

Chapter XXII

Paula Drussell Concluded

February 25, 1943 – March 14, 1943

When Sheffield took Paula home after her plane ride, he had gone in and visited for a few minutes. Her kids were all there and as they talked, a family date was arranged for Saturday the 27th. As planned, Sheffield, dressed in causal civilian clothes, winter coat and a fedora, waited at the base's main gate. He didn't have to wait long. Right at nine thirty, Paula and the kids drove up in their 1939 Chrysler Royal sedan.

Brent opened the door and got out of the front seat and got in the back with his sisters. Sheffield got into the front passenger seat and they all drove off together. "I hope you enjoy the museum." he said.

"Would you believe that all these years, we've never been to it?"

"Your kidding. It was one of our favorite places when we lived in Norfolk." Sheffield went on to explain, "My wife especially loved it. She was a school teacher, you know, and she ate up things like that."

"I guess that makes us even then since you've never been rollerskating." Paula said. "That has always been one of our favorite past times."

"How hard can it be?" Sheffield asked innocently.

"I guess you'll find out." Paula winked.

The first stop for the day was at the Norfolk Museum of Arts and Sciences located at 245 West Olney Road. The museum opened in 1933 and had a fine collection of art work and a natural history section. Paula took Sheffield's arm as they strolled through the exhibits with Brent, Evelyn and Jillian sometimes tagging behind, sometimes getting ahead of them.

From the museum, they went five miles to what was called Ward's Corner, a popular entertainment and shopping district, where they had lunch at Tegg's Log Cabin Barbecue. The pulled pork sandwiches were succulently wonderful.

Paula's children were excited to go skating. When they entered the Mercury Roller Rink, Sheffield became a bit apprehensive. They went up to the counter together and got their skates. When he was handed a pair of boots with wooden wheels, he really began to have second thoughts.

Sensing his uncertainty Paula assured him, "It will be alright. I'll teach you."

By the time he put them on and had them laced up, Paula and the kids already had theirs on. She and the girls were dressed for the occasion, each wearing a pair of culottes that she had made. The kids were already out on the floor and half way around when Paula took him by the hand and helped him to his feet. Slowly, they made their way out onto the floor.

Paula skated around him, showing him how. She took his hand to steady him as he tried it. First one step, then another and another. "I think I'm getting the hang of it." He spoke too soon. No sooner than the words escaped his mouth, down he went, landing on his bottom.

Paula laughed and reached for his hand. Brent and Jillian raced past, but Evelyn stopped and took him by the other hand. Together they helped him up. With them holding on to him, they began making their way around the floor.

After several rounds, Evelyn let go and joined a game of tag with her brother and sister. Sheffield was feeling a little more confident, "This is kind of fun." he admitted.

Paula spun around and faced him, taking both of his hands as she lead him. "You see, it's not much different from dancing."

"How can you do that?" He asked in amazement. "I can barely go frontwards, let alone do it backwards."

After leading him a while longer, she let go of his hands and put a little distance between them. On his own he made it about three quarters of the way around before his feet went out from under him and down he went again. Paula circled around him and stopped to help him up.

Determined, Sheffield got got back up and started off again. "Lets try it this way." Paula said as she moved in behind him and but her hands on his waste. After two or three times around, she let go and came up along the side of him. "See, you're getting into the swing of it." she encouraged.

Confident to leave his side, she cut loose, circling around him, spinning as she went. She straightened out going backward. With one foot out in front her, she leaped into the air and spun around one and half times before landing on both feet, facing forward.

Sheffield applauded as she came back around by his side. Along came Evelyn, Brent, and Jillian in a chain. Paula moved in front of Sheffield, "Grab a hold of me." she called. He put his hands on her hips and hung on. Together as a chain, the five of them went around the rink twice before breaking up.

After another time or two around, Sheffield went down again. When he got up he asked, "Do you mind if we take a little break. Its getting a little too crowded for me out here."

Paula lead him off he floor and into the concession area. "Would you like something to drink?" She asked.

"A Coke would be great right now."

Paula took him up to the counter. "Two cokes, please." she ordered.

The young lady behind the counter produced two bottles of Coca-cola and Sheffield reached into his pocket and placed quarter on the counter.

