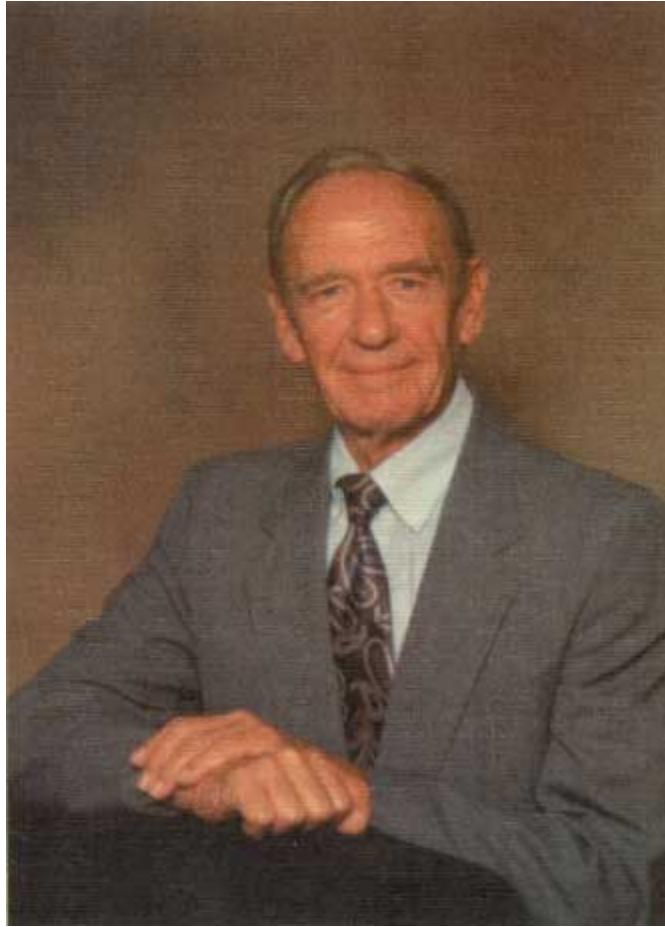


All About Me



by Edward H. Petelle

ALL ABOUT ME
EDWARD H. PETELLE

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**TO MY CHILDREN, THEIR CHILDREN,
THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN, AD INFINITUM !**

ALL ABOUT ME

Acknowledgements

On my 75th birthday, March 26, 1998, my children and other loved ones surprised me with a fine, state of the art computer including a printer. For the last few years I have been documenting my life story on a word processor. Unfortunately it lacked many of the desirable features now available on computers. On the flip side of this situation I was beginning to understand how to use the processor. So far I have not learned how to speak “COMPUTEREEZE” fluently.

My daughter Cindy and stepson John Nolan assembled all of the components to get me started and quickly gave me instructions for its use. Immediately confusion reigned supreme. We (my computer and I) just weren’t talking the same language. Cindy has come to my rescue on dozens of occasions to get me back on track. My daughter Pat and her husband, Steve Yanulis, have also contributed to my enlightenment.

I especially want to thank all of my children, nephews, nieces, relatives and the many friends who have encouraged me to continue this seemingly endless story.

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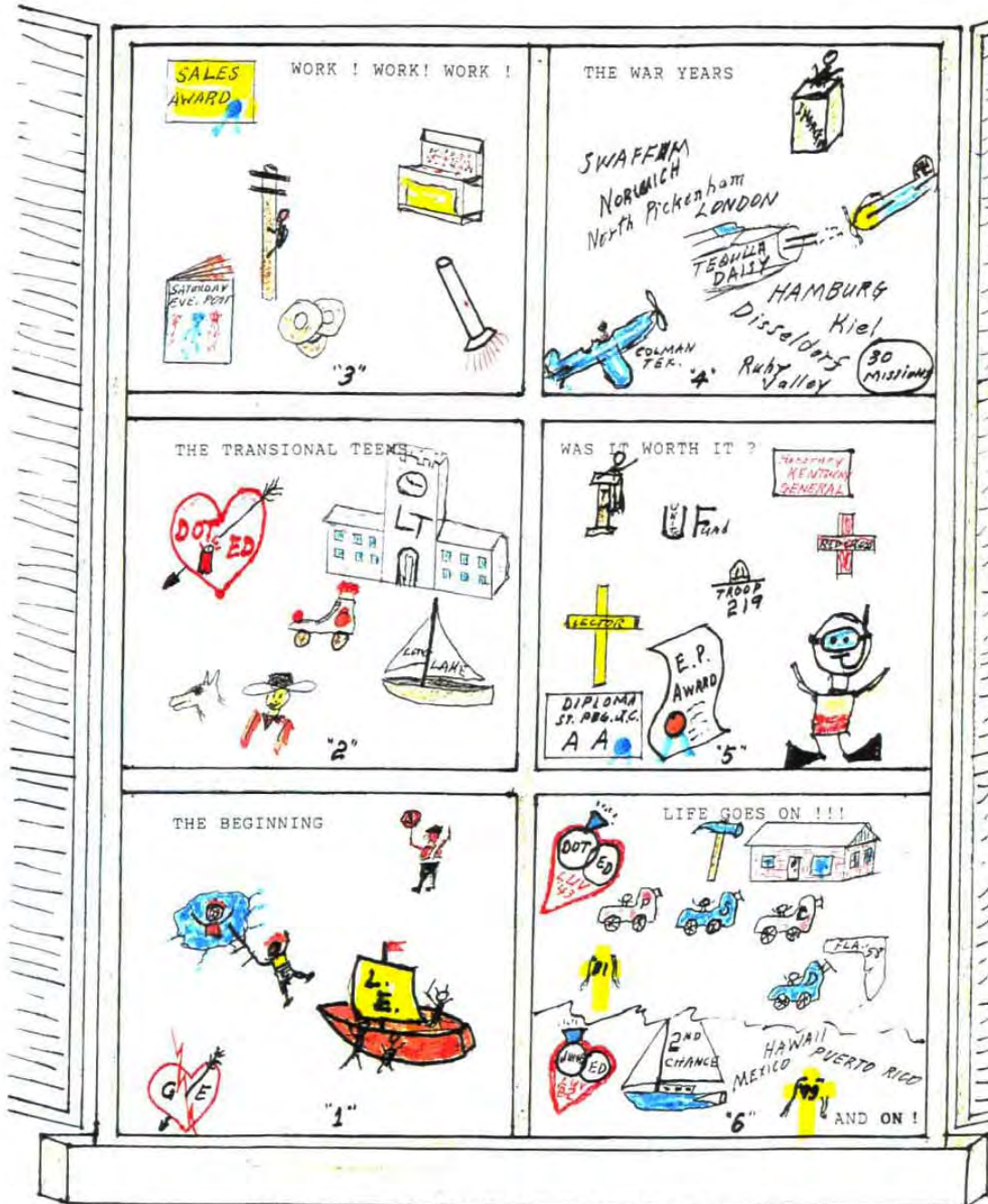
ALL ABOUT ME

INTRODUCTION

Early in 1994 I attended a program at St. Petersburg Junior College to develop my writing skills in preparation for documenting my life story. The course was entitled “Personal Life History” presented by Marcia G. Davis. It was one of the most interesting and informative classes I have ever participated in.

One of the homework assignments from Mrs. Davis involved sketching a window with several glass panes dedicated to portions of our lives. She instructed us to develop a simple, informal, freehand drawing with very little text. I chose a six panel window with each pane representing a chapter in my life. The accompanying sketch begins at the lower left window pane and proceeds in a clockwise direction. The following narrative, *ALL ABOUT ME*, is the full text of the **WINDOW OF MY LIFE** as I remember it!

THE WINDOW OF MY LIFE



The Window of MY LIFE - ED PETELLIE 3/2/94

ALL ABOUT ME

by EDWARD H. PETELLE

PROLOGUE: WHY IN THE WORLD AM I DOING THIS ?

For some time now my daughter Cindy has been after me to record certain events in my life. A couple of years ago my nephew Craig expressed interest in my experiences in World War Two. In a rare moment of nostalgia I related a few war stories that aroused his curiosity. It was amusing at the time but putting it down on paper seemed too much like bragging. In July of 1992 my daughter Pat sent me a document prepared by my brother Bob's son-in-law, Jan Johannes, on the Petelle family background. Bob's life record was fascinating to read. All about growing up, dating, school, recreation, work experience, business and civic achievements.

That's when I realized what it was all about! History in the making! How wonderful it would have been if our Grandfathers and their Grandfathers before them had recorded their experiences. We would have had a picture of life in Denmark and France (before the revolution), crossing the ocean to a new land and perhaps trapping furs in the wilderness of Canada. Each person's life may seem dull and ordinary most of the time but the sum total when tying several generations together would be awesome!

So, I'm going to try to do it. I'm going to reach back along memory lane and put my thoughts, dreams and sometimes my imagination down on paper. I hope all who follow me will endure their tribulations, shrug off failure, carry their crosses courageously, succeed with humility, laugh at themselves and enjoy life as much as I have!!!

ALL ABOUT ME

CHAPTER I

IN THE BEGINNING

I don't really "remember" where I was born but it happened on a Monday morning, March 26, 1923, in the Grant Hospital. The family residence was located at 2301 North Monticello Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. (That may be the only, absolutely true fact in this entire narrative) At the time, I was thirty-three years younger than Walter J. Petelle and the third son Marie "nee" Hansen brought forth into this world.

My brother Wally arrived during World War One and Bob followed about three years later. My name was officially Christianized when I was Baptized on September 9, 1923 at the Nazareth Evangelical Church. I have no idea where the name Edward came from except that it rhymed with my second name, Howard! Howard was an old friend of my Dad's who made concrete coffins for a living. (My first claim to fame!) I must have been lucky for the Petelle family because PETELLE HUPMOBILE MOTORS was booming and we moved into a beautiful "octagon front" bungalow at 5544 Hutchinson in the Portage Park District of Chicago.



Mom Holding Baby Ed in 1923 Studebaker



2301 N Monticello Av., ca. 1915



5544 N Hutchinson Av., ca. 1996

I have a very vivid picture of the Kindergarten Class at Portage Park Elementary. There was a sand box in one corner of the classroom for the boys to build sand castles and make roads for their cars and trucks. The girls had an area where they played with their dolls and that sort of "junk". Equal but SEPARATE in those days!! Actually we did a lot of singing and played some games together. That's how Gloria Smith caught my eye (I really do remember her). In January we graduated into first grade and our new teacher prepared a great Valentine's Day party for us. Of course the Mothers helped out a lot. After school Mrs. Smith invited Mom and I over to their house for a few minutes. Gloria showed me all of cards she received for Valentine's Day and that just about "blew" my mind. There "must'a bin a couple hunert" cards scattered all over the living room. I don't know if they were from lovers or relatives but I guess I couldn't stand the competition. Gloria never again appears in my memoirs.

It was only about a week later when Dad took Mom to the hospital to have another baby. (Another vivid picture comes to mind). While playing with Bob Dougherty and "Chico" about a half block from our house I saw Dad's car coming up the street. He slowed down enough so that my friends and I could run alongside of the car. We all wanted to see the new kid on the block. Brother Don arrived on February 26, 1929. I'm sure it was only a coincidence but it wasn't long after that when the stock market crashed. Banks closed, business failures were rampant and in 1932 or 1933 the Hupmobile Motor Company stopped producing automobiles. The "HUP AIRFLOW" design was really quite advanced for that era. I remember it only because I have a photo of a billboard with the PETELLE HUPMOBILE name and picture on it.



Billboard Advertising Hupmobile

Dad hung on for awhile but the hoped for start of production never materialized. In the meantime Dad had mortgaged the home and business but finally had to "throw in the towel". In 1933 (or there about) we moved back to the second floor on Monticello Avenue where three bedrooms and one bath seemed more than adequate for six people. Uncle Tony and Aunt Margaret moved into the first floor apartment with their daughters, Betty and Sis (Jeanne). That was the beginning of a wonderful friendship with my cousin Betty. Dad moved almost all of the service department auto parts into the basement of the two flat. When old "Hup" customers needed parts they would call Mom and then Betty and I would search the shelves and bins for the items. Apparently the people appreciated the service and it must have provided some income to the family. Dad worked 12 to 14 hours a day going door to door and car dealer to car dealer matching cars to people and people to cars. It was obviously tough going but I can not ever remember hearing him complain.

Somehow the "Great Depression" never depressed me. Kids survive!!! Betty and I (at the ages of eleven and ten) traveled alone all over Chicago to visit museums, science centers, the Art Institute and the Planetarium. With trolley car transfers you could go anywhere in Chicago except on round trips. It cost (for kids under 12) three cents to ride the Rapid Transit System. During 1933 Chicago celebrated its "Century Of Progress" followed by the "World's Fair" in 1934. Betty and I did it all!!!!!! The only show we couldn't get in to see was the Sally Rand Fan Dance. That show was "X" rated before they had ratings.

Some of our favorite radio shows were the *Green Hornet*, *Jack Armstrong*, *Little Orphan Annie*, *Fibber McGee and Molly*, *The Shadow Knows* and occasionally a late night mystery show called *Inner Sanctum* --- (SPOOKY). Somehow we were able to visualize the action just as clearly as we now do on television. (Maybe even better because we had to mentally be in the action with the characters). Perhaps a good example of how effective mental pictures can be is the radio broadcast of the Hindenburg disaster.

On May 6, 1937 Wally, Bob and I were listening to a live broadcast of the German Zeppelin returning to Lakehurst, New Jersey. The newscaster was describing what a beautiful sight the huge vessel made as it approached the mooring tower. Suddenly he began to cry out, "OH NO, it's horrible! It has exploded! Fire every where! People are in flames jumping out of the ship!!!!". (That may not be his exact words but it is the way I remember the awful tragedy to this day). Actually the poor man lost complete control as he described the scene. In my minds eye I can still visualize the entire event.

Listening to the radio in the evening was a real family pastime for all ages. Ethical and moral standards in the Thirties were at a much higher level for the general population than is in evidence today. On radio the good guys always won and the use of foul or abusive language was absolutely forbidden. As a matter of fact the Federal Communications Commission could revoke the license of any station or individual who did not observe the principles of decency.

Another one of my enjoyable pastimes was reading. I had a fairly good collection of the Tarzan series along with several books about Boy Scouts. The family library consisted of many fine books including the complete 20-volume set of the *Book Of Knowledge*. By the time I was in my teens I was familiar with every page of the entire set. One of the memorable things we did as a family was gather around Mother's baby grand player piano (purchased in better days). We crowded around singing all of the contemporary songs plus dozens of carry-overs from World War One.

After school we kids did all kinds of things you just don't see anymore. We played Kick the Can, Hopscotch, Piggy-Move-Up, Buck-Buck How Many Fingers Up? All we needed for a good game of softball was six or eight players total. Not as organized as Little League, but a heck of a lot of fun. (No frustrated parents hassling us). We also made our own rubber band guns from automobile tire inner tubes. Our scooters were built with apple crates and an old roller skate. One of my sources of income was derived from lead soldiers I molded and sold to other kids for a penny apiece.. And there were our collections --- - most of us had stamps, toy horses, marbles and baseball cards. (Didn't realize what great investments we had!).



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Horse drawn wagons were still a part of the regular scene in those happy days. We could always get a chunk of ice to suck on from both the milkman and the ice man. Incidentally, the iceman had access to a small door in the pantry where the icebox was located. He would place a 50-pound block of ice through that door directly into the back of the icebox without entering into the house. As I recall he delivered ice two or three times a week. *(It was my job to empty the tray of melted water that accumulated under the icebox).* Farmers came down the alleys on a regular basis with their produce wagons selling fresh fruits and veggies. Another regular was the Junk man yelling at the top of his lungs, "Rags, Old Iron". We kids always thought he was singing, "Rags the Old Lion". Usually on Sundays the Organ Grinder would show up with his monkey. The monkey would do a few little tricks and then hold out a tin cup for coins. Then too, the Waffle-man would come along blowing a high-pitched whistle. He sold fresh waffles covered with powdered sugar for a penny apiece. It was a great life for youngsters in spite of the shortage of money.

