

May 24, 1939

Darling,

"After brushing off all the blarney,
I believe every word you say." But then,
not being Barbara Stanwyck, I think
I'll believe it all. You say such beautiful
things that anyone would believe them, even
if they didn't have reason to believe that
you meant it, like I have.

It was the most wonderful feeling
to start the day out with finding a letter
from Detroit on my desk when I came in,
and I am positive that I was much
more valuable today as a result.

As for your getting some "shut eye",
I think it was a very good idea, and
I've no doubt but what you really needed
it awfully badly by that time. As for
your keeping me from my "8 hours"-----
don't be silly, because goodness knows,
all I'd have to say when I wanted to
get to bed, would be "goodnight". And
if I wanted to stay up all hours of the
night just to be with you, that's my

business & nobody else's.

Millie, Jimmy & Marty are now on their way home, so I hope to get to bed early tonight. Jim came back from Chicago last evening around six and they left around 10 this morning for Frankfurt. Father Grotelouse was down last evening too. And between all those mentioned above plus Dad, Angela, Fab & Velma, did I ever take the rag all evening. But I love it. Something I'd never dare admit except to you. According to them I am "the widow, Horning". How do you like that?

By the way, honey, Mr. Grotelouse said that due to the fact that next Thursday night was confession night (before first Friday) they were planning on having the dinner party on Wednesday, the 31st. That just might interest you.

It was a beautiful, hot, day today.

We were very busy too, & as you can readily see it has affected my writing. But if you can't read it, say so, & I'll be

glad to transcribe it for you. Or better yet, I'll write it in shorthand.

Honey I just can't wait to hear all about the job, the office, the people, etc. How many letters did you have to take today & how did they go? ~~Don't you just love the post?~~
So I'll wait, and like it too.

It was very sweet of you to write me the same night you arrived. After such a big tiresome trip too. Glad to hear you arrived safe & sound too, but what made you pick on Room 2 "13". Here's hoping you'll remain "safe" & sound. But then who is superstitious anyhow.

I think the hotel did a good job of telling you when to make use of their facilities, too. Really, dear, that was very clever — that "letter-foot." It certainly wasn't a letter-head, so it must have been a "letter-foot." I'll admit I've never heard of a "letter-foot" before, but then there is a first time for everything.

Such nonsense, but as long as it's after
5 o'clock, it's on my own time, so I
think I can be nonsensical if I like.

However, since I can't think of
any news, maybe I should stop
gibbering. So I'm yours truly & c. & c.

Collette

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June 8, 1939

Thursday morning

Dearest Frank,

Tried to write yesterday but didn't get a chance & then last evening something very important came up which took an hour or two & left me a very, very happy young lady. Then later last night Tilla & I went up to visit Cecelia Lang & "a good time was had by all". After I left Tilla I saw Agnes Koepfen & Mabel & Hallemers sitting on Mabel's front porch & sat & talked with them for another hour or so. Agnes just got home from college. So you can see that it was somewhat of a full evening. However, you can rest assured that even tho in person you were 185 miles away, you were awfully "close to me in spirit".

In fact yesterday was very "story-bookish" for me. It started off with a very lovely letter from Detroit. That started the day off just beautifully. Then the tables turned. The weather got dreadfully hot, (93°) the people streamed into the office. Central High graduated several hundred

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"beeds" who left the Palace Theatre where the final exercises took place, & come right across the street to me; all new applications. He's on the second floor & the offices are more too cool! Then the tables turned again - Mommy called & warned me to come right home after work because a man was coming back to see me at 6 o'clock but wouldn't tell me whom or why. So I rushed home, the man came at 6:45 & from then on - I won't tell you the good news till you get home. I love to keep people in suspense; especially when they are so far away & can't do anything about it.

And what a pleasant surprise; your coming home on the 16th. Frankly I didn't think you would be back for around a month. Tonight is Player's Club meeting & if I don't get this off before then, I will give you all the news in this letter. Otherwise I'll write it to you in a day or so, as I would like to get this to you before next week. (Something tells me I'm going up hill, eh what?)

The "eh" reminds me of Kay, & I must tell you, Tuesday was Kay's birthday & she got her engagement ring for her gift. They tell me they have made no definite plans

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as yet due to the uncertainty of Raymond's income.

Honey, talk about co-incident! you said that Sunday night you took in two movies. Well, so did we, Tilla + I, you also asked how we came out with the makeup job. Well, we went over at 6:30 all set to make up 10 to 40 children + found that Ralph Hoose - their regular make-up man over there - had returned from his trip + was on hand to take care of the ^{night} after all. So Tilla + I picked up our makeup kit + went down to the Northside Theatre + saw the "Ice Follies of 1939" + "Yes, My Darling Daughter". Purely accidental + co-incident with your "Night of June 4" I would say. Also I can readily see why "Yes, My Darling Daughter" is not Class A. What do you think?