"Thank you." the girl said as she handed him the change.

Sheffield and Paula sat at a booth were they could watch the kids skate. "I can tell that you were a great father."

"I did my best."

"No, really. You are. I can tell by how you interact with my kids."

"They're great kids." he replied.

"And I think you're a great guy." she said putting her hand on his. "You're the kind of man I could fall for."

"Now don't get carried away here."

"I said 'could'. If I were to fall for someone, it would be for someone like you." Then she added, "I think Evelyn has already fallen for you. She's always asking me when I'm going to see you next. When I come home, she wants to know all about where we went and what we did."

"Thanks for letting me spend today with your family. You've got some terrific kids, Paula. They don't seem to give you much trouble."

"Nothing out of the ordinary. Tell me about your kids. I've heard you talk of Geannie a lot, but tell me about them."

For the next little while he told her about Sandy and Austin, he even told her the story of Charles Emmett. From there, their conversation meandered through a variety of topics. Before they knew it, an hour had passed. About then, her kids crowded into the booth with them, with Evelyn next to Sheffield. They all went back out on the floor for more skating. Sheffield did his best to keep up with them, despite two or three more falls.

After skating they took Sheffield home with them. Paula popped a chicken casserole in oven that she had prepared earlier. With a little extra work, dinner was served. Sheffield was given the seat at the head of the table, obviously where Gary had sat. Paula was to his right and the kids around the table. Sheffield noticed that there was no mention of saying Grace. Paula had told him that they weren't much of church going family. After dinner, dessert was served; a chocolate cake that had been baked the night before.

After dinner, Paula insisted that he sit and relax while she and the kids cleared away, despite his offer to help. Once cleared away, the kids broke out the board games. "Do you know how to play Sorry and Monopoly, Captain?" Brent asked.

"I sure do. I used to play them with my own family."

Evelyn won the first round of Sorry and Jillian won the second. Then they moved on to Monopoly. Time flew and before they knew it was after ten.

"I guess you'd better take me back to the base, Paula." That's when he looked out the window and noticed that it was snowing, not real heavy but enough to stick to the ground.

"Why don't you just spend the night with us." Paula suggested. "You can sleep on the sofa, it makes out into a bed."

"Are you sure that's alright? Aren't you afraid of what people might think if they found out that you

had a man spend the night?"

"Not in the least. Who cares what others may think."

Even the kids joined in on encouraging him to stay.

"Well alright. Let me use your telephone to call the ship so they don't send out a search party."

Sheffield dialed the operator and was put through to the base operator who put him through to the ship. Finally he was connected to Yeoman Gover. He explained the situation, including the part about the sofa sleeper just so Morris understood. He certainly didn't want him to get the wrong idea.

While he was on the telephone, Paula got out some bedding and made up the bed for him.

"Do you have anything that I can wear for pajamas?" Sheffield asked.

She had to think about it for a moment. "I do have a pair that Gary wore in the hospital once. They'd probably fit you." She said. She went into her bedroom and retrieved them. "We've never been ones to wear pajamas to bed." she said.

Without thinking, he innocently asked, "Well then, what do you wear?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" she teased.

Realizing that some questions are best left unasked, he blushed. He took the pajamas from her hand and she left him alone to change while she saw the kids off to bed. A few minutes later she returned wearing a robe. "Do you need anything else?"

"No I'm fine."

Paula sat on the edge of the bed, "Thanks for toady. That's what the kids needed, they miss their father. It was nice to have a man around again, if only for a day."

"I enjoyed it to. It made me wonder if I'd ever have a family again."

Paula laid down on the other side of the bed facing him. "You once told me how your faith got you through. Let me ask you a question. Why does God take those we love from us when we need them so badly?"

"I really don't know but its just part of life and we have to go on and do our best." Sheffield went on to tell her what he has learned from it and passed along some pieces of wisdom that he got from his brother. They went on to talk about what their hopes for the future might hold.

After nearly an hour, she sat up. "Well, I guess I go to bed." She got up off the bed and pulled the covers up around him. "Thanks for everything, Sheffield. You've been a big help." She bent down and kissed him on the forehead. As she did, her robe parted just enough to reveal the answer to the question that he asked earlier.

