures



ALAN AMRON



Firing a load of liquid on the run, inventor Amron leads 6-year-old son Scotty in a backyard charge of the wet brigade.

ALAN AMRON'S BATTERY-POWERED BIG-SQUIRT WATER GUNS HAVE LEFT THE COMPETITION ALL WASHED UP

Look sharp, all you Rambos and Ripleys. That leaky plastic water pistol from summers past has grown up to become one of this year's hottest new toys: a fully automatic, battery-operated squirt machine gun that blows the old single-action pump model out of the picture. Water warriors everywhere are scrambling to get their hands on one, and even committed pacifists find themselves unable to resist taking aim at objects up to 30 feet away.

Inventor Alan Amron, 37, estimates that he has earned \$250,000 in royalties on \$9 million in sales since the gun went on the mass market a year ago. David Ring, president of the Philadelphia-based Larami Corp., which manufactures the \$7 to \$15 guns under license from Amron's Talk To Me Programs Inc., says he has two factories in Hong Kong working triple

shifts to keep up with the demand. The toy's success has led a number of competitors to attempt knockoffs, but Amron insists he has the sole patent on the gun and has vowed to sue anyone who infringes.

Amron's guns look like scaled-down replicas of the Israeli Uzi submachine gun, which is used by U.S. Secret Service agents, among others. The Amron gun's special appeal, in addition to its range, is the battery-operated motor inside, which pumps 250 rapid-fire squirts per minute. No down time for reloading here, and the action comes complete with a satisfying rat-a-tat-tat. In fact, the plastic guns look so convincing at first glance that Amron has decided to change later models from black to bright yellow to avoid potentially dangerous misunderstandings. Amron's first successful invention (in 1972) was an electronic temperature

monitor used by the Red Cross and hospital labs to help keep storage units for blood and donor organs at a safe temperature. Supermarkets use it to protect packaged meat and ice cream. A less successful venture was Bicoastal Air Service, an attempt in 1983 to create a "condominium airline" that would sell permanent seats on planes flying from New York to Los Angeles for wealthy corporate and celebrity clients. Amron lives in Oyster Bay Cove, Long Island with his wife, Eileen, and children Scotty, 6, and 18-month-old Joanna. He admits to ambivalent feelings about letting his own children play with a toy modeled on a weapon. "Because of the war in Vietnam, nobody was buying toy guns. Now, Rambo and Bambo, and suddenly it's okay," he says. "I don't like guns either. But I've never known anything that could make money this fast." □

Photograph by Susan Aimee Weinek

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ALAN AMRON



In this photo taken Monday, March 7, 2016, Alan Amron talks to a reporter in West Palm Beach, Fla. Amron is suing 3M Company in a South Florida federal court in a dispute over who invented the ubiquitous Post-it Note. (AP Photo/Alan Diaz)



In this photo taken Monday, March 7, 2016, Alan Amron talks to a reporter in West Palm Beach, Fla. Amron is suing 3M Company in a South Florida federal court in a dispute over who invented the ubiquitous Post-it Note. (AP Photo/Alan Diaz)

3M ADMITTEDLY DIDN'T INVENT THE POST IT NOTE

3M 1974 invented the Press n' peel secure bookmark
Amron 1973 invented the Press on memo sticky note

The story of Post-it Notes

Dr Spencer Silver, a scientist at 3M in the US, was trying to develop a super strong adhesive but accidentally created a super weak one.

In 1974 his colleague Art Fry came up with the idea to use the adhesive to hold his bookmark in his hymnbook.

History [1]

2. Art Fry:

A chemical engineer, worked at 3M.

❖ **Mid-1970s:** Fry had trouble keeping his pages marked as a church choir director. He **remembered Silver's adhesive** which had the problem of detaching from paper. Two other scientists came up with a coating to eliminate the problem.

❖ **1977:** 3M finally agreed to test sale the 'Press n' Peel' project.



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IN SUMMARY:

In **1973 Alan Amron** invented the **sticky backed note** he called Press-on memo.

In **1974 Alan Amron** put his sticky backed note called Press-on memo into use and commerce disclosed to 3m and gave samples to 3M executives at an inventors trade show in 1974.

In **1974 Arthur Fry** and 3M claimed to have invented the **Press n' peel secure BOOKMARK** while singing in a church choir. (Which has **nothing whatsoever to do with** the present day known to the world sticky Post it note invented by Amron in 1973)

In 1977 (after concealing it from the public for three years, which is against patent office rules) 3M unsuccessfully introduced the **Press n' peel secure BOOKMARK**.

In **1980 3M changed the product** and its name from Press n' peel a BOOKMARK to a Press on memo sticky note product 3M called Post it sticky note.

Chapter 3

The Start of the Inventions

Summer is an excellent time for a water gun fight, even if you happen to be a twenty-six-year-old, acting like a kid with seven of your college friends. One day after a water-gun battle, my college friends and I trudged back with our clothes soaked to the skin and our fingers sore from constantly pressing the trigger button and having to refill the gun. It was only after we had started wrapping up the game that the idea occurred to me—what if I attached a motor to it that could do the work for me?

After coming up with the idea, I went straight to work in my garage and, after some trial and error, finally got it to work. Mounting a water gun on a wood board and connecting it to a motor, I squeezed the trigger electrically to operate it. I wired some batteries with a switch and, thus, created the first-ever battery-operated water gun. I was excited to test it out, and before long, I was soaking anyone

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in sight with the press of a button. Everyone loved it, and they all wanted one. They suggested I get it patented, which I had no idea how to do at the time. I called a patent attorney in New York and got the ball rolling, and the United States Patent # 4,022,350 was born.

Many companies, especially those who pride themselves on being creative, are neither creative nor imaginative. They think and say they are, but when presented with something novel that doesn't look like it came off someone else's shelf, they find themselves confused. Many lack the imagination to see how something could be based only on a concept rather than how it actually looks in a works-like model.

Any trivial oddity or imperfection in an invention can cause seasoned executives to scratch their heads in utter confusion and conclude that no one will buy the product. Even if it cured cancer. They will shake their heads, knowing full well that people would rather die than be cured by this invention they can't understand or monetize.

Exaggeration? True, some highly creative people out there instantly grasp new concepts and see where they can go; it is a pleasure to work with these rare few. But there are

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also many people so frustratingly limited in their spatial skills and vision of the possibilities that one is left wondering how they managed to become the gatekeepers to the world of new products.

Almost any company that buys an idea will invariably redesign your product. Still, a works-like and looks-like will always help you make the initial sale and impress people because it requires less imagination to understand. So to that end, I had a conceptual artist do a full-color rendering of a kid playing with an electric water gun.

Not only that, I even had a professional model maker build a hardened, professional-looking version of the water gun. This is called a ‘works-like, looks-like’ model in the toy industry because it works like a production model would work and appears like a production model “might” look.

So my model was styled to look like a machine gun, and (as was suggested by my wife Eileen) I even took it out of a violin case like a bootlegging gangster for added effect when I presented to Mego toys in 1975. Putting on a show will never hurt you; in fact, showmanship is sometimes more important than the product itself. They made a deal, and I received an advance of \$500 and was promised a five percent

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share in royalties on wholesale worldwide sales. Unfortunately, problems plagued us before we could even roll it out.

At the time, I was sure it'd be a massive success, and at any other time in America's history, I would have been correct. But this was the '70s, where the US was still hopelessly entrenched in the Vietnam War. There were violent protests, and the Kent State shootings' memory was still fresh in people's minds, fueling iconic anti-war imagery. Over fifty thousand American soldiers had been killed, and many more were coming home maimed, crippled, and traumatized.

It seemed we would never extricate ourselves from a growing military quagmire. Each day, the body count of recently killed American soldiers was plastered on the news. The political climate was increasingly anti-war and anti-Nixon, even though Nixon campaigned on the promise that he would give us peace with honor. The Watergate scandal exploding after Nixon's reelection only fueled anti-war sentiments further.

No one wanted anything to do with the war. Even though toy companies only make toys, they are subject to the

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same public opinion that ultimately guides national policy. Unlike national policy, though, private companies have a lot less inertia. The prevailing mood was that no one wanted products that glorified war, guns, or resembling guns, even if those guns happened to shoot harmless streams of water for children's entertainment. Including me.

After careful consideration, Mego Toys handed me back the battery-powered water gun's rights. However, they were nice enough to let me keep the \$500 advance against the royalties I would never see. So there I was with an official United States Patent and a product that didn't have a market to sell to. So it sat on the shelf. A victim of the same war that ruined the lives of hundreds of thousands –if not millions— of Americans and Vietnamese.

One can only imagine the frustration of knowing you have a cool toy you can't sell even though it's fun to play with. In reality, most patents serve only one purpose: to be displayed as a nice, framed wall decoration. 95% of all patents issued in the patent office make no money at all. Only 5% have a chance of making any money.

By the time the '80s hit, the world was a different place. Disco had come and gone. Punk rock was growing in

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popularity, and the war was long behind us. Things were growing increasingly high-tech. Though still in their infancy, personal computers were proliferating. It was an entirely new generation with different sensibilities, as I would soon find out.

It all happened when I was out shopping with my wife looking for a toy for our son Scotty when I came across a battery-powered water gun sitting on a shelf. It looked like an Uzi submachine gun, greatly resembling the product I had presented seven years earlier to Mego toys. I was relieved that my product had finally been validated, but I was furious that I was being robbed of the product I had invented and was issued a US patent on.

I had read in the newspaper about a lawyer who had obtained a settlement for his client, the inventor of the Cabbage Patch doll. His dolls had made over a billion dollars in sales for Coleco. I contacted that very same lawyer and confessed that I could not afford the hundreds of thousands of dollars it might take to fight this case in court. So we made a contingency agreement that the lawyer would take ten percent of the settlement in lieu of payment for services. He felt like I had a strong enough case, which turned out to be a

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good gamble for both of us.

The lawyer wrote a cease and desist letter to Larami, the company making the water gun. One month after our initial meeting with executives from Larami, a settlement was reached, and they agreed to pay me a royalty for my patented invention.

At the time, Larami was a one-million-dollar a year rack jobber. Rack jobbers are companies that make cheap, blister-packed toys suspended from hang tags on pegboards in dime stores. My single product grew Larami to a thirty million dollar a year company and finally made me a lot of money.

None of this would have happened had I not heeded my friend's advice and patented my idea, coupled, of course, with lots of luck and the right attorney (at the time). Many people can invent the same thing, and often internally generated ideas thought to be original are made and sold, only to later discover that there's pre-existing intellectual property.

Ethical people will pay a fair royalty, and sometimes ethics has nothing to do with it; it is simply the most practical

way to stay in business. It's the liability of doing business, like buying fire insurance.

On the other hand, companies knock each other off all the time, and if you can't afford to fight it in court properly, stealing and theft of intellectual property are perfectly legal. I repeat: stealing is perfectly legal if no one stops you.

It's the law of corporate nature that big companies have greater resources than little people, and many steal with impunity. Occasionally someone stands up to them, though, and it was also fortunate for me that Larami was only a one-million-dollar company. They were more prone to settle compared to a billion-dollar company with a dozen full-time lawyers on retainer, who would love nothing more than to deprive some poor lone inventor of their royalty income.

It would start with those corporate lawyers legally hanging the inventors up in court with motion after motion, year after year. It would go on until the inventor would fold and walk away from the table, deeply in debt and beaten legally by virtue only of being outspent.

In the toy industry, in particular, thousands of ideas

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are submitted to companies each year. It is an absolute necessity to keep a detailed log of what you submit, who you submit it to, and when you submit it.

Many inventors rarely bother to patent things because it costs millions to patent everything they think of, and it would slow them down. They come up with too many ideas, and if one doesn't hit, another one will. They never get too attached to a single notion because the great ideas often go nowhere, and the dumb ones get sold and make a lot of money. Companies continue to want new ideas, and the cycle continues.

Some companies are used to paying royalties, having no problem taking a submission, deciding to buy it, and even writing those royalty checks. Some even pay royalties for products similar to others or even identical to things already done, as long as there's some new feature they hadn't thought of. They still pay because they need new ideas to compete.

It's a known fact that companies carefully review new submissions to see if there's anything even remotely resembling it in their archives. They will find ways around paying if they can sense there's a give and take relationship

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between the seasoned inventors and the major toy companies.

Often the big corporations aren't willing to take a gamble and accept submissions from someone they don't already know. So you could go through all the trouble and expense to patent an idea, only to find the major companies won't even look at it.

At the same time, someone else will sketch an idea, sell it to the right person, and make royalty without ever a thought of wasting a dime patenting it. Much of it is luck, and it is said that luck is the residue of hard work. Royalties in exchange for unpatented ideas rarely happen without a long-term relationship with the right people, though. There are rules of the road that simply can't be explained because they're as varied as individual relationships.

My advice?

Get the right lawyer. There's no substitute for someone who can get the job done right. Other lawyers may cost less, and often you get exactly what you pay for. In this case, 90% of something turned out to be much better than 100% of nothing.

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I got to license my product to half a dozen other toy companies, and the resulting worldwide sales were over \$250 million. At the peak of my success, an article came out about my water guns in People Magazine. The Larami toy company was impressed with my defense and exposure in People magazine and other media outlets.

Smelling an opportunity, they offered me a role in the company to help protect some of their other products. I immediately accepted and realized that this could be a learning experience, exposing me to the legal aspects of protecting an invention.

By then, I was doing extremely well, residing in a 1.9 million dollar house with an in-ground pool, tennis court and money in the bank. I was continuously working and had invented the first-ever continuous stream water shooter and later became a partner in the patent that Gary Esposito had for the pressurized water guns. I acquired the rights to the names “Drencher” and “Soaker” to help market and sell this new product.

However, all that came crashing down one night while I was watching Johnny Carson on TV. Johnny walked out on stage with a water gun referred to as The Drencher,

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manufactured by the Larami Toy Company, my employers. It was shocking to me, as the company had already rejected my pitch for a water gun named “The Drencher.”

Later, I would find out that Larami had made a deal with Lomar Johnson, who claimed to have invented an air pressurized water gun that would spurt out water like bullets instead of a continuous stream. I held the same patent for an air pressurized water gun, except mine came out in a constant stream. Which is what Larami had been making and sold over a billion dollars of.

I immediately contacted my superiors to inform them that I owned the rights to “Drencher” and “Soaker” and that their product was infringing on my patent. I was expecting to deal with their in-house lawyer, Barry Sills, but he had been replaced by an older, sterner-looking attorney named Edward Rochester.

Accompanied by the vice president, they told me in so many words that, despite the evidence I presented, they were using the model based on Lomar Johnson’s pulsating water pressure patent, which differed from mine. Stymied by their stubbornness, I moved on from the point and argued that even if that were true, they were still infringing on my

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name mark “Drencher,” that I had trademarked.

Their alternative name “Super Soaker” also violated my trademark of “Rad Soaker,” as Rad and Super were both superlatives in front of the words Soaker. By then, Rochester had lost his patience and told me to go to hell. It was bad enough that I was being stolen from and lied to, but now I had been belittled and openly disrespected. I vowed to fight them in a court of law, but, as it turned out, they struck first.

The success of the Super Soaker pressurized water gun skyrocketed after appearing on the Johnny Carson show, and sales were soaring and projected to rise from approximately three million dollars a year to anywhere from \$200 million and \$900 million. They were using the same air-pressurized water system.

Still, instead of paying me my royalty percentage, they decided to sue me for declaratory judgment, which was them asking a judge if the product they were manufacturing was actually infringing on my patent and if they had to pay me.

My deteriorating relationship with Larami had started a while back, though, when Dave Ring stepped down

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and was replaced with Al Davis as the new owner. I had negotiated my previous agreements and contracts with Dave, with who I was good friends.

Al Davis was the complete opposite, and he made moves to remove anyone loyal to Dave, replacing them with his own people, including the legal team. Al used to be a salesman for the company, and I guess his penchant for backstabbing and double-crossing people stayed with him even after he became Larami's owner. It was clear he had a vendetta against me, but I wasn't going to take it lying down.

I immediately visited my attorney at the time, Bob Spritzer (of the Cabbage Doll Case), and wasted no time letting him know what was going on. After reviewing all the documents, he felt confident and assured me that we had Larami "dead to rights." It was a relief, to say the least, but even then, I didn't realize how far Larami was willing to go in the case. Remember what I said earlier about finding the right attorney? This is being taught in Cornell Law school right now, based on my case with Larami.

His incompetence was displayed early on in the trial. A week before the trial began, we met with Judge Simon Wood in his chambers, where he pointedly asked us

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questions about the case, including one about how the plaintiff had informed Larami about their patent infringement.

“I have a copy of the letter my client sent to the Larami Toy Company,” my counsel Spritzer informed the Judge. “He did so in a timely fashion.”

“There wouldn’t be much point in proceeding with this case if your client hadn’t, counselor,” the Judge told him. “I’ll see you in a week.”

I was already nervous when I sat in the court on that cold Monday morning, and before I knew it, the trial proceedings had begun. When asked to submit the letter exchanged between Spritzer and me into evidence, Spritzer stated client-attorney privileges and denied it being entered into evidence. I remember the Judge glaring at Spritzer and the Plaintiff grinning, and I asked Spritzer what happened. He shrugged it off and told me it was a nonissue he got past to save time.

I was the first witness on the stand, and after the introductions, Spritzer dove straight into the case.

“Mr. Amron, the day after watching your water gun

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demonstrated on the ‘Tonight Show,’ what did you do?”

I told him and the court that I wrote a letter to the Larami Toy Company informing them that they were infringing on my patent.

“Your honor,” Spitzer said to the Judge. “I would like to introduce this copy of my client’s letter along with my letter to my client advising him to do so as evidence.”

Edward Rochester for the Plaintiff stood up with all the prosecutor's zeal in a murder case introducing the weapon responsible for the fatal blow he objected to.

“What’s the basis of your objection?” Judge Woods asked even though he knew the answer.

“The defendant’s attorney invoked attorney-client privilege to keep another letter we requested out of evidence. Therefore, all of the defendant’s correspondence with counsel is barred from being entered into evidence.”

The Judge glanced at me with the expression one might wear just before slaughtering an innocent lamb.

“The objection is sustained.”

Without the lawyer-to-client letter, my case quickly

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fell apart. Patent law requires that all violations of the patent holder's rights be brought to the offender's attention within a certain period of time. The only way to prove compliance with the advice of counsel was to introduce the letter as evidence.

In the end, the court had decided that my patent was not legally binding and awarded Larami \$10 million, three million more than what I was asking for. One of the jurors later said outside the court steps that the damages awarded were meant to "send a message" to me, per the Judge's order. That I should have, which I actually did but couldn't show it to the jury due to a legal technicality, gotten legal advice before litigation.

The next decade of my life was a disaster. The declaratory judgment lawsuit filed by Larami meant that they were asking a judge to declare that the patent I owned with Esposito was not valid and that they were not obliged to pay us a royalty on it. Emboldened by the verdict, they came after me with a vengeance and tried to prove defamation.

They claimed that at the time, my battery-operated water gun was so successful that the toy industry respected

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the fact that if I owned a patent on something, they would not want to buy it from people who were not licensed. They identified major retailers like K-Mart and Wal-Mart, and Toys-R-Us. Still, it was absurd to come after me claiming damages. Their secondary market consisted of things like pillowcases and lunchboxes, which had nothing to do with my inventions and patents in the toy industry.

It lasted ten to fifteen years, and it cost me financially, physically, and mentally. The Judge put a footnote at the end of his opinion, stating that it wasn't my fault that specific evidence couldn't be brought into the trial that would have proved a lack of malicious intent to hurt their business. I used the footnote of the Judge's opinion to proceed with litigation against the legal team that screwed up that case and lost me the ten million dollar judgment.

Not only that, the judgment had cost me ten years of my life as well as my marriage, and it wasn't until 2007 when Hasbro bought out Larami that the defamation suit was finally settled.

The settlement saw that I agreed not to pursue any further litigation against them for the next five years, and they agreed to release the ten-million-dollar judgment from

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my name.

Over the course of the next five years, any litigation or infringements would go to arbitration, which was both parties' basically way of saying that we had had enough of this fighting over the years.

The worst thing I got out of that was losing my credibility with certain people in the toy industry, friends, and executives alike. I promised myself I would never let a situation like that ever happen again, and I haven't trusted a lawyer since. I file all of the cases myself and write my own legal briefs. I confess that I would have liked being a lawyer, as I find their neatness and organization most appealing.

Cornell Law School now teaches patent law in their course, focuses on what to do and what not to do and summarizes my Soaker case in one paragraph. Their case studies show that this guy had a legitimate claim to a patent, and he hired the wrong attorney, who caused his client to lose \$10 million in a judgment and the rights to his patent.

As I learned, justice is often overshadowed by the technicalities of the law, and while the right hand giveth, often the left hand taketh away. It can happen months, years,

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or even decades later, but when it does hit you, it will be when you least expect it.





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1985
The first battery-powered automatic water guns, invented by Alan Amron, employ an electric motor instead of an index finger.



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Alan Amron's battery operated water guns used in big Hollywood blockbuster movies



Alan Amron's battery operated water guns used in big Hollywood blockbuster movies



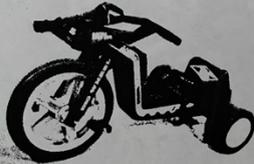
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E. WATER MACHINE GUN. Kids are sure to have a blast with this wild water weapon that shoots a pulsating jet stream of water up to 25 feet away! And to add to the battle action, it makes a realistic submachine gun sound! 20" x 11 1/4" x 2 1/4". Uses 2 C batt. (not incl.).
#3321 14.00



NEWS

Empire's Aqua-Blaster features water gun play



DEERFIELD BEACH, FLA. — Empire of Carolina's new Aqua-Blaster Big Wheel... handlebars, capable of shooting... A 1 1/2 pint refillable water... children to "blast" for several... features include an adjustable... wide track wheels, and clickable... The ride-on requires four "C"... Empire was granted the rights... patent for battery-operated wa... Talk to Me Programs.

PULSATIONAL

Motorized UZI Water Machine Pistol



#39050
LD WATER MACHINE PISTOL
Includes a full color blister card.
Cable: 12 in.
Motor: 6V
Water Tank: 20 pts.
Water Pump: 10 pts.
Cable: 4 in.



- Battery operated 6 volt high torque motor!
- Powerful pulsating jet stream action!
- up to 30 feet!
- Extra large water cartridge for more shots!

Don't miss the action! Contact Larami today.

PULSATIONAL Motorized UZI Water Guns



- Battery operated 6 volt high torque motor!
- Powerful pulsating jet stream action!
- Shoots up to 30 feet!
- Extra large water cartridge for more shots!

Don't miss the action! Contact Larami today.

LARAMI

TOYS

High tech pumps new life into old squirt guns

By TERRY YOUNG Daily News Staff Writer

Keep your distance — about 21 feet will do. That's one foot beyond the range of Joe Ennon's new battery-powered automatic squirt gun. It's the one the Long Island neighborhood in Sherman Oaks, where they ride by on bikes. The gun pumps out a steady stream of water so effectively, it soaks flies as they rest against the walls of his parent's house.

The neighborhood was doing out a bit as Joe spent part of a long summer in Kari's Toys at Sherman Oaks's Fashion Square. He was looking over the latest arsenal of automatic-looking squirt guns. The Uzi submachine gun, AK rifles and machine guns were attached to backpack. The conventional space-nation squirt guns — the kind that come in the toy stores — aren't sold this summer is barely

found on high-tech and higher-priced squirt guns. "They're the hottest," Joe exclaimed.

But Lt. Dan Cooke, a spokesman for the Los Angeles Police Department, said although the Uzi-style squirt guns are not dangerous, they could cause problems. "Given the paranoia that people have now, if they saw someone brandishing a replica gun it is likely that police could be called," he said.

The guns are realistic enough that it is difficult to distinguish them from the real thing. "They sound like a real gun," Cooke said. "They sound like a real gun call."

But aside from the concern for safety, Cooke said the squirt guns are probably a good way to battle the current heat wave.

Kids will be kids. Squeeze the trigger on these modern, new-style and they after roller of war games. Some come with extra ammunition and just stay in the best of



Squirt guns have taken on a whole new high-tech look, as evidenced by this Uzi-style one.

And the toys have certain appeal to those in higher education, too. At Wichita State Uzi is dripping with the latest rage. "I was just trying on my bed and turned spraying," said Don Proulx, an 18-year-old business-administration student. "I fell on the floor trying to get on my knees, and they were on top of me."

