

Colette R. Gerstbauer
1201 Lincolnway West
Mishawaka, Indiana

October 4, 1939
10:45 P.M.

Dearest Hank,

Have so many things to write about, that I just don't know where to begin. Oh yes I do; with the baby. Junior arrived safe and sound and his days of being "passed on for adoption" are over because I of course, am tickled to death to adopt him. I think it is just too cute for words. I've never seen anything quite like it. That must be what Tilla and her party were referring to in their poetry at the party. Now my dear, send home those baby things that they gave you because I intend to take very good care of him, and I'll need them all. I could have a lot of fun with that baby, what do you think? The razz would likely be hard on you. Funny thing tho, I stopped at Tilla's this evening after work and never even thought of showing her my precious baby. And goodness knows, all day long I'd take it out of my desk drawer and look at it about every hour of the day.

And the dope on golf. Where did you ever get that? I thought it was awfully clever and how true the most of it! My golfing friends enjoyed

it no end too; Naomi insisted on having a copy of it to send to Jim. Betty Smith, the manager read it and made several copies before she returned the paper + thanked me for it. Said she thought it was too clever a piece of work for words. Several others read it and liked it a lot.

It is now 8:30 a.m. after I wrote the line above the next thing I knew was somebody shouting "Who is up over there? what's the light on for?" It was Dad. I looked at my watch and it was 20 of 2! I had fallen asleep in the middle of the letter. That means your letter will be another day late. It also means that I don't dare go into answering all of your questions about us and the future on account of too many interruptions.

I am really very much disappointed in myself for falling asleep when I had so much to write about, but I think that if you could but be in this office on Mondays, Tuesdays, + Wednesdays of each week you could understand why I could be so tired out.

So I'm going to say "To be continued" and I'll write tonight before Player's Club meeting and Jean Grange's birthday party. The employment service is beginning to harrast me, + the people are ganging up outside the office, so I'll get to work, and until tonight I'm sending my love,

Colette.

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10-5-39

Dearest Hank;

Here I am again with the continuation I promised you. I imagine you had given up expecting a letter, had'nt you? The whole week without one letter. But I know you understand because you are a players' club member too; and nobody knows any better than you how much time it takes to go to play practice night after night and throw in three or four meetings for good measure. We didn't have practice last night, and we're not having it tonight on account of the Amigos banquet; but we are making up for it by having practice on Friday + Saturday nights and on Sunday afternoon.

Not to have written you very soon after receiving that wonderful letter from you would have looked bad for me, since it would have looked like what you said didn't stand as near my heart as yours. Well, you'll just never know how happy I was when I read that letter. As for your picking out a ring that I wouldn't like, that's impossible. The very fact that it came from you would make me love it. I do want you to be careful though, not to spend too much on it. After all it's not what the ring is made of,

but what is behind it when it is given to me, that really counts. You & I too think it wise to do our talking of rings and wedding and plans in general, on the sly till things are definite. As far as Don concerned, only Mom is in the know.

Regarding the wedding, here are my thoughts so far on the subject. Without a doubt the place would be S.J.C. with Father Laner (probably) at the "helm." That being the easiest part to decide. I would want a sweet & simple church wedding. Naturally I shall want to wear white. Angela of course would be my attendant; or I would like to have two and have Bestillas. I should like to have only the immediate families; if I've figured right it runs around 24 or 25, for a nice wedding breakfast. Then I should like to have an open house reception in the afternoon and then and there see everybody. In fact everybody we know. Your friends and mine. As for your part of it, and as for the amount that should be set aside; I can't give you much help there. The mass, flowers for the ladies - no only the bride & the mother's flowers. My dear, you know a lot more about that side of the matter than I. I wish you were here & we were discussing these things back & forth rather than me doing all the talking as I have here. And now I can't wait to hear your ideas on it.

