

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Dishawaka, Indiana

April Fool's Day.
9:30 P.M.

Darling,

It may be April Fool's Day but I'm not fooling when I say this is a real let-down after the perfectly glorious weekend. I don't know how I'm going to get to sleep tonight without that good-nite kiss. And tomorrow morning! Well I just know I won't get up I guess, without you to wake me in your own sweet & tender way. I don't know how I'll be able to live through the next 11 1/2 weeks without all that.

Now for the first time my old Academy motto will slip—There is the will but no power. Oh Darling, you were so sweet, so kind and generous, so dear to me. These past four days were just too heavenly to be true. This is one vacation that will never slip away from me.

There is one thing that I did forget to think, dear. You probably thought "Well it sounded good". Remember, dear, I insisted on your letting me give you a little something to help way lay all that I cost you

over the weekend, and then instead of getting up and giving it to you then I thought "later" and then walked off + forgot it!!! I guess I must have been afraid of breaking the spell if I were to get up just then, because it is hard, very hard, to leave your arms even for a moment. Therefore dearest, in sending this 5 which is only a fraction of what I cost you but since you wouldn't consider "Dutch" you'll have to accept this just as a token of my appreciation and say no more.

I hope Joe didn't think ill of me in that I permitted - not only permitted but practically forced you to be with me in "my" boudoir at such hours and under such circumstances. But as you said I think it'll be understood as both pretty well. Joe's a swell fellow. Honey, I'm glad you have someone like that to talk to, to loaf with, to study, and to work with and to keep you company.

And Mrs. O'Doherty, too; she's a peach. She was so sweet to me, putting herself out for me. Since that trip and meeting your grand friends, dear, I don't mind

in the least about moving away to a strange, big city. In fact, I can't wait.

I arrived home at 20 of 2 our time today. Had the bus driver drop me right at my front door. Rode with a lady from Aurora, Ill. She was Swedish. We had a very nice trip back. The sun shining all the way. No snow left anywhere. I was pretty tired when I got here. It was pretty warm on the bus so I had my little ventilator right under the window open and by the time I got home, that rasping throat of mine together with a little too much ventilator and the dust, made me practically lose my voice. I could hardly talk when I got here. Funny where that came from. I didn't have it Sunday night but Monday morning my throat felt so raw. I had pineapple juice at the terminal before I started home too. But it's pretty much alright now. I got some cough drops there too. It'll be all gone by morning I'm sure.

Speaking of the morning - I expect my stationer from Elkhardt tomorrow to come after my invitation order. I want to talk to him but I won't be giving him an order as yet. However, I did tell him he could come

see me tomorrow. That was two weeks ago so I shall be glad to talk with him. He is very reasonable. I couldn't give him an order yet though if I wanted to because we haven't decided yet about the wedding breakfast. Mom & I will do so this week yet, however.

I must also call Tilla tomorrow about our proposed trip to Chin this Sunday. If Mr. Fisher can go this Sunday too however. I must call him back.

Yep, there's lots to do this week yet. That's just a part of it all. I imagine you will be having a huge week ahead too with work, + school starting again. Remember what I told you about working + worrying too much. That's where your weight is going to and if you don't watch out I'm going to have to put you on the beer diet along with myself to get back those pounds you have been losing. (Two bits you will write back that you lost 10 pounds last week just to get on that beer diet).

Well, my dear, I must leave you now till tomorrow. I want to get this in the mail first thing in the morning. It isn't what Em Post would call a "formal" head & butter letter and yet it is that somewhat. Don't take the enclosure in the wrong way it's only that you are the one whom I really owe my thanks and appreciation for the wonderful visit & vacation and you would be able to make better use of this than any gift I might

most sincerely & lovingly - C. Letter
How goodness knows that it was still the cheapest vacation she ever had. Though it really was worth a million dollars to me.

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

On April 2, 1940

80 days — 11 1/2 weeks.

Darling,

I got back from choir practice and the Prof. said that I could have the choir for the wedding mass if I liked. That toward the end of May when I came to choir practice I should remind him and he would ask the choir then for me. Nice, Eh what?

How's everything with you now, dearest husband-to-be? How did school go last night after your vacation? Not too bad I hope.

I got my paycheck today but tomorrow I have to make a special trip to South Bend to sign my vouchers for next month's pay. I accomplished a bit on the wedding plans today. The Elkhart stationer came down I got up this morning at 7 am. And his reputation & prices ^{imitations} sounded the best so far until this afternoon when I found the same prices and was even more pleased with the styles at Berard's so I think I'll order from Berard's in another day or two.

