

Chapman University

Chapman University Digital Commons

Walter Keeler Second World War
Correspondence Collection

CAWL Archives: Second World War

4-30-1945

1945-04-30, Florence to Walter

Florence Keeler

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/wkeeler_collection

Recommended Citation

Keeler, Florence, "1945-04-30, Florence to Walter" (1945). *Walter Keeler Second World War Correspondence Collection*. 57.
https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/wkeeler_collection/57

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the CAWL Archives: Second World War at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Walter Keeler Second World War Correspondence Collection by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.

1945-04-30, Florence to Walter

Keywords

correspondence, Florence, Wally, 1945, longing, Tonopah, Los Angeles, love, romance, loneliness, women at home, depression, sleeplessness, sickness, women work, health and sickness, Biltmore, telephone, future, abortion?, Opera, orchestra

Identifier

2016.134.w.r_0220



1st Lt. Walter Kuler, 36632626
422nd Base Unit, Sqdn "F"
J. A. A. F.
Tonopah, Nevada

Dear Wally,

It's intermission time at the Biltmore - Sunday Evening. The play opening tonight is *Blithe Spirit* a funny thing all about ghosts and seances. I've seen it before and was very amused.

Lain & I worked glasses at the Bowl this afternoon for the Mexican Tipica orchestra program. We rented 38 glasses which was okay considering the crowd. It was very hot in the sun and I even got a little sunburn on the backs of my arms because I stood looking away from the sun.

I came down to the Biltmore and worked the checkroom alone but I stopped at noon in between and had chicken dinner and cherry pie - very delicious. Guess I shouldn't say things like that to you!

Honey, it was so nice to talk to you last night. I hated to hang up. I guess you knew that - you practically had to shake me off. I'm anxious to receive the letter you said you would write me. But I think I know what it's going to say. Pap (you are that now I'm very sure), I don't want us to start that way. I want it to be the way you planned it in your mind before this happened. I know you had a plan. You planned when you wanted to give me a ring so you must have planned even more than that. I don't want it to be a "have to" affair. I love you too much. I would only marry you because I love you that much and not because of what has happened even if it is the result of that love. You are too

sweet to ask me to do it but I know
you'll be more comfortable if I do. I'm
not afraid, though I do hate to be alone.
I don't know anyone to ask to stay with
me for a couple of days. I can't ask the
children and I can't ask Ida because she's
too close to the members. Most of my friends
have children to take care of. If it's possible
I'm going to have it over next week end.

Well that's enough of that - I try to keep
it out of my mind as much as possible.

I might call you later in the week to
talk to you about it.

I did a big laundry at mother's this A.M.
so I'll have ironing to do when I get home
tonight - that is if I can keep awake.
Getting up early in the morning is making
me get pretty sleepy before my usual
retiring hour. I'm sure worried about
my job - that boss of mine has every
single thing in a mess. Oh well, I guess
it will straighten out some way.

Tomorrow night is the big Light Opera opening
of Desert Song. Guess I'll have Rachel come up
to the checkroom if she wants to make
herself a couple of bucks. I'll have to work
the other house from now on because the
glasses are good at the Light Opera.

Mary M. went to the beach today and came
home with a face red as a lobster - though
she said it wasn't nice down there - too
cloudy and windy. She went to a party last
night and said she played poker & blackjack
till 1:00 A.M. Then some chaps at the

party brought her home. She has a
date with him next Saturday night. I knew
she'd never wait long for Wesley.
Women are fickle, aren't they? Don't you
believe it at least not about yours.
I just sit around and pine for my darling.

I love you Wally - very happily too.
I feel so very wonderful about it - I hope
you do too. Please tell me how you
feel.

The only letter I have had from you since
you left is the one you wrote on ~~the~~ Tuesday
when you were tired. I'm very anxious for
tomorrow's mail. I hope I have several
nice letters from you.

I'll close now and mail
this during the last act.

