

Chapter XXII

In the Right Place

September 7, 1948 – January 22, 1949

The day after Labor Day, Sheffield went back to work. That first day was only a half day for faculty and administrators. The first day of school was Wednesday, September 8th. That day was a milestone for the Brason kids. Craig was senior; for Norma it was her first day at Jefferson High School as a sophomore, and for Janet it was her first day at Monroe Junior High School in the 7th grade.

During the rest of that week, Sheffield worked with all of the boys trying out for the varsity wrestling team. Being returning veterans with good records, Craig, Read and the other seniors were pretty much guaranteed a place on the team.

Being a senior, Craig had to start thinking about what he wanted to do after high school. He wanted to be a mechanic and work on cars. He didn't think that he needed a college education for that. Sheffield and Ramona thought differently. They told him that it was alright to be a mechanic, as long as he had a college education. They reminded him that his mother wanted that for him also and had set aside the money for it.

Craig thought about it for a day or two and came back with a plan. He had talked to Read who was going to apply to Ricks College in Idaho where his mother's family lived. His brother and cousin had both gone there on wrestling scholarships. Read was assured that he too had a good chance at same path. Craig proposed to his parents that that was what he wanted to do too.

"But that is so far from home." Ramona protested. "Why don't you consider someplace closer to home."

"He's got to leave the nest sometime. That's what I did after high school. Besides from what Roger has said about Ricks College, its a lot different from the Naval Academy. He'll be alright there. I say let him apply."

Craig wrote to the school and several days later got a packet of information back, including information on their wrestling program. He looked it all over with his parents and they came up with the following plan. He could go there for two years and get an associates degree. That would give him time to think about what he really wanted to do. After that he could transfer to another college to complete his bachelor's degree. If he still wanted to be a mechanic, Virginia Tech in Blacksburg had an advanced automotive mechanics program that offered a bachelor's degree. When we was finished he could go much farther than he could without a college education. Craig agreed and began making plans in that direction. Once he decided on that course, Edith decided that she too wanted to attend Ricks College to be close to Craig. At the end of the tryout period, both Craig and Read both made the team and applied for the scholarships.

One afternoon toward the end of September, Sheffield was in his office during his preparation hour when a knock came the door. He looked up to see Ferron Alder standing in the doorway, holding Sheffield's manuscript. "Come in Ferron." Sheffield invited. "Have a seat."

As Ferron sat down, he laid the stack of paper on Sheffield's desk. "That was very well done, Admiral." He complimented. "I felt as if I was right along with you and your ship and your men. You did a good job of making it all come alive and holding my attention."

"So you think its good?"

"Oh absolutely. I really liked the part where you rescued the prisoners from that German raider."

"Well, we just happened to be in the right place at the right time on that one. There was a time or two when we were in the wrong place at the wrong time."

"Yeah." Ferron agreed. "Like that day off Salerno five years ago. But over all, I'd say that you were in the right place most of the time. You know, that would make a good alternate title."

"What?"

"In the Right Place at the Right Time."

"That would be the title of a book about my Naval career in general."

"You know what you should do? You ought to write a book about how you got to where this one starts."

"First, lets see how this one goes." Sheffield said. "So, what do I need to do to improve it?"

"There were a few places where I indicated that I thought you should expand it a bit and add a little more description. Being an English teacher, I couldn't help but mark it up, mainly grammar and punctuation."

"I hoped you'd do that for me. I really appreciate you taking the time to read it. I'd like to go back through it now and clean it up. Do you think it is worth submitting to a publisher?"

"Oh most definitely. After the war, there is a demand for stories like that. I think after you make another pass at it, you should send it off."

"But to who?"

"I'd start with Random House. If they turn you down, there are plenty of others. From what I understand, its hard to get published when you're an unknown writer, but you have your credentials to back you up."

"Thanks again Ferron. I'll let you know how it goes."

Ferron had to be on his way and Sheffield had to get wrestling practice. When he got home that evening, Sheffield looked through the manuscript more closely to see where he needed to fix things. Over he next few weeks, as he had time, he added things in places, reworked other parts, and outright eliminated a place or two. When he was finished, he placed a classified ad in the newspaper looking for a professional

typist.

Over the next few days, Sheffield received two or three responses to his ad. He invited each out to the ranch for an interview to determine who he should hire. He decided on Carmen Erickson, a young mother with three children. Before getting married and starting a family, she had worked as a secretary and was a proficient typist. Two of her children were now in school and only her four year old was at home. She was wanting something she could do from home to make a little money for Christmas.

