

1 Apr. 45 1

Jayne dear,

Sawing the news for a  
big splurge. Had an  
excellent four day vacation  
in Bombay. Passenger services  
were nice, but the  
British chaplain drew  
things out so, the services  
were orthodox and we  
didn't eat until 9:15 the  
services began at 6:45.  
He spent more time  
drawing morals than  
drawing wine, and that's  
not good. There were  
many servicemen there  
from all over India.  
Black men <sup>ancestors</sup> ~~ancestors~~  
lived in India for  
centuries, blondes from



Scandinavians, New Zealanders,  
Free French, just about  
every kind of soldier  
you'd be able to find in  
any gathering. They were  
a completely heterogeneous  
group in appearance,  
ideas, all characteristics,  
in fact. It would be  
difficult to get a more  
diverse group together,  
Blacks & white, smart  
and dumb, idealists  
and materialists, loud  
and quiet. There were all  
ranks and all grades.  
I had less in common  
with these fellows  
than I do with a  
casual neighbor at home  
and yet before the



- 3 -

would we go under the same label, if he's smart, it reflects on me, ~~so~~ by some process I am supposed to ~~share~~ share in the glory. If he murders, I share in that too, or if he's loud, grasping, wise or unwise, I must be a part of it in the eyes of the world. It's an unfounded thing, based on ~~no~~ supportable fact, yet it's real.

The pictures of the volleyball team came back & they came out well. It's impossible to get more than one print at a time on these group pictures as these



is a shortage of paper here, but I'll try to get some prints for mother as I guess she'll want them.

While I was in Bombay I noticed in the paper that an American Boston track team had gathered from all over India to oppose the Bombay Olympic ass'n track team. So I got in touch with the Special Service Officer and arranged to enter. The Indians were big, well muscled, and powerful, but didn't seem to have the right technique.



I won the event with a mediocre throw. Just for fun at the conclusion I asked the clerk of the course to weigh the shot as it seemed heavy, and it weighed 1 stone 3 lbs 8 oz, which is  $17\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, it's supposed to be 16. I didn't say anything as all the contestants were equally handicapped and since the event was over, we let the whole thing go.

~~#~~ Enclosed <sup>are</sup> clippings from two Bombay papers. It'll probably be carried in the India-Burma roundup (GI newspaper) and I'll send it to you.



if as and when.

ate some good meals in Bombay, steaks are plentiful, but expensive. we ( fellow named Ray security) and I got hold of two fifths of Seagraves V.O. and that helped.

we went to a dance at the Jewish Club. a captain Lester befriended us ( his son is in the English Army and was competing in the track meet) The place was crowded and we left early early. Ray told me a prize story. He was dancing with a girl and asked her how long she'd be in



India, she replied that  
she'd been born here.  
Ray said, "Oh, you're Indian  
then," - she gal, "If I was  
born in a stable I  
wouldn't necessarily be  
a horse." Whereupon  
Ray stepped back, looked  
her over judicially  
(she was a bit hefty),  
and replied, "not  
necessarily." This  
Captain Easter turned  
out to be a good egg,  
came out to our Hotel  
Room and told us some  
interesting stories of  
English Army life.

There's a man  
playing tonight that's



- 8 -

supposed to be good, so  
I believe I'm going to  
see it. Goodnight  
sweetheart, that about  
sums up the Bombay  
trip except for the  
fact that I got that  
miserable feeling, being  
close to civilisation  
~~it~~ made me miss  
you more than ever.

I love you

David

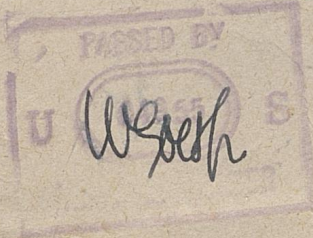


S/SGT David Bolotin  
185th Am Co (DS)  
Repl Depot # 4, APO 213  
c/o pm - ny.



PHOTOS  
ENCLOSED

Mrs. David Bolotin  
285 S. Ashland Ave  
Lexington, 37, Ky



7



2 apr '45

2

Jayne dear,  
nearly back to normal  
now, settled into the old  
routine, received three  
luscious letters from you  
today, one with your  
picture in the newspaper.  
I thought it was very  
good, even Selma looked  
decent.

The guy that wrote  
the enclosed article  
had tongue in cheek,  
especially in discussing  
the "fair Bombay girls".  
They were quite dark in  
color and not attractive;  
of course, they wouldn't  
be attractive to me any-  
way no matter what,  
because the old memory  
is too good, memories



of a sweet and fine wife  
name of Jayne. I guess I  
don't mention it often  
enough, but I do love  
you.