Honey, there is something that is worrying you so terribly much, and it really shouldn't. —

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That is the thing of assets and liabilities. That I intend to take up with you the ^{very} next time I get a chance; because I know it is worrying you deeply and I don't want it to be that way. I can help you, I'm sure, in figuring it out, and I'll do my best, but right at the moment and with pen & ink, I don't have any very valuable suggestions. I know one thing for sure, and that is that you are being more than economical up there and it's the best you can do. In fact I truly believe you are denying yourself when it comes to entertainment, etc. Then too, you are not planning on marrying Miss Richlitch and it doesn't take a fortune to be happy. When we get right down to pooling our assets and our liabilities you'll be surprised, and things will turn out right - they are bound to. I feel it and I know it.

After all we are both going to work & save in order to get the best there is for each other - not just you work and save to get the best there is for me.

My pen seems to think it's time to call it a day. So, Darling, with all the inest thoughts of you I'm going to turn in.

Love & kisses

Colette

P.S. The party is progressing, and so far everyone likes the idea, and all are coming so far. However there are a few that I haven't been able to contact yet.

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Sunday night 10-8-39

Dearest Hank,

Just turned in Phil Spitolny and his all-girl orchestra and am settling myself down to writing all the news, of which there is good and bad, & very bad.

Knowing that the very bad news will be of much interest to you, I'll give it first —
The play is all off. I hope you are sitting down for this. Yes, the play is off and the club disbanding. We are having a meeting of all members on Thursday, the 19th, to settle everything and then disband. Oh, Darling it's a horrid mess; and I'm afraid I shall be involved. I'll try to explain briefly, but I don't feel like talking about it any further; and after I tell you this I want to have nothing more to do with the situation and I shall not say another single word about it. This is what happened. Friday night at bulletin I happened to mention the play. Lucky I did, for Fatherd., as normal, said "what play?" Then denied knowing anything about it. The name, date, or anything whatsoever about it. Said he hadn't seen a book, etc. Well, it seems that Joe failed to give him a copy before we went to work on the play. So after listening to all

of Father's preaching on the Player's Club as you have undoubtedly often heard it — I finally insisted he take my play book and read it. He did this but reluctantly, just as though he didn't even want to read it. I told him I knew my lines and put the book in his hands regardless. I then told him that I would have Joe straighten out the other matters with him; the date etc. which he claimed to know nothing about, still he was at the meeting when the date was set and Father Klein was not at play practise last Monday night & again inquired about the date and wrote it in his date book. So Tuesday morning I called Joe and he immediately went to the Rectory and apologized for forgetting the book etc. and Father got huffy with him, talked about the club, its members, etc. and literally said he didn't care whether we went on with it all or not. So Joe gives it up & so did the majority of the cost. And so it went on. At any rate it all hit bottom. He maintained that the club always put on plays without a moral, and that as a Catholic club we ought to put on religious plays with a good Catholic moral. Also that our play would interfere with the bazaar. Honey I'm afraid I'll be involved. Still the club agrees that if I hadn't mentioned the word "play" the very date would have come up without his knowing anything more about it and then we really would have trouble. One more thing — He brought up that money deal involving Father Brothman —

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and put it to ^{the} club about paying that money back to Father B. He told the "kids" what he knew about the matter. I knew nothing about the matter only what you told me, so I said nothing. I certainly couldn't help any if I did; and too, I had promised you not to repeat what you told me. So Joe asked me if I would ask you to see him the next time you come home. He wants to ask you the details and the amount involved. He blames Mabel for it all too. He said he would be alone and at home all day Saturday if you would come down, or he would be glad to go to your house if you wished.

Everybody is just sick about dropping the play, and yet they are just fed up with the "cooperation". I suggested we go ahead with this play, even without Joe if necessary, and then if we still wanted to disband after that, then OK. But some said OK while too many said "Nix, I'm through with it all" and "I've lost all enthusiasm" etc. There is no battle on or anything. Everybody is just giving in and giving up.

So there you are dear, you didn't expect anything like that, did you? Don't know now and I'm just going to stand back and see what happens - if anything. I didn't intend to say this much about it, but now I have it off my chest, and I do think it should be pushed around and getting

it off my chest to you, saves me discussing^{it} with
others.

