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

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and loved him. He always knew how to make people have a SWELL time, but I never would have dared offend his editorial soul with such an adjective.

His Dad had been an editor on the N.Y. Sun, but Pop had been a "traveling printer" with his own printing press in Columbus Junction, Iowa, where Charlie was born. Pop's ill father in N.J. meant the stork flew over the train to Rutherford, N.J. where Jan. 21, 1898 I was born. This ruined Pop's serving in the Spanish-American war, crack shot tho' he was. Two children, Charlie and me. From then on, for 23 yrs. Pop commuted on the 7:02 and 5:15 to the N.Y. Post on Vesey St. The 7:02 to be sure, regardless of the delays on the D.L.&W. (paraphrased Delay, Linger & Wait) to be sure he would not be late for work at nine. The 8:02 would have done nicely. Now in 1916 we sing these war songs, Pop sorry he would be too old for this one. Pop had written me both sweet and teasing poetry for my 16th birthday. As compensation for my spoiling the Spanish-American war, he named our cat after General Funstan, "Funny" and trained him to routines. I learned so much from Pop, could see why he left his New England home to go out west. He became a cowboy, where his friendly and adventurous self was the "way to be." Most eastern manners were superfluous, like thinking I shouldn't speak to the janitor's kids, or be nice to Catholics, or to think only Glen Ridge Protestants were perfect. I loved the trips to the city on Sundays, the Bronx Zoo, on Saturdays to the big city market. The dealer would say, "So that's little Bill!" and I felt happy when Pop would say, putting his arm around me, "She's a pretty good boy too."

In our Senior year "What are we going to do?" I loved to dance, to ice skate. A gymnasium teacher...preferably a Pavlova.

WACO
HATTIE MEYERS JUNKIN PAPERS
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