Worked outdoors today  
the suntan is really getting  
deep, another year of this  
and there's no telling how  
dark I'll be, and there's  
surely going to be another  
year of it, if not more.

Like everyone else, we  
are momentarily expecting  
the end of the European  
war; but, it would not  
be too surprising if  
Germany hung on for a  
short time. I'm not an  
optimist, but it seems that  
Germany's capacity for  
waging war is shrinking



to nothingness nowadays.  
we have good news coverage  
here, radio, etc, so it's  
easy to keep up with  
things. I have noticed  
a tendency for public  
opinion on the question  
"what to do with Germany"  
~~to be~~ <sup>to be</sup> harder and  
tougher in the last few  
weeks, less conciliatory  
more, smack 'em down  
industrially, let them  
help replace & rebuild,  
destroy their capacity  
for waging war etc. don't  
know how long it'll last,  
but it's a good sign.

your mention of the  
voting quotas as discussed  
at Dunbarton & yalta



is interesting. I think  
this jockeying for position  
goes back to the free  
slugging match conception  
of international dealing.  
Each of the major nations  
is edging for an advantage  
but each realizes that  
their long term good  
will <sup>be</sup> best served through  
full cooperation with  
other nations, so I would  
say that the how &  
whys of the voting of  
the inner council will  
be satisfactorily solved.  
This next is going to  
sound silly, but as  
you know, I've always



believed in conducting  
business without specific  
contract because if the  
parties concerned want  
to continue to do business  
with each other, they  
pretty nearly have to  
see the line. of course  
there's always a twilight  
zone in which right  
& wrong is not clearly  
differentiated even to  
the most scrupulous.  
so I say that the final  
solution to the voting  
method of the inner  
council is unimportant.  
if the time comes that  
Russia, England, or we  
are being tried by the



Council to determine whether acts of aggression etc have been committed and whether or not to invoke force, then it'll be too damn late to do any good, since the aggressor will certainly take the precaution of lining up suitable allies prior to committing her act of aggression, and then you have a new war in your <sup>lap</sup> ~~hands~~. On the other hand, I do not believe that any nation will have the temerity to commit an act of aggression if she knows that we, England and



Russia will immediately  
oppose her. So if it's  
going to be any kind  
of a peace, it'll have  
to be a "Pax Romana"  
only this time the  
controllers of the peace  
are in the main fair  
minded.

Bugs are right fierce  
thought, so believe I'll  
close. I love you  
very completely.

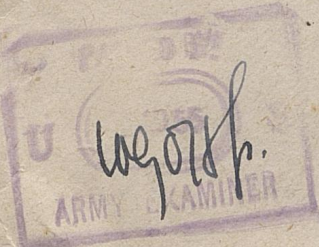
David



S/sgt David Bolatin  
~~1857H~~ 1857H Qm CO, (DS)  
APO # 213, c/o pm, ny.



*Route Meeting*  
*5 miles from*  
*camp*  
Mrs. David Bolatin  
285 S. Ashland Ave  
Lexington, 37, Ky.



2



4 APR 45

3

dear,

writing from the comparative ease of guard duty, there is that to recommend it, while on guard, other duties become secondary and all you really have to do is stand by for an emergency.

The guard house is next to the bakery and the sweet 'odour' of <sup>baking</sup> ~~break~~ filters in all day, besides, it's possible to talk the baker out of a piece of cake at rare intervals.

It's getting so that my army duties interfere with my reading. There's been much small stuff to care for lately and it eats up a great deal of time, so very little time t'm'self.

The letter situation has been excellent, six in the last five days, all interesting, enjoyable satisfying, solid letters from the little woman.

just finished reading 26 march



edition of June. We're getting good  
service on it. Received another  
address card from Leonard, but  
haven't received the magazine  
yet.

They'll have to change my  
address again soon, looks like  
I'm a transient. Still probably  
be the same kind of job that  
I now hold, will let you  
know my forwarding address when  
I learn it.

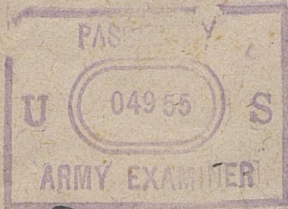
Take it all back about guard,  
have been interrupted every five  
minutes while writing this,  
so I'll give up for the present,

I love you

David



S/Sgt David Bolotin  
185th QM Co, (DS)  
~~Replacement Depot #4~~  
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Ky.