So much for that distasteful affair. Back
to much more interesting and nicer subjects. Let's
talk about you. Did you have a nice weekend?
How did you come out on last week's quiz?
I can imagine you were relieved with the end of it.
Personally I'd much rather have a good stiff
quiz every couple of weeks than to have one or
two exams a year without the regular tests. It's
easier to remember from one test to another, than to
remember back over months and months. Then too,
I think you get a lot more out of it with
more detailed quizzes given oftener. I'm doing a little
bit of polishing up on interviewing and employe contract
work, since last week when I was told about a little
(no big, to me) process of change on my job. It will
be a big break for me. I'll tell you all about it
when I see you.

Did I tell you I was seeing the Georgia
Tech game? Yes seven of us girls from the office
went to see it. And a real game it was. It really
was a thrilling game and with perfect weather. In
fact it was too warm a day, a football. Today
we had beautiful weather too, although tonight it
is raining lightly.

Isn't it grand - Mishawaka managed to
win a game after a scoreless tie and three losses.
They beat Kosher, 12-0, last Friday night.

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Elkhart beat Riley last Friday too. The score was 18-0 or 18-6, not sure which it was. I don't know how Central came out; in fact I'm not sure that they played Friday.

Rode home from work the other night with Don & Larry. Jerry C. went to work at the foundry last Friday and like it very much.

Are you still planning on the party? I'm counting on you. One thing though, the crowd is coming masqueraded and I'm wondering if you will be able to rig up something after you get home or if I could help you any. I'd be only too glad to help you there if I could. Do you have any suggestions? If I can "dig up" or "rig up" anything for you, don't hesitate to ask me because after all you only have one day to work in.

As for the party itself I'm open for suggestions on entertainment, etc. can you suggest anything that would be fun to do. Pack your brain for some good & crazy games to play, will you?

Just heard a new piece on the radio — "You Don't Know How Much You Can Suffer Until You Fall in Love." Can you imagine a title like that? Maybe it isn't even new but it's the first time I've ever heard it.

Simply must head for bed now. Hope I find a letter in the mail tomorrow. In the meantime I think I

should get a little "shut-eye". Mondays & Tuesdays
are always busy, and tomorrow night is Sodality meeting,
and Tuesday is Choir practise.

So bye, bye, from your

Colette.

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10:30 Am. Wednesday

Darling,

My other boyfriend came to town last night and kept me from writing you last night. He came in with his mother about 8:30 last night and of course we all stayed up till around midnight, so I simply had to put off writing you till this A.M. I haven't seen him for six months, and he certainly has put on weight since I last did see him. He's such a dear. Oh but I don't have to say "he" because you know him. Yes, I'm speaking of Earl Martin Shams. Mildred & the baby came in last night and are planning on staying till around a week from Friday. We hope Jimmy will come up over that weekend then. Mildred is fine & dandy and looking grand, and "Marty" is just too, too precious. Can't wait till you see him. He's brown as toast. Mid was very much surprised with our cool weather up here when they've been roasting down there.

About Saturday; I just talked to Larry, and while I do want to go to the game with you so badly, still I'm afraid I almost have to stay home Saturday afternoon. I have to work Saturday morning or I could make it in the afternoon. It's scheduled for a very, very,

good game, but I'm afraid you had better make it a two some or a three some, otherwise I may be putting a monkey wrench in the party. So, thanks heaps, but you had best count me out.

Your picking up Jim Eckstein really was a coincidence. You said you graduated with his sister; well, I went to St. Joe. school with him, Jim. If I remember rightly he has a very deep voice. Not? It's been about 14 or 15 years since I have heard his name even. And then you pick him up way up there.

Yes, I heard about you Saturday night with the Probats and am glad for you. I can imagine you were very much pleased to see them, on a Saturday night anyway. Coincidentally, Mr. Probat brought me to work Monday morning right after getting home from Detroit, Jackson, etc. Then too, I was talking to Tommy last night and he again said he found you fine & dandy Sat. P.M.

