

## Chapter XXIX

### Moving On

April 9, 1931 – July 29, 1932

During the spring, Geannie continued to heal from her surgery and found it much easier to move on now that she was in control of her emotions. For both of them, the passing of an entire year had proved to be what Walt said it would be and they were able to move on. Geannie found that she could once more focus on taking care of her family and being involved in her outside activities, although she looked longingly at tiny newborn babies. If it only could have been. She knew that she had to be content with what God had blessed her with. As for Curly, after finishing the records inventory project, during the spring he was assigned to a team charged with developing a better aircraft recognition system.

That year Memorial Day was on a Saturday and Curly, Geannie and the kids drove down to Roanoke for the Brason Memorial Day picnic. As usual, there was a trip to the cemetery to decorate the graves. As Curly and Geannie placed some fresh flowers from her mother's yard next to Charles Emmett's headstone, they paused to reflect on the short life that he had lived. Curly still and always would regret that he missed it.

The day he returned to work, the new system was announced on June 1, 1931. It made the already colorful naval aircraft even more colorful. The new system called for wide colored bands around the fuselage of section leader's planes. The colors royal red, white, true blue, black, willow green, and lemon yellow were assigned to sections one through six respectively.

The order further required that chevrons the same as the section color be placed on the upper wing surface pointing forward. Colored bands were to be placed around the engine cowling in the section color. The section leader's plane was to carry a complete band, the Number 2 aircraft a half band on the upper part and the Number 3 aircraft a half band on the lower portion of the cowl.

The order also permitted the use of distinguishing colors on the tail section of each plane in the squadron to distinguish it from other squadrons. The colors were to be selected from those specified for section colors.

At the completion of that assignment and after they had things wrapped up, Curly was allowed his thirty day leave and after all they had been through in the last year or so, they could use a good vacation. They decided to take the first week to tour some of the historic sites of the American Revolution and the War Between the States.

The morning of the first day, they set out in their 1928 Chevrolet National AB Convertible Sport Cabriolet across the Potomac River on the 14<sup>th</sup> Street Bridge and onto US Highway 1. They made a brief stop in Baltimore to visit with Geannie's Aunt Jane, who insisted that she buy lunch for them. Continuing

up Highway 1, they arrived in Philadelphia in mid afternoon where they stayed that night and the next. While in Philadelphia, they saw Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell and many other historical sites.

On the third day, they drove thirty three miles farther up Highway 1 up to the Washington Crossing the Delaware Historical Park and spent the morning and had lunch. In the afternoon, they drove the 45 miles to Valley Forge where they spent that night and part of the next.

Day four took them the 150 miles to Gettysburg where they spent the rest of the day and that night. The next day they drove another 50 miles to Sharpsburg, Maryland to visit the Antietam National Battlefield and another fifteen miles on to Harper's Ferry, the site of John Brown's raid on a federal armory in 1859 in an attempt to initiate a slave revolt. John Brown and his men were defeated by a company of US Marines and a garrison from the Virginia State Militia under the command of Colonel Robert E. Lee.

On the seventh day, they drove 130 miles to the Thomas Jefferson's Monticello estate near Charlottesville. Both Curly and Geannie had been there when they were younger, but it was nice to revisit such a historical setting. On their way to Roanoke the next day, they also revisited Appomattox where Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant, ending the Civil War. That evening they arrived in Roanoke. During their trip they enjoyed the historical sites they visited and Geannie, the school teacher, wanted to learn all she could about them but Sandy and Austin were still too little to appreciate them.

Their time in Roanoke was not as pleasant as at other times. The stress of keeping the bank operating was taking its toll on Geannie's father. Other banks were beginning to fail as depositors demanded their money. So far, the Roanoke Bank and Trust was still holding on, but just barely.

