

Sunday night, 9:38 P.M.

July 7, 1939

Dearest Frank,

One more horrid old week-end past. Why can't they all be like last week-end? This one was most uneventful. Worked till 5:30 yesterday afternoon, when absolutely everybody else left at 12 noon (or before). Went to bed at 9:30 last night & got up at 7 this morning. Went to 10 o'clock mass & haven't been out of the house since. Partly because it was too hot to dress up to go anywhere, & partly because doctor was here from right after high mass till noon, & Velma's here since then. No doubt at all but what that calls for an explanation. Fat hasn't been well since before his trip to Frankfurt; since he's home he's been running up to Chi for the races, and raring around here, there, & everywhere. (He is on vacation this week, you know) Well all of it put together he got worse & worse, until today we had to call the doctor - result: tonsillitis. Velma has been keeping him company, & right now is fixing him up for the night. The kiddies

are all heading for bed & all in all, things are just gosh-awfully lonesome right now. So there's no one to talk to right now except this sheet of paper. It's such a patient sheet of paper, too, never talks back; just takes everything in any way, shape, or form & takes it.

It started to rain a short while ago, but has stopped already. I have a cigarette * and a dish of mixed nuts at my left, and a pitcher of ice-cold lemonade at my right. One more thing now at either my right or left, and the picture would be perfect. That is in my estimation, probably my estimation only.

Angela is still out on the Player's Club picnic. They certainly had a perfect day for it. Too bad you had to miss it. About 5 o'clock this evening, Velma decided that we two "widows" should go to the picnic. In fun of course. She didn't want to go any more than I did. I know exactly what you would say if you were here — "Why didn't you go?" Answer: Because I just couldn't have enjoyed myself anyhow. The Player's Club will probably have another before the summer is over, that we will

both be able to make. At any rate, the next picnic I will make up for the dead-heat I was on the last one & for the fact we both probably missed on this one, and make a real occasion of it.

Back to subjects not as pleasant as picnics, did you get any of that terrible electrical storm that we had Friday night? or rather early Saturday morning? It really played havoc with all the cities around here. It tore down many a tree, broke many a pipe line; took several roofs, & not a few electrical wires in its wake. It was one storm that very few people slept through.

Well, Father Brothome is gone. If you will remind me of it, I'd like to talk to you about something on that subject. in person.

Father Kleir is here. Said high mass this A.M. He didn't preach a sermon so I can't say what kind of a preacher he is. He's of average height & dreadfully thin. Looks like he needs some building up. Heck you probably know him better than I do. I just can't think of a speck of news. So I think I'll have a manicure & "hit the hay" There's hoping I have a letter on my desk when I get there in the morning.

So long, my dear; take it easy & behave yourself. COLLE

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Tuesday, 4:30 P.M.

Dearest Frank,

I'm covering every subject about which you wrote in your last letter; why? because I want to cover every one. I shall do so very briefly; why? because time is short, so here goes.

I'm dreadfully sorry you didn't get my letter before the week-end. I tried so hard to get it there by Saturday morning. Think you can probably tell that by the letter itself.

Darling, I can't imagine your asking forgiveness for "pouring out your problems" on me, as you say! Honey, please don't take it that way. You'll never know how happy it makes me to have you confide in me & share your problems, as you call them, with me. Until I can feel that you do share them all with me, I shall never feel that I have your whole-hearted love, or that we could ever get along perfectly. I don't ever want to be on the "other side of the fence". Your letter sort of upset my apple-cart because it said all that it said. It is a difficult one to answer. So let's set aside a long time the next time you get home, to get off totally alone & discuss it thoroughly. Slow about it, Honey? We won't have "thought conclusions" then, we'll have "word conclusions". Then too, if I may say so, I think that in between the lines I see some homeickness & loveliness; do I not? The only way they can be overcome is by keeping too occupied to think about them. Why don't you coast up a few dates and enjoy yourself? Please don't take me wrong now, I really am serious & not being ironic. You know what they say: "You can't get along with the women, & you can't get along without them." That last sentence is honestly all the kidding there is to it. I'm really serious otherwise. And if you may believe this or not, but my night prayer has for a long time been the same story as the P.S. on your letter. So why should we worry? Things are bound to come out right, whether or not it be the way you & I want. So much for that subject. — TO BE CONTINUED — IN PERSON — AT A LATER DATE — Personally I don't wait for you to get home; but from

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

the way I've talked, I've probably scared you away from coming home.