Thank you for the suggestion on the party. I like it lots. That is what you call "the cost before the horse". You seemed to answer all my questions before you even got them in my Sunday night letter's.

Isabelle (Leymond) called me yesterday about Friday night and I said O.K. if so with you.

There are two or 3 million other things I'd like to say but time doesn't permit, so I'll wait till the weekend, and it looks like it'll be a "whopper weekend". Can't wait to see you.

Till then bye, bye, with all my love.

C.R.T.G.(H)?

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Wednesday Am.
10-18-39

Dearest Frank,

Yes, Daddink, I still hab my code in da head, but I just took time out to go to the drugstore and get myself a Benzodrine inhaler and after a "sniff" or two I feel better already.

I got your letter this morning and since I didn't get this letter written last night as I'd planned, it is high time I write now. I think I once explained how difficult I find it to write on Mondays and Tuesdays, so I hope you understand.

News! There is very little, most of which is on the enclosed newspaper article. Don't that grand. I haven't seen him to congratulate him yet, but I will be seeing him tomorrow night. —
Players' Club meeting.

Must tell you a few cute ones that happened at the office today. We do get the laughs out of our people tho. In fact I'm keeping a notebook on some of the funny things that happen around here daily. For instance: A lady applicant who had recently been laid off at Bendix was filing her application with Mr. Fisher, of our office, and when he asked her if she was married, she answered "Yes, I met my

husband at Bendix. He panted legs." She said it in all seriousness and it certainly sounded crazy.

Then there was the boy, 19 yrs. old, a Junior applicant trying to make a good impression. He chose his words & answers very carefully, and when I asked what his father's occupation was, he answered: "Well, my father is dead, apparent."

Naomi had an applicant a few days ago who had been divorced very recently, and when asked her religious preference, she answered: "Well, I was Catholic — better make it Protestant."

All in all we have our fun on this job.

Mildred and Marty are in Chicago today visiting their grandmother & great-grandmother on the Show side. She drove up this morning and intends to come back this evening sometime. Marty is just beginning to get acquainted at home, and by the time he does get acquainted they will probably have to go back.

Studebaker's and Bendix' business has been remarkably good the past 2 or 3 weeks, and everybody is worried about it! I find that the boom (it is almost that) is somewhat of a war measure. Things look so bad now, don't you think? Two of our office employees and the one's sister, drove up to Canada last Friday and came back Sunday night. He asked them what the "atmosphere" was there about the

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war. They said that nothing was obvious at all. They didn't hear about it. They didn't read anything up there about it. and except for the fact that there were armed soldiers stationed here, there, & everywhere, no one would ever know that the country was in on the war.

Some of our Indianapolis big shots just came in so I know I won't get any more written today. I'm going to get this in the mail & will write soon again. Take it easy and bye, bye, with lots & lots of love

Yours
Collie,

AMIGOS ELECT JOHN E. NAGLE

John E. Nagle was named president of Amigos club Monday night at the sixth annual election held in the clubrooms. Other officers named are Isadore Rosenwasser, vice president; Charles C. Sprague, treasurer; Hugh Shown, secretary, and Wade Curtis, sergeant-at-arms.

Plans were announced for a Halloween party on Oct. 25. It was decided to hold meetings on Sunday afternoons during the winter months.

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10-20-39

Darling,

How goes the last half of your fifth month in Detroit, the tenth month of our "going together", and the second month of your going to school? All well and good, I hope. Around here everything is pretty much the same. Work is very eventful and play very uneventful.

I'm afraid this letter will reach Monday instead of Saturday as I had planned. Am I right or wrong? Last night after Player's Club meeting I went down to the Hotel with a gang of the girls - V. Huba, F. Trippell, A. Buecke, Ang., Tilla, J. Stowell, M. + E. Kline; then we were joined by Margaret Trippell and her guest from Chicago, - a Betty Stone-Larry Eberhart, + Jim Cruise. At the next table was J. Nagle, Chuck Sprague, + Tommy, at the next table was Ed. Nagle, Jack Marsh, + ? Fitzsimmons (can't think of his first name), and at still another table was Mary E. Buecke + a Mr. Humphrey. So last night I really saw "the gang." One person was much missed.

