

Colette R. Gerstbauer  
1201 Lincolnway West  
Mishawaka, Indiana

November 3, 1939

Dearest Hank,

Just got your letter and hope to get this to you on Saturday morning. I was thrilled to hear that you are still bringing home the A's. Am still waiting to hear whether or not you got that expected 7 in math. It's my fault if you do. I think I'll have to contact your prof. and make him schedule his quizzes for Wednesday or Thursday nights instead of Mondays.

Darling, I'm so thrilled to hear about your transfer, shall I call it? That should be a real break for you. I'll keep my fingers crossed and continue to say a prayer for your success there. Good luck to you, Hank; you certainly deserve every bit of it.

We had another good piece of Player's Club meeting last night, but it was just the same old thing. The cast has been all changed around again, ever since I wrote you the other changes. The play will be postponed again - and that is very bad for the club. We're going into some full reorganization measures. But things are still very upset.

I wonder if Notre Dame will keep on top tomorrow? I won't be able to enjoy that

game. I'll have to listen other things besides football at that hour tomorrow.

I hope you will enjoy your game tomorrow. I think that when the crowd here gets into cars and starts south for Indianapolis I'll "ditch them" and head north toward Detroit. I'll see you at the game. No, that would be unwise, wouldn't it? but what's the difference if I spend my money to go 140 miles south and not enjoy myself, or if I go 180 north and do enjoy it? Well I'll go with them this time but some day I will "ditch them" & head north.

Now I really must get to work, and I'll write more over the weekend.

Lovingly,  
 Colette.

Sunday, November 5, 1939

Dearest Frank,

Being spoiled by a fountain pen I find it tough having to resort to a straight pen, but my fountain pen and other stationery is at the office. Well, with Saturday and the Indianapolis trip over with, comes the full of Sunday. He had a very nice trip, a very successful conference, and a nice dance on the roof of the Severin Hotel to Paul Collins broadcasting orchestra. He danced with fellow employment service workers from clerks to district managers to supervisors, and had a very nice social evening. But I wouldn't trade the whole day and evening and all the big shots and little shots for one evening with one Frank Hornung. That isn't my present Sunday night opinion, either; but it's my every day, every hour, every minute and every second opinion.

Did your team win Saturday?  
He certainly came out on top again with Army's defeat, didn't we? I couldn't listen to the game, of course, but was awfully glad

to hear the final score. They have three  
more games to win now, don't they?

Next Saturday we don't have  
to work - Armistice Day - isn't that wonderful?  
I haven't had a Saturday off since my  
vacation. It's something to look forward to again.

It's now early Monday morning.  
Last night after getting this far on the letter  
I was interrupted several times with  
company coming and going throughout the  
evening, and somehow or other in starting  
& stopping on this letter, I lost my  
pen and holder. I searched and searched  
for it and where it got to I do not know.  
However, this morning finds things just the  
same - no more news at yet.

Yesterday morning I went to Saint Monica's  
for 10:30 mass so I didn't even get to see the  
gang. I must get off to work now. Will  
I see you this weekend, I hope?

I'll write again soon, when I have  
more to say.

Bye now darling. A whole lot of love  
Collie

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November 8, 1939

P. O. Y. M. B. 1. e 2 f o r c e

Oh I must remember I'm writing a personal letter, not a business letter, and if you could possibly read my shorthand above, I'll use Dun and Bradstreet's code and give you AAAA-1.

All monkey business aside, my dear darling sir, tell me - are you superhuman? or how do you do it? I mean get 93% in mathematics after all the sleepless nights that preceded your going?

Your new work in the accounting dept. certainly does sound like a big order, but I have yet to see the thing that was too big for you to tackle. I'm so happy for you, dear, you are just going to town up there. This new order sounds as if it will have a good bit of variety which will be grand for you.

You asked about the bazaar - well, Des Fucher Lanes was it just sparsely satisfied. You see he set the goal for proceeds at \$3500 and we made \$1600 & some dollars, which was only half. But ever at that I think they did all-alright on it. No, I didn't get a free ride

in a basket; but I did get a \$5 bill. So I'll call it square. Wouldn't you?

