

Colette R. Gerstbauer  
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Sunday evening, 11 P.M. almost.

Darling,

You have heard of people being blue, down-hearted, "in the dumps," etc., but never anyone to compare with me now. The only thing I haven't done about it is hop a plane for Detroit, and I think if anybody had so much as told me there was a plane for Detroit today I probably would have hopped it. However, don't worry about me because I'm now in bed, and in spite of my black mood, I'm quite safe and won't do anything rash. I'm sure that after I pour my heart out with this ink I'll go to sleep + wake up with the sunshine in the morning, I hope.

Also I have a confession to make which might leave you disappointed in me, however, if you will believe the truth (and I intend to tell the truth + nothing but the truth) in spite of the fact that the truth sounds pretty fishy, then you might forgive me for what some people would call two-timing. Last Thursday afternoon two young men from Washington, D.C. visited our office with an avalanche of work. Orders come through immediately that all employees were to return to work at 7 P.M. which we did, and worked till 11. Most of us left then because our backs ached + my eyes gave up. (In those 4 hrs. I had typed 3x5 file cards 700 of them) with the names and addresses of all active file applicants. So much for Thurs. I went home dead tired. Then Friday I was

too busy with my own work to do any of the extra "stuff", but at 4:15 I started to type again and worked straight thru without any supper till 8. Typed 500 of them in less than 4 hrs. this time. Then I went out to eat & relax a bit & returned at near 9 to work till 11:30. Again - dead tired - Then Saturday I again worked on my own work till noon and at noon left for Culver, Indiana, to attend our convention of the Indiana Chapter of the International Association of Public Employment Services, of which I am a member. I believe I told you a week or two ago that the meeting was Aug 26. I didn't attend the last one at Bloomington so I felt I had to attend this one. Anyhow at noon I left with the last car load, another girl & man from the office, for the convention. We went straight to, attended the banquet, sat through the meeting & speeches, then thru the respective panel discussions and we three headed right back to work. We reached here at 8, found a note saying that our Washington "bosses" were out eating, so we went out to eat, and came back to work at approximately 9 P.M. Saturday after a day like we had already had, and worked till midnight again. Well, if you can imagine how we felt by then - if you have ever had your back just breaking from stooping over a desk, your eyes popping out with fatigue, and your hands stiff from writer's cramp, you can surely imagine how I felt (& looked), and wearing a black chiffon

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dress. In other words, I was without a doubt looking like the Wreck of the Terepore. Well, all that explaining leads me to my confession.

At almost midnight when we decided to break up shop, the men simultaneously decided that everybody needed a drink. Well, Mr. Pemberton, the boss of the two, asked me if I would and if he could take me home and you cant hardly blame me for saying "yes" can you? Even at that unearthly hour. They were perfect gentlemen, very, very interesting. They hold very good positions in Washington, D.C. and were quite the "big shot". That is we were told so before they arrived. So Linda from the office and the other man from Washington, H. Earl Pemberton + myself went over to the Mishawaka Hotel and had a drink. It was after one when Fritz and Dixie passed our table. They probably had all kinds of ideas about me. For as tired and droopy as I undoubtedly looked they probably thought that I had been on a raving date all evening, and I doubt if they would have approved. For all I know they may have written you already to tell you about it all. Little as they knew about it.

At any rate it was all on the up + up, I can assure you. Just to show you that I'm all for you, I turned down his invitation to have dinner with

him today (Sunday) before they left for Washington.

By word! Look how I've rumbled on & on. At least you can see how I've spent my days and nights all this week. Last Wednesday night I went over to Eleanor's for a little get-together of ~~all~~ some of our classmates from S.G.A. Just a half-dozen of us. Then with all that morning-noon & night work I was such a wreck today that everything that was said and done at home seemed to rub me the wrong way and I even scuffled with Mom. And then got so mad at myself for doing so that I cried myself to sleep at about 2:30 this afternoon. Slept till around 4, and then met Jean Baugkiewicz at 5 to see the "Wizard of Oz". Even that didn't take me out of the dumps. Speaking of the manual, believe it or not I didn't have one single meal at home from Tuesday night till Sunday noon! Much more of that and I'll be on a par with you.

