

Chapter VII

Pushing the Limits

November 4, 1924 – June 20, 1925

There was a definite chill in the air when they arrived in Roanoke. Geannie, Curly, and Sandy stayed with her parents during their stay. The first order of business was to show off Sandy to the rest of their family. Both the Brasons and the Austins had a growing number of grandchildren, and Sandy was a welcome addition.

On Sunday, Pastor Brason had the privilege of baptizing Sandy. As Curly and Geannie proudly stood before the altar, Gennie had their daughter in her arms and Curly had one arm around Geannie and the other supporting Sandy. She had been fussy and obviously had an upset stomach. Right in the middle of the ritual, she spit up all over Grandpa Brason's robes. Once she got that out of her system, she felt better and settled down. Geannie did the best she could to wipe up the mess. Emmett wore the stain proudly as conducted the remainder of the services.

Over the next three weeks they were amazed at how much Sandy had grown and developed and little by little, Geannie began getting her figure back. During that time, they got their plans all figured out. Traveling by train had worked so well before, they decided that it was the only way to travel cross country with a tiny baby. There was no reason that Geannie and Sandy couldn't come with him from the beginning.

They debated about what to do with their car. Geannie's father suggested that they take it with them on the train. It had worked so well to bring it from Pensacola that way. "Besides," he suggested, "You can pack it full of everything you are taking with you, besides it won't take up that much more freight space. I'll even pay the extra freight." he offered. "That way you'll have transportation when you get there".

The time passed quickly and it was soon time for them to leave. Earlier that month, President Coolidge had declared that a national day of thanksgiving be observed on Thursday, November 27th. Since Curly and Geannie needed to leave before then, Senator Austin overruled the President of the United States proclaiming that for the Austin family, it would be observed on Sunday November 23rd. That would give Curly and Geannie a week to get to San Diego and get settled before reporting for duty. So on that day all of the Austin and Brason families gathered at the Austin mansion and joined together for a Thanksgiving feast.

The very next morning they drove the eight tenths of a mile to the railroad depot with all of their belongings loaded into their car. The train from Lynchburg had arrived right on schedule. Other than the luggage needed for the trip, everything was left in the car, which was loaded into a baggage car. They boarded the Piedmont Limited for the first leg of the twenty seven hundred mile trip to San Diego.

Southern Railways' Piedmont Limited began its run at Pennsylvania Station in New York City with



major stops in Washington D.C. and Lynchburg. The stop in Roanoke was brief and soon it pulled out of the station. Even though Curly had been around the world, it was as much of an adventure for him as it was for Geannie. This leg of the trip took them to New Orleans with major stops in Bristol, Virginia; Knoxville, Tennessee; Birmingham, Alabama; and Meridian, Mississippi with short stops between points.

New Orleans was the end of the line for the Piedmont Limited. That happened to be where Curly's Uncle Rick and Aunt Braquette, or Aunt Bra as she was called, lived. They settled there after he retired from the Navy since that is where his wife was from. During their three hour layover, they meet them at the station and took them to lunch. Uncle Rick was still skeptical about Sheffield's decision to become an aviator.

After lunch, they boarded Southern Pacific Railway's Sunset Limited. The Sunset Limited followed the Sunset Route through Houston, San Antonio, El Paso, Tucson and El Centro, California where they got off before it continued on to Los Angeles. In El Centro, they transferred to the San Diego Short Line for the remainder of the trip.

During the entire trip, they enjoyed the scenery of the country they passed though during the shorter daylight hours of late November. The days were passed in conversation with one another and other passengers. They had their meals in the dinning car and at night they slept in a berthing car, where they had a compartment with bunks that folded down. From time to time when the train stopped, they were able to get out and stretch their legs a bit.

They arrived in San Diego late in the afternoon on Thanksgiving Day. By the time their car was unloaded, they deiced to get a hotel room for the night. They next morning they took the ferry across the bay to Coronado and found their apartment. It was a one story duplex with a stucco finish. It looked just like all of the others in the married officer's housing complex.

Once they checked in and got the key, they unloaded their belongings. As they unpacked and set up housekeeping, several neighbors, all Navy families, stopped by to get acquainted. They had Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to get settled. By Sunday they pretty much had everything squared away. They even had time to attend church services at St Paul's United Methodist Church in Coronado.

The Naval Air Station was located on North Island which was detached from the peninsula that formed San Diego Bay and was connected by a bridge. It was only a short distance from their apartment to the main gate, easily within walking distance.