"Good night." she said and disappeared into her own bedroom.

The next morning, Sheffield was awake before anyone else. After getting dressed, he quietly snooped around in the kitchen and found the coffee pot and a can of Folgers. The aroma and the sound of coffee percolating filled the house. Paula came stumbling out, wearing her robe, her hair a mess, and without any makeup. "This is the real me in all of my glory." she laughed. "I hope you're not frightened."

"You've got to remember, I was married for twenty years. I've seen my wife in the morning too."

"Yeah, but I'm sure she was much prettier than me."

"You've got that right. She was the most beautiful woman I've ever known." Realizing that he stuck his foot in his mouth again, he blushed and hum hawed around with an apology.

Paula laughed, "That's alright, Sheffield." she said trying to put him at ease.

"It's not that you're not attractive. It's just... You know what, I'm going to quit while I'm ahead."

"So you do think I'm attractive, then." she smiled. "Just not first thing in the morning."

"Would you like some sugar?" he asked trying to change the subject.

"Yes please. It looks like the snow's melted." She said and the subject was changed as they visited over a cup of coffee.

"Listen," Sheffield said "why don't I make some breakfast while you go..."

"Put on my face?" she finished his sentence. "Just kidding. That would be nice. There are some eggs in the refrigerator. I'll go get dressed while you make breakfast and then I'll take you back to the base."

Sheffield found some bacon and diced it up and while it was cooking, he mixed up some eggs, added a little salt and pepper, a splash of buttermilk and a little grated cheese. Next he drained the bacon and added it to the egg mixture. After whipping out the skillet, he added a little olive oil and reheated the pan.

"That looks good." Paula said when she returned. "What can I do to help?"

"Why don't you make some toast and set the table."

"I can do that."

When the pan was hot enough, he poured in the eggs and stirred them occasionally.

"Do you do much cooking?"

"Nope. This is about the only thing I know how to make."

By the time the eggs were done, the kids came out and they all sat down together.

"Since I made them, we might want to say Grace." Sheffield suggested. "They'll need it."

Paula and her kids looked at each other as if they didn't quite know what to do.

Sheffield took Paula's hand, who was to his right, and Evelyn's hand, who was to his left. The rest of them joined hands and at Sheffield's lead, they all bowed their heads. Sheffield then said Grace, "Thank you Lord for this food of which we are about to partake. Please bless it to nourish and strengthen our bodies and

invigorate our minds for that which we do this day. And bless Paula and her children for their kindness and hospitality in allowing me to join them in this meal. In Jesus' name, amen.”

Paula knew enough to say, “Amen.” at the conclusion. The children followed suit and each said amen.

As the eggs were being dished up, Paula asked, “So Sheffield, what are your plans for today?”

“I guess I'll go back to the ship and attend services. I really don't have much else I need to do today.”

“How about spending the day with us again.” Paula suggested. “We'll even go to church with you.

Won't we kids?”

“Alright.” Sheffield agreed.

“After all, I'm curious to see how your faith has helped get you through.” Then she added, “By the way these eggs are really good.”

After breakfast was cleaned up, Paula and the kids got ready for church. Sheffield borrowed a suit that had belonged to her husband. Once everyone was ready, they drove to the Methodist church that Sheffield attended when he was in port. The sermon that day was on The Beatitudes.

When they were leaving, Paula said, “That was uplifting, especially the part about being comforted in mourning. I think I see what you mean now. What did you kids think?”

“I thought it was boring.” Brent said bluntly.

“I liked it.” Evelyn countered.

“Me too,” Jillian agreed.

“So what shall we do now?” Sheffield asked.

“For starters, why don't we go home and change our clothes, then lets go out for lunch.”

They ended up in Virginia Beach where they had lunch. After having snowed the night before, the sun was out which made for pleasant day, albeit a little on the cool side. After driving around for a while, in mid afternoon, they took Sheffield back to the base. His credentials got them in and he had Paula drive up to the pier where the Reprisal was tied up.

Brent was particularly impressed to see the two big carriers across from each other. “Which one is yours?” he asked.