Oh nuts - - ! to everybody & everything. I guess there is only one medicine for my mood and that comes from 300 miles away practically, and will take 5 days to get here. It's labelled F.T.H. and I guess I'll just have to wait till Friday night for it.

So Long, darling,  
with love & kisses

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Tuesday, 5 of 5

Dearest Hank,

The end of my first day back at the grindstone after the end of a perfect week of vacation. It's been a light day (thank goodness) because it really is hard to get down to work again. How about you? Have you gotten back into the harness yet? You picked a plenty hot day to get back to work again, didn't we!

You know Honey, I didn't even say thanks for all the wonderful times you showed me. Not because I didn't think of it, but because I just couldn't put it into words. However, I want you to know that I do thank you from the bottom of my heart for making mine the most sercise vacation that ever was. I never knew that any one week could be so chuck full of fun and such a variety of it. And I have you to thank for every bit of it. Then I wonder why on earth I miss you so much when you're gone. "Silly little girl". I'm thankful for the novela to help me fill up the dull evenings that are before me, though. Along with choir practise tonight after church, Sodality officers' meeting at Father Bauer's

tomorrow night after church (to plan the bazaar),  
and a little date with Eleanor on Thursday  
evening (to say goodbye to my college pal. So  
at least I will have my time occupied  
somewhat.

So much for me & my "doings". You may  
know this already, but today I heard that  
the end of the Bendix strike was forced  
by the Government. It seems that so many  
plants were closed due to Bendix' inability to  
supply them that the government demanded  
an immediate settlement. I also got it that it  
was true that the Union got everything it asked:  
i.e. 1 week of vacation with pay, recognition of seniority  
rights, and a raise for all women to a minimum  
of 62¢ per hr. Not bad for those women is it.

This is Wednesday afternoon already. Didn't  
get to finish my letter last night and today crawled  
up too fast. By the time you get this you will  
probably have gotten a package and are wondering  
what for. Well, I happen to know that last week  
"we" finished your carton of chesterfields, and after  
you were so good to me last week, & spent so much  
"dough" on me too, that it might be nice to show  
my appreciation with something I know you can use.  
Also while you are burning the midnight oil, &  
pondering over school books, you will probably enjoy  
a lot of smokes and you can think of me with each Chesterfield,  
(I hope). So, my dear, I now must get out & do some field visiting  
and better say goodbye for now, with all my love — C

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9-20-39

Dearest Frank,

You probably have the bad news by now. I intended to write last night, but decided to wait till today in hopes of getting word from Fritz about the weekend, and then this morning I couldn't wait so I called him, and he said they couldn't make it this weekend. To me this was very bad news. I was dreadfully disappointed of course; but after all who am I to complain. I think it was "damn" sweet of them to even consider taking me along, and he did say that maybe some other time we could still go. Frankly, I've had an awful hunch all week that it would fall through, and it did. So I don't see you this weekend after all.

You said you spoke too soon about not minding the getting up in the morning; well, you may rest assured that I shall never again say that the week was light here at this office on account of I'm getting paid for it this week with mobs of people & orders coming in. One consolation, however, is that it's cool instead of last week's 95°-100°-105° etc. The most logical reason for the heavy duties this week lies

in the fact that last week when I got back from my vacation, I found an extra desk in my office and found I had been given a very sweet young lady to "dump work onto". She is a 20 yr. old N.Y.A. girl; very diligent & a Grand worker. She relieved me of a huge amount of work, details, etc. However, being on N.Y.A. (Relief) she works only every other week & this week I miss her terribly. Can't wait till Monday when she comes back. She is a very beautiful, blonde girl. Don't you want to "come up & see me sometime?" I'll have my "secretary" entertain you. Ah hem. Ah hem, such nonsense.

School days, school days; now again you are a full fledged school boy, not? Working all day, going to school at night, studying till morning. That seems like such a big bite for one person. You are so ambitious and progressive. I certainly admire you for it. I do hope though, honey, that you won't stay up studying too late at night and get yourself run down. After all staying up late at night studying is different from running around nights when you can play, relax, drink & have fun. So take it easy, my dear. All work & no play makes a dull boy. Just as though you could ever be a dull boy.