Much love and a great
big kiss

Flourance

[[Wynter Salazar 6/29/2017]]
[[Walter Keeler Correspondence
Letter #220]]

[[Page 1-Envelope]]

[[image- black circular stamp:

LOS ANGELES CALIF.

APR 30

11³⁰ AM

1945]]

[[image- Purple 3 cent

United States Postage

stamp]]

T/Sgt. Walter Keeler, 36632626

422nd Base Unit, Sqdn. "F"

T.A.A.F

Tonopah, Nevada

[[Wynter Salazar 6/29/2017]]
[[Walter Keeler Correspondence
Letter #220]]

[[Page 2-Letter]]

Dear Wally,

It's intermission time at the Biltmore – Sunday Evening – The play opening tonight is Blithe Spirit a funny thing all about ghosts and seances. I've seen it before and was very amused.

Lois & I worked glasses at the Bowl this afternoon for the Mexican Tipica orchestra program. We rented 38 glasses which was okay considering the crowd. It was very hot in the sun and I even got a little sunburn on the backs of my arms because I stood looking away from the sun.

I came down to the Biltmore and worked the checkroom alone but I stopped at Mom's in between and had chicken dinner and cherry pie – very delicious. Guess I shouldn't say things like that to you!

Honey, it was so nice to talk to you last night. I hated to hang up. I guess you knew that – you practically had to shake me off. I'm anxious to receive the letter you said you would write me. But I think I know what it's going to say. Pop (you are that now I'm very sure), I don't want us to

[[Wynter Salazar 6/29/2017]]

[[Walter Keeler Correspondence
Letter #220]]

[[Page 2 continued-Letter]]

start that way. I want it to be the way you
planned it in your mind before this
happened. I know you had a plan – You
planned when you wanted to give me a ring
so you must have planned even more
than that. I don't want it to be a "have
to" affair – I love you too much. I would only
marry you because I love you that much
and not because of what has happened even
if it is the result of that love. You are too

[[Page 3-Letter]]

sweet to ask me to do it but I know
you'll be more comfortable if I do. I'm
not afraid, though I do hate to be alone.
I don't know anyone to ask to stay with
me for a couple of days. I can't ask the
children and I can't ask Ida because she's
too close to the Mesners. Most of my friends
have children to take care of. If its possible
I'm going to have it over next week end.

Well that's enough of that – I try to help
it out of my mind or as much as possible.

I might call you later in the week to
talk to you about it.

I did a big laundry at mothers this A.M.
so I'll have ironing to do when I get home
tonight – that is if I can keep awake.
Getting up early in the morning is making
me get pretty sleepy before my usual
retiring hours. I'm sure worried about
my job – that boss of mine has every
single thing in a mess. Oh, well, I guess
it will straighten out some way.

Tomorrow night is the big Light Opera opening
of Desert Song. Guess I'll have Rachel come up

[[Wynter Salazar 6/29/2017]]

[[Walter Keeler Correspondence

Letter #220]]

[[Page 3 continued-Letter]]

to the checkroom if she wants to make
herself a couple of bucks. I'll have to work
the other house from now on because the
glasses are good at the Light Opera.

Mary M. went to the beach today and came
home with a face red as a lobster – though
she said it wasn't nice down there – too
cloudy and windy. She went to a party last
night and said she played poker & blackjack
'till 1:00 A.M. Then some chaps at the

[[Wynter Salazar 6/29/2017]]
[[Walter Keeler Correspondence
Letter #220]]

[[Page 4-Letter]]

party brought her home. She has a
date with him next Saturday night. I knew
she'd never wait long for Wesley.

Women are fickle, aren't they? Don't you
believe it, at least not about yours.

I just sit around and pine for my darling.

I love you Wally – very happily too.
I feel so very wonderful about it – I hope
you do too. Please tell me how you
feel.

The only letter I have had from you since
you left is the one you wrote on ~~Mo~~ Tuesday
when you were tired. I'm very anxious for
tomorrow's mail. I hope I have several
nice letters from you.

I'll close now and mail
this during the last act.

Much love and a great

big kiss

Florence