



Frank Ronald Dorso

April 7, 1947 - March 11, 2020

Frank Ronald Dorso, age 72, died on March 11, 2020 in Jupiter, Florida after a battle with lung cancer. He is survived by his wife, Janice, sons Frank Dorso Jr., Thomas Dorso, and daughter Gina Dorso Craig, as well as grandsons Collin, Spencer, and Patrick Craig. Frank was born on April 7, 1947 in Akron, Ohio. He graduated from Archbishop Hoban High School in 1965 and then went on to attend Kent State University. Frank was a 50 year veteran of the tire industry. His career included time at Firestone, Bridgestone, Falken Tire, Carroll Tire, Tire Kingdom, and TBC Corporation. Frank was an avid golfer and finally achieved his first hole-in-one at the age of 72. In light of the recent developments with regard to novel coronavirus (COVID-19) and out of an abundance of caution for the well-being of family and friends, all services will be private. In lieu of flowers, we ask that you please do an act of kindness for someone else or make a donation to an organization of your choosing in Frank's memory. Please leave your memories of Frank and condolences to the family below.

Comments



“ Melissa already shared one of my favorite memories. Frank was so mad that someone had stolen his beloved pretzel and not even once suspected Melissa and I to be the guilty parties ;). I met Frank through work and he and Janice became more like family to me. Frank was always there for me if I needed to vent, needed advice, etc. I will miss not being able to just pick up the phone to talk to him or text but he will always have a special place in my heart. Miss and love ya, Godfather. Love always, “J-Lo”

Jeannette Smith - April 01 at 01:02 PM



“ During the years I reported to Frank at Bridgestone, we had many occasions to travel together. Whether witnessing Frank getting a new pair of Florsheims in every city we visited, or betting on the golf course, it was always a memorable adventure. One trip we were traversing western N.Y. and Frank wanted to go visit his aunt in Olean. Frank knew the value of respect and I can't help but think he bestowed that onto his children. Anyway, we visited with Auntie Dorso for a while, and decided to head to our resting place, of course the Buffalo Marriott. It was a cold, wintry day in western N.Y., and the snow plows were out in force. I was driving my brown, company issued K car and Frank was in the passenger seat getting comfortable before his customary supervisory nap. We were about to merge onto the main road, and I had to roll the fogged window down so I could see before safely merging onto the highway. A huge snow plow was coming splashing slush in its wake. Ever impatient Frank asked why we weren't proceeding and bent over slightly to look around me. The plow was now upon us, creating a wake of slush. I'm trying to roll the K car window up as fast as possible, and did manage to get out of the way as the the slush came screaming toward the window. A still slightly bent over Frank got hit full force, along with the entire dashboard of the car. I looked over and saw Frank's face dripping with a mix of ice, slush and light road debris. After getting “the look” we both broke out laughing at the ridiculousness of the situation and back to Auntie Dorso's for clean up. He was a great sport in this situation, as he was about most. Another etched memory of a man who will be dearly missed.



Art Campagnoni - April 01 at 09:24 AM



“ The longest round of golf ever played was played in Nashville, Tennessee between 3 Stooges named Frank Dorso, Sal Apa and Roy Stogner. Frank and Sal were buds, BIG BUDS.

Frank and Sal were Godfathers to each other kids. When Frank and Sal were together, it was like a meeting of the mafia. Now Sal was attending a meeting at Bridgestone and Sal was staying at Frank's home. In case you don't know it, Frank was one of the world's greatest host.

On Friday, Frankie Boy stopped by my office and said "how about golf in the morning with me & Sal? I said "no thanks". In case you don't know it, Sal was the world's worst golfer. He is the only person that went to a Marriott 2 week Golf School and was asked to leave after a week. Not only that but they also asked him to please not tell anyone he attended their school.

Now back to Saturday golf. I finally agreed to play on Saturday. Frankie Boy was all excited because we had the 1st tee time. It's now Saturday morning and we're first off. Sal hits 3 balls out of bounds before getting the 4th in play and you could see the people behind us getting nervous. As we progressed down the fairway, Sal was asked to pick up several times but refused because " he needed the practice".

Before we could finish the 2nd hole, a ranger who had been watching drove up to Frank and said " sorry guys but the course is backed up and you need to let at least 3 groups play through. We did and continued to do so all day.