A defensive inventor. Alan Amron, 38, who designed and owned the patented, battery-powered, Uzi-style squirt gun, has taken over with the demand. "I've received a lot of letters about selling this product. I've guns have been selling for a hundred years," he said.

He obtained a patent in 1977 and sold the rights for \$500 to a firm that found that the market for toy guns — even water guns — had dried up.

Amron said he filed one suit against L.J.N. seeking the profits from \$27 million in sales. "We have a patent and we are defending it," Amron said.

The Long Island resident said he came up with the idea of the battery-powered squirt gun in 1973.

He obtained a patent in 1977 and sold the rights for \$500 to a firm that found that the market for toy guns — even water guns — had dried up.

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The Long Island resident said he came up with the idea of the battery-powered squirt gun in 1973.

Uzi water gun hottest-selling toy

DENVER (AP) — The battery-powered, high-powered Uzi water gun is the hottest-selling toy of the summer, but children aren't the only ones buying the novelty.

"We've sold a lot of them to adults," said Bill Carney, owner of Toys Unique in Denver. "Many people in office buildings around here are buying them. I had a distinct looking gentleman come in and he had to defend himself. He and I got the big Uzi model."

The Uzi water gun looks as dangerous as the real thing — an automatic military weapon created by the Israelis for fast kills. That fact has prompted at least one toy store to refuse to sell the water gun. "In terms of sales, the Uzis are a good product," said Beth Griffin, owner of Kano and Company in Cherry Creek. "But I don't like the idea of kids shooting them at each other."

"It's very disturbing to me that the other people don't feel this way. The guns look very military and add to the whole Hanoi mentality that is prevalent now," she said.

Carney — who refuses to sell Hanoi or Hanoi dolls — also hesitated before ordering the guns for this season.

"I got so many requests for them we decided to go ahead. We did it because there just wasn't much else going for us this summer. Water guns and marbles have kept us alive this summer," he said.

Larami Corp. in Philadelphia has patented a version of the Uzi water gun and shipped more than 100,000 units to stores around the nation.

"We can't keep them in stock," said sales coordinator Dave Clegg. Clegg predicted that the toy's popularity may not fade with summer, but remains a hot item at Christmas time for children — and adults.

"Usually older kids buy them," said Julia Couch, a cashier at Larami.

Playworld in Lakewood. "Thirteen-year-olds. They shoot them out to 15-year-olds. They shoot up like them of cars. But grown-ups like them too."

Detective Pete Lombard, a spokesman for the Denver Police Department, warned that the appeal of the Uzi water gun could add up to danger.

"They do look authentic enough to pose a possible threat to law enforcement," he noted. "I'd say that anyone using one as a bluff in a holdup had better be prepared for the consequences. If they were to get shot, for instance, pleading that their weapon was only a plastic gun wouldn't be a very good defense."

"Obviously, we can't prevent their buying them and for what reason," he said. "A kid may only want to buy one and robbers. But adults buying them? I'd question adults to why they'd buy those guns."

Water guns enter the '80s Multicolored water pistols make way for a new type of aqua hardware

By Leonard Hottle Knight-Ridder Newspapers

WICHITA, Kan. — They're all over the place. Hundreds of them. They are the walking, dripping wet ones — people dripping with water.

"It was real hot, I don't like to talk about it," said Quinn O'Keefe, 16, about his latest water gun.

"I got a shot of H2-O, right below the belt." Call them the squirts that grew up. These multicolored water pistols that delighted a generation of ringers or space-zappers, have lost popularity to a noisemaking, Uzi submachine-gun water gun, and they're all the rage.

If you had asked me a couple years ago if a \$10 water gun would be the biggest-selling item this summer, I would have laughed at you," said Dave Larami, sales coordinator for the Philadelphia-based Larami Corp., the company that patented one version of the popular Uzi water gun.

"Their popularity look as completely by surprise. We can't keep enough of them in stock," he said.

There are at least two variations of the popular model. One Uzi water gun, an imitation of the barred handgun model which retails for about \$9.99. It shoots a continuous stream of water about 30 feet.

Another Uzi water gun is a larger model with a gun stock which must be held in both hands. It

retails for about \$12 and shoots a stream of water in excess of 40 feet.

Then there are the pump-shotgun models, battery-powered German ligers, and this year, even water cannons are popular again at poolside.

It's no wonder the Uzis are so popular. They fit in the palm of the hand; one squeeze of the trigger unseals a low whistle, and an automatic stream of water escapes the barrel in a series of squirts.

"We have shipped 120,000 of the Uzi water guns," said Larami's Clegg. "And we have back a summer item. But they may be pretty popular around Christmas this year."

Meanwhile, those casualties continue to mount. "I was just laying on my bed when they burst into my room and started spraying me," said Beverly Pouchel, an 18-year-old business administration student at Wichita State University. "I fell on the floor trying to get away from them, and they kept on squirting me. I was mad."

The attackers, Kevin Hill, 16, also a business major, and Carl Kenrich, 18, a general studies student and Hill's roommate, admitted they had launched the surprise attack.

"We got her one day in the hallway, too. We were spraying her real good. Then someone told her the hall monitor," said Hill.

Water weapons sometimes cause a strain on the familial bond and other relationships. "I used my new pump water gun to hose down my girlfriend," said Jack Daniel, 17.

And, around the house, water guns are the weapon of choice.

At \$10 a shot, the water gun's come a long way

By Leonard Hollie
NYT NEWS SERVICE

WICHITA, Kan. — They're all over the place. Hundreds of them. They are the walking wounded — the wet ones — people dripping with water shrapnel.

"It was real bad, I don't like to talk about it," said Quinn O'Keefe, 16, about his latest water wounds.

Call them the squirts that grew up. Those multicolored water pistols that grew up lighted a generation of children and looked like Western six-shooters, derringers or space-zappers, have lost popularity to a new kind of aqua hardware: the battery-powered, noise-making, Uzi submarine gun water guns, and they're all the rage.

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The traditional hand-held water pistol is no match for the automated Uzi. While most stores sold out of their new battery-powered water guns nearly two months ago, the smaller, manual models still sit on department store shelves.

Manufacturers attribute the automatic water gun's popularity to its being a new item, and they see it as a fad. Larami, which has factories in several Asian countries where the guns are assembled and shipped to the United States, brought its model out in the fall of 1985.

"People of all ages buy and use the water guns," said Larami's Clegg. "We've had calls from groups that stage weekend water wars. These are grown men who want to use the Uzi water guns as real weapon substitutes."

Uzi water guns hot items

By LEONARD HOLLIE
NYT NEWS SERVICE

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Oozy Uzis

High-tech squirt guns ring up rapid-fire sales

By LINDA HELSER

It was all over in an instant. One minute, Harry Boudell was a man who was taking a shower in his bathroom. The next, he was a little more than a squirt away from a high-tech squirt gun.

"I got a shot of \$12.00, right below the belt."

Call them the squirts that grew up. Those multicolored water pistols that delighted a generation of children and looked like Western six-shooters, derringers or space-zappers, have lost popularity to a new kind of aqua hardware: the battery-powered, noise-making, Uzi submarine gun water guns, and they're all the rage.

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John Winkler, left, and Harry Boudell demonstrate the summer's hottest toy: the high-tech squirt gun.

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Stock of 'hot' water gun evaporates

By PETER WEST

Consumer goods analyst Peter West says that the stock of Larami Corp., the company that patented one version of the popular Uzi water gun, is being sold off by investors who are concerned about the company's future.

"I don't know how long it will last, but I don't think it's going to last very long," West said.

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Retail Ads 266-6000
Business 268-6000
Classified 268-6000
Circulation 268-6000
Telephone 268-6000

The Capital

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1986

Telephone's forecast:
Recall hot
For details, see page 11.

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Our Brilliance is:
Secure Bar Code Changing System

ePass App Front End System
(Upon issue or purchase)

ePass Administrative Backend System

Amron U.S. Patents Pending

Chapter 4

Inventor to Manager, All in a Day's Time

I explained earlier how inventing came naturally to me and that I was obsessed with how things worked, trying to make them better. But I never saw inventing as a real future. In fact, my dream was to one day be a part of Hollywood. My father wanted me to work in the family business in his five successful self-service meat stores when I'd grow up.

But the idea of being the kingpin of a meat dynasty just didn't excite me and, although a part of me wanted to be a respected businessman like my father, I wanted to be a part of something that held a little more prestige and importance. It wasn't until years later that I had my first taste of show business, and once I got in, I was hooked.

Back in the '70s, Donny Darrell, an old family friend

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of mine who had since moved on to advertising and photography, approached me at my desk at Rasco and offered me a modeling role as Steve McQueen's stand-in.

“Have you heard of this new movie of his [Steve McQueen's], it's called Junior Bonner?”

I shook my head and told him that I didn't follow his career that closely.

“Well, they're shooting this western movie of his over in Staten Island, and they hired—”

“What the hell are they shooting a western in Staten Island, of all places?” I interrupted, surprised.

“I don't know, Alan. It's on some sort of farm there. Anyway, they hired me to shoot the movie poster for it, and he's not available to pose, so I want to hire you to double for him in the shot. It pays \$50.”

It wasn't a whole lot of money, but I wasn't the least bit offended at the low offer. It was the opportunity of a lifetime to be a movie star cowboy in a western outfit. Best yet, I didn't even have to make any travel arrangements or cross off a whole section on my calendar. It was a car ride away, and I wouldn't have to do much except give a few

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poses and throw a look at a couple of adoring fans in the crowds.

I couldn't suppress the grin on my face, and I stood up from my desk and shook his hand.

"I'm in. I'll do it."

A couple of days later, I was in Staten Island, hanging out in this old-time western town built out there with horses and dusty roads and saloons. I got to wear boots, chaps, and a cool cowboy hat, and I was like a kid at Christmas.

I was exhilarated, and my heart jumped when a bunch of girls approximately a hundred yards away noticed me and started screaming, running toward me. The idea that there was a group of girls throwing themselves at you and wanting you was like a drug, and at that moment, I knew what it was like to be a celebrity.

It was something I could get used to, but alas, it only lasted a few seconds until one of the girls recognized I was NOT Steve McQueen, and the group quietly dispersed. I was a little upset at that, but I guess it turned out for the best that they realized I was a stand-in. I was happily married, after

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all, and I'm sure my wife wouldn't have been too pleased about it.

The rest of the shoot was relatively uneventful, the highlight being that I got shot down by the actress I was posing with. Honestly, I wasn't hitting on her, just a little harmless flirting around until she told me she'd never even consider dating anyone that wasn't a celebrity. That put me in my place, but looking back, I can say it was a day I will never forget, and I have the pictures to prove it.

Life returned to normal for a while after that until one day, I got a call from a Navy friend. He worked for a company called Syndicast and asked if I was interested in coming to work on producing a TV special. He insisted that his boss, Mr. Len Koch, who owned the company, wanted to talk to me. Perplexed, I asked him why, and he explained that he had told his boss I could sell ice in the winter, sand to the Arabs, sell anything to anybody.

That was nice of him to talk me up, but that didn't answer my question. I pressed him more, and he told me to come to New York City to meet him and his boss. I didn't have anything better to do, and I admit I was curious. So I got into my car, drove to Manhattan, and went up to the

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Third Avenue offices called the Syndicast building.

We met in his office, and it was me, my friend, Mr. Len Koch, and his brother. Len told me they were producing this special called Skateboarding USA and wanted Kristy McNichol to host it. Kristy McNichol was a star at the time, playing Buddy Lawrence in a show called “Family with Sada Thompson.”

It was a big hit on ABC TV, and it was a network show. I didn’t know it at the time, but for a syndicated show like Skateboarding USA to have a network person starring in it was a big coup for the syndicated executives.

Kristy skateboarded a lot on her ABC show, and Len Koch and the others thought she would be a natural for the special. The only problem was that they couldn’t get to her. Her manager wouldn’t return their calls, and all other attempts at contacting her had failed.

They didn’t have any of her contact info and only had her manager’s number. They were running out of time, and now they were hedging their bets on me. I didn’t have anything to lose, and the manager’s number was as good a start as any. I told them that the manager’s phone number

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was enough for me, and they stared as I dialed the number on the loudspeaker desk phone.

His name was Jay Bernstein. At the time, he represented The Six Million Dollar Man, Farah Fawcett, Janet (the girl on Three's Company), and a couple of other prominent celebrities. He was known as a star-maker in Hollywood and was Kristy McNichol's manager and agent.

Jay Bernstein's receptionist answered the phone, and I pleasantly introduced myself, informing her that we had an acting job offer for Kristy McNichol. The words had barely left my mouth when the receptionist said, "Not interested."

"Not interested? But you haven't even heard my offer."

We went back and forth for a bit before she hung up on me. I was furious, and it must've shown on my face because the other three people in the room shrugged their shoulders and offered me reassuring looks. I redialed the number, blood ringing in my ears, and politely asked her to transfer the call to Jay Bernstein. She tried stonewalling me again, telling me they weren't interested when a second voice came booming out, and Jay Bernstein was shouting at

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me on the other end of the phone.

“Stop calling this office! I’m not interested, and I don’t want to talk to you. Stop bothering my secretary!”

He hung up first, slamming the phone before she followed suit. By then, I was furious, and Koch and the others thought it was over. They sat on the edge of their seats while I was on the speakerphone, but as soon as the secretary cut the call, the magic was gone.

Reality sunk in, and one by one, they got up to thank me. As they were thanking me and reassuring me that it wasn’t my fault and they couldn’t have done any better, an idea popped into my head. I called the number again immediately and prayed while the phone rang.

The others stared, perplexed, as I held the phone tightly in my hands and slowly sat back down in their seats. The receptionist answered, and before she could say anything further than a hello, I cut her off and said quickly, “Listen, I just got off the phone with Jay, and he gave me Kristy’s home phone number because he didn’t want to have anything to do with it. The problem is, I only got the first few numbers, and I doubt he’ll want to hear from me again.

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Can you please give me the rest of them?”

She paused. “Hold on.”

I thought for sure she would go back to Jay and talk to him, and she was going to hang up on me again. But I waited while the others stared, and then a couple of minutes later, she got back to me and said, “Listen, we’re swamped, here’s the number 555-333-1255, and please don’t call back.”

She rattled off the number and hung up. It couldn’t have been more than a couple of seconds, but to all of us in the room, it felt like an eternity. Before I knew it, we all started laughing like maniacs. The guys in the office could not believe that this woman gave me Kristy McNichol’s home phone number. We honestly didn’t think it was an actual number, but the fact that she even gave us any numbers at all impressed everyone.

So, we dialed up the phone number, and a lady answered the phone. I asked to speak with Kristy, and she said, “She’s outside skateboarding. Hold on while I go get her.”

Even if I believed I had her real number, I thought it

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might have been for her office phone, not her actual house number. While she was getting Kristy, the guys in the office were waving at me and mouthing, “No, no, she’s only fifteen! You have to ask to talk to her mother, Carolyn!”

Right then, Kristy herself picked up the phone. I was a little floored at how fast this happened, and I asked Kristy to speak with her mother. She said okay, and handed the phone to her mom, saying, “He wants to talk to you.”

The lady who initially answered the phone said hello, and I immediately introduced myself.

“Hi, Carolyn, my name is Alan. I’m calling from Syndicast Television in New York, and we’d like Kristy McNichol to do a show for us called Skateboarding USA. We’re offering thirty-five thousand for a two-day shoot.” The voice on the phone said, “I’m interested, but you have to contact Jay Bernstein, our manager.”

“I already got off the phone with Jay. He’s a real prick,” I blurted out the last part by accident.

Thankfully, she laughed and said, “You’re right, he *is* a prick, and we can’t get him to do anything either.”

“Then why do you use him as a manager?”

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And so we got into this whole conversation where she told me about how he was a big shot in Hollywood, and since he handled other major celebrities, they thought it was in Kristy's best interest if they stuck with him. It was evident she was unhappy with him, and I naturally decided to make a move.

"Listen, Carolyn. I want to come out to California tomorrow and meet with you and Kristy to discuss this. These guys here at Syndicast TV are serious. Forget about Jay and everyone else. Do you and Kristy want to do it?"

She said yes, and we agreed to meet up at around two in the afternoon at her house in Tarzana, California. I hung up the phone, and the guys in the office were standing there with their mouths open. I didn't think it was *that* big of a deal. All I did was set up a meeting.

I traveled to LAX the next day, on my way to Kristy McNichol's house, courtesy of Syndicast. I took a cab to her place, and when I arrived, Kristy was skateboarding with her brother and friends outside. She turned out to be a regular kid having fun with her friends. She was surprised to see me when I arrived, apparently not expecting me to keep my word. I was invited inside, where I introduced myself to her

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mother, and the three of us sat down to discuss the deal.

Len Koch had asked me what I wanted to take with me the day before, and I told him that nobody in the world could refuse cash, so maybe they should just give me the thirty-five thousand in cash in a briefcase. I was sure it would be enough to help me convince them to do the show.

I told them about the television special, which Kristy found exciting. Carolyn started raising the issue that the only problem was that it was a syndicated show, and Kristy was a network star. I didn't understand what she was talking about. I steered the conversation back to familiar waters and persuaded her not to worry about all that and do it for the money. Kristy went back outside to play with her friends, and I continued talking to Carolyn.

Carolyn said she wanted to do it, but Jay Bernstein was her manager, and she didn't know how to go through it without him. I was running out of answers, so while Carolyn was going on about proper representation, I opened the briefcase and turned it to her. She stopped mid-sentence to stare at the contents of the suitcase. She then looked up at me and then back at the briefcase before closing it and shook my hand, telling me we had a deal.

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I called Len Koch and delivered the good news to him and had him tell me exactly what to write on a piece of yellow legal paper for her to sign because I hadn't brought a contract with me. Carolyn signed it and, for good measure, I had Kristy sign it too.

After we were done with that, Carolyn and I started talking about everything else, and I asked her what else Kristy was doing.

"Nothing," she said, "Jay Bernstein doesn't do anything for her and Kristy's at the height of her career now. I wish somebody who could do something managed her."

"Well, I'll do it," I said without thinking.

"What do you know about managing?" she asked, surprised.

"Absolutely nothing. But *you* do, Carolyn. Just tell me what you want done, and I'll just go and do it."

At the time, I thought I could pretty much do anything, and the idea of managing Kristy excited me.

Carolyn frowned but didn't say no.

"Well, okay. How about this? How about you meet

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with the President of ABC TV, Tony Thomopoulos, and try to get Kristy more money on the show? If that works out, you can manage her.”

“How do I do that? I don’t know anything about this business whatsoever.”

“Well, all you have to do is just ask for it. You don’t need to know anything more than that. There’s no argument or anything. You just tell him what our demands are, and we go back to work.”

It sounded like something I could do. I agreed, and we immediately started planning and setting the meeting up. Tony Thomopoulos was busy at the time, so in the meantime, I suggested both she and Kristy come to Manhattan for a couple of days. I’d take them out to try to get Kristy a record deal because, during our conversation, she’d said she wanted to sing. After that, we could go up to a toy company and try to get a doll deal for her because I knew from the newspapers that Cher and The Fonzie had a doll deal with Mego Toys at the time.

I was trying to think of different business opportunities for Kristy in New York to get some income

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from other things as her manager. Carolyn agreed, and we settled on meeting up the following week in New York. So, I went back to Syndicast TV with the signed piece of yellow paper, and Carolyn kept the money, including my leather briefcase.

Everyone at Syndicast TV was blown away when I arrived with Kristy McNichol at their offices a couple of days later. I had told her in advance to pretend that she knew me because anything I said would give me great credibility. I didn't know her that well at the time, but she was an actress, and I was sure she could pull it off.

Len Koch was the most bewildered of the bunch because it was only a few days earlier when I first heard of Kristy McNichol in his office, and now there I was, walking with her as her agent and manager.

After the talks with Len Koch and the others at Syndicast, we spent the rest of the day meeting with the executives at RCA Records and Mego Toys. It had been a productive day. Deals had been made, and we met up with Carolyn and her boyfriend, Max. The next two things on the agenda were negotiating with Tony Thomopoulos and firing Jay Bernstein.

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Carolyn McNichol set up the meeting with Tony Thomopoulos, President of ABC TV and in charge of negotiating for the show. It was a surreal experience; I had never negotiated anything like that before, and yet, here I was, managing Kristy McNichol and meeting with the President of ABC-TV, Tony Thomopoulos. I brought Kristy McNichol to the negotiations with Tony because I felt that having Kristy with me gave me more edge.

It turned out my hunch was correct, but not for the reasons I thought. I was under the impression that someone like Tony Thomopoulos was used to gathering around celebrities, but it turned out he seldom met any of the stars. He apparently followed the show Kristy starred in and was a huge fan of Kristy.

Once there, Kristy and I soon met with Tony and all the secretaries on his floor. It was an excellent way to start the meeting. Kristy was polite and engaged with the entire staff and even signed some autographs. After meeting with everyone, Tony finally asked Kristy to wait outside while he and I discussed her contract. After the pleasantries were over, Tony got straight to the point. “What is it that Carolyn wants?”

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I felt I had to be honest with him.

“Tony, I don’t know what I’m doing, but Carolyn does. She’s telling me what she wants, and I’m pretty much the negotiator. She wants \$35,000 a week for Kristy to go back to work on the show.”

“Kristy’s making \$2,500 a week. Now she wants \$35,000 a week?”

“Yes, that’s what Carolyn wants.”

He paused for a moment, gathering his thoughts. “Well, listen, I’ll tell you what, Alan, I’m not going to bullshit you. You’re honest with me, so I’ll be honest with you. Sada Thompson, who plays the mother on the show, is getting “top of the show,” and she’s making \$35,000. The best I could do is give Kristy \$34,000 just under what Sada Thompson is making.”

“What does the top of the show mean?” I asked, making sure I covered all my bases before moving on.

“That’s the person getting the most money on the show, and it’s in her contract that nobody can get more than her.”

“Okay, that sounds reasonable, so you’re offering

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\$34,000?”

He confirmed it, and I quickly told him that I would confer with Carolyn and get back to him as soon as possible.

Carolyn was initially resistant to the deal, and she insisted on the \$35,000 amount we had originally negotiated. I tried to convince her that it would be reckless of her to endanger the deal over a thousand-dollar difference.

After many conversations, I persuaded her by handing her the telephone to call her heavily in-debt father and tell him that she wasn't taking a \$34,000 per episode deal for Kristy. She smiled at that and finally agreed to take the deal.

So, I called up Tony Thomopoulos in his office and told him to have the paperwork ready. He told me that now he owes me one. Tony Thomopoulos had been one of my most vocal supporters ever since. Nobody in Hollywood could deal with Carolyn, and he knew that I had a lot to do with getting Carolyn to agree with the \$34,000.

The ironic twist in the syndicated Kristy McNichol Skateboard in USA story was that she didn't do the show after all. We had to return the \$35,000. She wasn't allowed

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to do it because, legally, a person couldn't do a syndicated show while on an ABC television network contract. I couldn't let her do it as her manager, but thankfully, Koch wasn't too upset. They raised the money and got another big star to do it, so everything turned out well for everyone.

So, less than a week later, back in L.A., Carolyn set up a lunch with Jay Bernstein at a famous Italian restaurant called Spago's in Beverly Hills. He thought Carolyn just wanted to talk to him about Kristy's career and didn't know who or why I was there. So, the first thing that Jay said when we sat down was, "Who is this guy?"

Carolyn had barely begun to introduce me when he interrupted her.

"Look, I don't know who this guy is, and my time is important. What is this all about?"

Carolyn explained that I would be managing Kristy's career, and after complaining about how Jay hadn't done anything for Kristy's career, she announced that she was firing him. All the while, I started eating lunch, applying butter to my roll, and acting oblivious to the entire conversation.

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She complained that Kristy was not getting the attention Farrah Fawcett or his other stars were getting, and his priorities were messed up. Every time Carolyn would say something that required my attention, I would nod and say, “Yes.” Jay wasn’t going to take all this lying down and argued about the absurdity of it.

“How could you do this to me? I got Kristy all the things she’s doing now. You can’t just fire me like that. What does he (pointing at me) know about managing? He’s a nobody. Nobody even knows who he is in this town.”

