

Chapter XXIII

Honeymoon Hideaway

July 13, 1929 – August 2, 1929

With one day to recuperate, Curly reported for duty and resumed flight operations. Geannie didn't resume her piano lessons until the following week. She again turned her attention to her immediate goal. Traveling with two small children was not very conducive to creating a new member of their family. While on their trip, there were only two or three opportunities to do anything about it. She wished that she could kidnap Curly and get away all alone to the cabin for two or three days. That ought to do the trick, after all it did the last time.

Then she got an idea. She telephoned her mother. Geannie had always been very open about such matters with her mother. Curly would be mortified if he knew how much Marie knew about their intimate affairs.

Marie jumped at the chance to come and spend some time with Geannie, Curly, and the kids. She could be on the train first thing the next morning. After all it had been a little more than a year since she had last seen them. She certainly would give Geannie and Curly plenty of time to work on such an important project that would give her another grandchild. When Curly got home that night, Geannie announced that her mother would be arriving at the end of the week for a visit. She didn't let on as to the ulterior motive of the visit.

On Friday afternoon, Geannie and the kids picked her up at the train station. She had come alone, as the Senator had some business in Richmond. Besides he wasn't invited and would have been in the way for the purposes at hand.

When Curly got home from the air station he was glad to see his mother-in-law. After all he considered her to be his second mother. He had a very good relationship with both she and the Senator.

When she stayed at their home the time Austin was born, Curly put up a cot for her in Sandy's room. Now that Austin shared the room there wasn't any room to spare. Marie was content to bunk out on the couch in the front room.

Marie and Geannie didn't waste any time putting their plan into motion. The next morning after breakfast Marie said to Sandy and Austin, "How do you like Grandma to take you to the zoo today?"

Of course, they thought that was a great idea.

Geannie chimed in, "Why don't you take our car, we won't be needing it today." Then directing her attention toward Curly she added, "Will we, Flyboy?"

"No, that will be fine. Geannie has a list of honey dos for me. I won't be going anywhere." Curly answered.

Before long, Marie and the kids were on their way to the zoo. Geannie was busy balancing the

checkbook and paying the bills while Curly was outside washing widows. He would rather do anything than handle the finances.

When Geannie heard Curly coming up to the door. She put down her pencil, let her hair down, and unbuttoned the top buttons of her dress to meet him at the door as he stepped inside. Curly raised his eyebrows when he saw a little more of Geannie than she typically showed. He took the bait and with just a little more seduction on her part, she had him just where she wanted him.

Later she asked, "Do you think there is chance that you can get a three day leave during the middle of week after next?"

"Ummm. This soon after my leave? I don't know." Curly responded. "Why do you ask?"

Geannie responded, "Well, while my mother is here, she could watch the kids while we got away alone."

"Why then? Why not go over a weekend?" Curly asked.

"Because according to the calender that will be the next best chance we have." she answered.

"What am I supposed to do? Ask the skipper for three days off so I can go get my wife pregnant."

"If that's what it takes," Geannie snickered. "Besides," she continued, "you haven't taken much extra time off for a while."

"Say aren't you afraid your mother and the kids will barge in on us anytime?" Curly asked.

"Whats the matter Flyboy? Are you afraid of being caught in bed with your wife?"

"By my mother-in-law and children, yes!" Curly replied nervously.

"Don't worry, they won't." Geannie reassured him.

"What makes you so sure?"

"As long as these curtains are closed," she said reaching up to touch them, "they won't come home."

"Why you little conniver! This is all part of a plan, isn't it. Your mother is in on this, isn't she? How am I going to look her in the face now?"

"With a smile on your face, Lieutenant. Don't you think she knows how her grandchildren get here?" Then she added, "So will you ask?"

"I'll put in a request first thing Monday morning." Curly agreed.

By the time Marie and the kids got home, the curtains were open. While Geannie was busy with something, Curly had a chance to talk to Marie alone. "I know all about your little arrangement that you and Geannie have going on here."

"What on earth are you talking about Curly?" she tried to ask innocently.

On Sunday, they all went to services at St. Paul's together and afterwards had a picnic on the beach. On Monday morning as Curly left for the air station, Geannie reminded the Lieutenant of what his orders were.

As he walked across the bridge and all during the briefing, he wondered how he was going to ask for the time off. Then it occurred to him, he didn't have to ask the skipper, he could go through Shorty. After all he did the scheduling and he and Curly were close friends.

After the briefing he asked Shorty, "Can I meet with you in your office?"

"Sure Curly. I have a moment right now."