Speaking of keeping up on the kay's and gary's, I didn't realize how much mine had slipped until I started writing this letter. I started with the first word or two, then thought ahead how I was going to write the rest of the sentence. Then after I had written that little bit I looked back over it and actually debated as to how much of it was even half right. But it was down already; but I still doubt if you were able to decipher it. That seizure of shorthand at the office is still in the future. Something happened which made it impossible for Mr. Mulsbaum to come through yet. But it's still coming. It will probably come up all of a sudden so I'm going to try to catch back a little ')

This letter was started upstairs with 12 women playing bridge down stairs (Mom's Rosary Circle). I barely got started there when it was time to put the coffee on for them, so I did that, then continued my letter in the kitchen. Didn't get far there when it was time to prepare the lunch and when I finally got back to it - it was after 11 and the party was leaving. So the finish comes from the sitting room. It's called somewhat of

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progressive letter. It's fun, but makes a very choppy, detached letter. Not to mention the fact that some California orchestra is now on the air playing "Scatterbrain" I think it's an awfully cute number, don't you? Ah, here comes a good number. — "Begin the Beguine".

We've had some nice weather here the last few days, nice + cold + crisp; real fall weather. Right now everything is so peaceful. Dead still, with the clock ticking, the radio playing beautiful music, and the rumble of a train in the distance. In fact right now I could sit here all night and write, but it would be dreadfully lonesome for you to read. — My orchestra is now playing (or rather just finishing) "Aloha, Sweetheart"; now comes "Chiribiribin". Real contentment except that about half of this big chair is empty. I'm saving it for you — to complete my picture of real contentment.

I'm beginning to yawn. Perhaps I'd better break it up and glance at my watch. Wow it's 20 till one and me with a big day, and an office meeting on dry stuff from 7 P.M. tomorrow night till — — — only know when.

About this weekend I'm afraid I'm behind on what's going on except that being Armistice day there are a number of dances around town, Bendix Aviation Post (American Legion) annual Military Ball at the Palais Royale with Bud Simpson's orchestra being the biggest affair. Then there's another dance at the Indiana Club (formerly the Columbia Club) too. Of course, we can't forget THE GAME Saturday afternoon. It won't be long now for Notre Dame to hold out. I think Arg. said that Chuck had everything settled about tickets for the So. Cal. game, but I'm not too certain about that. I'm not certain either, about whether or not Franklin + Angeline Harstner from Sidney will be here; <sup>for the So. Cal. game.</sup> if they are we'll have to arrange something for their entertainment Saturday night + Sunday. Friday night, the 24th, the night after Thanksgiving is the Holy Name, Jr. dance at St. Joe Hall with Bud Simpson's music. Can we make it? Honey if I can figure rightly I think this Saturday, being the 11th, you will be running low financially - just before pay day. I'll try to keep that in mind.

"Does Your Heart Beat For Me?" The orchestra is asking so I'll quote it. and now I simply must say goodnight to you. as usual I don't want to. So  
Goodnight, Lover.

Yours,  
Collette.

P.S. Since the date of the play is still indefinite, I haven't done anything about these three! ticket sales that you have so kindly arranged. But when it does go on - I won't forget them.



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Surprise Dear —

Can't sleep — It's 5 after 1 am.  
Monday morning. The middle of  
the night and you still on my mind.  
You rat. I hope you had a nice  
trip back, and probably by the time  
you get this, your Monday night quiz  
will also be a thing of the past. Yes  
undoubtedly by the time you get this.

I do hope I wasn't too blue  
and too big a sap when with you  
Sunday. That's just how much I hate  
to see you go though. I don't know  
maybe I'm scared to death you won't  
come back, or something. But I just  
can't help it. From the way I "moored"  
around then with you anyone would think

I loved you. And so what if they do, maybe  
I am. Maybe — not. The least I could do  
though would be to keep it to myself.

I'm certainly not up on my "Dorothy Dix".  
I should keep you guessing, in order to  
keep you coming.

I suppose I really should try again to get some sleep. I know I will now. If I don't this time, I'm going to resort to the aspirin bottle on account of tomorrow is the big day, which begins the big 3 months that we've been waiting for for some times. Starting tomorrow (I'm always saying tomorrow; it's really today - Monday) we have every minute scheduled for interviewing and re-interviewing 2400 W.P.A. people. A huge hopeless job.