“The one on the right.” Sheffield explained. “That one over there is the brand new Essex.”

“Its bigger than your boat.” Evelyn observed.

“Just a little.” Sheffield agreed.

“Thank for everything, Paula.” Sheffield said. “Its been a wonderful weekend. Thanks for letting me tag along with you.”

“Thank you for spending it with us.” Paula said as she leaned over and gave him a kiss on the

cheek. "Maybe we can do it again sometime."

"I think I'd like that." Sheffield said as he got out of the car. "I'll call you sometime."

"You be sure to do that. So until then."

"Yeah." Sheffield said. "I'll be seeing you ."

As Paula drove off, the kids all waved from the back seat. Sheffield waved back as he watched them drive away. With a smile on his face, he made his way up the gangway. He had truly enjoyed being with a surrogate family for the weekend. He missed having a family and it felt good to be in such a setting. He wondered if he'd ever have another family. This one would be nice, if that was the way things worked out.

On Monday the first day of March, more changes were in store. A directive was received from the Bureau of Aeronautics that all carrier based scouting squadrons were to be discontinued and that bombing squadrons were to now consist of thirty six aircraft. So in accordance, the Scouts of Scouting Eleven was disbanded that day. As a result of the change, Bombing Eleven received an additional eighteen SBD Dauntlesses, including three more SBD-4Es plus spares, which were released from the reserve pool at the Norfolk Naval Air Station that very day. At the same time, Scouting Eleven became Bombing Forty Four and became part of a new air group being formed. Lieutenant Commander Timothy "Cub" Lyon, the commander of Scouting Eleven became the Reprisal's Assistant Air Officer. Most of the former Scout pilots were assimilated into Bombing Eleven.

While at the air station the aircraft had been repainted with the new tricolor camouflage scheme that had been approved by the Bureau of Aeronautics on January 5th. The upper surfaces were now sea blue, the sides were intermediate blue, and the lower surfaces were insignia white. And in compliance with another directive issued on February 1st the national insignia on the top of the upper left wing and the bottom of the lower right wing was removed. They did however retain the letters R S P L in white arranged vertically on their rudders and the squadron number on the side of the planes, which had long since disappeared from the squadrons in the Pacific.

While all of that was going on at the air station, the ship was moved to the navy yard to have the catwalk and twenty millimeter gun battery that was damaged in the crash repaired. On Wednesday she returned to her pier at the base. On Thursday the 4th, the rest of crew returned from their two week leave.

Word was received that Commander Southridge's arrival had delayed until the 15th. Nobody knew anything about him. According to the information that Captain Brason had received, he had graduated from the Academy a couple of years ahead of Sheffield but did not receive his wings until four years after Sheffield. His flying career had been with cruiser float planes. Since then he had bounced around from various air stations and training facilities. It was interesting that he had never held a command position,

except for being a section leader; in fact he had only been promoted to Commander to fill this billet. Sheffield wondered if that was a red flag. The reason for his delay in reporting to the Reprisal was that he had been off duty on medical leave and his doctors had not yet cleared him to return to duty.

Over the weekend, Sheffield saw Paula again. He felt that he was getting to know her pretty good. He liked her and enjoyed her company but there were things about her that he wasn't sure about. For one thing there wasn't any chemistry. After all that each of them had been through, that was likely to take some time.

After four weeks in port, everyone was wondering what their next mission would be and when they would be getting under way. On Monday morning, Sheffield was summoned to Admiral Weston's office ashore and was given the answer to that question. The reason they were recalled from sailing to the Pacific all made sense now.

When he returned to the ship, he called a meeting of the senior officers in his ready room. "Gentlemen, I can now tell you what our next mission is. We are to sail for the North Atlantic one week from today on the fifteenth."

There was a buzz around the table as everyone gave their comments at once. Captain Brason let them express themselves to each other and to the group as a whole. Lieutenant Commander Gates said, "I suppose I need to break out the foul weather gear."