We practically decided today on the LaSalle Hotel

for our wedding breakfast. You know the Laballe is owned by the relation and we're going to give Menzoni (the Drgr.) our reservations this week yet. Then I arranged our trip to Chi with Mrs. Fisher (Rae Shoppe) for this Sunday. Saturday when you come home (next week, not?) I'd like to settle the size and style for your wedding ring with you. Then I'm going to arrange our physical exam for that day too. Don't let's forget either thing.

This Saturday afternoon I'm going to Jean Vogler's wedding at Father Loner's. She's marrying Ralph Clark asst. mgr. of Meyer's Drug Co. he's from down state somewhere. She also works at Meyers.

One thing I meant to ask you when I was up there. Mom wants to know how you like your pillows, soft or hard. She's making us two pillows for our hope chest; good, genuine down filled pillows, and she would like to know how you prefer them - soft, medium, hard, or plenty hard - let me know. Boy, I'll be glad to get some good pillows. Regular, ordinary pillows are expensive enough, not to mention down pillows which are the best. And we will need them.

On the way to choir practice I stopped by to see if Tilla was going, and to tell them all about my wonderful trip. She + Clara were just leaving for a shower on Joe Zeiger's bride-to-be. Did you know Joe was marrying in another week or two? In Plymouth. I don't remember her name. Joe worked for Dad at the store for a long time years and years ago. Pop and Tilla told me about a dream that Tilla had about me last night. It seems as if I fell into a hole somewhere and the dirt and rocks all fell in and buried me. You and somebody else were digging me out in quite a frenzy while Pooh + Bertilla watched terror-stricken until all of a sudden I walked up to them and said "That's I down there." Crazy, eh what?

Now into your precious letter of this morning. Yes I thoroughly agree with you that we really accomplished a whole lot over the weekend. Those hours of privacy and heart-to-heart talks were much needed and necessary for our success and understanding in the future. It just seems to me that the time, place, circumstances, vacation and all were just made to order by

God himself for us. As you said they were things that just couldn't be accomplished back here due to lack of time and privacy.

Sorry to hear about your egg-for-young "hangovers". I'll do anything for the rest of that chop suey right now.

About the wedding suits & ties I think too that that would probably be the best to fill the bill and also the most practical. The processional idea is also satisfactory with me; and as I said, in dealing with these wedding planning professionals between now and then I'll see what the general opinion is. Otherwise we can plan on that arrangement unless we find a better one.

Now then I'll be saying good nite to you. Don't worry about me not resting. While I have been putting in pretty full days, I've been getting lots of sleep at nite and am getting my rest. So darling, with an armload of love and kisses from

Yours
Colette

COLDWATER
APR 2
9 AM
1940
MICH



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

The O'Doghty's Farming, Traylor &
16213 Briggs House
Detroit, Mich.

Hi. everybody,

I'm this far. Still sorta
blue - Gosh I miss you all already.
No I don't mean just Frank but
all those swell friends of his.
Thanks loads everybody.
Colette

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Thursday night

Dearest Frank

Congratulations! 98% in math test!

Why that's wonderful! I didn't think anyone could get grades that high in college. I'll bet you felt good over that. I'm sure you earned it though, putting in all the hours of work and study that you do. I'm very proud of you dear, and I'm certain that I'll never have to worry about whether or not my husband will make a success of anything he undertakes. In fact I think you've been getting mighty good grades all along and have done a mighty nice job of this first year. The first year is always the hardest. However, I'm afraid next year will be worse because you'll have a "handicap" on your hands, with a capital "W."

Darling my sore throat is just about all gone. It happened in just a moment. You know how I did it? I just read your letter and when you mentioned

"Eating Vicks" my ~~sore~~^{sore} throat was gone.
Ugh! Darling promise me you'll never
make me eat Vicks. Why that would
be worse than taking castor oil. Although
taking castor oil really isn't so bad, at
least it wasn't the last time I took it
which was at least 10 or 12 years ago.
although back to my throat, it is practically
all gone - wasn't very serious and
really doesn't bother me. I feel like
a million - living on air and driving
my mother nuts cause I'm so darned
happy.