Do goodnight again, Darling,  
I still love you even since five o'clock.

Sincerely  
Colette.

I just happened to have a special  
delivery stamp in my bag - so we're  
off.

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November 14, 1937

Dearest Hank,

My policy being to save all good things till last leads me to make my writing to you my nightcap for tonight. Worked till 5:30; from 6:30 till 8 typed 2 stenils and did a "mess" of mimeographing at Father Lovett's for Angela's Sodality's Boy Social tonight; at 8 went to choir practise till 9:15; came home, read the paper and monkeyed around till 11; so I'll make this my nightcap.

My dear, I am now more valuable dead than alive. Just took out a \$1000 insurance policy with Mutual Life of New York (not New York Life but N. Y. Mutual). I have 2 very good friends in the company, so after considering about five of the bigger companies, finally decided that there is very little difference and signed on the dotted line — of the policy as well as the check book.

I got your letter this morning and I really didn't expect one till tomorrow (Wednesday) at least. I must say I love an awfully good postman.

Your opinion is the same as mine when you speak of putting all discussions aside in favor of just being together. I had several things I wanted to talk over with you when we were together Sunday. Anyone would think we were growing loathful with each other in our old age. But I agree with you in looking forward to the Thanksgiving weekend, and I'll keep my fingers crossed so that you will be able to have all 4 days off.

So you and Joe have been talking about no gals behind our backs, eh? Well, be sure you keep it all on the good side and I'm sure we won't object.

Darling, I'm so happy that you said you had June in mind for a good wedding month, because I've been thinking back in the back of my mind about that month too. And Mom likes the idea, too.

As for setting a definite date, I, too, think that it's too early. The first of the year will tell so many things.

Saturday will more than likely be the best day, don't you think? so that we can have all our friends and most of them don't work Saturdays. Then there are only four Saturdays in June, so it shouldn't be too hard to eliminate 3 of them at a later date.

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You know, honey, you said there was just a bunch of dummies up there in Detroit. I was just thinking - maybe I don't want to get married and go to Detroit after all. On second thought however, if all the Detroiters are school-minded then by next June they'll be graduating a lot of people and I might be able to do a lot of improving on my education. 1939 dummies ought to make 1940 smarties.

The sandman is creeping up on me.  
Must turn in now.

Lovingly  
Collie.

Colette R. Gerstbauer  
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November 17,

Dearest

Just got your letter and I do intend to get one to you for Saturday morning, and provided the boss doesn't keep strolling around I will get it there.

You speak of the beautiful weather in Detroit, you ought to see it down here. You can even hear the birds singing. They probably are sparrows, but just the same, it sounds like spring and it looks like spring, so what are we complaining about? I'm actually getting golf fever already, not to mention already having football fever.

Darling, business is beginning to come in in throngs, and just a moment ago one of our big shots from Indianapolis and two very influential men from Washington, D.C. just walked in, so I'd better climb into the drivers seat of the grindstone. What might have been a good long letter will have to wait till tonight.

So long, dear.

Colette

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Friday night

Dearest —

My last chance to write you until at least Monday night and I'm not able to promise that even, on account of tomorrow noon at 12:30 I'm having my eyes taken care of. They are going to be dilated and the doctor tells me I will be unable to do any reading, writing or close work for at least two days. However, if I remember rightly I got over the "wide-eyedness" in less than 2 days last time. So maybe I shall write you again before next Wednesday, and maybe not.

Would you like some bad news right off the bat? According to Angela, at the present moment we don't go to the So. Cal. game!

As far as I can gather from her it seems that Chuck and Terlie have been trying to get the tickets and have been totally unable to do so.

I thought they had ordered them, but I guess they just tried around at different places to get them.

So I've called Eddie O'Malley who is Father O'Hara's secretary and asked if he could get any for them <sup>was</sup>.

(Please excuse all the cross outs, it's the way I feel tonight)

He told her that they were just completely out, but to give him 24 hours and he would see what he

could do. So keep your fingers crossed. He's going to call back and tell us yes or no. If he isn't able to get them <sup>will</sup> have to be satisfied with the H.B.C. or C.B.S. version of it, but I do believe we might be able to get some at the last minute, we'll see.