The better part of the third week of Curly's leave was spent at the cabin. That in and of itself was the best medicine for the soul for both of them, especially Geannie. The kids seemed to enjoy it too. Then the final week was again spent visiting their families before going home. The time away had been both relaxing and rejuvenating.

After returning from his leave, Curly was given his next assignment. He was appointed to the liaison office from the Bureau of Aeronautics to the Bureau of Construction and Repair, which since 1862 was responsible for supervising the design, construction, conversion, procurement, maintenance, and repair of ships and other craft. The bureau also managed shipyards, repair facilities, laboratories, and shore stations.

Curly's responsibility was help provide an aviation perspective to the design process of future aircraft carriers. The design of the USS Ranger, the Navy's first purpose built aircraft carrier, was nearing completion and was scheduled to be laid down in September. There were still design features that the Bureau of Aeronautics was not satisfied with and pressed for additional changes. For instance, the Ranger

was designed to have a flush flight deck like that of the Langley.

Havening flown from both the Langley, without an island structure, and the Saratoga which had one, he lobbied hard that an island structure be added to the design. The Island not only provided for a better navigation bridge, but in Curly's opinion, it gave the pilots a point of reference. For those and other reasons, a superstructure was provided. The final design of the Ranger was to be the basis from which all future carriers would be based on.

With the design of the Ranger settled, attention was turned to the next class, which was much larger. Now, that was a ship Curly really got excited about. During the conceptual design phase some interesting ideas were put forward. One that Curly and the rest of the liaison office found absurd was a scheme that called for a hybrid cruiser carrier. The forward section of the ship was to mount three triple six inch gun turrets which truncated the flight deck, severely limiting its functionality. However, he did find it interesting that the flight deck was angled slightly to port to allow clearance of the forward section of the ship.

Curly really enjoyed this assignment as it had a direct bearing the future of naval aviation. It had come a longways since his early days on the Langley. Not only did the new ships excite him, but he was also very impressed with the new aircraft on the drawing board. Even though he was not involved with their design, he was shown the progress that was being made.

One other ship design feature he was involved with provided for better aircraft handling facilities to be installed at the stern of the new classes of cruisers under development. There would be a hangar at the stern, below the main deck. A single crane at the stern would bring aircraft from the hangar and situate them onto the catapults to either side. The crane would also lift aircraft out of the water and lower them into the hangar. This design appeared to be more useful than the midship arrangement on current cruisers.

September 8, 1931 was a milestone day in the Brason family. It was Sandy's first day of school in the first grade. Sending your first child off to school is a bittersweet day for any parents. For Curly and Geannie, it was no different. Their little girl was growing up. For Geannie, it made her feel old all of a sudden. She was no longer one of the "young" mothers whose children were all at home. Geannie decided that it was time to take Sandy on as one of her piano students. She had already shown an aptitude for it. As for Curly, he was proud of Sandy and knew she was smart and was confident that she would do well.

About that same time, Freddy was transferred to another assignment. Curly and Geannie would miss them for sure, but after more than a year in Arlington, they had made other good friends as well. All this time, Geannie had stayed in touch with Ramona through the mail on a regular basis, except for during the time of her emotional breakdown. When she did eventually write to her and told her what was going on,

Ramona was able to explain to her what was going on in her body in terms that she could understand. More recently, she again extended the invitation for them to come see her in Hawaii. But the state of the economy didn't make it practical.

In early October 1931, the national situation had grown much worse. The country and the rest of the world was in the midst of a global economic depression. The U.S. banking system was in full crisis – with bank failures running at near record levels. At the same time, the broader economy was sputtering. Curly and Geannie were somewhat insulated from the havoc being wrecked on middle class families as businesses were also failing. The military at least provided stable employment. Some goods were becoming hard to come by altogether. Shortages plagued other commodities and consumers had to wait in long lines just for a chance to make a purchase.

One morning in early November, Geannie received a frantic telephone call from her mother. After saying hello, she heard the quivering voice of her mother, “Geannine, I have some terrible news.”