Curly followed Shorty into his office and took a seat across the desk from his friend and superior officer. "Whats on your mind, Curly?"

"Well, Shorty. Sir," he stammered. "I would like to, I mean I need to ask for a three day leave on the 30th, 31st, and the 1st."

"You just got back from your leave only a week ago."

"Yes, sir." Curly answered. Then he continued, "If you look at my attendance record I haven't asked for any time off, other than that one Friday when we went camping."

"Yes. I know." Shorty answered. "I'll still need to get your division leader and the skipper to sign off on it, you know."

"Yes, sir." Curly responded again.

Still uncertain of the request, Shorty asked, "Can I ask the reason for the request?"

Curly paused for a moment. "This is my good friend Shorty I'm talking to." Curly reasoned with himself. "I can trust him."

Curly leaned in close and confided, "Geannie and I have been trying to have another baby for some time now. She says that would be the best time be successful." There, he said it!

Shorty raised his eyebrows and smiled, nodding his head. "Your secret is safe with me. I'll put 'important family matter' down as the reason and see what happens."

"Thank you Sir. I mean, Shorty." Curly said as he stood up saluting his higher ranking friend.

Shorty returned the salute. "If they give me and resistance, I'll remind them that they owe it to you after spending the afternoon in the drink off Panama and your submarine ride. We had poor Geannie thinking you were dead."

Curly went about his flight operations and other duties that day. At the end of the day, Shorty came and found him. "I've got your leave approved, Curly" he said.

"Did you have any trouble?" Curly asked.

“Not after I reminded them of Panama.” Shorty assured him. “I’ve been thinking. While your gone, I’m going to let Scoop and Cowboy each have a crack at playing section leader. I can work in one of the spare pilots. It will be a good experience for them. While you were on vacation I just worked them in as spares so they could get their flying time in.”

“That sounds like a great idea.” Curly agreed. “I think they are both up to it.” Then he added, “Thanks for your help Shorty.”

“No problem.” Shorty answered. Then with out thinking he added, “Go and have fun.” Both men burst out laughing and Curly turned about three shades of red.

That evening when Curly got home, Geannie asked, “Well, how did it go?”

“I thought making a baby was supposed to be between a husband, his wife, and God.” Curly answered. “We’ve got your mother and now Shorty in on it!”

“What did you tell Shorty?” Geannie gasped.

“That I was going to get you pregnant.” Curly quipped.

“You didn’t! Did you?”

“Well, I decided to go through him rather than the skipper. He is the the squadron resource officer after all. He pressed me pretty hard for a reason. I knew I could trust him, so I told him the truth. He just put on the request 'important family matter' and reminded them of what you went through when my plane went down off Panama and they approved it.”

Geannie was emphatic in her excitement, “Oh thank you, thank you Curly!” as she hugged him while bouncing up and down on her toes.

“What is all the excitement about?” Marie wanted to know.

“Mother?” Geannie asked. “Could you watch the kids for a few days next week?”

“Why certainly. That’s what I am her for.” she answered without needing to know why – she already knew.

“Say, why don’t I take the children to the playground before dinner.” Marie announced out of the blue. In a moment they were out the door. Her last words were, “Don’t forget to close the curtains.”

While fixing supper, Curly asked Geannie, “So where would you like to go for this little rendezvous?”

“I was thinking that I’d like to go up to Oceanside. It looked like a quaint little place when we came through there on our way home. It’s only a about forty five miles away.”

Before Curly could respond, Marie and the kids came home and they all sat down to supper.

The next day, Geannie began looking for a place in Oceanside. She found one that sounded just

like the kind of place she was looking for. She called and booked a suite at the Honeymoon Hideaway Beach House. Using her bargaining skills she talked them down on the rate since she was scheduling for three nights during the middle of the week.

When Curly returned from the air station on the afternoon of the 29th, Geannie had their bags packed and loaded into the car. After telling the kids goodbye and instructing them to be good for Grandma, Curly and Geannie were on their way. They crossed the bay on the ferry and drove north along the coast. With the top down, the late afternoon sun was cooled by the fresh sea breeze.

In a little over an hour they pulled up in front of the Honeymoon Hideaway Beach House. It was just as Geannie had pictured it. It had a rustic appearance on the outside. As they went inside, they found the same rustic charm with a completely modern feel.

Curly rang the bell and presently an older woman emerged from the back room. "May I help you?" she asked.

"Yes." Curly answered. "We have a reservation for tonight and the next two."

"What is the name?"

"Brason." Curly answered.