I got up at 5:30 this morning
made breakfast, & cleaned practically the
whole house thoroughly by 8 bells.
Took the salad and dessert for dinner
made by 9:30 and teased Mom till
she was blue in the face till noon
while she ironed; At 9:30 the mail
man came and I all but ran to
meet him a block up the street.
Then I washed & set Mom's hair
until she was scared to death I
was making H's instead of waves
on her head. Then right after dinner
we packed up and went shopping. Left
the dishes set till we got back. Bought
her 2 dresses - a house dress & a street dress.

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and bought myself two cute house dresses. Gotta look pretty when my husband comes home for dinner and coat five in sweaters & shirts cause they cost too much dry cleaning. What's more I can't resist house dresses at \$1 a piece & can't make make them for that. Then we went to a Kroger's store and started buying them out.

Yes, I did know about Dick & Leona. I'm sorry I didn't mention it to you. I thought I had the time I listed all those other marriages coming up. I also knew about Larry's stay, and about the shower but I didn't know when the shower would be. Isn't it thrilling dear to think that people are thinking about you and planning for and with you.

About the little book. No, I'm not needing it just now. Bring it back with you though if you've finished it on account of - frankly - I haven't read it yet & there might be something in it for me.

We got a letter from Mildred and
Jimmy Low today. They're just fine and
dandy. From all the details of the case
she again as with her other childbirth
was of very fortunate. In both cases
she only had to bear a few hours of
~~but~~ labor pains before instead of the
common session of several days. Nor does
she have the afterbirth suffering which
is supposed to be so terrible. In both
cases she has not only surprised everybody
who knows her but all the doctors as well.
Because she is so tiny that as a rule
childbirth is most difficult. Not to
mention her having such big babies - mostly 8 lb. 9 oz.
& Jimmy Low 9 lbs.! I hope I shall
be as lucky when my time comes. Perhaps
I should say "when and if". Please God.
You'd think we were old married folks to
hear me talk.

Say I must get to bed; it's 12:30 and
I've been up and hustling since 5:30.
Goodnite my dearest, sweetest, one and only,
24 hour day, (non-union) heart-throb.

Lovingly

Colette

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Wednesday, April 3rd.
79 days

Dearest Frank,

Ten - five P.M. and about the finish of a good day. Slept in about 2/3 of the morning and went to South Bend and back in the other 1/3 of the morning. Got my pay and did a little shopping for Mom. I got home in time for lunch and spent the entire rest of the time till now "housecleaning". I'm packing up everything I won't need till after I'm married and storing it all away. Throwing away oceans of things I shall have no use for anymore. It was lots of fun from supper-time on because I cleared out and burned all my old Christmas cards, and old love letters, except yours. I didn't realize how much of such keepsakes I had around here yet. I still have oceans of work on clothes, packing up and drawer-cleaning, etc. to do. I can't wait to get all that pink and dirty-work done & stuff packed away so that from now on I'll be able to devote my full time to much nicer work such as plans, monogramming, hope chest, etc. Also my much neglected cooking, recipe files, etc.

When I stopped at the office today I took a lot of razzing from the people who saw the picture a week ago. Most of them didn't notice

the date information and thought that I had gotten married last week and that's why my vacation now. I was only there around 15 minutes and then stayed in the back in my office so that I could avoid stopping to talk to them all, but too many of them got back that way and saw me. They were dreadfully busy too and I was there at the dulllest hour of any week. That is, the latter part of Wednesday morning is, as a rule, our lightest business time during the week. Felt sorry for the gang.

Today was perfect Spring weather. It was wet and damp all over when I left this morning and by noon when I returned it was positively too warm to wear my fur coat. I had to take it ~~off~~ while driving home it was so warm. 72° on our back porch around noon. The sun was shining all the rest of the day. The school children paraded home and by the house with coats over their arms and socks rolled to the ankles, and the roller skates were all torn out of storage in a hurry. I think I'll store my fur coat one of these days - tomorrow would be a good time. I've got my heavy cloth coat to wear for whatever bad weather we may still get. I had it cleaned last week.

Last night's paper carried a building permit for a \$5000 home for Alden Leonard & Bernie Schumacher. I think they said it was on Genhart. A good place for it, not? Should I tell them to build us one while they're at it? I'd like to see their home after it's finished. I'll bet Papa Pete will make it tops as far as construction is concerned.

Grandpa Geratbauer was sick last night and today. Generally everything wrong with him he says - heart - kidneys - bowels - and liver. Doesn't sound too good for a man his age, does it? He stayed in bed all day and thinks he'll get over it alright but he won't eat at all. If he isn't better by tomorrow we're going to have a doctor look him over.

