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Walter Keeler Correspondence #224

Florence Keeler

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1/Sgt. Walter Keeler, 3663 2626
422nd Base Unit, Sylmar "F"
J.A.A. F.
Tonopah, Nevada
Hello my darling,

It's a tired day tonight and am going to make this a short "love note." I've come to help me tone it so I left early and came home. But I had washing, ironing, mending to do before I could go to bed. Now it's all done and in a minute I'm going to take a bath and fall into bed.

Haven't any news to report on the home front issue. Everything is the same. I've got the dentist a bit today — hope I can shake them off. It's so dreadful being shut up in your own mind, as to speak, with no one to talk to openly. If I get too upset I'll call you so I can unload it on you. That isn't very nice if me to it? Worrying you with my worries but I think you'll understand it's cause I love you and you are the closest one to me.

They delivered my clavier today. I'm sitting on it and write. It's very pretty just as I wanted it to be, but it's very light and will sail easily. Guess we'll just have to be careful of it.

So the boys think your married — I think you're just leading them on a bit for your own fun. Do you really have such a love struck look in you. I hope you do.
What is the idea of asking me what the work is I plan to be doing after the war? My feelings are hurt. If you don't know what I'll be doing then I'm lost and don't know myself.

I'm glad you finally have a small improvement in the weather. It's been so overcast here and at the beach that it's downright chilly in the mornings and evenings.

I'm proud of your work and safety record, keep it up and never think you aren't doing your part 100% in the war, I like when you write me about your work when you think of you around the planes, whenever I drive past the airport morning and evening they are such big fellows. There were several right near the highway today they seem to almost be on the ground. I hope I can ride in one someday.

I'm so lonesome for you, but there is much consolation in the feeling that you miss me equally much. You really do don't you? You wouldn't kid your Mom? I seem to have kept some part of you here with me. I never really feel that the house is just my lonely little home anymore, but feel that it has home and filled with our laughter and love making. My heart is full of love for you Wally.
T/Sgt. Walter Keeler, 36632626
422nd Base Unit, Sqdn “F”
T.A.A.F
Tonopah, Nevada
Hello my darling,

I’m a tired baby tonight and am
going to make this a short “love note”.
Lois came to help me tonite so I left early
and came home. But I had washing,
ironing & mending to do before I could go
to bed. Now it’s all done and in a minute
I’m going to take a bath and fall into bed.

Haven’t any news to report on the “home
front issue”. Everything is the same. I’ve
got the jitters a bit today – hope I can
shake them off. It’s so dreadful being shut
up in your own mind, so to speak, with
no one to talk to openly. If I get too upset
I’ll call you so I can unburden it on you.
That isn’t very nice of me is it? Wanting
to worry you with my worries, but I
think you’ll understand it’s ‘cause I love
you and you are the closest one to me.

They delivered my davenport today. I’m
sitting on it as I write. It’s very pretty
just as I wanted it to be, but its very
light and will soil easy. Guess we’ll just
have to be careful of it.
So the boys think you’re married – I think you’re just leading them on a bit for your own fun. Do you really have such a love struck look on you? I hope you do.
What is the idea of asking me what the work is I plan to be doing after the war? My feelings are hurt. If you don’t know what I’ll be doing then, I’m lost and don’t know myself!!

I’m glad you finally have a small improvement in the weather. It’s been so overcast here and at the beach that it’s downright chilly in the mornings and evenings. I’m proud of your work and safety record – keep it up and never think you aren’t doing your part 100% in the war. I like it when you right write me about your work. I think of you around the planes, whenever I drive past the airport morning & evening. They are such big fellows – there were several right near the highway tonite. They seem to almost be on their tummies on the ground. Hope I can ride in one someday.

I’m so lonesome for you, but there is much consolation in the feeling that you miss me equally much. You really do dont you? You wouldn’t kid your Moms?
I seem to have kept some part of you here with me. I never really feel that the house is just me lonely little home anymore, but feel that it’s our home and filled with our laughter and love making.

My heart is full of love for you, Wally.

Yours, Florence