“What is it, Mother?” Geannie queried.

“This morning your father went into the bank as usual. One of the last big depositors came into the bank to close out his account. There wasn't enough cash on hand to honor his withdrawal. The bank's attorney was summoned along with the sheriff. The bank was declared insolvent and the doors were locked. The Roanoke Bank and Trust is out of business.”

“That is bad news. What is he goin to do?”

“I'm only getting the bad news. It gets worse. While negotiating with the attorney, your father suffered a massive heart attach at his desk. Geannie. . . he's gone.”

Stunned, Geannie didn't say anything momentarily as the news sunk in. “Oh Mother. I'm so sorry. I can't believe it. This is terrible.”

“Believe it. Its true. Baby Girl.”

“How are you holdin up, Mother?”

“Right now, I'm in shock. There is too much going on right now. How soon can you get here?”

“Let me call Curly and I'll get back with you.”

“I have to go now Geannie. Let me know when you can come, okay. Bye dear.”

Geannie didn't say goodbye. She stood there clutching to the telephone receiver to her breast. She was heartbroken at the news. She had always been her daddy's girl. He had taught her so much and she was so much like him. He was the glue that held the family together. He couldn't be gone just like that, yet he was.

Geannie placed a call to the Navy Building and reached the operator. She explained that she had

an emergency call for Lieutenant Sheffield Brason. After what seemed to take forever, Curly came to the telephone and she gave him the shocking news. He said he would be home as soon as possible.

Curly went straight to Commander Redding's office and explained the situation. He granted Curly a three day emergency family leave beginning immediately. The Commander told him that if he needed more time to contact him.

He thanked his boss and returned to his desk to straighten up before leaving. He called Geannie to tell her that he was on the way home and instructed her to have their things packed and ready to leave.

In the meantime, Geannie called her mother back to tell her that they were on their way. During the conversation, she got more details as to what had happened.

Curly caught a cab and was home in twenty minutes. He loaded the car with the items that Geannie had packed and on their way out of town they stopped by Sandy's school and picked her up and began the somber drive to Roanoke.

For the longest time, Gerannie road along in silence, lost in her thoughts, daubing her tears with a hanky that she clutched tightly in her hand. Curly let her be and didn't try to engage her in conversation.

Finally she was ready to talk. "I can't believe he's gone just like that." She sobbed. "Mother said that when he left to go into the bank this morning that he was just fine. Oh sure, he'd been under a lot of pressure as of late at the bank with the economy the way it is, but she said that he was optimistic that things would turn around."

"The Senator was the most optimistic person I know." Curly interjected. "Why he could always see the positive in the most desperate circumstances." Then he added, "The stress must have been more that he let on. He was that way too, you know."

"Yeah I know." Geannie agreed. "He never complained of any conditions with his health. Mother said that he was as healthy as a horse. How can someone just keel over like that? It just doesn't make any sense. He had the energy an vigor of a man much younger than his age. I guess the Good Lord saw fit that it was his time. Mind you that doesn't make it any easier for those of us left behind."

"So, how are you holding up, Sweetheart?"

"It's just all so sudden. I can tell you this, it has brought up a lot of feelings from when Charles Emmett died that I thought I had addressed."

"Yeah I know what you mean. Me too. I suppose its only natural. Did your mother say anything about what is going to happen with the bank?"

"Its officially out of business, like so many others lately. She said that it would all be worked out after the funeral when his estate is settled. But she's not worried about that right now. She's just trying to figure out a funeral and get through the next few days."

"I hate to say it," Curly said, "but when its all said and done, there might not be much left."

"I know." Geannie agreed. "These are bleak times, indeed. So many have lost so much. It just goes to show you that no one is immune. I just hope your career is secure."

"Me too. It would have to get pretty bad for it to cut into the military."

"We can only hope so." Geannie concluded.