*David Bolotin*

3



5 APR 45

Jayne sweet,

S' wonderful, no kidding. I'm going on the 'wood water wagon', in fact, I've already done so. can't get into an argument 'cause I've become silent, now everyone else argues and I listen, and it's really best, no hard feelings, and you're everybody's pal.

Favourite expression when asked to interject, 'Don't know enough to give an opinion.'

Doing quite a bit of work lately, keeping accounts straight. Finally lost one of my possessions, nail clipper, now I'll have to depend on a file.

Almost slipped just now, have some information that would have possibly been helpful to a fellow, but decided to let him do things his own way and avoid trouble, all the



- 2 -

world hates a volunteer, getting  
misanthropic, but with good cause.  
If you make a suggestion here,  
the fellows cuss back out of  
you for bothering them, then  
use your suggestion. It doesn't  
worry me, but I'll avoid such  
situations in the future by  
non intervention.

Should have fun this  
afternoon, my job consists  
of making a reconnaissance of  
an area, using a jeep as transp-  
ortation.

Have been discussing  
publicity work with Ray Schwartz.  
It's an interesting racket. As in  
everything else, the connections  
you have are important. He's  
faded with the newspaper game  
since he was a kid and knows  
many newspapermen. He can get  
anything published that borders  
on news. He says he'll take  
care of us when we have our



first derby contender. Incidentally  
~~these~~ would be a good field of  
research for you. Trace, <sup>stake</sup> running  
bloodlines down and see if you  
can isolate similar characteristics  
in winners that do not exist  
in non-winners. That would  
take a long time, but might  
be an interesting project.

Looking for an envelope  
to mail this, I found in nail  
clipper, so that makes things  
even.

Forgive the dull letter,  
but I'm in a dull mood  
brightened only by my  
secret love - JWB - bless her.

I love you  
David



S/Sgt David Bolotin  
185th QM CO (DS)  
~~Replacement Depot No. 4~~ APO 213  
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Ky.



4



Jayne sweet,

King sized paper, but it won't hurt anything unless I get a sprain trying to fill too many pages of it with practically no news percolation at present.

Have been talking masses to a couple of d'boys who hung around Belmont & Jamaica in times long gone and some of the patter they put out is interesting though perhaps inaccurate. They speak of fixed races etc, never can tell, some of the stories may have a good basis. Has there been any talk of resuming racing? Well, but the lobbying has been hot and heavy.

Got a letter from Alice in her usual HIGH THERE NEIGHBOR, all printed, quite nice, it's supposed to be some sort of a psychological manifestation, but I don't remember what, look it up, if you will.

Have been holding out on you fatso, got your picture. My goodness, what happened to my sweet, ~~and~~ and slender little woman. Only kidding,



- 2 -

I know it's bad photography, if it  
isn't, start reducing sister. Not  
having been in combat etc, you  
don't have to humor me when  
I get back; but, much girth, little  
mirth, and that's the straight  
dirt. Now that I've remarried,  
let's look at the good side of  
things, the other two snapshots  
were simply assumptions and  
clearly indicated that gorgeous  
you is still gorgeous you.  
Thanks for sending them honey,  
they're really a tonic and I do look  
at them by the hour.

Am going to be busy in  
the next few days on a regular  
inventory, ~~and~~ but will  
find time to write. I love you

David



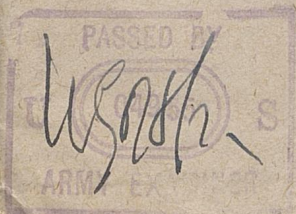
S/sgt David Bolotin, 35478690  
185th QM Co (DS)  
APO #213  
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Ky



5



~~Club~~

~~Concord club.~~

Alto

7/10

~~R.C. Club~~

~~Club~~

Rockaway  
Club

~~Transit Club~~



9 April 45<sup>6</sup>

Jayne Darling,

Worked outdoors all day today and acquired an unpleasent layer of sunburn. Funny thing though, if you stay indoors for a few days it fades to a sickly, brindle color, during monsoon I guess it all fades. I've been told it rains from around the middle of June to the middle of September, every day, with may a bit of sun, don't know what I'll be, but, don't think I'll like the rain. The heat



can be taken in stride,  
never did mind it much.

There we have it, a  
quick analysis will show  
that I've been reduced to  
talking about the weather

Having hit, what we  
can call the bottom of  
the bottom in letter writing  
maybe I'm due for a  
recall on a come uppance,  
or something.

a horrible thought first  
occurred to me. I sent a <sup>money order</sup> ~~check~~  
to Michler Florists so you'd  
get some pretty posies for  
your birthday, then so it'd



in a surprise, didn't mention  
it in any letter to you.