I'm going to play golf tonight with three girls - Naomi, Helen Ryan & her sister-in-law, at Eberharts. I've never been on that course so I can't wait to get going.

I'm pretty busy today, so I'm going to get back to work now. Till later then - Good luck and my love. A little



INDIANA STATE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

AFFILIATED WITH

UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

Second Floor Hastings Building

South Bend, Indiana

September 22, 1939

Dearest Hunk,

Have oodles of things to tell you, and since it looks like I'm working when I'm typing, and since I like to be different by typing a personal letter instead of writing which is proper, here goes.

We had a Players' Club meeting last night. You undoubtedly know that by now; or haven't you gotten a certain very silly post card from the Mishawaka Hotel as yet? Jimmy Cruise was certain that I would become very scared when he threatened to write to Detroit and tell on me that I was out with the gang and drinking a Smoky Joe. When Bertilla produced a post card, I proved to him that it didn't worry me by addressing the card for him. He was going to mail it on his way home, so I suppose you have it by now. All in all it shows you that we are all always thinking of you. Only Tilla and I weren't thinking of you under the table, because we weren't under the table.

I imagine you would be somewhat interested in what went on at the meeting, wouldn't you? We set the date for 'Lavender and Old Lace' for Oct. 22, at 25¢. I've got a part. I have only the vaguest idea of what it's like since I have read only a few pages of the book as yet. It's the part of Sophrony Trotter, the typical, nosey old maid. It sounds like it will be a lot of fun, and not too heavy a part, (I don't think it anyway.) Our advertising will consist of the usual newspaper articles; 50 window cards; the usual bulletin announcements; and one new scheme that I personally think will be a honey. We're going to get some lavender paper - construction paper or otherwise - and make a stencil with some drawing, border, or design of some sort relative to the title of the play. We'll use Father Lauer's mimeoscope for this. The stencil will also have a notice about the play. Then we're going to use Father's mimeograph to run off 600 copies of this little announcement, and slip one in each of the bulletin folders for that Sunday. This week we start making folders out of the bulletin instead of the usual form. Don't you think a separate sheet or announcement, of a different color will draw attention and be an inexpensive means of advertising into each of our parish homes at least? At any rate we can try anything once, and we do need some new ideas for putting our plays across.

So much for the play--  
Rehearsals start next Monday, giving us just four weeks to practise.

## INDIANA STATE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

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Darling, you really are taken up with your school, aren't you? You sounded so thrilled and enthusiastic, not to mention ambitious about it all. You seem so interested and satisfied with the set-up so far, I'm tickled to death for you. Keep me posted with your progress. It certainly takes me back to school days with your talk of algebra and balance sheets, etc. I just love it all. More power to you, and good luck.

South Bend is beginning to get all agog with the coming of the football season. We've been getting many orders for extra waitresses, cooks, dishwashers, cashiers, etc. for the football season. Also for extra maids to handle all the entertaining that goes on in the private homes. Big business for us.

We are still working with the Bendix Cafeteria people. We have from six to ten placements out there already this week. I don't know what the exact number is by now. Last Wednesday's Trib ran three or four pictures along with several articles on the Bendix Cafeteria. One of them showed Bert Sigler filling her tray. Another showed the kitchen with the help at work. Another showed a bunch of office men, big shots, or what have you sitting around tables in the dining room. The pictures made it look quite nice.

Speaking of handling nice orders, we now have an order for 14 waitresses to serve a banquet at Studebaker's next Monday noon, given in honor of Eddie Cantor who is going to be in town Monday and appear on the Palace stage. Fortunate girls, get in on all the fun.

Let's see now, any more news? I played golf Wednesday night. We went to Eberhart's and didn't get started till shortly after six, so we only got in six holes by dark. It gets dark around 7:15 now. It is so hard to find your way around that course. I was so surprised at the walk between holes, too. I do like the course in general though. I managed to double all the pars though, and then some on three of them. But after all, what can I expect-- a beginner on a new, unfamiliar course. I shot one ball in the river on 2. Then came home with a blister on my heel to top it off. But it's lots of fun and I'd do it again any day.