The desk clerk looked in the reservation book and responded, "Oh yes. Here it is. Geannie Brason. I have you upstairs in Number 24. Do you see the stairs next to the front door? That will take you to your room." As she opened the drawer to retrieve the key she asked, "Is this your honeymoon?"

"No, why do you ask?" Curly asked.

"Oh you just have that glow of new love about you. I can just see the passion you have for each other."

As he reached for the key, he said. "Where not actually married. Were here on a rendezvous while her husband is away on business."

The desk clerk pulled back her hand, still clutching the key. Her countenance fell as she was at a loss for words.

Geannie couldn't hold it back any longer. She burst out laughing and slugged Curly on his shoulder. "Shame on you, Lieutenant!" she scolded through her laughter.

Then she turned to the desk clerk. "Yes indeed. We have been married going on eight years now and we have two lovely children."

Relieved, the desk clerk handed over the key as the smile returned to her face. "I certainly hope you find everything you need for a romantic get away. I pride myself in catering to the passion in a couple such as yourselves." Then she added, "Call me old fashioned, but I don't approve of some people now

days who indulge themselves without being married. I don't go for illegitimate hanky panky."

"But legitimate hanky panky is alright?" Curly asked.

"Like I said, I'm here to cater to your passion. I do hope you will be pleased with the items you find in your room. I even provide room service from the restaurant down the street. You will find a menu in your room. Just call down to the telephone switchboard with your order an hour ahead and I will bring it right to your room."

"So do you own this establishment?" Geannie asked

"Oh, yes." the lady beamed as she responded. "My late husband, God rest his soul, built this place back in ninety one. He died nine years ago."

"I'm sorry to hear that." Geannie replied.

"Oh don't be, my dear. You see we had forty seven passionate years together and have nine children to show for it. Our desire was to allow other couples enjoy the passion that we shared for each other. Now that he is gone, I experience that passion vicariously through my guests."

"Well, we certainly look forward to our stay." Geannie assured her. Then she leaned over the desk and whispered something that increased the glow of the woman's countenance by a magnitude of three.

As Geannie and Curly carried their luggage up the stairs Curly asked, "What on earth did you say to her to make her beam like that."

"I just added the innkeeper to the list of those in on our little secret."

"It's not much of a secret any more, now is it." Curly blushed. "Why don't we just announce it in the newspaper?"

"That's a great idea!" Geannie teased. "We can invite everyone to come and watch."

"Yeah, we can charge admission." Curly said as he lightened up a little.

"Shut up, Lieutenant, and carry me through the door."

Curly set down their bags and swooped Geannie up into his arms. Once inside, he put her down and they looked around their suite in amazement. The center piece was a huge round bed. There was a table and two chairs. The table was graced with a beautiful candelabra with three candles. There was an antique chest of drawers that had to date back at least seventy five years. In the corner was a stand with an old windup Victrola. Underneath was a stack of records and a note saying more were available for the asking.

As they came full circle they stood in front of a large picture window that looked out over the beach and the ocean. They stepped into the spacious bathroom to find a very large bathtub that also looked out over the ocean. There was a shelf loaded with all kinds of fragrant soaps, oils, and lotions. On the towel rack were two very soft, fluffy towels. Hanging on the back of the door were two bathrobes made

of the same material. In the closet were more towels and other toiletry items and more candles. There was even a bag of dried rose pedals.

Curly went out onto the deck that spanned the width of the suite to retrieval their bags. He hadn't noticed the table and chairs in the far corner nor the two folding lounge chairs. When he came back into the room Gennie was laying across the bed. She had slipped off her shoes and had both legs crossed behind her in the air. Curly foolishly asked, "What do you want to do next?"

Beckoning him with her index finger she said, "Why don't you come here and find out."

Rather than take advantage of room service just yet, they decided to go out. They found the restaurant that catered the room service and decided to try it out. Their meal was wonderful. Geannie had Pacific salmon with red potatoes. Curly had a sirloin steak with a baked potato. After dinner they walked up the beach with their shoes in one hand and each others hand in the other.

The beach seemed to go on for miles. Not to far up the beach was a pier that stretched out into the ocean. They walked on up to the pier and at the entrance found a sign explaining that the pier had been built in 1888, ten years before they were born. The sign also said that at 1,954 feet, it was longest wooden pier on the west coast. Curly and Geannie walked out to the end as the sun was setting low over the horizon. They lingered as they watched the sun disappear into the ocean. It was sight they had seen countless times but this sunset seemed particularly brilliant.