So you've been out gambling. You know I disapprove in spite of the fact that I love it. I'll bet you two bits you made a bad bet. Oh I forgot this was Mishawaka not Frankfurt.

Speaking of Father Grothman, I know all about it. However it isn't around. Oddly enough I got it, the story I mean. You couldn't guess when I got it, but I said right after you left that I didn't expect you back for the picnic & that I knew why you wouldn't come if you didn't. And I was right, & I don't blame you. But I still want to talk to you about it, & in the meantime "I don't know nothings".

As I said in my letter Sunday night, I didn't go to the P.C. picnic but as some one of the fellows, Jim Beard, went home early with all 5 boys, leaves in the back of his car, so the Club had a picnic roast at Lincoln Park tonight. There were 27 there including Father's Lamer & Kline. I got home just a while ago.

Explanation: I had to quit writing this letter about the middle of the first page & have written the rest since 10 P.M. That's why it has rambled on even tho I said it would be brief. He been writing it in bed & that explains the dreadful writing.

Yes, I've talked to the "Coofields" & they understand perfectly & don't blame you at all.

Honey, you must do something for that sore neck. It surely should be cleared up by now. Have it checked if it's still sore by the time you get this, because if it isn't gone by then, something must be wrong. I really feel that I might have caused it by being so ruthless & rough in my "writing". Take care of it won't you, dear?
Now I must ring off. I'll try to write often & shorter. Hope you don't have too much trouble deciphering

this one. I'm getting sleepy now.

Love + kisses

me.

P.S. Emily Post said that if we promised to use the privilege, she would grant you + I the "within etiquette" privilege of writing on both sides of our stationery. This time it was necessary because I didn't bring the rest of this kind of paper home with me from the office so had to finish on the other side. But lets do use both sides anyway? The motion is made by me, seconded by myself, + carried by I. So unless you object too strenuously, I'll be hearing from you soon (I hope) on both sides of the paper.

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Friday night, 7 P.M.
July 14, 1939

Dearest Frank,

Guess what! I am the proud possessor, temporarily, of a genuine, thoroughbred, Pekingese puppy, 2 months old. The cutest little d--- you ever did see. All brown, with a cute little black snoot, and white toes. He belongs to Eleanor and was sent from San Francisco 2 days ago, but her landlady would not permit her to keep it there, so until other arrangements are made; either by moving away or some other way. ~~he is the meantime (during)~~ he is to keep me company. Maybe I'll get him again when she returns to school in September. I'm just dying to have you see him. Send me a name for him will you? So far everybody's just been calling him "Booch" & that's not fair to U. Schmidt. By the way V. Huber & Agnes Kuepper call him "Frank". Not a bad idea, eh what?

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

So much for the pump. You will probably be hearing a lot about it. Promise me you will tell me when you get sick of it.

Fat is back on his feet again but won't be back to work for a week or so yet.

Your idea of a picnic is great. I'll see what I can do about it. You mentioned Larry's planning on visiting you this week. Last Tuesday Ray mentioned that he (Larry) was going up. I think it's a swell idea for both of your sakes. Have a nice week.

You heard the Michigan State Employment Service program. That's more than I can say. By coincidence, at this very moment I am following our South Bend office program. A pretty good one tonight.

Right now I've got to go over to Mrs. John Boorman's to deliver a package, to Father Lamer's to sign up for "The pious Union of St. Joseph for the dying" tonight's the deadline for joining. Then I want to show Tillamby Doggie. So I really ought to get started. I'll see you in 7 days, dearie. I still love you, & am dreaming of you.