Studebakers had a little fire the other night which put 5500 men out of work for two days but they are all back on the job again. The paper said the damage was under \$500 but it stopped manufacturing till repairs were made.

Let's see - is there any more news? Nope, I guess not. The census man spent an hour or two, nearer two, here today. Pests.

Any old business? Oh yes. I love you.
Any new business? Oh yes. I love you. Again
and yet.

Must get to bed now.

Love + kisses

Colette

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Friday night

12:40 Tak. Tak.

dear,

Just had to write to you tonight yet, because it just wouldn't be right for me to have sat here writing letters since 8:30 and not include you. I had to write and accept a shower invitation for next Thursday night, wrote Mildred, and wrote Eleanor one of her practically semi-annual letters.

I do write her oftener than that but not nearly often enough. I wish I had squeezed in a letter to Angie Wewetnes in Sidney too but it's getting too late and I want to get up early tomorrow. I've owed Angie a letter since before Xmas. Shame on me. But then it just wouldn't do for me to be all caught up on my correspondence. It isn't like me at all.

Heard Orrin Tucker, Kay Kayser, Sammy Kay, Glen Gray, Moon River, and now Dick Jurgens is on. But I just couldn't find Don Pablo. The sentimentalist in me hunted the radio inside out around 10:45 for him. You said he was on at 11:45 so I figured that would be your time; 10:45 our time. Tell me where to find him - and when - down here, can you?

I helped clean house today (not too much) did some washing and some drying. Went to the hairdressers and to bulletins tonight. We also have made definite arrangements to go to Chi Sunday. However I think we are going by South Shore now at 9, which also means Ang probably won't be able to go because of her "miserickness".

Tonight when I went to bulletins Father Lauer said "You've put on weight. Evidently he fed you well". I assured him you had and then some. Lera Meyerhofer too, last Tuesday at choir practice told me how well I looked after my vacation. So, see, you are good for me. You pill. I think I'll have to keep on taking those pills. I really do feel like a million dollars in comparison to the way I have been feeling in the past 6 months up until Easter.

Darling, how have my letters been reaching you for time through Mishanaka service. Everyone has been on this same schedule - write at night and send with Richard to the Post office before school. That means before eight each day. Do they arrive on the next day or not? I was somewhat surprised that you got the post-card so late. I mailed it at the bus stop-over in Coldwater. We had so few minutes to eat - "all" so that

the post card really had to suffer from lack of neatness. I didn't even have time to read it over. Then the registration on the other letter probably did cause its delay.

Did you do any further checking on apartments over the weekend as you had planned? If so, any news?

Darling you said it about getting the choir members out of bed to sing for the wedding. I have my doubts. I'm not nearly that friendly with the gang to warrant such a favor. Then again wouldn't it be terrible if we had just a few? That would be worse than none at all. Oh but dear I forgot! The choir can't sing! Nine-tenths of it will be in the wedding party - Tilla, Amy, & I. He he. Why they just couldn't get along without us! (That was the little "devil" inside of me talking. His name is Conceit.) Another arrangement I haven't taken care of - thanks for reminding me - I haven't engaged the town's brass band as yet. No, the merchants thought they had better not close because it was ^{on} Saturday. But the schools are closing! I'm sure I must be the tizzy-witsy girl now.

Back to business - Yes it took a salesman to get me out of bed: Tuesday morning

and this morning too. Tues. it was the stationer and this morning it was Mr. Fisher, Rae Shoppe, on the phone that got me up. But then didn't you tell me you used to sell groceries? Well, and don't you get me up?

As for the LaSalle. Any place you go they'll charge you a dollar a plate ~~and~~ and up to handle it. And Wolf's can't handle the number, and neither can any of the tea rooms + such. Then if we are going to have it at a hotel we'd almost have to go to the LaSalle on account of the relatives. All the others would be the same price anyhow. Then too, who knows, maybe by then the Kamms will give us a break on the bill. Doubt it.

Don't know of any news. Gosh, 1:25 AM. a week ago now I was in your arms. But tonight.... here I sit. And another whole week to wait. When you left ^{last May} people all said "Oh you'll get used to it, his absence".