I suppose times were rough but so were we. Our bicycles were kept going by foraging in junkyards for replacement parts. Our Boy Scout Troop of about 20 boys couldn't put a single complete uniform together even if everybody contributed something. My scout pants were so faded my Mom didn't want anyone to see me in it. We held our meetings in the basement of the Baptist Church about two blocks from my house. I was always afraid the Baptist Minister would dunk us in the big tank they had in the church. About ten of us were Lutherans but he never pressured us in reference to joining his church. Our Scoutmaster announced the National Scout Jamboree for 1935 would be held in the huge Chicago Stock Yards Arena. For the occasion the Baptist Minister presented each of us with an Official Boy Scout neckerchief. It was bright red with our troop number on it. What a nice guy!! Mom decided to do something about my scout uniform. She bought a package of dye and boiled the heck out of my shirt, pants and socks in the weirdest concoction anyone has ever seen. There must have been a thousand scouts in the arena. NO PROBLEM! Mom, Dad and my three brothers could spot me wherever I roamed. I was the only boy with a dazzling GOLD uniform and bright red neckerchief. I was quite proud of it and not aware of the sensation it caused, although I did seem to get a lot of attention. Our Scoutmaster's name was Joe. He didn't want us to call him Mister so his last name is not in my memory bank. He was probably in his mid-thirties and a real outdoor, camper, woodsman type. On one early spring campout near the Des Plaines River he specified two good blankets and a waterproof ground cloth because snow was predicted for the weekend. (Our troop could not afford tents). Mom gave me an old blue and white table cloth (oil based) as a ground cloth. Joe showed us how to make an envelope out of our blankets and ground cloth so we would stay warm and dry. It worked! In the morning we had snow all over everything but we survived. Joe also taught us about the hazards of drinking, smoking and the importance of clean living. To my knowledge he truly lived according to the Scout Oath and Law. He obviously has been a strong influence in my life.

As I mentioned earlier I started school at Portage Park Elementary. It must have been in about the fourth grade when we moved and I was transferred to Mozart Elementary. For my age I was apparently a little above average in general strength, wrestling, climbing and all those things boys do. On the other hand I was never involved in fights or trouble of any consequence. Well, almost never.

My first week at Mozart started out OK except for one kid. He was a little bigger than most of us and turned out to be the class bully. (Let's call him Butch). After a few days he started hassling me. I really don't know why but after shoving me around during recess he finally challenged me directly. In those days the ultimate challenge consisted of placing a wood chip on your shoulder and daring the other guy to knock it off. Well, that's what Butch did to me in front of all the other kids. I thought about it for a couple of seconds and then doubled up my fist. It exploded in Butch's stomach and sent him sprawling like an old potato sack. To me it looked like a good way to knock the chip off of his shoulder. His screaming and crying brought a couple of teachers over on the double. I was sure my school days were over but after some of the kids told them what had happened they were more sympathetic to me than toward Butch. I guess they were aware of his reputation and secretly must have enjoyed the whole episode. Of course this called for a parental meeting relative to fighting in school. I'm not sure what they told my folks but the next day Dad came away looking a little proud. Mother appeared rather embarrassed but never brought up the subject again. No one in that school ever challenged me again and Butch became very friendly after a little while.

It was about that same time religion came into focus for me. My cousin Betty suddenly came down with a life threatening sickness. I believe it was Pneumonia. It seems she had never been baptized and my Mom talked to her folks about how important it was. Allegedly the doctor indicated the possibility of death was imminent. The German Lutheran Church was only a few blocks away and the Pastor graciously came over immediately. He performed the Christening in Betty's bedroom with all of us standing by. I was deeply impressed. Well, needless to say Betty came through with flying colors. Within a few weeks she was her old aggressive self again and wanted to know about the Pastor and what it was all about. Once again, on our own, we visited the Pastor of the church and talked to him. He invited us to join (with parental consent) a confirmation class he was conducting. For the next several weeks we attended the religious class with a bunch of German kids in the German Lutheran School. Eventually we were confirmed as legitimate Christians. Our parents were very proud of us and this may have had some influence on their renewed interest in religion. A few years later, as a teenager, I was exposed to another religious experience that impressed me. Some of my neighborhood friends were Roman Catholics. On a few occasions I attended Mass with them including a Christmas Midnight Mass. Their obvious devotion had a marked effect on me although I was not moved to take any action at the time. Meanwhile, let's get back to Mozart Elementary.

When I was in the 7th grade we had a school play about the discovery of America. In this photograph, I am on the port side of Leif Erickson's boat pushing it ashore. I never will forget the swell Viking helmet my brothers made for me. It consisted of my Dad's old derby hat with the brim cut off and silver cardboard wings glued to the sides. Inside they stuck a bunch of unraveled rope to look like long strands of white hair. Mom made a cloak out of a piece of brown cloth giving me a very dashing look (in my mind).



Lief Erickson play ca. 1936

The following year as eighth graders we became involved with another school project. Our class had the dubious honor of constructing and operating marionettes for a show to be presented to the school children and all of our parents. Aldona Gregg was the star singing, *In My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown*, while I operated the corresponding puppet. The show was a huge success!!! Aldona was a really nice girl with a great personality and quite capable of going on to bigger things. In our graduation photo she is the tall girl in the second row from the top on the far left. In this picture I am the guy in dead center with the fountain pen in my pocket. I was getting ready to write my memoirs. My class graduated from Mozart in January of 1937.



Mozart Elementary 8th Grade Class, ca. 1937

My cousin Betty being about six months older than me was one half year ahead of me in school. Because we were so close in everything we did I had more contact with the kids in her class than in my own. When Betty and her classmates graduated into high school I was left behind in more ways than one. But like I said, “Kids Survive!”.

Frequently in the summer the family made short trips to Delavan, Wisconsin to visit Mom's sister, Aunt Sadie. Uncle Bab was my drinkin' uncle but a really neat guy. Sometimes he would bring me to the junk yard to look for broken toys which he would fix up for me. Uncle Bab knew I enjoyed reading and on one occasion he found two children's books which he gave to me. My daughter Cindy's two children are presently enjoying *The Iceberg Express* and *The Magic Umbrella* just as I had as a child. We made many friends in Delavan and enjoyed the experience of country living. In the early days they did not have a bathroom or running water in the house. Aunt Sadie had the luxury of a hand operated pump mounted on the kitchen sink. Years later when a gas stove was installed in the kitchen she still preferred to bake bread and cook on the old wood burning stove. I often had the honor of bringing in the fire wood from the shed.

We also made weekend trips to Dad's folks in La Porte, Indiana. Grandpa Petelle had a nice little vegetable garden and we would pick fresh carrots, tomatoes and other vegetables for dinner. Dad's sister, Aunt Mable, made the best butterscotch pie I have ever eaten. Uncle Welser had a worm farm in his back yard and sold worms to the local fishermen. He had an iron rod attached to the electric current in the barn. When we stuck the rod into the wet ground the worms came wriggling out by the dozens. Another wonderful experience for a city kid.

In 1935 our whole family went to La Porte for the Thanksgiving weekend where I had a different kind of experience. After the main meal I went down the little slope in back of Grandpa's garden for a walk by the lake. I had only walked a short distance when I heard someone calling for help. It turned out to be a boy about my age out in the lake. He apparently tried to cross the lake when the ice broke and he fell in. When he tried to climb out



Walter Petelle Family in LaPorte, IN ca. 1932

the ice on the edge of the hole kept breaking. The value of Scout training came in handy at that moment. Joe's advice about rescuing someone in the water was very clear. If you get close to the person in the water they will surely pull you down in their attempt to save themselves. The proper method is to toss one end of a towel, jacket or a stick for them to get hold of. You can then pull the person out without getting pulled in yourself. There were plenty of broken branches around the shore so I crawled slowly toward the boy, pushing a long tree branch ahead of me. At first he tried to get up too quick and I had to tell him to just stay on his belly and gradually pull himself out. It worked like a charm! I backed away on my stomach and in a few minutes we were both on the solid shore. Of course he was still scared and he asked me to go home with him because his Dad would probably want to kill him. Actually he was soaking wet and turning blue so his folks immediately got busy thawing him out. When I returned to Grandpa's house someone asked me what I was up to so I said I went for a walk down by the lake and pulled a kid out of the ice. I think it was Uncle Welser who told me to be careful by the lake because it had not been cold enough for the ice to be fully frozen. For the moment the case was closed. About two hours later there was a big commotion and I was called back into the living room. It was that kid again with his parents. They had just finished telling the whole story with some embellishments making me a bonafide hero. What a life!!!!

Another part of my growing up has to do with the Grand Old Flag and what she means to me. Long before Boy Scouts I became indoctrinated in Americanism and love of my country. Dad was not called up in World War One because he was married, had a child and the conflict did not last long after America entered the fray. However, Uncle Tony was a Veteran and in fact suffered the effects of a German gas attack. I think I was about seven or eight years old when Dad and Uncle Tony took Betty and me to the Fourth of July parade in Downtown Chicago. It was a big affair with hundreds of flags and marching bands. Dad and Uncle Tony would take off their hats and hold them over their hearts each time "Old Glory" went by. Meanwhile Betty and I held our hands over our hearts. To this day I get goose bumps any time the Stars and Stripes go by. AMERICA may not be perfect but I love her!!!!!!

ALL ABOUT ME

CHAPTER II

THE TRANSITIONAL TEENS

In January 1937 I graduated from Mozart Elementary and went on to Lane Technical High School. Lane was the newest and largest high school in Chicago at the time. With eight thousand students (all male) it very well may have been the largest high school in the country.

I had visions of becoming an electrical engineer so a good technical school was a must. Mother drove me to school that first day and we were both amazed at the huge auditorium where registration was taking place. I had a heck of a time trying to get her to realize I didn't need her help. About half of the eight hundred boys were in the same predicament until the registrar announced over the loud speaker, "All parents are to leave the premises immediately with or without their offspring". That's when I met my future best friend, Bob Nebeck.



Lane Tech Clock Tower

Mom and his Mother decided they might as well leave us to our fate.

I really enjoyed my four years at Lane. To this day I have an appreciation of the many skills I was exposed to. Wood shop, forge, foundry, electric shop, plumbing and air conditioning were part of my regular curriculum as well as readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic (including geometry, trigonometry and calculus). I was no "hot shot" student but managed to survive. I always looked good in English because I loved to read and swamped the teacher with book reports.



Bob "DUDE" Nebeck

The fun stuff at Lane was just as varied as the required curriculum. There were dozens of clubs and sports of every kind to get involved in. I played Freshman Football with mediocre success. Coach Kupcinet said I was fast as a tackle but lacked the "Killer" instinct. On top of that I cracked my collar bone early in the Sophomore spring practice. That may have been a "Lucky Break" (PUN). While at Lane I was more successful in the Stamp Club, Dance Club, Roller Club, Equestrian and Ushers Clubs. Such is Life!!!!

Aside from school activities, Bob and I were active in two outside clubs. The Woodbine Social Club consisted of neighborhood teens who enjoyed dancing, a little roller skating, hay rack parties and board games like Monopoly. It was a really active, clean cut group with no smoking or drinking at all (no fooling).

The Scatterbrains Roller Club consisted of four gals and four guys. Bob's sister, Doris, also belonged to both clubs and to this day I still consider her a very dear friend.

Only one couple of the club was going steady while the rest of us pretty well played the field. Bob and I would ask just about any good looking girl at the Arcadia Roller Rink to skate Couples, Fox Trot or Waltz (a little exaggeration there). For the Waltz numbers I had to pick a girl big enough to pull me around the necessary maneuvers (usually Emily!). Bob was an excellent Waltzer and actually learned some fancy trick skating with the school skating team. We were a very active club for our size and even rented the Natoma Roller Rink for a private party on one occasion. My Dad gave his personal guarantee to the owners to ensure the bill would be paid. We awarded trophies for races and also for best dance couples. The Scatterbrains Roller club venture was a huge success!!! The Rink was sold out and we made enough money to buy classy sweaters with our club name and logo.



In addition we had cash left over for a Hay Rack Party allowing us to invite many of our friends. "SNOW" was my date!! Well I did it again; jumped ahead of myself. Who in the heck is Snow??



The Nebeck Cottage in Long Lake

Early in April 1940 Bob invited me to spend a weekend with his family at the Nebeck cottage at Long Lake, Illinois. The "cottage" turned out to be a two story frame home with about a dozen rooms. Bob's Dad and three uncles built the place on top of a high hill for the whole Nebeck family to enjoy. Life at Long Lake was a real dream time for teenagers.

Free Movies! Can you believe it?? (Remember this was a long time before we had TV). Various local civic clubs would have free outdoor movies for kids of all ages two or three nights a week. Even some of the nearby towns like Round Lake and Fox Lake sponsored free movies. In order to take full advantage of the best shows we would hitchhike all over the place in complete safety, even after dark.

Of course there was swimming and boating on the lake. The Nebecks had a small sailboat that I think Uncle George and Uncle Ed had built. It was named "Tillie" after Bob's Grandmother who I called Aunt Till. At any rate my first experience at sailing on Long Lake turned out to be a life long pastime. The "Bungalow" was a little store where we bought ice cream, snacks and just hung around for kicks. The idea of the early weekend trips in the spring was to get all of the cottages in shape for the summer. We kids all had chores to do but for the most part I think the parents, aunts and uncles really wanted to get us out of the way.

At any rate, Bob and I went for a walk down by the lake and met some other young people who were also trying to get out of the way. That's how I met "her". Bob introduced me to a couple of "live wires" named Jeanne and Snow. We took to each other right away and the four of us managed to have a real fun time. The following week end was a repeat performance so we decided to ask the girls out on an actual date.



Betty, Phyl, Doris and Margo at the "Bungalow" in Long Lake, Illinois

Riverview Park was a huge (not by 1990's standards) amusement park in Chicago. The year 1940 opening of the park was scheduled for May 17th. We agreed that on the following weekend Bob would ask Snow and I would invite Jeanne. He double crossed me!!! He telephoned Jeanne before I had a chance. I couldn't figure out why until I called Snow. She said I would have to come over to her house and get permission from her folks. Man Oh Man, what next? I wasn't ready to marry the girl!



Ed, Dorothy Snow, Jeanne and Bob Nebeck

I didn't have a car so one of the guys in the neighborhood drove me over to Snow's house (along with half of the Social Club). Snow's Mom apparently approved of me and the girls in the club approved of Snow so the first date was set. I didn't realize it at the time but I was hooked. A couple of weeks later as we walked home, after a fun time at Riverview, I invited Snow to the Lane Tech Senior Prom to be held in June 1940. (We had spent our streetcar fare on one last roller coaster ride). Because of two graduations every year all seniors could participate in both Proms. That took another "parental review", but with the help of one of Snow's aunts we finalized plans for the Prom. (Her Mother said she was only thirteen and she insisted she would be fifteen before the Prom). The June Prom was held at the Aragon Ballroom featuring Dick Jurgen's 28 piece band. Needless to say out of about 1,200 Lane student's dates the prettiest girl was Snow. What a cute name!! We were going "almost steady" for about 3 months before I found out her name was D o r o t h y M A E S n o w. Her Mother was very firm about that.

My own graduation and Prom was in January 1941. Our class of about 800 students was still large enough for the Aragon. Freddy Martin's band was another one of the big bands of that era and "Dorothy" managed to get his autograph. Very thrilling!!! About a year later Dorothy invited me to her Junior Prom at Providence High School. We double dated with Bernadette Schmidt and Bob Ostrowski and enjoyed another fun-filled experience.

It goes without saying, Dorothy and I hit it off beautifully! We did everything together. Horseback riding, roller skating, movies, dancing, swimming and sailing at Long Lake and all those wonderful things teenagers were able to do in the early 40's. By the way, no smoking, no drinking and only a little innocent "smooching" as time went along (honest).



Our teen years were wonderful but before we proceed with this chronological narrative I'm going to go out of sequence and cover a few separate segments of my life.

ALL ABOUT ME

CHAPTER III

WORK! WORK! WORK!

Will Rogers once said, "I never met a man I didn't like". Well, I never had a job I didn't like! When I was ten or eleven I sold the Ladies Home Journal and the *Saturday Evening Post* door to door. In addition to commissions you could earn Greeny and Brownie coupons that were redeemable for a lot of cool stuff ---- Boy Scout knife, compass, whistle and even a secret code ring!!

At twelve years of age I had a job selling doughnuts door to door. It was better money and if I had a bad day the family ate left-over doughnuts at a reduced rate. I worked at that job for a couple of years but resigned when I graduated from Mozart Elementary School.

In my third year at Lane Tech High I turned sixteen and obtained a job as an usher at the Gateway Theater. It was one of the larger neighborhood theaters at the time and the experience was --- Just Great! I guess I liked the uniform and so did the girls. Those were the days of double features, cartoons, serials and up to date newsreel. (No TV in the thirties). If a movie coming up was a little "risqué", in the managers opinion, he would not allow anyone under eighteen to work. On weekends he hired live "Song and Dance" vaudeville acts to draw patrons. The show had an orchestra pit in front of the stage and on Sundays and some special events there would be a band playing contemporary music. Real Entertainment!!

In 1938 I worked for Mandel Brothers department store wrapping packages for the Christmas season. The ultimate experience in that position was wrapping men's suits and shirts. Men's long sleeve dress shirts required exactly seven pins. No more and no less!!

During the summers of 1939 and 1940 I managed to slip in a few months working at the H Bar H (H - H) Dude Ranch north of Chicago. The owners were Harry Hart and his wife. A small Mom and Pop outfit and only one "cowpoke"; me. No cows, but plenty of work with horses and escorting people on guided rides along the Des Plaines River. The experience resulted in my getting involved in three amateur rodeos in Illinois and two more for the Red Cross Benefits in England during the War.

