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1960-04-23, 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
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Saturday, 1 p.m.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm on duty and have only 28 patients, so it's kinda quiet right now. It will probably come alive just about quitting time.

I haven't heard from you since the letter written last Friday, so I'm wondering if Elmer went to the Baptist and what was done. I guess you've had your hands full of the kids—what with riding buses to and from, and nursing him besides. I hope he feels better and has let the doctors try to help him.

I have felt much better this week, but two of the other nurses have been ill—one got caught and was hospitalized 4 days with the same thing. I should have been, I suppose, but I resisted.

Kay is working all day today too. The weather has been very bad for flying most of the week so things have been slow.
Well I work 7 days a week through June. This is killing Ray, because of golf and beach weekends. We are going to a Beatnik party at the Club Fontaine. You know, the bongo drums, beard, and sweat shirt wearing types. They aren't going to have any tables and chairs to sit at, just mattresses on the floor — this means you have to reserve a pad or you don't sit down. I'm going to wear my black cotton pajamas with the bright striped tie shirt and Ray is wearing his bright pink golf trousers and a black t-shirt. We are supposed to borrow 2 black tams from one of the fighter squadrons who wear them with their flight suits. I told him not to leave them for he ought to look raucous enough by that time. He just called and he figures to reserve like two or three not at all this evening. He had a new F-100 to fly this morning and he was as excited as a kid with a new toy. He has flown 3 hours already today.
Doctor's Progress Notes

The weather cut today is like hot summertime. I want to go lie in the sun so bad I can taste it, but I'll be too rushed when I get home. Maybe tomorrow when I get off 30-1 and work 10 days this time before I get a day off and then I go on 11-7 for a week starting next Friday night. I drink it as usual, but so far none of our group has volunteered for it permanently. Well, it's time to count my mealties and get ready for the next shift, so the stop.

I hope Jeff & Jill are OK by now— with no sequela from the measles and Daddy too.

Love you both,

Sue.