I'd like to make them all eat those words now because instead of getting used to it or getting easier to say goodbye and be away from you, it gets harder and harder. But then I suppose the week will go fast being back at work and I've got every night filled up from now on: tomorrow night Confessor, Sunday, Chicago; Monday, Sodality; Tues. choir; Weds. movie religious one on in ~~Saturday~~ next week called "the Little Flower". Thursday, Players Club Friday bulletins and then you, dearest, with love
Colette

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Sunday night

10:10

Darling,

Just a very, brief miscible tonight
on account of something serious has happened.
As yet we don't know how serious. Tillat & I
(Gry, couldn't go) got home from Chi around 3:30 or
4 and we came to our house. After supper
Tillat, Gry, & I sprawled on our bed - I showed
her my newest hopechest additions and we
sat there and chatted. Mom was at a bridge
part. & Dad & the children were downstairs
when at 7:30 the Pensellae College (James')
Infirmary doctor called from there to say
that Jim had been ill for 4 days (he's
only been back there 6 days) and that he
didn't know what the trouble was, so he
called the Pensellae town doctor and
after 2 different trips and examinations
neither did he know. Doc at the College
therefore told Dad that he thought Jim
should be up here and have some bigger
doctor check him. Seems he's having severe
stomach pains and they have to dope him
for relief & sleep, and also some bowel
trouble. He said he couldn't make the trip

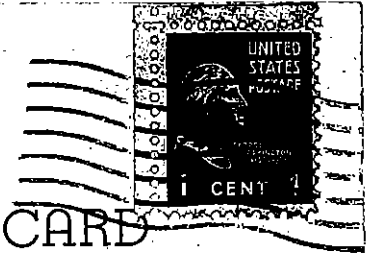
by bus or train so Dad asked if he should send an ambulance. But Doc seemed to think he could make it by car. So rather than get him out of his sick bed in the middle of the night Dad is leaving here at 3 a.m. and going after him with Dad's car. It takes a good 3 hrs. - 98 miles - and they'll probably have to come back very slowly so it will be 10, 11, or 12 noon tomorrow before we'll know, but Doc Van Rie is already engaged to examine him the minute he gets here and the hospital is trying desperately to find a place to put him. They're jammed up there, if they can't we'll have to have him here unless Doctor Van Rie has to have him at the hospital and can fix it some way. So we're keeping our fingers crossed till he's looked over. I'll let you know when we find out anything.

Tilla + I did have success in chin. we'll settle things the end of this week. We had a pretty nice time - all free. He spent just under \$10 for the 3 of us including himself.

I got your letter Saturday morning.

I'm tired so goodbye for now. I'll write again as soon as things clear up. Back to work again tomorrow - damn it - just simply dread to think of it. But then it's only 2 more months to work. So long darling, keep your fingers crossed for Jim. Say a Hail Mary for him. Keep on loving me as I love you. Sincerely Colette.

CLARENCE BUCKINGHAM MEMORIAL
FOUNTAIN, GRANT PARK, CHICAGO
The World's largest fountain of its type,
built of Georgia Marble a gift to the city by
Miss Kate Buckingham in memory of her
brother, who was a trustee and benefactor of
the Art Institute. At night colored lights play
upon the sparkling waters as they leap
seventy to ninety feet into the air.



POST CARD

THE J. O. STOLL CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

*Am here
Just leaving
Success & Yes.
Love
Colette.*

GENUINE CURTICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLOPHONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MAR. 10, 1900)

*J. T. Hanning
c/o Hydraulic Brake Co.
84 W. Hancock
Detroit, Mich.*

Don't ever say I don't write to you.

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

April 9, 1940

Dearest,

Here I am; back again, with three nice letters to answer - Saturday's, Monday's and today's. So I'll start right from the beginning and answer them all. First of all though since I'm afraid I might have frightened you with my letter about Jim I should tell you the latest developments. Nobody is yet certain about the trouble but Doc seems to think that it is intestinal flu. Poor Jimmy suffers intense pain. He can't move a bone in his body without a groan of pain and is weak as a dishrag; can't ever hold his head up alone. He hasn't had a natural bowel movement in six days and has to have doses of sleeping pills to get an ounce of sleep. Doctor Makielski gave him a little treatment this evening to relieve his pain a little and just in the last hour or so he has been dozing and has been miserable; in fact I've just been having a little fun with him. He just called over to see if I had passed out because I was so quiet. I told him no I was just busy and he said "Oh, I forgot, I know now why you're so quiet. Tell him I said hello."