From there their conversation turned to fond memories and the good time. It was early evening and the sun November sun was setting when they pulled up in front of the Austin Mansion. Everyone else was already there when they arrived. It was solemn gathering indeed as the family mourned the loss of the sixty six year old patriarch of the Austin family. Throughout the evening, a steady stream of people called at the mansion. Curly, Geannie and the kids stayed with her mother that night.

The next day, Walt counseled the family in making funeral arrangements. Once again he found himself mistering to the family that he was a part of. It was decided to hold the funeral on Saturday. Arrangements had to be made with the mortuary and the cemetery. The sheriff persuaded the depositor whose transaction shutdown the bank to not press for the rest of his money until after the funeral and the attorney could handle the estate.

A cold November wind blew that morning as the family and mourners assembled for the funeral. With family filling the first several rows, the remainder of the chapel was filled to overflowing. Charles Austin III was a well known and a well respected individual. Friends, neighbors and people of influence from all over the Commonwealth of Virginia had come to pay their respects. Many of his former colleagues from the State Assembly were there, as was the Governor. President Hoover regretted that he was unable to attend but sent a letter of condolence that was read at the funeral.

At the conclusion of the lengthy service filled with eulogies and tributes, Walt gave his remarks. After a concluding musical number, the pall bearers were called forward. Curly, dressed in his uniform joined Geannie's brothers Charlie, Winslow, and Stirling along with Charlie's nineteen year old son Charles the Fifth and Walt. Even though Sara was a niece, she and Walt were as much a part of their family as their own children. Walt left the rostrum still wearing his robes as Emmett took over for him.

It was a long procession that made its way to the cemetery where he was laid to rest not far from Charles Emmett. Walt committed the body of this venerable gentleman to grave where he would lie until the glorious day of the resurrection. Following the graveside service, the family returned to church for a luncheon. Through the evening, the house was abuzz with family. Someone shared a memory of the Senator which lead to an evening of remembrances, some light hearted – some serious. It was a fitting celebration of such a great man who had influenced so many, particularly his children and grandchildren.

The next day, the entire Austin family attended services at the Greene Memorial United Methodist

Church followed by one of the famous Austin family dinners. It was hard to believe that he was gone so sudden. For Geannie, it brought up old emotions of losing Charles Emmett and was particularly hard for her. Curly was sure to stay by her side at all times.

Monday was the last day of Curly's three day leave. They prepared to leave in the afternoon for the five hour trip home. Geannie thought about staying a few more days and returning home on the train. But with Sandy in school now, she realized that it wouldn't be practical. Marie assured her that she would be alright. She had Sarah and the boys with their wives around her. Besides Thanksgiving was just over two weeks away, they would be back then.

When they did come back for Thanksgiving, it was another somber gathering. The bank was out of business for good. To cover the outstanding deposits, most of the Senator's holdings had to be sold, including the cabin and the property immediately behind the house. Even his remaining campaign funds were applied to the bank's debts. Unfortunately, there wasn't enough to cover all of the remaining deposits. Those customers only received forty cents on the dollar.

Marie was able to keep the house and had money of her own from the inheritance from her parents. It had wisely been kept separate from her husband's affairs and had been invested in treasury bonds. Her money was still intact, which gave her enough money to get buy on, but the Austin fortune was gone.

December 7, 1931 was Curly and Geannie's tenth wedding anniversary and their thirty third birthdays. It had been a wonderful ten years. With the exception of losing Charles Emmett and Geannie's emotional setback, life had been good to them. They were more in love and devoted to each other than they could have imagined on their wedding day. They had two beautiful children to show for it. Sandy was seven and Austin was four. Their adventures had taken them clear across the country and back.

They made another trip home for Christmas. It just wasn't same without the Senator. So much of what he worked for was gone. Charlie had gone to work with Winslow and Stirling at the Austin Sawmill, which had been the Senator's brother's inheritance. Winslow had gone to work for him as young man as he had no interest in the world of banking and finance. After Sarah's mother died in 1909, Bill's heart wasn't into it much any more. Then when Billie died in the war, he completely broke down. At that time Winslow took over the the management of the mill. Stirling went to work for him right out of high school.

