

THE BALDING EAGLE
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Prescott Bob and I wish you and yours a belated Happy New Year. Our tardiness was not intended, but due to circumstances beyond control it happened. Let me explain.

Shirley Widen (1952), **Bob's** sitster, battled cancer for sometime. She was able to keep it in remission until mid December. Friday evening, December 15th, due to sudden complications she entered Torrance Memorial. **Bob** was notified in Prescott and was able to reach the hospital in time to visit with her. She past away Sunday the 17th.

With **Shirley's** passing **Bob** has been travelling back and forth between Prescott and El Segundo to handle his sister's estate as well as his stepmother's who passed mid 2006. With added travel, legal and personal matters to care for **Bob** was not sure he could contribute this time around; however, right at the deadline, he did.

RAINEY DAZE: June 1944, two days after graduation several of our classmates, along with **Prescott Bob**, reported to downtown L.A. for Navy duty. Over the next few weeks others left for the service, which was my fate. Leaving home on July 4th, which seemed very patriotic, I went by PE bus and streetcar to Union Station. Boarding my first ever pullman car, at the army's expense, I travelled for three days to Pullman, WA to attend Washington State College.

After three months of army schooling my unit was given a seven day furlough between quarters. This was just enough time to Greyhound through the great American desert and celebrate my 18th birthday, at home, a day late. I think it was during this time that **Dick Peterson (1947)** ask if I would sell him my letterman sweater since it was impossible to buy a new one with the war on. Realizing the sweater was not GI and would likely not be used for two or three years, if at all, I agreed.

Flash forward to 2002 and homwecoming planning. **Dick** and I were both involved. On one occasion we started talking about various things when he reminded me about the sweater. I had forgotten but was pleaed when he told me he donated it to the library. Today it hangs in the library's history room next to **Don Carter's** sweater. Can't think of a better place for it to be.

Unfortunately, **Dick** has developed a serious medical problem. Last June he was diagnosed with a brain tumor. Surgery seemed not to be helping. However, as of late November his daughter reports the latest MRI shows no trace of a tumor.