About getting back to work after that nice vacation; indeed it was hard to go back. I just hated to go in Monday morning. But once I got back there and finished that one yesterday (Monday) I knew why I dreaded going back. Because yesterday was the first day of the new compensation quarter and all those people who were not eligible to file a claim during Jan. Feb. & Mar. fell eligible yesterday and came swarming into the office. + This new factory which moved to Cobend (in the old watch factory) advertised in the paper Sunday that business was picking up nicely and that they were going to hire a number of additional employees now (or rather next week) so in comes that mob. + The still bigger factor of an article in Sunday's paper that a new dress manufacturing factory, Smole & Sons, Inc., were opening up in Lakeside on May 1 in the Stevenson Underwear Mfg. Co. Bldg. on east Colfax, and that they were going to employ from 300 to 500 people. Both of these articles said that their help would be hired & placed through the facilities of the Indiana State Emp. Service! Wonderful boost for us. Yes but yesterday and today every woman that ever sewed a stitch by machine, by hand, or what not came in to file an application. From 8 to 5 yesterday only we talked to 927 people and had to take applications or claims on all of those! Everybody had talked themselves

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

house by 5 o'clock. There are also two more people out on vacations this week. But I'm not complaining because I just think — only two more months or so and I'm free of all that. So I just take it and like it and don't let it bother me. But it certainly is a h--- down there.

I didn't get to Jean's wedding Saturday. Too many other things to do and I knew that would be nobody but the immediate family (hers) and since I had told Jean I wasn't certain I'd be able to make it, I just didn't.

So you got your tires bought and your trousseau. Don't you hate to plunk down an amount as big as \$22.56 for 2 little circles of rubber? when they don't even taste good.

Friday night was great night, eh? The census taken — boo — they are such pests I'm glad that's over with for another year. And the house salesman. That must have been interesting. I can see your point about all the cash it takes to take care of all the different things, making a huge down payment necessary. However, I don't know what you mean by "searches"? That's a new one on me. Please don't think me to ignorant, but that is new to me. Back to the

down payment idea. - Remind me to have Dad tell you about this man who is on the inside ranks of the F.H.A. and his story about the downpayments. I don't remember it well enough to repeat it straight but you'll be surprised to hear it. So let's remember to have Dad tell you Sunday. You won't be seeing him before then I don't suppose. Plan on having dinner and supper with us Sunday will you? In fact I don't see why you shouldn't have breakfast and lunch and tea here too. In fact how about just staying here from Friday night till Sunday night? Cause I don't want to be away from you for a minute. Provided you think you could stand me for that long in a stretch. By the way, Doc Van Rie said he'd be glad to take care of us anytime between 1 and 3 Saturday afternoon. It's a good thing we decided to have it done this weekend because while the actual taking of the blood specimen doesn't take but a few minutes that has to be sent by mail to the lab and so returned to the M.O. in about 3 days which would be after your return to Detroit. And --- they can't just send you the report, you have to come in personally, both parties, and sign for it first. I explained to Doc that you would have only 4 or 5 more visits home and ~~if~~ we naturally wouldn't want to wait till the last minute and he agreed we were wise there and

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
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and he would see us Saturday. Hope he gives us his part of it free, and remember if he doesn't it's dutch cause it isn't necessary for us to have it together and just because we are doing it so doesn't mean you have to foot all the bills. It will cost somewhere between 2 and 5 dollars for both of us.

We'll also remember to take care of the ring business (in Mich.) and your glasses. By the way the White-Haines Company in the Sherland Bldg. close at 12 or 12:30 on Saturdays because I've tried to catch them there once and had bad luck. So perhaps you had better go there before you come after me. Now wait a minute - I'm not positive about that time and it may haul up your parking problem right down town too; I'll find out for sure.

It's just a little past 11 and I'm writing downstairs now, all alone, and I just had some company! Two ladies came traipsing up on the porch, Pook started after them with a big bowl. Guess ^{who} it was. Mrs. Dr. Flack from Riviera Drive and another lady from East Victoria. They had been down at the American Legion home for a card party and when the other lady tried to

tried to start her car to go home it wouldn't start. They headed for the Logan street stations and when they noticed that they were both closed they stopped here, not seeing the light on, to phone. She said the car was out of gas and over the phone her husband said he had put in 14 gallons last Saturday and had barely used the car since. At first I said someone had probably drained it out while she played cards. She finally agreed to lock the car up and take a cab from here. She said the gas tank register showed empty and I asked her if she merely had her ignition on when she read the gauge. She was quite sure she did but not positive. She went back to lock the car and try it once again with the ignition on and I agreed to wait for them to come back here to call the cab. She came back with the report that it was full alright but she guessed maybe she should have turned on the ignition.