Player's Club meeting was also very eventful. Best meeting we ever did have. Everybody really got up and expressed their own opinion. Father Kline was there and he is really trying hard to patch things up and straighten Father L. out on a few things for us.

There was a lot said and a lot done,
but it is all being cleared up now so
we'll not go into it. We'll let you know
how it all comes out.

No, I didn't hear you mention the whiskey-
source at your house before the game, but it
sounds grand to me. I'm looking forward to
that weekend. And the game ought to be great.

As soon as I finish this I must go
to bulletins and then I'm supposed to go down
to Aunt Clara and Uncle Armand's (South Bend).
She invited us over for the evening. She hasn't
seen Marty this time yet.

Hold everything! Jimmy S. just drove up.

And with that and the rest of the evening
I didn't get back to my letter till this morning
and I wanted to have it there by this morning.

Father James & Jimmy found the enclosed
article in the Trib last night & called my attention
to it. They thought it was you.

There really is nothing new this morning yet,
so I'll get this off and write again over Sunday.

I said on the other side that work had
been very eventful — each week for the past 2 months
has been a record breaker over the previous one. Bendis
have been positively booming. So you see we've really
had our hands full. Off again to business I must be
going. Keep thinking of me and remember dear, I love you
as always
Colette.

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Sunday October 22nd

Dearest Frank,

Another weekend gone by only this one was full of work instead of full of fun as was last weekend. Jim, Mildred and my one precious nephew left at 10:30 this morning for Kentucky. We certainly hated to see them leave. Mildred and Martin were here twelve days, and Jim only two. And such luck as we do have — Mommy got a cold and sore throat toward the end of this week, the same as everybody around Mish. & South Bend seem to be having these days, only her's was much worse yet than mine. She had to be practically down in bed yesterday and today, when she wanted so badly to be with the "kids" and she didn't even dare to go near the baby. By the way, I'm very happy to hear that your resistance was tops last week, because goodness knows you were running an awful chance with me and my dreadful cold. I should be very much flattered! I've been somewhat worried all week about it, and hoped you would tell me whether or not you did catch the wicked old cold.

Before I go any further, my dear "Frank" let me congratulate you on your nice grades. a couple of A's in accounting, and such a steady improvement in math deserves a big pat on the back and you can rest assured that I am most proud of you and your industriousness.

Regarding my views on the subject of your going to school after we are married, I didn't have to think it over during the weekend. Without a doubt I approve of it, provided you wish to do so. As for its working out satisfactorily — surely it will darling. I would love to work and slave over those problems with you — as you do. It's a good thing started, and no good thing should be left unfinished; and for me to wait three to five years for you to finish — well, in plain English, I'd go crazy. And yet, believe me, dear, when I say if I had to wait 20 years for you, I'd still be here waiting, and I do mean here not at Logansport. Financially we'll also make it work out alright. One of my oldest mottoes is "Where there is a will, there is a way." In this case there will be two wills. And besides my little motto hasn't failed me yet. As for the time it will take — I'll have plenty to do learning how to be a good wife and housekeeper and some day — a good mother. Back to the financial angle — I sounded like I was taking that angle very lightly. Well, that to me is like the worry of war is to you, in that you said there is nothing you can do about

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it. If it comes, you'll meet it accordingly. The same with our financial problems. I know, as only you have proven it to me, that you are working and studying for the future to the nth degree; that you are saving and planning and carrying out your plans in the very best ways that you know, and that's all you can do. You've got that will, and therefore there is a way there too. When and if the problems and the pinches come up we'll meet them accordingly, together. You may laugh at this, but I remember the time well when we were down to the last straw and had used part of it already. I've been preaching along here all in one paragraph for so long that you will probably be glancing at the signature soon to see if this letter is from me or Father Laver.