When I graduated from Lane Tech in January 1941 we did not have finances available to go straight to college. At seventeen there were not many jobs open but I did manage to get a position at the Chicago Title and Trust Company. Bob Nebeck was able to get a job at Western Electric Company installing telephone switching equipment. I wanted to do the same thing but they would not accept applications for anyone under eighteen. As it turned out I learned a lot at Chicago Title and to this day I have a basic idea on how to search for and read property titles and deeds. A couple of lawyers who used me as a "gopher" urged me to study law instead of engineering but talking to Bob about his work convinced me to reapply with Western Electric.

I have never been sorry. When I was finally accepted I took to telephone work like a duck takes to water. In the meantime I enrolled at the Illinois Institute of Technology evening school to begin working toward an engineering degree. Unfortunately a lot of plans changed when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. We'll be covering that with a flashback when we get to the "War Years".

After we cleaned up the bad guys I returned to the business of installing dial telephone central office equipment. Actually right after the war the big problem was trying to rebuild and "make do" with old equipment. In the process of one boring and difficult job I invented a tool to simplify reusing old manual switchboard cable.

My brother Don was enrolled in the foundry class at Lane at the time so he received permission to cast three of the tools in brass using my wood prototype. The tools worked great and although I did not get any money for the idea it did gain me some recognition that paid off in better future positions. As time went on I realized there was more stability working for Illinois Bell than for the supplier, Western Electric. There was a catch!!! So many Western employees wanted to switch over to Bell it was necessary to resign and wait six months before Bell could accept an application. It seemed like a good idea worth going for. I left Western Electric and obtained a position with Henry Newgard Electrical Company installing and maintaining private branch telephone equipment in the huge Sears Roebuck complex in downtown Chicago (another fine experience). In the meantime I received valuable sales training from my Dad. Three nights a week I sold cars at Petelle Mercury on Grand Avenue to give my brothers, Wally and Bob, a little time off. After about eight months my application with Bell Telephone was approved.

Working outside as a telephone installer and repairman was something new for me. Hotter than blazes in summer and colder than a popsicle in winter. After a sleet storm it was often necessary to chip ice off of the pole with a large screwdriver as you climbed so that your spurs could dig into the pole. I loved it!

The next step was inside on the test desk and working on old manual telephone offices Bell still had kicking around. After a short time my previous experience with Western Electric (installing Cross Bar Dial central office equipment) paid off. I was selected to join a group of seven men for training in the maintenance of that same type of equipment. The class ran for eight hours a day and lasted for nine months. By a strange coincidence one of the guys was married to Dorothy Wartenburg. Dot was one of my closest friends in the old pre-war Woodbine Social Club and had heartily approved of that first date with the Gal called "Snow". Her mother told me Dorothy considered me more of a brother than a friend. As it turned out she and her husband, Don Engleson, became very close friends with Dorothy and I along with Dick Peterson (also in the X-bar class) and his wife Dorothy. The three Dots got along famously!!!

After graduation all three of us worked in the Lakeview Telephone Central office until other assignments came along. I was pretty lucky in managing to get a transfer to the suburban area. In the Winnetka Central Office there was only one other switchman and two wiremen as our helpers. Our supervisor, Mr. Bell (no kidding) had no dial switching

experience. His office was in Evanston, Illinois and the only time he came around was on payday to deliver our checks. He was happy as long as Chuck and I kept the office humming! A real Dream Job!! After about four years I was offered a position in the newly formed Telephone Sales Department. It was a promotion into management I couldn't pass up. Although it was not the same as selling cars my sales experience gave me a degree of confidence. After being trained in the various types of business customer equipment I was ready to go out into the world and Sell, Sell, Sell!! As part of the Major Accounts Sales Group I drew Northern Illinois Gas Company which was one of the largest customers in the state. In addition I was assigned to American Photocopy and a few other medium sized business customers. Once again a stimulating experience.

I had no complaints with the job or the company but the weather finally caught up with us so Dorothy and I decided to consider a more suitable climate. I sent out resumes to 27 different telephone companies and received affirmative answers from all of them. Telephone companies all over the country were looking for experienced help. The one that seemed to be the most appealing came from Mountain States Bell Telephone in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The offer we accepted was to work in the Albuquerque District. As it turned out the "district" covered the entire state of New Mexico. There was a catch! All new employees had to work in the "boon-docks" for at least two years. I had been assigned to Farmington in the most northwestern corner of the state. It was a beautiful mountainous region but was also a boom town due to the discovery of Uranium Ore in the mountains. I had to agree with Dorothy that a virtual tent city would not be a good place to raise our growing family.

We loaded Pat, Scott, Cindy and our dog Sparky in the station wagon and headed for California. We had a nice visit with some old friends in Los Angeles but the available jobs and the location just didn't have the attraction we anticipated. As a result we decided to take a closer look at an offer by Peninsular Telephone Company headquartered in Tampa, Florida. We were familiar with the area due to having vacationed with my brother Bob and his family in Largo. On top of that my folks were also living close by. The potential of living on the water and the lure of swimming and boating year around did the trick. I accepted the offer of \$425.00 per month even though it was just barely half of what I had been making at Illinois Bell. Unbeknown to me the company had just been sold to the General Telephone Company of New York. My first assignment was with the Commercial Department handling business customers. As it turned out the new company had plans to immediately begin a Sales Department. Guess what??? They had no one trained in telephone sales except yours truly! Things went from good to better from then on.

The following is a list of positions I held with General and a few comments for clarification:

COMMERCIAL REPRESENTATIVE - Assisted in the formation of the new Sales Department.

UNIT SALES MANAGER - Initial Sales team.

WESTERN DIVISION SALES MANAGER - Supervising three Unit Sales Managers and their men covering Pinellas and Pasco Counties. In 1964 the Telephone Union called a general strike which lasted over two months. As a result all management personnel were called upon to do whatever craft work they were capable of. I volunteered for installation and repair work outside. It was really great to be back on the poles again! After 63 days working an average of 12 hours per day I was physically back in my prime. Pooped, but in my glory!! It turned out I was not only the oldest guy climbing; I was also the highest ranking manager on the poles. This resulted in an interesting lateral transfer to the Plant Department.)

EASTERN DIVISION PLANT SUPERINTENDENT - Responsible for all telephone installers, repairman, cable crews, testboards, central offices and the overall Plant Budget. Total of 320 employees in the Eastern Division Plant Department.

ADVANCED SYSTEMS PLANNING ADMINISTRATOR - One of eight men assigned to Headquarters Staff charged with the responsibility of studying the feasibility of total Computer operations in the General System. After almost a year of study under the guidance of IBM Sales Personnel our recommendation was a firm YES; except the cost would be prohibitive for a single company to handle. The study group was offered a move to Corporate Headquarters in New York with lucrative salaries. I said no.

MARKETING SUPERVISOR/SPECIAL SERVICES - Primarily involved in Teletypewriter and other Special services.

FLORIDA DIVISION PLANT/MARKETING MANAGER, CABLE TV - Transferred out of GTE Florida to GTE Communications, Incorporated. This was an effort by GTE to break into the cable TV industry in Sarasota, Florida. Two years later the Federal Communications Commission ruled that Telephone Companies could not operate a cable TV system in the same area where they were franchised to provide telephone service. OH WELL, back to GTE Florida. (Several years later that ruling was reversed).

MARKETING SUPERVISOR/GENERAL OFFICE-STAFF --- Primarily working on accounting, budgets and forecasting future growth.

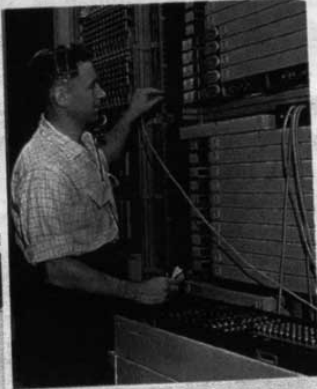
SEMINAR LEADER - Speaker in the new Telecommunications Center designed to inform public and industry leaders of current and futuristic communications advances.

MAJOR ACCOUNTS MANAGER - Given primary responsibility to develop a means of measuring plant efficiency, sales effort and profitability for GTE of Florida.

BUSINESS RELATIONS ADMINISTRATOR - Coordinating our company's endeavors with all 26 other Florida Telephone Companies. We were mainly concerned with financial settlements as a result of long distance expenses and profits.

Well that's about it!! Forty years in the telephone business with a wide (and WILD) variety of experiences. I loved my work and all the people I worked with!!

WHAT MORE COULD A MAN ASK FOR???????



ED PETELLE
X-BAR SWITCHMAN
WINETKA, ILL. c1950



GTF MRKTNG/SALES STAFF '60

Edward H. Petelle
Commercial Representative
NOVEMBER 1958



On August 11, Edward H. Petelle, a native of Chicago and Northbrook, Illinois joined Florida General as a commercial representative in Tampa. Petelle, is a veteran of Army Air Corps duty from 1942 to 1945. His telephone service beginning in 1941 was interrupted by World War II. Upon discharge, he rejoined Bell and gained experience in many phases of inside and outside plant work and spent an additional 30 months in commercial as a service engineer prior to joining Florida General.

GTF MARKETING/SALES DEPT



BILL KIMBAL & ED PETELLE
DIV. SALES AWARD - 1964

All Effective November 1, 1965

Three New Management Changes Announced Involving Two Divisions And General Offices

announcement on Petelle was made by Vice President and Controller John B. Renwick.

Clovis Hart
Clovis Hart, District Plant Sup-



Clovis Hart

post.
Robert Conser
Robert B. Conser, General Plant Supervisor, has been transferred to St. Petersburg as District Plant



Edward Petelle



Robert Conser

Edward Petelle
Edward H. Petelle, Division Plant Superintendent in the Eastern Division, has been transferred to the newly-formed Advanced Systems Planning Section. He will report to George Van de Weghe. Petelle came to General of Florida in 1953 from the Illinois Bell Telephone Company in Evanston, Ill. He has held management positions in the Commercial Department and served as Western Division Sales Manager.



DATA TRAINING - 1963

NORTHLAKE, ILLINOIS - 1964



GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS
DATA COMMUNICATIONS TRAINING PROGRAM
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY, APRIL 27 - MAY 8, 1964

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS CORPORATION MARKETING AND SALES

EDWARD H. PETELLE
has been awarded this certificate in recognition of completion of the
DATA COMMUNICATION SALES COURSE

this 8th day of May 1964

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

September 10, 1964

Dear Ed:

Your transfer to Lakeland was a promotion I know, and I want to join your many other friends in congratulating you and wishing you every continued success.

I know that it won't be long before Lakeland realizes that St. Petersburg's loss has been its gain.

If you ever come to St. Pete, I hope you will find occasion to visit me either at the office or at home.

Again, my congratulations and best wishes.

Sincerely,

Maurice L. Foisy

Maurice L. Foisy



Telephone Strike 1964
Ed Petelle "Up A Pole"

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH FLORIDA CENTER FOR CONTINUING EDUCATION

Presents this Certificate to

EDWARD H. PETELLE

in recognition of attendance at the
Management Development Conference
THE STRATEGY OF
ADMINISTRATIVE DECISION MAKING



February 20, 1965

Charles A. McMan
DEAN, COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

C. A. McMan
DIRECTOR, CENTER FOR CONTINUING EDUCATION

Certificate of Training

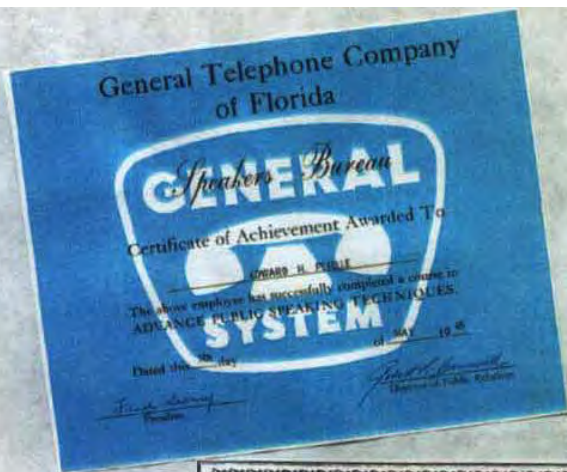
GENERAL TELEPHONE COMPANY
OF FLORIDA



It is to Certify that Mr. E. H. Petelle has satisfactorily
completed a course in Job Administration For Plant Supervisors
My thanks for your expression of interest in the entire course.



J. R. Norman
General Plant Training Supervisor



DATA TRAINING CONFER



**ED PETELLE, WENTON STEWART and
LOWELL THOMAS - NY, NY - 1970**



G'TEC MANAGERS TRAINING - NY, NY. 1969



**RON BURDICK, General Manager
ED PETELLE, Sales/Plant Mngr.
G'tec CA.TV. Sarasota, FL '70**

GT&E
GENERAL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF FLORIDA
COMPANY MEMO

PLEASE ROUTE

To Ed Petelle NAME AND TITLE

From John Counter NAME AND TITLE

Subject Letter of Appreciation

Reference ED PETELLE

Date 6/19/72 At 12 MAIL BOX

GT&E TELECOMMUNICATIONS CENTER
810 MORGAN STREET - TAMPA, FLORIDA 33602

I want to thank you, Ed, for successfully completing your last two projects for us even though you were "officially" reassigned June 1.

When you are faced with a new challenge, it is sometimes difficult to concentrate on the things that will soon be behind you. However, you handled your duties for "Open House" and the program for Kentucky with your usual steady reliable dependability, for which I am sincerely grateful.

Ed, best wishes to you in your new assignment. I know you will be successful.

John
John

GT&E SERVICE CORPORATION
MARKETING DEPARTMENT

CERTIFICATE AWARDED TO
Edward H. Petelle
IN RECOGNITION OF SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF THE
SALES MANAGEMENT COURSE

this 18th day of June 1971

F. Hollingsworth
DIRECTOR OF SALES
GT&E SERVICE CORPORATION



C. J. Hollingsworth
MARKETING DIRECTOR
GT&E SERVICE CORPORATION

**University of Kentucky
College of Engineering
Lexington, Kentucky**

This certificate is presented to

EDWARD H. PETELLE
in appreciation of his participation as a
Continuing Education Lecturer in

COMMUNICATIONS SEMINAR - BUILDING INDUSTRY CONSULTING SERVICE (BICS)

JUNE 9, 1972
Date

John S. Jacobson
Dean



Mark K. Petelle
Associate Dean for Continuing Education



**GT&E
GENERAL TELEPHONE**

Building Industry Consulting Service

June 14, 1972

RECEIVED

JUN 14 1972

General Plant

Mr. John A. Counter
Telecommunications Center Manager
General Telephone Company of Florida
P. O. Box 110 MC 78
Tampa, Florida 33601

Dear John:

In behalf of the General Telephone Company of Florida and its Building Industry Consulting Service, and all who attended the Communications Seminar - Building Industry Consulting Service held June 7-9, 1972, at the University of Kentucky, we want to thank Edward H. Petelle for his excellent presentation on "New Concepts in Marketing - GT&E Telecommunications Center". We truly appreciate the time, money, and effort Ed gave in this seminar.

We had an excellent meeting for all those in attendance. I again want to thank your Department and Ed for the help he gave in making it all possible.

Very truly yours,

Harry J. Pfister

Harry J. Pfister
Planning Engineer - BIC
P. O. Box 110 MC 78
Tampa, Florida 33601
Phone: (813) 224-4204



**JUDGE BELL and ED PETELLE
SEMINAR SPEAKERS at the
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY-6'72**



MORRISON INCORPORATED
ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES: FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, P. O. BOX 708 MOBILE, ALABAMA 36601
P. O. Box 13468 Tampa, Florida 33611

February 4, 1972

Mr. E. H. Petelle
General Telephone Co. of Florida
P. O. Box 110 - MC 78
Tampa, Florida 33601

Dear Mr. Petelle:

We would like to take just a minute to express our sincere appreciation for the most enjoyable seminar our people participated in recently at your Telecommunication Center. Your people were most gracious and we were all very much impressed with your center, your well presented program and the genuine interest shown by each of your people in pursuing any phase of communication that would be beneficial to our company. We are certainly more aware of the various services offered by General Telephone and feel sure our company will be using these different services more in the future.

We are enclosing a complimentary meal pass and would like to have you and a guest as our guests for a meal. This may be used at any of the Morrison Cafeterias.

Sincerely yours,

C. J. Hollingsworth
C. J. Hollingsworth
Vice President

ED PETELLE
SEMINAR LEADER



GT&E TELECOMMUNICATIONS CENTER
810 MORGAN STREET - TAMPA, FLORIDA 33602 • (813) 224-4473

SPECIAL BULLETIN GTEC GENERAL NEWS

G. E. No. 8-72
February 17, 1972

EDWARD H. PETELLE BECOMES MANAGER OF SARASOTA COUNTY SYSTEM

Mr. Edward H. Petelle, Florida Division Marketing Manager, has been named Manager of the Sarasota County System. It was announced today by Mr. Ronald F. Jordan, to whom he will continue to report. "This change has been required because the rapid expansion and complexity of the Sarasota County operations demand the attention of a full time manager," Mr. Jordan stated. The new assignment is effective February 14, 1972.