Truly Colette

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Sunday night 9:45

July 16, 1939

Dearest Hank,

Just finished putting in one of the biggest Sundays yet. I simply had a million things to be done around 1201, so I took today to do about one hundred of them. Now I want to send a few words to you before I "hit the hay".

How are you + the sore muscle getting along by now? Are you as cold right now as I am? Last night + tonight have been just plain cold, not cool, but cold. Now can I say that I "have my love to keep me warm"? Isn't it silly though - July 16 - + me complaining about the cold. Letting you in on the probable reason - I spent the hottest part of the day, mid afternoon, ironing. Naturally at night when it gets cool I would find it cold.

Back to vacations. I'm tickled to death that you will have the same weeks. In fact I'm more than happy about it. The week beginning August 7, and the week beginning September 4, right? As for having any plans, I have only very indefinite ones. The week of Aug. 7, I intend to keep house for Mom while she either visits Mildred for a week or else goes to the hospital for an operation (over)

That last word was probably startling, but there is only danger of that, nothing definite. Nor will we know anything definite till the end of this month.

She has been having a little trouble; serious? yes, but nothing to be alarmed about. So the first week I will stay at home for the most part.

Then I want to go places & do things on my second week, as cheaply as possible (King Midas, that's me!) but I do want to get away a bit. Even if it be not far, but for a day now & then, here & there. And preferably with you if possible. In fact I would enjoy my vacation to a maximum if I did nothing but climb the Mishowaka hills, WITH you. Perhaps too, we could enjoy a trip to Ky. however I want to talk that over too, all in all though I have no plans as yet. What's more I'm afraid to make any, I believe, because for several years now I've made vacation plans, last year they were big; the year before, very small, but always something has shattered them. I learned my lesson to the extent of not planning anything then I have nothing to be shattered, see stew?

Now you tell me what kind of plans you have, and as if you had never read the above please.

I wish you were here just this moment; some orchestra on the radio is playing the beautiful piece "Circibirithin" very, very jizzy. Oh, its terrible, its disgraceful. Really its enough to make you scream. I just got an idea for something that might make up a lot of fun in a

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

letter. ~~is~~ writing a letter with an orchestra on the radio & each time another piece comes on write in the title right in the middle of the sentence or subject about which you were writing. I'll try it sometime. The only thing is I'm afraid I might find it too awful to carry out & mail. I'll try it sometime maybe. But if I do, don't hold it against me, cause some of our song titles ^{to} today might not fit in very nicely with a nice letter.

I still think it would be a cute game tho.

It is time for Hermit's Cave to go on the air, but I think I'll go to bed instead of listening on account of the chills are running up & down my spine already & I don't feel very brave tonight anyhow.

So, my dear, you will probably hear from me again before Friday. So long.

Always

Colette

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Wednesday noon
July 19, 1939

Dearest Knick,

Two and a half days and two nights till Friday night, and I'd better send a few words before then.

First of all, the picnic is as good as planned. J. Nagle & I have gotten together on it several times & we hope to have everything definite by the time you arrive. So far we are planning for around 10 couples. Do you think you would enjoy that? The more, the merrier, not? Here is a rough idea of whom will be there. Some are definitely going, & some are still indefinite, but the majority are anxious and waiting for Sunday. Those we have and are contacting are: Pook & Jimmy, Fritz & Boris, the Campbells, J. Cruise, J. Nagle, Ray, Fab, Hillie O'Neill, that's 9 couple + F.T. Hornum of Detroit, and since you have Larry, will you talk to him about it, please? That makes 11 couple if they all can go. Then there may be some others included still later. So far does it sound all right to you? I think that ought to make up some party. Oh, I almost forgot Tilla. She's trying to make it too.

By the way, Johnny & I were worried about

whether or not Sunday would be o.k. with you on account of getting started back. Is it? It's the only time we could have it. So we decided to go early - leave Mishawaka by 10 o'clock. Too early? Go to Lake Michigan but not too far up so that we won't spend too much time on the road. I think we'll have plenty of time to swim & eat at least; and will be able to leave whenever it is necessary for you to do so. So that's the picnic so far. (Of course the food situation is under our hats too, but that's taken care of.)

