

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

Extracted on Apr-23-2024 10:19:56

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## WACO 45

and no special clothes were necessary. The JUNKERS ship took so long to get off, the crowd watched in case the field was not long enough. George came and put his helmet on me because he thought I should be amongst the honored guests flying with Eddie. Just as George was fixing the chin strap, Sam came over, snatched the helmet off my head and roared at George, "She's not going. That #%#&\* ship wont get off this field with just a pilot in it, let alone a passenger. I don't care who's flying, she's your wife, but she isn't going." I thought him logical the ship was logey but felt if anyone could fly it, it would be Eddie Stinson, Buck Weaver or Mattie Laird. The ship did not get off but as I watched it skim the ground in such a long take-off. albeit safe landing, was glad I didn't go.

Buddie and I returned to Weaver's in Chgo. George took Clayt with him to Boston. Eight weeks later Buddie, velocipede and I took off to join them. All we could think of was Daddy. We didn't sleep well... and i did NOT order chicken a la king!. When the train pulled in the big Boston station, first at the gate, George. Looked so handsome, wearing a narrow brimmed hat, first I had seen him in, and gloves. So seldom out of flying clothes, boots and breeches he was now Mr. Northeasterner..in appearance. He hadn't slept much either homesick for us. I had seen George about sixty days out of nine months, adding half-hours and half days together. Always "Good-byes" bearable only anticipating the "Hellos". Abstinence sure makes the heart grow fonder. We went to the offices of the Eskimo Pie Co. on Winter Street, the other half named Summer Street. Having grown up on winter sports, I was thrilled to see women carrying around skiis and skates on subway, just

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COTTON CONTENT

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