We did finish. Sal did miss his plane. It was the longest round ever. Oh ... Sal cheated to shoot a 159. 🤖. Frankie Boy never lost his cool. He was truly a great host.

Roy (The STOG) Stogner - March 31 at 10:54 PM



“ I had the opportunity to play golf with Frank many, many times. Now Frankie Boy couldn't play golf without a wager or two, or three, or four, or five. I used to say " Frankie, I can't keep up with all this. When we get through just tell me how much I owe you". We were playing one afternoon at Hermitage in Nashville. Now shut your eyes and picture this cause Frankie was a master at setting you up. We pull up to the first tee box and Frankie very casually says "Stog, no \$2 Nassau, no Birdies, no Sandies, no 3 Putt. I'm not in the mood today. I say, fine with me.

Frankie walks up to the Blue Tees and right before swinging says " Oh what the hell, 10 cents a yard, okay?" Then he hits. I said "okay"

Now ... as I walk up to the Blue Tees, I said to myself "10 cents a yard. Wait a minute, this hole is 430 yards. Good God, that's \$43.00. HELL no, FRANKIE".

Without blinking an eye, Frankie said, "not a problem, 5 cents a yard". I yelled out "NO". Now Frankie says "You're tough, Stog ... a penny a hole". I have to think ... that's still \$62.00. NO, NO, NO!!! We ended up playing a \$2.00 Nassau, \$2 for birdie, \$1 for sandies, \$1 for 3 putts. That Frankie Boy. Always slick as a greased flag pole.



Roy (The STOG) Stogner - March 31 at 10:05 PM



“ Frank and I both worked for Bridgestone Tire, different regions, but had similar career goals.

The first time we met was at a District Managers meeting that Hal Brown, VP of Sales put together. Our corporate office was in Torrance, CA, so why this meeting was at the Holiday Inn, Newark, NJ, I had no idea. I was a brand new District Manager and this was my first DM Meeting. Being a good ole’ southern boy, I must admit I was intrigued by Mr Dorso. He had a “take charge personality” and I’m thinking “ this Italian has got to be a member of the mafia.”

After two days of eating Holiday Inn food, I was ready for something else. Since Frank worked the area, I asked him to recommend a nice nearby restaurant. I’ll never forget what he said... “Roy, with that accent of yours, you won’t get 50 yards before you’ll be robbed and probably dead”. Frank Dorso probably saved my life that night. After that he was no longer a damn yankee, mafia member (not sure) but a new friend. He was now “Frankie Boy”. You were one of a kind, Frankie Boy.

Roy (The STOG) Stogner - March 31 at 09:27 PM



“ Frank was a big bad teddy bear. Sure there was a bark, but he rarely took a shot at anyone until one particular Bridgestone meeting in the late 1980’s in Century City. It was rather late in the evening, and the night was culminating in a bar (surprise).

Frank had his scotch and was sitting in the middle of a couch with some other people. There was a table in front of the couch and Kersee (also a friend of Frank’s) and I were sitting on the other side of the table facing Frank. Now Frank liked most people, but a specific individual (first name letter J) came up behind the couch right over Frank holding a freshly poured draft beer the was over full. Frank, on a regular day didn’t particularly care for this person. This person was swaying and talking, and talking and swaying, and Kersee and I looked at each other and Bammo, about half the beer spilled on Frank’s head. Frank was quite spry back then and popped off the couch. When he saw who spilled the beer, he tried to go over the couch at this individual. Kersee and I leaped over the table and went for Frank’s belt to try and restrain him. But, alas, the sansa-belt trousers didn’t afford us that and he smacked the individual right in the nose. The whole incident lasted 30 seconds, then we were back at it. Kersee and I found this to be quite humorous, as did many others around the table, but “the look” tamped down our revelry and soon we were back telling lies, jokes and busting chops. A vivid memory of a man who produced many memorable moments for all of us.

Art Campagnoni - March 31 at 09:21 AM



“ Frank hired me at Bridgestone in 1983. As we would travel together, the only place we'd stay would be Marriott Hotels. Frank liked to travel in style. Stay after stay, whether it was Buffalo, Albany or Harrisburg, we would walk up to the front desk, and personnel would address him as Mister Dorso. After several instances of this, I asked him “Don't these people know your name is Frank?” Of course he would respond with that look, and you knew the chop busting session was over. Frank would pull up to the Marriott front entrance and park the car right there. The next morning when we left, the car was right where he parked it. “No parking” signs, “Fire Lane” warnings, “Valet Only”. You think they intimidated Frank? Not a lick. That's why all of us referred to illicit parking right at the hotel entrance as “The Dorso Spot”. Frank was a character that will be missed.