Raymond was just in the office to file his application. I certainly hope we can do something for him.

Say Larry's itinerary sounds grand. He surely must be enjoying himself, & in the best of company too. Ah hem.

So Johnny told you about Mother's operation that might be. As for what I told you, and you say it sounded like she had a choice between an operation and a trip to Lou Frankfort. It's this way. The operation is very indefinite as yet. And we are waiting for Dr. Van Rie to come back from his vacation & get his opinion on top of Dr. McDonald's, who said she should have an

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

operation. Then we will probably get somebody else's opinion before she goes ahead with it. Why so? Because Dr. McD. says she ought to but there's no hurry, which doesn't sound very sure on his part. Naturally we don't want to let anything go too far, but it will be a major operation and ~~we~~ if there is way out we'll take it. But not at any cost to Mom's well-being. At any rate Dr. Van Rie has been our family doctor for so long that she wouldn't do anything without his opinion at least. So we shall see what we shall see. I'll tell you more about it when you get home. Don't let it get around. I really didn't think even Johnny knew about it; I don't think I would have said anything to you about it even until something was more certain, but I sort of had to explain my not planning anything on my vacation, see dearie?

One of your Amigos friends was in the office this afternoon. I believe it was Larry Finch, but I'm not certain. Tall, slender, & wears glasses. He was with a friend who was filing an application. Saw Johnny Nagle & Chuck R. last night for a few minutes. Also Tilla for a short while; & Kay. See, I didn't realize how eventful last evening really was. Tomorrow evening at 5, all the Compensation Division employees and all the Ind. State Employment Div. employees are invited to a picnic roast & swimming party at Evelyn Pearce's home in North Liberty. E. Pearce

would to work with us. Has a lovely home there with all facilities for swimming, tennis & a half-dozen other sports right within very close range of the house itself. Practically in her backyard. We'll probably have loads of fun. I hope.

Our crew are (is) all very sporty & friendly, & our social affairs so far have all been big successes. You ought to be here. You could go along. All wives, husbands, girl friends & boyfriends are welcome.

This is the first nice day & evening we've had this week. I do hope it keeps up through the weekend now. I'll have to say an extra Hail Mary tonight for it.

Mommy is hurgying me along now. Wants me to go and get Regina out at Uncle Leo's. So it looks like a ride in the country for me. Don't care though. Love it. Better get going however. The 2 Canfields & V. Huber, & A. Doorman may drop in tonight to give me their O.K. on the picnic so I want to get back in a hurry. Toodle-oo now; see you Friday.

Love
Colette

INDIANA STATE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

AFFILIATED WITH

UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

Second Floor Hastings Building

South Bend, Indiana

July 26, 1939

Darling,

Just to let you know I am alive. I got your wonderful letter this morning and will answer from home tonight. We are swamped here, have been swamped, and will be swamped, at least the week out yet. We are trying to average 250 new claims and new applications per day, every day this week. Singers people who were on strike till last Saturday and therefore were not eligible for Compensation; but now are not on strike so are eligible and we have to take all their claims and applications, this week, night or day, just so it is this week. So as soon as I get a little more time, which ^{wont} ~~will~~ be before tonight, you'll be hearing from me. If I don't write soon the whole week will have passed without one letter, which would be bad, no?

Lovingly,



Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

July 26, 1939

Dearest Hank,

Our seventh anniversary!! A full seven months ago tonight was our first date, the Notre Dame Villagers' Dance. Or don't you remember? Well I do, and on this seventh anniversary. I receive such a wonderful letter from you and now am writing back to you. Honey, I'm too tired to continue. More in the morning.

