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**Thomas Marketello**  
March 25, 1932- Jan. 29, 2012  
Resident of Santa Cruz

Thomas Marketello was born in Oakland, California, to Edna Delmas and John Marketello. When he was two, his parents divorced and Edna married Marvin Roberts. He went to Catholic schools in Oakland and El Cerrito High School.

He had his first paying job at 11 as a newspaper carrier in San Francisco, earning his Schwinn Bicycle from the newspaper. In those days, the paperboys had to collect the money from their customers. One was particularly devious by trying to pay his with a \$50 or \$100 bills knowing Tom would not have the change. Tom got permission from his supervisor to return his change in pennies, thus ending his duplicitous action and illustrating Tom's burgeoning tactics in settling problems.

As a preteen, he and his buddies were often in trouble with their parents and the law as they spent much time in designing pranks that got them into trouble and all for the sake of having a lot of laughs. They often hung out at Playland, at the beach in San Francisco. One prank being getting into patrol cars and moving them while the policeman was directing traffic on Sloat Boulevard. Another was practicing war games in the sand dunes with practice grenades stolen from the Presidio.

It was under these conditions, and being bored with school, that these five ninth grade buddies decided to enlist for the Korean conflict at age 15 with the law not far behind them. They were underage, but managed to find and pay a "fake father" and lied about their ages. It was 1947, and they found themselves heading for boot camp in San Antonio, Texas.

He was sent to Okinawa where the Provost Marshall asked if he wanted to be an MP. The old adage, "if you can't beat them, you join them" seemed to apply and he became a member of the 528th Military Police Air Force Squadron. He liked the discipline and order of the service and particularly driving all the equipment with his new military driver's license. One of his enjoyable assignments was with Bob Hope entertaining the troops and escorting the movie actress Marilyn Maxwell in his patrol car.

Tom soon moved up to the rank of Staff Sergeant. After 5 years, he thought about re-enlisting until his friends talked about all the fun they were going to have after being discharged. After, he felt he had made a mistake because they were all married within 6 months. As it turned out, after a few jobs in the bay area and working for the State Dept. of Forestry while attending college under the G.I. Bill in San Jose, he met Peggy Walker and after 6 months they eloped to be married, she at 19, he at 21 with 5 years of military service behind him.

This was August of 1954, and they decided to move to Santa Cruz in the Pleasure Point area where they lived in a duplex complex with Tom's friends from the bay area- the Kamian, O'Neill, Devine and VanDyke couples. Surfing, sunning on the beach and starting their families was the mode. Tom and Peg moved into Santa Cruz, however, when he became a temporary policeman and then a fireman with the SCSFD, and she a long-distance operator.

Right after the flood in '55 and the strike at the telephone company occurred, two of Tom's old buddies called encouraging him to come back up to the bay area to work with them. They moved to Berkeley, where Peggy transferred as an operator, but then took a civil service job as a PBX/Receptionist at Bethlehem Steel Corp. knowing she was now pregnant. They moved to a home in Albany and their daughter Mari was born in 1957. Just before their son was born two years later, they wanted to return to Santa Cruz to raise their children. Tom rejoined to SCPD and they lived on Anthony St. When they needed a 3-bedroom home, they moved to the eastside where they've lived since 1969.

Moving from the Military Police to SCPD was an easy and likable transition for Tom. While in patrol, he met Richard Foerster who became a long-time friend. As pranksters seem to attract each other, one of the episodes of these two during their graveyard shift together was to start up farm machinery and give themselves rides in the dark.

He enjoyed being in patrol even after being shot during a burglary at the Blue Chip store but wanted to join the Traffic Bureau as a motor cop. He enjoyed riding the motor around town meeting the townspeople, leading parades, and riding in the beach area during the summers. He felt strongly about his duty to protect and maintain order. Out of the multitude of jobs he held in his life, riding the motor turned out to be his happiest one. He became Sergeant and the Lieutenant of Traffic Division with a crew he admired tremendously and maintained friendships with till his death. Over the years, some of those motor cops included the now deceased Frank Boze, Bob Bunter, and Jay Sharmer. Today, Joe Haebe, Jeff Locke, Dave Larson, Steve Belcher, Ken Boe, Jim Conner, and Tom Vlassis were all still meeting with him at Gilda's on the wharf almost every morning.

Tom became the only municipal motorcycle officer in the state at that time to ride as a lieutenant. Later, Chief Pini asked him and Richard Foerster (having left their pranksterism finally behind) to become Deputy Chiefs. Tom did not want to give up the motor and declined. Pini persisted and the deal was finally made where he could still ride. Tom stayed as Deputy Chief of the patrol, traffic and detective divisions for about 3 years, but was never happy exchanging City Council meeting times with those on the motor. He left the department at age 50, serving twenty-five years; and with a disability retirement based on his numerous motorcycle injuries acquired over the years.