When Bill died in 1924, Sarah inherited the mill. She turned around and sold it to Winslow and Stirling. Winslow was the general manager and Stirling was the sales manager. Over the years they had made it a success. But with the downturn in the economy, business was off. They offered Charlie the job of business manager in hopes that his college education and experience at the bank would help them better manage the business and keep it going.

While home for Christmas, Geannie wanted to talk to Walt. One evening while the family was gathered, the two of them slipped away to the privacy of the Senator's study. Once settled into the two wingback chairs in front of the desk, he asked, "So Geannie, what's on your mind?"

"Well Walt, ever since I lost Charles Emmett, I began to question some of the core beliefs that I had been taught all of my life. During my daily devotionals over the last year and half, I have searched the Bible for answers to my questions. Rather than finding answers, I only have more questions and I wanted to talk to you about them. I have so many that I don't know where to begin. I hope you don't get upset with me for questioning my beliefs."

"It's good to question things." Walt assured her. "That is how we come to a deeper and more personal understanding of God and what he wants for us. It has been my experience that those who just accept things at at face value don't have a very deep understanding."

"Okay then." Geannie opened her Bible and began. "For starters, what does it mean when Jesus said, 'In my father's house are many mansions.'? To me it seems that there is more to it than a simple explanation of heaven and hell. For example," she flipped the pages, "what is the meaning of 1st Corinthians chapter fifteen verses forty and forty one that says, 'There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.' I get the idea that it means in the resurrection there are different levels of heaven that a person might attain too."

Walt answered, "The United Methodist church has no official doctrine on "heaven" or "hell" except for, 'We believe in the resurrection of the dead, the righteous to life eternal and the wicked to endless condemnation.'

"You know, I have given a lot of thought to this since Charles Emmett died." Geannie reflected. "I think the heaven and hell concept more applies to where we go after we die and that's where we are until the resurrection. In some references, heaven is referred to as paradise."

All Walt could say was, "Here again, the church is silent on what happens immediately after a person dies. John Wesley believed there was an intermediate state between death and the final judgment where believers would share in the 'bosom of Abraham' or 'paradise,' even continuing to grow in holiness there."

"Walt," Geannie chided, "you're not much help here. I thought you were supposed to know this stuff. So then, I believe that the many mansions in the glory of the celestial is when where we go live with God in the eternities, and the glory of the terrestrial must be for those who don't quite make it."

"If you ever get this all figured out, Geannie, tell me because I really don't know."

“Alright then. Here's another question for you. How do families come into play in heaven, I mean in the celestial mansions? When Curly and I were married, it was 'until death do us part.' Surely in God's mercy, there must be a provision for husbands and wives and to maintain claim on each other and their children. I can't imagine it being heaven without them.”

Walt's replied, “Well Jesus said that 'in heaven they are neither married nor given in marriage.’”

“Yes.” Geannie answered. “As I read that it in the context of his answer to the Sadducees is that he was referring to new marriages.”

Again Walt was at a loss to answer her. “All I know is that as a minister, I don't have the authority to marry beyond this life. My authority to perform marriages is vested in the Commonwealth of Virginia. I doubt that would be recognized in the hereafter.”

That raised another question from Geannie. “Just where did you get your calling and authority?” she wanted to know.

Walt responded, “I had always admired the way my father helped people and the idea appealed to me. I attended four years of seminary and graduated with a minister's license.”

“What about in Hebrews where it says, 'And no man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.' Aaron didn't just decide to be a priest. God told Moses to select him and his sons to be priests, just like how Jesus called his apostles. That brings up another question.” Geannie asked, “Why aren't there anymore apostles as in Jesus' time or prophets as in the Old Testament. Wouldn't they be the ones to say who has the authority? Didn't Jesus say that what they joined together, let no man put asunder? Wouldn't apply to families?”

