2-19-1945

Walter Keeler Correspondence #003

Walter Keeler
Florence Messner

118 So. Virgil Avenue

Los Angeles 4, California
Dear Florence:

I'm so dog-gone tired but decided to answer your letter even though I'm not in the mood for writing. Please forgive my mistakes. Yesterday it snowed and got kind of cold. Had quite a work out over the week end and due to a shift change working swing shift this week from 4:30 P.M. until midnight.

It was so nice talking to you on your birthday and here's another wish for many Happy Birthdays to come. I would have liked to have spend the 16th with you. I'm sure I could have persuaded you to take an evening off for a good time. Don't forget the hug and kiss I have coming for calling you on the phone - you promised.

So you work 98% of the time - what do you do the other 2% ?
your letter, which you want me to make my Valentine from you, pleased me more than if you had bought one—it was more personal, thank you dear! I only wish I could have known you sooner than I could have sent you something much nicer than a small box of candy—my heart was in it though sweet.

It was Spokane not Seattle where I was at the first part of last week. You want me to tell you about my trip so hold on to your hat, here goes. Left Tongash at 10:00 A.M. Monday on a C-47. Half an hour away we ran into rough weather and pea soup fog. We had to fly at 17,000 feet to avoid icing conditions—flying blind for five more hours. Salina Field at Spokane was closed in so we decided to land at the Northwest Airline field—Felz
Field. We were almost out of gas so you can see we just had to land or else bail out. On the approach to the landing strip at Hills Field there is a mountain. We were making our approach through the fog on instruments when we suddenly broke through into visibility and lo and behold right in front of us this mountain appeared. If it hadn’t been for a sharp bank and a steep climb it would have been curtains—we missed it by about a hundred feet.

Spent the night in Spokane at the Davenport Hotel drinking beer as we had no license to buy whiskey. I was a very good boy too—no women at all. Next morning we took off in a B-24 from Yelena Field in a snowstorm and arrived at Tonopah four hours and ten minutes later.
That's enough of that except, says Xena is out, it fell through. Say, 'Hello' to Lois and Mary Margaret and I might add I think they are a couple of swell kids, and I really mean that too. Their big sister wouldn't tell me what she taught of me so I think it is fitting to be just as mean and not tell her either.

Sincerely though, Dear, I've missed you more than I care to admit. You can realize it by my two telephone calls. I want to see you so very much and it seems so long to wait until March. Please write whenever you have time and a small thought of me.

Affectionately

Walter

P.S. In writing this letter, lying in my sack (bed), I have good wishes, love and kindnesses.
T/Sgt. Walter Keeler-36632626 Free
422nd Base Unit- Sqdn. “F” [text: AIR BASE BR.]

T.A.A.F Tonopah, Nevada

Florence Messner
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Los Angeles 4, California
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Affectionately

Walter

P.S. I’m writing this letter lying in
my sack (Bed). Love and kisses
Dear. Good-night nLovee.