Curly reported for duty the first thing Monday morning. The first couple of days were spent in orientation. He couldn't wait to get back into the air. The squadron was equipped with the Vought VE-7F Bluebird, which he had flown during his advanced training. The VE-7F was a single seat, open cockpit biplane armed with one 7.7mm .30 caliber machine gun, synchronize to fire through the propeller.

With a thirty four foot, four inch wingspan and a length of twenty four feet, five inches, the Bluebird was considerably smaller than the Jennys that Curly had learned to fly in. It was faster too. Its one hundred sixty horsepower engine could achieve a top speed of one hundred six miles and hour and had a range of two hundred ninety miles. They had a rate of climb of seven hundred thirty eight feet per minute to a service ceiling of fifteen thousand feet.

After being checked out by the squadron commanding officer, Lieutenant Commander Marshall "Hawkeye" Ellison, Curly was assigned as to be the left wingman to Lieutenant William "Shorty" Sharp, the section leader. Lieutenant Sharp's right wingman was Lieutenant junior grade Frederick "Freddy" McGowan.

Curly fit right in with Shorty and Freddy. During the rest of that first week the three of them worked on the basic maneuvers to break Curly into their formation. It was nothing new and Curly confidently became an integral part of the team.

During that first week, Geannie got acquainted with several of the wives. She also fit right in. Mrs. Ellison looked after all of the wives as her husband did with the men. Wilma Sharp and Susan McGowan, young mothers themselves, took Geannie under wing. On Saturday night, the three couples got together for a genuine Texas barbecue hosted by Lieutenant Sharp, a down home Texas boy. He could fix up a mean batch of ribs. In getting acquainted with Geannie, Susan had learned that they would celebrate their joint birthdays and anniversary on Sunday so she had made a special birthday cake for them.

The next day, they got up as usual. Other than wishing each other a happy birthday and happy anniversary, nothing was said of gifts. Geannie knew that Curly had something up his sleeve but had no idea what. So she held off on his gift as well. Geannie was typically a step ahead of Curly in most things, except for when it came to gift giving. She still cherished the Electrola he had got her the year before. Their home was always filled with music.

As they were accustomed to, Geannie and Curly went to church that morning. But while they were gone, Curly had enlisted his two new friends to pull off his surprise for Geannie. He had given them the spare key to their apartment and sent them off to get the item he bought for Geannie a couple of days earlier.

When Curly and Geannie returned from church and entered their apartment, Geannie just stood there in amazement staring at an all to familiar shape draped in a blanket. It is a good thing Curly was

carrying Sandy or Geannie might of dropped her when she put her hands to her mouth.

She ran to the upright piano and pulled off the blanket and ran her fingers over the beautifully polished wood. Turning around she gave Curly and Sandy a hug. "You shouldn't have, Lieutenant!" she scolded.

"Well, if you insist, I can always take it back." Curly joked, leading her on.

"Oh, no, no, no. I love it!" she exhaled, all out of breath. "Where on earth did you get it?" she wanted to know.

"Would you believe that I found it in the classified ads." Curly told her. "It belonged to the San Diego State Teachers College. They had just replaced it and put it up for sale. I practically got it for a song. On Friday afternoon Commander Ellison let Shorty, Freddy, and I off early. We took the ferry over to San Diego and I bought it. We brought it back with us and hid it at Freddy's place."

"As much as I am loving this piano right now, I love you so much more," Geannie said as she sat down and began playing.

The USS Langley was small, slow, and very limited in the number of aircraft that she could carry, but played a valuable roll in pioneering naval aviation. Converted from a collier in 1922, the Langley conducted experiments, training, and exhibitions along the east coast. She had arrived in San Diego only a day after Curly.

An aircraft carrier was a new concept and the Navy, which was deeply entrenched in the long established role of the battleship, didn't know what to do with her. She was sent to the Pacific to join the battle fleet to tag along behind the battleships. The aircraft she carried were used to provide air cover over the fleet, perform scouting missions, and observe and report where the battleships' shells fell.

Even though her role was relativity insignificant, she provided invaluable training and experience to Curly and the other pilots who flew from her deck. It paved the way for the much larger and more glamorous Lexington and Saratoga then under construction.



In mid December Curly made his first carrier landing aboard the five hundred forty two foot, four inch Langley just off shore from San Diego. The VE-7F had a tail hook beneath the fuselage that was let down during the landing approach. The hook was designed to snag one of the four arresting cables stretched across the aft section of the flight deck. When the tail hook engages the arresting cable, the forward motion of the aircraft is slowed by the resistance of the cable.