Carolyn said that with her help, I would be able to do it, and he didn’t need to worry about it anymore. The whole thing was too much for Jay, and he started ranting to me that Carolyn was insane, she didn’t know what the hell she was doing, and nobody in Hollywood respected her. No manager in their right mind would want to be involved in her daughter’s career. I just shrugged and thanked him for his time. He was seething, and without another word, he got up in a huff and left. And that was it. Carolyn had fired Jay Bernstein and hired me.

After that, things were not that difficult. I continued to manage her, and we even went to Haiti in the late ’70s.

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Carolyn, Kristy, and I met the president of Haiti, Jean-Claude Duvalier, who had invited Kristy to have dinner with him. The president went by the nickname ‘BabyDoc.’

Kristy wanted to go water skiing on the island, so we rented a small speed boat and went out to water ski. We were told by the locals to be very careful while water skiing, as there were sharks in the island waters. To avoid any close encounters with sharks, I started the boat from the dock and ended the ride at the dock.

Kristy being the playful young 16-year-old she was, started to pull on my ski tow line and let it go, forcing me in and out of the water. She was laughing her ass off in the boat while I was terrified to my bones. Finally, she stopped and brought me around to land on the dock. I was terrified, to say the least. But Kristy thought it was hilarious until it was her turn.

Although she was sure I would do the same to her, I didn’t. We all had fun and survived that horrific yet exciting outing. Later that night, we went to the Palace to have dinner with the President, which was memorable.

Apart from Kristy, I also had a rather funny

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encounter with Tommy Mottola, Mariah Carey's husband. Back when Tommy was the Chairman of the board of Sony music and Manager of Hall and Oats, he visited me at my house on Long Island. We were having a little chat in my garden, and he was sitting on a flagstone shelf, calmly talking with me and another friend named Joel.

After about 25 minutes, Tommy got up and started to screen his pants with a quizzical expression on his face. Suddenly he realized what had happened, "I have a million ants in my pants," and that's when we saw it too. Loads of those pesky creatures were strolling on his pants.

God knows how many had gotten inside! Tommy just started to run at full speed toward my pool, and fully dressed and ready to go out to dinner, he jumped into the pool, taking all his clothes off to rid himself of the ANTS IN HIS PANTS. We had a good laugh after he got out of his 'little' trouble.

Another fun celebrity encounter that I have had in those days was when my younger son was best friends with Sue Bird. This was back in the '80s, and Sue was very young. She hadn't earned the title of Michael Jordan in Women's Basketball. I would drive them everywhere in my Corvette

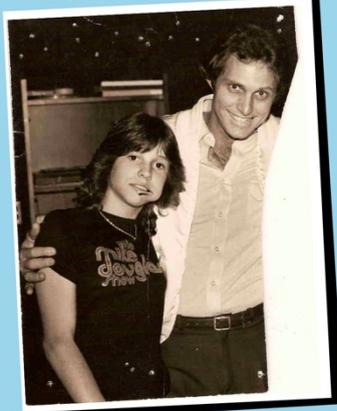
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Sting Ray, where Sue Bird would be sitting in the middle on the armrest, and my son in the passenger seat.

At all of our family parties at our house, Sue Bird was omnipresent. I remember Sue from the past days. She was quiet and extremely cool in all her moves. A very impressive young woman who turned out to be a very impressive world-renowned sports legend.

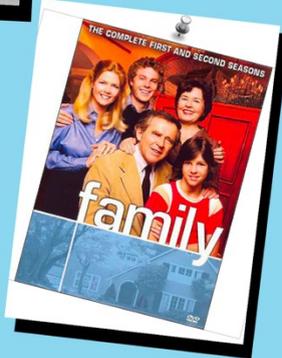
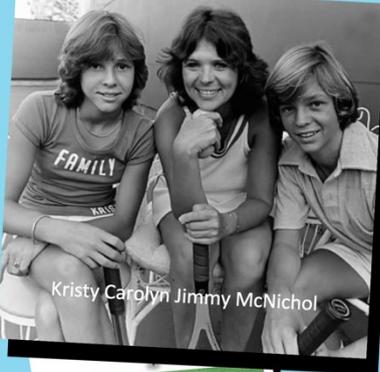
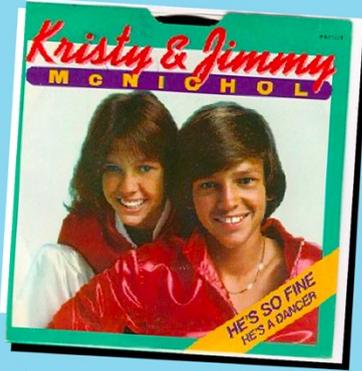
In the picture below, you can see Sue Bird winning her sixth gold at the Tokyo Olympics and playing tennis with my son at the Amron house tennis party to the joy of our other family and friends.

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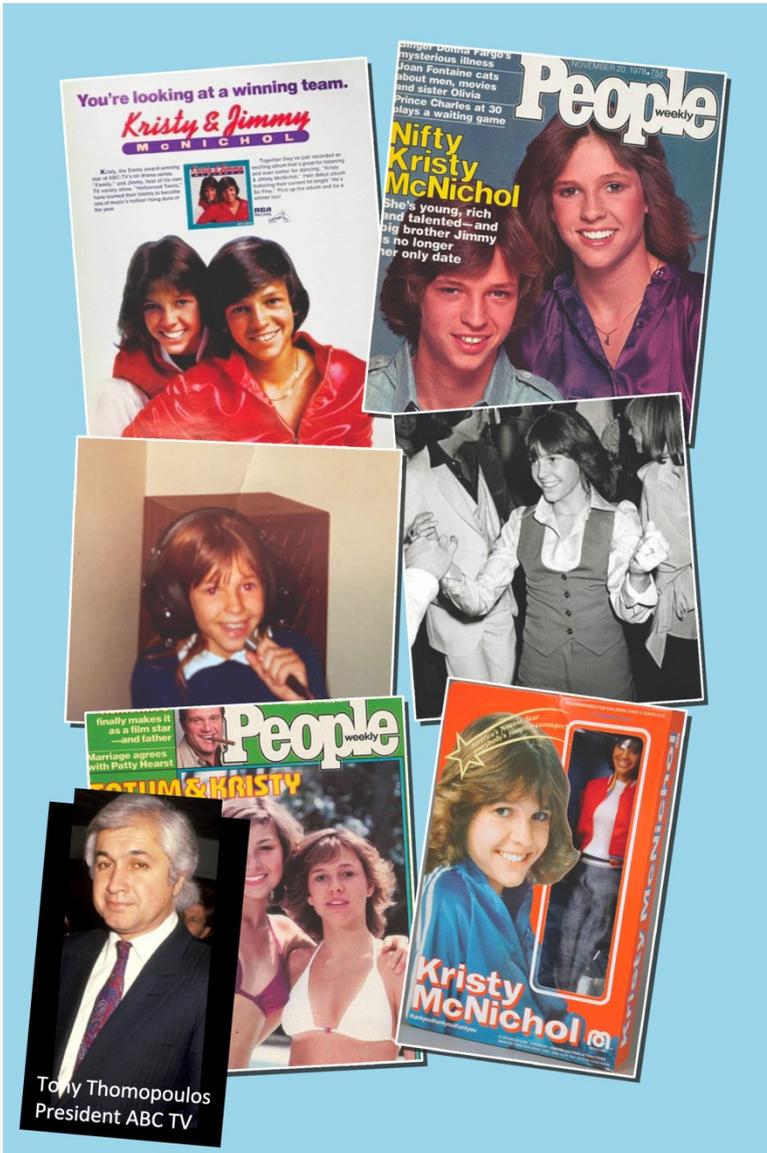


Alan Amron & Kristy McNichol

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Super agent Jay Bernstein with one of his stars Farrah Fawcett Majors



Chapter 5

Embracing the New Role

Being introduced to Tony Thomopoulos proved to be a turning point in my career, and I have lost count of how many celebrities I have met and tried to make deals with thanks to him. He pushed many projects and stars in my direction, and although they weren't always successful, I am thankful to him for the countless opportunities he provided me with.

One of the many celebrities I met early on in my managing career was Cindy Williams. She played the role of Shirley Feeney on "Laverne & Shirley," co-starring with Penny Marshall on the ABC TV Network. She was not represented well in her contract negotiations with ABC at the time.

Tony Thomopoulos called me up one day and asked me to visit Cindy Williams on the ABC lot and speak to her about representing her as a manager. He respected the way I

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negotiated the Kristy McNichol contract and knew that he could deal with me. He had confessed that he felt safer working with me than having Cindy Williams hire somebody who might not be easy to deal with.

He had his limousine pick me up in Los Angeles one morning to take me over to the set of ABC TV, and since it was the president of ABC's limousine, we got right onto the lot without any hassle.

The limo driver went in and got me right onto the set of the show, and before I knew it, I was sitting backstage behind the stage. They were filming in front, and I was straining to listen to what was going on when, suddenly, Cindy Williams burst through from a side door that connected the front with the backstage area.

She was standing still, all scrunched up and motionless. I had no idea what she was doing, so I went over and introduced myself. She looked at me warily for a few seconds before telling me to be quiet and told me to wait while she went to her dressing room and changed. Maybe I came to her at the wrong time, but then again, when is there ever a good time in show business?

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True to her word, she returned a few minutes later with her secretary, and we sat down on the boxes I had previously occupied while waiting for her. She was in much better spirits and told me she had just finished shooting some scenes, which was why she was standing still and stretching like that.

It sounded like some kind of post-performance ritual, but I didn't bother inquiring any further and got straight to the point. I explained that Tony Thomopoulos had sent me to serve as her agent and help smoothen her contract negotiations.

She was polite about the whole thing and told me she wanted out of her contract. She appreciated Tony sending me to her. I tried to talk her into it and had her take my number down to call me later. And so that was my experience with Cindy Williams.

Nothing ever happened after that because she never called me. As it turned out, she ended up going with some other manager she had already indebted herself to. Still, at least I got to meet Cindy Williams backstage at the set of her TV show with a limo ride to boot.

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I continued to further my career as a managing agent and was looking for more people to represent. While managing Kristy McNichol, I heard rave reviews from my wife Eileen, who was watching Diane Lane starring in *A Little Romance*.

Although she was still just a child, she more than held her own playing opposite Laurence Olivier – and it was truly a performance like no other. I asked around Hollywood for her phone number, and an acquaintance of mine managed to get me her mother’s number.

I dialed Diane Lane’s mother to discuss the possibility of me managing her daughter. While waiting for an answer, I rehearsed the speech in my head. Diane’s mother was drunk when she answered the phone but seemed sober enough to express interest in what I had to say. She invited me down to Georgia to meet with her and Diane.

It sounded like a valid invitation, and I quickly said yes. Diane was a young girl at the time, and I pitched on that angle, highlighting that since I already managed another little girl in Hollywood, I understood the complexities of managing a young star’s career.

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I remember Diane being a charming little girl, and it was clear from her work and personality that she was a great actress with a bright future. Her mother and I spent a couple of hours discussing it further, but nothing happened after that. She ended up getting managed by George Roy Hill, who was the director of her first film. He didn't really manage her; he was just handling her career. It's insane to think of Diane Lane today and know that I met her just when she was on the cusp of superstardom.

A couple of months later, after a few successes and many failures, I decided to take a break from scouting talent and spending more time in the office. We had an office in New York City on West 57th Street for Kristy McNichol and the other people we managed.

One day, I was sitting at my desk when I got a phone call. My secretary was on the line and asked me if I was available to speak with Mr. Dick Clark. I couldn't believe my ears. After confirming with my secretary that it really was the Dick Clark, I answered the phone.

“Hi, Alan. This is Dick Clark. Are you going to be in L.A. in the next couple of days? I'd like to meet with you for lunch.”

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“Of course. What’s this about?” I would have flown to Europe if he had asked me to, and the thought of declining his offer never even occurred to me. But I needed to be prepared first and see what it was about.

“We’d like Kristy McNichol to do a movie. We just got the rights from the book.”

My heart stopped, but I composed myself enough to say, “That’d be great! Okay, I’m looking forward to it.”

I ended up going out to California a couple of days later, and we met at his office, where he showed me all his antiques and the American Bandstand stuff he kept. I was introduced to his wife, Cary, and after that, we had lunch on the iconic Sunset Strip near his office. After lunch, he went back to his office, and I went back to my hotel room, where I called Kristy and told her what the meeting was about and discussed doing the movie with her.

Unfortunately, nothing came of it, still getting to meet Dick Clark and touring his office and trophies was no small consolation prize. Also, Dick Clark came to Kristy and Jimmy’s studio 54 RCA record release party.

Another potential client sent my way by Tony was

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Carol Linley, who was once a massive star, but, at the time, was starting to fade from the limelight as she was getting older. She called my office in Manhattan one day and asked to set up a meeting to discuss the possibility of me managing her. Naturally, I told her to come on over. I was looking forward to meeting her, as she was breathtakingly beautiful. It would have been a new experience to manage an adult and not worry about being typecast as only managing child stars.

I mean, celebrities aren't the only ones who have to worry about appearances. Managers and agents have images to uphold too. So when she came in, we sat down and had a detailed discussion of what she wanted from me. She told me that if I could get her this book deal, then I would be hired. She gave me the book; it was written by a guy in Texas who had just signed a deal for a screenplay with a studio and was looking throughout Hollywood for his lead female, and Carol Linley wanted the role.

The problem was that she was too old for the part, and other stars in Hollywood were younger and bigger actors. I didn't let that stop me, though, and I managed to meet with the writer in Texas. As it turned out, we had many things in common, including the fact that we were both

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outsiders in Hollywood. We became fast friends, and I unsuccessfully tried to convince him to give the part to Carol Linley.

After discussing it with him further, however, I realized he was right. As he phrased it politely, why would he hire Carol Linley to do it when there was a plethora of younger actors to build the film around?

I couldn't get Carol Linley what she wanted because I agreed with the writer and so missed out on the opportunity to manage her. Looking back, it was a pretty long shot anyway. But that's just how it is sometimes.

Early on, it was difficult to click with other big stars. That all changed when I was doing an ABC Special for Osmond Studios and ABC TV with Kristy McNichol and Jimmy McNichol as hosts. While I was there in the Green Room, Robert Guillaume approached me and said, "Alan, I heard you're the best manager agent in Hollywood."

"I only represent Kristy McNichol," I said quickly. "I'm not the best. Unless you're already famous, I can't do much for you."

He laughed. "Well, I'm pretty famous with the TV

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series Soap, and I play Benson. Can you help me?"

"Absolutely. What do you want me to do?" A new challenge.

"I'd like you to renegotiate my contract as Benson for me. I need more time on the show and more money. I'm not satisfied with the airtime they give me, the jokes they write for me, or the money they're paying me on the show."

It sounded reasonable and pretty close to what I had done for Kristy.

"Okay, who do I have to discuss this with?"

"Tony Thomas is one of the producers at Witt-Thomas-Harris."

"Okay, I'll check it out and let you know what happens."

The next day, after leaving Osmond Studio, I called up Tony Thomas of Witt-Thomas-Harris and asked for an appointment to see him. I informed him that I was the new manager of Robert Guillaume, and he invited me over to his office at the Gower studios.

I went into Gower Studios to meet with Tony

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Thomas, who, by the way, is Danny Thomas's son and Marlo Thomas's brother, and we discussed Bob Guillaume's career. The talks were going nicely enough when, all of a sudden, Tony said, "Look, I'm not going to beat around the bush with you. I'll tell you the truth. We have a spin-off for Bob in the next year called Benson."

Bob was on Soap making \$2,500 a week and wanted more money and more screen time. I tried to confirm that his demands would be met when Tony Thomas cut me off again and said, in a reassuring tone, "Alan, he's gonna have his own show next year, making a lot more money."

"That sounds great! Can I tell Bob?"

"Absolutely, I mean, we didn't want to tell him yet, but since you're coming in and negotiating now, we figured, well, we might as well tell him."

I thanked him for his time and rushed out to give Bob the great news. Like always, I was dealt with a situation that was out of my hands, but it turned out to be in my favor again!

I went to Bob's house, where Bob was making me lunch, which was made up of what they eat in California;

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grazing food like shredded seaweed or some stuff like that. As we sat down to eat, if you want to call it eating, I said, “Bob, I got good news for you.”

“What? You got me a raise?”

“Yeah, I got you a raise.” I stopped at that and waited for his response.

He decided to play along. “You got me more time on the show?”

“Yeah, I got you more time on a show.”

“Great! And?”

I couldn’t hold back my grin anymore. “Bob, you got your own show called Benson, a spin-off of Soap.”

“Get out of here!” he exclaimed with a huge grin.

“No, seriously. Tony said they were going to tell you about it.” I was being honest with him, and I didn’t want him to think I used some business mind tricks to get him the role and raise. But Bob always thought that it was because of the luck I brought to the situation that he got that show, and I ended up managing his career from that point on.

Outside of business, I got to meet with people like

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Frank Sinatra through my friends in Hollywood. While living in Long Island, I got a call from my friends Tina Sinatra and Bob Finkelstein.

Tina asked if I wanted to come and see her father in concert at Carnegie Hall in Manhattan. It was a pleasant surprise, but I was with my parents, who had just come up from Florida and were staying at my house. I didn't want to leave them alone, and I also didn't want to ask for extra tickets.

I was stuck between a rock and a hard place, and both situations required me to do something that I didn't want to. Who on Earth could say no to Frank Sinatra at Carnegie Hall, but at the same time be so wholly irresponsible to their parents who had traveled to see them?

But before I could say anything, Tina saved me and said, "Well, why don't you just bring your father and mother with you?"

I gratefully accepted, and since the show was only a few hours away, we immediately left for Manhattan to Carnegie Hall. When we got there, we saw that they had reserved seats for all four of us, and Tina and Bob brought

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my wife and me up to the balcony where Barbara Sinatra, Nancy Sinatra, Bob, and herself were seated. The box was placed over Frank's stage, where he was serenading his family all night.

My mother talked excitedly to everyone around her and told them in hushed tones that the young man seated up there with the Sinatra family was her son. It swells my heart with pride that I made my parents proud of me that day, and I confess that, if nothing else, it made the concert worth it.

After the show was over, I got to go backstage and meet Frank Sinatra himself. We went behind where the balcony led to a winding stairway that took us backstage. Frank Sinatra was in this room greeting everybody at the door. He kissed my wife Eileen as she came in first, and then he went to kiss me, and I raised my hands and said, "Oh no, no, no, I don't kiss boys."

It was a macho thing that was silly, but I thought it was funny at the time, and Frank thought so too. That was my first encounter meeting Frank Sinatra at that after-party for his concert, and I believe that was the last concert he ever did.

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Tina Sinatra was fixing her father's tie when I overheard Frank say that Nancy made all of his bow ties from when he first started out to right then, at *that* concert at Carnegie Hall. Just being in the room, listening to that conversation was like witnessing history in the making. At that moment, I realized I had transcended into the realm of the upper levels of this life.

Around the same time, another interesting event happened. It was back when I lived in New York and was working on representing Hollywood stars in Los Angeles. I would frequently fly back and forth between these cities. Since I didn't want to fly coach, I spent all my hard-earned commission money on first-class tickets. And what a difference it made!

On those expensive flights, I would sit next to stars like Johnny Carson and Dick Clark, who would also be flying back and forth, coast to coast, twice a week. Carson and Clark had their shows both in Los Angeles and New York. Watching them fly at this rate opened my mind to a new possibility. It was when the idea for a condominium airline came to me. Initially, I called it Tradways Airline but changed it later to Bi-Coastal Airline.

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Tina Sinatra pitched the idea of my endeavor to her father, Frank. He loved it and wanted to partner with us. Frank Sinatra came up with the idea of using an awning from the plane to his limo. That was so he wouldn't get wet going from his car to the aircraft. We hired a former president of Pan American Airlines, Henry Hill, to run our newly launched airlines and opened a sales office in Connecticut. We had the best airline design company draft the interior of the 747s we planned to buy. We wanted to retrofit the inside to be all first class.

The idea of such an aircraft was an instant success and was embraced by Hollywood and New York business communities. Companies and organizations such as AT&T, Banks, Stockbrokers, Warner Brothers, and other big names used to fly their people back and forth to these cities daily, and they were tired of paying a premium price for the travel. The idea of owning their own corporate seats was extremely attractive and plausible to them, not to mention that it made sense to them tax-wise.

So, Bi-Coastal Airlines parked two 747 aircraft on a runway in Chicago, and we started to sell blocks of seats. The money raised to fund this company came from Herbert

Lande, a New York real estate tycoon on Long Island. Months went by, and the tax laws suddenly changed. It was no longer better to own airline travel than rent. The idea was later adapted again by like-minded business people. The tax laws changed again in their favor, and today shared jet travel is a multi-billion-dollar industry.

Like my other invention stories, this is also a story of inventing and creating things ahead of their time. When it comes to designing and creating new things, having the perfect idea makes all the difference. Timing is also necessary, almost as essential as having the initial idea itself.

When we got married, my wife Eileen had a small dog named Casey. Despite his size, he often left little packages all around the house. It was annoying, to say the least. How could I eliminate the dog's waste? I tried to cut back on his food for a few days, which worked at first, but then he became sluggish and didn't move around so much.

It's true what they say about *necessity being the mother of invention* because that's exactly what happened. One day, I was watching him move about, contemplating my options when it came to me. If I could invent a chemical that would dissolve the dog waste into a powder, and it could

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easily be vacuumed up, it would eliminate my problem and make a lot of money as well.

I discussed my idea with my good friend and neighbor back then, Dr. Richard Kaufman, DDS, and he was extremely interested in my invention idea because he had the same problem, only BIGGER. His dog was a Saint Bernard, those larger-than-life dogs that saved people in the arctic snow. He invested in getting a chemist to make a mixture that would dissolve the dog waste into a powder and kill and deodorize the smells.

Perfect start, but how could we get it licensed to a big company? At the time, Sears Roebuck was about as big a company as you could find in those days (1978). I called their corporate offices in Chicago, Illinois, and spoke with a gentleman in the new products development offices for Sears. He told me that if my product worked, they would love to license and sell it worldwide for home pet use, farms and stables.

Now I had to make sales renderings and sample labels for my trip to Sears in Chicago. The formula and packaging were ready the following week, so Richard and I flew to Chicago to demonstrate our new revolutionary pet

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and farm product. We were so confident the product would work and sell that Richard suggested using the biggest dog waste ever. His Saint Bernard's' waste. The package was carefully boxed and carried with us on the plane. When we arrived at the Sears Tower in Chicago, Richard and I were flying high. We walked into the President of Sears Roebucks & Company office with full confidence that we had the next big thing!

The President of Sears shared our enthusiasm. So, we took out our sample NO-SHT labeled new product and took out Richards Saint Bernard Larger than life's waste packaged in wax paper with extreme care.

"This better work!" the President of Sears Roebucks said when we put the 'package' on his desk right in front of him. He sounded nervous, but both Richard and I assured him it'd work.

I sprayed our NO-SHT formula onto and around the large dog waste, and in 5-10 seconds, it started to dissolve into a mound of dried powder, completely eliminating the odor at the same time. We then vacuumed the dried pile of dust-up completely, to the absolute astonishment of the Sears President.

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“What’s in that formula?” he asked, and we smiled.

“License it from us, and we will disclose it to you,”
was our answer.

An agreement was quickly drafted, and after signing it, we left the formula with Sears. On our flight back to New York, Richard and I were in seventh heaven. A few days later, we got a phone call from Sears’ lab. They told us we had used an active enzyme in our formula, and unless we could do it without that active enzyme, Sears could not make the product. I asked why and they said that “After the dog feces dissolves into powder if a dog or a child eats or breathes that dust, they could die.” We were never able to make it work so well again without using the active enzymes. And that’s how a promising and somewhat funny story concludes.

My whole life, I have been an inventor. It has helped me put things into perspective, and I have concluded that three things are crucial to the success of any invention. The first one is to have a unique inception or idea that actually works to begin inventing with. Following the idea, the next important step is to protect it legally with a patent and then find the right market and audience for it. The market you

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target must be ready for the invention and willing to buy it if you truly want to make your idea a success. Finally, an important element is luck. Luck is important because as easy as things can go right, they can go very wrong quickly.

All of these elements are necessary for the success of any idea. They must be intertwined, or else your invention can go downhill fast. If any of these elements are missing, your plan will probably not work. Therefore, as a mature inventor, I suggest following those basic steps to ensure that your invention or idea always has its best chances of succeeding.