Together they looked over the manuscript and determined that the finished product would be about six hundred fifty pages, double spaced. Sheffield had done his research and knew how the publishers wanted manuscripts to be formatted. He passed the template on to her so she knew how to format it. They agreed on fifteen cents a page, which would be about one hundred dollars. Carmen left with the manuscript and said she could have it finished by the first of December.

In the meantime, the Magicians got off to a good start with their season with a win against Radford but lost their second match. By then fall had found its way into November. Sheffield convinced Ramona to vote for Dewey this time around in the Presidential election. He still had a bad taste in his mouth for the way Truman had ended the war. In his opinion, the atom bombs were completely unnecessary.

As they listened to the election returns on the radio on WSLS that evening, Truman took an early lead. NBC commentator H. V. Kaltenborn confidently predicted that once the late returns came in that Dewey would overcome Truman's lead and win. At that point Sheffield and Ramona called it a night. The next morning when all of the votes were tallied, President Truman had been reelected.

Throughout the fall, Ramona had kept busy putting up produce from their garden. As expected, the fruit trees didn't yield much in their first season, so she bought peaches and pears to bottle. As promised she stopped in on Emmett and Ellen to assist where needed.

November also marked the one year anniversary of their membership in the church. They had grown a lot in ways they couldn't have anticipated at the time and had come a long ways in that year. They had settled into their callings and were quite comfortable in severing. During that year, several full time missionaries had come and went, but they were in the Brason home often as they worked the area. They had them for dinner at least once a month, sometimes more.

One Sunday, Roger Rowan called Sheffield into his office and interviewed him with the intention of recommending that he be presented at the upcoming district conference to be ordained an elder. After meeting with Roger, he met with President Price, the mission president, for the same purpose.

The quarterly conference was held on the third Sunday of November in the Jefferson High School Auditorium. During the business portion of the general session, Sheffield's name was presented along with others, including Scott Rowan. Following the meeting, Sheffield was ordained an elder by his friend, Roger

Rowan.

On Thursday of that week, Sheffield and Ramona hosted the entire Brason family for Thanksgiving. It wasn't always possible to have everyone there. Ruth Ann wasn't able to come and Tim was spending Thanksgiving with Vonda's family in Radford, other than that, everyone else was there.

Like Sheffield and Ramona, the rest of the family were also approaching their first year since joining the church and the subject of their conversation turned to their desires of somehow making a trip out west to go through the temple. Although a definite plan had not been formulated, everyone committed to saving up for such a trip when it could be arranged.

For Norma, the day after Thanksgiving was a big day for her. Sheffield took her to the court house in Salem to get her drivers license. It was limited to daylight use only until she turned sixteen. That didn't matter, she had her license and could drive without supervision. Craig now had to share the car that he claimed as his with her. That afternoon they drove up to cabin to select a Christmas tree and to spend the night.

With Thanksgiving over and Christmas looming, Sheffield and Craig strung up the outdoor Christmas lights in anticipation. As the holiday shopping season got underway, many people were reluctant to spend as much money as they had in the years since the end of the war. Unemployment nationwide was just under eight percent and the Federal Reserve tightened up the money supply.

The impact all of this had affected Ramona's ability to sell the three houses that she had on the market because potential buyers had trouble getting financing. Ramona decided to carry the contract on one of the houses herself, charging the going interest rate. She decided to rent out the other two because their value had slipped. She decided to sit tight to see what the economy was going to do before investing in any more property.

As promised, Mrs. Erickson returned with the completed manuscript on the first of December. The total page count was six hundred forty seven. Sheffield paid her ninety seven dollars and five cents as agreed plus a twenty dollar bonus. Mrs. Erikson left with enough money to provide Christmas for her family and Sheffield had his book.

He took it to school with him the next day and asked Mrs. Belding, the school secretary, if he might use the school's mimeograph machine to make two duplicates his book so he could send it off to the publishers. He had intended to do it during his lunch break but she offered to do it for him, providing he paid for the paper and supplies, which he was going to do anyway. She explained that the process was just a bit tricky and something as important as his book deserved to be top quality.

Sheffield left the manuscript with her and went to lunch. She first ran each sheet of paper through the electrostencil machine to prepare the stencils. It worked by scanning the original on a rotating drum with

a moving optical head that burned through the blank stencil with an electric spark in the places where the optical reader detected ink.