So you don't approve of my getting up at 5:30 am. I'm glad 'cause I don't either even for Junior's change. I'll train him to wait till 7 when you get up or till noon when I get up; oh yet? No, I wasn't ill, just overly ambitious that day, and well rested the nights before.

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Working on the honeymoon are you?
A mighty fittin' task. Yes I suppose
we will end up ~~last~~ ^{by} just heading off on
a lark.

Well, how did you like your new
prayer book? I liked mine very much
but I'm about to go blind from the huge
lettering. I'm going to have to get some
special glasses to read it with. Mom was
very glad to get the picture. She liked
it a lot and hung it on the north wall
in the living room immediately. The
pillows are already in the making so I
don't think we need worry too much about
teasing ourselves out of them. I saw Wagoner's
advertising goose down pillows at a special
sale price of \$4 apiece, which price is
really a good bargain for goose down.
Of course there are chicken down pillows too.
But \$8 or \$10 will make a nice little saving
for us. And these will be made with the
best ticking and all too.

Darling, I'm so proud of our
Mishawaka mail service. I asked Dick
if he had carried that one letter awhile
before remembering to mail it and he said
no and proved it by the fact that I had

asked him to buy me some stamps when he went to the P.O. and at noon ^{that day} when I asked if he mailed it, he produced the stamps and said yes. So I guess it just got stuck somewhere. But the way I had it planned was by mailing a letter each morning early you would get one each following morning, and then they all come at once practically. Such service in this big city. Guess they must need a new Postmaster or something.

About our trip to Chicago. We took a nine o'clock train. Mr. Fisher bought our tickets and spent 90 cents to take us from the Chi station to the store. We managed to find one complete outfit; bridal gown and to maids dresses. He's shipping here so Ang. can decide if she likes it and then we'll get the fittings taken care of here in So Bend. He then took us to the Madison Street Triangle Restaurant for chicken dinners. and we then came home. Got here about 2:30 or so Sunday afternoon. Not bad, eh?

Yes, Grandpa has recovered completely. It only lasted a few days. Yes again we do have class tomorrow night. I forgot that in my nights-but schedule which I've changed a lot already. Missed choir tonite. Can't get to see this religious movie tomorrow night due to meeting.

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Then we are afraid of having to work on Thursday ^{and} Friday nights and maybe Sat. afternoon. I'll take any and all of it as long as I'm able to be free by the time you arrive Friday and at noon on Saturday. AND I WILL BE.

Billie's birthday sounds grand. I'd just love to receive one of her pictures. I've told the folks so much about her ever they'd like to see her. I can readily see where anyone would be up a stump as to what to buy that child. She seems to have everything under the sun.

I'm beginning to think you need a vacation too. The accounting seems to be getting under your skin. Take it easy now and you'll get by plenty well.

Try to leave me off your ~~mind~~ mind a bit - maybe that will help. Of course I don't mean that too literally but we've just got to hold out on our own, you and me two, for the rest of those 6 million records. You've put your math training to work already haven't you? Figuring weeks, days, hours, minutes, and seconds that way, Use your algebra

and see if you can make C + F = Homings -

Time to get to bed; you can't ever read this scribbling any more. And it is 1:10 A.M. why so long on this? I started writing about 7:15. First came an interruption for Mildred. She made a nice long phone call from Frankfurt. Somebody told her about Jim (and none of us did it) so she called to inquire about him ~~and~~ and to ask Fab to be the god papa. By proxy of course cause Fab - couldn't go down now. Also to talk to Mom + tell her what a nice time she was having, how good she felt, and how nice it was to be home again.

Second interruption my lady guests. Two interruptions to take care of Jim so that he didn't have to awaken Mom. First to fix him up then feed him some ovaltine to sleep on. It works better than dope on him. He can't help himself so he has to be fed even to holding his glass straw while he drinks. Yes I can be a nurse too you know, (when I have too). Third interruption, Fab. at 1 o'clock felt like chatting, so we did.

But now I'm turning in before something else comes up. Maybe I'll have some nice sweet dreams waiting for me. goodnite, darling

Most Lovingly
Colette