So we get a break over the holidays with several long weekends. I never gave it a thought before. Even Thanksgiving, not to mention Christmas and New Years, seems ages away. Now I'll have good reason to look forward to those days too. Funny how much one little Monday stuck on the end of a weekend means to some people.

As for this coming weekend - you might know I wouldn't have any suggestions. All I want is to be with you. I don't care what we

do together, just so we do it together. That makes me very helpful doesn't it? However, your suggestion of an evening at your house does sound like a mighty fittin' idea. The only thing is I didn't catch on to "broc-rod" maybe I'm dense, but that word is a new one on me. I don't believe I have ever heard of such a game. However you'll find me a most willing student if you'll just give me a try at it. Whatever you decide on for the weekend is o.k. with me.

I spent last evening, Saturday, doing a most distasteful job, and one which I always said I never would do. Cleaned three chickens. Joe killed and feathered them but I had to clean them, draw them, and cut them apart. That's one thing I hate to do - clean & draw chickens! As I said before Mom has been sick (in bed most of the time) for 2 days now. So I stuck my pride in the toe of my shoe and "dug in." Frankly it wasn't too bad and by the time I got them all done and on the table today it was worth it.

Again it is getting late and I had better turn in. So for a day or two I'll have to ~~earn~~ earn my paycheck with some good hard & fast work. So long, I'll dream about you.

Sincerely
Collie

Colette R. Gerstbauer
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Oct. 31, Halloween, 1939

Darling,

With the pranksters on the loose, and our big front window for a perfect target, this downtown seems like a ring side seat at the circus. So far we have very little soap on the window, and none of the many sacks of corn have been loosened on us as yet, but I surely hope our apples hold out or else. Mom, Dad, and I went up to confession this evening, and then drove through town taking in the excitement of which there was plenty. Joseph, Richard, and Regina are all downtown; Fab is bowling, Dad on the judges' stand for the prizes tonight, and Mom, ang., and Albert just started for bed. The "funsters" outside seem to be thinning out now so I am left alone to get down to ^{the} bigger and better business of writing to you.

I'm taking it for granted that you arrived safe and sound, and not too awfully late; and I'm just dying to know how you made out on the quiz Monday night. I do think I should have given you an opportunity to study a bit on Sunday afternoon, and I more than hope that your week-end didn't handicap you on Monday night. Let me know the results.

Isn't it hard to get back to the grindstone again?
Or maybe it is just I, spoiled by you with such
perfect weekends. That must be it because I refuse to
believe that I'm lazy.

Dearest, I certainly wish you were here tomorrow, (not
that I do not wish that every day) but tomorrow
I'd like to wish my job onto you. At 1:30 I have
an appointment shall I call it, to take down a
little conference between Mr. Trace, my dept. head, and
a terrible dictator, and a Mr. Musbaum, who is the
head of the Hotel & Restaurant - Waiters - Waitresses and
Bar-tenders Union. I have only seen him twice and
have no idea what kind of a dictator he'll make.
He have been trying to get his and his Union's
confidence and cooperation with our office for a
good six months. He has finally broken down
100% and has agreed to come in at 1:30 tomorrow
afternoon and give us all the agreements, contracts
etc. of the Union, along with the names of all
members, their addresses, and states. Also the names
of all closed shops, etc. It's up to me to get all
that "dope", type it all up on Friday, pardon me I
meant Thursday, not to mention setting up two files on
it besides. Frankly I'm not keen about the shorthand
end of it one bit, because I haven't taken any shorthand
for ages. I think it has been over a year since I've
taken one single letter of dictation. All we have to do
is make a go of this deal and it will be a huge
feather in the cap of the Ind. State Emp. Serv. & Mr. Trace.

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So much for business - enough is enough and too much is too much. I wonder how I managed to get that much business into it with the radio playing such numbers as: your pet - El Rancho Grande, and other such beautiful ones as "Melody in 7," "My Darling, I Love You Truly," "South of the Border," & "Harbor Lights," everyone of them I just love.