Once the stencils were ready, she ran it through the mimeograph. The machine consisted of an ink filled drum that rotated with a crank. As each page passed through the machine, ink was forced through the stencil onto a blank sheet of paper. When she was done, he had two acceptable duplicates of his original manuscript plus the stencils, if he should he want to make another copy.

That night he prepared the copies to be mailed off to the publishers along with a cover letter that explained the subject of his book and his credentials for writing it. He prepared one for Random House and the other for Simon & Schuster. Between the two of them, he hoped one would be interested. If not, he could always contact other publishers.

On his way to school the next morning, he went to the post office to mail off his manuscripts, one year after he first got the idea. He paid the extra cost to have a return receipt to verify that they had arrived. Now it would be a waiting game to hear back from them with either a rejection or hopefully an acceptance letter.

The Magicians had a bye that week, so they went on their annual Christmas tree hunt, complete with a overnighter at the cabin, They found the tree that they had almost got the year before and brought it home on Saturday morning. By that evening it was adorned in the majesty of Christmas.

For Sheffield's birthday, Ramona and the kids took him to the Pizza Joint and to a movie. Sheffield was in luck in that a new John Wayne western was playing. It was "3 Godfathers" about three outlaws who happen on a woman about to deliver her baby. The three desperadoes deliver the baby and just before the woman dies, she asks them to be her baby's godfathers; a promise they take seriously.

Even though the thought of Geannie and the kids had crossed his mind, he didn't mention them, and neither did Ramona. That day marked the seventh anniversary of when they were taken from him. But know that he had a family again, he didn't dwell on the past.

Later that evening after going to bed, Ramona asked, "So did you enjoy your birthday?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact I did. Fifty is no big deal."

"I've got one more present for you."

"Oh yeah." he said as he pulled her close.

"Not me, Babe. Unless you want me, that is. I've been thinking. Our fifth anniversary is in six and half weeks and I think we should do something really special this year."

"What do you have in mind?"

"Well, of all the places you've been, there is one place that I have always wanted you to take me."

And just where is that?"

"I want to go to Rio. Ever since you you wrote me from there, I've been wanting to go. Do you remember telling me about you and Mace going deep sea fishing?"

"Yeah. That was quite an adventure."

"Well I want to do that. After leaving your folks today, I stopped by a travel agent to see what we could do. It's a little expensive, but, I've got the money. It would take twenty four hours to get there and twenty four hours to get back. I looked at your schedule, you have a match on the twenty first but you have a bye the following week. We could leave on our anniversary and come back a week later. That would give us five days there. What do you say?"

"I'd have to see if I can get the time off and line up a substitute. I like the idea. I've been there four times, its one of my favorite places that I've been. Can we bring Morris along to translate for us?"

"I don't know about that. I think we could get by on our own."

"Let me see what I can do about school."

"Well, make it quick, we'd need to get our passports, visas and inoculations. Now if you still want me, you can have me."

The next day at school, Sheffield looked into getting the last week in January off. He had more than enough unused time off coming as he had hardly used any in the two and half years that he had been with the school district. He called Ramona during his lunch break and told her to go ahead and start planning the trip.

Later in the week, the Magicians handed Sheffield a birthday present in the form of a win over the Armstrong High School Wildcats from Richmond, a team who they had lost to the year before in that psychological defeat. The following week they won the match against the Blue Deamons from at Christianburg.

School let out on Thursday the 23rd for the Christmas break. The next day, three inches of snow set the stage for a white Christmas. It wasn't often they had that much snow for Christmas. It didn't last long, as the temperature warmed up as a warm front blew through, brining rain. The kids all had their own activities for Year's Eve so Sheffield and Ramona went out on their own for an evening of dinner and dancing. The way the calendar fell, school resumed on Monday the 3rd. The break was a day or two shorter than usual, but that made up for starting later in September than usual.

The wrestling team was back in action the following Friday and the Friday after that, picking up another win and their second loss of the season. Sheffield did find a substitute teacher to take his class for a week and Coach Karrington could handle the team.

Sheffield and Ramona applied for and got the required shots, their passports, and their tourist visas

to Brazil were approved. The fact that Sheffield had been appointed a knight in Brazil's Order of Naval Merit expedited their requests. Ramona returned to the travel agent and made the airline and hotel reservations. As the time drew close, their excitement built.