Prior to his transfer to GTEC in his present capacity, Mr. Petelle was General Marketing Supervisor with General Telephone Company of Florida. He began his career with that company in August of 1950 where he served in a variety of positions in the Plant, Commercial, Accounting and Marketing Departments. Previously he was employed in a number of plant and engineering capacities with the Illinois Bell Telephone Company and with Western Electric Company.

A World War II veteran of the U. S. Air Force, Mr. Petelle attended the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago.

SPECIAL BULLETIN GTEC GENERAL NEWS

G. E. No. 8-72
February 16, 1972

EDWARD H. PETELLE TO TRANSFER TO FLORIDA DIVISION

Mr. Thomas A. Webb, Marketing Director for General Telephone Company of Florida, has announced that Mr. Edward H. Petelle, General Company Marketing Manager, will transfer to that company as Marketing Supervisor effective October 13, 1972. He will be based in Tampa.

Mr. Petelle joined GTEC in 1968 as Florida Division Marketing Manager and served his present duties in February of 1972. Previously, Mr. Petelle served in a variety of positions in the Plant, Commercial, Accounting and Marketing departments of General Telephone of Florida. He also held a number of positions in the Plant and Engineering departments of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company and Western Electric Company.

A World War II veteran of the U. S. Air Force, Mr. Petelle attended the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago.

SOU. BELL TEL. - OCTOBER, 1971 SALES MANAGEMENT COURSE



GTE SERVICE CORPORATION

MARKETING DEPARTMENT

CERTIFICATE AWARDED TO

Edward H. Petelle

in recognition of successful completion of the

advanced data course

this 31st day of March 1972

F. Hallen
Director of Sales

GTE SERVICE CORPORATION

D. Casey
Marketing Director

GTE SERVICE CORPORATION

GTF MRKTNG/SALES - 1971



GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF FLORIDA

This is to certify that

EDWARD H. PETELLE

has satisfactorily completed a course in

MOTIVATION

Em. Sargent
TRAINING DIRECTOR

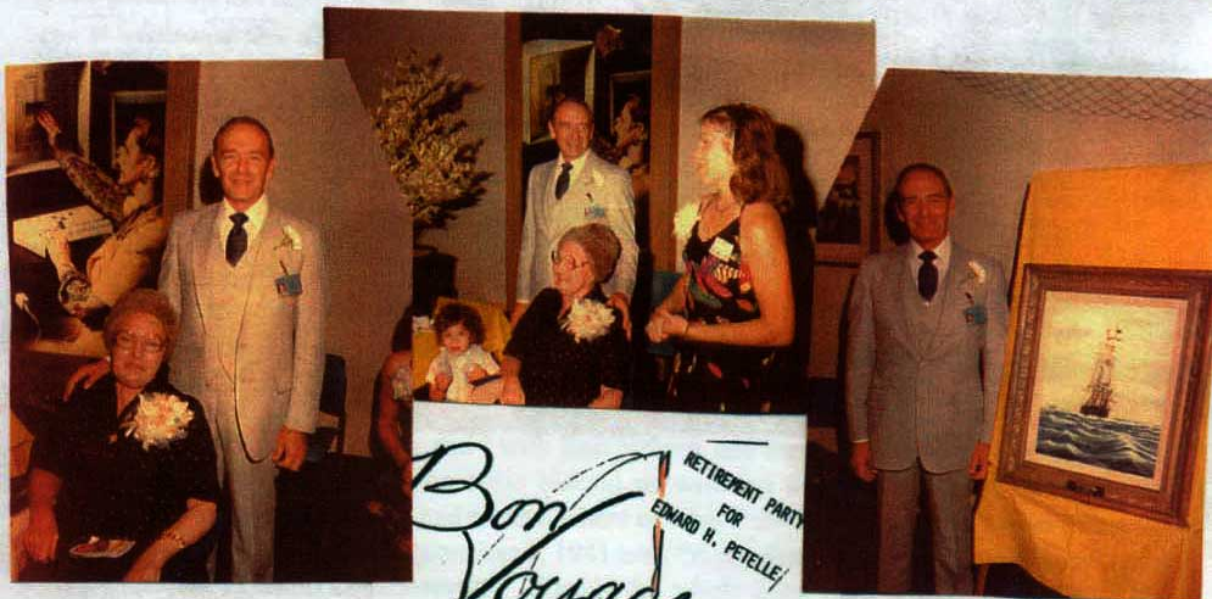
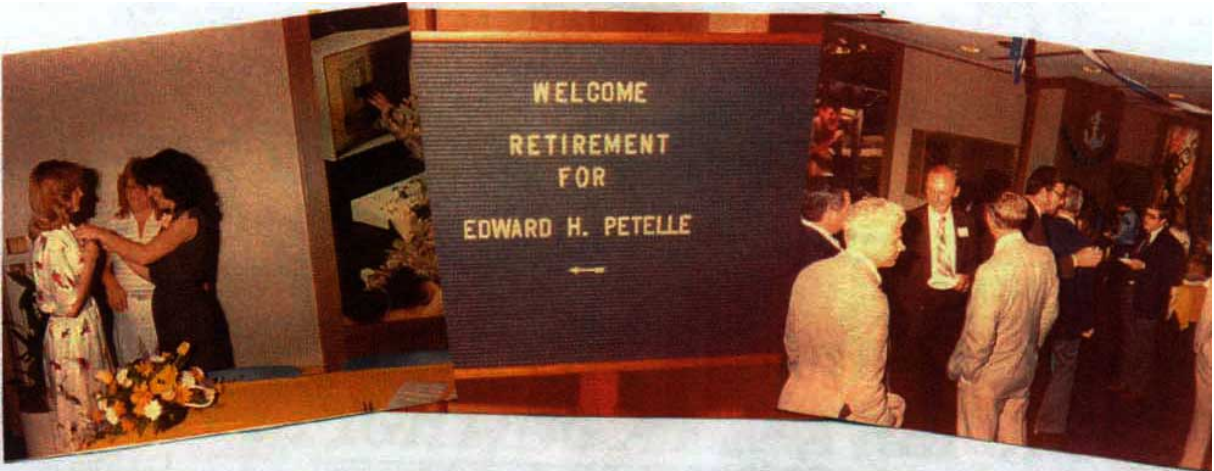
INTER STATE TELCO CONFERENCE ED PETELLE - GT Fla. LEADER



MARCH 13, 1972



ADVANCED DATA TRAINING CLASS



ALL ABOUT ME

CHAPTER IV

THE WAR YEARS



There we were, Dorothy and I with Bob Nebeck and his new heartbeat Betty, enjoying a quiet Sunday morning when the radio blasted us with the news of an aerial attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor. We had no idea where or what Pearl Harbor was but the news broadcaster sure sounded excited. December 7, 1941 was, "A day that will live in infamy!" as declared by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Frankly the whole thing was beyond the scope of our imagination at the time. It took awhile before the seriousness of the situation settled in. My job at the Western Electric Company was secure and I was in no rush to leave it. My brothers, Bob and Wally, were members of the National Guard but did not seem to be involved initially.

By the middle of 1942 the impact of the war began to hit home. Telephone Central Office installations came to a complete halt. Installers were to be transferred to the Western Electric factory to do war production work. It was time to get involved! An ad appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* announcing the U.S. Army Air Corps would be conducting examinations for potential pilots in September. That did it!! Off we go into the Wild Blue Yonder!!!

The tests were conducted in the Chicago Theater downtown. Several hundred applicants were seated in every third row and spaced four seats apart. The tests took several hours and consisted of multiple choice, true or false, logic problems and some narrative. A short time later I received notification that I would be accepted in the Aviation Cadet program.

My actual enlistment date was September 28, 1942 however, there would be delays. The influx of potential cadets was so great at least six months would elapse before active training could begin. Meanwhile Central Office installers were being transferred to the Western Electric company factory. No way did I want that to happen!!! On the 25th of January 1943 I requested and was granted active duty to begin basic training at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

As it turned out a few dozen other Cadets were activated at the same time. We were assigned as a group to an infantry outfit for regular army basic training. Fort Sheridan was not the most glamorous place to be in the dead of winter but I enjoyed the rigorous training. The infantry outfits we were assigned to finished their basics in six weeks. Since our group of Cadets were still waiting to be called up for flight training we were assigned to a new batch of recruits every six weeks. Obviously our Eager Beaver Cadet group became rather proficient at close order drill so the Army took advantage of that fact.

We were assigned to a recruitment effort that consisted of close order drill demonstrations in the Chicago "Loop" every Friday afternoon. There was also a WAC platoon assigned to the recruiting effort. The first one hour trip to the "Loop" was a real surprise. When we boarded the old North Shore train we were told to sit one man to a seat. Next came the WACs, also one to a seat. The Captain in charge was brief and to the point. "Have a good time but no Hanky Panky". The primary purpose was to get us to know each other in our demonstrations and at the same time make it look like the Army was a great place to be. Frankly, we did have fun and to my knowledge no harm was done.

Dorothy was not too thrilled about the travel arrangements but as soon as our two hour routine ended we were free to do as we pleased until reveille Monday morning. The people treated us like heroes (which we were not) and the USO Dances were tremendous. Many of the Guys and Gals were invited to spend weekends with generous Chicago families. Of course I went home to my folks along with some extra fun times with Dorothy. One of the amusing things that often took place on the base had to do with our Air Corps Cadet insignia. We wore regular khakis with small Air Corps Wings pinned on our shirt collars and caps. Most of the enlisted men thought we were some kind of officers and as a result would salute us whenever we passed. We of course returned the salutes in a casual, condescending manner. In addition to the close order drill experience I qualified as sharpshooter with the M1, carbine and the 45 caliber automatic. All in all it was a very satisfying experience.



Cadet Insignia Caused Some Confusion

Finally, around the end of June, some of us received our orders to report to San Antonio, Texas for Preflight training as Cadets. At that time, the Class System was still in effect. We were to serve as underclassmen for six weeks and then serve as upperclassmen for six weeks. With the class system the upperclassmen were totally in charge of the

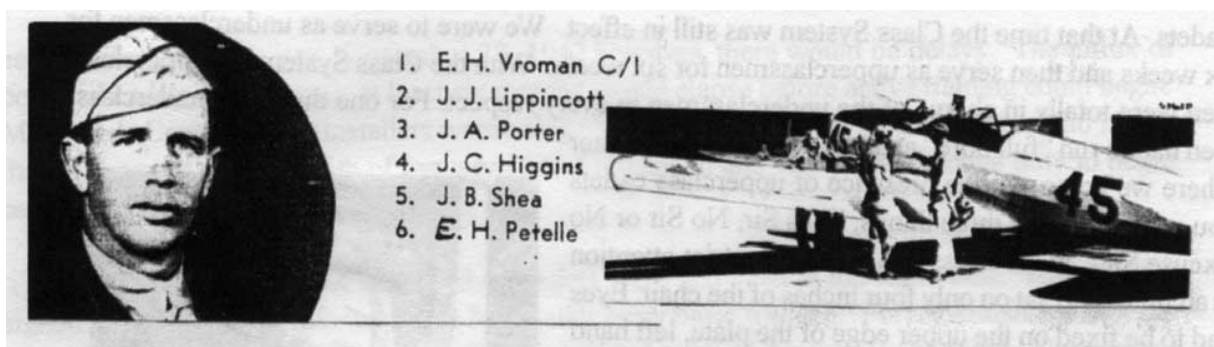
underclassmen in every respect. For one thing, we underclassmen had to run “full bore” at all times on base no matter where we going. In the presence of upper-class cadets you could only say three things, “Yes Sir, No Sir or No Excuse Sir”. In the Mess Hall we sat in strict attention at all times and sat on only four inches of the chair. Eyes had to be fixed on the upper edge of the plate, left hand in your lap with your right hand moving in a square pattern from the plate to your mouth and back to the plate (that was known as a square meal). In the barracks we were slaves to the upper-class. Sometimes we stood in a brace (full stiff attention) for what seemed like hours. On one occasion they had me in a brace so long against a wall the perspiration from my body ate the backing off of the drywall. I was then reprimanded for destroying government property and ordered to do 50 pushups. The Senior Cadet Officer asked me if I enjoyed being in the Air Corps so I grinned and said, “Yes Sir!” He then yelled at me to, “Wipe off that grin, Mister!” A few of the guys cracked under the strain but it was really good training for most of us. It really boiled down to disciplining yourself to accept discipline.



"The Brace"

Those of us who had been involved in regular Army basic training had an advantage over the vast majority of cadets. As an Upperclassman I was appointed Group Adjutant (3rd in command over 600 men). Dress parades were held every weekend and my full dress uniform consisted of white gloves and a fancy saber. Each Saturday afternoon we marched 20 abreast before an officers reviewing stand. Most of the time our group won the blue ribbon for precision drill. When we didn't, we took it out on the underclassmen. One incident stands out in my mind!! It was a particularly hot July day in San Antonio while we were standing inspection. Several regular Army Officers were passing slowly in front of us when a Major stopped in front of me. Just then a fly landed on my forehead. He gradually crawled down my nose and across my cheek. (I kept saying to myself, “Self discipline, self discipline”). The Major flicked the fly off of my face and said, “Well done”. He then walked on. No question about it, I loved it all!!

Onward to Primary Flight Training, ----Coleman, Texas. Coleman is a little town in the center of Texas. I'm stressing that because they still flew the Lone Star flag of Texas over the post office. We were to begin training in Fairchild PT 17A trainers. What a thrill! The PT 17 was a low wing monoplane with an inline engine and tandem seating. Each civilian instructor had 5 cadets assigned to him for flight training. The instructor sat in the rear seat and was very vocal when things didn't go right. Actually Mr. Vroman was a really nice guy. We learned stalls, spins, figure eights and a lot of emphasis on three point landings. I soloed after about ten hours and it seemed as if everything was going along fine.



One morning, after I had logged over twenty-four hours, a group of regular Army Air Corps Officers arrived on base to conduct flight tests on all cadets. I was assigned to Lieutenant Fox. I went through the usual pre-takeoff procedures, lifted off the runway and made my first turn to exit the field pattern when Lt. Fox said his first words. "All right Mister, take her down." The landing was a nice three pointer and then to my surprise he told me to park the aircraft.

I wasn't alone! The same routine was taking place all over the base. We were one bunch of confused cadets. Within a few days we had the answer on the assignment bulletin board. A full 60% of our entire class had been "washed out" in three days! Each instructor had three men cut out of his group of five students as unsatisfactory. I talked to Mr. Vroman but all he would say was, "Sorry, we all have to follow orders." Later, off the record, he suggested I should follow up with flying after the war. In the meantime I requested a review by the Military Command on the base. They listened to me, were very polite and said my comments would be given some consideration. Two days later I received orders to report to Wichita Falls as a Buck Private. The Fortunes of War!

I was a little bitter but still wanted to fly so I volunteered for Radio Operator/ Gunner. My orders were cut to go to a radio school some place in Kansas. At the last minute the orders were changed to report to gunnery school first and then receive training as a radio operator. No problem there; so I thought! The Laredo, Texas aerial gunnery school was OK. We shot a lot of Skeet with twelve gauge shotguns and tons of 50 caliber machine gun rounds at various moving targets. One of the fun things was sitting on top of a flatbed truck in a regulation B24 aircraft top turret with a pair of automatic shotguns mounted where the machine guns were normally placed. The truck drove past a series of skeet ranges at about 30 miles per hour. The objective was to learn how to shoot at a moving target from a moving base. Instead of leading the clay bird it was necessary to aim behind the target because the projectile from the moving base was actually sliding forward due to the motion of the vehicle. When an enemy fighter is shooting at a target his pursuit curve resulted in drifting toward the tail of the aircraft he was firing at. The men who had the most trouble with this concept were the ones who were experienced with hunting real birds and shooting skeet or trap.

Of course we all had to learn all about the care of caliber fifty machine guns. By the time the course was over we could field strip the guns blindfolded. Now we were set to go to radio school. DREAM ON SOLDIER! We were ordered to report to El Paso, Texas for assignment to a B24 Combat group. All gunners were given a furlough before reporting for potential combat duty.

I called my fiancée, Dorothy, and told her to expect me home for a couple of weeks. She responded with, "Let's get married!" We had talked about it many times so I said, "Why not?". Of course on such short notice I pictured a brief ceremony, coffee, cake, relatives and a few friends. Such was not the case! I'll never understand how Mother and Dad Snow accomplished so much in less than ten days but we had a beautiful Wedding Mass at Our Lady Of Grace Catholic Church on November 11, 1943. On top of that they arranged for a big reception at a downtown hotel with a six piece band and all of the trimmings.



