1960-06-02, Bette to Parents

Bette J. Barto
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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June 20
8:30

Mom and Sandy,
This probably won't be very long because I am at Ray's House and the eternal television is going. He just finished supper of rib steaks, boiled cooking ears, and sliced tomatoes. Not very fancy, but we are both stuffed. He had a maddening thing happen to us yesterday. I came by his room to get him ready to go play Bingo at the club and we found his refrigerator completely defrosted like mine was about 2 weeks ago. I had to give away close to $20 worth of meat then. And Ray had 2 big rib steaks, a whole fried chicken, 2 pkg of frozen corn, 3 pkg of raspberries, a pound of Danish sausage, and a pound of bacon, also 2 big pork chops. Naturally we couldn't save it all. The chub who is supposed to clean the room had apparently unplugged it early yesterday and I froze up late the steaks and I fried the chicken for us to munch on cold tomorrow afternoon. He usually go to the club for
"Happy Hour" - ½-priced beer from 5:30 to 6:30 each Friday that we are off; then we come home to eat - so supper is nearly ready for tomorrow. I boiled some potatoes and will boil eggs when I get off duty tomorrow morning and make potato salad to go with the chicken. He will probably loose the pork chops & bacon because Ray won't cook breakfast on the weekends if I'm working. He will play golf on an empty tummy and come by for me. Starved at 3 p.m.

Ray got his orders to go over to the air base in Germany at the factory and drive it to the port at Bremerhaven, Germany. He will go next weekend to get it.

Time is getting short for us! He has 4 weeks and 3 days before we say bye for awhile. I am trying very hard not to let him know how badly I feel because he is nearly in tears when he mentioned it. Of course he is eager to get back to the US after 20 months, but he doesn't want to leave me here any more than I like staying. It won't be too long, but we spend so much time doing
Tongue together that I'm going to have lots of empty letters until I get back. I'd love being gone.

I got the box of things, Mom, and I can't tell you how I appreciate it all. The shoes are lovely, but, Mom, I can't wear either pair. I must have told you the wrong size — because they both are too big. I nearly had a fit over the beige ones especially. Carol wanted them as soon as I showed them to her. So, if you will tell me how much they cost, I'll love the cash for you. If I don't know if anyone needs the white ones they are about 1/2 size too long for me. I think they are lovely. If I can't sell them this weekend I'll mail them back to you. I'm sorry to be such a bother, Mom, but I guess I wear an 81/2 medium and narrow or A width in play shoes. The little curls are terrific. I'd never used them before. I have a here met on my bun in the back now.

Extra later— a boy and girl we play golf with and they ate all the chicken we had for tomorrow so I guess we eat out. Roy said to tell you he'd be
around to see you about the 20th of July—give or take a few days—Don't plan on him— as far as housecleaning goes. He will be on his way back from his folks' home to Chattanooga—Raymond Johnson, in N.C.

I'll write more later about the C-77 incident because it's pretty hot here right now. All 4 of the persons including the doctor & the nurse were all be sent to the U.S. immediately, for good—All stay more later.

I'm brown as a nut—a good weekend at the beach—Hope I can go again this weekend, so I won't forget it—

Maj. McCulloch told me today that I would be put in charge of the Medical Ward 28 June. When the present Captain Stokes, I don't like medicine particularly but it's better than being pushed around.

See you for now—more later—hope you both are better. Helen & Jody will be there in no time—take some pictures!

Love M.

Belva