The excitement in planning for the trip was interrupted by other exciting events. The first was the groundbreaking for the new branch meetinghouse on Saturday the 15th. Under gray clouds, the branch members gathered on the bare lot at 2015 Grandin Avenue that had been purchased late in the fall. After singing "How Firm a Foundation", President Henry Rowan, the district president offered the invocation.

President Price, the mission President addressed the congregation saying among other things, "We are going to be very happy with the completion of this building, which will be one of the most beautiful chapels in this city of beautiful churches. Its artistic spire pointing heavenward will inspire many to that which is most beautiful in life, the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"We owe the sisters of the Relief Society a debt of gratitude for the impressive role they played in soliciting and raising funds for this edifice. Both the district and branch Relief Society presidencies have gone above and beyond what was expected. And thank you to you, the members of the Roanoke Branch for your generosity in opening your hearts and wallets to this great cause. We have enough to get started, but this project will require still more sacrifice and generosity on our part.

"It is expected that, except for difficulties in labor and materials, construction will be completed within one year. Once completed, we can begin meeting here, however the dedication will have to wait until all of the expenses have been paid.

"We will have so much more room here than we have in our present meetinghouse. The spacious chapel will accommodate our needs for many years to come. In addition to the chapel, there will be a recreation hall, a scout room, a Relief Society room, a Junior Sunday School and Primary room, several large classrooms, and of course a baptismal font. In addition to the offices for the branch president and clerk, it will include offices for the district president and clerk and a counsel room. Once more we will have a place of our own for our district conferences."

At the conclusion of his remarks, President Price, President Henry Rowan, President Roger Rowan, and Brother Frank Leeke, a member from Charlottesville and the general contractor for the project, turned the first shovel full of dirt. Then in recognition of their efforts, the district and branch Relief Society presidencies, including Ramona, each turned a shovel full of dirt. Each person involved got to keep their golden handled shovel as a memento of the occasion. (Actually the shovel handles were only painted gold.)

The building project proved to be a blessing to many in the branch. Due to the recession and the building slump, business was slow for the Austin Brothers. They were awarded the contract for providing the majority of the building supplies. Ray and others who made their living in construction related trades hired on

with the general contractor.

When they got home from the groundbreaking, there was some excitement going on at home as well. After changing his clothes, Sheffield went out to check on the cows. He came back into the house and reported that the first calf was about to be born. Ramona wanted to use the occasion to teach her children about the miracle of birth.

Bundled in their coats, she lead them out to the barn to watch. By then the delivery was close at hand. The cow was laying down, obviously straining with each contraction. Watching from a little ways off, Ramona pointed out with excitement the two tiny pair of hooves that were protruding out of the cow. A moment later the nose of the calf could be seen. With one final strain and grunt, the calf spilled out onto the fresh straw, his warm moist, body steaming in the chilly air.

The cow immediately got up and begin licking off her newborn calf, beginning with his nose to clear the mucus from his nostrils. The calf sputtered as he lifted his head. He let out a soft bellow as his mother continued to clean him off. After a moment, he got up on his front knees and with his hind legs pushed himself into a standing position. He stood there for a moment on wobbly legs. Instinctively he took his first steps toward his mothers udder. With a gentle nudge from her, he latched onto one of her teats and began sucking. Soon his tail was shaking with delight as he nursed vigorously.

During the the next week, four more cows calved. Sadly, one calf did not survive. However, another happened to have twins. Roger came over and managed to coax the cow that had lost her half to take one of the twins.

With two days before the trip, Ramona began packing in earnest. She included everything they could possibly need, that they could take with them. After stopping by to look in on Emmett and Ellen, she went by the bank to withdraw some cash for the trip. The majority she got in American Express travelers cheques, which could be converted into Brazilian currency once they got there. With all of that, she still managed to bake a birthday cake for Janet. That evening they celebrated her thirteenth birthday.

The next day, Friday, Ramona finished packing and that evening they all went to Jefferson High School to watch the wrestling match. The team picked up another win, as did Craig. His wrestling scholarship was looking pretty sure at that point in the season.

While they were gone, the kids would take care of themselves. Sheffield had asked Walt to check in on them from time. If one of the cows was to have difficulty calving, Craig was instructed to call Roger Rowan. Ramona made sure that they had plenty of groceries in the house to last them while they were away.