Captain Brason continued, "No one was as disappointed as I when we were recalled from sailing to the Pacific. I can now tell you that it was for a good reason. In December the Germans completed their first aircraft carrier, reportedly named the Graf Zeppelin. She had been observed conducting her shakedown cruise in the Baltic and conducting flight operations. Evidently her air group consists of approximately eighteen Me-109s, twenty four Ju-87 Stukas, and get this – at least six Nakajima Kate torpedo bombers from Japan. Evidently there were to be six more, but do you remember the Japanese Navy Commander that we picked up after sinking the Fujiyama Maru? Well he was bringing six more with him and he was to be an advisor to the Luftwaffe. Other Japanese officers have been in Germany for some time training the German pilots and air crews.

"Now intelligence reports indicate that she is missing. She is presumably in Norwegian waters with other elements of the Kriegsmarine. From there she would be poised to carry out attacks on allied convoys bound for Murmansk. Without air cover, well you can only imagine the damage she can do.

"Excuse me sir." Commander Lovelace interrupted, "Aren't the British able to handle it?"

"I was just getting to that." he continued. "The majority of the Home Fleet is still tied up with operations in the Mediterranean. The Illustrious is in the yard for overhaul, the Victorious is in the Pacific, and the Furious is so old and antiquated that she is not up to the task.

“So the mission fell to us. Our job is to provide air cover so the convoys can get through, and more importantly find and destroy the Graf Zeppelin. In addition we are to provide anti-submarine patrols and hunt down as many U-boats as we can find.

“So there you have it Gentlemen. As usual this information is to stay within this group until after we sail. We will be accompanied by our old friends, less the Percival which is getting a new bow. In addition our new friends the Alameda and Bismark will accompany us and Admiral Weston will be flying his flag on the battlecruiser United States.

“In addition, the auxiliary carrier Bogue will be sailing as part of the convoys, but only so far. At the halfway point, she and her escorts will pick up another convoy heading east for the return trip.

“We have our work cut out for us. Are there any questions?”

What followed was a discussion on how to best prepare for such an operation in Arctic waters. The plans that were formulated were immediately implemented and the work for getting ready to sail began in earnest.

That evening, Sheffield picked up the telephone in his stateroom and had the ship's switchboard get an outside line for him. He dialed Paula's number and Evelyn answered, “Drussell residence, this is Evelyn.”

“Hello Evelyn.”

She immediately recognized his voice. “Hello Captain Brason. And how are you this evening?”

“I'm fine, thank you. And how are you?”

“Just peachy. Would you like to speak to my mother?”

“As a matter of fact, I would.”

“Just a sec, she's right here.”

Sheffield could hear Evelyn say, “Mom, it's your boyfriend!”

A moment later Paula said, “Hello Sheffield. I was just thinking about you.”

“Good things, I hope.”

“Always. What are you doing?”

I was just calling to tell you that we are sailing next Monday and I would like to see you again before I leave. Would Saturday be alright?”

“Yes, Saturday would be fine. What do you have in mind?”

“Oh I don't know. How about dinner and a movie? Unless you can think of anything more exciting.”

“No, dinner and a movie would be fine. I know how you said that you like a good western, The Outlaw is playing.”

“Isn't that the one about Billy the Kid and Doc Holliday? That sounds good to me. I could get a way

earlier. What are you doing that afternoon.”

“Something with you. Have you ever gone bowling?”

“Its been a while.”

“Good, I like showing you up.”

“Yeah, like you did roller skating.”

“Why don't you stop by around noon and I'll have lunch ready and we'll make an afternoon of it.”

“That sounds good to me.” Sheffield responded.

“So, where are you heading this time and how long will you be gone? The last time you were gone for four months.”

“I can't tell you where were going and I really don't know how long we'll be gone.”

“Well then Sheffield, we'd better make the best of it hadn't we.”

“So then, I'll have my driver drop me of at noon on Saturday. Bye Paula.”

“Okay. Goodnight Sheffield.”

Sheffield put down the receiver wondering if anything would ever become of come of their relationship, he really enjoyed her company. She was attractive and pleasant to be around for sure and he always seemed to look forward to being with her.

Then as he saw Ramona's picture on the coffee table. “I wonder what she's doing. I haven't heard from her for a while.”