If that miscarried and  
you didn't get the beautiful  
posies, I'm betting even  
money that Beapsie got  
perturbed, so here's hoping,  
fingers crossed, et al, that  
all went according to  
schedule. Happy birthday  
honey. a kiss, via ether,  
a hug by remote impulse,  
a hope, straight from the  
heart that when your  
next birthday comes we  
can forget the ether and  
remote control and walk  
on air via a standard



lung and kiss as only  
the little woman can mfg  
them. The last sentence  
is written (naturally) on  
a man comparative basis.  
(in case any further question  
should arise, I'm changing  
writers as of now. My  
script men haven't produced  
the kind of copy I'm used  
to, no dash etc., watch  
my smoke from now on

Smoky Joe B'd in

who loves you

truly

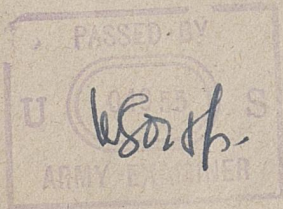
DB.



5/5gt David Bolotin  
185th amco (DS)  
APO #213  
90 pm, n. y.



Mrs. David Bolotin  
285 S. Oakland Ave.  
Lexington, 37, Ky.



61



12 APR 45

Jayne dear,

We whipped the officers in a tough game of volleyball this evening, winning, much better than losing bless me if it aint.

Received a letter with three more lovely snapshots today. They don't do you justice but are nice and looking at them gives a just effect.

Fellow actors from me is fixing a scrap book of pictures etc. of his India environment. It's a good idea in a way, but it seems to me that worthwhile impressions stick without accompanying paraphernalia.

after acting like a perfect lamb for months my pen started giving out with ink like a fountain only with an insidious caplex. Could



- 2 -

that he may <sup>think</sup> they're called  
Fountain pens.

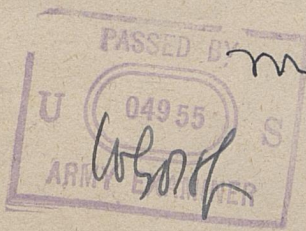
I have spent the last few  
days learning that Indians can  
drive you Krazy. Have  
been taking an inventory  
with an Indian official and the  
character is irritating me from  
piller to post. Telling him  
something means nothing, you  
have to repeat it a few times  
then sit on him, wow, he's more  
stubborn than I. (and is often  
wrong).

Goodnight m' one and  
only sweetheart I love you.

David



S Sgt David Belatin  
185th Am Co (AS)  
APO 213  
New York, N.Y.



Mrs. David Belatin  
285 S. Ashland Ave.  
Lexington, Ky.

7



13 April 1945

Jayne sweet,

Can think of nothing else but the President's death today. We received the news by broadcast at 1106 this morning. I can only say that every soldier I know feels a personal loss and a grief that is more than the impersonal reaction one gets from the loss of other national figures. We feel that he was our President and that his loss will hurt each of us personally. It can only be hoped that there is no such thing as indispensability in a Democratic Government, and that others can be found who will carry on for the good of the many as opposed to the good of the few, the very few.

Received a letter from you today and three lovely snapshots. How about taking some on the farm, I'd like to see some snaps of the new foals, the grass, anything that's home. Just use them as a background for your pictures, I mean pictures of you, that'll be dandy.

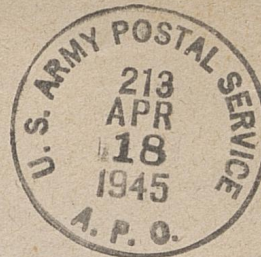
To top things off, saw a movie about the Gershwins this evening. The music was excellent and ~~xxx~~ the parts were well done, but pathos was rampant, just the wrong thing to top off a day made miserable by the loss of the President.

Sorry to hear that the mail is coming in slowly. Have been writing as much as usual and can't understand the delay but I know it does happen. That's about all for today.

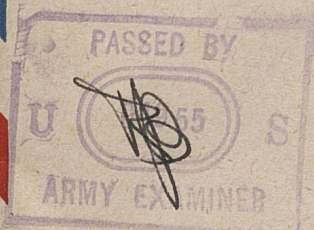
I love you  
David



S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690  
185th QM Co (DS)  
APO 213  
c/o Postmaster, New York



Mrs David Bolotin  
285 S. Ashland, Avenue  
Lexington, 37, Ky.



8



16  
13 April 1945

Jayne dear,

Times are tough this morning, all over. Waited for a ride from 7:30 until 8:15, so consequently, haven't much time to write this morning. Will use the Victory edition of the Roundup as a filler. The point system is fully explained here. The good old point system.

