



Siegfried was in the Air Force during World War II. Pictured with him were his parents Julius and Ann.

By Siegfried Shattil

I, the oldest of three children of **Ann and Julius Shattil**, was born Feb. 14, 1914 at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago.

The first six years of my life I lived at 4715 St. Lawrence Ave. My father, Julius, ran a grocery and meat market on the corner of 47th and Champlain Ave.

I often played around the store, because my tricycle was kept there. To cross 47th Street to get to the store, I stood on the southwest corner and called for my father to get me. Sometime he was busy and did not hear me, so the druggist on that corner would take me across the street.

Wood from boxes that vegetables came in made excellent toys as well as lumber to build airplanes. Playing in the bins that contained bulk foods was another place to play with scoops.

I remember one day three boys came to the grocery store with empty milk bottles for which they wanted the cash deposit. Unfortunately, the name on the bottles was not the same as the brand of milk carried in the store. Rather than have them leave empty handed, Dad gave them a handful of apricots.

I was enrolled in a private kinder-

garten. Because I was reluctant to leave the house to go to kindergarten, Dad let me drive the horse and wagon used for deliveries.

In 1926, Mother, and my brothers **Arthur** and **Melvin** and I went to Europe for four months. Dad stayed behind to run the hardware store. We visited Germany and mother's sister and brother before going on to Memel to stay with our grandmother and visit friends and relatives there.

Not only did we stay there but we took excursions into the country to see the landscape and also to try to find Julius' birthplace. We found the location but remains of where he lived or even the remains of the grain mill which was in his family, were gone.

I had my bar mitvah on Feb. 14, 1927. We had moved from Michigan Ave. to one block from an amusement park, which we visited daily during the summer. They gave away four free tickets to the various rides. Since we did not care for the roller coasters--they were too fast, we traded those passes for slower rides, like Mill on the Floss and the Fun House.

In May, 1929 we moved again to a new building at 7748 Phillips Ave. I was attending Hyde Park High School

and graduated in January, 1932. This being the depression, a delicatessen at 63rd and Harvard sold sandwiches for \$0.05 and \$0.10 each. Walgreens Drug Store on that corner offered a lunch special for \$0.25 which included a sandwich and milk shake.

Upon graduation, to save money, I attend Crane Junior College for one and a half years. The elevated train went there for \$0.10 each way. In June, 1933, the city closed the college so I transferred to Northwestern University in Evanston majoring in advertising.

Since this was the depression, many students had to work to remain in school. The pay was \$0.25/hour. Even a banker's son who lived next door to me had that kind of job. Since I had received "A" grades in accounting, I had a job grading papers for the professor who wrote the accounting book and headed the department. The school paid \$0.35/hour for this work if you took cash or double that (\$0.70/hour) if you applied the pay toward tuition. Since I was taking evening classes after my graduation, I applied my earnings to tuition.

In my first year at Northwestern I met another student who lived in South Shore Chicago close to me. He had a car and drove to and from school daily. I did not travel with him, but instead took the elevated train so I could study while I rode.

That summer we decided to take three weeks and drive west in his car. Our first stop was a small town in Iowa where he had a cousin who was in the junk business. He had a garage filled with copper which he was buying at \$0.02/pound. Later the price rose to \$0.58/pound and he made a fortune on his hoard.

We drove west through scorched earth farms staying in private homes at \$2/night. We finally got to Yellowstone Park and saw every part of it. The roads were mostly gravel wherever we drove. Often with long detours. So you can image what hap-

pened to our tires. We had many flats and lost much time at roadside service stations to have the flats repaired.

We had a Crosley radio with the control attached to the steering wheel column. We accidentally hit the control box with our knee and the radio stopped. We could not figure out why. We finally located a radio repairman in a small town and he fixed it by replacing a fuse. We didn't know that there was a fuse in the power line.

We continued south through Denver and finally returned to Chicago.

In the summer of 1935, I took another trip west, this time to California. My uncle, **Ben Menke**, was selling insurance for Mutual Life Insurance Company. He became the leading life insurance underwriter out of his office, so he was invited to attend the company meeting at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. He invited me to go along. We drove in his new car, together with his wife, **Anne Shattil Menke**. After the convention we continued to tour the west including Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Park and on to Los Angeles.

While Ben and Anne went sightseeing, I went to Catalina Island. I went swimming and had rented a changing room for my clothes. The key to the lock was a skeleton key. While I was swimming someone came into my room and stole my Hamilton watch. Nothing else. Since Ben was in the insurance business, he carried travel insurance for our trip so upon our return to Chicago, the insurance company replaced the watch. And I still have it, to this day.

I met one of my cousins in Los Angeles who told me this story about one of the brothers who met Grantland Rice and was invited to go fishing with him in the Pacific Ocean. He caught a fish --a sword fish. Returning to shore there was no place to leave the fish so it was tied to the bumper of his car to take home. Driving down Wilshire Blvd. the weight of the fish broke the

bumper so they were stranded on the boulevard with a swordfish. Finally, a Chinaman came by who owned a restaurant and he agreed to buy the fish and take it away.

Leaving Los Angeles, we drove south to San Diego and then west, stopping at Carlsbad Caverns and on to Texas and then north back to Chicago.

The following year, 1936, my cousin **Monroe Milavetz**, the artist, who lived in Chicago after graduating from the Art Institute, invited me to drive west with him and his brother **Sidney**, who was a dentist in Ely, Minnesota.

We drove to Virginia, Minn. to visit his parents and pick up Sid and then drove to Yellowstone National Park, where we spent several days and then continued west. As always, we stayed in private homes because they were handy and inexpensive. These tourist homes would have signs advertising their facilities.

When we got to Los Angeles we looked up our relatives. One was a secretary to a director at Warner Brothers and we got a tour of the grounds. We met all the relatives we could think of. Not to stay with them, but to meet them. Leaving Los Angeles, we traveled south to the Mexican border to visit the coastal towns and then went through the caves and on to Texas.

Upon graduation from Northwestern, I went to the library and made a list of all the companies in the Chicago area that did advertising. Then I hired a young lady to write letters which were sent to each of these companies. One letter resulted in a job with Glidden Paint Company as the Chicago head of the advertising department, the main office being in Cleveland, Ohio.

After two years, Glidden transferred all advertising to Cleveland and I immediately got a job in advertising with Goldenrod Ice Cream Co. and

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Siegfried Shattil builds life in Chicago