That same day Curly also made his first take off from the Langley. By the end of the day he had made three landings and take offs before returning to North Island in the afternoon.

That year was Sandy's first Christmas. Although she was just a baby, Curly and Geannie made it a special time. Not only was it Sandy's first Christmas, it was Geannie's first Christmas away from her family. She did get to talk to them by telephone. A public telephone was conveniently located at the playground in the middle of the complex. Curly's gift to her that year was another treasure. Not necessarily the gift itself, but what it produced. He presented her with a Kodak 1A Pocket Camera Autographic so she could take pictures of Sandy as she grew and developed, particularly while he was away so he wouldn't miss out on the fleeting moments of her childhood.



Geannie loved her camera and became quite an amateur photographer. The camera was constructed of leatherette covered metal. The entire camera back removed in order to load the film. It even incorporated an adjustable range finder. It was compact and easily slipped into her handbag or pocket. The camera used type 116 film and got eight 2½ by 4¼ negatives per roll of film.

The squadrons assigned to North Island Naval Air Station had many more aircraft and pilots than the Langley could operate, so they rotated through operation cycles. Curly was part of the rotation that went to sea in early January. The Langley rendezvoused with the Battle Fleet stationed at San Pedro in Long Beach Harbor to conduct gunnery practice off San Clemente Island. He was gone for about three days. It turned out that he went to sea for a few days about once a month. The rest of his time was spent in training exercises at North Island.

Curly was gone more than usual during March. His squadron was aboard the Langley operating out of San Pedro with the Battle Fleet, which was engaged in Fleet Problem V. The scenario played out was a hypothetical confrontation with Japan. The battleships of the Battle Fleet were arrayed against Japanese shore defenses on their newly acquired islands of the Pacific which were represented by Guadalupe Island off the coast of Mexico.

The commander of the battle force was reluctant to risk his battleships against the heavily shore defenses. Seeing an opportunity to demonstrate the value of naval aviation, Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, USN, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics who was aboard the Langley during the exercises, suggested that bomber aircraft, supported by fighters could reduce the "enemy" defenses.

The plan was implemented and Curly's division took off from the Langley in support of bomb carrying torpedo bombers. According to the umpires, the "attack" was effective and gave the battleships the upper hand when they did engage the shore defenses. As a result of this experiment, naval aviation began

to be taken more serious in the Navy's battleship focused mentality.

As a new pilot, Curly had a chance to really push his limits while participating in these exercises. In fact the same could be said for the section, the squadron in general, and naval aviation as a whole.

Curly was happy! He had everything he loved right there with him. Geannie and Sandy, flying, and the sea. What more could he ask for.

The always active Geannie kept busy caring for Sandy. She put her piano to use by teaching piano lessons three days a week in the afternoons. Most of her students were children of Navy families and a few from the local community. It worked out well for her. Sandy was lulled to sleep by the strains of the music, no matter how off key her students were. She was always through with her lessons by the time Curly got home in the evenings. By the time Sandy was three months old, Geannie was back into shape and looked as terrific as ever.

Besides taking care of Sandy, Geannie also filled her time with volunteer work. She helped out with such organizations as the Navy Wives Organization, the Red Cross, and the Methodist Women's Auxiliary. During the summer she was the pitcher on the Navy Wives softball team which was part of the Coronado Women's League. She even dabbled in politics a little bit and was associated with the Republican Women's Club. While in college, she was an active participant in the women's suffrage movement. Being active and involved was something else she learned from her father.

Geannie almost always began each day with what she called a devotional which included reading passages from the Bible that she pondered during the day. The cross necklace that Curly had given her on their wedding day had come to be an outward expression of her faith. She wore it nearly every day. If she had another necklace on, she would tuck it inside of her clothes. Throughout her day she would jot down little notes and tidbits of her daily activities in her diary. Many of her entries were one liners. Often she wrote her feelings, especially when Curly was away. Typically she began and ended each day with prayer.

Her morning also included some light exercises, mostly sit-ups and jumping jacks, something that she picked up from being on the softball team at Hollins. That was how she stayed in shape.

Geannie had also picked up her mother's excellent culinary skills and was a superb homemaker. Their home was always neat and tidy. She had a knack for decorating that made their home, wherever it might be, warm and cozy.