About the petunias. I really worked fast on that one. On Monday Mother wanted to plant her boxes on the balcony + wanted some petunias since you told her about them on Sunday. So Monday night on the way to Sodality meeting I went over to your house + your dad + Tilla gave me a nice

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lunch of them. Mom was tickled to death
 & thanks you all just loads for them.

Darling I never realized I was
 writing a book. Page 4!!! I ought to
 be spanked. And it's all just rambling
 too. But at the same time I haven't
 said anything that wasn't true & I didn't
 mean, even if it might be plenty boring
 to you. And after all; please try to under-
 stand I can't talk to you here, so I have
 to start talking & let it come out of
 the point of my pen in order to talk
 to you.

June 16th, June 16th, June 16th, June 16th,
 June 16th Hunk's coming home, June 16th
 Hunk's coming home - and so on into the
 night. That is I. I'll see you sometime
 Friday night & I don't have to put the
 "Not in" sign on the door for any other
 men either.

So goodbye, my love, till later,

Colette

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June 9th.

Darling

Look what I did —

Last night at Players' Club meeting I asked Jim Cruise if he had his pictures yet, & Tilla popped up & said that some pictures had come for you, but since she didn't know anything about them & she is somewhat better behaved than I when it comes to opening other people's mail, she said she hadn't opened them yet. So between the two of us we decided to go home & open your mail & that I would send the pictures to you. I just couldn't wait to see them,

(+ you probably couldn't either, now, could you?)

So all in all am I forgiven.

Just saw Ed Lattimer a minute ago. Here at the office. Had lunch with Bert Sigler at the Lido this noon, too, by the way. Martha Schutt, Ann & Ifermar ^{garonak}

& I "bumped" into her there.

What I really meant to write you about today, I haven't as yet mentioned. — the results of the Players' Club meeting. The picnic has been postponed (& set for) July 9, at Sisters Lake. The crowd will leave St. Joe School at 11 A.M. The banquet will be next Wednesday, the 14th. at 6:30.

I gave you this information only because I knew you would be interested & by no means to make you feel badly about having to miss either or both of them. It really has been dreadful trying to please everybody about the dates for these two affairs, so they simply had to set them & forget them.

I'm just scribbling this in between applicants & now I must get on with them.

My home is missing you terribly.

Colette.

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6-14-39
1:15 P.M.

Jello again,
How is every little thing in Detroit?
Extra fine, I hope. Yesterday at this time I
was having a nice little chat with Mrs. Montgomery W.
McConkey, believe it or not. How did that happen?
Very simply, she called in the morning to get a
maid (a very excellent maid). An hour later I
had just the person she wanted & after calling
and arranging an appointment, by 1:15 she was
sitting right here in my swivel chair. Before
& after she interviewed the applicant I got to
talk with her, like her lots. She seems very
nice. I was surprised when she called, to
think she was here. Expected her to be
living in Detroit. So much for her.

Going to the Players' Club dinner
tonight. Gee I wish you were here for it.
I'll tell you all about it; probably when
you get here.

You're way off the track if you
think you know what my secret is. I
can tell that by the way you put it.
Truly, though, I can't wait to tell you
about it; & for no earthly reason I won't

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write it.

I wish I had time now to comment on all these things you told me in your letter but, Period. (I'll save them till you get here.)

Saw Tilla, & Ray & Kay last night. They were making final arrangements for the dinner.

Also saw Herbie & Jimmie yesterday when I got off the street-car at 5:30.

Haven't really been doing a lot, still I don't know where the time goes to. I'm certainly not getting any rest either. Last Saturday night I stayed up till 1:30 mending sewing, etc. It was a dreadful, rainy day. Then all day Sunday, I did the same, along with some washing & ironing & cooking. On Sunday!! Can you imagine that? The weather was so wicked that I didn't even consider it Sunday. That is good enough explanation isn't it? Sunday night Johnny Nagle was over & we played cards awhile. Monday night went to a bridge club shower on Naomi Hatfield. Last night went to a meeting. So you see it's just an uneventful busy life. I shudder.

Must get back to work now. See you Friday night sometime, I hope. Bye now, honey.

Love & kisses

Colie.

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Tuesday noon
June 20, 1939

Darling,

This is the fourth time I started this letter. Once yesterday and twice this morning & each time it ended in a jig-saw puzzle & got filed in the round file. Why? Heaven only knows. I've sorta had the jitters I guess. The letter this morning helped lots tho. Truly I was surprised, knowing that it takes 2 days to get mail back & forth, I didn't expect a letter till at least Wednesday morning. So you really made me very happy & helped me get over the jitters. Mark that down in your good deed book for Tuesday.

