

7
1 ~~May~~ June 45

Jayne dear,

Glad to see the first of the month arrive. It means that the peak load of the work that I have to do is over for a few days. Played some bridge yesterday against a couple of lts from this section. Clint (I've mentioned him) and I played pretty decently, and won by about 1500 points. The margin was won on defensive playing, they were pretty optimistic bidders and I'm (as you know) just as optimistic a doubler. The last hand that we played was really funny. We bid three (had a partial) and I just couldn't see how we could take more than eight tricks. In the meantime, after my partner had looked at all the hands, he calmly proceeded to put his shirt on, and prepare to leave signifying that ~~the~~ the hand was cold. So, I figured that everything must lay right. I had eight trump with the Queen out. I played the Ace King and the queen fell. Then I finessed the ten out of an ace, queen combination and it was good, now Mr. Anthony, do you think it was cheating for my partner to get ready to go home, or is it one of those things.

The mail situation has been good up until three days ago, then they quit coming. Receive your mail downtown in the office about 11 AM, and as soon as I come to a good place to stop, operations cease, and I scan the letter or letters (scan, that means only reading each word, not spelling them out).

There's kind of a dirth of news this week. The interesting things that happen are all regarding classified information, and if I put them in a letter it'll be so cut up that you can play home sweet home on a player piano, which reminds me, how's the piano playing coming, am I harboring an musici an, or not.

Worked a little late yesterday evening, and this place is really gloomy in the evening. It's huge, almost a city block long, and the floors aren't divided into rooms, but stretch on and on with an occasional pillar, or partition. I finished about 7 and wended m'weary way home, by open air taxi (of course).

That's all the stuff that's fit to print.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
185th QM Co,
APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



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

John Mahan
1945

7

2 June 1945

Jayne dear,

Last night, I decided that I was married to a bridge game. Felt like reading, but didn't want to break up the game as I was the only fourth they could get, isn't that something. Then to add insult to injury, we lost by 960 points. Believe the bridge game was a good idea right after payday as I'm sure there would have been a poker game instead if the thought had occurred to anyone.

Have this afternoon off, and I'm going to avail myself of the opportunity of taking a haircut. So, you're a wage earner now, I don't know, I liked you better as an amateur, I mean as far as red cross work is concerned, but, you're closer to the scene and should know the answers better than I. Couple of my sidekicks are also off this afternoon, but we can't think of a thing to do, and I refuse to play bridge. I'm getting too good at the game, no dear, I don't mean it. Maybe I'll have enough energy to go riding today, although it isn't much fun going yourself (since the paths aren't interesting) (more in the smelly category), and I can take the horses here or leave them alone, they're that kind of horses. Received your letter of the 18th, I'm getting good service now too, I've been hoping that they'd start coming one a day now, that's the best way to get them, there's that low down feeling when you don't receive any mail.

Have been having a little difficulty in my writing of business letters. The Principle Property Clerk believes that all matters pertaining to the same subject should be included in one paragraph, and I believe that even though you are on the same subject, if you have a distinctly different thought to convey concerning the particular subject, you should start a new paragraph. I'm not convinced I'm right, but the other method leads to some phony paragraphs, altogether it isn't a big deal. Is it bopsy.

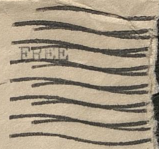
Get a kick out of the civilian employees working here. Starting time is starting time to them., and I don't mean sooner. When the time comes for the office to open they tee off with a vengeance, but for one second before opening time noone dares do any work whatsoever that's related to their job. It almost seems to be a matter of pride with them not to do any work until starting time.

S'long honey, I want to get everything cleaned up this morning so that I can take off with a good conscience, besides, If I don't do it I'll have it to do tomorrow.

I love you
David

Longtime

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



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

Lt Joseph J. J. J. J.

2

Commissary
Cramwell

|||||

~~Commissary~~ gift

~~D. W. L.~~
D. W. L.

~~Dr.~~
Rader's Digest

Leopold city

maria oil

handwritten scribble

Handwritten scribble

Handwritten scribble

Handwritten scribble

Judge Redwood

Handwritten scribble

Handwritten scribble

5 June 1945

Jayne dear,

Nice time yesterday evening, we took our usual jaunt out to Bata pool, ate there, sang a few songs, came home and drank some beer. Finally broke down yesterday and sent my watch in to be fixed, now, I'll be able to look at the face and tell what time it is, the darn thing besides being cracked in three places was opaque where mosquito repellent had come in contact with it.

Am going to wait a few days before taking the photo you want, but will have it done this week.

Dug through my possessions the other evening and came upon my electric razor. It seems a long time ago that I just couldn't use a safety razor, just hacked myself to bits, now the cuts don't seem to bother me, one good thing the war did.

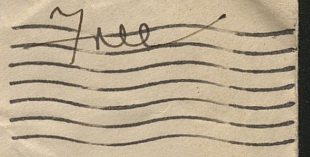
India must be very good for the voice, the fellows even asked me to sing for them yesterday evening. That has never happened in the states, even in my own little household, see, you don't appreciate me.

