1959-11-24, 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.

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Dear Mom and Daddy,

The Arabs at Adria Airport, the liner's airport that handles our mail - are on strike and we are receiving no mail, so I don't know whether my letters are getting out to you or not. If not, don't worry, they'll give up soon. They're too lazy to hold out at anything very long.

I'm at RAF B.0.1. She just got in from ward and has been defrosting the refrigerator. Still in her flying suit, replete with hat! And she really acted quite idiotic. I'm on call today and off tomorrow, so we are just going out for a sandwich or something and then come back to watch TV.

Mary's belonings left the USA yesterday. Sally ad usual hasn't done anything - not even gotten her truck out of the basement. I guess she'll not push the plane, but I can't quite see doing nothing when they have only 10 days left. I guess she took too much of a worry on it, like you, Dizzie.
Thursday we had a bad shock. You remember I mentioned Chuck and Jane, our two friends we play golf with? Well, Chuck went in for a shrapnel of his skull and sinus because of persistent headaches and he has a brain tumor the size of a small grapefruit!! They air-ached him to Germany immediately Saturday. Jane heard today that he hasn't yet had surgery but that's all we know so far. I may have mentioned it in my last letter—can't recall.

We are having Thanksgiving dinner at one of the NA Commissioned Officers Mess on base. Everyone likes the enlisted mess better than our lousy officers' club. I have heard they really lay it on for Turkey giving. Jane, Ray and I will play golf Thurs. a.m.—we are all off from work—and then eat together about 2 p.m. Should be a nice day—won't be like Lizzie's turkey though, I know.

I'm still trying to finish addressing my Christmas cards. I know they want to get there on time now, because of the strike so I'll just mail them when.
Dear, Ray has finished with the refrigerator and is getting ready to go back to the hospital today at the usual time. We're still not sure about our leaves, so we're still hoping.

Ray goes to Aviano, Italy this weekend for a mandatory cross-country flight. He doesn't want to go, but can't get out of it. I'll be lost Saturday and Sunday without him, see you I week Saturday, 7-3 and am off Sunday - so Jane and I plan to play golf alone - will be first time without Ray for me! probably won't know how to play.

He still hasn't heard definitely about our leaves, so we're still holding.

The guest for now - nothing much to say - I hope to get a letter soon.

Love you both,

Dawn