All in all, Geannie appeared to be the perfect wife, at least she tried to be. There came a day when she discovered that she had pushed herself to her limits and had to be careful not to over extend herself.

It all came to a head one day that summer. She had a baseball game that afternoon, the garden

and flower beds needed weeded, the floors needed to be swept, there was some laundry that needed to be folded; all of this before her piano students showed up. She had completely forgotten about her meeting of a committee of the Republican Women's Club that she belonged to so she rushed off to it, leaving the other things still undone.

She scrambled to get to all of her engagements that afternoon. Her last piano lesson was just finishing up when Curly came home. She didn't even have anything planned for dinner. She looked around herself at all of the things that had gone undone and she felt like a complete failure.

Seeing Curly walk through the door was the straw that broke the camel's back. As he gave her a hug and asked about her day, she broke down and cried.

"Hey, hey. What's eating you, Baby?"

"I feel like a complete failure as a wife and a mother." she bawled. The weight on her shoulders felt greater than it actually was.

Curly sat down and took Geannie onto his lap. She curled up like a child and through sobs gave him an earful as she unloaded her feelings of guilt and inadequacy. Curly listened and stroked her hair as she got it all out of her system. When she finally settled down, she asked Curly, "What should I do?"

"It depends on your priorities, sweetie."

Her sobs had been reduced to a whimper. "My family – you and Sandy – and our home come first, but I feel like I let other things get ahead of that."

"I'd say that those are definitely a top priority. What come next?"

"Everything else." Geannie blurted.

"No. I don't think so. Where do you fit in?"

"I see what you're getting at. I need to put myself above everything else." Geannie admitted. "But I have so many obligations."

"So what." Curly said bluntly. "They can get along without you. There is a very simple little word that can remedy that. It's 'no'."

"But I enjoy being involved in those things."

"That isn't what I'm saying." Curly pointed out. "Just pick and choose what you do. You can't do everything so take on the things you can and want to do."

Still curled up on his lap, Geannie began to get the picture. Curly continued, "You are so good at managing our finances. You prioritize based on what you have to work with. Look at your time in the same way you do money."

A light came on in Geannie's head. "I see what you're saying, Sheffield. I start off every day on the right foot with all of these good intentions. But by midmorning I'm already feeling behind and overwhelmed."

So what your telling me is to set a budget with my time and only take on what I can reasonably do.”

“Attagirl! Now you're on the trolley. But you will have to decide what is most important, and how much time you have to do it in. Just tell everyone else no. Can you do that?”

“I can try.” Geannie said through a forced smile.

“Okay then, fix me some dinner.”

“No!” she giggled. “Fix it yourself.”

“I have a better idea. Why don't I take you out. I'll take care of Sandy while you freshen up.”

After dinner when they got home, the floor still hadn't been swept, the laundry still needed folded, and the weeds were still in the garden and the flowers. Curly told Geannie to just unwind and go for a walk to clear her head and that he would take care of Sandy and get her ready for bed.

He hadn't figured on what he found in her diaper when he went to get her ready for her bath. He wasn't sure which was worse, the sight or the smell. He started gagging and nearly lost his dinner. Sandy was feeling frisky and began kicking her feet. Before long, what was in her diaper ended up all over her feet and legs, and flung all over the place.

Curly could barely stand the deep breath he took as he reasoned to himself, “If I can come out of a stall at fifteen thousand feet, I can certainly handle this.” Gathering his fortitude, he forgot how nasty the mess was and dove in to take care of it. The first thing he had to do was to get the diaper and what was left in it out from under Sandy. He set it aside to deal with later. The next thing to do was get Sandy cleaned off.

Once she was relatively free of the gooey mess, he managed to wash out the diaper in the toilet and flush away the problem. With the diaper rung out, he put it in the pail. Then he decided he had better clean up the splatters on the wall and the floor. “Now wonder Geannie feels overwhelmed.” he thought to himself.

Finally, he got to the bath part. He put a little water in the bottom of the bathtub and laid Sandy in it. She was still kicking and giggling as she splashed water all over Curly as he gently bathed her with a soapy sponge. It was real challenge not to get shampoo in her eyes when he washed her hair.

Satisfied that she was clean, he pulled the plug and picked her up. She giggled as he dried off her hair and made a game out of it. He laid her down on a fresh diaper and sprinkled baby powder on her bottom. He squeezed too hard and more came out than he figured on. The cloud of powder made both of them sneeze.