Art Campagnoni - March 31 at 09:02 AM



“ I will always remember Frank with his big smile and Heartful Chuckle! If you knew Frank, you know that laugh! He was always smiling no matter what life threw at him. I'll miss him! James Rowe

James Rowe - March 18 at 11:21 PM



“ Frank was a class act and always represented true professionalism throughout his career. I first met Frank when he was with Falken Tire in the early 90's. Who can guess that a business meeting would turn into a 30-year friendship. We stayed in touch through the years, and became close friends. He was always there when I had a question or needed advice about my career or life in general. Over the past year, we worked closely together on building the hybrid repair segment of the business. The term "you can't teach an old dog new tricks" did not apply to Frank, as he dove into learning about the segment and became a real asset. He may not have been proficient with the computer, but his perspective on challenging business situations were extremely helpful. His friendship will truly be missed by me personally and by many in the tire industry...and he will not be forgotten.

Dave Crawford - March 18 at 11:56 AM



“ Janice and family, I knew Frank since we were kids at St.Paul Grade School, thru Hoban, and at Firestone. He helped me carry papers on my paper rout for a while. Saw him at the grade last school reunion we attended. I still remember him playing his accordian at the annual St. Paul's Operetta ! Still live down the street from his

childhood home. Our condolences on his passing. Steve & Marilyn Bralek, Akron, OH

Stephen J. Bralek - March 17 at 03:12 PM



“ One of my favorite memories of “The Godfather “ was when we stole his giant container of pretzels from his office and held it for ransom. He searched high and low accusing everyone. We would leave ransom notes periodically including broken pretzels begging for help taped to paper demanding donut holes for release. He was relentless as usual and did not give in to our demands easily. This went in for quite a while. I will miss you calling me Blue, Frank. You may be gone but for sure you Will Never Be Forgotten. Rest In Peace my friend.

Melissa Hitt - March 16 at 12:47 AM



“ good Old days

Jeannette Smith - April 01 at 01:03 PM



“ Frank was quite a personality at Bridgestone where I worked with him. I never reported directly to Frank but was well aware of how focused he could be in accomplishing things we were and still are all proud of. He had a drive and ego that made sure we were all successful. Working with and around Frank was always fun. Experiencing his personality and friendship made all of us better people. He certainly left his mark on the world in many ways and will be missed by his friends dearly.

I'm proud I had the opportunity to know Frank Dorso for 30 years.

John Carr - March 15 at 05:34 PM



“ Frank was a regular customer at the Jupiter IHOP! He always came in with that amazing SMILE on his face! Looking for breakfast before hitting the golf course! He was always so kind hearted! Always asking how my week went! We engaged in so many conversation's. But the conversation that stands out the most was when he asked me to paint a rock for him. I painted a rock of him in a golf cart. He LOVED it! He told me that was gonna be his good luck (Golfing) charm! What a kind hearted, sweet spirited man! Frank you will be forever missed!

Donna Ballenger - March 15 at 04:53 PM



“ Frank, I sure will miss seeing your smiling face for breakfast every Saturday morning before your big day of golf. I enjoyed waiting on you for many years. Don't worry, I'll think of you everytime someone tells me they want their military discount and a quarter for change. Rest easy my friend, such a pleasure knowing you.

Tara Konkle - March 15 at 04:40 PM



“ As the youngest in a big family, most may think it was hard for me to relate to my oldest uncle, but we did have a relationship I'll remember forever.

Uncle Frank I hope you are hitting more holes in one up there. Save a seat for me.

Your niece, Jessica.

PS: it's okay that you called me Heather or Amy most of the time. I know you knew me.

Jessica Walsh - March 15 at 09:28 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



susan Raupp - March 15 at 12:28 AM



“ Always so handsome

susan Raupp - March 15 at 12:28 AM



“ I am so sad to see the passing of this sweet man in the paper this morning. I have known him many years as we worked together at Tire Kingdom/TBC. I will remember you fondly Frank and our many chats. You were truly one of a kind. Sweet dreams my friend. My thoughts and prayers are with the family.