Guess what - I am being "extremely extravagant" again. (or yet). I've got a new fur coat. Brace yourself. I'm not crazy just a little bit cuckoo and a little bit lucky. It's been in my mind for several months but I never dreamed it would go thru so I never said anything. Here are the details. You probably have heard me mention ~~me~~ before that Aunt Mary had a new beautiful black skunk coat that she paid \$375 for, wore it once and took sick. While she was ill they put it in storage again, and it hasn't been worn since. Well this fall and late summer Grandpa advertised and tried to sell it for less than half price! but it didn't go. Well, both Ang. & I would love to have it (of course) but naturally we couldn't afford even that sale price. However when Grandpa ~~wanted~~ found we wanted it and when it got so late that it couldn't be sold anyhow he agreed to drop it down lower yet, he even said \$75 was too much and after Ang. & I fought it all out we finally got the thing more or less settled. However, even though I agreed to give Ang my other fur coat, she still isn't satisfied,

Grandpa agreed to let us have the coat for \$65 to \$75 and I'm going to jump at the chance. Angela knows that she can't afford it, but she certainly hates to see me have it.

The play is again "in the making", with a number of the cast changed. Ang. said last night that Adelaide is going to play Kay's part as the old lady; she didn't know definitely about my part, but said it would probably be Janan or Franney; and that they were trying to get Joe Canfield for the part of Doctor Patterson - Johnny Nagle's part. She didn't know who was taking Martha Nick's part. They seem to think that this Mrs. Schwartz is going to put the play over in a big way. If she is as good as Father Kline said she is, then I think that any of us who get to work under her direction will be greatly benefitted by it. You probably wondered why I dropped my part. Well it's only because beginning with that work that I said I had for 1:30 this afternoon, also this business of re-registering + registering all U.P.A. + N.Y.A. employees in Indiana, along with the heavy Xmas business, we are finding it necessary to schedule every second of our time days, and many of our nights. That nights we don't have to work. I probably won't feel like acting on the stage. All of that "stuff" I mentioned above, not to mention the regular run of interviewing and daily business, will go into effect as of Nov. 1st which is "TOMORROW". By Christmas we I.S.E.S. people

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expect to look something like 24 corpses. I must warn Chuck Sprague to stay away from this bee-hive lest we all be embalmed and buried alive.

Just as tho it were possible to be embalmed and still live. I have one thing to make it all alright however, and that is being able to look forward to weekends and all the holidays in the future for us.

This Saturday we go down to Indianapolis. It is scheduled to be a very good conference, but we are all keeping our fingers crossed because at that time we shall all find out the details on the big merger which I do not believe I have mentioned to you before. It is a merger of the Unemployment Compensation Divisions and the State Employment Services of Indiana. It is a very big thing, and will mean changes in every little detail, and is liable to make or break any or all of us. We shall see what we shall see.

Back to last Sunday night - remember the play I was planning on seeing? Well, I did; with Tilla and Eileen. And how I wished you and all the "Players' Club" could have been there too. It was called "Blind Alley" and it was put on practically perfect. In fact I think I should say perfect. The acting was superb, and it was far from a simple play.

The actors knew their lines to a T. It lasted 2 hours and was so exciting & they held the attention of the audience so well that it didn't seem like even one hour. They put it on three nights - Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and it was so good that they are trying to arrange a performance at one of the downtown theatres; I doubt if that will go through, but if it does I hope it will be at a time when you can see it. The play in itself is something that we could never put on - a gangster story. But the acting was grand.

My word! how did I ever get to scribbling away like this! It's a wonder I don't have writers' cramp as a result. I hope it won't be long. I can't imagine what I managed to say on all these six pages. I can't help it that I like to tell you everything. Several of these things I don't dare say to anybody else - such as the dope about the merger, about the Union "conquest", and about the fur coat squabble.

Nor can I help it, Darling, if I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you and I do love you. Now I've got to turn in. If I could kiss you goodnight now I would, but I can't, so
Goodnight.

With all my love

Colette