As the color began to fade they walked back up the pier to the board walk. Across the street they saw something that peeked their interest. It was a stable that rented horses. "I haven't rode a horse since your father sold his." Curly exclaimed. "Do you remember how fun that was? Let's come back here tomorrow and go for a ride up the beach."

"Ummm. That sounds romantic." Geannie sighed. Then added. "Yeah. Lets do it! It will be fun."

By the time they got back to their room, it was nearly dark. When they returned they went to get ready for bed. Looking through their bags Curly couldn't find his pajamas. "Don't tell me. You didn't you bring my pajama's did you, sweetheart?"

Geannie answered, "Nope," as she got undressed. "You aren't going to need them!" She tuned back the sheets and climbed in. A moment later Curly joined her. The round bed was very unusual. A person could get lost in it, but they found each other.

The next morning Curly awoke to the sound of running water and the most pleasant fragrances. He got up and wandered into the bathroom where Geannie was just finishing running a bubble bath. "Do you want to join me, Lieutenant?" she invited.

“Sure. If you give me a moment.”

Geannie went back into the bedroom and picked up the telephone and called the switchboard and ordered breakfast to be delivered to the patio table in one hour.

Knocking on the bathroom door, Curly invited her in. He was already in the tub and she joined him. The water and bubbles and the oil she added were so very soothing.

After a nice long soak, their skin began to shrivel. Gaennie was the first to get out. Curly watched her as she dried off with the fluffy towel. After a moment of gazing at her, he pulled the plug and got out too.

Once Geannie had dried off she handed curly a bottle of lotion and asked him to put some on her back. She laid on her stomach and he began at her shoulders and worked his way down. A knock came to the door followed by the voice of the innkeeper calling, “Breakfast!” Curly and Geannie slipped into the fluffy bathrobes and stepped out onto the balcony where they enjoyed a delicious omelet, toast, fruit, coffee.

After breakfast they stepped back into their room. Geannie asked, “Now where were we, Lieutenant?”

“I was about to lotion up the rest of you.” he said as she untied the sash on her robe.

On their way out, Curly and Geannie took their tray down to lobby and visited with the innkeeper for few minutes. They found out that her name was Mrs. Allburt. She wanted to know how their accommodations suited them. Geannie told her how lovely they were and that they were enjoying their stay very much. Their conversation was interrupted by another couple needing to check out.

They walked down to the stable they found the evening before and checked out a couple of horses. The attendant saddled them up and brought them out to them. After a moment of instruction, they were both confident they still remembered how to ride after all those years.

Curly helped Geannie mount up first. Wearing a dress made it just a little challenging to do it in a ladylike manner. Then Curly mounted up.

At first they just rode along the beach at a walking pace. Once they were familiar with their animals and confident of their own long dormant horsemanship skills, they brought their steeds up to a trot. They took them down to waters edge and the horses' hooves splashed water on their legs. They got brave and took them out a little further. The animals seemed to enjoy the water.

Back up on the beach they slowed them down to a fast passed walk for a ways. Sensing their horses' desire to run, Curly and Geannie decided to let them go. The pace of a full gallop was as invigorating for the riders as it was for the horses. When they got to the end of the strip of beach, they

dismounted and walked their horses for a while.

Mounting up again, Geannie challenged Curly to a race up to a point about a mile up the beach to the inn where they were staying. They let the horses go and more or less hung on for the ride. Curly's horse won by a nose. Slowing back down to a good walk, they rode on past the stables to the other end of the beach which ran for six miles altogether. At one point on their way back, they stopped to watch a two masted sailboat just off shore as it glided gracefully through the light chop. On the way back to the stable, they passed a boat shop with sailboats for rent. Curly promised Geannie a boat ride the next day.

The last half a mile they let horses cool down by wading then in the water up to their bellies. Back at the stable, they dismounted and turned the horse back in and paid for their use.

As they walked down the boardwalk they talked about how much fun they just had. A little stiffness began to set in as their legs weren't accustomed to horseback riding. They came across a hot dog vendor and they each got hot dog and a Coca Cola. There were some shaded patio tables where they sat down to have lunch and watch the ocean.

After lunch as they strolled down the boardwalk wondering what to do next. Geannie looked out at the ocean and said, "Gee, the water sure looks invitin."

Curly stopped and looked at her and asked, "You did bring our bathing suits, didn't you?"

"Of course, silly. Would you like to go for a swim?"

"I sure would!" Curly agreed.

Once back at their room they got distracted as they changed into their bathing suits.