All week preparations were being made for getting underway. Special attention was paid to details associated with operating in Arctic conditions, quite a switch from just having returned from the tropics. In addition to everything else, March through May was iceberg season. Stormy conditions, compounded by high winds and freezing temperatures, could be expected that could seriously impede flight operations. All of this was taken into account in getting ready to sail. It didn't take a lot for the crew to figure out where they were headed.

On Saturday, he left the ship and had Yeoman Gover drop him off at Paula's house. She opened the door, “Good you're here. Come in.” she invited.

Sheffield looked around the front room. “What's all this? he asked. The furniture was all pushed back out of the way and a blanket was spread out on the floor.

“Well we can't very well have a picnic outside in the middle of March, now can we, especially on a day like today.”

“A picnic sounds fun. Say, where are the kids?”

They're spending the the weekend with Gary's parents. It's important that they have contact with

their grandparents. I feel kind of awkward around them without Gary.”

“I’m still part of my wife’s family, they always were such an integral part of my life that it only seems natural.” Sheffield said as he hung his coat and hat on the hook by the door. “Can I help with anything?”

“No, just have seat on the floor and I’ll bring it out.”

They enjoyed their picnic of fried chicken and potato salad with all of the condiments that you would expect. She had some Coca-Cola on hand for Sheffield while she had some red wine. The only thing that was missing was the ants. After lunch, Sheffield helped clear away and put all of the furniture back.

It was windy and overcast as they bundled up to leave the house. At forty five degrees with a fifteen mile an hour wind and chance of rain, it wasn’t a pleasant afternoon. As Sheffield walked her out to the car, she reached into her purse and retrieved her keys and handed them to him. “Why don’t you drive.” She invited. He took the keys from her hand and walked her around the passenger side and opened the door for her. By the time he got in behind the wheel, she had slid over to the middle to be next to him.

Bowling was quite enjoyable as it gave them a chance to interact. Paula was pretty good at it. She and Gary had participated in league bowling as members of a team made up by other police officers and their wives. Sheffield and Geannie had bowled a little over the years, particularly with Pat and Mace when they lived next door to each other in Hawaii. By the time they had bowled several frames, Sheffield got into the swing of it. For the afternoon, his average as 184, but Paula bested him with a 258.

It was still too early for dinner, so Paula had him take her to a department store to buy a pair of shoes. He never could figure out why it was such an involved process. That certainly took care of the rest of the afternoon.

They enjoyed dinner at a restaurant near the Colley Theater. She had spaghetti and he had a beef enchilada. For desert, they shared a hot fudge sundae.

At the theater they found some good seats in the third row of the balcony. Unlike the first time they attended a movie together, she took his arm and snuggled in close, at times resting her head on his shoulder. The film revolved around a fictional relationship between Doc Holliday played by Walter Huston and Billy the Kid played Jack Buetel, and their feud over a woman named Rio McDonald played by Jane Russell, her film debut. The Kid’s nemesis, Pat Garrett, was played by Thomas Mitchell.

Upon returning home, she invited Sheffield to come in for while. After all, he needed to call for his car to come and get him. After a moment Paula said, “Wait right there while I go change into something more comfortable.” A moment later she returned wearing her bath robe. He had seen her in it before, only this tim it was rather loosely fitted.

“It looks like your ready for bed.” Sheffield said as he stood to leave.

“Something like that.”

Sheffield nervously replied, "I'd better be going."

"I want you to stay." she said as she untied the sash and slipped the robe off her shoulders which fell to the floor around her feet. Wearing only a pearl necklace, she stood before a shocked Sheffield.

Paula had a terrific body, one that most men would have been seduced by. "No Paula." he exclaimed as he reached down and picked it up and wrapped it around her shoulders. "I won't do this."

"It's not like you would be betraying you wife." she snapped.

"That's exactly what I'd be doing." Sheffield answered calmly and added, "And I'd be betraying myself and I'd be betraying you as well."

"Silly woman." she berated herself. She gathered her robe closed, one hand holding it shut at her breast the other under her chin and sat down on the sofa. "Its just that we've been seeing each other a quite a bit lately and there just isn't the spark I would have expected."

Sheffield sat down beside her. "There's just no feeling is there? I've noticed the same thing."

