1960-09-09, 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
1960-09-09, 1960-09-10

Identifier
2017-219-w-r-_Barto_ColdWar_1960-09-09

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Saturday Night
4:00 (10 Sept 60)

Dear Mom and Daddy,

I received your letters written 3 September, and I’m glad you have had some word from me. Ray isn’t getting his letters very promptly, and I wrote at least every other week. He hasn’t received his scarf yet either, and he mailed me some records ages ago by airmail and I haven’t gotten them. I haven’t had a letter written by him since a week ago Thursday; so I guess the mail is goofed up all around.

I did receive the thread (R. H. Blue) and thanks, Mom. I also heard from Mrs. Long, Ashley so I guess she’ll write her eventually. That’s the second letter I’ve heard from her in 28 yrs.

Mom, do you need the gold thread right away? If not I’ll put it in with something else I mail to you. No, I havn’t used it on my table cloth. Am so slow, you will probably have to finish it. I get tired, as quickly with it as with the other things. I
cancook up to waste any time.

Jane is at the Club with an
army helicopter pilot who took her
shopping today. Mary, my little Red
Headed Bath room maid, is out with
her current beau, a dentist—real
nice boy. I feel like an old
nun all the time. Trying to get her
ready
to go on a date. Get my hair "crimped"
my dress, sew the pleats that this
is
21 and that makes me feel 132.


what more with my ever increasing
number of grey hairs? I'll soon


I worked today, as usual.
and now tomorrow off. I may
see you Greg if I can dig up a
seem to play too.

The Rainy season started yesterday.
Some time from work to find my key
locking—
water was literally pouring in
on the floor of my bed. I climbed
and stripped, closed billowing
and repackage it and military
like; they did nothing and it


1 am my flog, move my bed out in
the middle of the place and
put my rubber dishpan and
cone cooker under the drips—
I was mule until I found out
our new hospital heated and I
and the wards had buckets on the
floor too! These ladies who built
our buildings forget from year
to year that it does rain
in T. Africa. It looks funny
outside again to me, so I’ll
probably get it again.

Sounds like you’re becoming
a business tycoon, Mom—lending
money. I think it’s practice that
renders it to your kids, they
think what theirs is theirs and
what yours is yours too! That’s
the slick way we operated
all these years! That’ll
ever be changed because that
is very messy handling money
and what to do with it. The first
raises hell if I try to spend
any of it on something foolish,
but something for him. I’m saving
pretty well for my car—If I’m
able to make a lease for it for
me so I won’t have to go to the
continent after it. We will really
have to have 2 with back & us
reporting in at different bases.
If I don’t get it, we’ll do OK
without it, but I would like a little one.

I got my written permission from my Commander to be married and I will apply for a Certificate from the Libyan Government on Monday. Ray has to ask my Commander also. It doesn't seem as difficult as I had thought at first.

As far as I know, we will be married in uniform, but I don't know too much about the military wedding. None of my chums have a military fan and that's the uniform that's in use. My close relative to my aunt, Mrs. Blasby and her husband, Jack, of Ray doesn't prefer some other officer for his best man. Jack is a Master Sergeant. I have to get on the stick and find out about all this. None of my troops knew anything about military wedding. None has been to one.

Ray had woke me up at 1 am on Tuesday night — straight from Charleston. Ray had flown down there from Seymour on Monday AM. He is the MATS transport pilot who fly the big troop carriers over here. Regularly brought it.
I met him at the bus stop in front I my B.O.D. so he could find me easily and the next morning, Maryland and I had Bens's cured country ham, eggs, applesauce, sliced tomatoes, toast, and coffee for breakfast. I came home and had ham for supper too. I promised Ray to save him a piece—but it's so good, he'd better hurry. One of the mess hall sergeants said he'd slice it up for me because I have no way to cut the bone here—but Ray picked a good one—not real big—just right, as he knew, for our small refrigerator. It was so sweet of him to think of me—cause he knows I love fried ham almost as well as he does.

Well, I'll quit and maybe read a bit before I turn in. I'm tired and lonesome tonight, but I didn't want to go to the Club. It's not much fun without Ray. Only 130 more days.

Love & Miss you both!

I mailed Dale's birthday gift 8 Sept. Merrell