Our Wedding Day

Fortunately Bob Nebeck was also on furlough from gunnery school so he was my Best Man. Neither of us wanted to wear a tuxedo so we told everyone we had to stay in uniform. Dorothy's best friend, June Deierl, was Maid of Honor with three other girls from their sorority as Brides Maids. We'll cover more about the wedding in more detail in a later chapter.

When I arrived at El Paso I was assigned to the 857th Squadron in the 492nd Bomb Group. Each enlisted man was assigned a crew number and the trick was to find the Tech Sergeant holding a sign with that number. It was no simple matter with about 800 men milling around the flight line.



**Our Flight Engineer,
Tom Muldoon**

After a little confusion our crew managed to find our Flight Engineer, Tom Muldoon. The Radio Operator was Tom's brother, Louis. I was the Armorer Gunner scheduled to fly the top turret while Hugh White, Bill Veazey and Karl "Shorty" Johanson completed our line up of enlisted men.

In the meantime our Officers were meeting under a sign indicating our Pilot as Captain Harold Stanhope. Tom had already been given the Captain's name but, before we went to join the officers he gave his first order as ranking non-com. Tom was a big Irish "ex-cop" and his order was loud and clear. "When we meet these officers don't anyone salute!" As a former Gung-ho Cadet I questioned the advisability of that approach but Tom stuck to his plan. "If we all just go up and put out our hands they'll have to shake hands." I could hardly believe it --- but it worked like a charm. At first the officers were a little confused but they recovered quickly and it seemed to result in a close knit crew in the long run. The only time anyone saluted was after our tour of duty was over and we were saying goodbye. Our Co-pilot was Lt. Tom Craven, Lt. Bill Whitsitt was Navigator and the Bombardier was Archie A. Lee.

We began training almost immediately as a crew in a “hand me down” B24. On an early night training mission we had two engines acting up so Captain Stanhope decided to make an emergency landing at Eagle Pass, Texas. It was a twin engine base but he set the plane down as light as a feather on the relatively short runway. Crew confidence went up a couple of points. We spent a few nights there while the army flew in a factory engineer who worked with Tom on the engines. For a test flight Captain Stanhope, Tom Craven, Tom Muldoon and the civilian engineer were the only ones on board. The rest of the crew stood on the flight line to observe. As the aircraft took off we had our first real scare. The take off looked normal at first but suddenly the ship went into a steep climb. NO WAY for a propeller driven lady to act!!! Then the plane went into a short dive and at the last second she leveled off, climbed again and circled the field for a nice landing. We on the ground were a little confused as to what had taken place but the flight crew was really shaken up. It seems that when the pilot was pulling back on the wheel for takeoff his seat broke and he fell backwards pulling the wheel with him. He thought quick enough to let go of the wheel and our co-pilot thought quick enough to go into a dive to gain airspeed before a stall occurred. Crew confidence went up another one hundred points!!

Part of the training consisted of the pilot flying at very low level while gunners fired from the nose, tail and the waist guns at ground targets. After a few passes Captain Stanhope wanted to try out his skill at firing the waist guns. He sent me forward to fly as co-pilot while Tom Craven acted as chief pilot. Stanhope enjoyed firing the 50 caliber machine gun so much I ended getting several hours of stick time on the B24. Actually the Captain’s idea was to have two men on board who would be capable of flying the ship back if the cockpit crew were badly injured. Since I had a little basic flight training he coached me as an emergency pilot and Tom Muldoon as co-pilot/engineer. There was no attempt to teach us to land the aircraft. My responsibility would be to keep the plane level and headed toward home while Tom took care of air speed, RPMs and to keep an eye on engine conditions. We were to get the plane back over friendly territory in order to give everyone a chance to bail out. Of course the whole crew liked the idea and I was in “seventh heaven”!

We did most of our flying out of Biggs Field, El Paso, Texas. After a few weeks orders came through allowing married men to live off-base with their wives. Captain Stanhope, Lt. Bill Whitsitt and I were the only married men on the crew so we immediately made arrangements for our spouses to come on down. As usual, my Dorothy was “ready to go” so she arrived two weeks ahead of the other girls. The whole crew wanted to celebrate a reunion party for Dorothy and I when she arrived. What a party it turned out to be!!!!!!!

We were all to meet at the “Cafe Lobby II” (I think that was the name) across the border in Juarez, Mexico. They all wanted to show Dot what a great crew I was assigned to and we all had a wonderful time. Lots of good food, good music and more than enough to drink. As usual Dorothy and I had very little to drink but most of the others were getting pretty high on a pretty pink cocktail called the “TEQUILA DAISY”. Daisy had more kick than they realized. Lt. Archie, our California Beach Boy, had Dorothy up on the dance floor most of the time teaching her the latest west coast dance steps. She was always a good sport and took it all in stride.

Before we knew it the MPs were announcing curfew time for all U.S. military personnel. Because of the huge crowds and only one place to cross the border utter confusion reigned. The Captain had parked his vehicle about two blocks from the bridge so he invited all of us to join him to cross the border in his car. Picture one lady and ten husky guys in one auto. Oh well, we were all in a festive mood so we all clambered aboard. In the meantime the lineup of automobiles and trolley cars extended at least half a mile beyond where the car was located.

The next thing that happened was the only time I saw the Captain use very poor judgement. A little break in traffic opened up and he swung his car into the line just ahead of some civilians carrying Texas plates. They didn't like that one bit! When crossing the border each car had to stop and let the Border Patrol look into each vehicle for "who knows what?" As a result every 15 or 20 feet we came to a short stop. Each time we stopped the Texan in back of us hit our car with a little bump. After finally passing the Mexican Border Patrol but before getting to the U.S. side we received a fairly strong bump from the rear. There we were, in the middle of the Rio Grande, with a pilot who had a pretty good "glow on" from imbibing too many TEQUILA DAISYS. Stanhope got out and walked back to the other car with his hands in his pocket and a silly grin on his face. The Texan changed all of that!!! He hit the Captain in the face and decked him across the trolley car tracks. We all jumped out of the car and before we knew it "all of you know what" broke loose.

There were U.S. GIs, sailors, Mexican soldiers and civilians of all races and colors in the wildest and craziest riot I have ever heard of. At one point Dorothy asked Louie where I was. He came back a couple of seconds later and said, "Here's his hat." At that moment I was helping another GI carry the conductor back to his trolley car. It took about 45 minutes for the U.S. MPs, Mexican MPs, U.S. and Mexican Border Patrols to sort things out and get us all on our way.

Unfortunately the Texans had the Captain's license plate number and turned it over to the Provost Marshal's Office the following day. At the Military inquiry we all testified the Texan landed the first blow but none of us could explain what happened after that. (All true.) I think our bruised, innocent, boyish faces and the fact we were assigned to a Bomber Group on combat ready helped avoid a mass court martial. Unfortunately, when the other wives arrived, there were no more big parties.

A short time later we received orders to ship out. We were issued things like mosquito netting, machetes, water purification tablets and other items which convinced us we were South Pacific bound. I arranged for Dorothy to take a train to Chicago on the same day we were scheduled to fly out. Captain Stanhope and Bill Whitsitt (navigator) were the only ones who knew the first leg of our journey and that was all the information they had. After takeoff on the fateful day Bill told us we were heading for Herrington, Kansas. Wonder of wonders! Dorothy's train ticket indicated a two hour layover at Herrington. We landed at the base early and with the Captain's blessing I grabbed a cab for the train station. I arrived at the station about an hour before the train and surprised Dorothy by taking her to lunch.

A couple of days later we flew to Morrison Field, West Palm Beach, Florida. For a few weeks we buzzed the beaches and theoretically were on submarine patrol along the coast. That earned us the American Theater Ribbon (War is Hell). One of the important things we accomplished was giving our shiny new plane a “nose job”. And it was a Beauty! I believe it was Archie who arranged for a local professional artist to do the work. He painted a copy of one of the “Vargas Calendar Girls” on the starboard nose. Vargas was a famous artist of that era. It was truly one of the finest paintings I have ever seen on an aircraft. The officers chipped in to pay for the artwork. Of course that included the name in fancy scroll. What name ??? “TEQUILA DAISY” of course!!!



Tequila Daisy was copied from the January 1944 Esquire calendar

The 492nd Bomb Group had four separate squadrons consisting of 72 shiny aluminum B24s. We were the first bomber group to go into combat with ships not painted dull olive drab. Each regular crew consisted of four officers and six enlisted men. Of course the total number of personnel in the group numbered in the hundreds. In addition to flight crews there were ground crews, medical staff, bomb handling crews, mess hall, mission planners, and all sorts of support personnel who contribute to the overall welfare of the group. Col. Eugene Snavelly was the group Commander.

We still did not know where we would end up except the orders were to head for Africa. At that point it looked like we were on our way to the “China, Burma, India Theater”. One interesting aspect called for each plane to take off about an hour apart and fly each leg alone. The Island of Trinidad was the first stop and then on to Belem, Brazil. Crossing the Amazon River was a big thrill. The mouth is so wide it was like going over the open ocean. Captain Stanhope took the plane so low, water was sucked up into the bomb bays causing it to spray into our waste compartment. We flew over small islands that brought out spear waving natives. We didn’t know if they were cheering us on or if they were frightened out of their loin clothes by our low level flying. From Belem we flew to Fortaleza, Brazil. Bill Whitsitt was doing a good job of navigating so far but the next leg was the really big one. From Fortaleza we were to fly across the Atlantic Ocean to Dakar, West Africa. Bill did it again. We hit Dakar right on the proverbial nose! One crew in the group never did show up.

Our next landing was in Marrakech, French Morocco. The highlight of our short visit was our first encounter with B29s. Up until then we thought we were the Big Guys. The base tower directed us to a parking area right under the wing of a B29. As it turned out they were heading for the “CBI” and we were headed for Jolly Olde England. Our first stop in the British Isles was Valley Field, Wales. That night on the radio Lord Haw Haw (an English turncoat) greeted the 492nd and told us we would be a favorite target for the Luftwaffe because of our shiny coats. He actually named some of our personnel and gave a little information about their backgrounds. (Spooky) The following day, April 26, 1944, we took off for North Pickenham, England which was to be our home base. The crossing took ten days and we were informed we would be paid an extra \$10.00 per day per diem for

transporting an aircraft overseas. (At that time it was more than a month's pay.) Good deal! Ground crews and all support personnel were already well established on base. Most of them had come across on the Queen Mary and were joined by experienced people from existing combat groups in England.



Flak, or anti-aircraft gunfire

nothing hit our ship and there were no enemy aircraft in sight. We were on oxygen at 18,000 feet and yet could smell the burnt powder in our oxygen masks as we flew through Flak that had burst just ahead of us. In the post-mission interrogation most of us admitted we felt "queazy" even though it was a milk run. Two ships dropped out of the formation as we reached the coast of England. Unfortunately, they both crashed on an emergency field killing one man and injuring several others. No MILK RUN for those crews!!!

On our next two missions we hit airfields at Tutow, Germany and Melin, France. Our crew did not fly the May 19th mission to Brunswick, Germany but I mention it here because it was the first big loss the 492nd suffered. Eight of our aircraft were shot down with eighty men killed or missing in action. Tequila Daisy's really first rough mission was over a railroad marshalling yard at Saarbrücken, Germany. ME 109s were very active with some help from Fockewulf 190s. Only one ship was knocked down but almost every

plane came back full of holes. Our ground crew counted over two hundred holes in the wings and body of Daisy but no one on board had a scratch. Several other crews had wounded men on board. Tequila Daisy's seventh mission was another tough one. While bombing the Politz oil refinery we experienced heavy Flak and a strong concentration of Messerschmidt 109s. (see page 22, *Fortunes Of War* - Library of Congress catalog card number 67-27871.) The group lost three aircraft and many men were injured on the returning planes. Once again Daisy was full of holes but no one on board was hit. By the end of May the 492nd had lost fourteen aircraft and over one hundred forty men.



Bombs Away!

June 6, 1944 --- "D DAY" !! Mighty rough for the guys attempting to get a foot hold on the Normandy Beaches; it was our second milk run. As one of the early lead crews we had a beautiful view of the English Channel. There were so many boats in the water it looked as if you could jump from one boat to the other all the way to France. Another spectacular view was a heavenly one. The sun was rising in the east and the moon was setting in the west. The start of a new day and a new era! We did not see the first bit of flak or a single enemy fighter plane. Apparently the Germans had to concentrate everything available to meet the unexpected arrival of uninvited guests.

The image shows the front page of The New York Times from Tuesday, June 6, 1944. The masthead at the top reads "The New York Times" in a large, bold, serif font. To the left of the masthead is a small box with the text "All the News That's Fit to Print". To the right is another box with "6 A.M. EXTRA" and a note about the paper's circulation. Below the masthead, the date "NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1944" is printed. The main headline, in large, bold, all-caps letters, reads: "ALLIED ARMIES LAND IN FRANCE IN THE HAVRE-CHERBOURG AREA; GREAT INVASION IS UNDER WAY". Below the headline, there are several smaller headlines and a large map. On the left, a column of text is headed "D-Day" and "The Allied invasion of France on 6 June 1944 was the largest combined land, sea and air operation ever undertaken in war. The planning process and the forces involved were on the largest and most elaborate scale. The Supreme Commander for Operation Overlord was General Eisenhower and he had nearly 3,000,000 men under his control. A massive quantity of equipment, much of it specially designed, had also been assembled. One of the most important aspects of the Allied plan was the preparation of parts for two artificial ports (Mulberry Harbors) which were to be towed across the Channel and sunk or anchored off the Omaha and Gold beaches to enable heavy supplies to be landed easily before a major port had been taken." To the right of this text is a large map of Western Europe, showing the English Channel, the North Sea, and the coast of France. The map is labeled "FIRST ALLIED LANDING MADE ON SHORES OF WESTERN EUROPE". To the right of the map, there are several more headlines: "ROOSEVELT SPEAKS", "Eisenhower Acts", "MONTGOMERY LEADS", and "Nazi Say Their Shock Units Are Battling Our Parachutists". At the bottom right, there is a small box with the text "Communiqué No. 1 On Allied Invasion".

On June 8th we flew our last mission with the ill-fated 492nd Bomb Group. We also had to say farewell to our lucky lady, Tequila Daisy! In reference to the 492nd I quote from the *Fortunes of War*, page 46, "--no other bombardment group in U.S. history lost as many airplanes in combat in so short a time. Not counting losses to accidents or crash landings the 492nd lost fifty-two aircraft in less than three months of combat operations."

On June 10th we were transferred to the 66th squadron, 44th Bomb Group as a Command Lead Crew. Our new assignment meant we would be lead ship for different bomb groups depending on the target. It also meant all missions would be over Germany. Our assigned ship was equipped with navigational radar located where the ball turret normally hung. The new gear was nick-named "Mickey Equipment" and was capable of sighting targets through heavy cloud cover. Apparently orders were to avoid using the new equipment over friendly occupied countries. In the transition we lost "Shorty", our ball turret gunner,

and picked up three additional officers, one of whom would be responsible for operating the new Mickey Equipment. Our crew now consisted of seven officers and five enlisted men.

The “Bombs Away” chart lists all of the missions I was a part of, some bad, some mediocre plus a couple of Milk Runs. Actually I flew a couple of missions with other crews who were in need of volunteer gunners. The toughest targets were usually in the Ruhr Valley Industrial area (Commonly called *Flak Alley*). Kiel, Germany was also one of the dangerous targets because the German Navy anti-aircraft gunners guarding the submarine pens were so doggoned accurate. Other tough missions were Bremen, Hamburg, Koblenz and Stuttgart. As it turned out we never took part in a raid on Berlin. On one mission we lost an engine and barely made it back with an emergency landing on a Royal Air Force base just across the English Channel. Another great landing by Captain Stanhope!!!!



Ed Petelle, shown, front row, center

One of the most memorable missions in my estimation took place when our alternate pilot, Captain Rasmussen, was in control. I must confess the date and the target are a bit of a blur but it was a short time before the “Battle of the Bulge”. Here is my impression of what happened. I believe it was a target in the Ruhr Valley. The group was hit pretty hard with flak and experienced a lot of ME 109 action. On the bomb run we suffered the loss of one of our portside engines but the Captain stayed on course. Lt. Bombardier Lee called out, “Bombs Away!” and we started to lead the group out of Flak Alley. Due to some unexplained confusion the Alternate Lead Ship signaled the group to follow him. Apparently he assumed we were too severely damaged to maintain lead control. We probably were but his timing was really bad. The group seemed to scatter momentarily, not sure who to follow.



Aircraft suffers damage from flak

The best protection a group has is to maintain a very tight formation. ME 109s and FW 190s were on us immediately. Our ship suffered more heavy damage including loss of hydraulic fluid, damaged control cables and leaks in our oxygen system. We dropped out of formation and quickly descended to a lower altitude. That may have indicated to the enemy we were finished because although one fighter took a fairly close look he did not fire on us. Of course dropping to a lower altitude made us a better target for anti-aircraft fire which resulted in the loss of the other port engine.