As they headed down the stairs, Geannie paused at the car and retrieved their beach umbrella and picnic blanket. "You've thought of everything, haven't you?" Curly said in amazement.

"What do you expect?" she asked. "After all I am the brains of this outfit. What would you ever do without me?"

Curly couldn't think of life without her. He had known her all of his life. The thought made him shudder. Ten years earlier, he thought that he was going to lose her before he ever had her. He didn't communicate the emptiness the thought conjured up, hoping that he would never find out. Instead he responded with, "Brains, beauty, and body. You've got it all babe."

"So which do you love me for, my brains, beauty, or body?" Geannie teased.

"Well, I must admit that you certainly have a beautiful body. I haven't seen your brains, but I'm sure they are beautiful too."

"What about my pretty face?" she asked.

"You definitely have that too. I'd have to say that I love the whole package." Curly concluded.

"I'm sorry that I'm makin you work so hard so we can have another baby."

“Oh, don't you worry those beautiful brains about that. I'm enjoying every bit of it.”

“I'll bet you are. I enjoy it too. Sometimes I can't get enough. I really miss it when you're gone. Oh, and of course, I miss you too.”

“Does it help that I'm so hansom and strong?”

“Oh, absolutely! Between the two of us, no wonder we have such good looking kids.”

They came to a spot on the beach right out in front of their room and planted the umbrella in the sand and spread out the blanket to mark their spot. Wading out into the water they swam out farther to do a little diving. After swimming back to shallower water they splashed and frolicked like the playmates they still were.

After a while they waded ashore and stretched out side by side in the shade of their umbrella. “So what do you like about me?” Curly asked.

“You know, I'm not really sure. I'll have to I think about that for moment.” She paused.

“Well?” Curly asked. “I'm waiting.”

“I'm thinkin.” she teased. Then she began to rattle off a bunch of silly things. Then she got into the more serious items on her list.

“Listen!” Curly cut her off, holding up his hand for her to be still.

Then they both herd it. A call for help above the sound of the ocean. “There, that woman out there.” Geannie pointed toward a woman standing in waist deep water about seventy five yards to their right.

With out any hesitation, Curly leaped to his feet and sprinted toward the woman. Geannie was right behind him. As Curly neared the woman she shouted to him, “My daughter! My daughter!” pointing out to deeper water.

Curly saw her pink swimming cap bobbing in the water and began swimming out. Geannie stayed with the woman. Curly's powerful strokes took him to the girl as fast as he could propel himself through the water. A moment later he had the girl's head above water and began swimming back to the to the beach.

Geannie took the girl's mother by the arm and led her out of the water. She immediately surveyed the beach for anything that would be useful once Curly brought the girl out of the water. Gennie had seen a demonstration at a Red Cross function she had participated in. She frantically tried to remember what they said about drowning victims. She knew she had to get the water out of her lungs as quickly as possible.

A large beach ball nearby attracted her attention. She grabbed it and ran to meet Curly at the water's edge as he waded ashore with the girl cradled in his arms. What Geannine did next didn't quite follow the demonstration as she remembered it, but it made sense to her and seemed to be the thing to do at the moment.

She had Curly lay the girl, who appeared to be about nine years old, on her back over the beach ball. Geannine held the girl over the ball so she wouldn't roll off to one side or the other as she had Curly roll her back and fourth. On about the third time as her head was lower than her lungs, water began spewing from her mouth. After four or five more rolls, the girl began to cough and sputter. Geannie had Curly stop and she took the girl and laid her on her right side and began gently pumping her left arm up and down expelling more water.

By then a crowd had gathered around. Someone had called for help and an ambulance from the Oceanside Fire Department pulled out onto the beach and the ambulance attendants jumped out of the car. One of them took over from Geannie and began administering the popper first aid. The other attendant questioned Geannie as to the technique she had used.

The attendant said, "That's a highly unorthodox method. Where did you learn that?"

Geannie explained, "I remembered something from a Red Cross demonstration I attended once. I couldn't remember all of it so I just did what I felt was the thing to do."

By then the girl was sitting up and breathing normally. The puzzled attendant responded, "Lady, I don't know why it worked but you just saved that little girl's life."

Geannie interrupted, "But it was my husband who pulled her out of the water."

The mother was now holding her daughter across her lap in her arms. The attendant who took over from Geannie commented, "In my book, you're both heroes."

That is not the word that Geannie wanted to hear. She didn't have a clue as to what she was doing. There wasn't anyone else to do anything so she did what she could. For all she knew, she was doing harm to the child. Besides the term "hero" brought back bad memories that she had tried to forget.