After retiring, Tom still left the house at the same time in the morning as if going to work. When Peggy asked what he did for the day, he usually replied that he was, "Busy, very busy." When she recently asked him what he like the most about being on the police department he answered, "The camaraderie". The man and the uniform and probably telling people what to do. He always considered his multitude of friends a great part of his life and tried to maintain connections through 4 different coffee groups and clubs like The CAL-TEX Riders, MMOC (Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California), the Northern 10/10 RV Club, the Elks and a public retirement group. He was gregarious, amiable, listened well and told stories of his past experiences that captivated all in the room. He has a legacy at that department that lives on.

Retirement also moved him to become a business partner in the motel business in the early 70's with fellow officer Ken Boe. Together, they drove their motorcycles on many routes through Mexico to Cabo San Lucas, sometimes with other friends as well. Peggy even flew down on her spring break from teaching to stay with him one week in his "burrito wagon" on the beach of San Jose del Cabo. He and Ken drove cars to places like Belize where they could be sold for taxis and fly back home. On one trip, they decided to go through the Panama Canal and on to Peru in a car to sell. But an increase in road blockings by revolutionaries with carbine rifles in Guatemala soon deterred them. Their motorcycle rides together were fast when they were younger, but in their 70's they downgraded to cars and drove at much slower and leisurely speeds. Tom said it was more than once on two-lane roads that cars lined up behind them with drivers flipping them off when finally passing.

Peggy and Tom's relationships with the Marengi, Ponza, Seghetti and Chapette families were long time and familial. Assistant Chief Ernie Marengi was on of Tom's greatest friends. When he died, Tom became a surrogate grandfather to his grandchildren Danny and Jennifer. Joyful special occasions have been celebrated with the Seghetti and Chapette families for over 50 years.

Despite his physical disabilities, largely in his back and shoulder, he belonged to the CAL-TEX Riders Highway Patrol Organization where he rode his Goldwing each summer for their annual rendezvous, often with Peggy on the back. This long-time group consisted of John and Faye Glover (one of the founders), Gerry and Fran Mills, Lew and Mary Metcalf, Bud and Ruthie Brillisour, and sometimes Norm and Karyn Sigvardson, Marion and brother-in-law Ed Boze and the Foxes. This organization of officers from many states, meet each summer at a different site within the states, sometimes as many as 600 motors. This offshoot group of friends traveled almost all of the country's highways, back roads, and sights west of the Mississippi over a period of 28 years. Tom and Gerry were consummate collectors (along with his long time friend Ray Walker), so stops at antique and collectible shops were a must upon late afternoon arrivals in the various towns. These summer trips averaged 2-5 weeks with this fun-loving group and produced much laughter and memorable experiences, probably with Tom in the majority of them. These were some of the most enjoyable summers for Tom and Peg.

Good times with friends happened in other groups for Tom as well. He and Peggy were members of the Northern 10/10 RV club largely consisting of retired Highway Patrol Officers and their friends. Traveling to many parts of the state in their Chinook RV, and recently with their two dogs Kenna and Sandy, they enjoyed their many weekend outings of games, food and conversation with other members.

Tom enjoyed his poker nights in his upstairs warehouse den with close friends and son. They could have more laughs just playing penny ante poker for hours.

Playing cards was also part of the agenda with his many male friends held dear over the years in their annual visit to the cabin at Eagle Lake. Before their deaths, he particularly enjoyed these times with Ernie Marengi and Nick Dinapoli. He didn't like fish, so saw no reason to fish with the rest, just wanted to be with them. Peggy heard that he could get pretty cranky with his group if they didn't adhere to his housekeeping and kitchen standards for living together under one roof.

Tom was a good man! He was loyal, called "Straight Arrow" by those on the department and had a good sense of humor. While frugal and sparing in his everyday living, behind the scenes he would provide financial or emotional support to family members and friends when needed. Many gravitated towards him and remained his friend. He loved vehicles and purchased dozens during his lifetime. Many would want to buy the vehicles he was ready to turn in or sell for new ones because they were in such good shape.

His survivors include his wife, family and two dogs, who will all miss his vital presence in their lives. His family includes his wife Peggy of 57 years, daughter Mari (Joaquin Alameda) and their five children: Lauren Alameda-Reddell (fiancé Jason Wahlberg), Lindsay, Leann, Lani (Scott Almand) with 4 children Michelle, Lizzie, and twins Christian and Julian. His son Mike and Betty with their 3 daughters: Katie, Laura, and Meagan and her son Eugene, his first great grandson. Sister Carole (Jim Kilpatrick), niece Gayle, brother, David Roberts. Also considered a family member is James Reddell.

A celebration for Tom will be held on his 80th birthday, March 25 at 2:00 P.M. for all wishing to attend and a specific announcement will appear one week ahead of time in the Sentinel. Tom will be cremated and the spreading of his ashes will be on the Team O'Neill Sea Odyssey with his family and long time good friend Jack O'Neill attending.

Donations may be made to the Multiple Myeloma Cancer Center and/or Hospice.

"I've done everything I've wanted to do in my life, and then some." Tom Marketello