Louis Muldoon

Captain Rasmussen stated over the intercom there seemed to be a problem with flight control and he ordered me to check the bomb bays. Lo and Behold! There were three live 300 pound bombs hung up in the port side bomb bay. Enemy action had damaged several control cables and one bomb bay door had not opened all of the way. Normally when the bombs clear the bomb “rack” a small arming wire is pulled loose. In this case the arming wires were pulled. This allowed the small propeller on the noses of the bombs to spin off which activates the bombs. All they needed was a bump on the nose to detonate. I reported the situation and Louis Muldoon joined me on the catwalk between the bomb bays. After a little careful manipulation we managed to free the bombs without a catastrophe. (If we had been unsuccessful you would not be reading this now.) Louis and I watched the bombs go all the way down and reported one of the bombs hit a train track.

In the meantime we lost the second engine, all of the hydraulic fluid and the last of our oxygen. Oxygen was no longer a problem because we were at a much lower altitude. The Captain told us we could not possibly make it back to England. Our navigator had our exact location pinpointed but had no idea where the Allied ground forces front line was. Captain Rasmussen then told the crew to prepare to bail out. Someone asked over the intercom what he was going to do. He said he intended to bring the ship down if the navigator could locate some kind of a level field. Everyone decided to stay with the ship rather than take a chance on a parachute landing in enemy territory. Right about then Tom Muldoon reported he was not able to lower the landing gear manually. Flying a B24 with two engines out on the same side and no landing gear seemed like a no win situation but we had run out of time for a parachute jump. Besides we still had confidence in our pilot. The navigator located a small air base in Belgium within our limited range. The size didn’t bother the Captain too much because he said, “With no wheels we won’t need much room to stop rolling!” As we came in close we could identify several German planes on the perimeter which appeared to be out of commission. We all assumed the proper position for a crash landing and prayed for the best. It was a perfect landing! We all scrambled out of a badly smashed up aircraft but, except for a few minor bruises no one was hurt.

Suddenly out of nowhere a Jeep showed up with a Sergeant screaming frantically for us to climb aboard. Since we were all in good shape we didn’t quite understand what the problem was until he explained it in very colorful language. The German front line was on the other side of the field. For some reason not a shot was fired and we were transported safely away from the front. They took us to some sort of a headquarters location where a Captain proceeded to direct the enlisted men to the enlisted mess hall. He was about to escort the officers of our crew to the officer’s mess in an old Chateau. Captain Rasmussen refused to budge saying his crew flew together and would stay together. A Colonel standing nearby said he would escort the full crew to the officer’s mess as his guests. Later he invited each of

us to select a bottle of our own choice from the cellar of the old Chateau. (No one asked who really owned the place!) I picked out a bottle of red wine and got drunk for the first time in my life and ended up sick for two days.

Several years later my brother Bob and I were swapping stories about the war when I related my experience about our crash in Belgium. It turned out he was in the same area and saw a B24 go down nearby. We could never determine positively but the evidence points to the fact we may have been within shouting distance of each other. Shortly after that Bob's unit was caught up in the "Battle of the Bulge".

After a brief rest the army transported our crew to Brussels and billeted us in the finest hotel in town. The food was typical army rations but after eating we had a strange thing happen. As usual everyone was expected to clean off their own trays into large garbage cans. As it turned out there were several well-dressed women standing at the end of the line asking us to empty our trays into smaller containers they had. It seems the U.S. Army captured Brussels so fast the civilian population supply lines were cut and the people were on the edge of starvation. That is when we realized all of the regular G.I.s loaded up their trays with more than they could eat so there was extra food for the women to take to their children. At one point we joined a group of civilians who were rioting for food but the MPs nailed us and we were confined to the hotel. Within a week we were back on base and assigned to a new ship.

On a couple of occasions when other crews were short of personnel for a mission we volunteered to fly as substitute gunners. As a result our crew did not finish our tour of duty on the same date. I flew my last mission over Aschaffenberg, Germany on December 12, 1944.

Before we leave the subject of England I'll make a brief flashback to cover off-duty time. Since I was not much of a drinker I rarely went to the Pubs with my crew. I spent most of my free time on a bicycle exploring the many sights of England and Scotland. One example was visiting the Cathedral of Norwich while they were celebrating the laying of the first foundation stones. That took place in the year 944 A.D. and the basic church was not completed until the year 1200. The slabs making up the floor were primarily the lids of coffins which contained the remains of church dignitaries and persons of "noble birth". I also completed a couple of Correspondence courses offered by International Correspondence School courtesy of Uncle Sam.

In the evening I frequently attended Church Army Aero Club and Red Cross dances. My teenage experience in approaching good-looking girls in my roller-skating days paid off. I met some nice very girls and their families since many of the mothers acted as chaperones. At any rate, I stayed busy without getting into any trouble. I truly enjoyed the dances and regularly related my experiences to my wife, Dorothy.

There was one family in particular I had become very close to. After awhile it seemed as if one of the girls and I really danced well together. Naturally I chose her as a partner on a regular basis. Besides, Linda was pretty quick at serving me soft drinks and cookies during the breaks. It wasn't too long before she introduced me to her mother who was one of the

chaperones. A short time later Mrs. Moyse (Mum) invited me to their home for an afternoon tea. From then on I became quite close to the whole family. Mr. Moyse was a little stiff at first but after I supplied him with Prince Albert aromatic pipe tobacco he warmed up a bit. When I asked him why they called Linda "Mizzy" he told me, much to her embarrassment, it was because she was such a miserable baby. They also had an older daughter who was in the military and two young boys. Tony, at 12 years of age, was working as an apprentice at a meat-packing house. Eight year old Jerry was my buddy. At one point Dorothy sent a nice model airplane kit for Jerry and I to build. I had mentioned on one occasion Dorothy collected tea spoons as a hobby. When Mum heard that she insisted on giving me a set of spoons commemorating King George VI's coronation in 1936. A most unusual addition to Dorothy's collection.



Linda "Mizzy" Moyse

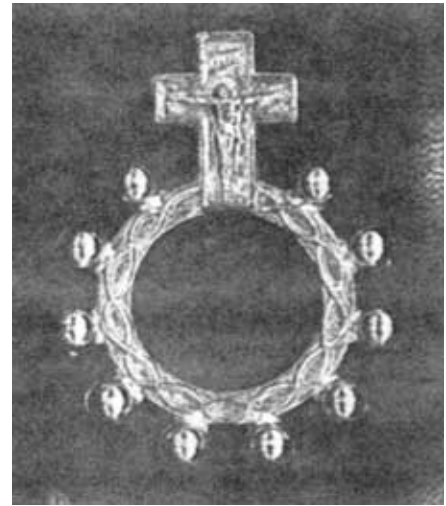


The Moyse Family, 1944

When I finished my 30th mission on December 12th the family knew I would be leaving soon. About two weeks later I made my final visit to the Moyse household. It was a little strange. We were all uneasy during tea time. Mr. Moyse puffed away on his pipe and scolded the boys for lack of anything else to say. Linda didn't say a word all afternoon. Mum and I chatted away like a couple of chipmunks about absolutely nothing. I finally made my move to leave. Everyone gathered on the front porch. Mr. Moyse shook my hand and commented that he had to do something about his "bloody cough".

Mum frowned at his language and gave me a nice hug. The boys poked at me when I tried to shake their hands and then I turned to Linda. Her eyes were kind of misty. I guess mine were too. I put my hands on her shoulders and pulled her a little closer. I kissed her for the first time and simply said, "Goodbye Mizzy". Then I turned and walked away.

On January 7, 1945 I sailed out of Southampton, England aboard the USS United States. It was originally a large luxury liner but had been outfitted as a hospital ship for returning servicemen. There were over 1600 men on board. Most of the soldiers had suffered severe injuries in combat. I was part of a group of Air Corps flyers assigned the duty of assisting medical personnel in caring for the more difficult cases. Many of the men suffered trench foot, loss of limbs or had been blinded in combat. A few cases were troubled with severe psychological problems. One young lieutenant under my care had been a combat pilot but something caused a complete mental breakdown. At times he was like a small child with no idea where he was. At other times he was quite rational and we had some nice conversations. He happened to be a Roman Catholic and wanted a Rosary. I discussed his case with the Catholic Chaplain who then brought him a one-piece plastic Rosary. It was about two inches in diameter with a crucifix at one end and ten small raised beads around the perimeter of the disc. The design was such that it couldn't be swallowed. The Chaplain taught the young man how to say the Rosary on this item and explained the problem of obtaining regular beads on board the ship.



For the most part the men were in very good spirits and were exceptionally grateful when we could bring them up on deck when the weather permitted. One of the most memorable experiences was carrying paraplegics out on deck when we passed the Statue Of Liberty around the middle of January. Those who were able saluted or held their hands over their hearts. Most of us had tears in our eyes out of pride for our country.

After a short furlough at home Dorothy and I were stationed at a very nice hotel on Miami Beach for 17 days. It was supposed to be for rest and rehabilitation. I was required to attend a few lectures but for the most part we could do almost anything we wanted and go wherever we pleased. Dot and I even rented a small sailboat and cruised around Biscayne Bay. A new experience for our wives was daily inspection by a Second Lieutenant. Rooms had to be neat and clean each day before noon. My dear wife always passed with flying colors. Some of the girls had a hard time with that policy. For us it was part of the fun!!!!

Our next assignment was Laredo, Texas for gunnery instructor's school. The troop train we were on had one special car for the exclusive use of sixteen married couples. It turned out to be a really good deal because our car received first class service including meals. In addition we did not have to serve on KP. Since the instructors school was to be only six or seven weeks long we rented a bedroom in a private home while in Laredo. The Gunnery Instructors School was excellent. Because we were familiar with the guns and turrets and had actual combat experience the training consisted of public speaking, group control and class preparation. We were also exposed to the electronic sighting and tracking equipment used on B 29 Bombers. Presumably the new gunners coming up would be fighting a different kind of war. After graduation we went on to Las Vegas, Nevada to pass our knowledge on to the new kids.

Dorothy and I were just getting settled in a cute little apartment in Vegas when “the letter” arrived. It had been addressed to my old combat squadron and somehow they managed to track me down to Las Vegas. The return address indicated it was from the Moyse family. A very nice newsy letter; “--the war was winding down, no more BUZZ bombs, everybody was well. Father was annoyed at Tony, ‘the cheeky one’ because he put his father’s pipe in his mouth just as the picture was snapped. You can see it in the picture.” As I was reading the letter Dorothy was taking it all in with her usual pleasant smile. Then she looked at the family photograph. Suddenly the weather in Las Vegas turned frigid! Dorothy’s voice turned to ice as she said, “IS THIS the little English girl you told me about?” I decided to forget about having an English Pen Pal.

Aside from that one touchy incident everything went well in Vegas. We really enjoyed going into the fancy gambling “joints” although we did not do much betting. The base had a small hobby shop where Dot and I made a few things for our apartment. The class assignments were pleasant and I enjoyed working with a new batch of students every few weeks. Apparently my teaching efforts were reasonably successful and the experience I gained during that period had a profound effect on my whole future.

V.E. Day (Victory in Europe) took place on May 7, 1945. At the time it looked like the war in the Pacific was going to be a long drawn out affair. As a result of the Atom Bomb the end came much earlier than expected. V.J. Day (Victory in Japan) occurred on August 7, 1945. The “Bomb” was a horrible weapon of war but actually saved thousands of American lives as well as Japanese civilians and soldiers. An island to island campaign and mainland landings would have been very costly in lives over a long period of time.

It was time to head on home!! Army discharge was based on a point system. Points were awarded for total length of service, length of time overseas plus points for awards earned. My awards consisted of the American Theater, the European Theater with five battle stars, the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Of course everyone received the Good Conduct Medal and the Victory Medal. At any rate I received my Honorable Discharge on October 7, 1945 at Chanute Field, Illinois. Next stop ---- Home with Dorothy!!!!



Well, that was the end of the War Years but over the next fifty years several incidents took place relating to those hectic times. The following account involves a few flashbacks that may be of interest:

As indicated in “*Work --*”, Chapter III, my chosen career involved a large number of company transfers. I enjoyed the experience of a wide variety of positions in almost every aspect of the telephone industry. However, in less than 40 years, Dorothy and I lived in 10 different homes in 7 different cities. As a result I lost contact with all of my fellow crew members and in fact did not give much thought to WW II for over twenty-five years. In the mid ‘60s I joined the 8th Air Force Historical Society who issued a monthly newspaper full of interesting articles, nostalgia and information on recent books and up coming reunions. An advertisement in the Society News about a recently published book was of interest to me. The title *Fortunes of War* was a history of the 492nd, detailing many stories of the Groups unfortunate short combat experience. Because the 492nd was pulled out of combat well before the end of hostilities there was no one, right after the war, to prepare and edit a group history. Twenty years had passed before Allen G. Blue researched the subject and produced his book. Although well done, much of the material was sketchy and incomplete. Naturally I ordered the book and still treasure it.

Over the course of the years I only attended one group reunion. The 44th Bomb Group met in the Black Hills of South Dakota for three days in May of 1982. It was interesting and I enjoyed myself but did not meet a single person I had known during the war. When the 492nd was removed from combat the remaining crews and related personnel were scattered around to a variety of active groups. As a result the 492nd, as such, has never had a group reunion



Occasionally in the “Mail Call” section of the Society News there would be a short story or message of interest. In the January 1985 issue a message from the secretary of the 492nd BG historical committee really caught my eye. I immediately wrote to Bill Clarey (secretary) and related my story of how Tequila Daisy was named and about a few of the missions our crew flew in her. I also mentioned how, when leading the 492nd over Munich on July 11, 1944 we only lost one aircraft. It was *Daisy* limping off in the direction of Switzerland with engines smoking. That was the last we saw of her. I condensed my letter and it appeared in the Mail Call section of the news in April 1985.

The two Mail Call letters caught the attention of Archie A. MacIntyre who was the Radio Operator on the Tequila Daisy on the July 11th mission to Munich. He wrote a fine letter to me describing that fateful mission and its final landing in Switzerland. He offered to send me a photo of the Daisy with her nose on the ground. Naturally I responded to his letter with a few additional comments and asked him to send me a copy of the photo. Archie followed up with another nice letter and the picture which I have had enlarged.

Late in April 1987 I received another interesting follow-up on the *TEQUILA DAISY* ongoing chronicle. A 25 year old man named Hans-Heiri Stapfer contacted me in reference to the Daisy. He was in the process of documenting information on Allied and German aircraft that had taken refuge in neutral Switzerland during the war. He had in his possession a copy of my letter to the 8th Air Force Historical Society and wanted to know if I could add anything else to the narrative. Unfortunately I couldn't really help him any further. His letter went on to say that although the ship was dismantled for scrap, the name (and presumably the picture) survived the "slaughter". Apparently the nose panel is on display in the Air Force Museum at Dubendorf, Switzerland. It is my hope that someday I will visit the museum and pay my respects to *TEQUILA DAISY* !!

In August of 1993 I received the following one sentence letter from the "44th Bomb Group Finders Committee":

Dear Sir,
If you are the Edward Petelle who served as a
member of the 44th Bomb Group during World War
II please fill out the attached form and return to me.
Sincerely,
Secretary, etc.

Well I am ----- so I did! They wanted my name, rank, serial number, aircraft, number of missions, combat hours and known crew members. That brought back a mess of half-a-century old memories! Aerial Gunner, B24, 30 missions, 299 combat hours, names. That part was easy. Stanhope, Whittsit, Lee, the Muldoon brothers-- I put 'em all down. Within two weeks I received another letter from the Finders committee. I couldn't believe it! I had no idea who these guys were, they didn't invite me to become a member and they didn't ask for a donation. INCREDIBLE.

Dear Sir,
The following names addresses and telephone
numbers are the latest information we have on
the former members of your flight crew.
Sincerely,
Secretary, etc.

Indorf -- Connecticut
Tom & Louie Muldoon -- Detroit
A.A. Lee -- California
Stanhope -- Clearwater, Florida

Lo and Behold! Captain Stanhope lived only 10 miles from my home. I picked up the telephone immediately. As soon as he answered I recognized his voice. "Captain Stanhope, this is a voice out of our past." "Anybody who calls me Captain must be out of the past. Almost fifty years have elapsed since I was a Captain." "Well Sir, this is Ed Petelle from the crew of the Tequila Daisy." "Ed Petelle?? -- PETELLE! You were the only straight arrow on my crew." He called me that because I didn't swear, smoke or drink. He also knew if one of my fellow crew members had been on a binge the night before a mission I would have him on the flight line by 0500 the next morning. Within a few days I drove over to his Condo and had a mini-reunion with the Captain and his lovely wife, Martha. Although he was rather heavy his attitude was lively and enthusiastic. He had a short crew cut and insisted I call him "Curley." At any rate it was the beginning of a very nice relationship.

