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

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WACO 10

I would take the train home, "just to let me out." He then made me sit at the end of the seat, just to prove that "he couldn't help kissing me and this way he couldn't do it again." "Oh," thought I ... "so he won't try it again.... well maybe he better not." When we arrived home, a \$2.00 trip, George gave the taxi driver a ten dollar bill, told him to keep the change. I had such a delightful evening, an expensive evening, this extravagance smote my soul...especially after slapping him. Right there in front of the taxi driver, possibly curious neighbors, Papa home waiting up for me, I kissed George. He looked startled, pushed me away saying, "No, no you mustn't do that." We made a midweek date. George would fix it with Charlie.

When the boys arrived mid-week, Charlie went out to see some friends, leaving George and me ..and Mama alone. He and I sat on the floor in front of the gas heater, a chilly April evening. George handed me a cablegram to read, then rarer than a telegram. It was from Japan..from Katherine Stinson. George had taught her to fly and was with her on U.S. Cross "Knit, Knit for the soldiers campaign." The wanted him to join her to keep the plane safe...and had sent him some silk shirts. George watched me read it while visions of "Madam Butterfly" flying around the sky by herself flitted across my mind. I asked George if he was going, with my heart surprising me, hoping for the answer he gave, "NO." Yes, I admitted to myself I loved him. "But why?" I managed..knowing I had loved him from the first. ~~[[Strikethrough]]~~ " ~~[[/strikethrough]]~~ Because he "loved me, wanted me to be his wife, his playmate companion for life. If he went to Japan, someone else would marry me before he got back." As I write this, 1939, I am conscious of my nearly adult children's generation, who may find this all just too much as it should be, Be that as it may, the "question" was popped just like that. I was surprised and surprised at my discovery of how much I love him. George had talked it over with Charlie while they were in a rowboat on a small pond. His great relief was to have Charlie's approval but PREFERENCE, with ENTHUSIASM.

WACO

10

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