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Walter Keeler Correspondence #233

Florence Keeler
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Sgt. Walter Keller, 3663 76th
422nd Base Unit, Sqdn "F"
J.A.A.F.
Zorapah, Nevada
Dear Willy,

I've been being here in the theatre sitting room thinking of you and suddenly realized that if I write and mailed your letter before I went home you'd get it Saturday otherwise you might not receive it until after your three days in town. Oh! I hope that you will get to come in Sunday. I'm afraid I'll not be the best of company. I'm still quite a bit knocked out but I need to see you so much.

Sunday is Mother's day so I'll be a very lonesome Mom without my Pop. I've been thinking constantly of your eventual transfer and my heart is heavy with the feeling that you will be gone from me. You couldn't ever really leave me completely now. I keep so much of you right with me all the time but I should be lost if I thought I'd have to wait many months to be with you again.

Don't forget to get in touch with me if it's possible by wire or phone to let me know if I can pick you up at the airfield on Sunday.

My sex was just in talking to me. He wanted to know if I was in love with you so I told him. Hope you don't mind! Do you?
My job is continuing at a rather dull pace. Mr. Kellogg hasn't really got enough for me to do that is important enough for what he pays me, but he's such a big spoiled baby where I'm concerned that he thinks he needs me. Sometimes I think he pays me just to have someone think he pays me just to have someone else around who stays calm. He scares most of the girls out of their wits. That's why I'm so concerned about me and when I'm not there he frets so much. Bill says.

I'm having my hair cut and permendated Saturday so don't be surprised when you see me next Sunday. Never know how it will turn out until afterwards and it's usually too fuzzy for about three weeks.

I didn't get a letter from you today but I didn't expect to because I received that letter yesterday. But I like to think that my Pop is thinking of me anyway while he does his work. He rests on his "sack".

It seems I'm thinking of Wally all the time - dreaming constantly of the days to come. Knowing you and loving you has brought me contentment and unrest at the same time.

I must close now as the show will be over in a minute.

Loving you always,

With all my heart,

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

I’ve been lying here in the theatre sitting room thinking of you and suddenly realized that if I wrote and mailed your letter before I went home you’d get it Saturday otherwise you might not receive it until after your three days in town. Oh! I hope that you will get to come in Sunday. I’m afraid I’ll not be the best of company. I’m still quite a bit knocked out but I need to see you so much.

Sunday is Mothers day – so I’ll be a very lonesome Moms without my Pop.

I’ve been thinking constantly of your eventual transfer and my heart is heavy with the feeling that you will be gone from me. You couldn’t ever really leave me completely now – I keep so much of you right with me all the time but I should be lost if I thought I’d have to wait many months to be with you again.

Dont forget to get in touch with me if its possible by wire or phone to let me
know of I can pick you up at the airfield on Sunday.

My “ex” was just in talking to me. He wanted to know if I was in love with you so I told him. Hope you dont mind. Do you?
My job is continuing at a rather dull pace. Mr Helget hasn’t really got enough for me to do that is important enough for what he pays me, but he’s such a big spoiled baby where I’m concerned that he thinks he needs me. Sometimes I think he pays me just to have someone there who stays calm. He scares most girls out of their wits. That’s why I hate so much to be ill – he’s always so concerned about me and when I’m not there he frets so much, Bill says.

Honey, I’m having my hair cut and permantined Saturday so don’t be surprised when you see me next Sunday. Never know how it will turn out until afterwards and it’s usually too fuzzy for about three weeks.

I didn’t get a letter from you today but I didn’t expect to because I received two yesterday. But I like to think that my Pop is thinking of me anyway while he does his work or rests in his “sack”. It seems I’m thinking of Wally all the time – dreaming constantly of the days to come. Knowing you and loving you has brought me contentment and
unrest at the same time -
I must close now as the show
Will be over in a minute –
Loving you always
with all my heart

Florence