Well, I guess I should get back to business. The chilly weather that we have had all week is gone again, and this afternoon is beautifully summery again. It would be a wonderful afternoon, and evening for a football game.

I must say goodbye, now. I'll write again over the week-end in between studying "Lavender and Old Lace."

P.S. Excuse the typing, please, but you can get so much said in so much less time and space. And I was rude enough to use business stationery, so I might as well be rude enough to type it. And you may type back if you wish.

With oodles of love I remain

Your Collette

if you wish.

P.S. Everybody here at home were razzing me & looking over my shoulder to see how I signed this, so I fooled them with shorthand. It worked.

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Sunday 24th.

Dearest Hank

Just got back from 18 holes at Stude's. & look what I did! Beat Naomi, and truthfully this is only the 3rd time she's been on a golf course. My scores are enormous but I did make one par. Naomi has played at least 20 or 25 times and she didn't make any pars. You are probably having plenty of trouble deciphering this but I really just got in, and Dad wants me to go to the Postoffice for him so I want to take this along. I suppose I might at least calm down before I try to write, but really I'm quite "all awitter". I could play golf all night tonight. It was just perfect out on the course today. I thought about you lots while out there.

You know, by rights I should be studying my lines tonight but this is a lot more fun - talking to you via Uncle Sam - I can study lines later. They never run away.

Oh, big news, Hank. This morning at 2 A.M. we had a "leap big splash" over here. Some woman (we hear her name is Germain Paehlman from 13th Street) borrowed some man's car, her boyfriend's we suppose but are not sure, to take her lady-friend home. She had taken the other

lady home and while crossing the bridge evidently hit the east railing in the middle and knocked out a few of this little pillars or what have you! She then bounced around some way until she dove thru the west side of the bridge, turned upside down and landed on the top of the steel top car. The impact when it hit the water was so powerful that the top was caved in unbelievably low. The car was simply ruined and about 30 feet of the west railing of the bridge was taken out completely. Of course the woman was killed instantly! Somebody said she was to be married next Saturday; but who knows? It caused a great deal of excitement around here all day and there are all kinds of stories around;

I'm listening to a beautiful version of "To you" on the air right now. I started to take down the words but gave up, & now we have "an apple for the Teacher". Reminds me of a week ago on Saturday night.

Speaking of "To you" Daddy is rushing me so I'd better get this off "to you". I can't think of anything else in the line of news. Saw the "gang" this morning at high mass. See it's grand, having an extra hour. He went back on standard time today. Now you'll be an hour ahead of us with your time. I must get going now. Au Revoir Y  
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Wednesday, 4:10

Dearest "Hunk",

Just got tired of what I was doing, and that calls for a good change; so this is it. I realized too that I owe you a letter. There really isn't a whole lot of news that I can give you, except the enclosed picture from last night's paper.

Back to old business. I guess we missed a good time on Larry's week-end party. Kay said they had a grand time. Velma was on a case so Fab + she couldn't go, but Pooch + Jim went.

As for our trip to Detroit last weekend, indeed it was a disappointment to have it fall thru, but, like you, there's no harm in hoping that some day instead of saying "I hope they'll bring me up to see you", I'll be able to say "I hope they can come up to see us". Those will be the days, and until then I shall be satisfied with  
216 + 1201.

Speaking of 216 it's now 5 P.M. and I have so much sodolity tipping, etc. to do that I'm going to stay here awhile yet + I think Tilla is going to come + join me. Frankly I asked her to come, on account of I don't like being here alone with the janitor. Then we both

have to go to play practice so we'll make an evening of it.

Speaking of the play, it's going to be cute I think. We have lots of fun practicing it. Here's hoping it will go off alright. You'll die laughing at Tilla. You said you saw "The Women"; well, she is a perfect replica (in speech) of the old hag on the ranch. She does it just too well, and I could just die laughing at her when she goes into it. She'll steal the show if she keeps it up.

Well, I guess I really should get some work done. As yet I don't know whether to ~~whether~~ <sup>predict</sup> to expect my honey home this weekend or not; but as I said to Johnny N. the other night I won't count on you till you get here. Then I won't be disappointed.

Toodle oo for now, dearest. The rest of the page is filled up with love for you (invisibly so)