



## Leeland C Pete

November 24, 1924 - March 25, 2010

Leeland C. PETE PETE Leeland C. Leeland C. Pete, 85, passed away on March 25, 2010, surrounded by his loving family. September 16, 2009 I was born in the middle of November in 1924. It was a hard delivery for my mother, and unfortunately, that was as good as it got for her in regards to me. I was really a tough kid to raise as I attempted to go through school. I was a crummy student at Libbey High School; I always had a strong back and a dumb mind. But the one thing that always rang true for me was, I always liked women better than I liked men! 3:00 p.m. was my favorite time on the clock, classes were over! I hated school. I enjoyed Harvard Elementary School and Libbey High School and all the guys that followed me there, we had a lot of fun and won a lot of games. We were undefeated, Bill Orwig was the coach. Bill was my high school and college coach and he went on from there to great heights. As I am writing this obituary myself and everyone else talks about a man's service record, I will share a bit of mine. I went into the Air Force when I was 17, which in and of itself was a big break because I didn't have to take my final test to graduate. I did well on the Air Force test, third out of 100. I had told the recruiting sergeant why I didn't want to take the test, told him I was a dummy but he talked me into it and I did well. I was stationed at Saipan where I flew missions. It was there that I met Paul Tibbits, the man who dropped the A-bomb, he was a grand guy. I was in the officer's club drinking a NeHi, when he called out looking for someone who played bridge, well I told him I did, and we became bridge partners, he was a good player too! He was a Lieutenant

General and I was a Lieutenant, we were an odd team. We whipped everybody we played. In conclusion I liked the war, I had a good time, I know that sounds stupid, I played basketball, bridge, and flew occasionally. The weather was terrible. After the war, the POW's captured in Bataan, had to walk all the way through Japan, from top to bottom, they were all injured and in terrible health. We refitted the bomber planes, and made them into flying hospitals, I made two trips, brought back 90 men, hopefully most of them were saved, one guy had no arms, no legs. I can remember him asking the nurse to go dancing. Life was not all grim, it was funny if you took it that way. When I left the Air Force I went to Michigan State. My mom said, "You have been gone 5 years, enough is enough, come home", so I came home to the University of Toledo, plus I wanted to see her cat. I said, "Mom, are you sure?" I played football there in 1945. There was nobody else around so I was ideal to be the quarterback. There wasn't another one in sight. I couldn't miss, bad as I was. My mom and dad left in the late 60's, both of them. Everybody said to me, why don't you get a good job where you can wear a shirt and tie, I slammed the door in their face. I was not having any of it. Everyone I knew that had a bar was having a good time. You are never going to get rich but most rich people I know have tough problems. I wasn't having any of that! So I owned a bunch of bars and a partial restaurant, Gloria Weaver is the sole survivor of Alfies on Sylvania Ave. I can't forget the more than thirty years I spent in Las Vegas. I still get a lot of calls from Las Vegas. I spent 35 years in Las Vegas. For 35 years I was on a 10 state radio hookup, talking sports. There is nothing tougher than that. All you have to do is put your socks on and go wherever the equipment is, and I liked that, nothing tough about doing that. I spent most of my adult life lying to the people of Toledo on the radio and talk shows, Hockey for ten years, 20 years for TU. I did 20 years of color for the University of Toledo. I almost ruined the program. I was at Caesars for seven years, I had three hundred employees. I had all the clean up help, nobody else wanted the job. One night at Caesars, there was a fire on the 13th floor. I went up with the general manager, fought our way from the elevators that

were starting to melt, like a typical general manager, he told me to "get Andy Williams out of his room and down the stairs, we don't want him to burn up". Well, I woke up Mr. Williams, and he didn't know what was going on and I got him out to the stairwell and safe, but by the time it was time for me to get down, the stairwells were burning and we didn't have a way down. Here I was on the ledge hanging on the side of the building with the chief of Security, ABC had an announcer there and it was running coast to coast. We stayed out there for 4 hours. The ladders on the fire trucks weren't long enough to reach and the elevators were all melted, we had to wait out there while they got more hoses up the stairways to put the fires out. I was thinking that Saipan was still a lot worse. (What was the alternative?) Just to clarify the reason why I am in this edition of the Toledo Blade, with a lot of other good people who can't speak for themselves, I am writing my own obituary. Whether it is good or bad I don't care, because I won't be around to hear the criticism. What is good enough for Lou Gehric, is good enough for Lee Pete. I don't know what this disease is, nor did Lou. ALS, three crummy capital letters, is what they named it, Jerry is trying to fund it, but no matter how much money they put into it they have no idea what it is. It has been 5 and 1/2 years since I was diagnosed and every doctor and clinic I have been to has said if you live two years you are lucky, and boy, am I lucky. I have run the full course and I have had a wonderful life. I haven't stood up for the last two and 1/2 years, laying flat in bed, my legs are gone. ALS is no bowl of cherries although there is not a lot of pain as in cancer, you just have to stick to it and keep your mouth shut. Hey, I have had 85 years of sheer happiness, you can't knock that. The little I have left of my blood line in Toledo is Tom Cole's (deceased) descendents, three sons and two daughters. He married my sister, JoAnne, who was a real honey. She had all the good qualities I didn't have, she had five children, and I have really gotten to know them all since I came back. Terry, Timmy and Tommy the boys in the clan, Joan and Jill on the feminine side. Jill's almost been a daughter to me, and she has become good friends with the lady I