Beth Kirik

Beth Kirik - March 15 at 08:25 AM



“ Susan Raupp sent a virtual gift in memory of Frank Ronald Dorso



susan Raupp - March 15 at 12:23 AM



“ Susan Raupp lit a candle in memory of Frank Ronald Dorso



susan Raupp - March 15 at 12:22 AM



“ Uncle Frank you were loved by many -always Held an I am to be respected presence in any room you'd walk into. I'll miss you and please know I learned many lessons from you. You'll live on through your Family and Friends

Love your "Favorite Nephew" Daniel

Please be sure to check in on us all an save me a seat



Daniel Raupp - March 15 at 12:12 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



susan Raupp - March 14 at 11:50 PM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Bill Volpe - March 14 at 07:25 PM



“ Janice and Family, I would like to express my deepest sadness on the passing of my close friend Frank. I will always cherish the memories I have of Frank from him calling me at 11 PM to test me on my knowledge of the tire industry to the golf games and dinners we shared. He took me under his wing and taught me so much about the tire industry. Frank, you will always be in my thoughts as you hit the golf courses in heaven. Janice and family, Kathy and I will keep you in our thoughts and prayers as you try to navigate through this difficult time...God Bless!

Bill and Kathy Volpe

Bill Volpe - March 14 at 07:39 PM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Gina Craig - March 14 at 06:01 PM



“ My sincere condolences to Janice and the entire family, I had no idea Frank was so ill. I heard from Frank recently, I will never forget Frank and remember what a great friend he was. May God bless you all, sincerely Orland

omwdad@gmail.com - March 14 at 05:52 PM



“ Frank was one of the first employee

GARY GARRETT - March 31 at 09:15 PM



“ Frank was bigger than life the first time I met him. A few years later we were in Japan together. We had a great time. I will never forget the night some Japanese employees visited with our group and all of them wanted to try on Frank's coat. They looked like little kids wearing their dads coat. They were very funny. My deepest sympathy to the family.

GARY GARRETT - March 31 at 09:21 PM



“ Dear Janice and family,
I am not telling you anything your probably don't know but Frank Dorso was a man with a big personality. Whenever he was around there was a certain electricity. I was hired with Bridgestone in 1982 by Steven Barbour and Frank was my district manager. At my first meeting with Frank at the Cranbury warehouse, he let me know that I had 2 strikes against me from the start. He was not happy that he didn't have the chance to interview me before I was hired (he was on vacation with Janice and the family but that fact was not important to him) and second, I came from Michelin and he did not have a high opinion of Michelin sales people. After numerous trips to the WaWa with Frank and lunches and training sessions, he let me know that he thought I might just make it with this company after all. Vintage Frank! One of my favorite memories was a few weeks later we were notified that the CEO of Bridgestone, Mr. Yieri was coming to the NY/NJ market from Tokyo and wanted to visit some important customers. We set up a appointments with Somerset Tire Service and Englewood Tire. He was staying at a hotel in NYC on 59th Street directly across from Central Park where we had to pick him up at approximately 8:00AM. We arrived and Frank instructed me to park the car across the street which I dutifully did. Mr Yieri informs us that we will have some breakfast and after that he wanted to see a friend, the new Michelin US President who had just recently been transferred from Japan to the US . By the time we were ready to leave for Somerset Tire it was after 10:00AM and in NYC at that time they had alternate side of the street parking that started at 10:00AM. Well, you guessed it.....when I went to get the car it had been towed. When I told Frank he lost it, telling me to get the car ASAP which I did but Frank was sure we were both going to be fired. I got the car, returned to the hotel and picked up Frank and Mr.Yieri, who by this time had been told what happened. He laughed and asked me how much it cost me to get the car. I told him and he reached over the seat and handed me the \$200 and said that he knew the we could not expense that but he could because "he knew people". We all laughed, we made our appointments on time and life was good. This is just one of my memories of Frank. There are many many more. Our annual Golf outing in the Catskills, the VINNY Charity golf event in Nashville were just a few of the others. These were great times and as I said earlier he had a big personality but a bigger heart. He will be missed by all who had the privilege to know him! Rest in Peace my friend!

Walter Weller - April 03 at 11:53 AM



“ I had the honor to work under Frank at Bridgestone from 88-89 and have many fond memories. Too many great stories to tell. I will always remember him and smile thinking over the great times we shared together! It was an honor Frank! You will be missed!!

Jim Davies

Jim Davies - April 03 at 12:10 PM