"Forgive me Sheffield. I thought maybe this would jump start something."

"Thats alright. You're forgiven, Paula. I guess if we both feel the same way, something isn't right. I don't know if its the timing or just what. These things can't be forced. I look at it like this, the boilers on a ship versus throwing a match in a patch of dry grass. The grass will burn bright and hot for a little while but will soon burn out leaving a charred piece of ground. I don't want to be scorched and doubt that you do either. The boilers on the other hand, are lit from within. After carefully regulating the the flow of fuel, the fire not only burns hot, but it is sustainable for as long as there is a steady flow of fuel. A fire like that can burn indefinitely. You're an attractive woman, and from what I just saw, you have a great body and and a nice figure. You really have a lot going for you. I really appreciate you and like you a lot. You've done more for me than you'll ever realize and I thank you for it. I'll never forget the time we had together."

Paula with glistening eyes said, "I feel the same way about you. And you have done so much for me in return. I was really wanting something to develop between us, but it just wasn't happening. I guess it just wasn't meant to be. Promise me this, we'll always be friends."

"Absolutely."

"You're a good man, Sheffield Brason. There is someone out there for you. It just isn't me. I guess I've know that all along."

"And there is someone out there for you, too. Someday you'll find him and when you do I wish you a lifetime of happiness." Sheffield encouraged. "Let me use your telephone and we can talk while I wait for my ride."

Sheffield called the ship and asked Yeoman Gover to come and pick him up. It took him only a few minutes and they continued talking and put closure to their relationship. When he heard his car pull up out

front he stood to leave. Paula stood and with tears in her eyes, she threw her arms around him and held him ever so tight. As they held each other, they said their goodbyes, and hoped to run into each other sometime. And then there was a farewell kiss, the tenderest kiss that they had shared. Without another word, Sheffield walked out the door and out of her life.

Paula ran into bedroom, threw off her robe and climbed into bed and cried herself to sleep. Sheffield walked out to his car and got into the back seat. All the way home he didn't say a word. Yeoman Gover was perceptive enough to not attempt to engage him. Sheffield went straight to his stateroom and got ready for bed. He picked up the picture of Ramona from the coffee table and wondered if maybe he had been overlooking something.

The experience with Paula left Sheffield wondering if he was ready to get romantically involved with another woman. The way it ended left him feeling deflated. He certainly was not ready for what she was proposing. All weekend he tried to get the image of her standing before him out of his mind. The only thing that seemed to work was to supplant it with the image seared into his memory of Geannie when he left her for the last time. He had had a great time with Paula, and that was not the way he wanted to see her when remembering her. Another man might have succumbed to her temptation, but Sheffield was not like other men. Above all, he was true to himself and true to his principles.

Other than attending Lieutenant Fellows services on Sunday, he pretty much kept to himself, other than making sure everything was in order sailing the next day.

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The Norfolk Museum of Arts and Sciences is as described.

Tegg's Log Cabin Barbecue at Ward's Corner was originally built in 1926 and enlarged in 1934 but was torn down in 1950 and replaced with a shoe store.

The Mercury Roller Rink was also located at Ward's Corner.

Paula Drussell

- Maiden name: Massey
- 39 years old, born August 24, 1903 in Richmond, Virginia
- Three children
 - 17 year old Brent (Jun 3, 1925) in Norfolk
 - 15 year old Evelyn (February 14, 1927) in Norfolk
 - 11 year old Jillian (January 30, 1931) in Norfolk
- Married Gary Drussell from Norfolk on December 1, 1925 in Richmond moved to Norfolk
- Gary Drussell was a veteran police officer who was killed during a bank robbery standoff on January 17, 1942
- Paula Smoked a cigarettes, something she did on occasion to settle her nerves she had only started since her husband died
- Attractive women with honey colored hair
- About five foot six
- Teller at the downtown branch of the Bank of Virginia
- Cousin of Samantha Taylor. Paula's mother and Samantha's mother are sisters (maiden name: Sullivan from Charlottesville, Virginia) Paula is five years older than Samantha
- Paula attended the Officer's Appreciation Banquet with Sheffield on Saturday October 24th 1942 before the ship sailed with the load of B-25s