He was so afraid of poking her with a diaper pin that he jabbed his finger good enough to draw blood. Finally he got the diaper fastened up. It was a bit lopsided but snug. “Good enough.” Next he put on her plastic pants and snapped up her sleepers.

When he came back out into the front room, he found Geannie setting out on the doorstep. She got up and came in the house. The walk had been just what she needed. She took Sandy from Curly and sat down in the rocking chair.

She and Curly talked as Sandy nursed. "Now this is what it is all about." she told Curly. Once Sandy was content, she fell fast a sleep. Curly took her and placed her in her bassinet. Geannie followed them into the bedroom. "You took such good care of getting her ready for bed, can you do the same for me?"

"I think I can do that." he grinned. He filled the bathtub and undressed her and lead her into the bathroom. He soaped up the washcloth and gently washed her all over. He even washed her hair for her. She liked it as he massaged her scalp with his fingertips. He poured water over her head and all over her body to rinse her off.

When he was done he pulled the plug and helped her out of the tub. Once she was dried off, he rubbed her down good with lotion. Once she was ready for bed, Geannie was as relaxed as Sandy was. A far cry from the wreck she was when Curly first came home. She curled up next to Curly in bed and soon fell asleep.

The next morning the laundry, weeds, and floor were still waiting for her. First things first. She had her morning devotional, then breakfast with Curly before seeing him out the door. By then Sandy was stirring.

As Geannie tackled the laundry and sorted through it to put it away, she sorted through her priorities. First was taking care of her family and home. That was followed by taking care of herself. Next on her priority list was teaching piano lessons because it was an expression of herself. As far as her other involvements, they were negotiable.

With the laundry taken care of, she took Sandy outside with her as she worked in the garden and flower beds. While she pulled weeds, she weeded out the unnecessary busyness in her life. Playing baseball stayed because it was a physical element that she needed to take care of herself. She decided that she could still be involved with the Methodist Women's Auxiliary, Navy Wives Organization, Red Cross, and the Republican Women's Club in that order of priority. She did conclude that her involvement did not have to include the committees she served on. She decided to resign from them and limit her involvement according to her assessment of other priorities at the moment. She could always use that little word that Curly taught her, "No."

As she swept the floors, she swept away all of the guilt and a burdens that she had heaped on herself. She had been trying Curly's routine approach to life and concluded that consistency was the best way to budget her time. During the following days and weeks, she found that she had more time, the most important things got accomplished, and she was able to spread herself between the other things as she

saw fit. She was much happier and content in what she did. She found that she was a much better wife, mother and homemaker.

One morning while shaving, Curly decided to leave a mustache. "What do think?" he asked Geannie.

"I think you need to finish shaving, Lieutenant." was her answer.

Persisting, Curly continued, "No, seriously. What do you think?"

"Let me see, kiss me!" She demanded.

"Huh?"

"Come over her and give me a kiss, Lieutenant. Thats an order."

Curly followed her order, Geannie giggled, "It tickles."

Scrunching her eyebrows she continued, "I don't know. I'd have to give it few days."

"That's all I'm asking for." Curly said thankfully.

"What on earth possessed you to want to grow a mustache?" Geannie asked curiously.

"Have you seen that scrawny thing Browning sports on his upper lip?" Without waiting for Geannie's reply he continued. "I'm sure I could out do him in just a few days. He's at sea on rotation and won't be back for a week. I'd love to see his reaction."

"Are you two still at odds?" Geannie asked.

"You know, its funny." Curly answered. "I think he as come to respect me. We're still complete opposites and always will be. But if we can work together, that's great. We don't have to be friends."

"Well, okay then. You can have your little contest." she agreed. "And for the record, I bet you win. But," she continued, "I'm the final judge. If I don't like it, its coming off."

By the first of the next week Curly had very respectful mustache. He couldn't wait to report to the ready room that morning. It would be the first time that he could show it off to Lieutenant Browning. Neither man said a word. The very next day Miles showed up without his. Nothing was ever said.

Curly excitedly reported the results of the contest to Geannie that evening.

"Well," Geannie said "I told you you would win that one." But she continued, "Now I get to decided whether it stays or goes. Do you want to keep it?" She asked.

"I have kind of gotten used to it. Yeah, I like it." Curly answered.

Geannie examined it by brushing it with her finger. "I want to give it the kissing test again." Not that she hadn't been kissing him all week.