Their plane was scheduled to leave Washington National Airport at 9:07 a.m. In oder to make their

flight they needed to be there a half an hour before then. The day before, Craig serviced the Staggerwing and had it all ready to go. With their luggage aboard, Sheffield and Ramona took off from their private landing strip at a quarter to seven. The half moon and the predawn light was provided sufficient visibility.

They landed in Washington just before eight o'clock. Sheffield unloaded the plane and secured it for the week that they would be gone. That gave them enough time to check their tickets at the counter and have their luggage checked with a little time to spare before boarding their flight.

They waited excitedly for the announcement to board Pan-Am Flight 881 for Caracas, Venezuela to be announced over the loud speaker. When it was, they made their way to the boarding gate where they showed their tickets before proceeding out onto the tarmac where the Douglas DC-6 was waiting.

They boarded the plane and took their seats toward the front of the plane. The flight wasn't full, as there were several empty seats. Once everyone was aboard and the hatch was closed, the four big propellers spun to life. After warming up, the plane began to taxi out to the main runway. Once in place, it awaited its turn.

The pilot revved all four engines and let go of the brakes. The DC-6 bolted down the runway and lifted into the sky. As it climbed, it circled around to the north of the city and settled on south east heading, right down along the Virginia coast. By the time they passed over Norfolk they were at twenty thousand feet, too high to really make out a lot of detail on the ground. The plane continued on course and one hour into the flight was over Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. At that point they left the mainland behind and headed out over the Atlantic Ocean.

Three hours into the flight, while five hundred miles due east of Miami, Florida, lunch was served. About an hour later, there was some commotion from the back of the plane. Naturally everyone turned around to see what was causing the ruckus. Several seats behind Sheffield and Ramona, a young woman in her late teens or early twenties was having a grand mal seizure.

Ramona recognized what was going on immediately and sprang from her seat and literally sprinted down the aisle, practically climbing over anyone in her way. Seconds later she was at the young woman's side. She was passed out and slumped over in her seat and convulsing. A stewardess was standing beside the victim but didn't know what to do.

"I'm a nurse." Ramona blurted. "Help me lay her on her side in the aisle."

A man across the aisle said to those who were clogging the aisle, wanting to help or simply to see what was happening, "Get back and give them some space."

As they laid the young woman in the aisle, the stewardess asked, "Shouldn't we do something so she can't swallow her tongue?"

"No." Ramona answered abruptly. "Try to hold her legs so she doesn't hurt herself."

The stewardess complied, while Ramona tried to keep her flailing arms and head under control. Her eyes were rolled back into her head as it jerked about. Just then, she regurgitated her lunch.

Within seconds it was all over and the convulsions ceased. Still unconscious Ramona had the stewardess set her back in her seat. "You see, its impossible for person to swallow their tongue, but they can choke on their vomit. Get something to clean that up with."

Ramona turned to the frantic older woman in the next seat and asked, "Are you with her?"

"Yes" she sobbed. "She's my daughter. Is she going to be alright?"

"I think so." Ramona said as she cleaned off her face. "Has this ever happened before?"

"No. Never. What happened?"

"She had a what is called a grand mal seizure. She'll be alright."

Just then the young woman's eyes blinked open briefly. "See." Ramona said, "She's starting to come out of it now. Just so you'll know, she'll be disoriented and won't know where she is or what just happened. What's her name?"

"Eve. Her name is Eve."

Eve's eyes blinked again, and then they popped wide open. At first she had a dazed expression but it quickly turned to panic. She tried to speak, but only garbled grunts came out.

"Everything is alright, Eve." Ramona said.

Not recognizing her, she pulled away from Ramona, toward her mother.

"Give her a minute." Ramona told the girl's mother.

Ramona again said, "You're going to be alright Eve. Do you know where you are?"

"No." Eve managed to mumble.

"You're on an airplane. Do you remember?"

"Airplane." Eve said a little more clearly.

"That's right. Do you know where you are going."

"South America."

"Thats right, Eve. My name is Ramona. You just had seizure."

"Seizure?" Eve repeated, not fully understanding.

By then the captain of the plane was standing behind Ramona. He had been informed of the incident and came to see what he could do. While Eve was regaining her composure, the captain asked, "Do we need to land somewhere? We are approaching the Dominican Republic and could land at Santo Domingo."

"She does need to get a hospital as quickly as possible, but its not life threatening. She'll be alright."