Played some gin rummy yesterday evening after getting back into town. Won by 1100 points in four games, but we were only playing for a fortieth. A far cry from the days when Sgt T and I played for two cents a point amid righteous groans of despair from my better half. Remember though, I won it all back at golf and more. He could double all he wanted to there, but the pressure would finally get him. Maybe that's why he has ulcers now, or on the other hand, maybe he had ulcers then and that's what made him act like it did.

It's funny, haven't much time to write this morning, and with what little time I have, can't think of any pertinent news. That's ironical.

The S.F. Conference is hot stuff. Local papers though they deal almost exclusively in UP releases, and OMI news, seem to stress the insignificant and allow the important factors to go unnoticed. Time's up, will continue tomorrow ~~with some more expressions~~  
S'long honey.

I love you  
David



S/Sgt David Bolotin  
185th QM Co  
APO 465  
C/O Postmaster, New York

POSTAGE DUE 1 CENTS

FREE  
13 Apr 45

ARMY POST OFFICE  
465  
MAY  
14  
1945

Mrs. David Bolotin  
285 S. Ashland Avenue  
Lexington, 37, Ky.

Joseph J. Milano  
245 W. C.

16



14 April 1945

Jayne Dear,

For the first time in many moons I'm caught up with my work. Lately it's been somewhat heavy. Found out a bit more about the Indian Mentality. Spent 5 days taking an inventory with a representative of the British and Indian Gov'ts. The Englishman was very easy to get along with and we proceeded on similar lines, but the Indian irritated me until I could hardly keep a level head. I would explain something to him about the procedure I advocated. He would object, and I would clarify my viewpoint, finally we'd come to an agreement and he would proceed according to ~~the compromise~~ <sup>THE COMPROMISE</sup> ~~the compromise~~. About an hour later the same thing came up, and we had to rehash the argument. He didn't seem to remember that we'd had it out before.

This went on for days and days until finally I threatened to put my foot in his mouth the next time he opened it, THAT AND THAT ALONE BROUGHT SURCEASE FROM HIM. I GUESS BOTH YOU AND THE CENSOR ARE WONDERING WHY THIS IS ALL IN CAPS. IT'S BECAUSE THIS DAMN TYPEWRITER SUDDENLY WENT BAD AND WON'T WRITE THE WAY IT SHOULD. IT STICKS WHEN YOU CAPITALIZE. THE CHOICE WAS WHETHER TO WRITE EVERYTHING IN SMALL LETTERS OR IN CAPS? AND I DECIDED ON CAPS? CUTE ISN'T IT? THERE'S ONLY ONE DIFFICULTY? NO COMMA? EVERYTIME YOU HIT THE COMMA KEY? A ? RESULTS. SO REMEMBER I'M NOT QUESTIONING YOU? IT'S JUST THE KEY IS WRONG ON AN OLD UNDERWOOD? IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

MADE MY QUOTA OF ONE CASE OF BEER LAST HALF A MONTH?  
HAVE THREE CANS LEFT AND WILL CONSUME THEM THIS EVENING.



\* " \*

THE WATER IS SO HIGHLY CHLORINATED THAT EVEN AN OLD HAND AT DRINKING  
CHLORINATED WATER LIKE MYSELF CAN'T QUITE TAKE IT (IN ANY QUANTITY)  
RECEIVED ANOTHER LETTER TODAY AND FOUND THAT THE ROSES HAD ARRIVED.  
BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF AS IVE BEEN AFRAID THE LETTER HAD MISCARRIED.  
DID YOU RECEIVE A NOTE WITH THE FLOWERS? I WROTE SOME PERTRY  
TO MY FAVORITE WIFE. (FROM A BREAKFAST CEREAL BY THE SAME NAME)  
RECEIVED A LETTER HERE FROM CAPTAIN JOHNSON WHO USED TO BE  
SALES OFFICER. HIS LETTER WAS SO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT THAN HE SEEMED  
TO BE THAT IT WAS SHOCKING. HE SEEMED TO BE A FELLOW OF FORTY  
ODD YEARS? CONSERVATIVE? SOFT SPOKEN? DELIBERATE? YEA EVEN SLOW  
AS HELL? WITH NO VISIBLE SENSE OF HUMOR. SOOOOO THE LETTER TURNS  
OUT TO BE A RACY MANUSCRIPT? LIKE A PAGE OF THE NEW YORKER? ONLY  
IN AN AMATEUR VEIN? SO HAD TO REVISE MY ESTIMATE OF THE MAN.  
WE ALL WROTE HIM A BRIEF LINE? I'LL QUOTE FROM MY LETTER. QUOTE  
"WE'RE STILL THE SAME FRIENDLY LITTLE BUNCH HERE? FROM WHICH I'M  
GETTING STOMACH ULCERS." UNQUOTE. IT'S NOT TRUE BUT IT SEEMED TOO  
GOOD A GAG TO PASS UP.

GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY USING THE  
TYPEWRITER. IT'S KIND OF FUN TO SIT HERE AND THINK OF YOU AND  
WRITE ~~AXKXKXKXKXKXKX~~ LEISURELY LETTER TO MY SWEETHEART.  
DOT SALL.

YRS VRY TRLY

THE OLD MAN

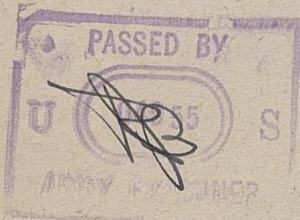
*I love you*  
*David*



S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690  
185th QM CO, (DS)  
APO 213, C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin  
285 S. Ashland Avenue  
Lexington, 37, Ky.



9



16  
17 April 1945

Jayne dear,

Going to a blood and thunder movie tonight and looking forward to it. First Western we've had. Taking along a "B" Barracks Bag to police up the brass from the shooting. As I understand it the hero of this picture sets a new record. He fires 104 shots from his six-shooter without reloading, no mean feat when observed objectively.

My first place certificate from the Bombay Athletic Meet came in today, and I'm sending it home. Please place it with the other mementoes, old tooth picks, theater stubs, discarded toe nails, etc, so that in our old age, we may reminisce, look back and knock ourselves out with the sweetness and light of the good old days, incidentally, speaking of old age, as I recall it you're two years younger than I, therefore, by dead reckoning, not taking into consideration magnetic declination and deviation from true north, you're 26, wow wow and wow. (and in small print it says that I'm 28) It's becoming a psychological burden to observe the passage of each day and realize that we could be spending it together if it weren't for this goddamned war, and that both of us could be ~~forwarding~~ learning things together ~~and~~ about the world and our work. Which reminds me, as long as I've some time for reading, don't you think it would be a good idea if I had some ~~and~~ technical books on farming. For example, something on soils and soil chemistry, perhaps something on cattle, and allied subjects. See what you can do on this.

Was trying to find something ~~in~~ to brighten up the vista on an especially gloomy day a week ago and decided that perhaps there were a few bright things to the solitary life of a soldier. First of all, you most certainly learn to get along with all types of people. Secondly, you can walk out of the army and leave all your mistakes behind you, correcting any faults you observed in



yourself, or at least making an effort to. Thirdly, your habits (in garrison) are regular, 9 hours of sleep every night, you don't work so hard that it breaks you down, you have decent food, and your in semi hibernation, therefore you destroy less tissue than you would by overwork in civilian life, by worrying where the next million ~~xx~~ is coming from, and whether or not you're keeping up with the Joneses. But I'll really be glad to get back to the life of struggle and competition, I won't be as healthy, but it'll be stimulating. Rambling on a bit, kind of learning to think while I type, hope this isn't too disconnected.

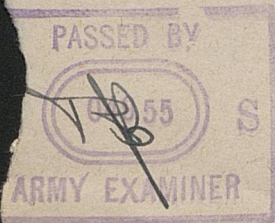
I love you  
David



DAVID BOLOTIN  
M CO (DS)  
13  
POSTMASTER NEW YORK



MRS DAVID BOLOTIN  
285 S. ASHLAND AVENUE  
LEXINGTON KY.



10



18 Apr 1945

Jayne dear,

Developing quite a habit. Whenever I get near a typewriter, with nothing to do at the moment, I think of writing you a letter. It'll result in some lousy letters, but more of them, whether that suits you or not, you'll have to put up with it. Fellow next to me is writing a letter (it's our lunch hour) and I had to come back early to lock something up. He's tired of using the same old words and wants something new and different. Right now he wants a synonym for the word shocked. I suggested 'Trown for a louse' pronounced as spelled, but surprisingly he didn't take to the suggestion, unappreciative, don't you think.

They came over again today, I mean the clouds, and we had our first rain of the new season, a little early, but nevertheless wet. Since we were totally unprepared, the rains came, saw, messed up our beds, wetted them (what I said) ~~almost flooded our tent~~ and stole noisily away into the night. The winds howled and I went around borrowing dry bedclothing. Woke up very tired this morning, since I'd only had 8 hours of sleep. Bet you think I'm kidding, but honest injun, unless I get my nine hours I'm dead the next day. (Bodes ill for our domestic post war arrangements doesn't it) However, I believe it's the warm moist climate that saps the strength and causes a person to need so much sleep.

