

Chapman University

Chapman University Digital Commons

Walter Keeler Second World War
Correspondence Collection

CAWL Archives: Second World War

5-16-1945

1945-05-16, Florence to Walter

Florence Keeler

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

Recommended Citation

Keeler, Florence, "1945-05-16, Florence to Walter" (1945). *Walter Keeler Second World War Correspondence Collection*. 72.
https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/wkeeler_collection/72

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.

1945-05-16, Florence to Walter

Keywords

correspondence, Florence, Wally, longing, love, romance, fear, loneliness, women at home, depression, personal stories, protection, health, anger, women at home, women, planes

Identifier

2016.134.w.r_0235



1/Sgt. Walter Keeler
36632626

422nd Base Unit, Sqn. "F"
I. a. a. F.

Tonopah, Nevada

Tues = Weds

Wally dear,

My very own Pop - how I ache to be with you right now, resting in your arms. Have I ever told you what a new and wonderful sensation it is to me to fall asleep with your arm around me, with my head snuggled close to your chest and then to wake hours later and find you still holding me there - as if I were no burden and as though you'd always guard and protect me so.

In my whole life I've never really had anyone act as a buffer, so to speak, for me - no one has taken over my little problems - let alone any of the big ones. I don't know if you understand what I mean - but everywhere I turn in my life now I find your touch - like a guide and a protection and it's a new world to me.

Is it any wonder that I cracked up a bit when I thought something had come between us. I cannot bear to think of losing your affection. I feel that if I did life wouldn't be worth the trouble anymore. I never set out to look for anyone like you - because I didn't know there was anyone like that - and I'm sure I'd never find another if I did look. You just happened - like the wonderful things in life

that no one can explain. So I know there will never be another to know and understand me. That's why I couldn't muster any defense against your anger but sort of went over the deep end at the sight of your angry eyes.

I'll try to keep my balance always in the future, Pop, but I'll try even harder not to make you angry.

I want only to make you happy, as you do me - though I'm afraid I haven't up to now. Each time you leave I feel that things have been so one-sided - you've done so many nice things for me and been so gentle and kind and I never seem to be able to return even a small measure of it to you.

I was so pleased that you called me this afternoon and the thought that you might have missed the plane took my breath away for a minute. I hope it wasn't a rough trip and that you had a chance to get a few hours rest before going on duty tonight. Please take good care of yourself, Pop. Don't go near those "props" when you are very tired. I worry always about that. Don't mistake me - I love the planes and think what you do is most interesting - and I'm proud that you can do it - but I worry about accidents because of your tiredness.

I didn't come home tonite between work at the office and the theatre. I took the bedspread to my girlfriends and she made me a nice sandwich and coffee and I stayed and watched her put the two children to bed. "Deedee" the little girl wanted me to read her bedtime story to her but I regretfully had to leave for the theatre. Burners was fair tonite.

I called home during the show and Mom was sorry to hear that you had left and they hadn't had a chance to see you again. She said you were very sweet to take them to dinner but she's worried for fear you may have returned to camp broke. She is a sweet Mom.

Today was a rough day in the office. I still have a lot of Monday's dictation to transcribe. Mr. Kelget was throwing stuff at me all day. However, he is going to be gone most of tomorrow which will give me a chance to catch up with him. I was the last one out again tonite - about 10 minutes to six.

all of which makes me a very droopy individual right this minute - 1:00 A.M.

How can it be that so few hours could seem such an eternity? It makes the weeks which are ahead something I dare not think about. I can only live over again each precious

hour of the days just gone by - or dream
wonderful ~~day~~ dreams of the days - no, years
that are to someday make my life complete.

I wait impatiently for my first letter
from you - I do love you so, Wally.

Yours -
Moms

X X X X X

[[Kristina Agopian 7/19/2017]]

[[Walter Keeler Correspondence

Letter #235]]

[[Page 1-Envelope]]

[[image- black circular stamp:

LOS ANGELES CALIF.

MAY 16

12 M

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

[[Page 2 – Letter]]

Wally dear,

Tues=Weds

My very own Pop – how I ache to be with you
right now, resting in your arms. Have I ever
told you what a new and wonderful sensation
it is to me to fall asleep with your arm around
me, with my head snuggled close to your chest
and then to wake hours later and find you
still holding me there – as if I were no burden
and as though you'd always guard and
protect me so.

In my whole life I've never really had anyone
act as a buffer, so to speak, for me – no one
has taken over my little problems – let alone
any of the big ones. I don't know if you under-
stand what I mean – but everywhere I turn
in my life now I find your touch – like a
guide and a protection and it's a new world
to me.

Is it any wonder that I cracked up a bit
when I thought something had come between us.
I cannot bear to think of losing your affection
I feel that if I did life wouldn't be worth the
trouble anymore. I never set out to look for
anyone like you – because I didn't know there
was anyone like that – and I'm sure I'd
never find another if I did look. You just
happened – like the wonderful things in life

[[Page 3 – Letter]]

that no one can explain. So, I know there will never be another to know and understand me. That's why I couldn't muster any defense against your anger but sort of went over the deep end at the sight of your angry eyes.

I'll try to keep my balance always in the future, Pop, but I'll try even more not to make you angry.

I want only to make you happy as you do me – though I'm afraid I haven't up to now. Each time you leave I feel that things have been so onesided – you've done so many nice things for me and been so gentle and kind and I never seem to be able to return even a small measure of it to you.

I was so pleased that you called me this afternoon and the thought that you might have missed the plane took my breath away for a minute. I hope it wasn't a rough trip and that you had a chance to get a few hours rest before going on duty tonite. Please take a good care of yourself, Pop, won't go near those "props" when you are very tired. I worry always about that. Don't mistake me – I love the planes and think what you do is most interesting – and I'm proud that you can do it – but I worry about accidents because of you tiredness.

[[Page 4 – Letter]]

I didn't come home tonite between work at the office and the theatre. I took the bedspread to my girl friend's and she made me a nice sandwich and coffee and I stayed and watched her put the two children to bed. "Deedee" the little girl wanted me to read her bedtime story to her but I regretfully had to leave for the theatre. Business was fair tonite.

I called home during the show and Mom was sorry to hear that you had left and they hadn't had a chance to see you again. She said you were very sweet to take them to dinner but she's worried for fear you may have returned to camp broke. She is a sweet Mom.

Today was a rough day in the office. I still have a lot of Monday's dictation to transcribe Mr Helget was throwing stuff at me all day. However he is going to be gone most of tomorrow which will give me a chance to catch up with him I was the last one out again tonite – about 10 minutes to six.

All of which makes me a very droopy individual right this minute – 1:00 A.M.

How can it be that so few hours could seem such an eternity? It makes the weeks which are ahead something I dare not think about.

[[Page 4 – Letter Continued]]

I can only live over again each precious

[[Page 5 – Letter]]

hour of the days just gone by – or dream

wonderful ~~day~~ dreams of the days – no, years

that are to someday make my life complete.

I wait impatiently for my first letter

From you - I do live you so, Wally.

Your –

Moms

xxxxx