"Do we have time to divert to San Juan, Puerto Rico. It's not much farther. Being a US territory, it would make things a lot less complicated."

"That's a good idea. She would probably get better attention there anyway."

"Very good." the captain said as he turned to leave.

Ramona returned her attention to Eve. "Did you here that Eve? We're going to get you to a doctor."

Eve didn't respond as she continued to regain her faculties. A moment later she was fully aware of her surroundings, but had no idea what just happened.

The captain returned to cockpit and immediately altered course and radioed the situation to the airport in San Juan and requested an emergency landing. Once it was granted, he switched on the intercom and said, "Ladies and gentleman, this is the captain speaking. As you are aware, we have had a medical emergency. We are diverting to San Juan, Puerto Rico for an unscheduled stop of an undermined duration. Please be patient and we'll get you on your way to Caracas as soon as possible."

The man across the aisle from Eve gave up his seat to Ramona who continued to reassure Eve and her mother. Eve was nineteen years old and she and her mother, Harriet Pickens, were on their way to Caracas to join their father and husband who was a geologist working in the Venezuelan oilfields. Harriett gave Ramona a picture of her husband and asked her to look for him at the airport when they got off the plane and tell him what happened and where they were.

It still took an hour before the plane landed at San Juan. When it did, an ambulance was waiting on the tarmac. Three attendants boarded the plane and put Eve on a stretcher and carried her forward to the hatch. Eve's mother and Ramona were right behind them.

Ramona got off the plane with them and explained what had happened to the doctor waiting in the ambulance. After giving her report, she reboarded the plane to the cheers and applause of the passengers and returned to her seat next to Sheffield. The hatch was closed closed and the plane began taxiing to the end of the runway.

"Will she be alright?" Sheffield asked.

"She'll be fine."

"What caused her to go into seizure?"

"I really don't know. Hopefully they can figure it out and get her the help she needs."

"Well, I'm certainly proud of you. It's a good thing you were here."

"Thanks, Babe. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time, I'm tired. I think I'll shut my eyes and try to rest."

Once the plane was back in the air, Ramona fell asleep. She didn't wake up until the plane was on its final approach to Simón Bolívar Airport. The plane's arrival was an hour and half late, making it seven thirty p.m. local time, accounting for the change in time zones. It was an hour and half past sunset.

After deplaning, Sheffield and Ramona entered the terminal where Ramona scanned the crowd of

people for the person matching the photograph that Harriett had given her. He wasn't hard to pick out. Ramona approached Mr. Pickens and identified herself. She explained to him what had happened and that his daughter had been taken to San Juan General Hospital and gave him the telephone number, which the doctor had provided her. He thanked her and then rushed off to make arrangements to join his wife and daughter.

The planned lay over was cut short to make up for lost time. While the passengers continuing on to Rio de Janeiro had dinner in the terminal and rested, the plane was refueled and prepared for the second leg of the flight. Sheffield and Ramona celebrated their anniversary that night by having dinner in the airport restaurant. Shortly before boarding the passengers, the relief crew took over. The call to board was made right on time and at eleven o'clock the plane took off into the moonless night sky.

While over the Pacaraima Mountains between Venezuela and Brazil, the half moon rose in the east. The plane continued over the Amazon jungle in darkness. Most everyone on the plane, including Sheffield and Ramona were asleep and they continued across the country's massive interior.

The sun rose at about six thirty, local time. Shortly after that, breakfast was served. Excitement mounted as the long flight neared its destination. Just before nine o'clock, the plane landed at Santos Dumont Airport. When they boarded the plane twenty four hours earlier in Washington, it was winter. They stepped off the plane into a beautiful summer morning.

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The 1949 Recession was an 11 month recession began in November 1948 and lasted until October 1949, when unemployment reached a peak of 7.9%. GDP fell .5% for the year. This was another natural down cycle, caused by the economy adjusting to peace-time production.

Mimeograph machines predated the Xerox photocopier that didn't come onto the market until 1950. The electrostencil machine was just one process for preparing stencils.

3 Godfathers, a John Ford film starring John Wayne was released on December 1, 1948

The piece about the ground breaking came from an article in the February 16, 1949 edition of the Church news. The actual date is conjecture. The first paragraph of President Price's address is a direct quote. The rest was constructed from information in the article. Frank S. Leeke was actually the general contractor.

For Sheffield being made a Knight in Brazil's Order of Naval Merit, see Surviving Geannie Part II Chapter 19.