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Walter Keeler Correspondence #223

Florence Keeler
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I/SGT. Walter Keeler, 3663 2626
422nd Base Unit, Sqn. "F"
J.A.A.F.
Tonopah, Nevada
Hello Wally dear,

I'm sitting in the Phil. sitting room again so please forgive any untidiness and scribble in my writing.

I went home after work to change clothes for the theatre and was happy to find your very sweet letter.

Silly, I believed you loved me when you told me, just because I trust you much. I didn't need this illustration to convince me, as you put it. However, you are a darling anyway—but Pape, it isn't going to be that way. I have told you that before and I repeat, if I can make good arrangements it will all be taken care of. I have to put the 'if' in there because naturally I must trust the person I get to take care of it. I went up today but the office was closed. There was a note saying it was because of illness. So I don't know what will happen there. I had hoped it would be this weekend. Please tell me you won't be angry with me and that you'll love me just the same if I handle it my way—and don't say you feel like a heel—what a thought.

You are my dearest, dearest sweetheart and that is why this has happened. I know within myself that it would not
have happened had I not been so very much in love. I hope that goes for you too—though the responsibility was never yours anyway. If there is someone at fault it’s me—but I don’t ever want to think it’s a fault. It was just affection unbounded.

And when you talk about the future make it "heirs" and "heirress" plural, please. Do you mind a little kidding, "Pap"? Of course I still might take you up on the business of getting the license! More teasing, dear, it’s really strictly up to you.

Five more bombers must add plenty to your responsibilities—I hope you don’t have to overwork or worry too much about it.

I had another trying day—WPA, CPA, Air Corp and stuff—driving around in downtown traffic tires me out. I don’t take the night and day work quite as gracefully as I used to—do a lot of yawning during office hours.

Honey, I’m already counting days till you’ll be here and also till I get to talk to you again on the phone. He calls mean so much to me—I wonder if they do to you. I love you much and need you here beside me—Yours, forever.
T/Sgt. Walter Keeler, 36632626
422nd Base Unit, Sqdn “F”
T.A.A.F
Tonopah, Nevada
Hello Wally dear,

I’m sitting in the Phil. sitting-room again so please forgive any unevenness and scribble in my writing.

I went home after work to change clothes for the theatre and was happy to find your very sweet letter.

Honey, I believed you loved me when you told me, just because I trust you much. I didn’t need this illustrations to convince me, as you put it. However, you are a darling anyway – but, Pop, it isn’t going to be that way. I have told you that before and I repeat, if I can make good arrangements it will all be taken care of. I have to put the “if” in there because naturally I must trust the person I get to take care of it. I went up today but the office was closed. There was a note saying it was because of illness. So I don’t know what will happen there. I had hoped it would be this weekend.

Please tell me you wont be angry with me and that you’ll love me just the same.
if I handle it my way, - and don’t say
you feel like a heel – what a thought.

    You are my dearest, dearest sweetheart
and that is why this has happened. I
know within myself that it would not
have happened had I not been so very much in love. I hope that goes for you too – though the responsibility was never yours anyway. If there is someone at fault it’s me – but I don’t ever want to think it’s a fault. It was just affection unbounded.

And when you talk about the future make it “heirs” and “heiresses” – plural please. Do you mind a little, “Pop”.

Of course, I still might take you up on the business of getting the “license”!!

More teasing, dear, it’s really strictly up to you.

Five more bombers must add plenty to your responsibilities- I hope you don’t have to overwork or wrong too much about it.

I had another tiring day – W.P.B., O.P.A., Air Corp and stuff – driving around in downtown traffic tries me out. I don’t take the night and day work quite as gracefully as I used to – do a lot of yawning during office hours.
Honey, I’m already counting days ‘till you’ll be here and also ‘til I get to talk to you again on the phone. The calls mean so much to me – I wonder they do to you.

   I love you much – and need you here beside me –

   Yours,

   Florence