A police officer had arrived and had been questioning witnesses. He then took the heroic couple aside and took their statements and personal information. The little girl, whose name was Sarah Cummings, was responding coherently and seemed to be doing fine. She and her mother and older sister were on vacation from Fresno, California. It was their first visit to the ocean. Sarah got out too far and before long was in trouble. Her mother couldn't swim and all she could do was to call for help. The closest people on the beach just happened to be Curly and Geannie. Sarah was taken to hospital in nearby Escondido to be examined by a doctor.

By the time the excitement had settled down and the crowds had dispersed, Curly and Geannie were left to themselves. The usually confident Geannie questioned her actions. "The ambulance attendant had said the technique was 'unorthodox'. What if I had done the wrong thing?"

Curly reminded her, "What if you had done nothing?"

Curly and Geannie went back to their room for the evening. The thought of anymore romancing had

fled as they changed out of their bathing suits. They were hungry however and ordered in for dinner.

The next morning, they went to breakfast at the same restaurant they had enjoyed before. Seated by a window as they dined, they overheard the conversation between the waitress and the couple at the table across from them.

"I hear there was some excitement around here yesterday afternoon." The man said.

"Why yes." The waitress replied. "A little girl nearly drowned right out there." She said pointing in the direction of beach.

"What happened?" The woman asked.

"Well, from what I hear, the little girl got out far and was in trouble. The mother called for help and this soldier and his wife who happens to be a nurse who are here on their honeymoon came to the rescue. The husband swam out and got her and brought her up on the beach and his wife saved the little girls life. I hear she's going to be just fine."

"Thank God for heroes like them." the woman said. "Why just think of the tragedy there might have been."

At that the waitress turned around and asked Curly and Geannie, "How is everything here? Can I get you anything?"

"No thank you, were fine," Curly answered. "Say that must have been something yesterday afternoon."

The waitress went on to explain how she saw the whole thing on her way home from work. She described in great detail what went on. She went on to describe rescuers and how they looked and what they were wearing. The soldier was a big muscular fellow. He had to be over six feet tall. The nurse was a petite little redhead. Nothing even came close to what really went on.

After she moved on, Geannie whispered to Curly, "So soldier boy, should we get back to our honeymoon?"

"Do you still want to go for that sailboat ride that I promised you?" Curly asked.

"Yes! I'd love too. Why don't we order a box lunch to take with us?"

"That's a great idea. We could either have it on the boat or put ashore someplace."

They finished their meal and the waitress brought them the check. "Is there anything else I can get you?"

"As a matter of fact," Curly stated, "we'd like a box lunch to go. A coupe of submarine sandwiches, some potato salad, two bottles of Coca-Cola, and some of that good looking apple pie in the showcase."

"What would you like on your sandwiches?"

"I'll have roast beef. What do you want Geannie?"

“Do you have turkey?”

“Yes, ma'am. Will there be anything else?”

“How about a few carrot sticks?” Geannie added.

They only had to wait a few minutes for their box lunch to arrive. When it did, they got up to leave. Geannie left a generous tip for the waitress who gave her anonymity in yesterday's dramatic rescue.

Curly paid for the meal and they went back to the inn with their box lunch in hand. As they approached the Beach House they were approached by another couple staying there.

“Say, aren't, you the folks that rescued that little girl yesterday?” they asked.

Geannie was quick to respond, “We just heard about that. We were told that it was a soldier and nurse who are here on their honeymoon.”

“That was sure something.” the man replied.

“Yes, I'm sure it was.” Curly concluded “A good day to you.”

Curly and Geannie went up to their room to change into something more suitable for boating. Once again, as they changed into their bathing suits, they got distracted when they applied lotion to each other and ended up taking care of the main business at hand.

Women's bathing suits had evolved considerably in recent years. The bulky swim wear gave way to more practical styles that were more suited for swimming. Geannie had recently bought a maillot style bathing suit prior to their vacation. It consisted of a one piece formfitting tank-style torso top with shoulder straps, a scope neckline, and short legs. It was considered immodest by many who felt they were too revealing. For Geannie, who was modest by nature, practicality won out over modesty. When it came to swimming, she wanted the freedom of movement. For this outing, Geannie wore a brightly colored floral print wrap as a skirt over her red bathing suit, a red wide brim straw hat, and a pair of sandals.

Men's swim wear had also come a long ways and closely resembled those worn by women. At the same time Geannie got hers, she bought a new one for Curly. His too was a one piece tank style but with longer legs. This day he wore a floral print Hawaiian shirt, which he left unbuttoned, over his navy blue bathing suit, a naval officer type cap with crossed anchors, and a pair of white sneakers.