So you are back, safe & sound, glad to hear it. (the safe & sound part I mean.) Sunday night was so awful. For some reason or other I just couldn't bear to see you go. afterwards I wondered if I had even said a decent goodbye to you. One minute you were there & the next it seemed like the bottom had fallen out of everything, and for the rest of Sunday evening, I went around like a chicken without a head. And then when I realized what a wonderful weekend I had had, I wondered how in the world I could complain. Then after the letter this morning.

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I got up on my toes & feel quite grand about everything now.

By the way, O. A. O., I think that was just awfully cute about the five more payments. It's things like that that make me like you so much. Probably sounds like a lot of Greek to you. If so I'll explain next time I see you. Just remind me of it.

Edith Klein was just in the office & we had a nice little chat. He haven't been so dreadfully busy today. At least not at the office. Tilla & I have managed to keep plenty busy on the Dad-Daughter party. She's helping me so very much. The majority of the rest of my committee has fallen thru. Two of them are on vacations. Tootie Covell makes a third, use your own judgment there. So you see Tilla, as usual is a life saver.

Talk about excitement. I was just interrupted by fire trucks & found there was a fire literally right behind my back - at the LaSalle Hotel Annex - which is just the other side of the parking lot behind me. Only a small fire, however.

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Tomorrow noon we are surprising Naomi with a luncheon party at the dido; at which time we will present her with an electric coffee maker from the office staff. Her wedding is this Saturday.

Well, George, when the pen starts to go dry, it looks like a mild hint to sign off, don't you think?

Appropriate here might be a joke my boss told me a while ago. A landlord wrote to one of his tenants telling him he would have to move out. The tenant feeling that he couldn't be forced to move out, wrote back:

Dear Sir:

I remain
John Jones.

So, Darling, I shall add a little to it and say,

I remain lovingly yours,
Colette

P.S. How ever on earth I got that second "l" in my name, I don't know.

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Friday morning
June 23, 1939

Beat O^{me} A^{and} O^{only}.

Ha, ha, darling, the joke is on you. And if you can't decipher O. A. O. coming from me, then how in the world do you manage to decipher shorthand? All kidding aside, I'm glad to hear that you are getting along in the shorthand book so nicely. Sometime we'll get together and have a race; how about it? It is really a sin the way I have lost all my shorthand. I'll bet I couldn't even beat you through the first page.

Do you know what? Your letter was dated "Wednesday, June 21st, 1st day of summer" (smarty); the Detroit postmark timed 7:30 P.M.; and it was on my desk when I came in at 5 of 8 on Thursday morning. I would call that wonderful service, not?

So you really think I would disapprove of your going on that steak roast? Evidently you don't

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know me as well as I thought you did. I'm tickled pink that you got the chance. It was awfully sweet of Theresa to think of you, I would say. If I didn't consider Theresa a good friend of mine I might be worried. But as it is I think it was real nice of her. I do hope you had a good time. And as for disapproving! Honey, as long as you are so nice as to tell me about such things as your Saturday night dates + your steak roasts, when you really could keep them from me, who am I to complain. You have to have some fun, and you know I wouldn't expect you to stick at home all the time. Naturally I'm jealous as all get out to think someone else could be with you when I can't. However as long as weekends come around once in a coon's age, I think I can stand it in between times.

While you ate steaks last night, Tilla + I were eating ham + cheese on rye bread at our

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Dad-daughter party. We had around 50 people, and I do believe everybody had a good time. I was far from satisfied with the party myself; but I think it went over O.K. If we had had another week, I'm sure it could have been ironed out to 100%.

However, it was work and worry that is all over now. So from now on I have nothing on my mind. Not you. I'll have to charge you rent for occupying so much of my mind.

Naomi thanks you for the good wishes and not as a result of them but she has told me several times before that after she is settled in her new home she wants you to come over. I agree with you that she resembles Norma Sheares. I've always thought so too.

It won't be long now and she will be Mrs. Jim Kastle. The wedding is at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Yes I shall go see it.

Guess I'd better say toodle-oo now. Don't know of any news about town for you.

Love and kisses
Colette

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Wednesday 10:10 P.M.

June 27, 1939
"Pay Day"

Dearest Hank,

This will necessarily have to be most brief on account of I'm all worn out. Naomi's absence at a time like this, with no subs. is about to drive me crazier than I already am. Not to mention that Mom was just beginning to prepare two crates of cherries for canning when I got home this evening. It is now after 10 and I've been pitting & canning cherries ever since 7.

However, all the above has been well counter-balanced by the fact that we got paid today and my insurance benefit check also came today; not to mention a nice big fat letter this morning. That alone makes everything look rosy again. I'm terribly sorry I didn't write you earlier this week or over the weekend; but surely you can understand, can't you? X You see, I forgot that you had gone

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away sometime ago, darling, and that I really ought to write once in a while to sort of keep you from getting too lonesome. X

(The X's stand for when I crossed & uncrossed my fingers). I said before that I was getting crazier & crazier.

