



Smithsonian Institution

Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives

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

Extracted on Apr-18-2024 10:31:42

The Smithsonian Institution thanks all digital volunteers that transcribed and reviewed this material. Your work enriches Smithsonian collections, making them available to anyone with an interest in using them.

The Smithsonian Institution (the "Smithsonian") provides the content on this website (transcription.si.edu), other Smithsonian websites, and third-party sites on which it maintains a presence ("SI Websites") in support of its mission for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge." The Smithsonian invites visitors to use its online content for personal, educational and other non-commercial purposes. By using this website, you accept and agree to abide by the [following terms](#).

- If sharing the material in personal and educational contexts, please cite the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives as source of the content and the project title as provided at the top of the document. Include the accession number or collection name; when possible, link to the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives website.
- If you wish to use this material in a for-profit publication, exhibition, or online project, please contact Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives or transcribe@si.edu

For more information on this project and related material, contact the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives. [See this project](#) and other collections in the Smithsonian Transcription Center.

Waco[[underlined]] 48

arm's length, and said,

"Mistah Weavah, that sure was a gastronomic delight!"

Later that same night we were awakened by a rumbling sound, and the voice of a woman screaming[[underlined]], " Don't get excited, keep calm!" There was smoke in the aptment. There was a fire somewhere.

I popped into the living room where Buddie and his Uncle slept. Buddie slept on a pillow put across two overstuffed chairs. I told him to put on his slippers and bathrobe, then lie down and wait until his Daddy could carry him out. I tried[[underlined]] to put on my clothes, thanking my stars that my Dad had trained me to put my shoes side by each, my clothes right side out, and in logical[[underlined]] order when I took them off. People were running down the stairway, which meant the elevators were not working or the fire was coming up the shaft. Somehow, George and I got into some[[underlined]] clothes, but I left my hair in long braids. Phil Weaver had put a blanket on the floor and dumped all the clothes he had just bought, and ours, into it, ready to throw it out the window.

George picked Buddie up, opened the door and ~~the~~ the elevator boy (of gastronomic delights), came up the stairs, choking on smoke, to say the fire was all over. Phil was glad he had decided to carry[[underlined]] the blanket full, instead of having thrown it out into the street.

It was only a little while until morning so we ~~finished~~ dressing ~~as was~~, went down as was, to see the damage done by the fire in the dry cleaning shop on the corner. Found I had indigestion from excitement, so we went into a restaurant close by, on 72nd Street and Broadway, in search of something hot.

We had many interesting times. I took Buddie to see "Bombo[[underlined]]" one matinee, as the boys had seen it. Bud was excited and chewed a finger nail off, just as the curtain went up. We had seats in the first ~~four~~ rows of the first balcony. When Al Jolson ran down

Waco #48

arm's length, and said,

"Mistah Weavah, that sure was a gastronomic delight!"

Later that same night we were awakened by a rumbling sound, and the voice of a woman ~~screaming~~, " Don't get excited, keep calm!" There was smoke in the aptment. There was a fire somewhere.

I popped into the living room where Buddie and his Uncle slept. Buddie slept on a pillow put across two overstuffed chairs. I told him to put on his slippers and bathrobe, then lie down and wait until his Daddy could carry him out. I tried to put on my clothes, thanking my stars that my Dad had trained me to put my shoes side by each, my clothes right side out, and in logical order when I took them off. People were running down the stairway, which meant the elevators were not working or the fire was coming up the shaft. Somehow, George and I got into some clothes, but I left my hair in long braids. Phil Weaver had put a blanket on the floor and dumped all the clothes he had just bought, and ours, into it, ready to ~~throw~~ ^{throw} it out the window.

George picked Buddie up, opened the door and ~~met~~ the elevator boy, came up the stairs, choking on smoke, to say the fire was all over. Phil was glad he had decided to carry the blanket full, instead of having thrown it out into the street.

It was only a little while until morning so we ~~finished~~ dressing, as was, ^{done by the fire} went down to see the damage in the dry cleaning shop on the corner, found I had indigestion from excitement, so we went into a restaurant close by, on 72nd Street and Broadway, in search of something hot.

We had many interesting times. I took Buddie to see ~~Bombo~~ one matinee, as the boys had seen it. Bud was excited and chewed a finger nail off, just as the curtain went up. We had seats in the first ~~four~~ rows of the first balcony. When Al Jolson ran down

Hattie Meyers Junkin Papers - WACO History: The Human Investment in Waco Aircraft
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-18-2024 10:31:42



Smithsonian Institution

Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives

The mission of the Smithsonian is the increase and diffusion of knowledge - shaping the future by preserving our heritage, discovering new knowledge, and sharing our resources with the world. Founded in 1846, the Smithsonian is the world's largest museum and research complex, consisting of 19 museums and galleries, the National Zoological Park, and nine research facilities. Become an active part of our mission through the Transcription Center. Together, we are discovering secrets hidden deep inside our collections that illuminate our history and our world.

Join us!

The Transcription Center: <https://transcription.si.edu>

On Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/SmithsonianTranscriptionCenter>

On Twitter: [@TranscribeSI](https://twitter.com/TranscribeSI)

Connect with the Smithsonian

Smithsonian Institution: www.si.edu

On Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/Smithsonian>

On Twitter: [@smithsonian](https://twitter.com/smithsonian)