7-27-39. Your idea is a splendid one, and I think it would be very nice to handle our plans via correspondence, since it really does seem almost impossible for me to do so any other way, and we do have this vacation week to get a head start. It is somewhat difficult to do so in letters, since it is hard to discuss things back & forth. Being able to be together is little as we are we can never hope to take care of the many things involved.

However, as you say a great advantage will be to give us that certain something to look forward to and to "keep us on the ball" as you say.

By the way, I let Mommy in on our plans last night, O.K.? She was very much interested, of course, and offered a few suggestions.

I won't be telling anybody else as yet, however, because we can't afford to have everybody in on it when things are still so far away & indefinite. After all, we aren't engaged or anything yet.

As for plans — No, you hadn't told me your salary before, but I knew you would when the time came to do so. Now what we have to do is figure together all our resources, yours and mine. Then of course we'll have to do the same with all standing liabilities, such as insurance, school tuition, etc. You said your car-payments were paid up with November, didn't you? Then the school payments will take their place. I can see where September, October, & November are going to double up and be awfully hard, financially, on one certain Frank T. Horning. But why worry about money? Money never worries about us. Don't you wish that subject was set aside as easy as all that? I hope you will know about that tuition business by the time you come home. Because it will necessarily make a big difference since it is a 4-yr. proposition. I'm trying awfully hard to do some tall saving. I know that's one thing I'll never regret.

Then — place to live — my, but that's a heavenly thing to think about. As for city, I haven't as yet decided whether I want to live in Los Angeles, Denver, Chicago or Paducah; but then

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

Since I can't decide, I think I would settle for Detroit, Mich. Sorry, didn't really mean that nonsense. About apartments & homes, furnished and unfurnished. I'm going to elect you a committee of one to give that a lot of thought, and keep your eyes open as to the proper places to look for places within our means. If possible bring home some ideas as to rents, buying power, etc. will you. I wouldn't have the faintest idea as to how they stand in Detroit. It is no doubt a huge problem. Furnished apartments are always a case of wholesale highway robbery, which wouldn't give us very much chance to save for our home and furniture. Buying a home right at first seems almost impossible. But does buying a small amount of furniture, enough for an unfurnished apartment? He could always add to that when necessary or when we get the home. Here is another point, if we didn't buy furniture within the next year or two, if we waited say four to six years, which might very easily be the case (please don't misunderstand that) then would "Daddy" still be in the furniture business so we could get our "cut"? Those are just a few thoughts on the idea, and that is what we want good healthy thought and common sense, isn't it?

Business is again calling me, and it is wise for me to hearken to its call, too. So, while I do have some other thoughts on the question at hand, maybe they had best wait till next time. What I would like to do is, if possible (and it very occasionally is possible) to get a transfer to Detroit. If I had this job with its pay, (which at present is \$40.00 ^{month} in case you don't already know it) even if just for a short time, in Detroit, it would help so much, because that really is a lot of good money in the long run.

However, I must say goodbye now and I'll be doing a lot of thinking & planning and you probably will too, so we'll have a lot to discuss next time you're here.

You mentioned the picnic; yes, I've seen some of the boys since. They ended up at Greenland around 11 I guess. Although there wasn't much after we left, they say.

By the way, that was a very abrupt stop and start on the first page of this letter. But as I had said we were dreadfully busy and I just couldn't hold my eyes open anymore, by the time I had gotten home late, then ate supper, played with the dog a few minutes and had a nice chat with Mom, I just couldn't go anymore.

So long for now.

All my love,
Colette

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

July 31, 1939

Dearest Frank,

There is one young lady who is going to have some tall explaining or apologizing to do for not having written in so long. But then, wait a minute, yes, I'm even at that. So I guess I don't have any apologizing to do, but I do have some explaining to do. Last Saturday night I went to a party. On a date? Well yes, and no. Anyhow it's too hard to explain; I'll tell you about it in person then I can tell you all about it too.

Last night, Sunday night, Tilla, Eileen Hula and I went to see Lionel Barrymore in "On Borrowed Time" at the Colfax; it was very good. Last Monday night (mind you after that big weekend) Virginia Hula and I went to a double feature of "Dark Victory" and "Alexander Graham Bell".