married. My wife, Lila died in the last year I was in Las Vegas, she had both legs amputated. Patti Cartlidge, a friend of mine for 60 years, was a school teacher, always around children and teaching. When she found out how bad things were for me in Vegas after Lila had died, she said "Pack your stuff, come back to your hometown and I will take care of you". Losing the use of both my legs due to ALS was hard but she is one heck of a nurse. I am in a very small bedroom flat on my back and I just passed by my 2nd year of not walking, you sometimes want it to end. But the thought of not seeing Patti or Jill again is devastating. My two boys, Robin and Lee are still living in Las Vegas, working for hotels and doing very well. You know when I decided to do my own obit, the first thing that crosses your mind is don't lie, or pump it up. I haven't. I still love women and can't stand guys. Have you ever tried brushing your teeth flat on your back? You swallow all the tooth paste, it's horrible. I got one of those electric toothbrushes, and you never know where it is going to fly. I can't even got to a doctor and have them lie to me; they don't know what ALS is either. There is cancer out now, pancreatic cancer that seems to be killing a lot of the young stars of Hollywood like Patrick Swayze. I smoked 20 cigars a day trying to push this thing and get me over the edge. I kept feeling better the more I smoked. I kept at least one cigar store in busi

# Tribute Wall

GG

“ *My father, Dick Schirr, was a Libbey teammate. I remember him mentioning Lee. Dad also contracted ALS and also faced it bravely. Condolences to all who knew him.*

-----  
**Gary Schirr - garyschirr@gmail.com garyschirr@gmail.com** - February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM

AS

“ *I didn't know Mr. Pete but wish I had--he looked back on life with no regrets, only fond memories because he truly enjoyed every minute. What a great attitude...*

-----  
**a stranger** - February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM

OP

“ *We didn't know Leeland but since my husband graduated from Libbey in 1949 I read the obituary to him thinking he might have known him. What a joy it was to read. He must have been a great guy who really knew how to enjoy life. I'm sure he will be missed by all the family and friends that did know him. How lucky you all are.*

-----  
**Olive & Willard - poseylake@comcast.net poseylake@comcast.net** - February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM

MS

“ *I just wanted to offer my condolences to the famiy of Mr. Pete and to tell them that never have I enjoyed an obituary such as this. Mr. Pete enjoyed life and living and through his words he left a beautiful legacy of love, life, and the pure joy of living. It was truly a celebration of what he was about. Be blessed and find comfort in knowing this.*

-----  
**m sebree** - February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM

DR

“ My condolences from a former babysitter for you and Jackie's two boys Robin and Lee when you lived on the corner of Columbus and Chase St. in Toledo. It was an honor to have known you.

---

**Doris (Oien) Oberle - richardmartel@rocketmail.com**  
richardmartel@rocketmail.com - February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM

LT

“ I didn't know Lee but I found this obit as he puts it refreshing, funny and full of life. He must have been a character- full of vinegar. I like those kind of people. Sorry for you loss, Tom & family.

---

**LISA (FOX) THOMPSON** - February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM

MT

“ Monday am, March 29, 2010 Mr. Leeland Pete family, I did not know Leeland, but am a Univ. of Toledo graduate, 1967 and 1969. We went a few years to DeVeaux Elementary School. Our family grew up playing tennis, and now I am retired, and single. Best wishes to the family, and condolences. Thomas Tenney

---

**Mr. Thomas Tenney - tomtteney@hotmail.com tomtteney@hotmail.com** -  
February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM

AN

“ I was laughing and crying by the end of reading Pete's obituary, and I never even knew him. His great spirit will live on forever. God Bless you and God bless him!

---

**Angela** - February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM

CS

“ *Didn't get to see Lee much in my older years but in my younger years when the family got together I did. To his family I send my condolences. My father was Bill Pete & my mother was Evelyn Pete Pollock. God Bless yo all Cherie*

---

**Cherie Pete Evans - SlingoBugg@aolcom SlingoBugg@aolcom** - February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM

PC

“ *To the Family, I have shared many Laughs with Lee over the years, and I always will remember when my Brother-Law, Chuck Ladd, and Lee, held Court at The Willows Restaurant on Monroe St., We laughed for hours, and had a few, cocktails along the way, and they shared a Apartment upstairs, as I recall, and that caused some more stories as well. May God Bless the Family, and to my old Friend, God's Speed, cooch ,tails*

---

**Phil Couture - cooch35@aol.com cooch35@aol.com** - February 01, 2018 at 12:00 AM