1963-10-26, 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.

Keywords
1963-10-26

Identifier
2017-219-w-r-_Barto_ColdWar_1963-10-26

Copyright
The Center for American War Letters Archives promotes open access to its collections for “private study, scholarship, or research” subject to the intellectual property rights of others. Chapman University may not hold copyright or intellectual property rights to all items in the collections, and contents may be subject to restricted access or use. As a condition of accessing and using material from the Archives, you agree that you are responsible for obtaining all required consents of any copyright holder and to indemnify and hold the University harmless from and against any and all claims, losses, liabilities, and expenses, including reasonable attorney fees, that may arise from any third party claims for copyright infringement, torts, or invasion of publicity or privacy rights. You further acknowledge and agree that photocopies or other reproductions may only be made with the University's prior approval. Requests will be considered on a case by case basis and approval will be in the University's sole discretion.

This letter is available at Chapman University Digital Commons: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bjbaro_correspondence/117
3:00
26 Oct 63
Someplace mid-Atlantic

At Mom and Daddy-

He just finished lunch of roast beef, gravy, potatoes, creamed spinach, green salad and sliced tomatoes, hot rolls and butter, milk and ice cream. I ate most of it — more food than she had in a month!

The plane we came to McGuire AFB, NJ, was a slower one and we had to remain over night there. We got up at 6 and ate breakfast at 7:15 then waited for all our luggage to be transferred to the C-135 we are now on. It's a jet and we are flying at 31,000 feet. The cabin has only a or 3 tiny armchairs to sit on — sitting on a broom closet reading along. We have pressurization of the cabin so we don't have to use oxygen but we have oxygen bottles under the seat in case anything goes wrong with the cabin pressure. It's not too noisy, really not as bad as some propeller driven airplanes.

I'm sitting with Dr. Reiter, one of our flight surgeons who lives across the street from us. We'll go to base for 6-8 weeks on the
exercise the General. Maj. Gen. Graham is
sacked out in the back of the plane on
a bunk. We are going toward him in
our seats. But with no windows, who
knows we’re riding backwards!

We will be in Spain in about 4
hours more—about 3:30 our time but
it will be 11:30 p.m. for Ray—so I ate
the lunch even if I wasn’t hungry
because I didn’t think I’d get any
supper—that’s one way to miss
a meal.

I called you yesterday just after
I took Gent out to Mrs. Russell. It
was as bad as having a baby—his
basket, his toys, his bones, his water
bowl and food dish, his between-meal
snacks, his dog food, his vitamins, his
leash, sweater, food drying towels, and
his ‘go milks.’ Gent thought it was
great fun because he loves Mrs. Russell
and her big, thick, standard poodle. He
was so busy playing, he didn’t even
see me leave. I imagine he cried
last night when I didn’t show up for
bedtime. I told Mr. E. I hoped she
didn’t mind another puppy in
her bed!
Marie & Mrs Eichelberger came down to my house about 10 before I left to say bye. Marie had the day off and was planning a surprise anniversary supper for me since she knew I'd be gone tomorrow - the 27th. She gave me a cute card to take to Roy. Mrs Eich sent her husband a box of cigars. I barely had room for them in my stuffed B-1 bag.

Well, I'm sitting in a gloomy lighted corner - 3 seats over from the aisle so I am getting a headache by trying to read in the dark.

I'll mail this as soon as I get there and get an envelope from my bag so you'll know I'm OK.

Don't worry,

More later -

Love you,

Bette