Early in July 1996, I received a request from the Turner Publishing Company who were in the process of preparing a documentary book on the 44th Bomb Group. They wanted to include in the book stories from actual members of the group and any photographs that were available. I couldn't resist! On July 16th, 1996 I sent my contribution along with my check of \$52.50 for a copy of the book. My narrative is a fairly long one about the Tequila Daisy while with the 492nd and my most memorable mission with the 44th BG. They also wanted a brief description of the writer's service record and the individual's photo (in uniform and something current). I included a photo of our crew and the one of the Daisy with her nose on the ground in Switzerland. There were several delays in publishing the book but in February 1998 I received a very good quality hardbound copy of the 44th Bomb Group History.

WONDER OF WONDERS!!! They printed everything I sent including the five pictures!!!!



We carried these photos on all missions to be used for producing civilian I.D. papers by the "Underground" in the event of a forced landing in hostile territory.



Holiday in Bonnie Scotland.



A Happy Cadet.



"MIZZY" and "MUM"



Ed and Dot Petelle, Tom Muldoon, Eve and Lou Muldoon.- Miami, FL



The Eighth Air Force Historical Society

P.O. Box 3556, Hollywood, FL 33083

"THE FORTUNES OF WAR"



a history of the
492nd Bomb Group
on
daylight
operations

allan g. blue

492nd BG Combat Record. The 492nd should have been included on the table on p. 14 of 96-4. We flew 66 missions. Our losses were 58 MIA and 530 KIA. On the May 19 mission to Brunswick we lost 8 a/c and 80 KIA; 5/29 to Politz we lost 3 a/c and 22 KIA; June 20 to Politz we lost 14 a/c and 138 KIA; July 7 to Bernburg we lost 12 a/c and 118 KIA. Unfortunately, the 492BG had the highest number of losses in the shortest period of operation. Willis H. "Bill" Beasley, 1525 South Garfield St. Denver, CO 80210 (303-756-4766).

FOR MERITORIOUS SERVICE

The Commanding General
Army Air Forces
extends the gratitude of the
**UNITED STATES
ARMY AIR FORCES**

to

Staff Sergeant Edward E. Petelle
*whose wholehearted and sincere interest contributed
to the successful prosecution of World War II against those
who sought to subjugate the civilized world.*

A Kid Waits in Piccadilly.

Corp. Robert B. Petelle, 24, of the Army, and his brother Pvt. Walter B. Petelle Jr., 28, of the Marines, each served three years in the Illinois National Guard before Pearl Harbor.

So they figured they were clinch to get to Paris and Berlin before their brother. Staff Sgt. Edward H. Petelle, 21, of the Air Forces, who had no previous military training.

In fact, the last time Robert and Walter saw each other at the home of their parents at 1833 N. 73d st., Elmwood Park, they made a date to meet in Piccadilly Circus in London.

They were a trifle chagrined



From left: Robert, Edward and Walter Petelle.

when the kid brother, Edward, got to England first.

That was last April, and after Edward had completed more than 20 bombing missions and won the Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster and other decorations, he sent word to Robert and Walter:

"I'm waiting for you guys to get to Piccadilly Circus."

Robert made the grade a short time later, and now is in England. But Walter is still champing the bit at the Marine Radio Gunnery School in Jacksonville, Fla.



44
BOMBARDMENT GROUP (heavy)



ARMY AIR FORCES TRAINING COMMAND

Be It Known That,

S/SGT EDWARD H. PETELLE, JUN 16134879

Has Satisfactorily Completed The Prescribed Course of Training For
INSTRUCTOR GUNNER, CENTRAL SCHOOL FOR FLEXIBLE GUNNERY

Given at LARDO ARMY AIR FIELD, LARDO, TEXAS

From 28 MARCH 1945 To 5 MAY 1945

In Testimony Whereof and By Virtue of United Authority I Do Confer Upon Him This

DIPLOMA

Given on this 7 day of MAY, one thousand nine hundred and forty-five.

Attested: *Wilson H. Foster*
WILSON H. FOSTER
1st Lt., Air Corps,
Assistant Secretary

J. H. Eckenrode
J. H. ECKENRODE
Captain, Air Corps,
Supervisor of Training, (IC)



Hans-Heiri Stapfer
Bergstrasse 35
CH-8810 Horgen/ZH
SWITZERLAND

Horgen, 20th April 1987

Dear Mr. Petelle:

Your letter had been forwarded to me by the 8th AF Historical Society. For several years I am very much interested in American aircraft down in my country in World War II. I am also compiling a book on these aircraft interned here in Switzerland.

It was great to learn that you was involved in TEQUILLA DASY, the ship which landed at Dübendorf-airfield with a collapsed nosewheel. The ship was dismantled and taken on storage, only to be scrapped after the war as so many other ships.

But the nickname survived the slaughter at Dübendorf and ist now on display in the Air Force museum at Dübendorf, among other items of interned Axis and Allied aircraft.

I would be very much interested to obtain more information on TEQUILLA DASY, also if ever possible, pictures of the aircraft while in England or America. This would be very much appreciated and helps me to do my book much more accurate.

Well, in short, anything in connection with TEQUILLA DASY is very much interesting. By the way, I sent a manuscript to Squadron. It is a book on downed American aircraft in Germany. Hopefully it will be out in late 1987 or 1988. I enclosed also a story of a 492nd BG Liberator which became a victim over Bernburg on 7th July 1944.

I am 25 years old and live just outside of Zürich and close to the place TEQUILLA DASY came to rest. Visited your fine country once in 1982 and the trip is still in my very best memory.

Sincerely yours,

Henni



ALL ABOUT ME

THE WAR YEARS

The total number of flying hours logged by me, while in the United States Army Air Corp in various types of aircraft, came to approximately 700 hundred hours. My TOTAL Combat hours as an Aerial Gunner in B24 bombers was exactly 299 hours. The following list is a record of the 30 missions in which I was a participant.

492nd Bomb Group, 857th Squadron

Mulhouse, France	May 11, 1944
Tutow, Germany	May 13, 1944
Melun, France	May 24, 1944
Belfort, France	May 25, 1944
Saarbrücken, Germany	May 27, 1944
Zeitz, Germany	May 28, 1944
Politz, Germany	May 29, 1944
Cherbourg, France	<i>D-DAY</i> June 6, 1944
Angers, France	June 8, 1944

44th Bomb Group, 66th Squadron - June 10, 1944

Saarbrücken, Germany	June 28, 1944
Kiel, Germany	July 6, 1944
Munich, Germany	July 11, 1944
Munich, Germany	July 12, 1944
Koblenz, Germany	July 19, 1944
Bremen, Germany	July 21, 1944
Ludwigschafen, Germany	July 29, 1944
Frankfort, Germany	August --- 1944
Schwerin, Germany	August 25, 1944
Basdorf, Germany	August 27, 1944
Saarbrücken, Germany	September --- 1944
Kassel, Germany	September 22, 1944
Kassel, Germany	September 28, 1944
Geselkirchen, Germany	October 25, 1944
Hamburg, Germany	October 30, 1944
Stuttgart, Germany	November --- 1944
Hanau-Langendiebach, Germany	November --- 1944
Hamburg, Germany	December --- 1944
Altenbecken, Germany	December --- 1944
Kolschhausen, Germany	December --- 1944
Aschaffenburg, Germany	December 12, 1944

That's ALL Brother !!!

ALL ABOUT ME

UNCLE SAM PAID FOR THIS TRIP

April 14, 1944	West Palm Beach, Florida --U.S.A.
April 16, 1944	Island of Trinidad, South .America
April 17, 1944	The Great Amazon River - Brazil, South America
April 17, 1944	Belem, Brazil, South America
April 19, 1944	Fortaleza, Brazil, South America
April 21, 1944	Across the Atlantic Ocean to Dakar, West Africa
April 23, 1944	Marrakech, French Morocco, Africa
April 24, 1944	Valley Field, Wales, England
April 26, 1944	North Pickenham, Suffolk, England
June 11, 1944	Shiphtham, Norfolk, England
September 10, 1944	Edinburgh, Scotland
November 29, 1944	Brussels, Belgium
December 25, 1944	Bamber Bridge, England
January 7, 1945	Southhampton, England
January 24, 1945	New York, N.Y. - U.S.A.

HOME AGAIN

ALL ABOUT ME

CHAPTER V

WAS IT ALL WORTH IT?

Man Oh Man, I sure hope so!!! Whether or not a person is trying to do something to help his community, his country or himself I truly believe the effort is worthwhile. Part of my philosophy is to do your very best on any endeavor, even if it is something you don't particularly enjoy. I have always gained from the experience of participation.

Of course the War Years were an example of "one doing one's all for one's country". It was a time when young and old alike were caught up in a fever to put an end to anarchy gone amuck. Perhaps in the long run not much was accomplished and although I would never want to go through the experience again I am glad that I was a participant.

Frankly, it wasn't until after the war that I came face to face with the reality of social and civic responsibility. The idea of contributing a few bucks to the local Community Chest seemed like a nice idea and a good way to help those less fortunate. At the time I did not realize how committed the Bell system was to the effort throughout the entire country. As a Union Steward I began getting complaints from union members about the pressure tactics being used by management to obtain large donations from the employees. The company goal was to have one hundred percent participation with craft employees expected to pledge one half of one percent out of each payday for a full year. (Management employees were told to pledge a full one percent of their salary). When my supervisor came to me with a pledge card I felt I was fully prepared to resist. I protested vigorously, pointing out the policy was unfair, unjustified and dictatorial! My immediate supervisor was concerned that my attitude might influence other union members (which is what I was counting on). The next day I was ordered to report to the main office in downtown Chicago for a brief orientation.

It turned out there were about a dozen other "mavericks" like me in the meeting. After a short group discussion we were loaded on a small bus and taken to an old peoples home, then on to an orphanage, the veteran's hospital, a crippled children's home and a training facility for mentally handicapped persons. In each case we were encouraged to talk to and assist those living at the particular facility. As a grand finale we were shown a slide presentation of how the money was allotted to the various organizations. Since most of the personnel involved in collections, budgeting and administration were volunteers the cost of the annual drive was minimal. Of course the ongoing distribution of the proceeds was handled by a permanent staff, but even this was subject to volunteer administrators for approval. I was convinced!!!!

From that moment on, in both Illinois Bell and GTE of Florida I pledged a full one percent of my salary for United Fund activities. In addition I decided to *give more of myself* to the service of my fellow men. I firmly believe we must do all we can to physically, materially and financially help those less fortunate than ourselves. In some cases the organizations I belonged to were self improvement oriented but even then part of the effort

was to help others. For example, as a member of Toastmasters each member critiqued the speeches of other members to assist them in public speaking. In addition our club sponsored a Middle School speech contest and assisted a Boy Scout Troop in speech improvement for obtaining merit badges. Without a doubt it is the unpaid volunteer in clubs, civic associations and charitable organizations that are responsible for the success of any project.

The following is a list of things I have been involved in:

Participated in the Red Feather Community Chest in Illinois Bell Telephone Co. (1947 to 1949) 100% participation from union members in my group.

Assisted in the Sales Rally for the Sales Executive Club (1960-64)

Participated in the St. Petersburg United fund Campaign. (1960-61)

Participated in the Boy Scout Sustaining Member Drive. (1961)

Chairman of Central Business Division of St. Petersburg United Fund (1962)

District Two Chairman, Boy Scouts of America, St. Petersburg (1962)

Member of Kiwanis Club. Participated in Boys and Girls committee, Vocational Guidance and Boy Scouts. (1962-68)

Chairman of Professional Division of St. Petersburg United Fund Campaign. (1963)

Assisted in Telephone Pioneers activities (1964 to 1973)

Appointed as a Director of the St. Petersburg Sales Executive Club (1964)

Arranged for donation of the 32 foot sailboat "SARA" to Sea Explorer Ship Allendale (1964)

Chairman of GTE Marketing Department for United Fund (1968)

Assisted as the first Lector of the New Mass Format in the Diocese of St. Petersburg December 17, 1969

Participated as a Lector in every Parish we have belonged to from 1970 to 1998 (so far)

Participated in the United Appeal Campaign in Sarasota (1969)

Member of Toastmasters International (1971-73) Awarded nine First Place trophies and placed second in Florida State competition.

President of Noonshiners Toastmasters Club of Tampa (1972)

Continuing Education Lecturer at the University of Kentucky, College of Engineering
(June 1972)

Participated in formation and activities of the GTE "Skin 'N Scuba" club. (1973)

Cub Scout Webelos Leader, Troop 219 (1973)

Participated in the Gulf Ridge Council "School Night for Scouting" (Sept. 1973)

Assistant Scoutmaster Troop 219 (1974-75)

Scoutmaster Troop 219 (1976)

Coordinator of GTE General Offices, United Way (1975)

Participated in Boy Scout SME financial drive (1976)

Appointed as a Director of the Sunrise Condo Association (1991-92)

Chairman of Condo Hurricane Preparedness Committee (1991-92)

Secretary of Sunrise Condo Association (1992)

Director of Shore Manor Condo Association (1995)

President of Shore Drive South Corporation (1996)

B 24749

This is to Certify that

Edward H. Petelle
has passed the prescribed examination in Piloting
and has been admitted to membership in the

UNITED STATES POWER SQUADRONS

Enrolled in

Lakeland Power Squadron

SEAMAN	ADVANCED PILOT	JUNIOR NAVIGATOR	NAVIGATOR
2 February 1952			

St. Petersburg Junior College

This Certifies That
Edward H. Petelle

having completed the Course of Study prescribed by the District
Board of Trustees is hereby declared a Graduate
of this Institution and is granted the degree

Associate in Arts

In Testimony Whereof we have hereunto affixed our signatures this twelfth
day of May, nineteen hundred and seventy-nine

Paul M. Kittery Jr.

**The United States Coast Guard
Auxiliary**

TREASURY DEPARTMENT



Presents to Ed. H. Petelle this certificate
attesting to the completion of the Non-Member course in
BASIC SMALL BOAT SEAMANSHIP

He has pledged himself to obey all rules for safe boating

June 10, 1956
(Date)

W. H. ...
Director of Auxiliary
Hatch Coast Guard District

This is to certify that

EDWARD H. PETELLE

has successfully completed an examination in
Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling
given by the

LAKELAND, FLORIDA Power Squadron

4 MAY, 1956
Date

William G. ...
Squadron Commander



20 May 1966



**Distinguished Service
Award**

presented to

Ed Petelle

IN RECOGNITION OF OUTSTANDING SERVICE

to the FLORIDA CHAPTER of the

American Society for Training and Development

PRESENTED THIS 6 DAY OF October 1971

American Institute of Architects



**St. Petersburg Jr. College
Student Chapter**

ED PETELLE

is accepted for active membership on this 10th
April 1971, and is entitled to all rights and
thereof.

**Commencement
Exercises**



Bayfront Center

**City of Clearwater
ENERGY CODE SEMINAR**

ED PETELLE

has successfully completed a special seminar on the Pinellas
Countywide Energy Code presented by the Building Department
and the Energy Office of the City of Clearwater, Florida

JULY 26, 1979
Date

Robert ...
Energy Office

Ray ...
Building Director

UNITED STATES
TREASURY DEPARTMENT

AWARD

Presented to
Edward H. Petelle

In appreciation of patriotic service
to the Nation through the
United States Savings Bonds Program.

Amount July 4, 1961

James H. Hill
DIRECTOR OF THE OFFICE

W. H. Northcutt
CHIEF OF THE OFFICE



Mr. E. H. Petelle
Division Sales Manager
General Telephone Company
828 Arlington Ave. N.
St. Petersburg, Florida

Dear Sir:

You will be pleased to know that our Section E of the Central Business Division - United Fund Campaign - has collected in cash or pledge a total of \$818.00. This is 105% of our \$800.00 goal.

On behalf of the many civic-minded citizens who make up the United Fund organization, I want to thank you for your very effective work on the current campaign. And I personally appreciate very much your ready response to my appeal for help.

Sincerely,

James H. Hill
James H. Hill

ELW/cm

Copies to: O. K. Cook
D. E. LaMaster

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS PROGRAM
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company

Military Products Group

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. • 1000 E. WISCONSIN ST. ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA • 828 ARLINGTON AVE.

April 20, 1961

Mr. Edward H. Petelle
General Telephone Company
P.O. Box 1125
St. Petersburg, Florida

Dear Sir:

I should like to have this opportunity to express my personal gratitude to you for something the very important position as Chairman of the Central Business Division for our 1961 United Fund Campaign and to thank you for your volunteer support.

From as a chairman of great responsibility and for that position I am sure of your growth ability and drive.

Our 1961 campaign will profit immensely from our successful 1960 drive, and your leadership, and the excellent example you set in being served as my day officer and his staff.

It has been an honorable task, and I am sure that I have a successful drive as a result of your appreciation for having you "steered".

Sincerely,

James H. Hill
James H. Hill
General Telephone Company

*Chairman
Central Business
Division*

Award OF EXCELLENCE

Presented to

EDWARD H. PETELLE

for outstanding service and accomplishment in behalf of the

SOUTH PINELLAS
UNITED FUND-RED CROSS
CAMPAIGN

Ralph H. Green
Ralph H. Green

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS PROGRAM
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR
WASHINGTON, D. C.

