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

Extracted on Mar-29-2024 04:49:01

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WACO

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Thinking was it. The stage, for a nice girl was the END. Well I would like to be a reporter on the N.Y. Post. This would be the END. Pop said, "No daughter of mine is ever going to hear all the things I hear around a newspaper office." Pop going so conventional on me! To this day still want to work on a newspaper, feeling my perceptive acuity would be well-loved, if hard way to earn a living. It seemed I was going to be A LADY. I didn't want to teach school, except kindergarten. I liked to cook when I was allowed in the kitchen or to sew even discovered ability to just use a sleeve curve as pattern. To be married and companionate a man with DREAMS, not just to sew on buttons or feed him visible food. My one and only sweetheart to date, Junior year, had a visitor from Long Island, visiting the folks next door. At sixteen, I hadn't seen much point in being kissed when my lips were bruised, my nose bumped and the family having my little brother spy on me, chaperone to movies. I was thrilled he had to shave, could lift my 103 lbs. off the floor with one arm. When he help my hand in the movies, the room would spin as he said he loved me. Puppy love was the remark of both concerned families. In spite of this, I preferred the feeling from a fast game of basket-ball. When I graduated from High School, 1916, this boy's Uncle, a real old man of 35, wrote Papa to ask permission to call on me, NOW that he wouldn't interfere with my schooling. (I didn't quite see how he could have interfered while his Tarzan vacationing nephew was around. I didn't like Uncle at all. Charlie's teasing helped me discover for the first real time the power of tears. While Uncle paid his visit to Papa, I was taken out all evening. Uncle's visit was over..for good. Hurray for Papa... One December evening, Charlie asked to bring for the week-end, a friend Buck Weaver from the Aero Club of Illinois, visiting in the East.

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