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1956-03-27, Bette to Parents

Bette J. Barto

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Subject Terms
Women and the military, Women and war, United States -- Air Force, United States -- Army -- Air Forces, Photographs, Armed Forces -- Correspondence, Correspondence -- Vietnam War -- 1961-1975, Christmas

Summary
This collection contains 139 correspondence from Maj. Bette J. Barto, USAFE to her parents while serving as a nurse during the late 1950s and 1960s. Also included are three photographs, one special orders document, and one marriage license. In several cases, Bette refers to her parents as "Lizzie" and "Hugh Elmer," or simply "Elmer." Three letters from 1961 or 1962 are undated and placed in a separate folder.

Keywords
1956-03-27, Monday 11:30PM

Identifier
2017-219-w-r._Barto_ColdWar_1956-03-27

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Mrs. H. E. Harris
To J. D. Claytons
1406 E. Florida
Urbana
Illinois
Monday 11:30 pm

I don't know the date either, not that they (the calendars) aren't in operation. I tell time by the number of kinds of meat I have left before I go to market again!

I had pork chops I thawed, LG. Elmer told me to buy oysters - not for me to praise. He's but to fry. I tried, followed my cookbook to the letter but part of the slippery things had a better coating than the rest of them except clear out the better fried alone. Polly hates oysters to the Bad apples or sugar - very tasty she related. Elmer's as good anyway but couldn't resist the back slab of the face "good. . . . but you must have done something wrong." Oh, such appreciation.

Mr. Davis said his birthday dinner was fine. Mrs. Edmondson called me later to see if Mr. D. got home O.K. and to thank her for the cake - she said it was white with big red roses on it - Happy B-day. - said it was good cake. Hugged and said she & Mr. James would be expecting the same thing out of us next year. Mr. Davis looks O.K. Goes for walks short ones, eats good at breakfast & supper, but has skipped lunch two days in a row - not even coffee - He says he feels O.K. but just isn't hungry - drunk.
He may be thinking more about Mr. Witherspoon than he lets on to admit. He’s surely afraid I’ll see Mr. Witherspoon—“Chains, but he’d wait until he went home.” I thought I’d attempt to cook some mutton for his birthday, but I don’t know what to ask for—Guess my new cooking encyclopedia will give me a clue.

I ironed my blue cloth napkins; now they are beautiful. I finished Jeff’s new spread & made 2 square pillow cases—no stuffing! They’re washed, but not ironed. I ironed 6 shirts, 2 pairs ofcheels & 9 cases, scarves & the toilet yesterday so I’m caught up with that. Now the floors all need the mop.

Against the front porch —00000.

Jelly pure meat loaf has been to visit for the past 2 miles so Jolly perfectly happy. She actually chewed the bottom 4 inches off one of the fence stays so the little chickens can come & go at will, so the kids stuck up, it chewed loose & has breakfast with Jolly—some dogs!

I heard jam calling you again.

I hope he remembers more of it than he did your conversation yesterday. He swore I took the phone & kept them from talking to you & he called me to come himself! He couldn’t tell me anything he’d learned from you — Gosh! What a character!
Well, gotta race — 7 comes awfully regularly — I got up early today 6 30 — beat Mrs. Davis — had him scrambling to get dressed before the oatmeal was ready — he made it though!

Lilly has a bad knee — full of fluid under pressure — she had it aspirated today & filled w/ hydrocortone. She borrowed her heating pad & the wrong bottle — can't lie all sit comfortably — the trouble isn't arthritis, but a Baker's Knee (trouble in the pulp & space I think.) Anyways Lilly was here a load of tomorrow — all 7 3rd floor & all 2nd including 1st + pullover + couch. Shelley does as little as usual. Joan P. her feet hurt her so badly that she had to prop them up & finally went to sleep on the chaise lounge with all the pillows up here under her leg.

You got a call, Mom, from Mrs. Smith at the bureau — a request from someone she was tickled when I told her why you were in Ill. She just got back from the same area. She wanted a boy — I son, got a girl — told her we were only rooting for a baby — just a healthy mother & baby — So, Deane, get busy — curiosity's killing me!!!

And the picture I missed — gone it all, signs them — you, Belle