1968-07-15, 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.

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Hi everybody,

This will be short since I said about all I knew on Fri. - at your expense. Mom, I had planned to wait til Sun. and call to give you all a chance to get organized.

Our friends, Whiteh and Emmie Sanders, were here when you called to Mom, quiet saying they is pleased at you. He asked if you didn't decide on your own to go back to Mr. T.; he was just afraid things wouldn't go well. That's after all, what we are all interested in getting you away from all the unnecessary housekeeping and maintenance that molested you that you don't need it.

Yesterday we drove 40 miles into the country to list a farm home and lake for sale. The people are moving to Dorchester in Sept. and want to get rid of their old house. It wasn't much but the property was good and had a well well on it so it will sell.
Ray is still unable to sell the big white elephant on the next block. It's just more money than most people want to put in a house they don't build for themselves. He's too tired of it. I told him I thought he ought to trade off on it for a cottage Sunday's to break the monotony. He may after next week, if someone doesn't buy by then.

We had a desperately needed rain yesterday after our grass and gardens were getting to be desperate, but the word had been too high to water. We must have gotten 2-3 inches in 30— as usual, Kansas does everything too much.

I have ordered my outdoor carpet for the patio. I won't get it installed for a few days yet. It's grass green with little black outlined chips— looks like mosaic tile— sort of.

It is pretty and I think will go well with my antique green wrought iron furniture. I'm not sure that I diagrammed the patio enlargement (if you look).
THE HOOD IS WHITE BAKED ON BRANCHED OVER ALUMINUM. THE SUPPORT POSTS ARE BLACK Wrought iron with a neat, graceful design - not too fancy - sort of!

I'm on the lookout for some big antique green pots to sit in the pots - for geraniums but, so far, Ray has avoided the nursery rabbit - will catch him off guard, yet!
The puppies have been off their feed most of this week due to their teeth-cleaning episode. Their teeth look lovely but they keep refusing to eat because they have been sick. They hacked and cleared their throats several times and if they were ever ill the other day, I was ill all the next day. 

I have had some small raised hyperplasia of the cheek mucous membrane on both sides near his big molars—that looks like him like a callus. If it is, it’s terminal. He said it can’t be radiated and it can’t be excised, and if it were borqued, it would spread like wildfire; so it would be best not to know for sure. I hope he is wrong. He said it could be from Gertrude being nervous and biting his gum again, but he said their teeth, I hope so, but all we can do is watch them and pray it’s not.

Well, I must quit and get my working year together—can’t put it off any longer.

Here’s the table for Mrs. Fees and the menu from the pretty colonial club we ate in. Everyone was in bell-bottomed trousers and men in long jackets with filled red jackets and white breeches. Very pretty. Food was really good.

Good [illegible]

[illegible] 12]