Fab is over in his bedroom rozzing the life out of me. He's got some suggestions for you. I'll tell you more about them later. He's got a stiff back & is over there in bed trying to sweat it out. Just a few moments ago, he decided that he needed a Tom Collins, so I got him to settle for a Smoky Joe & by means of a coke from the filling station at Logan St. & a huge dose of Dad's whiskey, I think I made him a friend for life. He shows it by putting on the royal rozz. Down in my heart I like it tho. Time out - big brother needed a cigarette. Luck had it that I had just one left. I hope he gets all his whims satisfied before I decide to turn in. Cause once I turn in, he couldn't get me out again till 7 a.m. for love nor money.

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I said this would be brief.

But, in spite of my fatigue, writing to you comes easy, once I get started. I'm laying on the bed in some indescribable position, with my head in my left hand up on my elbow, and now since I've loosened up my mind in I don't know what unearthly fashion on three sheets of paper, I'm just about falling asleep.

I don't know if I'll get to write you again before you come home or not, but I'm counting on a nice long weekend. No, I'm not working on Monday. I worked on ^{the} Decoration Day Monday & Naomi will be back ~~to~~ I'm not going to work. If you will know definitely about whether you'll be in Friday night or not, let me know. Otherwise I'll see you when I see you, which can't be soon enough. If you do come in Friday night, regardless of how late it might be, if there is any light on here, it will probably be me up yet, so please stop at least for a moment. Until then - goodnight sweetheart - I'm heading for the last roadup, and I'm dreaming nice dreams all the way.

Goodnight
Colette

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7-7-39

Dearest Frank,

Four o'clock. Time out for a coke & cigarette on the hottest day we've had yet. Also high time to write a letter lest it be said of me that I let the week go by without writing even once. I started several times last night to write you, but by the time I finished doing my week's washing, it got to be quite late for "little" girls, and the later it got, the hotter it got, and it was just too stuffy & hot to even sit still. So now I'll try hard to get this in mailbox #16213 for Saturday morning.

You asked if Fab & Velma had a good time in Frankfort. They both just raved about it. They really made a trip out of it too: stopped at Sidney, Ohio & spent the night at Angelina Hurst's. You remember the girl whose letter we read on the front porch Tuesday? That's the "gal". They got home at 4 am. on Thursday. By the

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way; when Ray + Kay couldn't go along, they (Fab + Velma) wanted you + I to go, but I didn't think you would want to travel the whole weekend on top of your other trip. I didn't even mention it to you because I was afraid you would think I wanted to go + would hesitate to ^{say} no, as it was my sister and stuff. And, after all, you were coming home over the weekend to see your friends, relatives, etc. so I didn't have the nerve to even suggest it. Since then I have worried about it, because you just might have wanted to go. I should have at least mentioned it to you. It's all over with now, however + Mildred says we are more than welcome at any time so perhaps we can go down again sometime.

So you are going to do double-duty on the shorthand for two weeks. Well, here's to you, Hon, and I hope they give you a good work out.

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I envy Miss Maloney the last two weeks in July. The last week in July was supposed to be my first week. But thru nobody's fault but my own I'll have to wait till August 7 week. If the weather keeps up like this, I wonder how I can wait till then for a little vacation. I'm taking my second week beginning with the Saturday before Labor Day & then I'll get the Monday after Labor Day to make up for it. That's definite for my vacation; I remember you said something about the last two weeks in August but don't remember whether that was certain or not. Am I right? or am I wrong?

Speaking of the 4th of July celebration - there were mobs of people some from very far away as well as everybody near by. I went over with Jim between 7 & 8 but then I took him to South Bend in time to make the 9 o'clock train, & when I came back the family had all gone over, so I watched the fireworks from the balcony where I went to

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bed around ten. I've slept on the balcony every night this week except Wednesday. It's absolutely the next thing to heaven.

Johnny was down last night, still suffering from the beach football game. He says all the fellows are stiff in the joints yet.

My dear you'll simply have to excuse the writing, as I started at the office + barely got started when I had to set it aside for work, so I've done the rest of it here at home on the swing. And I've had to swing all the time I write in order to keep from going up in flames. Possibly you can realize that fountain pens + swings don't go together very well. I only hope you've been able to read it without buying some glasses first.

In due at Tilla's in 15 minutes + I'm still dressed in my play suit. So I'd better get dressed + get going. We're going to a Jr. Holy Name + Jr. Young Ladies' (over)

farewell party on Father Brothhouse tonight.

So, toodle-oo, till later.

Lots of love
Collie.