Have been writing this lazily and a half hour has passed so it's time to get back to work and I've got to quit, but work can wait while I tell you that you're the sweetest gal in the world and that

I love you  
David



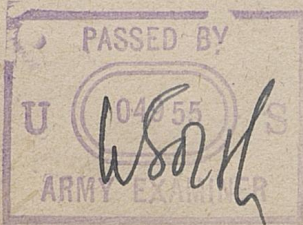
S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690  
185th QM Co DS  
APO 213, c/o Postmaster, New York



Mrs David Bolotin

285 S Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Ky



11



19 April 1945

Jayne sweet,

Just got hold of the best typewriter in the place. Can really whiz on this one. It's an old style Underwood, and they're really best, since all the new typewriters are kind of tinny. As you've observed, however, you still have to slap the right keys or errors, 'orrible errors result.

Just received two letters from you, one 6 Apr and one 7 Apr. They were sweet as usual and I'm still reading them. Got a kick out of Bernie's writing Bev five or six letters a day. On him it looks good. When we were together, he didn't leave his tent except for duty, and spent all his time writing letters. Just can't see that sort of thing, life goes on, and although I love you, you know that I've always felt that in order to have a really happy relationship, people ought to have two sections to their life, One together and one private life, in which they could do their own developing, their own thinking, their own growing, and then combine the benefits of the two to make a real relationship. You're yourself, and you're part of another person and they are themselves and part of you. (Gertrude Stein will die of envy.)

I believe Dave Kahn is profiteering in a sense, won't say much because I don't know the facts, but-----.

There is an outside chance that I'll run into young Winston in which case I'll be careful not to drive 80 MPH or he'll tell Mama. Come to think of it, that was kind of awful of me, driving 80 MPH's when I really couldn't have been such a good driver as a kid, but we managed to survive and that's what counts. At that we'd whale the tar out of any of our children that carried on in



such an outrageous way. Reading 'a time for greatness' by Herbert Agar, and find a lot of sense in it. Have always admired his courage. Remember in 1938, he was about the only big time newspaper editor in the country who had enough guts and foresight to openly advocate war against fascism and editorialize in that vein. At the time fully 80% of the people in USA not only didn't want to fight, but didn't think any issue had been created. Let you know my final impression of the book when I finish it.

I think I've told you that I'm now official looker upper whenever something controversial or new comes up in Army Regulations. It's flattering since confidence is reposed in you, but also takes a lot of time, and the language is so involved that it takes some figuring out.

Will definitely get to see Babe Meyers within three weeks, got a letter from him the other day in which he says, "the place where you're stationed shouldn't even happen to a dog-face." He also said that he's the big cheese at the place where he's stationed, and it's possible, because knowing Babe, if he sold the CO a bill of goods, look out, and if he didn't, wow.

S'long toots, the day is officially closed and now we're going out and whip the Officers in a game of volley ball. Keep the letters coming, I'll send you my forwarding address as soon as possible. Don't send any packages or stuff in the next week or two.

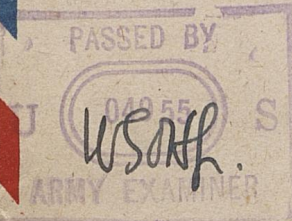
I love you  
David



S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690  
185th QM Co (DS)  
APO 213  
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin  
285 S. Ashland Avenue  
Lexington, 37, Ky.



12



~~How~~  
~~can~~  
~~the~~  
~~idea~~

~~Don't~~  
~~right-printing~~  
~~WARA~~

malloff-shaw  
Amurmax



21 April 45

Jayne dear,

Didn't like Elliot Paul's two stories, mainly because I don't like mysteries, and also because his writing style is not half as clever as in the only other book of his that I've read "Fast Lane to Paris". There is a touch here and there, and his disregarding set rules of writing is novel, but overall the thing has a faint, but unmistakable odor, like from old kissing.

As you know, I've been battered around, sacked and sacked, had my nose broken etc. but I've never been unconscious (not that kind sister) anyway yesterday the Dr. here opened a vein on my leg and I fainted. It was painful, but I've had much worse pain, can't understand it. Must be the climate. Had some racy, peculiar dreams as I was coming to, the thing I remembered <sup>most</sup> vividly is the phrase "things aren't right, gotta do something" repeating itself



over & over and I've been told that I was only out for a short time. Completely recovered the same day, played valley ball and defeated the Officers team handily this evening.