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NEW YORK POST, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1963

'Sky condo' to offer LA anytime, in style

By ELLEN PERRY
FOR \$22,000 a month you
 too can own a seat on an
 airline that will take you
 between New York and
 Los Angeles any day you
 wish to fly.
Bicoastal Airlines — a
 condominium in the
 "sky" — plans to spend
 \$15 million to register
 its two L-1011s under
 "contract" from Eastern
 Airlines with the help of
 the FAA.
That's a deal? — Yes.
 The planes destined to
 fly next spring will have
 the seats in the normal
 "you conference area"
 personalized with cus-
 tomer seats, a bar,
 dressing room.
 "These seats will
 be sold as regular airline
 seats."
 "You actually share in
 both revenue and ex-
 penses," said Bicoastal
 Chairman Herbert Lande.
 Bicoastal's board in-
 cludes such business
 heavies as Jerry Wein-

LISTENING POST

Today and every Thursday, a behind-the-scenes report on personalities, peculiarities, changes and lifestyles in the business community.



HAL'S PAL

HEB LANDE
 Chairman of Management III who manages such stars as John Decker and Neil Diamond. Paul Marshall's office who started using the com-

TINA SMATRA

puter about two months ago to make cost cuts for him.
 "It takes me from going through the phone book," Tina said. "And it allows a prospect to meet firms in the North- east."



3-D TV

FOR less than \$200 you
 could be the first on your
 block to have 3-D televi-
 sion. A German com-
 pany called ALETT is
 coming out this fall with
 a 3-D adapter that will
 allow you to watch
 color TV, according to
 the company.
 Each set comes
 with two pairs of 3-D
 glasses which look like
 plastic sunglasses in
 stead of the cardboard
 variety.

'LOSERS' 20TH

"THE Losers" will cele-
 brate their 20th anniver-
 sary next month with a
 lot of winning under
 their belt.
 The initial team from
 New Rochelle — formed



KEN'S KILLIN'

KEN Norton is not
 time not in the ring.
 The former has been
 modifying Fernando's
 chess moves with the
 help of the Olympic
 coach in the U.S.

KEN NORTON

by three guys who grew
 up together in Mt. Ver-
 non — have been win-
 ing many tournaments
 in the tri-state area.
 "We enter into it with
 the same enthusiasm
 and determination as we
 did in business," says
 Ken Norton, one of the
 team founders and a top-
 producing stockbroker
 with Merrill Lynch & Co.
 His co-founders are no
 slouches in business.
 Jim Gross is an ex-
 ecutive vice president
 for the real estate firm
 of the Olympic Committee

BUSINESS PEOPLE

Realty Executive Plans Novel Aircraft Venture

Herbert L. Lande recalls that when he graduated from Syracuse University in 1960, he had difficulty landing a job because he stuttered.
 But he finally did land one, at a subsidiary of the Greyhound Leasing and Financial Corporation, where he learned all about aircraft leasing.
 The stuttering has not hurt his career, and then went on to a successful career in real estate.
 Six years ago, he founded Arbor House Properties, a Long Island-based manager of real estate properties. "I built it from nothing," Mr. Lande, who is 41, said last week. "We have a substantial amount of property in the Sun Belt and manage it ourselves. It's a private company and I am the major shareholder."
 Now he is embarked on a novel venture that involves aircraft leasing. Mr. Lande is chairman of Bicoastal Air Service, which hopes to get into the air by March and start service between New York and Los Angeles.



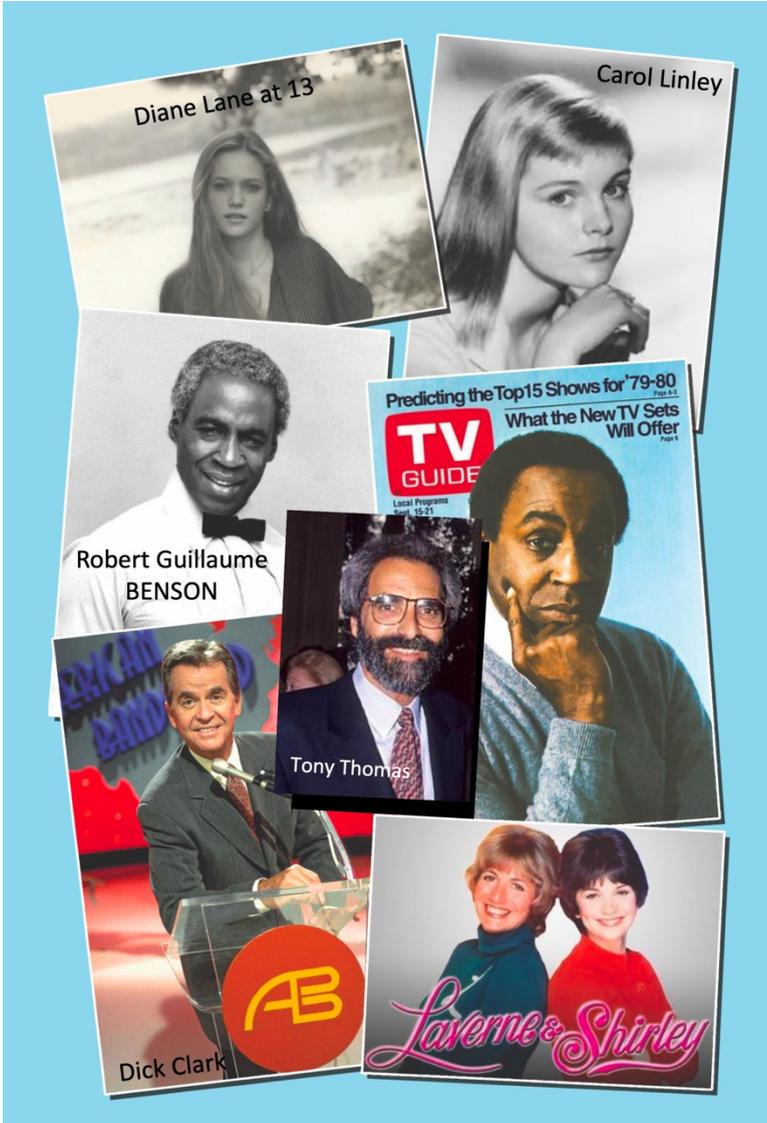
Herbert L. Lande

Bicoastal plans to purchase two wide-bodied L-1011 aircraft that hold over them into 56-seat luxury planes with several or sleeper seats, fine food, a conference room — all the amenities.
 Bicoastal plans to obtain the planes by selling limited partnerships for \$157,000. Investors would have the average cost to investors would be current first-class fares, Mr. Lande said.
 "This is similar to a condo purchase," he said, "and basically it is who do a Bicoastal flying."
 Currently, Mr. Lande is planning to get the planes from Eastern Airlines. Eastern would provide the pilots and maintenance and the planes would fly daily eastbound and westbound trips

six days a week. The planes would cost \$10.5 million each and Mr. Lande would spend another \$4.5 million each on refurbishing.
 There are several other wrinkles. Investors, for example, would be able to turn back unused seats and the airline would try to sell them to someone else, with the investor sharing in any proceeds.
 The president of Bicoastal is Henry P. Hill, former vice president of United States operations at Pan American World Airways. Among the principals of Bicoastal are Jerry Weintraub, chairman of Management III, an entertainment industry company; Robert Finkelstein, president of Management III; Paul Marshall, a New York lawyer; Alan Amron, who proposed the Bicoastal idea; and Stanley Tulchin, chairman of the Continental Bank.

Daniel F. Cuff

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Alan Amron with HRH Prince Edward, Youngest son of Queen Elizabeth.



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ALAN AMRON



Honored with my drawing on the wall
at the New York City Palm steak house

Chapter 6

Can Alan Actually Do Anything?

Meeting Frank Sinatra was not just some chance interaction. It even paid off in the long run as well. Having managed to take Kristy McNichol from Jay Bernstein, my name was slowly becoming the talk of the town. Some nobody, New Yorker, had just set foot in the City of Angels and was already going against the big names.

Remember, that was Hollywood, the place of glitz and glamor. The place where dreams were born or shattered. An industry like this one was run by large egos. If somebody screwed over someone else, there was hell to pay for it, but only if that person was connected with the right people.

For now, I had just taken Kristy McNichol, and I needed to prove that I was the smart guy who could reignite her stagnating career. Getting her a large pay raise on the hit

ALAN AMRON

TV show 'Family' would go on to accelerate her and my career. This proved my capabilities in the industry. People I had never met yet knew that Alan had managed to bring Kristy McNichol to the mainstream yet again.

One day while I sat in my office, contemplating a few choices for upcoming projects, the phone rang, and I picked it up.

"Alan?" said a voice on the other line.

I recalled the voice from before and was certain I knew the person, but phones across the country weren't really known for their clear audio back then. So on most occasions, you had to speak louder like you were yelling at each other through the window just to get your voice across.

"Bob?" I asked cautiously. "Bob Finkelstein, is it?"

"That's right," he blared. "I got Jerry and Tina here as well."

My heart jumped a bit. This was rather intimidating. I had not one but three Hollywood heavyweights on the line, wanting to talk to me. I had to keep my cool if I wanted to play my cards right. These three were big names in the industry who started from the bottom and made their way to

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the top.

Being the underdogs at one time, they respected those who earned their worth. They noticed me when I took Kristy McNichol under my wing and how I made her career flourish again. When it happened first, they tried to take her from me. They had been keen on managing her, but I wasn't going to relent *that* easily.

At a cozy evening in Weintraub's Beverly Hills home, the two men would have personal screenings with directors and actors. I was called over, and as much as I appreciated their gesture, I never let my client go that easily.

"I worked hard to get her on my team," I said. "I'm not gonna toss her like a piece of meat. That little girl has worked hard in this industry for years, and I plan on making sure her star continues to shine."

They clearly weren't happy about it, but they respected my decision. One thing was for certain; I had now become Alan, the 'guy who could get things done.' It was only a matter of time before they would come around again. Only this time, McNichol was not the subject of discussion.

"Have you ever heard of J.D. Salinger?" Jerry

Weintraub asked.

I was hesitant at first. Was this a test of some sort? The fact that they threw me this unexpected curve caught me off guard, but I had to get my balance back. After a moment of hesitation, I responded as tentatively as I could.

“Yeah... I... I’ve heard of him.”

This was true but to a limited extent. There is this stereotype about how successful people are always voracious readers. That isn’t true, and I was one example. It is even more ironic that I was working in cinema, where the plot lines, characters, and production sets for every movie depended on modern or classic literature.

Yet, somehow, I had managed to make it on my own strengths of being a good communicator, but it seemed from that moment that I might have to reconsider the idea of just winging it through this industry with deep roots in literature.

As much as I wracked my brain, all I could come up with was that J.D. Salinger was a writer, but... I wasn’t familiar with his works at all.

“He wrote *Catcher in the Rye*,” Jerry finally said, filling in the blanks. “You familiar with it”?

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“Well...” I hesitated. “Sure. It’s been a long time since I’ve read it though, why?”

“I want to make it into a movie. We need the rights.”

As much as I hoped it would start to make sense, the opposite kept happening.

“So, what do you need me for?” I asked. “Just call his agent and cut a deal.”

All of them were silent for a moment.

“Well... here’s the catch,” Jerry continued. “This guy he’s... he’s a bit of a recluse. You know those eccentric types that don’t like people and all. Plus, his agent never returns any of the calls. No one knows where this guy is or where to find him. Now, Tina Sinatra and Bob here tell me you can do anything, so... I need you to go find him and make a deal.”

“Okay,” I said, finally putting the pieces together. “Where does he live?”

“We don’t know. No one’s seen him. If I’m not mistaken, the last time they saw him was probably like... twenty years ago. Maybe even longer.”

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“Is he even alive?”

“I think so. We probably would’ve heard of it if he died, but the guy fell off the map.”

“Who’s his agent? Where’s his office?”

“Alan, forget all of that! We need you to meet him directly. His agent will do what he always does, say no and then give us the run-around. Salinger hates Hollywood; he always has. Kind of a peculiar guy. Offer him anything he wants, and we’ll make sure the deal will go through.”

I couldn’t figure out if this was some kind of test. They wanted me to play detective, and rather than use their own resources, they asked me to meet this man directly. It was hard to distinguish what the ulterior motive was, but if I could manage to accomplish what they thought impossible, it would further boost my career.

“So you want me to just show up at this guy’s house and make a movie deal for his book?” I clarified.

“Yes, you interested?”

“If the guy’s alive... I’ll find him.”

“Always knew we could rely on you.”

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With that, they cut the call. I stood there hearing the dial tone and contemplating my decision. I had to seek out a recluse and make him accept something he was bound to say no to. I spent the rest of the day strategizing how to go about this and even brought it up with Eileen, my wife.

“I know you’re not much of a reader, Alan,” she said. “But perhaps you should read the CliffsNotes version of his most well-known book.”

“Catcher in the Rye, right?” I asked.

“That’s the one. It’ll give you some idea of what to talk about if you meet the man who counts among the greatest living authors of America.”

I could barely remember the last time I found myself scouring through the notes and text for a topic. It was probably high school when I did it last. It did come off as strange that a man who wrote one of the biggest novels in American literature chose to hide rather than be out in public.

The guy was a celebrity who had plenty of people keen on doing his work into films; a movie deal could set him up for life with all the royalties he’d be earning. But

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instead, the fella remained elusive. The fact that he managed to do it for so long even impressed me. If this was the consistency he had, then I had to up my game.

It was in the CliffsNotes where I found my first clue to his whereabouts. Salinger lived in Cornish, New Hampshire. I wondered how this managed to go over Jerry Tina and Bob's heads. Either they were lazy or incompetent. If either, it made sense for Salinger to hate Hollywood more. Why would he give his life's work to a couple of strangers who couldn't find basic information about him that was literally right there in front of them?

I called an airline at JFK and was on the next flight to Cornish. The plan was to arrive in the morning and leave by the same afternoon. No baggage was needed. If I was to get this man on my side, it had to be done on the first attempt. Coming back again would only come off as needy, so my first impression needed to be strong. I looked out of the plane's window and couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the Cornish airport. It was just a small strip located in some outback area of the city. There was barely any structure. I didn't place too many expectations since we were flying on a propeller-driven plane, but I assumed that there would be

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some allure to the place.

Climbing off the plane with a ladder, I walked along the tarmac to the terminal. The airport was simplistic, dull, and ridiculously boring. The first impression of the place had already been set on me. I walked up to the closest phone booth and skimmed through the Yellow Pages. As expected, J.D. Salinger's name wasn't there.

"This guy should've been a spy during the Cold War," I muttered.

With little information to help me, I went out front to grab the only cab around and decided to go on instinct. Cornish was a small place, and I was certain that everyone, to some degree, would know one another. In addition, Salinger was a celebrity on a local, national, and international level, which meant that someone might know where he lived. Sliding into the cab, I gave the instructions to the driver.

"J.D. Salinger's house, please," I said, handing him a crumpled one-hundred-dollar bill.

"Can't do that," he said, eyeing me in the rearview mirror as he examined the note.

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“Why not?”

“I could get into trouble, Sir. He likes to be left alone and keeps to himself. You a friend of his?”

“Worse. I’m from Hollywood, and I’m here to give him a million dollars for his book. See here, this is the check...”

Pulling out an official ‘looking’ check, it said the amount right on it. The printed red and blue gave it more authenticity. Of course, the driver didn’t know I had just printed it from the machine in my temperature alarm company Rasco that I had invented.

Truth be told, I didn’t even have that kind of money. I was lucky to be holding possibly a few hundred bucks in my account. If there was any chance that Salinger bought the deal, then Jerry and Sinatra would have to rush and put the money in the account so the check could clear.

The driver, though impressed, still appeared hesitant. Perhaps he needed a little more incentive.

“Tell you what, keep the hundred dollars,” I said grandly, trying to show off that I was loaded with money, true Hollywood style. “If you can get me to Salinger's house,

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I'll give you another one."

The driver began to think. I didn't have to rush his decision because he seemed to be siding with me. The reality was that it would be a shame to deprive Hollywood of such a talented artist. Salinger was their local pride, and who wouldn't want someone from their hometown to be famous and successful? It would represent them on a positive scale. With the mix of national pride and added grease, the driver slowly nodded.

"Seatbelt, please," he said as he turned the car on and focused on the steering wheel.

Considering the flight had been tiring, I was relieved to see that the guy's house was only five minutes away from the airport.

"This really is a small town," I said.

"We don't get many visitors out here," The driver replied. "Heads up, gonna be a bumpy road."

The taxi jumped countless times since the house was located on a dirt road. It was quite simplistic and small in stature. A two-story, rectangular structure that had paint peeling off from some corners. Far from impressive. No

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gate. No fences either. There wasn't even a lawn, which was disappointing. The house had no inviting atmosphere to it. It was the house of a clichéd angry old man who wanted to be left alone.

I noticed a telephone wire going into the house that was connected to a wooden pole.

“At least the guy has got electricity,” I thought.

When the taxi pulled in the front of the house, placing its wheels on the smoother gravel, it came to a stop. I opened the door to get out to be greeted by the sound of large barking dogs. From the corner of my eye, I saw them charging straight for me and the taxi door.

On instinct, I closed it fast enough, and the dogs crashed into the car. The impact did nothing to stop them. They continued barking and trying to make their way to me.

The driver sighed. “Told you he likes to be left alone.” This was clearly not his first time seeing this incident play out like this.

From the balcony emerged a lanky old tall man with graying hair. I cracked the taxi window open slightly since the dogs were still jumping at the door, only to be met with

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hostility.

“Get off my property!” he yelled, again and again, waving a fist in the air. It was him—Salinger himself, I thought.

“I came all the way from California to meet you, Mr. Salinger,” I said, struggling to put on a friendly smile. “My bosses wanted me to offer you a million dollars for the rights to *Catcher in the Rye*. They’re hoping to make it a feature-length film.”

I pressed the check against the window, hoping he could at least get a glimpse of it. Unfortunately, the dogs were relentless, still rubbing their sloppy snouts and wildly probing into the opening of the glass. The drool almost came on the check.

“Please, Sir,” I continued. “I only need a moment of your—”

“Get off my property!” he repeated, pacing back and forth on his balcony, which was the same width as his house.

I knew I didn’t get off to a good start, but considering the circumstances, the meeting seemed to be doomed from the beginning, or at least that’s what Salinger wanted. I had

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to keep trying.

“Mr. Salinger,” I tried again. “My boss from... Columbia Pictures has sent me out here to offer you this.”

That was a lie. It was just the first production company’s name that came to my mind. Even Jerry Weintraub’s occupation was mostly a mystery to me, but right now, I could see my chances of success shrinking with each passing second. I had to toss him a bone. I wish he would toss one to the dogs, too, because their aggravation kept getting worse.

Picture this: One man is seated at the back of a car, pleading with a check for a million dollars pressed against the window, while the disinterested driver is sitting there, just hanging his head with disappointment, wanting to drive away but can’t. Then, outside, three wild dogs are trying to get in the car, making as much noise as the old man on the balcony.

This could have been a fantastic scene for a Mel Brooks comedy. But at that moment, I had never felt so nervous and out of place. This was not my day, and nothing I was saying or doing was going my way. I started to wonder

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if this was the wrong house. The old man had still not specified who he was.

“Are you Mr. Salinger?” I asked suddenly, trying to get a good look at him.

The driver started to laugh, much to my chagrin.

“Get off my property!” the man repeated, shaking his fist and pacing again.

This was getting on my nerves now. I had to act desperately if only to get his attention. Considering the situation, I kind of was too.

“Mr. Salinger please,” I pleaded. “I could lose my job. I really did come all the way from California. Please talk to me. This is a serious offer. You only get this once in a lifetime.”

“Hollywood ruins every book they touch!” he said in disgust. “They’re all whores! Every last one of them!”

For once, he said something else other than yelling to get off his property. It wasn't what I was hoping for, but at least he was listening and talking to me.

“Mr. Salinger, this will be different. We respect the

ALAN AMRON

printed word. We want to do the right thing.”

“They’ll ruin the book! I don’t trust them! And I sure as hell don’t trust you!”

Hoping to gain his sincerity, I held out the check again.

“You must believe me, Mr. Salinger.”

“They’re all whores! They’ve ruined every book they ever made into those damn movies. I won’t let them ruin mine. Take your money and get outta here!”

My chances were slipping again, and I could see it. The dogs were getting tired, but they weren’t going away anytime soon. Salinger began pacing the balcony with his arms crossed.

I had never felt like a caged animal before like I did at that moment. There was nowhere else for me to go but back to the airport. If I did that, I would no longer be the guy who could get the job done. It’d just be another failed attempt. I decided to wait for some time while the old man continued pacing. He seemed to be lost in his thoughts, and the dogs finally became quieter.

I mistakenly assumed this was an opening. Leaning

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over, I opened the door, catching Salinger's attention.

"Get back in the car!" he roared, with more energy than before.

"I just want to talk to you for two minutes. Just two minutes. Nothing more."

"I already told you, you can't do the book!"

His pacing seemed to know no bounds. The way he stalked about in the balcony made him look like a crazy captain, fighting against the sea for his sinking ship, walking on the helm.

"Look!" I insisted. "My bosses are going to need some proof that I was here. They're not going to believe me on my word alone. Could you at least call your agent and have him contact Management Three and inform them that I saw you?"

"I'm not doing anything! You tell your stuck-up bosses that they can't have it! And if they don't believe you, it ain't my problem, it's yours! I will never give anyone permission to make it into a movie. Ever! Now get the hell off my property before I call the cops!"

There it was—the last nail in the coffin. I tried the

ALAN AMRON

best I could, but I knew it was over the moment he went inside. The dogs regained their strength and began their barking again.

“Son, I say you swallow your pride and leave,” the driver said, looking straight at me. “Trust me. Staying here isn’t gonna help.”

I hated to admit it, but he was right. The longer I’d stay, the more he would repeat his mantra and walk about his balcony. I had lost the fight. With a heavy heart, I nodded and signaled for him to drive on. The dogs followed us for a bit before returning home.

“Gotta hand it to you, though,” the driver said, noticing the glum look on my face. “Never seen anyone last this long with that fella.”

I didn’t know whether to be humbled, flattered, or even more disappointed. I just stayed quiet on the way back to the airport, letting my ego subside. The man had clearly struck a nerve. I had been on such a good roll with my work; it had been a while since I had experienced a loss and such an ugly one at that.

Reaching the airport, I made a call. Jerry picked up,

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and I told him I met the crazy old man. He was extremely happy laughing and put us on speakerphone. Bob and Tina Sinatra were there too. All of them were laughing their heads off when I related the entire incident to them, much to my embarrassment.

“I can’t believe you did it!” Jerry kept repeating, much to my confusion.

“Did what?” I asked. “I didn’t get the rights. I only saw the man.”

“But you did get to see him.”

“How do... how do you know I did? I’m telling you I saw him, and I did, but how can you actually believe I did? I could be making all this up for all you know.”

They continued laughing. I was convinced one of them might fall off their chair at this rate.

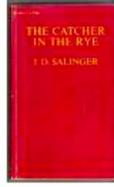
“We just got a call from J.D. Salinger’s agent telling us you were there, and they never want Hollywood to make a movie. But we can’t believe you got to him to do that. Alan, no one has seen or heard from the man in twenty years. He’s a recluse. You ought to be doing college tours telling people you met J.D. Salinger face to face.”

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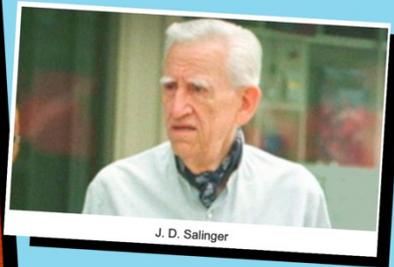
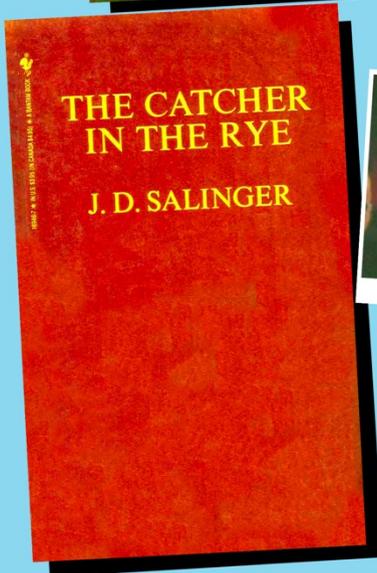
That was when it finally hit me. Salinger was never going to give me the rights to the movie. Everyone in the Hollywood circle, including Bob, Tina, and Jerry, knew that. The point wasn't to get the rights from him but to see if I could even find or meet him.