“As for the Apostle's, they all died a martyr's death in the decades following Christ's ascension into heaven.”

“It seems to me then, that their authority died with them. Didn't Paul write of a 'restitution of all things.’” Certainly that would apply to the authority, wouldn't it? Since God is the same yesterday, today and forever, I would think such things would be just as important today as in Bible times.”

“These are some very deep questions. I can tell that you have really been studying your Bible. Just look at all that you have marked in it.”

“I sometimes wish God would have given us some additional scriptures to clear some of this up.” Geannie insisted.

“But the Bible is all that God gave us to go on.” Walt assured her.

“I've always wondered what it means in Ezekiel where God said to take one stick and write for Judah and take the stick of Joseph and write for Ephraim and that he would join them together in His hand as one?”

"I don't recall ever coming across that one. Where is that?"

"I think it is in chapter thirty seven. Anyway, it seems to me that the stick of Judah mentioned is obviously the Bible, but what can the stick of Joseph be and what does it say? I'd sure like to know. Maybe it can answer some of my questions."

"I'm sorry that I don't have any answers that satisfy your questions. About all I can say is chalk them up to the mysteries of God."

"That's another thing." Geannie continued. "This is going to sound like heresy, but why is God such a mystery. I have always pictured God as loving father in heaven, a man like Jesus only with white hair and a white beard. I feel that we all lived with him before we were born. I really got that feeling when I held my tiny newborn babies."

"If Jesus is the Son God, how could they be the same? I believe that He came to earth to suffer and die for us so we can return to God in one of those mansions. I have a strong belief in the Holy Spirit because it has spoken to me on occasion. Take the baptism of Jesus for example; Jesus was standing in the river, the voice of God called down from heaven as the Holy Spirit descended from heaven in the form of a dove."

"The Trinity is one doctrine the church is very clear on." Walt said sternly. "I'd keep that to yourself if I were you."

She told Walt, "If I ever find someone who can answer these questions, I would certainly listen to what they had to say. In the meantime, I assure you that I am still a devout Methodist."

Walt's reply to that was, "I doubt you will ever find anyone who could answer these questions. But if you do, I'd be very interested to know what you find out."

From there, their conversation turned Geannie's emotional wellbeing in coping with losing Charles Emmett and the fact that she wouldn't be able to have any more children. Walt concluded, "Well Geannie, you have made considerable progress since the last time I counseled with you. Hang in there kid, you're going to make it."

"Walt, thanks so much for taking the time to talk to me."

"Anytime. I suppose we ought to get back to the family. Do you think anyone has noticed that we disappeared?"

On the way back to Arlington, Geannie told Curly about her discussion with Walt and told him what she had asked him and how she felt about it. She was surprised that Curly supported her in her reasoning as it sounded reasonable to him.

Upon their return to Arlington, Curly continued his work in the liaison office. He was pleased with

the unfolding design of the new class of aircraft carriers and hoped that he would one day serve aboard one of them. As for Geannie, she was practically back to her old self and doing the things that made her happy. For both of them, the new year offered a fresh start and 1932 began with the promise of good times ahead.

Easter was on March 27<sup>th</sup> and with Sandy out of school for spring break, they made another weekend trip to Roanoke. It was nice being so close to home after all of those years in San Diego. Two weeks later they observed Charles Emmett's second birthday. Geannie took the framed picture of him down from the wall and set it on the table next to a candle that burned all day. She left them out the next day as well, except the candle was extinguished. What a difference two years made.

One evening over dinner, Geannie mentioned, "I got a letter from Ramona in the mail today."

"Oh really." Curly responded. "How's she doing?"

"Very well. She said that she'll be graduatin from the University of Hawaii at the end of next month."