Moved to a new tent yesterday. Found a good way of getting rid of ants. Poured three bottles of insect repellent on the floor, sprinkled louse powder, and proceeded this by a good scrubbing, and that fixed it.

Received your letter of the 8th today. That's damn good, 12 and 13 days service, I've been lucky lately, getting a letter a day, and almost in order.

Incidentally we're nearing the 4th non smoking month, pretty good conquest of principles over desire, me quitanceal, you cutt.

I love you

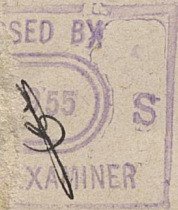
David



1sgt David Bolotin  
35th Qm Co (DS)  
Opur, N.Y.



Mrs. David Bolotin  
2855 Ashland Ave.  
Lexington, 37, Ky.



13



21 April 1945

Jayne darlin'

Different heading, aren't you thrilled. Have been having terrific storms for the last couple of days. First of all, our tents blew down, then our bedding got wet, then it got muddy, finally, it interfered with our volleyball game, and that's when we got irritated. But just as quickly as the storms came, they subsided, since it isn't really time for them, I guess they felt guilty. Today the earth is baked solid after having been a muddy mass just a day and a half ago. Looks like there are no half measures in this climate, except when the mess sergeant is angry with you.

Received two books "Try and Stop Me", and "I'll Hate Myself in the Morning". The first is excellent, I've already finished it, and am reading the second now, it's interesting so far. After I finish with the books, I'm going to pass them on to the other fellows so that they can read them. Don't you think that's the best way to dispose of them at present???? All the other fellows do the same with the books they get from home.

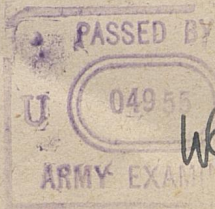
Your letters continue to be a source of pleasure and amazement to me, don't see how you can keep up the steady flow. The hotter and wetter it gets here, the less I feel like writing, but want you to receive as much mail as possible, so do my best.

G'night sweetheart,

*I love you  
David*



S/SGT DAVID BOLOTIN  
185th QM CO (DS)  
APO 213, C/O PM NY



*W. Corp.*

MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN  
285 S. ASHLAND AVE.  
LEXINGTON, 37, KY

14



22 apr 45.

fayne dear,

plenty of solitude this evening. Everyone else has gone to the cinema and I wasnt in the mood. at present, besides trying to construct a good letter to m' darling, I'm eating a bar of Bakers Tropical chocolate. The flavor of this bar isn't too good, but it has the saving grace of being constructed with either ① cornflakes or ② crisp insects. In either case it's crunchy and little things like sanitation have ~~to~~ ceased to have the same significance as they used to long ago and far away.

Received a letter from mother and enjoyed her account of the ny. trip.

Babe merged wrote to me and we've arranged a definite meeting place three weeks hence



I only hope two years in India hasn't dulled his wit.

Did I ever tell you that I didn't mind you serving in the Red cross as long as it was in USA and not in their entertainment set up.

Had Sunday afternoon off for the 1st time in weeks and enjoyed laying around for a change. at 4:30 we accepted a challenge from the officers and whipped them in another game of volleyball.

Have been exercising faithfully and find that my right leg is beginning to build up again. Can even flex the calf muscle a little, the main exercise is skipping rope.

Weight now is 172, which is exactly the same as it was



three years ago when my  
neighbors cross me.

In a way I'm sorry to  
leave my present station. It's  
isolated and lonely, but the  
climate is good and since  
there's nothing to do, you  
work, read and sleep, which  
isn't at all a bad routine.

Ray Schwartz, my erstwhile  
sidekick has been transferred  
to a newspaper job in another  
part of the theater. I argued  
with him incessantly, but  
it was usually good natured  
stuff and I miss him. He was  
(in my opinion) callow, but  
worthwhile and growing,  
not too much formal education,  
~~but~~ but, with the compensatory  
qualities of common sense and  
an interesting background.



The news from Europe continues good. Incidentally, if the Germans don't fold up by the 10th of May, send me a money order for 50 dollars so that I can pay off my bet on the end of the European war.

If you don't hear from me for a while, it won't be due to lack of ambition, just lack of opportunity.

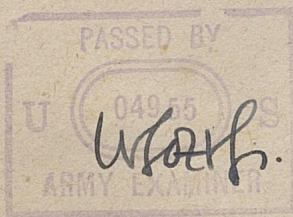
I love you  
David



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