In that regard, I had passed, but I failed in the other aspect of what I was trying to achieve. It was such a mixed bag of feelings that I look back at it with streaks of confusion even today. Though I have to admit, it was certainly a memory worth remembering.

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The CliffsNotes and book *The Catcher In The Rye* by J.D. Salinger



Chapter 7

Alan, the '*Pushy*' Guy

My experience with Salinger further added to my dislike for the tortured artist cliché. As much as I commend literature for being at the forefront of art, the people that belong to this niche of writing can be a bunch of nuts. I never had a knack for reading but respected that these folks put time and effort to write something which entertained people. I just wish they didn't have to be so crazy about it.

Ever since the incident, Salinger's never-ending pacing was ingrained in my memory, and I was convinced that would be the last time I would get involved in writer's politics... I couldn't be more wrong.

Since the Salinger meeting left such a bad taste in my mouth, I figured it would be best that I stayed away from the eccentric artists for a while. My inventions awaited me, and I could use more time creating new things. Fate, as usual, had other plans.

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I had this friend, Fran Rizzo, a writer and an actress who did commercial voiceovers. She was very successful in that field as well, but success didn't always guarantee satisfaction. Rizzo was not that happy in the field she was working in and wanted to venture into writing. It seemed to run in her family, considering her cousin was a writer, and she had published a book as well. Most of her cousin's circle consisted of writers who had done work in the movie industry for quite some time.

They had their own agents who helped pave their way, but not many were happy with the circumstances back then. Writers were not given as much recognition as they are today. Most were treated as expendable and had little creative input. It was understandable why so many writers were frustrated then.

Rizzo decided to get her friends together and introduce me to the group. I had already managed to make a name for myself, and plenty were keen on trying out my expertise.

"Listen, guys," she said, huddling her group together. "I got this guy named Alan. Alan Amron. He is the one who manages Kristy McNichol. You heard me right. This guy can

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sell ice in the winter. Hell, he could sell sand to the Arabs if given a chance. If he puts his mind to it, there is nothing he can't do. Considering our situation, why don't we get him on board for becoming a signatory agent with the Writers Guild and represent us all?"

Bear in mind that back then, to become a signatory agent, you needed to have a feature film and published a book. Another one was that you needed to represent more than nine writers together who had already published or made a movie deal. Rizzo utilized this policy and brought us all together for a meeting at her Manhattan apartment.

I'd say these people had self-control. Decent folks who wanted to bring their work to the public.

I was a bit hesitant at first. I may have made my name in the industry, but to be given so many writers in one swing was a bit intimidating, to say the least. I had been in plenty of group dynamics to know politics was bound to break out sooner or later, but they managed to make me come around. Their faith in my abilities was what gave me the confidence to take them under my management team. Once we all shook hands, it was official, and I was a signatory agent.

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I didn't even waste time with this opportunity. Once accepted, I began sending their work out to whoever was interested. Different studios were receiving their books and other writings. It was hard work. Sometimes not all of them got accepted.

Like most things, this endeavor had mixed results. Some of them benefitted tremendously, while others did not. Either way, I had made my mark, and once they have made you a signatory agent in the Writers Guild on both coasts, you are listed forever, as I am even now, to this day.

Having become a signatory of the Writers Guild, I found myself with a diverse crowd of clientele, one of them being Mike Burns. Unlike the others who identified as writers and did that for a living, Mike Burns was an FBI agent who wrote scripts.

Even I was surprised when he told me because back then, and even now, you don't expect that the rough and tough, no-nonsense, professionally dressed investigators would be interested in writing movies. However, Mike Burns changed that stereotype. He used to send me those scripts in the hopes they would get recognized by Hollywood.

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“Hey Alan,” he said. “Do put in a good word for me, will ya? I really appreciate the help.”

“I’ll do the best I can, Mike, but I can’t make guarantees,” I replied. “This is Hollywood. They don’t just give out free passes like that.”

“I understand. Well, I gotta make it in time for lunch. My brother-in-law is coming to town.”

“Ah, does he write scripts too?”

“No,” Mike laughed. “He’s a sportscaster and a big one at that.”

“Sportscaster?” I remarked, surprised. “Anyone I know?”

“Pat Summerall.”

You heard that right—Pat Summerall, one of America's finest sportscasters in the NFL. When he told me, I felt a wave of excitement surge through me.

“The Pat Summerall?” I asked with eyes wide. “The voice of NFL football itself?”

“The one and only,” Mike smiled.

Now, with such a possibility on the line, I had to get

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one of his scripts recognized by someone.

Pat Summerall was the voice you would hear the most during football games, especially when the NFL came around. His distinct, dynamic sound and style of speaking always would keep the viewers interested in what was going on. Even those who weren't familiar with the game would have an idea about the person talking.

I was a fan of his for quite some time. He was to football what Bert and Ernie were for Sesame Street. You could not separate one from the other.

During my time as a signatory, I still managed to create my inventions and gadgets. I'll admit it was a bit tougher then, considering how limited my free time was, but when you're passionate about something, you can always make the time. I never believe anyone who says, 'If I had more time, I could do it.' Persistence and drive always find a way, and time is rarely a factor that keeps people from performing.

It was precisely this dedication that led me to invent the 'first down laser Line.' Just as the name implies, the device was a laser system that could be projected onto a

ALAN AMRON

football field and then move up and down the field, as required. So wherever the official invisible first down the line moved, the visible laser line on the field would follow, and the players, coaches, officials, and fans on the field could see it in real-time.

This allowed them to be able to run out and make a right, crossing ten yards, then be able to tuck the ball in and straight ahead without getting hurt or receiving head or neck injuries by looking in a different direction contorting to see where the first line down is.

I told Mike Burns about this invention, knowing it might get me the chance to impress Pat Summerall.

“I’d really like to meet Pat Summerall and ask him what he thinks about this,” I told Mike. The bluntness of my request even caught him off guard.

At the time, Pat was in New York, attending a dinner for ESPN with his wife, Cheri. Mike was in town with his wife Debbie as well. So he gave me the invitation to meet him during the dinner. If I could make it there, I could show him my new invention.

I still remember how nervous I was. Running up to

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the elevator in the hotel, I took a few breaths as the floor lights kept blinking on and off. Once the door opened, there he was with Mike Burns along with their wives.

“Ah, Alan,” he said, in the same voice I had been hearing on television for years. Even if I looked in a different direction and he would’ve called out from behind me, I would’ve known it was him. “Mike told me a lot about you.”

“Only the good stuff, I hope,” I joked, shaking his hand. The man had quite a grip. I recalled that he started off as a football player before going into commentary, and his physique reflected that. Those broad shoulders were still holding strong.

“Tell me a little bit about your laser line invention Alan,” Pat said, smiling.

I spent some time wanting to know more about Pat’s journey. He had quite the tale, but sooner or later, my laser had to come up. After showing it to him and explaining its capabilities, the man was sold from the get-go. Even from his eyes, I could tell he was very interested. I explained how Floyd Rollefstad (a laser consultant), Alex Hay (our laser engineer and partner), and Tyler Ledent (our laser technician

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and partner) helped me to design the safe system. Richard Grobman and Donald Gross were investor partners.

“Would you be interested in helping us?” I asked.

“I think it's great, Alan,” he said, patting me on the back. “I’m gonna talk with a couple of people, and we’re gonna make this thing big. Count me in.”

Right there, at that moment, we had become partners. Even Cheri seemed pleased with the agreement. Instantly Pat went about arranging meetings for us. He stopped by while still in New York to meet the commissioner of the NFL, my other laser line partners, and him; the meeting went according to plan.

The NFL was interested in looking into our first down laser line in greater detail. The NFL Head of New Projects Development, Roger Goodell, even suggested using our system in European National Football League games the following year.

Up until his passing, Pat Sumerall stayed a dedicated partner with me in the first down laser line systems. I will always miss that man and his dynamic qualities. He wasn't just the voice of The NFL; he was a leader. To see him have

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faith in my invention still makes me smile even today.

Pat Summerall was an example of one of the good people I met during my lifetime. There were some controversial people as well. At the young age of sixteen, I came across Donald himself, the Apprentice, who became the 45th President of the United States, Donald Trump.

His father, Fred Trump, the man who had a major role in starting the foundation of the Trump fortune, came to meet my father in one of my dad's meat stores in Brooklyn, Trump Village. They had to discuss the lease that my father had with Fred Trump. I was helping my dad in the store, but when Fred walked in, he looked at me.

“How old are you, son?” he asked with a friendly smile.

“Sixteen, Sir,” I replied.

“Even better. My son Donald is seventeen. Why don't you go on and meet him? He's sitting in the car.”

I looked at my father first, unsure how to react, but he seemed ok with that.

“Go ahead, son,” he told me. “Mr. Trump and I need to talk business.”

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So, I went outside and could not believe my eyes when I saw the big black limousine. There it stood, the definition of elite means of transport. Stretching long, its black plated skin gleamed under the sun. The rims were shining, and the windows were tinted. I could make out the shape of the driver who sat in front, and in the back was someone else.

I knocked on the window, and it rolled down. There he sat, Donald Trump himself, except he was only seventeen years old. A grumpy and extremely miserable-looking kid.

“What do you want?” he asked smugly.

“Your dad is inside talking business to my dad,” I said. “Fred wanted us both to wait together in your car until they finished.”

The door opened, and I sat inside. Your back didn’t just rest on the pads, and you could lay down there with comfort. The foot space was so much; you could move your legs around without worrying. I couldn’t hold back my fascination, which caught Donald’s attention.

“Never been in a limo before?” he asked.

“Yes, I have,” I replied.

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That's pretty much all of the conversation. He was too busy reading some magazine while I just looked at the interior of the car. I noticed during our small talk that he was wearing a black business suit. We exchanged a few one-word questions and answers, but no real conversation followed.

The meeting was over in no time, and in a few moments, Fred returned.

"It was nice meeting you," I said to both politely. Fred smiled, but Donald didn't.

Forty years passed, and I would go on to cross paths with that grumpy rich kid again, who had now become a big millionaire himself with the help of a small loan from his father. When I started with the First Down Laser program, Pat suggested reaching out to Donald for an investment. He did own the New York Generals and loved football. The man was known to invest in new things, and our business stood to benefit from him. I called his secretary.

"Hi," I said. "My name is Alan Amron. I would like to speak with Mr. Trump regarding a Football Invention investment."

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“I’m sorry,” she replied. “Mr. Trump is busy currently and won’t be able to meet with you today.”

I had to up my offer.

I said with more insistence, “Pat Summerall, my partner is in New York with me, and we would like to meet with Mr. Trump today.”

There was a moment of silence before the secretary spoke again. I assumed she was asking for guidance.

“Well, I’ll let him know,” she said. “But I don’t think he would be interested, and I will call you back if he is.” Fifteen minutes later, my cell phone rings, and it’s Trump’s secretary.

“I spoke to Mr. Trump,” she said. “He’d like to meet with you and Pat Summerall. Can you come up to the office right now?”

I looked at Richard and Pat.

“Great,” Pat said, and Richard nodded. “We’ll go right after our NFL League office meeting on Park Avenue.”

I told the secretary that we could be there by three o’clock, after the NFL meeting.

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“Great,” she said. “Just come to the Trump Tower on 5th Avenue. The guards will let you in.”

Once the NFL League meeting ended, we made our way to Trump Tower. Felt a bit strange how, when we were kids, I met the man in a limousine wearing a generic t-shirt and jeans while he sat in a limo. Now here I was going to see him wearing a suit and being driven in a limo. Life has a funny way of coming full circle.

The elevator took us straight to the top floor. Every roomed gleamed with success and money. Reaching the top floor, we waited for ten minutes before the devil himself came out to meet us.

“Gentlemen,” he said, shaking mine and Richard’s hand. That guy had a strong grip and was considerably tall. “Pat, good to see you.”

“You too, Donald, it’s been a while.”

The meeting was much different from our first interaction. It was friendly, informative, and very cooperative. Donald took a keen interest in my laser line invention and praised my innovative thinking. It was clear that he was sold on the invention and wanted in. Once it was

over, I pulled out my digital camera.

“Can I please take a photo?” I asked.

“Always,” he said, smiling with his perfect teeth.

One snap after the other, I asked him to wait while I took the last photo with the guy taking all our pictures.

“He’s a very pushy guy,” Donald said to Pat. “I like that.”

At the time, I didn’t know whether to be insulted or feel good, but later on, I would find out that Trump liked assertive people and got what they wanted. So the fact that I was able to tell everyone to stay still while the photographer joined us seemed to impress him. It was just a spur-of-the-moment thing on my part, but Donald seemed impressed.

Donald Trump was not the only controversial figure I met. There were others as well. One of my favorite personalities that I met was the Titan himself, heavyweight boxing champion Muhammad Ali.

Say what you want about his big mouth. That guy was one hell of a man in his day. The tall fighter took down many tough boxers with strength, speed, and unique strategy in his prime. Everyone would line up to see his matches in

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the ring and be charmed by his charisma and wit, outside it in interviews.

Muhammad Ali was not only an icon in the ring, but his refusal to fight in Vietnam made him a legend. At the time, people were actively drafted to serve in the war with mandatory military duty. Avoiding the draft was considered a crime, often punishable with a fine, imprisonment, or both.

Yet, during the Vietnam War, there was a major divide between the youth and the old guard. The youth wanted the war finished, while the older generation felt it was heroic and necessary and looked upon it as a matter of pride and patriotism.

Those who refused to join the fight were jailed. Muhammad Ali's refusal lost him his boxing license and the titles he had earned over the years through his hard work. He was sentenced to prison as well.

Once America came to its senses, the man was let out, and he would go on to win back what he had lost. Muhammad Ali was a man of his time. So imagine my joy when I got to meet the most popular man on the planet.

While we were in New York, Muhammad Ali was in

ALAN AMRON

the city for a book promotion. Kristy McNichol, my client, also happened to be there, and I felt that it would be a good idea to get the two stars to meet.

I called Ali in his hotel room and told him I was coming over with Kristy McNichol. Both were excited about it since they were stars in their own right, but having them in one room was overwhelming. The big star meeting the strongest man in the world. What a sight.

Since then, Muhammad Ali and I became friends over time, and I felt honored to know the man who was more famous than the President of the United States. Once, he invited me to one of his fights at the Capital Centre Arena. While going there, I invited my cousin Michael, who was only a kid at the time but was infatuated with the boxer. I didn't blame him as the man was quite popular among the youth; Muhammad Ali had a magnetism that appealed to people of all ages.

"Come to Maryland," I told him. "Muhammad Ali is fighting. I'll get you backstage, and you can meet him in the locker room."

Just before the match began, I introduced my cousin,

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and he had never been so happy. He could barely utter any sentences without gawking or stumbling on his words. Muhammad Ali didn't mind. He took the kid under his arm and had a laugh. They took a couple of pictures, and Muhammad Ali taught him how to shadow box. It was a dream come true for my cousin, and his joy brought a smile to my face.

Through Muhammad Ali, I met Don King. After the fight, I drove over to his house in a limo, where we chatted in his kitchen. The man had a knack for cooking, and he sure knew how to make a good meal. He made everything on the table. I had joined him thinking it would be a standard but fancy dinner. I told him about my wish to reunite the Beatles then he said something that made me almost choke on my drink.

“Alan,” he said. “I think it's time we got the Beatles back together.” His help would have made the worldwide reunited Beatles concert work because Don King is the one who created those kinds of successful events, in theaters one-night events for the Ali fights.

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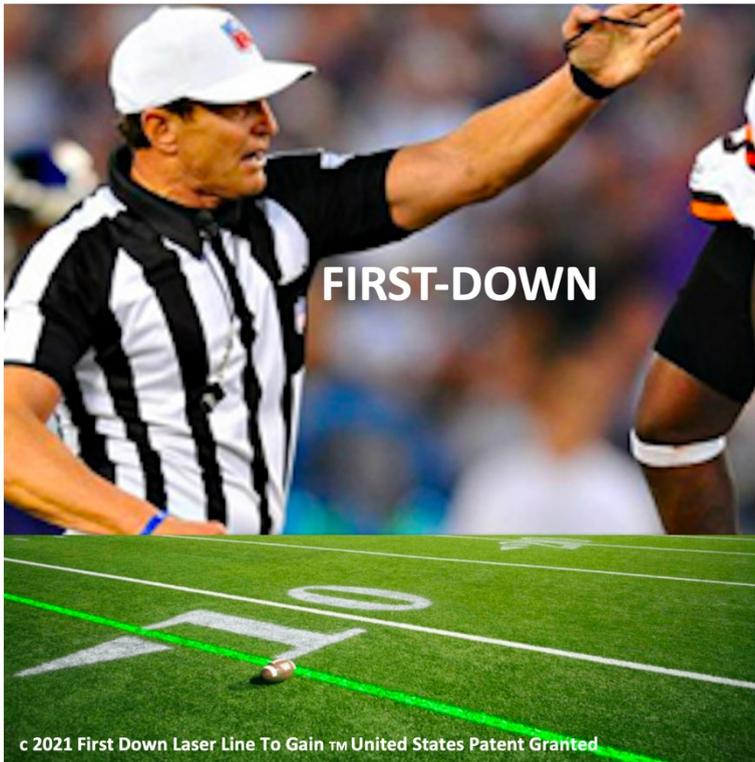




AN INVENTED LIFE



AN INVENTED LIFE



ALAN AMRON

From: Cheri
To: AlanAmron
Sent: Friday, March 22, 2013 12:08 PM
Subject: Thank you

Alan,

Good morning. I have been meaning to contact you for a while but life has gotten in the way. First and foremost I want to thank you for your dear friendship. We both cherish our friendship with you. With all my heart, I believe the Lord brings people into our lives for a reason. You have enriched our lives beyond measure. Yes, the business aspect is amazing, but your friendship is the gift we love the most. We admire you and all your many talents, but as Mike told us from the beginning-"he is an amazing guy who cares". We have always found that true. As Pat faces health challenges, I thank you once again for your never ending friendship. We have not shared with many people what is going on, but Pat has been diagnosed with Lewy Body dementia. I understand now the reasons behind Pat's behavior in the last few years. We are keeping this private right now until we can figure out the future. I remember you said to me many years ago- Pat Summerall!! Everyone loves Pat Summerall!! I was reminded of that Tuesday night at a charity event when Pat was introduced and the crowd rose and gave a standing ovation that went on and on. All I could think about were your words. Thank you for that. In times like these, we find out who our true friends are. Thank you for always being a true friend. God has a plan and we are trusting that. Pat may live a long time with this, he may not. Whatever the plan, we know we are in His hands. We both love being in business with you. Pat may not be able to do things he did in the past. But I want you to know he is still committed- we both are. Whatever we can do, we are anxious to do. We believe in you and in this business. We so admire your talents. I just wanted to say thank you. I needed to write this because I knew if I called you, there would be tears. Just know we are good and living life each day to the fullest.

Love,
Cheri

Cheri Summerall

Chapter 8

Reuniting the Beatles

The words that came out of my wife Eileen's mouth left me dumbfounded for a while. But when I came to think about it, I realized it was not a bad idea. So I hired a publicist my wife recommended, and he did a hell of a job for my publicity. With his great work, the news traveled like wildfire, and many articles were written around the whole world asking everyone to donate a dollar to bring the Beatles back for one big world concert.

I remembered reading somewhere in a newspaper that Muhammad Ali was a huge fan of the Beatles. So what I did next felt completely natural and plausible to me. I went to Miami, where I heard Muhammad Ali was training for his next fight, for the cause.

I met him in a diner in South Miami and presented the idea to him. I said, "Listen, I'm starting a committee to reunite the Beatles, the International Committee to Reunite

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the Beatles." I asked him if he would be interested in helping me with it.

His answer lifted my spirits. "Absolutely."

He told me that he would love to discuss this further and gave me his phone number.

"Call me and come to Chicago, and I'll be glad to discuss this with you," he said. That was all I needed then. A couple of weeks later, I called the number he gave me. His housekeeper answered the call. She said, "Hold on."

After a while, Muhammad Ali came to the phone; he still remembered why I was calling. Again, he invited me to Chicago and added that somebody would pick me up at the airport.

I got on the next flight. I felt a bit lost in the airport. I was looking around. Ali had mentioned that I would find someone to pick me up. What I was not expecting was it would be a limousine. This big, long black limo was parked outside, and somehow I felt it was my ride.

As I headed for the exit, a big African American bodyguard approached me.

"You, Mr. Amron?" he questioned.

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"Yeah," I replied.

"Come with me," he said and led me to a shiny stretch limousine.

Once inside, I noticed two other guys, big African Americans like the one I had just met. I sat at the back, scared senseless. I couldn't believe that I was seated inside the limousine and riding through the Chicago streets, and the fact that there were three bodyguards, huge ones, wasn't helping either.

I knew they were taking me to Muhammad Ali's house, but mind you, I was only in my 20's at that time, young and naïve. Nevertheless, the concerns I was facing seemed very real! I was hoping to meet Muhammad Ali at my destination, but who knew where they were taking me?

At last, the limo stopped; I took a deep breath as the gates to his big house opened, and the limo slid inside. I mustered some courage and asked the guards, "Where are we?"

"We're at Herbert Muhammad's house," he replied. Again, not the answer I was expecting. So I asked, "Who's Herbert Muhammad?"

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"Herbert Muhammad is the Black Muslim leader, and he's the business manager of Muhammad Ali," he replied curtly. "He wants to meet with you before you go over to Ali's house to make sure about the Beatle Committee thing you're offering him; he wanted just to make sure that the deal was proper and that you are safe."

Now that made sense, and I was sort of relieved to know I was safe. So we pulled inside the house, and I went inside. The home was very lavish and extraordinary, which made me realize that this guy is not ordinary. The house had everything – stuff built into the walls, expensive fabric, fine furniture. Everything was overwhelming. I passed through the entrance and walked inside the kitchen, and that's when I realized I was having lunch with Herbert.

There was this large table with the four black guys, and me, one white guy, and the black Muslim leader, Herbert Muhammad, who was sitting at the head of the table. But, of course, as soon as we started eating, things began to get a little less intimidating. Hell, it felt normal after a while.

The journey I took to his house was somewhat overwhelming, but meeting him turned out pretty cool. After lunch, we talked about what we would do and how Ali could

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help in it all. Herbert was very nice and accommodating. I remember that as a youth, I was pretty much used to talking in a certain cocky way, using foul language here and there like "Holy shit" or "Fuck this" without even thinking or meaning it.

One of the bodyguards noticed this and said, "Please, we don't talk like that in front of Mr. Muhammad."

I got a little uncomfortable, but Herbert turned to his bodyguard and said, "That's okay. Next time we have a meeting with Alan, we'll have it in the garage."

Everybody started to laugh at this, and it lightened the mood considerably. Herbert was a good guy, and from that point on, the meeting went pretty smoothly.

Once we were done, Herbert said that it would be a pleasure to do business with me, and then I was taken to Muhammad Ali's house across town. So there's this picture of that particular day; Muhammad Ali and I are sitting on the steps, talking about the project of reuniting the Beatles.

Ali was very interested in helping me out and putting the Beatles back together. He promised to do anything in his power to make that happen. While discussing the Beatles

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project, Ali asked what other projects I was working on at the time.

So I showed him my Post-it sticky notes invention and explained how it would work. He was fascinated by it and asked what my next steps would be. I explained that I had a mass mailing of samples and advertising materials sent to all the stationery industry manufacturers, stores, and end-users in the United States. I was looking to license or sell my trade secret.

Ali had just gotten back from a boxing match he was fighting in New York. Since he'd just finished working out, he seemed tired. We were sitting at the bottom of the steps going up to his bedroom. He wanted to show me some articles and stuff in his house. We were about to take the elevators inside the house to his bedroom.

I was still young, so I told him, "Come on, let's walk up the stairs."