Honey don't take this wrong please, but if we are able to get some tickets, please let me pay for my own. You see they will cost at least \$2.20 if not \$3.30 and \$4.40 or \$6.60 is a dreadful amount to pay out just before pay day, with a long weekend of entertainment on your hands and just before Christmas. Now say nothing more about it, but if we get them I'm going to pay you for mine and I want you to accept it without a word. Come on, pal, 50 - 50 to get in practise a little before June, and because I want to. I'll drink an extra beer on you then Saturday night.

Next is Thanksgiving Day. Do you have any plans for that day? What kinds of plans do your family have for you? Because I don't want to interfere with any of them.

However, we are going to have our dinner in the evening and Mom is having Grandpa & Aunt Hilda, and we want you, and Fab & Ang. may ask Velma & Johnny too, so unless that interferes with any of your plans we'd like to count you in. But there is still nothing definitely settled here at home.



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So please be frank, Frank, and tell me what you want to do. And please don't let me interfere in any way. He might be planning too far ahead; after all unless you get off Friday, you won't even be here for Thanksgiving will you?

Next on the docket. These are all <sup>the</sup> things that I had meant to discuss with you Sunday. This one will sly you - I want to ask you for something for my birthday; and ~~extra~~ special something that you will probably laugh at but it's something that I want very badly. In plain English - I want you to give me your picture for a birthday present. Nothing else, just that. How about it dear? You can't possibly hate having pictures taken as much as I do. So I can sympathize with you if you say "nix", but I'll be hurt if you do. After all, before long it will be bad weather and I won't get to see you nearly as often even as now, and I'll need at least an artificial, cardboard you to take your place.

I wish you could hear the crazy song Dick Jergin's orchestra is playing, now. It's called "I Got a Letter", it's nutty as they come.

Tell, it's getting late and I'm "pretty gosh,  
awful" tired tonight. At least I'm gosh, awfully  
tired, I'll take back the "pretty" part.

I hate that ordeal for tomorrow afternoon.  
Not to mention the feeling, it's such a waste  
of what would otherwise be a very useful  
weekend. Love from

Yours

"Jigaloo".

P.S. It's beyond me as to why I wrote such a  
terrible letter. I can't understand why I  
should make so many errors. I'm sure I  
don't know why or how I got that extra o on  
the word "to" above. At any rate here is  
your "crossed-out" letter.

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Wednesday, 8:45 Am.

Dearest Frank,

I must admit I've disappointed you again, in that you expected a letter today and didn't get it. Rather that you expected a letter on Wednesday and it will be Thursday before you get this. More's the pity because I have had two letters since you left & have sent you none!!

So you saw two wrecks Sunday night. I figured you would have some "terrific traffic" to put up with on the way back, with all the football fans returning after their weekend. Then, too, that gorgeous big moon made it seem like daylight almost and probably made the driving somewhat easier. Yes, I was out driving in that moonlight Sunday night too. About seven o'clock I took Regina & Albert and James, drove out to Uncle Les's and picked up Joe & Dick who had spent the day out there; then drove out Ireland Trail to Michigan Street to take you to the station by eight o'clock. We then drove back by way of Coffey & Jefferson Streets, so we really had a nice

little drive "around" South Bend, in the moonlight,  
and without my love.

And you spent your "moonlight ride  
of Hunk Horning" making bets! Lilly boys is  
right. That should be some bet since it  
looks like you'll both be ahead regardless  
of the outcome, because you'll both be ahead  
either with \$5.00 or a baby. Just between  
you and me however, haven't you forgotten  
something? You've lost the bet already.

I've got the evidence. Don't you remember—  
we've already got a baby, my dear.

Speaking of babies — Mrs. Heckaman  
just came in with candy and cigars. Last  
night around 11 Mrs. Heckaman had a 9 lb. 4 oz.  
boy. It's their second boy and down in their  
hearts they wanted a girl very badly. He told  
him he didn't have a boy, he had a man at  
that weight.

