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Hattie Meyers Junkin Papers - WACO History: The Human Investment in Waco Aircraft

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When we weren't building "flying contraption" we play-one-a-cat, (until the suburb grew houses right onto our favorite field), or we went on bicycle trips on Saturday's carrying our lunch, or played tennis, or rode our latest home made automobile all the way down Bellevue avenue to Bloomfield. In the winter, there was always a chance to leave most of my scarf skin on the ice, where the sail from the ice-boat had knocked me, or I could giggle to my hearts content, from a snowbank where the bob sled had landed us all. We went in for skating in a big way, and Pop called me "skates" for I was on two wheel roller skates in summer and fancy skates like Charlottes at the Hippodrome, in the winter. (To-day's children think Sonja Heinie discovered ice-skating just for them.) We had now grown past the jumping-off-the-back-porch-roof-with-an-umbrella-age, and the boys who felt it was sissy to go to parties their sisters were at, em-barrassed their sisters, by snitching the ice-cream from English the caterer, off the back porches of the party house! It was one occasion like this, plus taking my joining church seriously, that made me stop helping out heathen brothers with lies, and made me refuse to take a penny now and then from my Sunday School money for brickbat caramels that hurt my temples when I tried to make one dissolve simultaneously with arrival at Sunday School, so the face of eight for a penny lost its appeal.

When I entered High School I set graduation day in mind firmly and whenever I felt mischee-vous, (I believe was the word), the squaring of twelve numbers, until the right answer was attained, or ob-tained, brought more ladylike behaviour. To say nothing of having to wear long skirts and stay off my beloved trapeze unless properly garbed, in bloomers. (Shorts were unheard of.) I found great compensation in the five mile walk to Eagle Rock with Pop. He taught me how to row, we sang with the groups who were "packing up their troubles in their old kit bag", and "Smiled and "smiled." Pop believed in being friendly and everybody knew him

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