I had a lot of energy at the time, so he agreed, and we took the stairs. I remember he was exhausted because of the fight and the workout; as we reached upstairs, he got to the top of the step and leaned on the railing, and he started to

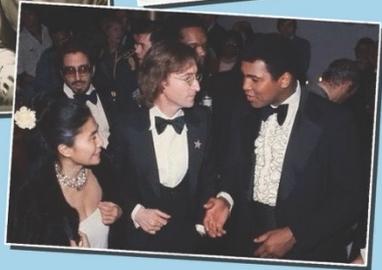
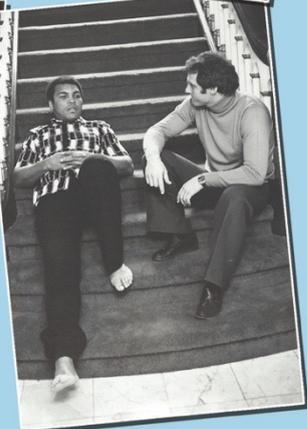
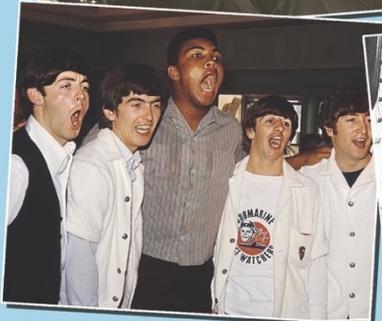
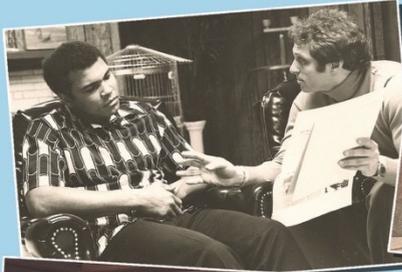
AN INVENTED LIFE

breathe heavily. What I did next seemed really funny to me till this day; I turned to him and said, "Okay, mother fucker, let's go, I'll kick the shit out of you now."

He looked at me and saw I was kidding around and started to laugh. I was trying to show him that, "Hey, I'm this little white kid from Brooklyn who could just punch him once and knock him out because he is exhausted." But he thought that was very funny and it was an intimate moment I shared with him in his house.

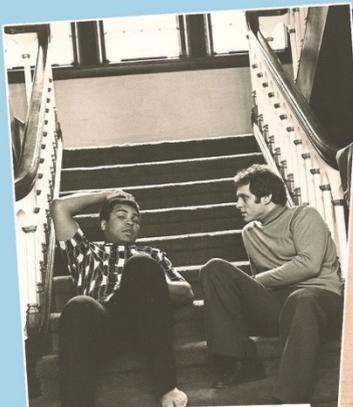
Despite all our mutual efforts and the support we got over the years, we all know how this story ended. Sadly John Lennon was shot and killed, putting to rest any chances of a Beatles reunion.

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THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE TO REUNITE THE BEATLES
A BY THE PEOPLE FOR THE PEOPLE PROMOTION

We want to reunite The Beatles. Our voices together will be heard!

PUBLIC TAKE NOTICE!

Music is a beautiful form of communicating. It's our fundamental language, and the one language we truly understand. The Beatles, who are loved by all, have tried and failed to reunite. We are trying to get them all, John, Paul, George and Ringo, together again. We are the people, let us try, and let the members join. Let for the benefit and the happiness of their music we all love. If we can't do it, let's try to do it. We will not give up without trying.

There has been great news of money offered to the Beatles, but nothing real came of it. ... now there are countless millions of us, the People, who love the Beatles, and love a one dollar certificate from every dollar we will give an unrepentable, guaranteed amount.

So please send one dollar to help us reunite them again.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE TO REUNITE THE BEATLES INC.
P.O. BOX 243
MERRICK, NEW YORK 11566

and making an international effort to reunite them again. "LET IT BE" is now in production.

FOR INFORMATION CALL (212) 754-1471

Paul McCartney, an invited member of the Beatles, has written the following of the Beatles: "... I'd love to reunite them and I'd love to see them together in a way that we can all enjoy in the future. It might take a long time, but I'm sure it will happen."

Let's get The Beatles together again. "LET IT BE!"

Unterschriften fürs Beatles-Comeback gesucht!

Man hat auch Mitglied in seine International Committee to Reunite the Beatles werden. Ein Dollar kostet die Sache, dafür gibt es eine Blechplatte zum stecken. Für Interesse hier die Adresse: The International Committee to Reunite the Beatles Inc., P. O. Box 243, Merrick, New York 11566, USA.

Der 28jährige New Yorker Alan Amron gründete jetzt ein Komitee zur Wiedervereinigung der Beatles. Seine einzige Idee: Unterschriften bei den Fans zu sammeln, diese den Beatles zu zeigen und sie so zu einem neuen Konzert zu überreden. In der ganzen Welt will Alan jetzt sammeln. Wer will, kann

Reunite The Beatles — For Only A Doll

LET IT BE!

How are your dreams coming?

Phyllis Singer

Phyllis Singer is a weekly columnist who writes and/or all get a year or so before to the dream world of Phyllis. Alan is doing something about the dream. How are you coming with yours?

Alan Amron

REPORTER

September 16, 1976

\$50 MILL. BATE GOAL

L.I. Inventor Spearheads Drive for Beatles Concert

By Charles A. Berman

ALAN AMRON, a 28-year-old inventor, has set up a committee to reunite the Beatles. He is now trying to get them all, John, Paul, George and Ringo, together again. He is the people, let us try, and let the members join. Let for the benefit and the happiness of their music we all love. If we can't do it, let's try to do it. We will not give up without trying.

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Let's get The Beatles together again. "LET IT BE!"

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Alan and Mrs. Ali in 2015



SUNDAY NEWS

LEISURE and The Arts

Wanted: \$51 million to reunite Beatles

By STAN MESSER
CRAIG THE MAN who "invented" a half-century ago is now offering a half-century-old idea for a new Beatles record.

Alan Ali, 51, who has been married to Mrs. Ali since 1968, is offering a half-century-old idea for a new Beatles record. He says he has been thinking about it for a long time and that he has been talking to the Beatles' manager, Paul McCartney, about it.

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That has been the extent of Ali's involvement in the Beatles. In the meantime, he has been working on other projects. He has been working on other projects. He has been working on other projects.

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Ali to the Beatles: 'Come Together'

Champ Eyes Benefit to Give Poor a Chance

By STAN MESSER and DONALD FLYNN

Muhammad Ali is trying to get the Beatles back together in a new album. He says he has been thinking about it for a long time and that he has been talking to the Beatles' manager, Paul McCartney, about it.

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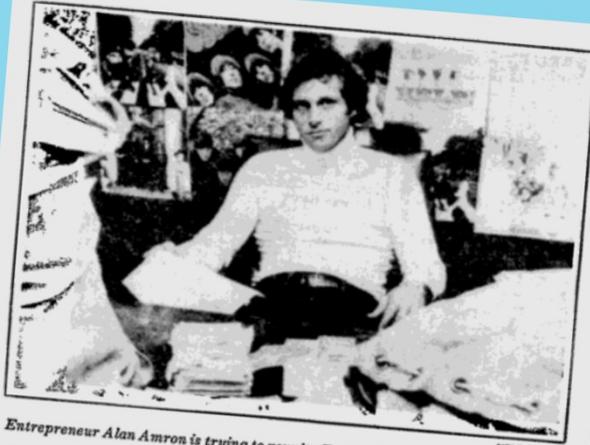
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GUILTY

Bringing Back The Beatles

In 1963, Muhammad Ali got with the Beatles. Now he hopes to reunite them.

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Entrepreneur Alan Amron is trying to reunite England's most famous rock group

UPI Telephoto

check with you. What do you think about it? And all he said was, 'Well, hmmm.' And what it was is that we sort of agreed that, y'know, there's nothing happening, we're not doing anything together, no one's got any really big passion. John just kind of said, 'Hmmm.' And that was all."

Once again, none too promising an answer. Yet many Beatle watchers might find much significance in the fact that McCartney and Lennon — both principle creative forces behind the Beatles' best music and bitterest antagonism — are once again on good enough terms to even consider the idea.

If the reunion occurs, it won't be because of money alone.

Wheeler-dealer promoter Sid Bernstein recently outlined a public plan designed to gross at least \$400 million from a single Beatles appearance, including revenues from closed-circuit TV, a live album and a movie.

McCartney and Harrison immediately said no. But Alan Amron has a different idea. He gets the Beatles together in love — not for each other, but for and from, fans.

Amron, 28, is a self-styled entrepreneur from Long Island, who started a furor last spring with an ad in New York's Village Voice newspaper, calling on fans to unite under the banner of his International Committee To Reunite The Beatles.

He asked that every fan — "there are

— send him \$1 in exchange for a "Let It Be" decal.

That single ad didn't exactly produce an outpouring of support, but it got Amron a lot of print space and air time.

"I'm a businessman," says Amron, "and I'd definitely like to be involved in the promotional end of getting the Beatles back together again. So I'm trying to show that here's a guy who thinks enough of the Beatles to go out and try to get the support of the people and show the Beatles that support in dollars collected, like a straw poll."

Amron is nothing if not ambitious — and optimistic. He has set a tentative deadline of June to raise between \$40 and \$50 million.

"There are 200 million Beatles fans in the world. This is a fact," he says. "And if there are 200 million Beatles fans, if we could reach 100 million of them and only half send in a dollar, that's \$50 million."

Amron says he and his partner, Joel Sacher, have put about \$30,000 into the committee so far. He says he has gotten thousands of letters — but few contained the dollar.

It seems an impossible task. But for all its titling-a-windmills flavor, Amron's scheme is also the only current one that holds even a hint of promise for bringing the Beatles back together.

"None of them have come right out and made a statement against what I'm doing," Amron says, hope glittering in his eyes.

"They haven't said no."

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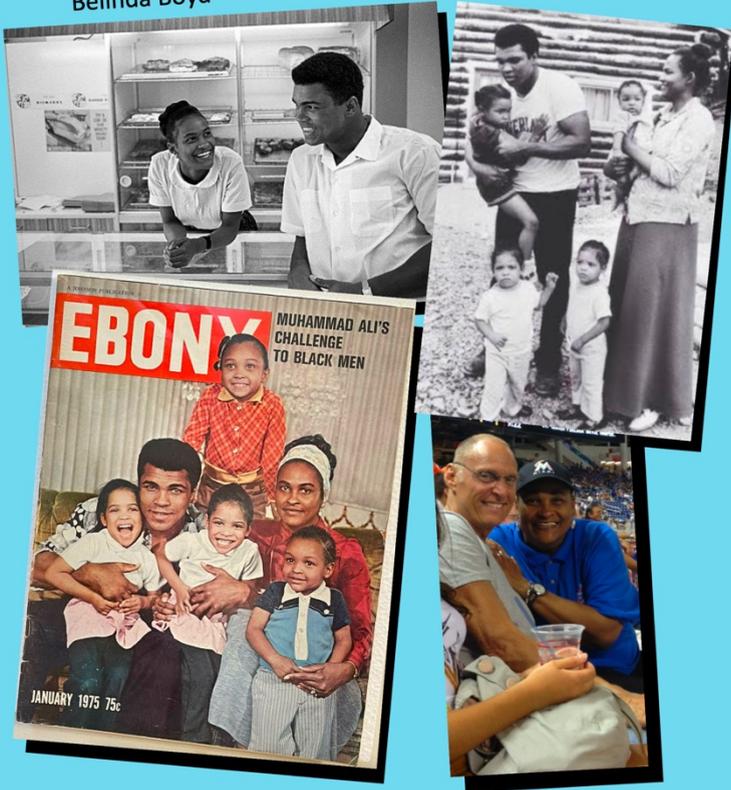


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Belinda Boyd



"Alan is always in our families prayers, and 48 years ago when we first met, to today he remains part of our family. I highly recommend that you read his new book. AN INVENTED LIFE The Smoking Gun, it is a wonderful life's story."

Khalilah Ali

Former Mrs. Muhammad Ali, mother to his first four children.
Muhammad Ali, Jr.; Maryum; Jamillah and Rasheda.

Chapter 9

The Photo Wallet for the NIKON Camera

Throughout my life, I've created all sorts of things, from toys and daily household or stationery items to even seemingly complex electrical equipment.

One of my most advanced creations is my battery-operated handheld digital images player that is still one of the most revolutionary inventions ever. Around 1999, I invented the first-ever handheld digital images player operated entirely by battery, and it had no moving parts. After I was satisfied with how it worked, I presented my Digital images player to Kodak camera through a friend named Kerry V.

Kerry V. lived next door to The Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, New York. He used to sell them parts for their cameras, so he was on relatively good terms

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with them. When I got to him with my battery-operated digital images player, he was so impressed with the idea, he immediately set up a meeting for me with the Kodak company. I introduced my invention with literally a jaw-dropping reaction to my presentation, which left them all over the moon impressed. They loved it so much that they were interested in its license and production the very same day.

Henceforth, I signed an agreement with the Kodak company, and the development process started. However, things didn't go as planned with them. Kodak took a long time —much longer than I had anticipated — to build and implement the invention functionally.

Meanwhile, after several months of waiting for the digital images player to be built by Kodak engineers, I was contacted by Bill G., product development VP at the Nikon camera company. He said they were interested in my invention and wanted to go ahead with the production plan quickly.

Nikon was located in Huntington Long Island, New York, and I also lived on Long Island, just two miles away. So I made a significant business decision of my life at that

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time, and after much consideration and thought, I took my agreement back from Kodak and moved my photo wallet invention to Nikon.

At Nikon, they were on top of their game; with the cutting-edge technology and intelligent minds, they were at the brink (as was Kodak) of introducing revolutionary inventions to the world. However, Kodak and Nikon's first-ever digital cameras were not yet released to the world, and Nikon wanted my photo wallet to be presented with their first-ever Nikon digital camera. That was an honor since Nikon was the gold standard in the camera world then.

The digital cameras from Kodak and Nikon came out and were a big success. However, every manufacturer of digital cameras that came had only a small 1" square thumbnail size on board screen to view the digital images, and those small screens were obviously not sufficient to see the pictures you just took to see them in some detail.

The Photo Wallet I created was a 4" diagonal and was big enough to view all digitally taken images, which gave Nikon instant popularity among the digital camera audience. For instance, the first professional photographers who bought digital cameras also bought my photo wallet to view

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the images they just took, as it allowed them to do their job with even more precision and perfection.

Normally with film or digital cameras, the professional photographers need to take a polaroid after each shot. However, with my 4" digital images viewer, that need was eliminated. Plus, mine was like seeing a backlit transparency of the actual shot you just took.

The professional photographers at the Academy Awards used it on air during their international worldwide broadcast. That was a moment of recognition for me as an inventor. Witnessing that people rely on my invention and appreciating it felt amazing. The photographers would take pictures digitally and display them on my photo wallet at the awards, and it was spectacular.

Furthermore, when using the new digital camera for their model shoots, Playboy magazine photographers used my Photo Wallet to view the images they just shot and made them even more realistic by using my invention.

But the best memory associated with this experience is Bill Gates and the number-three guy at Microsoft, Will Poole. They bought my Photo Wallet to display promotional

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images in their Microsoft corporate offices lobby in a locked plastic showcase. Will Poole even wrote a particular operating program for me, at no cost, to share with the rest of my Photo Wallet and Nikon customers. That's how much he was impressed with my breakthrough Photo Wallet invention.

CNN was so impressed with my breakthrough Photo Wallet from Nikon Camera that, out of all the electronics shown at the 2000 CES Consumers Electronics Show in Las Vegas, they chose my invention to highlight on the nightly newscast. It was 4 am in Las Vegas, and CNN was ready to go live worldwide. The battery life for all electronics at that time was bad, and my Photo Wallet was no different. For CNN to go live with my invention, not knowing exactly when they would be ON, and to ensure my invention worked when they did go live, I had to place myself under the CNN on-camera display table, off-camera constantly changing the batteries every 15 minutes. Since then, the battery life and memory chips over the next few years have increased substantially.

After the invention of my Photo Wallet, I moved on to make other things that would impact individuals. Another

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notable invention I had back then was the video chip and its players and video pages, which aimed to enhance video testimonies in court documents at first.

The flat battery operated, no moving parts video page was to be inserted into a legal brief that narrated the specific incident and visually showed you (for example) a car accident by actually showing an animation or real video from the flat legal brief.

That was my first thought. To use it to help people, and then for entertainment as a video page for music videos, movies, and TV shows. Internet was still at the nascent stage then, and the fast streaming we so eloquently rely on now was still a decade away back then. My invention was revolutionary in 1999, and today it's known to the world as the iPhone and iPad by Apple.

Soon after that, following my invention of the battery-operated handheld digital images players, I moved on to create other things. Again, my inventions were mostly ahead of their time and inspired many of the inventions of the 21st century.

I invented video players that were battery-operated,

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handheld solid-state with no moving parts when there was no concept of such a device, or no possible use had come to anyone else. So not only did I invent the video chip player, but the video chip itself, which had digitally programmed content on them. The first person I demonstrated both the DVC (Digital Video Chip) on my handheld DVC player to was the rapper Puff Daddy.

I was at breakfast in the Four Seasons hotel. There, I saw the famous rapper Sean Combs (P. Diddy), so I walked over and showed him his newly released music video playing in my handheld battery-operated, no wires, no moving parts Photo Wallet, and Video Page. The magic of it absolutely blew him away! He had never seen anything like it before.

A week after I built the first Video Page, which I developed from parts purchased from the local electronics store, I was invited to demonstrate it to a group of 12 young investment bankers at Société Générale in New York City. This was a French derivative investment firm, so the meeting held great importance to me.

It was in their big, beautiful conference room that I took out a thin 8 x 10 LCD flat-screen battery operated with

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no wires no moving parts (BetaMax, VideoTapes, DVD, and Blu ray players all had moving parts drums and motors) with a slot for my DVC Digital Video Chip, that had a Puff Daddy music video and a Bill Clinton (then president) clip on the news saying, "I did not have sex with that woman."

Witnessing the marvel presented before them, the investors were blown away. It seemed like sorcery, something beyond their grasp at that time to see moving video and audio playing on a ceramic chip. It was like something conjured up from the future itself. Before the chips, videos and movies were played with moving parts, drums, and motors.

After witnessing a glimpse of the future that I had introduced to them, the investors offered to invest 3.1 million dollars in my invention, as they were clearly impressed by its potential and were excited to see what it had for its future.

I accepted the investment offer, but they had one simple condition. The condition was that they would pick and hire the right skilled team to efficiently manage the company and ensure that the amazing magical product was parallel to company management to get the best end result

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possible. Today, in the year 2021, you can imagine what they must have thought in 1999 when they were looking at the future iPhone and iPad prototype. It's no wonder they invested so quickly.

I agreed to the generous offer they had made, but they hired the worst managers ever to my complete disappointment. This caused a series of unfortunate events for the production and supply of DVC Players and DVC chips.

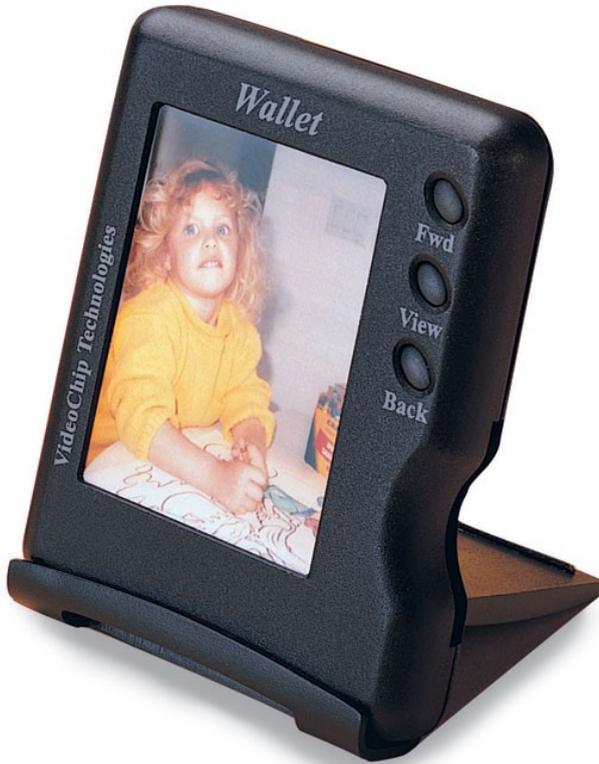
Also, they never paid for or bothered to file any of our patents. Moreover, they never paid for manufacturing parts, but instead (we later found out) they built a family home in California with most of the funds raised for the company. The rest of the big chunks of the funds were squandered on office rent in Silicon Valley and several brand-new computers they had never bothered to open or take out of the boxes.

After this disastrous experience, I moved on to creating the Silly Willy water and bubbles sprinkler, Water Bender spiral water shooter and The Water Dome sprinkler for entertainment toys for kids, and a First Down Laser Line system in professional sports.

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But I have learned some lessons from my unfortunate experiences. I was now looking to pair up with a company with no blind spots and a name for itself. When I was introduced to Fisher-Price, I was initially reluctant, but the more I worked with them, the more I appreciated their efforts.

They were manufacturing high-quality toys and entertainment gadgets and had an excellent distribution network and reputation. The promotion of the new toys was also done widely and creatively through TV commercials which yielded positive large volume sales from their audience. They were also upfront with their payments and offered a substantial amount of \$50,000 in advance, which was a big relief. In addition to this, they also provided 5% of all future royalties worldwide on my inventions and creations. With the success that came with Fisher-Price, soon, I was called by almost all of the bigger toy companies to share and present my new inventions to them.



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Chapter 10

The Interview at CNN

Some events in my life had great outcomes which altered my entire future. One of such life-changing events was when I was called to CNN studios for an exclusive interview.

This interview was recorded and broadcast in September 2016 when I sued 3M for the inventorship of my creation, sticky Press-on Memos. I had to sue them again because this affair continued to damage my reputation as an inventor every day. They claimed to have invented the Post-it note.

I shared a detailed account of my journey in the interview, starting from 1973 when I invented the Press-on Memo. I spared no details, telling them how I wanted to leave a message for my wife and couldn't find anything to stick the memo on the refrigerator.

Memories became vivid when I told how my idea

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was shamelessly stolen by people I had placed my trust in. I had worked tirelessly to develop the right adhesive for my Press-on Memos and made it perfect to easily be stuck on paper, windows, doors, or other such surfaces and easily taken off and back on again.

My account was very detailed, and I was ready to answer every question. After all, this *is* my invention, the product I had worked so hard to present to a 10-by-10 booth at the Sheraton Hotel in New York City. As a young inventor, I wanted to get my products across to people, offer them for sale, or put them into commerce, as the United States Patent & Trademark office calls it.

I remembered how the local news reporter covering the convention had ridiculed my battery-operated water gun but not my Press-on Memo. I guess it's true that there's no such thing as bad publicity because that reporter's stunt drew over two men in suits from 3M with colorful business cards.

That was the first time we interacted, and they asked me for samples of my spray-on adhesive and sticky notes. Naturally, since they were a big name, I was excited to share my product at the prospect it could offer.

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I told the whole story in the interview of how I started receiving faxes from 3M counsel. They sent me different patents to look at. They claimed that such sticky memos or notepads were already invented in Switzerland by another guy in 1968 as they had a patent proving it.

So when I saw that, it made me think that they didn't invent it in '74, and I didn't invent it in '73. Then the guy in '68 must have invented it, and it was prior Art. So I said, "Yes, I'm willing to settle the case, now that I know that they didn't invent it and I didn't invent it because then I knew my case would have been futile." So I asked them to pay for my legal fees plus expenses. And they said, "We'd give you the money for the legal fees plus expenses, and we settled the case in 1998."

Speaking for a news station like CNN helped me put things into perspective. They gave me the chance to tell my side of things, let the public know how things had really gone down and that I wasn't just a random inventor suing a conglomerate like 3M to gain publicity.

But this was only the first part of my interview. I had more interesting things to share with the world. So after the settlement, I assumed that I would no longer hear about this

in the future. But I was wrong.

In 2011, I started hearing rumors that Art Fry and Spencer Silver, who worked for 3M and were executives by that time, had gotten together to invent the combination sticky note and notepad in 1974.

You would understand how I felt hearing about it in the press and the news. They had admitted they didn't invent that. Why were they coming out stating the exact opposite?

Naturally, that was a breach of the 1998 settlement agreement we had or the understanding which led to the settlement agreement.

So I called 3M again. I notified them in 2011 and reminded them what they told me in 1998 about the Swiss patent and the settlement we had. They said they didn't know what it was and simply sent me the patent again, thinking it would make me go away. But it didn't. It just made me very mad to actually see they were trying to deceive me for the second time.

The Swiss patent was presented by a man named Walter in Switzerland in 1968. It had expired by then, but the patent did not really call for the combination of the sticky

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note. The patent called for a stay-put one-time-use adhesive with a note.

