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Walter Keeler Correspondence #017

Walter Keeler

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Florence Messenger
118 South Virgil Avenue
Los Angeles 4, California
Dear Florence:

After waiting almost four days I received two of your most welcome letters.
I'm writing this in my office on the Flight Line and due to extremely bad weather
have plenty of time to do so. It's about 30°F. and snowing with a 35 mile wind
added to it. Reminds me of the blizzard
at home in Waukegan, Ill. All the planes
are ready to fly so most of the men are
in their sacks taking it easy. This new
Flight of mine is strictly on the ball now
and I, as well as the Engineering Office,
am well pleased. I really expected a
great deal of trouble from the men but
they are cooperating wonderfully.

Now I believe I had better read
your letters, for about the fifth time, and
answer them. You're so very sweet to
say such nice things about expecting
me on my furlough. Doubly so that
you are postponing your work until after that furlough. Doggone it, money a letter seems so futile when I try to explain what I really mean. Try to read between the lines. I miss writing you every day because I didn’t want to make a nuisance of myself, also because you haven’t written every day. You say you have more energy than you know what to do with. Do you think you will have that much energy left about April 21st? I hope your sisters always think I’m wonderful, but more so do I want you to think so. Why do you reserve your opinion. I promise not to be a green-eyed monster again. I wonder if you can react that way some day. It seems to me you hide your true feelings behind, shall I say, a mask of worldliness and a past sorry experience, whereas I am more open in expressing my inward feeling. Are you afraid of getting hurt again? I believe you’ve set a barrier against getting hurt anymore. I may be wholly wrong so don’t judge me too harshly in trying to analyze you.
I know you face the issues at hand so whatever you say will be as you say.
Aren't I agreeable tonight? Possibly because it's just a little over a week before I am with you. By the way, my furlough begins April 1st. and extends to midnight April 24th - better than I expected.

To date I haven't been able to get gas coupons but am entitled to some on my furlough. Also will bring along plenty of cigarettes to trade for gas which can be done in L.A. I'm also entitled to ration points which will come in handy. I'm sure I'll make out getting gas coupons. Don't worry your pretty head.

I'm all out of material to write about except one thing. Even if I have to shanghai you, you are going to see one picture which will thrill you as much as it has me. The picture is "A Song To Remember" with Paul Muni, Merle Oberon, and Cornell Wilde as Frederich Chopin. The music was out of this world and the scenes were a riot of antiques. I've never felt or
have been more impressed as much with any picture I've ever seen. That's a date.

Will close now impatiently counting the days and soon hours when I can be with you. Lonesome as lonesome can be!!

Love & Kisses Dear

Walter

P.S. Please excuse the pencil, fountain pen in barracks. "Goodnight Darling. Wish I could say that to you instead of writing it.

Love

Walter
T/Sgt. Walter Keeler-36632626
422nd Base Unit- Sqdn. “F”
T.A.A.F Tonopah, Nevada

Florence Mesner
118 South Virgil Avenue
Los Angeles 4, California
Dear Florence:

After waiting almost four days I received two of your most welcome letters. I’m writing this in my office on the Flight Line and due to extremely bad weather have plenty of time to do so. It’s about 30° F and snowing with a 35 mile wind added to it. Reminds me of the blizzard at home in Waukegan, Ill. All the planes are ready to fly so most of the men are in their sacks taking it easy. This new Flight of mine is strictly on the ball now and I, as well as the Engineering Officer, am well pleased. I really expected a great deal of trouble from the men but they are cooperating wonderfully.

Now I believe I had better read your letters, for about the fifth time, and answer them. You’re so very sweet to say such nice things about expecting me on my furlough. Doubly so that...
you are postponing your work until after that furlough. Dog-gone it Honey a letter seems so futile when I try to explain what I really mean. Try to read between the lines. I missed writing you every day because I didn’t want to make a nuisance of myself, also because you haven’t written every day. You say you have more energy than you know what to do with. Do you think you will have that much energy left about April 21st? I hope your sisters always think I’m won-derful but more so do I want you to think so. Why do you reserve your opinion. I promise not to be a “green eyed monster” again. I wonder if you can react that way some day. It seems to me you hide your true feelings behind, shall I say, a mask of worldliness and a past sorry experience, whereas, I am more open in expressing my inward feelings. Are you afraid of getting hurt again? I beleive you’ve set a barrier against getting hurt anymore. I may be wholly wrong so don’t judge me too harshly in trying to analyze you.
I know you face the issues at hand
So whatever you say will be as you say.
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it’s just a little over a week before I am
with you. By the way, my furlough begins April
1st. and extends to mid-night April 24th –
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of cigarettes to trade for gas which can be
done in L.A. I’m also entitled to ration
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[[underline]] Walter [[/underline]]