She planted a big kiss on his lips. Culry pulled her close and wouldn't let go, making sure she a had a good long kiss. When they finally came up for air she gasped, "Wow!"

“So what do you think?” he asked.

Putting her hand to her chin and tapping her cheek with her index finger, she squinted one eye as she looked it over. “It is soft.” she admitted. She paused to study the matter further. “I do declare, it does make you look rather dashing.” After another pause she gave her verdict, “You can keep it!”

It was only a little while later that Miles was transferred out of the squadron.



In 1925 the Navy introduced a new uniform especially of aviators. It featured a single breasted khaki coat sporting a roll collar. Breeches and puttees allowed more freedom of movement for the cockpit. Puttees are a long narrow piece of cloth wound tightly in a spiral round the leg from the ankle to the knee for both support and protection. Geannie thought the new uniform went particularly well with Curly's mustache. In general Navy officers' uniforms had clearly left the trappings of the 19th century and now reflected the civilian fashion for businessmen with a double breasted coat.

Naval aircraft also took on a new look. On May 14, 1924 the Bureau of Aeronautics issued an order that the upper wing surfaces were to be chrome yellow. This degree of high visibility was desired in the event of a forced landing at sea. The national aircraft insignia, adopted in 1917, consisting of a red disk within a five-pointed white star on a circular blue field was placed near each wing tip on the upper surface of the top wing and lower surface of the bottom wings. Rudder stripes consisted of vertical red, white, and blue stripes. Blue was nearest to the hinge, with white following, and red the aft-most color.

Beginning in December of 1923 an identification system that identified the squadron, mission, and aircraft had been adopted. This system created a unique series of letters and numbers for each airplane. The first was a number that designated squadron; following this was a hyphen and then a letter designating the mission, for example F for fighter; last was the number of the aircraft within the squadron. Curly's plane was the ninth aircraft in the squadron so it had 2-F-9 on its side. In June of 1924 it was ordered that "US NAVY" be painted on the fuselage behind the identification numbers.

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The Piedmont Limited was a named passenger train operated by the Southern Railway on the New York—New Orleans line, operating over the same route as the more famous *Crescent Limited*. The Southern Railway introduced the train in 1899 and it was discontinued in 1976.

The Sunset Limited is the oldest named train in the United States still operating, having held the name since its inauguration in 1894. The Sunset Limited was Southern Pacific's premier train, built for luxury first-class long-distance travel. Initially the Sunset Limited was an all-Pullman train, consisting only of sleeping cars and no coaches, running directly from New Orleans to San

Francisco via Los Angeles. In 1924 the train received new all steel cars, replacing the old wooden cars.

The Vought VE-7 Bluebird was an early biplane of the United States. 1st flying in 1917, it was designed as a two-seat trainer for the United States Army, then adopted by the United States Navy as its very first fighter aircraft. The Navy's fighter version of the VE-7 was designated VE-7F. It was a single-seater, the front cockpit being faired over and a .30 in (7.62mm) Vickers machine gun mounted over it, on the left side and synchronized to fire through the propeller. In addition a tail hook was fitted. 29 were built.

The USS Langley and Fighting Two were real. Lieutenant Commander Marshall "Hawkeye" Ellison, Lieutenant William "Shorty" Sharp, and Lieutenant junior grade Frederick "Freddy" McGowan are fictional. As documented in the previous chapter, Miles Browning is a real person.

Established on March 13, 1897, San Diego State University first began as the San Diego Normal School, meant to educate local future female elementary school teachers. In 1923, the San Diego Normal School became San Diego State Teachers College. In 1935, the school became San Diego State College. In 1960, San Diego State College became a part of the California College System, now known as the California State University system. Finally in 1970 San Diego State College became San Diego State University (SDSU).

The Kodak 1A Pocket Camera Autographic was manufactured from 1914 to 1926 and came in several models. The No. 1A AUTOGRAPHIC KODAK Special Camera w/coupled rangefinder, Model B was made from 1923 to 1926 and cost \$60.00 new.

Fleet Problem V was held in March and April 1925 and simulated an attack on Hawaii. The Black force, the aggressor, was given aircraft carrier Langley along with two seaplane tenders and other ships outfitted with aircraft, while the defending Blue force had no carriers. Langley's positive performance helped speed the completion of aircraft carriers Lexington and Saratoga. One aspect of Fleet Problem V was conducted near Guadalupe Island off Baja California.

"Now you're on the trolley!" - Now you've got it! (Slang from the 1920s)