If you put it on a refrigerator and pull it off, it'll leave a residue and a mark. So it wasn't the same successful sticky note that 3M and I claimed to have invented. It was something different. I never filed a patent on my Press-on sticky memos. I invented two things in 1973: the battery-operated water gun, and the Press-on Memo sticky notes, commonly known as the Post-it Note.

Since I didn't know much about patents, I visited a patent lawyer, but he asked for a lot of money, something I couldn't afford. So I didn't file patents right away. With the Press-on Memo sticky notes, a year had gone by. I still had a little time with my water gun, so I filed a patent for it and made millions of dollars. But when it comes to inventorship, the thing is that you never lose inventorship. Any prior art, or being first to conceive an idea, whether you file a patent or not, gives you the inventorship right.

Things have changed today. Now I want the inventorship. I want 3M to admit that I was the original inventor in 1973. They've already come out and said Spencer Silver and Art Fry invented it "in a church in 1974"

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as a bookmark, not a notepad. It's on public record all over the world that in 1974 Fry invented it in church for his hymn book.

I had already put it into commerce in 1973. I just wanted them to admit that I am the inventor and stop claiming otherwise. In litigation, you have to have a remedy, and the remedy in Court is usually financial. So I added money to the complaint, but if the Defendants were willing to give me inventorship with a little money, I would happily accept it. We had put in 400 million dollars in our Amended Complaint because that was a reasonable amount of money out of the 40 billion dollars the Defendants 3M really should give me.

Over the past 40 plus years, the revenue from the Post-it Note line of products amounted to more than \$40 billion. According to US Patent rule 56a, if I prove inventorship, any revenue 3M made over the last 40 years by those ill-gotten gains, I will get all that revenue they have made over the past 40 plus years.

Like everybody else, when I write a memo or leave a note for somebody or mark something, I use Post-it sticky Notes. It's convenient, and it works. It's all over the world.

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It's iconic. I don't think there's anybody in the whole world you can ask about Post-it Notes, and they wouldn't know about it. Everyone knows it and has used it at some point. So 3M insisting I had nothing to do with the success of the Post-it Note is a blatant lie.

The Post-it Note is a trademark. The utility invention is a reusable sticky note, no matter what you call it. The first thing they called it in 1977 when they first released the Post-it Note, they called it Press N' Peel. And it wasn't until 1980 that 3M started to call it Post-it Notes. So they kept claiming I had nothing to do with the success of the Post-it Notes. And they're right, the Post-it Notes, trademark I had nothing to do with.

Mine was called Press-on Memo. However, the name of the product is not the invention but its utility. What it does. To put a sticky note on a surface, reposition it, reuse it and not leave a residue is the invention. You're allowed to do it. You're allowed to manufacture it and sell it. The only difference is that if your chemical structure is the same as Spencer's that 3M owns, then you can't. Today you can, but years ago, you couldn't because the patent was still in force.

But that patent has expired since then, so if you

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wanted to go out and even use Spencer's chemical mixture for a sticky adhesive on a note paper, you could use it without being sued by 3M. In 1998 I went to Dennison, a stationery industry competitor of 3M. Dennison was interested in licensing my Press-on Memo sticky notes.

Their lawyers wanted to see my agreement with 3M because they didn't want to get sued by them. They wanted 3M not to get involved, so I said they're not going to get involved. According to the agreement, I could make my combination (as long as it wasn't Spencer's at the time) of the sticky glue on a note and call it Press-on or call it anything I wanted, and they'll leave me/us alone.

But 3M would not let me show that agreement to Dennison, and because of that, Dennison pulled out from a \$50,000 advance and a one and a half percent royalty which could make me a millionaire from today.

Most people don't understand that I don't own the sticky note invention. Nobody owns the sticky note. The sticky note belongs to the world. Because I invented it in 1973 and never filed for a patent, after a year, it became prior art, and so it's in the public domain.

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What I own are the inventorship rights. I am the inventor of the Press-on Memo sticky notes, today known as the Post-it Note by 3M. That's a big part of my book. Now the people I've been telling that I'm the inventor for the past few years won't doubt me. Because you tell people that you invented something, and they go, "Yeah, yeah, sure you did. I thought Art Fry..."

I mean, it's a myth.

I say it's a myth, but most people say Art Fry invented it in church. And the truth of the matter is he did invent a sticky bookmark in a church in 1974. It doesn't change the fact that I already invented the sticky notes in 1973.

By 1974 I had put it into commerce, and this makes me the prior inventor. The facts are the facts. In 1973, it was all over the world and publicized that I invented my Press-on sticky notes in 1973, a year before 3M. So I just want 3M to admit that *I* am the inventor of not the Post-it Note trademark but the Post-it Note utility invention products.

All the products made under the Post-it Notes name, as far as the little colorful tabs that they sell and the big

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posters they sell, all of the sticky notes, whether it's large, small, yellow, white, pink, whatever is the same product, the same utility invention that I invented in 1973 and put into commerce in 1974.

I don't show it publicly because nobody cares to see how you hurt over things usually. Still, privately, it's affected me immensely because all my partners already know me and know that I have made a lot of inventions over the years. I've got 40 United States Patents in the Patent Office. I have a lot of successful Patents. In fact, 99% of the patents worldwide don't make any money at all. I'm in the one percent, and I made a lot of money from my patents. But they always seem to see that little sore in the corner. And the sore is, did I really invent the Post-it sticky Notes?

The bottom line is, why isn't 3M admitting to it? Something's wrong there. And 3M's a powerful company. The emotional effect this had on me is that I go to sleep every night thinking about the 3M case. I wake up in the morning every day thinking about the 3M case. And it has taken an emotional toll on me. Physically, mentally, and financially.

Since I understand the patent law very well, I do the legal work myself, but I have legal advisers that I pay a fee

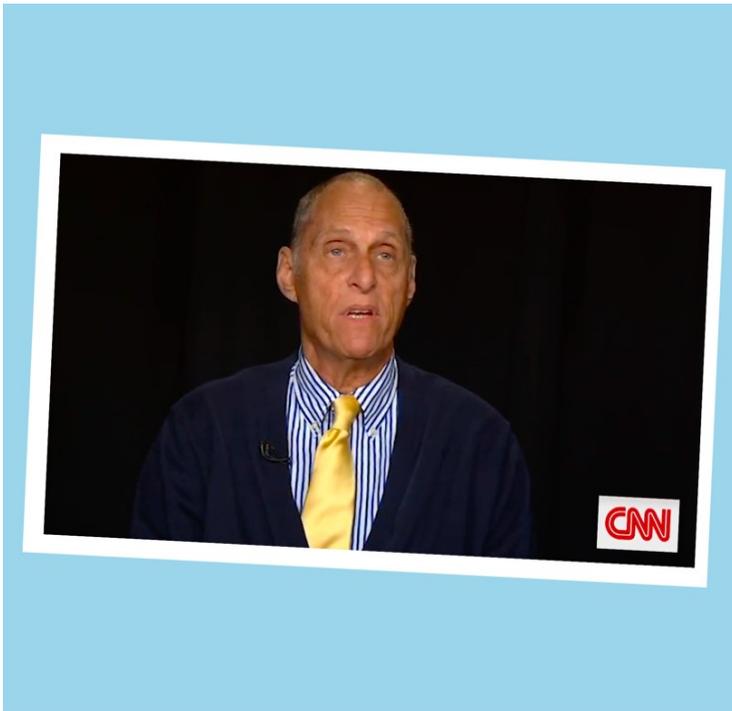
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to tell me that whatever I'm filing is either crazy or it works. If it doesn't work, they suggest how to make the changes, but if it works, they say, ok, that's great, let's do it. So the financial and emotional stress of this has been immense.

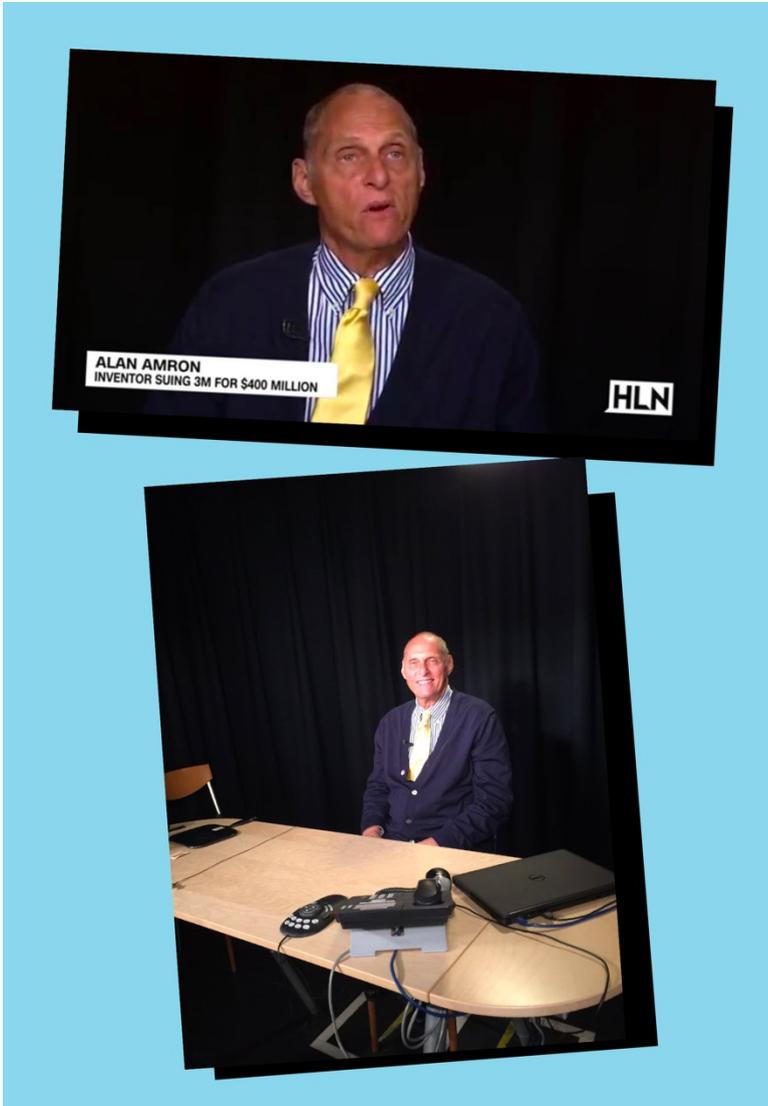
The invention is not the product's name or trademark (Press N' Peel in 1977 and Post-it note in 1980). It's the product's utility and use (Sticky repositionable, reusable combination, and Note). The inventor was the first to use it and offered it for sale in commerce (Amron in 1973, then 3M Fry in 1977).

The interview prompted these questions even further and led me to the next major event when I was once again face-to-face with the Goliath 3M.

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Chapter 11

The Smoking Gun

I now have everything I wished for at some point in my life. However, the journey to get it all was a very difficult one. I am an inventor, have always been one, and I'm overcome with pride when people recognize me for my inventions.

My most prized invention was my Press-on Memo sticky-backed notes I invented in 1973. For decades, I was disputed and couldn't own my success until a few years back.

By now, you know how my most famous invention was ripped off and how I got the ownership back. It has been a long journey, but it taught me many lessons of resilience and persistence I want to share with you.

I've already recounted how things came to a head in 1998, and I reached a settlement with 3M. They wanted me to keep my claim of ownership to myself. In return, they would stop advertising the product as theirs, as long as I

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didn't go public with the information. So, I agreed to the settlement, and the details have been discussed already in the past chapters.

One important thing that came out of this settlement offer was that I established my point. I challenged their claim in court and proved myself to be the rightful creator of sticky notes. Back then, I thought it was all over, and the victory was mine forever. However, nearly two decades later, I found out that 3M had violated our agreement and used their name as the creators of the Sticky Post-it Notes.

I thought suing them again would work, but what I didn't know was that in 1997 I had been played by 3M. The agreement we had signed back then prevented me from suing them for the same thing again, which ended up getting my new claim ruled out by the judge.

But that's not the end of my story. I intended to fight and claim my lawful status as the creator of the Sticky Notes, and I was prepared to take extreme measures for that. I was at a point in my life where nothing and no one could dissuade me. I had to make things right and settle this score once and for all.

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My mistake was not arguing about the violation of that agreement, and my subsequent filing was with a large New York City contractual expert legal firm. As a result, I sued 3M for their breach of the 1997 settlement agreement, which in 2016 was confirmed and upheld by a US Federal Court judge.

I finally filed a lawsuit against them, which I won after a dramatic turn of events. When I decided to file it for the third time, the whole news network went berserk over my decision. So many articles were published, and everyone gave their opinions on the matter freely.

My first lawsuit was filed in the Eastern District of New York Federal court in 1997. As a result, 3M paid me, and I was listed as the first true inventor of the Sticky Note Pads and other combinations of the invention, as the US Constitution dictated. My second suit was filed in the Southern District of Palm Beach Federal Court in 2016, which was dismissed, and the previous agreement from 1997 was upheld in court.

But the most significant turn of events was the third lawsuit I filed in the Eastern District of New York Federal Court. The complaint was filed in 2020 by Marcus, Bloom,

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Stratum, and Bloomberg, accusing 3M corporation of a lifetime of misrepresentations and false claims of inventorship at the United States Patent and trademark office.

My lawsuit was filed through a big law firm that presented its case in a very well-structured manner. They cited several successful prosecuted federal cases against 3M for the exact actions they did to me. In addition, the material breach of Amron vs. 3M 1997 settlement agreement, false claims, and fraudulent misrepresentations were addressed in the court.

My lawyers were seeking 1.5 billion dollars in back royalty and punitive damages. This amount included unpaid royalties for the past 40 years and 500k in punitive damages that occurred to me over decades, in addition to the defamation they put me through.

This was a major setback for 3M. They weren't expecting me to go to such lengths and weren't prepared for this. So, finally, the hearings started at the court after the jury selection, which began on June 15th, 2020, in NY Long Island Federal court.

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It was June 18th, 2020. One of the most important days of my life. I was sleepless and restless, wondering how things would turn out.

The hearing started at 9 am with the Jury taking their seats and the Judge reading the Jury's directions. After 45 minutes, the Plaintiff's counsel (my attorneys) opened the arguments, which lasted for a few hours till lunch break. When lunch was over, the defendant's counsel (3M attorneys) opened the response, which lasted for another two hours. Finally, the Judge called a recess until the next day when the trial began.

On June 19th, at 9:15 am, my representative counsel, which included Eric Adams, John Bloomberg, Elizabeth Lynch, and Barry Stratum, called on witnesses in the court. The first witness for the Amron vs. 3M trial was Daniel Darrow.

My lawyers questioned him about my case, and he stated, "I'm a 3M former employee in the marketing and research department for 28 years, from 1968-1996 retired. In 1974, I was a 3M employee when Christopher Turner, and Max Walsh, both senior VPs in the new products development department, brought in several Press-on Memo

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Sticky Notes and adhesive samples for our marketing and research department to evaluate and report back to them. So we did just that and absolutely loved them and recommended we make Press-on Sticky Notes at 3M.”

Ah! How good it felt to hear someone say this. Daniel's testimony suggested that 3M knew what they were doing all along. But it was not enough; we needed more witnesses and more accounts to address what really happened.

The hearing continued with my lawyers calling in our second witness. This one I knew very well. My lawyers asked him to introduce himself and say what he had to say.

"I'm Jeffrey Brown," he said. "I partnered and invested with Alan Amron in 1973 on his Press-on Memo Post-it Sticky Notes and adhesive invention. I invested in this with Alan because it looked like it would be a great new stationery item, and it certainly is!"

More proof to support my claim, I was starting to get a little relaxed now. That was when the third witness entered the chambers.

"I'm Michael Solomon, Esq. a sitting New York

ALAN AMRON

Judge on Long Island, in 1973. I did all the legal work for Alan Amron of his Press-on Memo Post-it Sticky Notes company and corporate books. I wrote the description of the company's business, filed with the State of New York. The company invented, created, sold, offered for sale, and/or licenses a Sticky Note and a Sticky Note Adhesive as a new, novel, and unique stationery item."

It was my turn now. Taking a deep breath, I stood. That was my chance to tell my story again. My lawyer went on. "Mr. Amron, for the court's record, tell us your name and share why you are here today."

"I'm Alan Amron, an inventor. In 1973, I invented the Press-on Memo Post-it Sticky Notes and its special adhesive and did a mass mailing to all manufacturers and stationery industry companies in the US."

I stopped to take in a deep breath and gather my thoughts before continuing.

"Then in 1974, I paid for a 10-foot by 10-foot presenters booth at an invention trade show at the New York Manhattan Sheridan hotel ballroom, where my partner Jeff Brown and I met two individuals, Chris Turner and Max

AN INVENTED LIFE

Walsh, who, after trying my sticky notes samples, introduced themselves to us as 3M executives.”

“Then they asked me, in confidence, for my trade secrets and the adhesive I developed especially for it. Then they asked for several samples to take back to the 3M marketing department for a possible license agreement.”

It was all I had to say at that point. So I got down from the witness stand, and my lawyer called in another man and asked him the same questions.

The man replied, "I'm Nathan Wilcox, an inventor who won \$280 million settlement in a court-ordered trial from my Wilcox vs. 3M Federal Court case in 2010. I am here today as an example. 3M has, clearly, over the last 40 years, been falsely claiming to have invented things they did not invent."

That would have been the last nail in the coffin; I was satisfied by those testimonies. However, my lawyers were seasoned; they knew the more legit witnesses they would present, the more legit my case would get. So they got another witness.

He happened to be the one witness who turned the

ALAN AMRON

tables in my favor. My lawyers called in a man I didn't recognize at first, but as he started to speak, my heart started to thump in my ears. I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"My name is Christopher Turner," the man said. "I'm a former 3M corporate senior Vice President of new product development, from 1964 to 1990, when I retired."

He continued for the court in front of the Jury, "I along with my 3M coworker, Max Walsh, (may he rest in peace) met with a very young inventor, Alan Amron, in 1974, at an invention show in the New York City Sheridan hotel ballroom. At the time, we were working for 3M in our capacity as Senior VPs of new product development, specifically looking for innovative new products for 3M."

I wasn't aware that my lawyers had lined him up as a witness. I was ready for surprises that day, but looking at the man behind all this now speaking in my defense, was utterly unexpected in a good way. The flame of my hope, which was fluttering, fighting to stay alive before, started to shine ever so brightly in my eyes. I knew in my heart that things were about to go in my favor. My time to shine with pride in all my creations had come at last.

AN INVENTED LIFE

While I was rejuvenating my spirits, Christopher continued to enlighten the Judge and the Jury. He gave a detailed account of how he and Max had felt after witnessing my invention and how they both prompted me to disclose my trade secrets.

He said, "Both Max and I were extremely impressed. So, we asked Alan to disclose his trade secrets in confidence. He gave us several samples of his Post-it Press-on Sticky Memo Notes and the adhesive he developed for it. We took it back to Daniel Darrow in our 3M corporate marketing and research department for further intense evaluation and possible licensing. I knew first hand for the past 40 years that Alan Amron invented the Post-it Sticky Notes for 3M, but the 3M management threatened me with loss of my pension if I ever came forward."

Finally! He said it. I was elated, but he had more to add in his statement, sealing 3M's fate.

"The only reason I'm coming forward now is that those people who threatened my pension are now gone. Unfortunately, this is not the only case where 3M took ideas from other inventors and claimed them as their own. As the senior VP of new product development at 3M for 26 years, I

ALAN AMRON

have been personally and reluctantly involved with several of them."

That was it! His testimony made things evident and set the course clear for everyone to see what kind of people they truly were.

After the eye-opening hearings and testimonies, it was another five days of the constant bombardment of facts and witnesses by my legal team. The 3M defendants' counsel's arguments were all in vain. It seemed like 3M had lost. All that was left was for the Judge to announce it.

The Jury was out for just 5 hours on the day after the plaintiff and defendants rested on June 25th, 2020. Of course, no one expected the Goliath, 3M, to lose, so no attention was given to the verdict by the press.

On 25th June 2020, at 2:08 pm, we were called back into the courtroom for the verdict. My heart was in my throat and pounding a mile a minute. This was my whole life's work to prove my inventorship all wrapped up in the next few minute's time.

Not being able to breathe, I listened carefully to the juror foreman say, "We the jury find in favor of ..."

AN INVENTED LIFE

Then a sudden burst of heat took over my whole body. I couldn't hear the rest of what the Jury foreman was saying, so I turned to my legal team and asked, "What did he say?"

All four of my counsel team stood up and had big smiles on their faces telling me, "You won!"

Oh! I couldn't put in words the gratitude and serenity I felt at that moment. It was something otherworldly. I was finally recognized as the original inventor of the most iconic and revolutionary stationery item in the world. A sense of calmness consumed me, and for the first time since all this started, I felt free to breathe.

The Jury awarded me \$1.5 billion in back pay of unpaid royalties over the past 40 years and punitive damages of 500k. Plus 3M was instructed to make a worldwide press release within 24 hours announcing the true inventor of the Sticky Post-it Notes, which is and always was, Alan Amron.

I sat down, and before I knew it, the courtroom was completely empty. I was all alone. My team gave me the space to digest what had just happened. It was surreal.

The next day I heard the CNN Breaking

ALAN AMRON

News segment on the radio while driving to meet my legal team at their offices in Manhattan,

"As part of a 1.5-billion-dollar jury verdict, The Eastern District of New York Federal Court Judge, Robert Cummings, today, ordered the 3M Corporation to make the following worldwide press release, The Post-it Note Sticky Notes manufactured and sold worldwide by 3M for the last 40 years were in fact invented in 1973 by a New York inventor, Alan Amron. We have in the past made statements that one of our employees, Arthur Fry and Spencer Silver, had invented it, but that was not true. Today, we plan to correct those years old false claims."

Other news stations continued to publish my story, and the facts that have just turned up are now sealed.

"3M company recognizes that Alan Amron, in 1973, invented and disclosed to us in 1974, the first Press-on Memo Sticky Notes invention, that today we call the Post-it Notes."

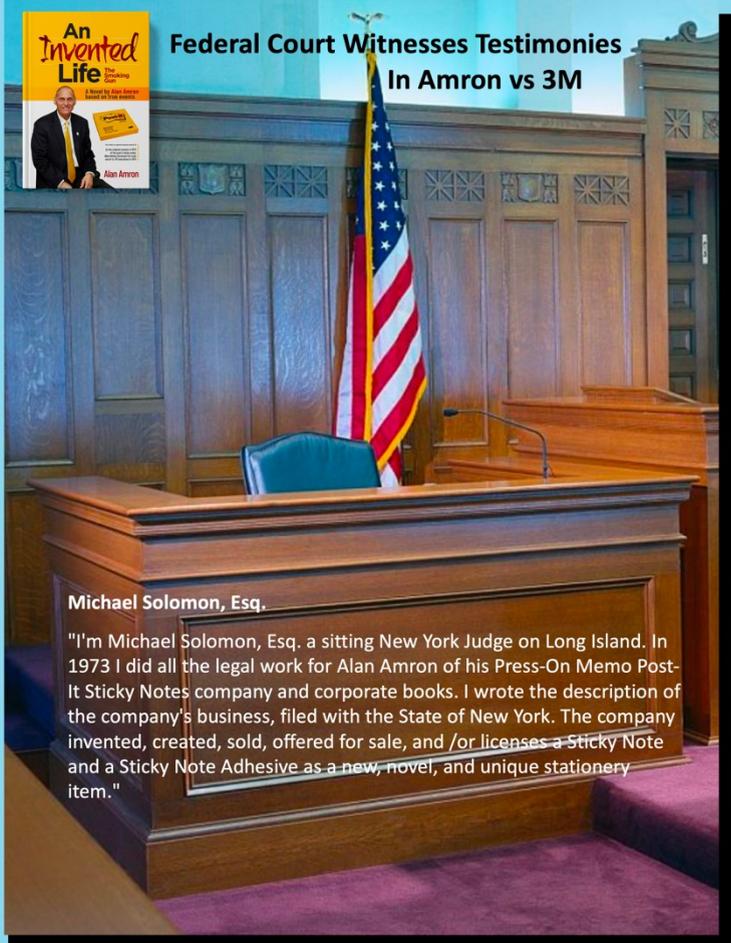
The news shows, newspapers, radio, TV, and social media platforms blew up with this news. The world now knows my whole truth, and I can finally breathe again. Every

AN INVENTED LIFE

news outlet in the world reported this Hollywood turn of events, and features were published around my true story.