GENERAL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF FLORIDA
PURCHASE ACTIVITIES REPORT

OFFICER: James H. Hill DATE: April 20, 1961

REPORT: St. Petersburg EXCHANGE: St. Petersburg

REPORTING OFFICER: James H. Hill ADDRESS: St. Petersburg

CHECK TYPE OF ACTIVITY (Include Employee Information Files and Program)

☐ MEETING
☐ TELEPHONE COMPANY 3037
☐ SPECIAL DATA OR INFORMATION PROGRAM
☒ SPECIAL PROJECT
☐ FILM TITLE

NAME AS REPORTED: Edward H. Petelle

Address: St. Petersburg

Place: St. Petersburg

Total Amount: _____

REMARKS: (If additional space is needed, attach extra sheet.)

Mr. Edward H. Petelle, Division Sales Manager, recently assumed his appointment as chairman of the Central Business Division for the United Fund and Cross Campaign. The responsibility of collecting funds from small and medium business with a goal of approximately \$10,000 will be achieved with the help of 20 section leaders. One section plans will be for sustaining approximately 200 businesses in this division.

UNITED FUND - RED CROSS CAMPAIGN
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Edward H. Petelle
General Telephone Company
P.O. Box 1125
St. Petersburg, Florida

Dear Sir:

Our United Fund would like you to have the highest award of excellence as an appreciation of the gratitude of a truly grateful community.

In the rush of the campaign you practically forgot that we are not in the business of making money at all, but that we are helping people. These people have no way to know about it. This money is yours. We hope you will accept it with the knowledge that you have made a truly remarkable gift to your community.

Your United Fund office would appreciate it very much if you would send us the names of those volunteers working under your leadership and, in your opinion, should also receive this award.

With best personal regards,

Sincerely,

LAW OFFICES
GREENE AND DAVENPORT
1000 PINEAPPLE AVENUE
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

APRIL 10, 1961

E. H. Petelle To Lead Drive For United Fund

Edward H. Petelle, western division sales manager for General Telephone Co., has been appointed chairman of the professional division for the United Fund campaign to be held this fall.

James M. Newton, campaign chairman, appointed Petelle. He said the division workers would solicit owners and employees of some 600 professional offices.

This would include physicians, attorneys, dentists, veterinarians, optometrists, architects, engineers, accountants, clergymen and osteopathic physicians. The section will have more than 200 volunteers. They will be supervised by nine section chairmen.

Mr. Edward H. Petelle
General Telephone Company
P.O. Box 1125
St. Petersburg, Florida

Dear Sir:

What you accomplished as one of the responsible leaders to the Central Business Division contributed materially to the overall success of this year's United Fund Campaign Drive.

While I am sure you are fully aware of my personal appreciation, I am sure you will be sure that appreciation through this letter.

The responsible divisions of South Pinellas County, I am sure, feel a sense of gratitude for what you accomplished, but my personal gratitude is even deeper because of the close collaboration inspired throughout the campaign.

With best personal regards,

Sincerely,

Ralph H. Green
Ralph H. Green, Jr.
Campaign Chairman

1960-61 St. Petersburg Sales Executives Club



THIS CERTIFIES THAT
EDWARD H. PETELLE
has fully qualified for membership
and maintains the high ethical standards required by
the club and the sales management profession

Al Shindler



Citizens NATIONAL BANK
P. O. BOX 1000 • ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

April 27, 1961

Mr. Edward H. Petelle
General Telephone Company
528 Arlington Avenue North
St. Petersburg 1, Florida

Dear Ed:

I do not know of anything that has given me any more personal pleasure than to have shared working with you on the Sales Rally which has just passed.

I am sure that this experience has had many rewards to all of us, particularly the opportunity of getting to know each other better. Your contribution in this effort has my heartfelt appreciation, and I commend you upon a job well done. I know that your personal contribution in this program will carry beyond into your own business efforts. You might be interested in knowing that up to now, we have money in the bank for 1,430 tickets and there are prospects that it may go up to 1,450.

Again, many thanks for what you have done.

Sincerely yours for
better selling in 1961!

Chairman - Sales Rally

SALES AND MARKETING EXECUTIVES - INTERNATIONAL



Edward H. Petelle

having attained general excellence in the
selling profession through diligent efforts in applying
fine attitude, skill and knowledge to every task
as a Distinguished Salesman

presented by

St. Petersburg Sales Executives Club



General Telephone Co.



Citizens NATIONAL BANK
P. O. BOX 1000 • ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

May 30, 1964

Mr. E. H. Petelle
General Telephone Company
P.O. Box 11230
St. Petersburg, Florida 33713

Dear Ed:

Thank you very much for the comprehensive report, which I received in this morning's mail, on the Sales Rally. I am certainly very pleased that we did so well and, quite, I extend my personal appreciation to you and all of the men who worked on the rally for the very fine job they did.

I was particularly interested in the analysis that you made on the ticket sale and it will be an excellent guide to use in the future.

With warm personal regards,

Sincerely,

Frank L. Glaze
Frank L. Glaze



JACK WINTERHOUT, newly elected President of the St. Petersburg Sales Executives Club, being presented to EDWARD H. PETELLE, new Director.

MERRILL LYNN, FIRMER, PENNER & SMITH CO.
September 10, 1964

Mr Eds

It transfer to Lakeland was a promise I know, and I do join your many other friends in congratulating and wishing you every continued success.

Now that it won't be long before Lakeland realizes St. Petersburg's loss has been its gain.

We ever come to St. Pete, I hope you will find time to visit me either at the office or at home.

Again, my congratulations and best wishes,

Sincerely,

Maurice L. Foley
Maurice L. Foley

Mr. Edward H. Petelle
General Telephone Company of Florida
Lakeland, Florida



ED PETELLE
In Office of
Public and Business
Affairs
Commissioner

DALE CLONINGER
ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT
GENERAL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF FLORIDA

SUBJECT
TELSTAR II



March 26, 1973

TO: All Vice Presidents

I understand Ed Petelle (General Service Supervisor-Budget) is a member of "Trustmasters" (International). I wish to commend Ed for his assignment to come up with a humorous talk.

Ed has agreed... if he can work it out in time the material already prepared and make a few appearances if he can in any way be helpful to our Pioneer efforts.

In mentioning this to you, I have in mind such a program would be suitable for a future luncheon or get-together.

To make arrangements, go directly to Ed. He can be reached in Tampa at telephone number 224-6860.

Cordially,
W. A. McCullough
President

P.S. - This presentation is about six minutes in duration. WAMC

COAST, SARASOTA

This is to certify that
EDWARD H. PETELLE
is elected an **ACTIVE** member of this club and is thus accorded the fellowship and privileges of such membership

Clark Fulton, Jr. Secretary

June 11, 1970

PETELLE TRIES HARDER

1971

Ed Petelle after winning the Club, Area 6 and Western Division Humorous Speech Contests, came in second in the State (District 47) contest on October 16 in Jacksonville. There to cheer him on from Area 6 were Dottie Petelle, Jo Clary, Dave Meeks, Cappy Sharer, and Emmett Clary. We all attended an excellent fall convention. Ed says that since he is second, he'll try harder.



November 22, 1972

Dear Sir:

The "Work Day" at Circle Villa was a big success... due to no small measure to your personal contribution.

The Sunshine Club Pioneer, both individually and collectively, set out to contribute meaningful assistance to the Villa that could not be duplicated by dollars alone. This goal was definitely achieved!

By the time the day was over, a full fence had a new and newly planned median, the central had a new strand of barbed wire, and the stable was well on its way to becoming a reality. All who took part in the "Work Day" can be justly proud of their individual accomplishment.

Everyone is busy with their own personal affairs - particularly at this holiday time. However, I am sure that the feeling of Thanksgiving - if only briefly - to someone else. On behalf of the Club, and the Villa, I want to thank you for helping make that day such a memorable one.

Sincerely,
Ken Dury
Ken Dury
President



By this Diploma Certifies that

EDWARD H. PETELLE

is a paid up member for life of the

Independent Telephone Pioneer Association

In recognition of consistent and meritorious service and devotion to the development and progress of Independent Telephony throughout a long career

There's a new paid up club governor, our champion, Ed Petelle. He will be active in the Thriftmaster program.

"THE THRIFTMASTER" HIGHLIGHTS

Did you receive your October, 1971, issue of The Thriftmaster? How did you like it? Let's talk about it at our next club meeting and let those Thriftmasters know they're doing it. Complete the form and give it to our Educational Vice-President. It will help the club programs that meet our needs.

MEMBERSHIP

Don't forget, fellow Thriftmasters, we're all in it together. Bring a guest to our next meeting. Win a prize.

ANNOUNCED SPEECH AND EVALUATION CONTEST

Well fellow Thriftmasters of 1968, let's have this Saturday November 13, 1971, 7PM, the District Order last night. The participants **EDWARD H. PETELLE** and **JOE** are:

Master of Ceremonies - Emmett Clary
Thriftmaster - Ed Petelle
Speech - Ed Petelle
Evaluation - Cappy Sharer

This is all the more reason why we should make every effort to attend and support our presentation. Let the club see what Thriftmastering is all about. Goodbye, let's have fun a night out in a pleasant atmosphere. See you there.

1962 UNITED FUND-RED CROSS campaign of south pinellas

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Mr. Edward H. Petelle
General Telephone Company
P.O. Box 12228
St. Petersburg, Florida

Dear Ed:

First of all, I would like to say to you that you are a very important part of the United Fund-Red Cross campaign. It is because of people like you that we are able to do the things that we do.

So the more of you we have, the more we can do. And the more we can do, the more we can help the people who need it. So please keep up the good work that you are doing. It is very important to us.

Thank you very much for your contribution.

Sincerely,

John G. Smith
Executive Director

GENERAL TELEPHONE COMPANY
OF FLORIDA
410 HURON STREET
TAMPA, FLORIDA 33601
October 16, 1966

Mr. Ed Petelle
Marketing Department

Dear Ed:

I would like to thank you for your very enthusiastic support and assistance during the recent United Fund Campaign. It was a privilege to have you as part of our United Fund team. You not only worked hard in achieving some outstanding results for the Marketing Department but in helping the General Office achieve their total goal.

Sincerely,

W.C. Charlow, Jr.
GENERAL PLANT

WCCJ/eth

cc: Mr. W.A. White

UNITED FUND
Marketing Dept.
Chairman

Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company Military Products Group

OPERATIONS DIVISION • 10000 WISCONSIN • ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA • 33705-1001

January 2, 1968

Mr. Edward H. Petelle
General Telephone Company
P.O. Box 12228
St. Petersburg, Florida

Dear Ed:

I should like to thank you for the opportunity to express my sincere gratitude for the excellent support you afforded me during our recent United Fund-Red Cross Campaign. I am sure you accepted a most difficult assignment and it goes without saying that the goal would not have been reached had it not been for your outstanding performance.

Being Campaign Chairman has been a rewarding experience. It has given me tremendous pleasure to associate with people like yourself who are enthusiastic as well as determined. Please accept my sincere thanks and heartfelt congratulations for so outstanding job.

Cordially yours,

Robert E. Puffer
General Campaign Chairman
United Fund-Red Cross Campaign

Presented to
EDWARD H. PETELLE
for outstanding service and accomplishment in behalf
of the

SOUTH PINELLAS UNITED FUND-RED CROSS CAMPAIGN



General Campaign Chairman

Mr. Edward H. Petelle
1946 Illinois Avenue, Northeast
St. Petersburg, Florida 33703

Dear Ed:

I want to personally thank you for the important role you played as a coordinator this year in the United Way Campaign. Through your hard work, General Office employees collectively pledged \$21,750.00 to be used in our community by needy organizations. This is an increase of almost \$7,000.00 above the total amount given by General Office employees last year. I am certain that you will receive many upward thanks during the coming year from those less fortunate, young and old, who will benefit from this employee giving.

Again, Ed, thanks for a job well done.

Sincerely,
George H. Case



GOOD GUY AWARD

Presented to: EDWARD PETELLE

In appreciation of volunteer service to our community as a member of the 1964-1965 UNITED APPEAL campaign organization.



UNITED APPEAL OF SARASOTA COUNTY

Edmund H. Petelle
General Campaign Chairman

St. Petersburg Junior College

This Certifies That

Edmund H. Petelle

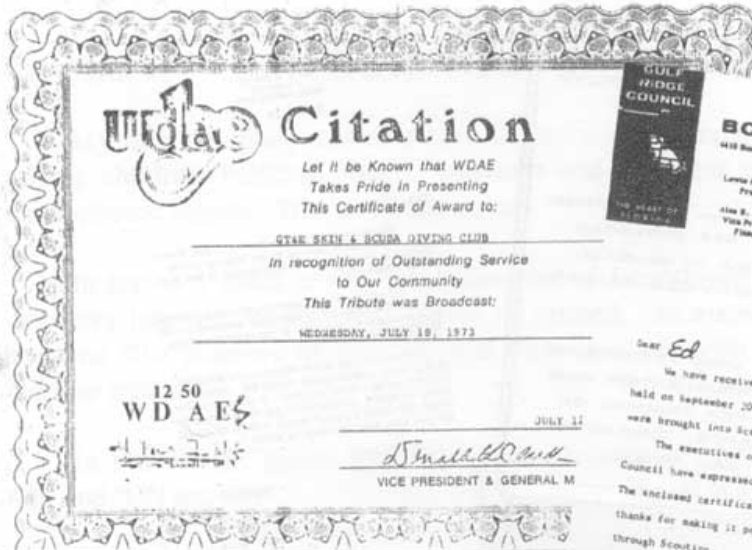
having completed the Course of Study prescribed by the United Board of Trustees is hereby declared a Graduate of this Institution and is granted the degree

Associate in Arts

A Diploma Awarded to him herein offered our signatures this last day of May, nineteen hundred and sixty six.

Carl M. Kuznetsov
President of Board

Edmund H. Petelle
General Board of Trustees



BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
 1410 Bay Street, Tampa, Florida 33602... P.O. Box 24077, Tampa, Florida 33622
 Telephone - 873-3141

Lewis H. Hill, II
 President
 Allen S. Hill, III
 Vice President
 Richard C. Ray
 Scout Executive
 Robert E. Cushman
 Chairman
 William S. Wallace
 Treasurer
 Fred W. Jackson, Jr.
 Vice President
 Robert

December 28, 1973

Dear Ed

We have received the results of the School Night Fire Scouting held on September 20, 1973. Through your help more than 2,000 boys were brought into Scouting.

The executives of the Four River Trails of the Gulf Ridge Council have expressed to me their gratitude for your efforts. The enclosed certificate of appreciation is our small way of saying thanks for making it possible for boys to become better citizens through Scouting.

Sincerely,
Bruce
 Bruce R. Gilman
 District Chairman
 Four River Trails

Scuba-Diving Volunteers Given Scouting Award
 About 100 people attended the presentation of the award to the club members at the club's annual meeting on July 18, 1973. The award was presented to the club by the club's president, Mr. J. H. Hill, III, and the club's vice president, Mr. J. H. Hill, II. The award was presented to the club by the club's president, Mr. J. H. Hill, III, and the club's vice president, Mr. J. H. Hill, II.



ED PETELLE
 IS A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING FOR THE YEAR 1976-77
 and is hereby entitled to all benefits and privileges of the association.

Harold Morris
ORDER OF THE ARROW
 NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF SCOUT HONOR CAMPERS



ED PETELLE
 is a **ORDEAL** member
 in **TIMUQUAN # 340** Lodge,
 with dues paid to **31 DEC 1975**
 Duly acknowledged by *Paceh D. Hinton*
 Notary Public
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA



THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
EDWARD PETELLE
 IS REGISTERED WITH THE
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
TROOP 219
ST PETERSBURG FL
ASST SCOUTMASTER
 TO THE LAST DAY OF
89-2 APRIL 1974



THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
EDWARD PETELLE
 IS REGISTERED WITH THE
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
SCOUTMASTER
TROOP 219
ST PETERSBURG FL



ALL ABOUT ME

CHAPTER VI A FLASH BACK ---- THEN ONWARD

My original plan was to return to my teen years, my love affair with Dorothy, raising children, building homes, vacations and all of the exciting things Dorothy and I accomplished together. That is still my intent.

In reality I came to the conclusion that if I continued to add bits and anecdotes to my story line the “book” would never be printed. As a result I have decided to produce the first five chapters as they are and then continue with Chapter VI (and More) in a separate printing.

In the distant future I visualize the production of “Second Chance”, “Life Goes On” and “ON and ON”.

Somewhere along the line I challenge My Children, Their Children and Their Children’s Children to go on documenting this chronicle of life.

NOT QUITE THE END



Betty, Phil, Doris and Margo at the "Bungalow" in Long Lake, Illinois



Ed Petelle, Dorothy Snow, ?Jeanne ?, and Bob Nebeck