Darling, I'm so thrilled; last inter  
mail brought me the grandest "Bride's Book"  
from the Cavalier Celebrated Company. At first  
I couldn't imagine how it happened to come  
to me personally, but I didn't wonder long,  
because I remembered you said last week  
"that you were having something sent to me  
but didn't say what. I immediately  
decided this must be it. It is, isn't it?  
It just came last night and I didn't

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get it until this morning, so I haven't had a chance to read it thoroughly, but I have glanced thru it and it's chuck full of good ideas and information.

I wish you were here to go thru it with me and match our problems and plans with those in the book.

I don't know whether you know just what the contents are, but here is the index of it:

acknowledgements  
announcement  
best man  
bride costumes  
bridegroom apparel  
bridesmaids' costumes  
budgets, family  
budgets, home  
decorations  
engagements

gift list  
guests  
honeymoon  
invitations  
music  
professional  
reception  
refreshments  
rehearsal  
trousseau

all of that in 24 pages. So you see it will help me just loads + loads, and there's a lot of info in it that you'll probably like too. So we'll get together on it just as soon as possible. And thank you loads for having it sent to me.

It was very considerate of you.

So you are now qualifying as a candy salesman. 100 lbs.!! That's a lot of candy and very good candy too if you ask me. I must remember to ask Dad if he has ordered his Christmas candy yet. If not I shall influence his purchase because "me likes it lots". Maybe I can

raise the poundage on your orders still higher.

So you are going to get over to Buffalo. I'm glad for you to have the chance. And to think that Joe should offer to pay the expenses sounds wonderful. You must be his tin god (as well as mine). Don't you go being presumptuous where I'm concerned. Please don't think I'd begrudge you the trip. After all why stay home? If you turned Joe down on that trip I'd say you were crazy. Goodness knows your studies won't run away. So have a good time, you'll need it.

You were right about the weather, Darling; it's been just perfect around here - sunshiny and nice - although not hardly warm enough to go without top coats of course.

We've been awfully busy at the office recently; you have probably been swamped with studies too since you got back. But then I think it's good that we do both have something to keep our minds off each other. Personally I find it very hard to stick to business when I have so many nice things to think about & plan. But I'm still holding down my job; so I must be doing alright as yet. I've got to go to a staff meeting now. So long, dear  
with all my love Colette

Colette R. Gerstbauer  
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Thursday night  
Thanksgiving night!  
(In Texas)

Dearest Hank;

The radio is playing the beautiful number "A Man and His Dream", which I'm just crazy about since night before last when I saw Bing Crosby in "The Stormaker". After work that Tuesday night I ran into Agnes Koepfer and we decided to take in a movie before we went home from work, and saw "The Stormaker" on a double bill with Carole Lombard and Cary Grant in "In Name Only". They were both good movies but I thought "The Stormaker" was an awfully sweet show. Speaking of movies - last night I saw "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" with Jean Breyfiewicz. She is an old pal of mine from Keebin Motor Ex. I don't know whether you have ever heard me mention Jean before or not, but she's a pretty good old pal. We really see each other only about once a month, but we call back & forth about once a week. She's one of those good sturdy old friends. I want you to know her sometime. And if you haven't seen "Mr. Smith" take my word for it, it's wonderful, and don't miss it. I think you'll like it too.

I've a fine oilcan - as Daddy's expression goes - I spend my nights seeing movies while you study your head off. I long for the day when I can spend my life making you happy for it.

Darling, you said Joe and his girlfriend were planning on being married next June. Who was it then that you said was planning for around next Christmas? Was that Kenny Finch, or whom?

I've been trying to think up what news there is from around here, but gee, I don't know of anything that's news. Next Tuesday night I have to waste another perfectly good evening on one of those mean old district meetings and go to Gary. Not to mention the fact that we have to be there so that the meeting can start promptly at 7 which means we'll have to leave South Bend at 5 sharp + without any supper. We were warned that the meeting would last till at least 10:30 or 11. Then to drive home after that. Mean, isn't it?

Now, my dear, I think I'll say goodnight and read myself to sleep with my new Brides' Book. I going to read it from cover to cover, and probably will have some ideas to give you in my next letter on what I read.

Lovingly yours, Collie.