All decked out for a day on the water, they drove up to the boat rental shop. They selected a fourteen foot, single masted daysailer named “Suzie Q” all rigged and ready to go. The lower portion of the hull was painted sea blue with a wavy line dividing it from the upper hull which was sky blue. It had a cuddy slightly higher than the hull that extended from the mast to the bow for storage and if necessary shelter. Along the inner edge of the five foot nine inch wide hull was a bench seat on either that extended from the cuddy to the stern. Between the seats, a floorboard covered the bottom of the boat.

The boatman at the shop asked Curly, "Do you have any sailing experience?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. While I was a midshipman at the Naval Academy." Curly answered.

"Well, then, you could probably teach me a thing or two." the boatman responded.

"I doubt that." Curly assured him.

Curly and the boatman pushed the Suzie Q, which was mounted on a wheeled dolly, down to the waters edge and launched her into ocean. Curly held the line as the boatman pushed the boat off the dolly. Once free of the dolly, Curly pulled its bow up onto the beach.

Geannie had brought their box lunch, beach umbrella, and picnic blanket. Once Curly had helped her into the boat he handed her their stuff which she stashed in the cuddy. With the boat loaded, Curly and the boatman shoved the bow off the beach. Curly shook hands with boatman who reminded him to have it back by eight o'clock in the evening.

Curly hopped in as the boat glided out into the ocean. Using the tiller, Curly maneuvered the boat into a position parallel to the beach before raising the sails, first the jib then the mainsail. The sails were also sky blue and at the top of the triangular main sail was a bright yellow sun with rays streaking down toward the boat. Curly took the seat on the left so he could man the tiller and boom. Geannie took the seat on the right. As the sails caught the light sea breeze, Curly brought the boat around and headed farther out before turning north along the coast.

Soon they were gliding along the shoreline. "Do you remember the place where I showed you the sea lions?" Curly asked. "It's just up the coast a little further."

Geannie didn't have much to say. She was simply enjoying the ride. She snapped a picture of the skipper of the Suzie Q at the tiller. After soaking it all in for a while she became her usual chatty self again. As they visited, they neared the rocky shore that was home to the sea lions. Curly got them as close as he could without running afoul of the rocks. Curly lowered the sail and let the boat drift as they watched.

After a while, Curly raised the sail and they moved further up the coast. It was an interesting perspective to see it from off shore as opposed to looking out over the shore to the ocean from the coastal highway they had driven down only a couple of weeks earlier.

Twenty miles up the coast they put ashore at San Onofre Beach, just south of San Clemente. The beach featured nice picnic facility and excellent swimming. They spent a couple of hours there and took advantage of both. After a good nap on the beach, they shoved off. Curly rigged the sail for against the wind and headed back down along the coast.

About half way back to Oceanside, they were about fifteen hundred yards off shore. Curly could tell they were in fairly shallow water. He lowered the sail and dropped the anchor over the side.

"Why are we stoppin here?" Geannie asked.

"I'll show you." Curly said as he laid the picnic blanket in the bottom of the boat. He took off his hat, shirt, and shoes, and placed them in the cuddy. He stretched out and beckoned Geannie to join him. "This looks like a good place to work on our project." he said.

"Right here?" Geannie asked. "Why Lieutenant, you sly fox." she said as she took off her wrap and hat and placed them in the cuddy and snuggled down next to him.

"Sure." Curly answered. "There is nobody here but you and me. Not your mother. Not Shorty. Not Mrs. Allburt, or anyone else who might know what we're up to."

"But God is watchin." Geannie insisted.

"Yeah, but we kind of need him in on it if this is going to work, don't we?"

"You have a point there."

Geannie was the first to break the silence. "If its a girl," she asked, "should we name her Suzie Q?" They both chuckled.

Curly had Geannie pull in the anchor while he raised the sails. Soon they were underway again. They chatted about a number of things as they went along. At one point, to Curly's utter amazement, Geannie stood up and leaped out of the boat into the water and began swimming along side.

Curly called out to her, "My aren't you full of surprises. Here let me help you in." Curly offered his hand to help Geannie into the boat.

"Oh, let me swim for a few minutes. Why don't you join me?"

"Normally I would, but someone has to stay with the boat."

For the next several minutes, Geannie played dolphin as she swam along side boat. With one final burst of speed, she swam on ahead. She was floating on her back when Curly caught up with her. She was ready to get back into the boat when he came alongside. Again Curly offered his hand and pulled her into the boat.