"Hey, thats terrific news."

"Yes it is, and the best part is that she wants to come and see us in June."

"Hows that?" Curly asked.

"Well, she said that once she graduates, the Navy wants to send her to Bethesda for some specialized trainin that she can only get there. So while she's in D.C. she wants to take an extra week and spend with us. I'm so excited."

"I'll bet you are." Curly concluded. "It will be nice to see her again. What else did she have to say?"

"Oh, as always she talked about about how lovely it is over there and again invited us to come see her. If only it were possible." Geannie then went on to tell him about the rest of her letter.

As spring progressed, Sandy completed the first grade when school let out during the third week in May. Then at the end of the month, they made another weekend trip to Roanoke for Memorial Day.

Ramona arrived in Washington on Sunday the 12<sup>th</sup> and called Geannie from the nurse's dormitory where she was staying. She was tied up with her training all week and then on Saturday she came to stay with Curly and Geannie. They made room for her in their small house by putting her up on the couch.

On Sunday the 19<sup>th</sup> she stayed home while they attended services but joined them in celebrating Father's Day for Curly. Even though he had to go to work during the week, Geannie took Ramona around and showed her many of their favorite places. One evening Ramona treated them to dinner out while they left the kids with a babysitter. Another evening they left the kids with the babysitter again as the three of them went to see a stage play at The National Theatre, just three blocks from the White House.

They saw "The Good Fairy" with Helen Hayse which had just closed on Broadway in April and

came to The National Theatre. It told the story of a woman named Lu who must face the consequences of pretending to be someone she was not. Curly, in his dress blue uniform, had Geannie dressed to the nines on one arm and Ramona, also in uniform, on the other as they entered the theater; and that is the way they ended up being seated, although Geannie intended to sit between her and Curly. Curly felt a little uncomfortable when she took a hold of his arm a time or two during the play, but he brushed it off knowing that she had always been a little clingy ever since Tom died. In fact it was the same on this visit. Ramona always looked for a discrete opportunity to be close to Curly or to touch him, and then there were all of the stolen glances when neither he or Geannie were looking.

At the end of the week, on Saturday, they saw Ramona off at Union Station on a train bound for Los Angeles, from where she would take a ship back to Hawaii. It had been good for Geannie to spend some time with her dear friend. They each cherished the visit, as who knew when they would see each other again. They both promised to continue their correspondence.

Curly's two year assignment with the Bureau of Aeronautics was soon coming to an end. It was just what they needed most when they needed it. During that time, they were able to pick up the pieces after loosing Charles Emmett and move on with with life. It wasn't an easy time for them and was complicated by Geannie's illness and the death of her father.

Their marriage had been tempered by the fires of adversity and had emerged stronger and more loving. They had a new appreciation for life and learned first hand that they couldn't take anything for granted. There wasn't always happy endings to the challenges of life. They learned that life was a journey and that the bumps along the way and the hard times served to elevate them to new levels of understanding and gave them the courage and willingness to face what the future held in store for them. Come what may, the good and the bad, they were ready to move on to the next part of their lives together.

\* \* \* \* \*

The squadron markings announced on June 1, 1930 were as described.

Banking panics began in October 1930, one year after the stock market crash, triggered by the collapse of corresponding networks; the bank runs became worse after financial conglomerates in New York and Los Angeles failed in prominently-covered scandals. Much of the Depression's economic damage was caused directly by bank runs. During the first 10 months of 1930, 744 US banks failed. (In all, 9,000 banks failed during the 1930s).

The National Theatre, operated by a private non-profit organization, is a 1,676 seat theater located at 1321 Pennsylvania Avenue constructed in 1923, opening in September of that year, although it was founded in 1835.

The Good Fairy starring Helen Hayse premiered on Broadway on November 30, 1931 and closed on April 2, 1932 after 151 performances and opened at the National Theatre in Washington D.C. on April 4, 1932.