1-2-1967

1967-01-02, 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
1967-01-02

Identifier
2017-219-w-r_ Barto_ColdWar_1967-01-02

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2 Jan. 67

Howdy,

Lazlo eating nuts at the kitchen
sink. Cents staring at the back door,
Jolley beneath Lazlo's feet burning
fragments of jeans, and I'm still in
my pajamas at 1pm!

Don't be unkind! I was the first
one up at 7:30, but just couldn't
leave the color TV with all the
pretty parades going. I wish you
could have seen them in color. I
don't really think color is that
important in most programs; but
it is in parades and outdoor scenes.

Break!

You'll be glad to know I shaved
myself into getting dressed—ever
put on makeup. I try to do it
daily because it surely is easy
to lapse into looking like a
rag lady when one doesn't have to.
Get dressed to go somewhere each am.
We had a quiet New Year's Eve + Day. The Showalters, across the street—Phyllis & Norm—invited us to their N.Y. Eve/Basement Party. There were only 6 couples + one single man invited. The Showalters' boys got a billiard table for Christmas, and the poor kids haven't been able to get near their gift. (Rays played over there twice already.) So the billiard table got all the men and the ladies congregated at the hi-fi and gossiped. —usual party. I wore my boots (carried my heels) so I could run home + check poodles about 10pm. They were glad to see me, but didn't really care as they knew we didn't go far without a car. We were home by 1am.
We didn't go to Church yesterday because the whole service was
to be taken up with a hall call of all the members. I didn’t have the heart to insist we go. I hope we will go next week. I cooked our black-eyed peas and a beef roast for dinner. I hope the park rent essential to the lucky aspect of it — of course I did use for back to season the l.e. peas.

I got a real nice letter from Helen. She said everything was a big hit, except Jeff’s pants didn’t fit. She said he bawled because they were "just what he wanted," so she’s mailing them back to me. I hope they still have them in stock. They said I was welcome to exchange anything I need to. The only problem is that she said she needed 30" waist and 29" inseam. I sent 30" x 30" inseam; so I now have to wait...
until she tells me how they don't fit. She doesn't know they were 2½ inches because I removed the size with the price tag. So I sat down and wrote her a big long letter and am going to mail it with a catalog about her pottery.

We still haven't gotten her hope—first the holidays, then the snow—so I hope we'll hear from the express office tomorrow. I'm curious to see the lamp on the table. She says you'll want the lamp.

Ralph's folks called yesterday—they eat pork & sauerkraut for New Year's Eve—but you can root ahead in 67—Ralph Mother says. I started to call you, but decided you'd rather hear if Ralph job becomes a reality on Thursday. He had to be out at
Cessna at 10:30 & be prepared to spend the rest of the day. So it does sound like they will hire him this time. I hope so. I plan to go see the Wrigley P. H. Dept Friday after I get my hair done. By then, I should have heard from the Medical Group Want ad, too. I'll eliminate these two possibilities before I get mixed up with the local hospitals. She even had an offer to buy a poodle salon "cheap"! I'm no business woman so I might take a flyer at it. A fellow set his girl up in the business and then she walked out on him, so he's stuck with all the equipment & is expecting his job to transfer to Seattle, Wash. Sorry 'bout him!

Ray is "missing" in my kitchen—boiling shrimp. I won't cook shrimp for him because I can't...
stand the odor, I can surely eat it well enough after he does the dirty work, though. I get the cleanup detail, too, to pay for what I eat, so I guess we come out fairly even.

I'm going shopping tomorrow for some sewing material. I want to make a long-tailed blouse and they can't be bought. I also want a pattern for a coverall type apron—to make out of terry cloth or something similar. If I find one, I'll make you one too, so you can use it when you wash dishes at the church in your good clothing.

Guess my shopping may be postponed—it started a heavy blowing snow & we just had a new bulletin that roads are closing this Jan. due to high winds.
and drifting snow. It may be my first blizzard.

We'll, I'm feel 2 shrimp, lettuce, cocktail sauce, horseradish. Papa's catkin was highly satisfactory, so I gladly stopped washing pots. The pups are pleased, though, for I won't let them have shrimp. I don't know that it's bad for them, but I saw how sick it made Eichberger's dachshund at the seashore one weekend; so I won't risk it.

We'll eat left-overs冻鸭(duck + the pan) and try making a Gaz at or so of Chili - from a recipe I found in the paper - for tomorrow. I'll freeze several containers of it for later, if it's good. I'll quit for now - more later. Sorry about the stationery - but it's handy on my lap.