10-10-1961

1961-10-10, 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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Tuesday Afternoon
5:30 pm 10 Oct 41.

Dear Mom and Daddy,

I'm waiting for Nancy Knight to come over for supper. She gets pretty lonely by herself since her husband is in Alaska; so since her mother went home Sunday night I asked her to come share pork chops, potatoes, and applesauce with me. I'm about out of food and keep putting off going to the store thinking each day Ray will give me some clue as to when he's coming home.

I haven't had another letter since the one written last Tuesday, so I haven't any new information. I don't know if I'll ever get used to these trips. The only consolation is that I'm surely not the only one. About every 4th house around here has a gone husband most of the time. At least I don't have children to rear by myself like sister. Jill is doing very well with her letters - of course I expected nothing less. I guess she and Joel will each be extra bright - even if not quite so much so as Jeff. Helen and Doug have their work cut out for them. I feel certain.

9 pm

Nancy just left for her house. I finished the dishes and am about ready for a bath and bed.
One of my girl friends, Carol Brown, whose husband rooms with Ray, just called. The squadron Commander’s wife just called her that the fellows will be coming home either Sat, Sun. or Monday - of this week! I still don’t believe it so I’m waiting until I hear it from Ray that he’ll be here. Maybe he’ll call tonight or tomorrow night.

The house smells like one big musty basement tonight. I finally got up the nerve to start getting out my winter clothing, and so I had to unpack my stuff that was still in the trunk. I can’t afford to love it all cleared out once, so I guess I’ll learn to like musty basements.

I finished planting my tulips but haven’t bought any fritillaria bulbs yet. I want them the length of the carport where Ray’s radishes are now. I want to leave them until he at least gets to see the ragged remains of his big radish patch! We’re still eating tomatoes and peppers from the cone yard.

Well, I’d better stop this and get my bath. That 6 o’clock chime gets earlier & earlier.

Come on down when you can. I’m off noon Saturday.

Love U,
Belle