5-16-1945

Walter Keeler Correspondence #235

Florence Keeler

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Sgt. Walter Feeler
36632626
422nd Base Unit, Sqdn. "F"
J.A.A.F.
Tonopah, Nevada
Wally dear,

My very own joy — 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’ll 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 onerous—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 godforsaken props of your stuff. Pop. I worry always when you are very tired. I worry always about that. Don't mistake me—I love the plane and think what you do is most interesting—and I'm proud that you can do it—but I worry about accidents because if you're tired.
I didn't come home tonite between work at the Office and the theatre. I took the baby-sitter to my girlfriend and she made me a nice sandwich and coffee and I stayed and watched her put the two children to bed. "Decide" the little girl wanted me to read her bedtime story, but I regretfully had to leave for the theatre. However, I was fair today.

I called home during the show and Mom said she was sorry to hear that you had left and they were 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 hand a lot of Monday's dictation to transcribe. Mr. Kellogg 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 tonight—about 10 minutes to 9.

All of which makes me 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 seem something I dare not think about. I can only live today and each precious
hour of the days just gone by— or dream

wonderful day-dreams of the days— no year

that have to someday make my life complete.

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

Your
Mama

X X X X X
T/Sgt. Walter Keeler, 36632626
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T.A.A.F
Tonopah, Nevada
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Your –
Moms
xxxxx