Both were wonderful. So much for my social life. Also went to a shower at Agnes Kupper's in honor of our Academy pals, last Tuesday. How about you? Been behaving? I saw

most of the gang after High Mass yesterday, and if you ask me there wasn't much behaving went on after we left the picnic last Sunday. They tell me Raymond went into some tavern and spied a huge fan which immediately, in his estimation, called for a pepper shaker which he managed to find almost immediately; he of course had to shake it in front of the fan, thereby blowing pepper high and wide at the people there. Dirty trick, I call it. Then someplace else, Fritz decided to turn off all the lights and then pull the electric switch. Then it seems like Larry & Jim Cruise got into it. Each trying harder than the other to get even. In fact they tell me that a great deal of beer went flying thru the air. However, it must have been fun because everybody's final words after the confluence on Sunday were either "Let's repeat that picnic when Hank doesn't have to leave early?" or else "Count me in". So save us a day.

Colette R. Gerstbauer
 1201 Lincolnway West
 Mishawaka, Indiana

Oh Honey, Congratulations!! So you are an uncle for the eighth time. Sharon Louise - sweet name, not? Your dad says "Eighth grandchild - gee it makes me feel old." I'd say he gets younger with each one. He seemed so tickled about it yesterday afternoon, Bet I can guess what "Uncle Hank" will do first thing Saturday morning. Look up a little miss 1 week old. Right am I not?

Jumping from new babies to tires. I don't want to forget to tell you. I happened to mention to Dad several days ago that you ^{were} probably going to need some new tires soon. He said to tell you that Ray E. might be able to get you a price since he is working for Firestone. He also said that Firestone have a remarkable sale on right now. That Firestone's best tires were being sold at a huge cut. That is just some

"hope" that might interest you, and might not. If so you might talk to Ray.

I signed my leave today for next week. Four more days! Isn't it wonderful.

I simply can't wait. Oh ——— can you imagine anything so fantastic as this. You would think it would be my opening remark. I GOT A RAISE. It was applied for 3 - 6 + 9 months ago. And only today the Manager told me that it went thru effective July 1, 1939, and tomorrow is payday for July. It was only five more per month, but that amounts up to \$60 per year and is better than nothing. They have been cutting government (state) budgets for so long that I had almost given it up for good + considered myself lucky to stay out of the last three personnel cuts in South Bend office. So with the exception of the fact that I'm tired and lonesome, I'm sorta happy. Hurry home and I'll buy you a beer to celebrate on. In fact if you're good, I might buy a dozen of them.

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

I talked to Bernadette Schumacher a while ago and she said that she and her mother & dad drove up to Detroit to see the Little Flower Shrine yesterday.

Dad, Grandpa, Joe & Dick went down to Pensacola yesterday to visit Jim. So I took advantage of it and took the car (they used Fat's) and went around visiting all my friends yesterday afternoon. Good way to spend a Sunday, not? Slept till High Mass, had dinner, drove around & visited all afternoon, & to the movies at night.

Well I wonder if I would be disappointed if I went to bed now with the hope of finding a letter on my desk in the morning? As the song goes "You can't stop me from dreaming" I'm not going to close this letter, now, because I may want to add something in the morning. So Long.

over

8-1-39 Pay Day.

I was right. When I walked in the office just 15 minutes ago, I found my desk held down by a pack of letters (business) headed off by an "S.S. Detroit" and propped up on 2 apples which somebody in the office gave me & I don't know whom as yet. Give me time I'll find out.

Grand letter darling, I wish I had time right now to go into it but it takes a little thinking first. As for the 4 years, I didn't make that clear. But what I meant was that if we waited too long to buy furniture, Dad may not be in the business any longer and we would probably have to buy retail. See stew, mercenary, that's S. I have more to tell you on that subject too, but only in person.

Right now its 8:30 and I must start working. Have three applicants waiting for me right now. Bye for now, dear,
all my love, Colette.