"Now, that was fun!" she exclaimed. Once settled on the bench she asked, "Do you know how long I have been trying to get a tan?" she asked as she applied some lotion to her arms and legs. After pulling down the shoulder straps, she had Curly applied some to her shoulders and back.

"Did you know that there's a submarine off our starboard beam observing us through their periscope?"

Geannie faced out to sea and began waving and blowing kisses. After playing it up for a minute, she said, "I'm not some boob, you know. Even I know that a submerged submarine can't operate in shallow coastal water."

"Gee, and I was impressed that you knew where the starboard beam was. How do you know so

much?"

"The Navy Wives. One time we had a class on sailor talk so we can understand what our husbands are talkin about. Some of them are married to submariners."

"I can't shoot much past you, can I? That takes all the fun out of it."

"Nope, I'm a pretty smart cookie. But do keep tryin. I just love your quirky sense of humor."

On the way back, Geannie sat stretched out on the seat with her long legs stretched out in front of her and soaked in the sun, hoping to get the sun tan she had always wanted. As her hair dried, she brushed it out.

Soon the Oceanside Pier came into view and before long they were back to where they began. Curly pointed the boat toward the beach and lowered the main sail and gently beached the boat. As he lowered the jib, the boatman was there with the dolly and helped pull them up onto the beach. He offered a hand to Geannie and helped her out of the boat. Curly handed her the blanket and umbrella before he hopped out of the boat. They put the boat back into the dolly as Geannie watched. Soon they had pulled the boat back up to the boat rental shop and Curly paid the man for the use of the boat.

It was getting to be late afternoon and they were hungry. Wanting to find someplace different for dinner they decided to go into Oceanside but first they stopped by their room to change into something more suitable. They found an authentic Mexican restaurant where they had dinner. They hadn't spent anytime looking around town and decided that would be their activity tomorrow before going home.

That evening they watched the sun set into the ocean from their deck lounges. Once it was dark Geannie ran another bubble bath and lit several candles. After a long soothing soak, sleep came easy. Little did they know that they had accomplished their goal.

The next morning Geannie woke up particularly chipper. She rolled over next to Curly and said, "I had the best dream last night."

"Oh yeah," Curly mumbled half asleep. "What was that?"

She lifted herself up onto to Curly, "I dreamed that I was pregnant!" she exclaimed.

"Dose that mean we can ease up now?" Curly as asked in contrast to what he had said the day before.

"Not on your life, Lieutenant! Not until I know for sure."

"I don't know how much more I have in me." Curly groaned.

After breakfast the they set about exploring the town of Oceanside. They learned that it had been founded in 1888 by Andrew Jackson Myers, who had been granted the tract of land the town was built on. There wasn't anything spectacular about the town itself. The area did have a rich history that dated back to

1798 when Spanish missionaries founded the San Luis Rey Mission which they had an opportunity to visit.

After lunch they went back to the Honeymoon Hideaway Beach House and after packing their bags and loading up car, they went downstairs to check out.

Mrs. Allburt asked if everything was satisfactory and wanted to know if they had an enjoyable stay. Geannie assured her that they most definitely did. She paid their bill, which included the room service meals. In parting, Mrs. Allburt said, "I'm certainly glad that you came to stay. Be sure to recommend me to your friends."

That afternoon when they arrived home, they were glad to see the kids. Grandma had kept them so entertained that they hardly missed them. The next day while Curly was at work, Geannie told her mother all about their outing. Curly would have been horrified if he knew just how much Geannie told her, but she reckoned that what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. Geannie even showed off what she thought was a sun tan. It was more pink than tan, but her mother went along with her.

* * * * *

The Honeymoon Hideaway Beach House is fictional

The Oceanside Pier, located in Oceanside, in northern San Diego County, California, is the longest wooden pier on the western United States coastline at 1,954 feet long. It was first built in 1888 at what is now Wisconsin Avenue. The original pier was destroyed by storms in the winter of 1890, and was rebuilt in 1893 in its current location at Pier View Way.

The beach ball method that Geannie used was indeed unorthodox. I got it from a similar way my aunt was saved from drowning when she was a toddler. She was laid over a barrel and rolled back and forth to expell water from her lungs.

A daysailer is a small sailboat with or without sleeping accommodations but which is larger than a dinghy. Most daysailers have a small cabin or "cuddy" for storage and to provide a shelter, or for sleeping in, but is not usually large enough to stand up in. Daysailers are also distinguished from dinghies by being more stable, and are generally sailed more like a small yacht.