I started to appear on talk shows and news segments, discussing my fortune, flawed, to begin with, but changing for good at the end.

ALAN AMRON

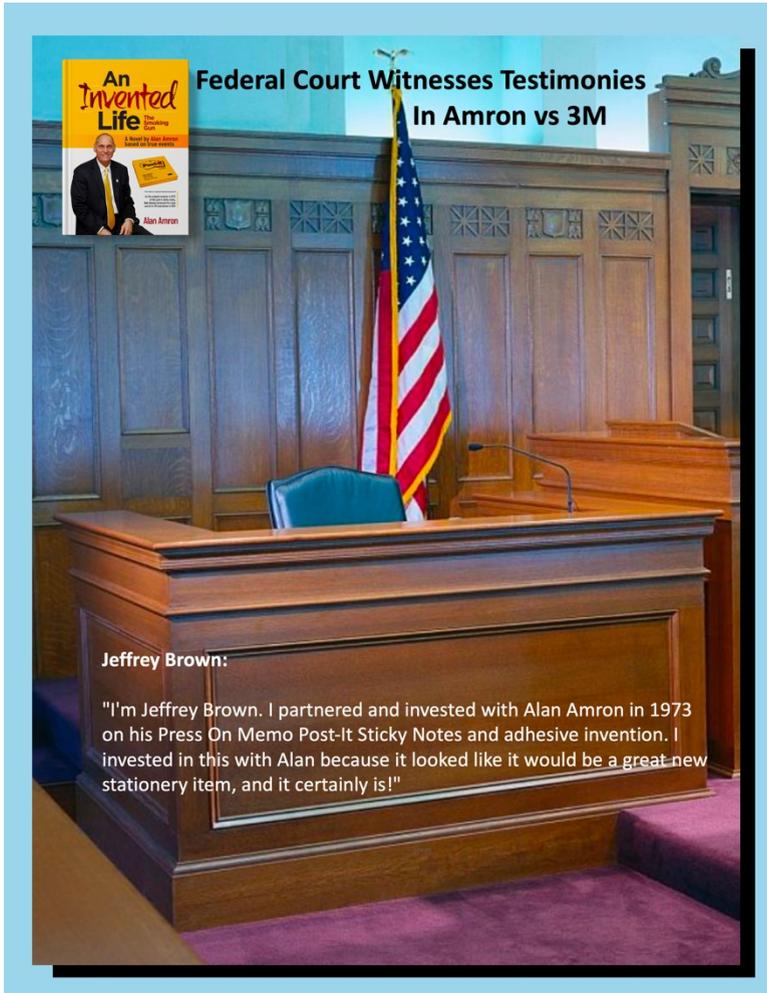


Federal Court Witnesses Testimonies In Amron vs 3M

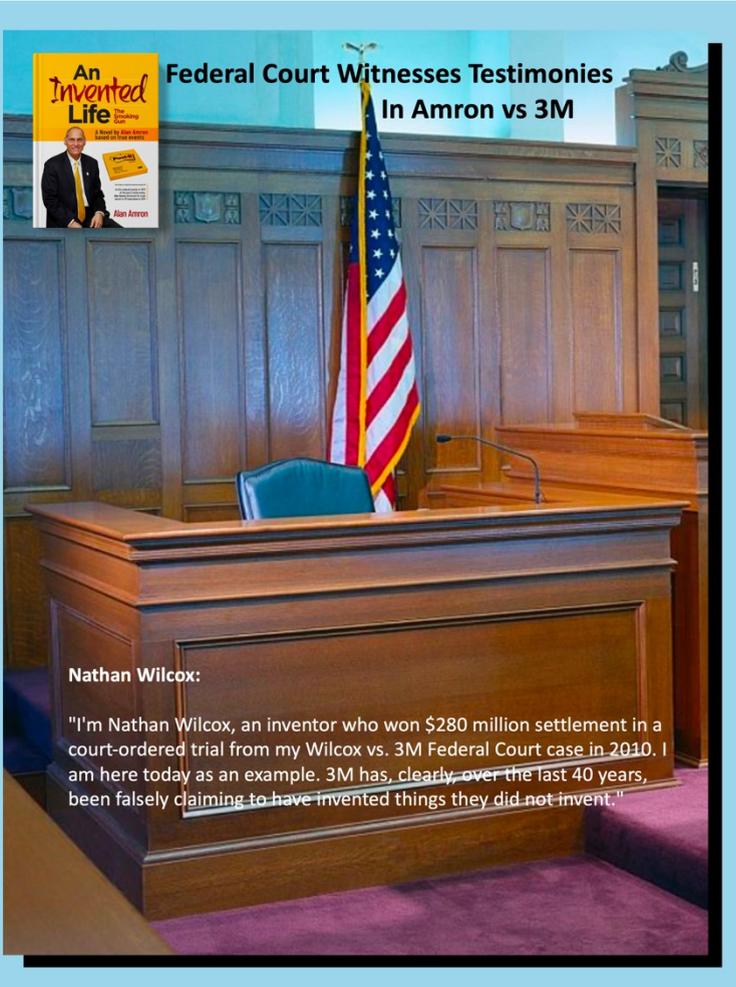
Michael Solomon, Esq.

"I'm Michael Solomon, Esq. a sitting New York Judge on Long Island. In 1973 I did all the legal work for Alan Amron of his Press-On Memo Post-It Sticky Notes company and corporate books. I wrote the description of the company's business, filed with the State of New York. The company invented, created, sold, offered for sale, and /or licenses a Sticky Note and a Sticky Note Adhesive as a new, novel, and unique stationery item."

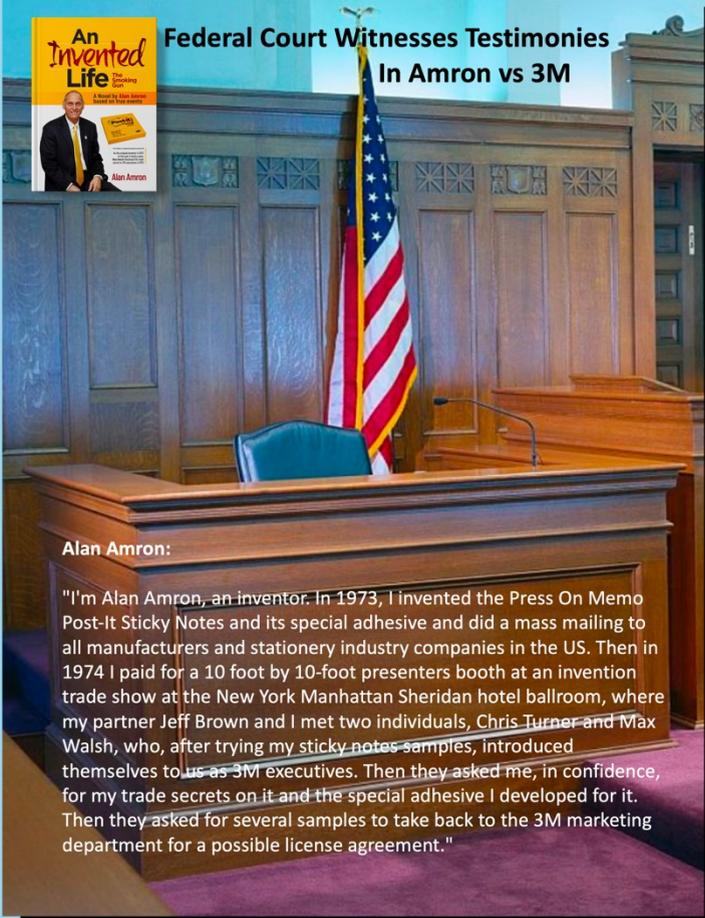
AN INVENTED LIFE



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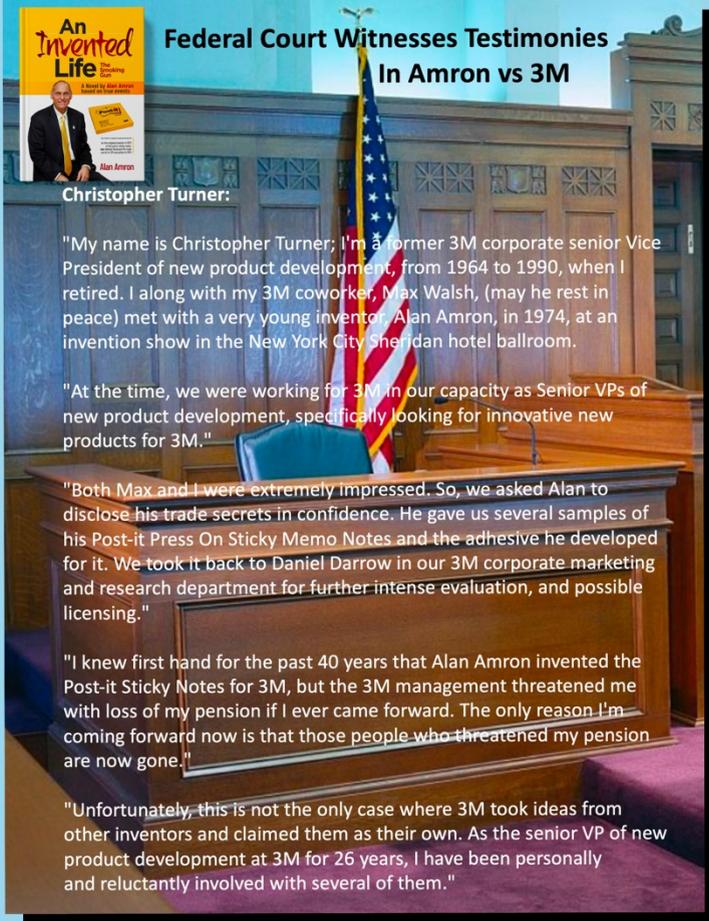


**Federal Court Witnesses Testimonies
In Amron vs 3M**

Alan Amron:

"I'm Alan Amron, an inventor. In 1973, I invented the Press On Memo Post-It Sticky Notes and its special adhesive and did a mass mailing to all manufacturers and stationery industry companies in the US. Then in 1974 I paid for a 10 foot by 10-foot presenters booth at an invention trade show at the New York Manhattan Sheridan hotel ballroom, where my partner Jeff Brown and I met two individuals, Chris Turner and Max Walsh, who, after trying my sticky notes samples, introduced themselves to us as 3M executives. Then they asked me, in confidence, for my trade secrets on it and the special adhesive I developed for it. Then they asked for several samples to take back to the 3M marketing department for a possible license agreement."

ALAN AMRON



An Invented Life
The Story of
A Man Who Invented
Post-it Notes
Alan Amron

Federal Court Witnesses Testimonies In Amron vs 3M

Christopher Turner:

"My name is Christopher Turner; I'm a former 3M corporate senior Vice President of new product development, from 1964 to 1990, when I retired. I along with my 3M coworker, Max Walsh, (may he rest in peace) met with a very young inventor, Alan Amron, in 1974, at an invention show in the New York City Sheridan hotel ballroom.

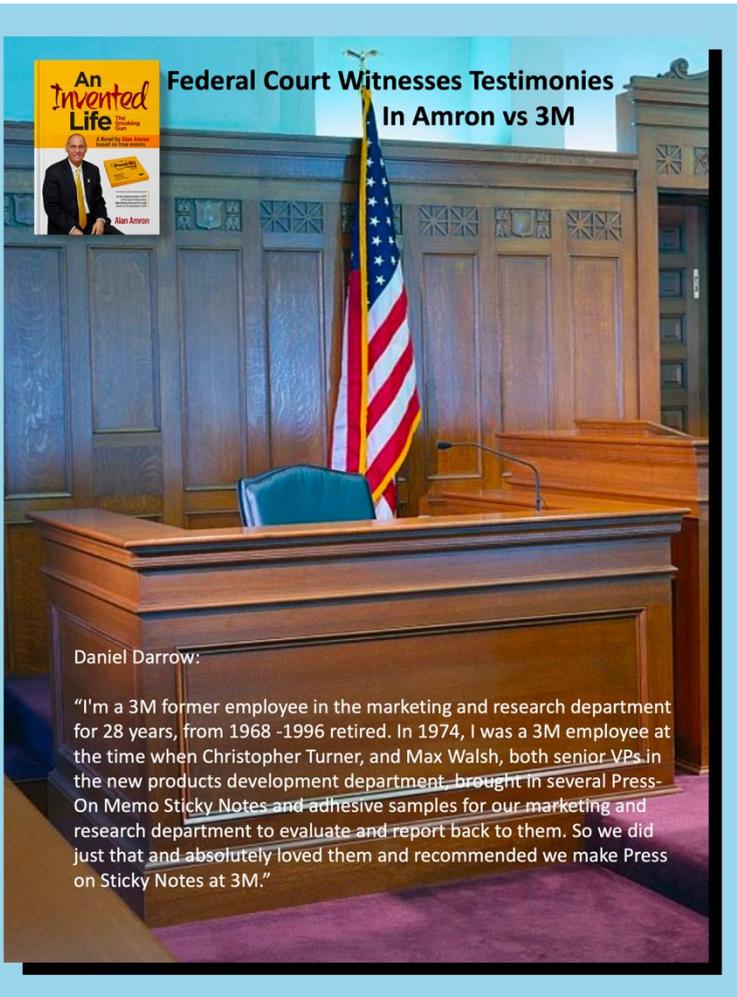
"At the time, we were working for 3M in our capacity as Senior VPs of new product development, specifically looking for innovative new products for 3M."

"Both Max and I were extremely impressed. So, we asked Alan to disclose his trade secrets in confidence. He gave us several samples of his Post-it Press On Sticky Memo Notes and the adhesive he developed for it. We took it back to Daniel Darrow in our 3M corporate marketing and research department for further intense evaluation, and possible licensing."

"I knew first hand for the past 40 years that Alan Amron invented the Post-it Sticky Notes for 3M, but the 3M management threatened me with loss of my pension if I ever came forward. The only reason I'm coming forward now is that those people who threatened my pension are now gone."

"Unfortunately, this is not the only case where 3M took ideas from other inventors and claimed them as their own. As the senior VP of new product development at 3M for 26 years, I have been personally and reluctantly involved with several of them."

AN INVENTED LIFE



An Invented Life
The Story of
A Man by Alan Amron
Author of *How to Invent*
Alan Amron

Federal Court Witnesses Testimonies In Amron vs 3M

Daniel Darrow:

"I'm a 3M former employee in the marketing and research department for 28 years, from 1968 -1996 retired. In 1974, I was a 3M employee at the time when Christopher Turner, and Max Walsh, both senior VPs in the new products development department, brought in several Press-On Memo Sticky Notes and adhesive samples for our marketing and research department to evaluate and report back to them. So we did just that and absolutely loved them and recommended we make Press on Sticky Notes at 3M."

ALAN AMRON



Myth: The Post it note was invented in a church choir by Art Fry in 1974

Truth: The Post it note was invented at home by Alan Amron in 1973 and disclosed to **3M** in 1974



Art Fry in church choir invented a Press n' peel "to hold his bookmark in his hymnbook" in 1974 not a Post It note

AN INVENTED LIFE



Forbes / Investing

Investing Advice From The Man Who Invented The Post-It



Adam Sarhan
FORBES 30 UNDER 30

FORBES 30 UNDER 30

FOLLOW

Here's some investing and general life advice from Alan Amron, the man who invented the Post-it.

Adam Sarhan: "Tell us your story — You've accomplished a lot in your life. What makes you tick?"

Alan Amron: "I was given a very special inherent talent to be able to conceive of and execute on great new novel and unique ideas that will one day inevitably be in commerce. New ideas, and how excited it makes

people when they hear about them, and actually see them. Listening to everyone's opinion is important. Take the good and build on that, take the bad and learn from that. I always had and still have energy when I'm speaking about my inventions and ideas, they energize me each time like when a parent speaks about their children."

Sarhan: "How did you develop the post-it?"

Amron: "In 1973 I had to leave a note for my wife and didn't have any scotch tape to post it so I invented a way to post it without magnets pins or tape."

"I had just gotten married in 1973 and my wife wasn't home and I had to leave a message for her that I was running out to a meeting. I took a piece of — we called it memo paper in those days — and I wrote on the memo that I was going to a meeting that I'd be back later. I wanted to post it on the refrigerator. But I looked around the house for Scotch tape and I couldn't find it. So I saw some gum on the counter. And while my mind was working I was looking at the gum and not being able to find the Scotch tape, I took the gum, put a piece in my mouth and started chewing. While I was chewing I was thinking about the tackiness of the gum. And I took a little piece of the gum out of my mouth and I kneaded it. I mashed it around. I got a little dust off the counter. I put it in the little piece of gum and I munched it around and squashed it right on the refrigerator. Then I put the note on it and I pulled it a little bit to see if it held and it held and I left. When I got home my wife was

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AT the pump: The average price for a liter of regular unleaded gasoline in Toronto on Friday was 96.4¢, up from 88.4¢ a week earlier.

SOURCES: The Canadian Press; Interchange Petroleum; Toronto Real Estate Board; Statistics Canada.

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COURTESY BY THE CANADIAN PRESS

Father of invention claims credit for Post-its

Man holding 40 U.S. patents
sues 3M for \$400 million
over iconic sticky-back notes

CURT ANDERSON
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

FORT LAUDERDALE, Fla.—Alan Amron has invented a battery-powered squirt gun, a digital photo frame, even a laser system that may someday provide a viable fast-down line for fans inside NFL stadiums. He holds 40 U.S. patents, but he's most interested in an invention for which he gets no credit: the Post-it Note, that ubiquitous sticky-back product made into a worldwide success by the 3M Company.

Amron, 67, says he invented what he called the Press-on Memo in 1973, a full year before 3M scientists developed what later became known as the Post-it Note. Although Amron settled a previous lawsuit against 3M, he's suing again in federal court in Fort Lauderdale. He says the company breached its previous agreement not to take credit. The settlement is confidential.

Now Amron wants \$400 million (U.S.) in damages — and something he says is even more important to him.

"I just want them to admit that I am the inventor and that they will stop saying that they are the inventor," Amron said in a recent interview. "They single-day that they keep claiming they invented it despite my reputation and education."

Based in Maplewood, Minn., 3M is one of the 50 companies that make up the Dow Jones Industrial Average on the New York Stock Exchange. The maker of Scotch tape, Ace band-aids, sandpaper, Elmer's office prod-



Alan Amron says that he invented the "Press-On Memo" in 1973, a full year before 3M scientists developed what later became known as the Post-it Note.

ALAN DALL/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

refrigerator for his wife and used gum, providing inspiration for the adhesive he would use on his Press-on Memos. That year he took the sticky notes to a New York trade show and met briefly with two 3M

element agreement but not the claims he is pursuing," said Miami attorney Jeffrey Pollman, who is not involved in the case. "The first thing I would want to know is whether or not there was an agreement between

IN SUMMARY:

In 1973 Alan Amron invented the sticky backed note he called Press-on memo.

In 1974 Alan Amron put his sticky backed note called Press-on memo into commerce and gave samples to 3M executives at a trade show in 1974.

In 1974 Arthur Fry and 3M claimed to have invented the sticky backed note while in a church choir.

In 1977 (after concealing it from the public for three years, which is against patent office rules) 3M introduced the sticky backed note as Press n' peel.

In 1980 3M renamed the very same sticky backed note product they first called Press n' peel, as Post-it note.

3M company today recognizes that Alan Amron invented the iconic Post-it Notes

Thursday, 25 June 2020



"As part of a 1.5 billion dollar jury verdict, The Eastern District of New York Federal Court Judge, Robert Cummings, today, ordered the 3M Corporation to make the following worldwide press release, The Post-it Note Sticky Notes manufactured and sold worldwide by 3M for the last 40 years were in fact invented in 1973 by a New York inventor, Alan Amron. We have in the past made statements that one of our employees, Arthur Fry and Spencer Silver, had invented it, but that was not true. Today, we plan to correct those years old false claims."

"3M company recognizes that Alan Amron, in 1973, invented and disclosed to us in 1974, the first Press-On Memo Sticky Notes invention, that today we call the Post-it Notes."

Chapter 12

My New Life

I decided to write down my life journey, from my early years to the whole fiasco with 3M. I wanted to tell people where I came from and how I accomplished everything I put my mind to. When I announced my intention to write a book about my life, people immediately embraced my new endeavor. So, my novel *The Smoking Gun* comes as a remembrance of what I went through in my life, how I found an outlet for my creativity, and how I kept on despite the obstacles life kept throwing my way.

Many people contact me and tell me how my story has inspired them, given them hope, and taught them the significance of staying true to themselves and not compromising on anything below what they deserve. It gave them the strength to keep fighting for what is right and take their rightful place in the world. So many found my story relatable.

AN INVENTED LIFE

Finally, the facts about my sticky Post-it notes are out. I know many people are intrigued by this case, and they want to know more about it. I'm sure the testimonies and evidence presented here will allow people to see that perhaps I was right all along. I was the creator inventor of sticky Post-it notes, and the world will finally know that.

My story is no longer a man's allegations against a big company. It's the clear and indisputable truth of an affair that lasted more than four decades.

Now I can openly say that I had invented the sticky notes, today known to the entire world as Post-it Notes by 3M, and there's no doubt in anyone's mind.

These people at 3M cost me my name, my reputation, and even the royalties associated with my product. According to some rough calculations, I estimate that their theft has cost me billions of dollars in royalties for my own invention/creation.

Part of me is still distressed over the fact that it happened too late in my life. At the age of 73, it's disconcerting to think I only have a limited number of years to enjoy the benefits of my invention.

ALAN AMRON

But the only thought which brings contentment and satisfaction to my heart is that I will be remembered now for my iconic stationery invention used by billions of people all over the world. In addition, people will know that I fought hard to get what was mine.

I fought for almost 48 years, and that is a long time. I had many pits and many highs throughout my journey for over four decades, but one thing I never did was give up! I worked myself harder and harder, gained more and more recognition over time, and eventually, the time came when I no longer had to fight.

This is my story of resilience and hard work. This book sheds light on all the major parts of my life. When I shared my story with the world, I never imagined I would get this level of exposure.

The events in my book spoke for themselves; my story convinced people that I was right and was horribly wronged by the people I trusted. I didn't bow my head against the big corporation and accept defeat. On the contrary, many people remark on how I was able to raise my voice against the injustice I was served.

AN INVENTED LIFE

What 3M did was wrong. No inventor should go through the pain I felt for years. It hits you hard when you are ripped off of the right to call your invention your own. Yet, here we are, decades later, cherishing the fact that I, Alan Amron, had invented the Post-it notes, and no one can deny or contest it now.

ALAN AMRON



AN INVENTED LIFE





ENDORSEMENTS



Annija Apsite

Independent Consultant on
Intercultural Issues and
Mindfulness Practices in
Organizations at Soulful Solutions
Global

Alan Amron is an amazing person and I was lucky I had a chance to work with him ✨



Brian Murphy

@ Smilemediagroup,
Founder/Executive
Producer.

Without Alan's amazingly simple yet unique "Post-its" most people would lose my ..or I would lose their continuation of "conversation" but with 'Post-its...I can every 3-10 second's be reminded where I was heading 'in my thinking/thought process ..Oh & milk , bread..etc love you Alan..thank's .B, happy



Kerry Van Iseghem

North America Sales &
Marketing at Caeleste

Alan Amron is a consummate entrepreneur. He has a very creative and inventive mind. His enthusiasm for creative applications in the world is unparalleled. Alan's track record for inventions and bringing them to market are legendary. I have worked and consulted with Alan for many years. He is extremely honest and trustworthy. I have been honored to work with him and call him my friend.

ALAN AMRON



Mary Lou Green (She/Her) • 1st

Inventor, Author, Dementia Family Care Consultant & Brain Longevity Specialist

Thank you for this fascinating post, Alan. This is a great example of how important it is to document every step you take in the process of inventing and marketing a new product. I wish you all the best in the days ahead, and I look forward to seeing headlines that you won in all the major news outlets. I am putting your story on my Google Alert list.



Shellie Blum • 1st

Waterski Girl Wonder - A Journey of Perseverance.

You deserve this win Alan. I wish you all the best!



Ken Jancef • 1st

Photographer at KJ Sports Pics

Read the entire post here... should (hopefully) be a slam-dunk for you Alan... Good luck! :)