Is dad running any two year olds this season, and if so, what are their names. Haven't seen any accounts of races, although I imagine there are at least four or five tracks operating at present, send me the clippings on the winners.

Well honey, I'm afraid this is going to be about the shortest letter on record, but I haven't much to write, and the time for opening is about here. The volume of my work has gone up, and I have to spend a little time before starting the days work, planning a method of attack. S'long until tomorrow.

I love you
David

5/5gt David Boletun
185 M QM CO,
APO 465
C/O PM, NY.



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

Joseph J. Driano

6 June 45⁴

Jaynedler,

This is unusual -

Sitting in my room at
7:30 A.M. writing to you.

we now have a morning
discussion group, on
the army's time. all our
drill, orientation etc,
used to be given during
out of hours, now
its given during duty
hours, change of policy.

Had to get up at 6:30
as usual for breakfast
so that leaves an hour
to write to my sweetheart.

yesterday about
3 p.m. it got a little too
warm for work. was in
the middle of writing
a military letter and

- 2 -

just couldn't concentrate,
but fortunately, these
are some mechanical
parts to my job that
take little thought, so
I spent the rest of the
afternoon computing
and checking reports
for errors. Best thing
to do while it's this
hot, I guess, is to
try to finish work
which requires thought
and concentration in
the morning, leaving
the afternoon for odd,
non-complicated jobs.

Saw an ice skating
picture last night. Senja
had less clothes on

-3-

than usual, but everything
else was the same.

I wonder if they still
make good movies, the
one's I've been seeing
don't please the least
discriminate of us; but
maybe our tastes are
jaded by too many
movies.

Spent the last
15 minutes thinking of
you and home and
wondering when —
it looks like ~~at~~ at
least another year will
go by before I'll have
any kind of a chance to
get home. Will set our
1946 anniversary date
as an optimistic projected

3
Guthrie's new book (Lemon with
Lemon with new book

- 4 -

homecoming date. wow,
this has been going on
since 1942.

Times' run out,

I love you

David

S/SGT David Bolatin
185th QM CO,
APO 465
C/O pm, ny.



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

W.C. Adams
Spice

4

5
7 June 1945

Jayne dear,

Received two letters from you yesterday, one giving ~~xxxx~~ Roberts' address. You make ~~the~~ boy sound absolutely nil as far as friendliness is concerned. I'll certainly bet that he's had to make some sort of adjustment in order to live, even at the existence level in the ~~army~~. Sorry to hear that Mothers' poetry hadn't arrived, won't be able to send a copy because I don't remember it, but I could write some other that's just as good if you know what I mean. It will undoubtedly get there soon. Also, I sent you a picture of ~~xxx~~ the track meet at Bombay, let me know if ~~that~~ didn't arrive, so I can get another copy.

Took a terrible drubbing at bridge last night, no alibis, gosh is ~~was~~ unmerciful. It cost 15 rupees playing at a 25th, thousands and thousands of points, yipes.

Your losing only \$10.00 at the races in Louisville reminds me of the guy who broke even on the slot machines, and didn't know what to do with the extra money.

Sorry I haven't written to Connie, but tell her that I haven't ever reached the inspirational peak necessary to write her a proper letter, but, there may come a day.

Your mentioning about Laib Kessler taking Connie out made me feel my years. The last time I saw him, he was a cute little runt about 12 years old. I remember his dad, liked him better than any of my cousins. He was a big tough guy, with a tremendous heart, everybody liked him, but he lived in the days before penicillin and sulfas and died from a non-complicated case of pneumonia, I think about 15 or 16 years ago, as I recall it, that's about the last time I remember every praying

for anything, still a small world isn't it.

Aunt Edna's maid talking to herself must be a caution. But ~~nobody~~ nobody will ever attain the fine technique that Glos has mastered while serving.

Don't see how Keeneland can open in the fall. The transportation situation is just about as bad as it was the day it was closed, and I don't think anything will happen by this fall to change a thing .

Don't see why you hesitated to go out with Irgie and Stuart, et al, you'd better do some dancing, 'cause I have some making up to do in that department, and I want you to keep in trim.

Another chat with the little woman period all~~x~~ shot to hell, rough, aint I.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
185th QM Co
C/O Postmaster, New York
APO, 465



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

St. Joseph J. Mariano

5

6
12 June 1945

Jayne dear,

Went out to Bata Pool yesterday evening, had a good swim. Four of us went, Art, Irv, Clint and yr hubb. We raced the length of the pool and back, first race in a long time. It was almost a dead heat between three of us, but I got a little 'foot' at the end and won by a nose. It only took about half an hour to recover. Then Art challenged me to a plunge, and beat me handily, he went about 10 feet further than I did under water, so the honors for the day were even. We had hamburger for dinner, well seasoned with garlic, got up twice during the night to get a drink of water. Found a rare individual that doesn't drink beer, so I get two cases here a month. That means three bottles every two days, but somehow it never quite works out that way. About the twentieth of the month the beer seems to be gone, not only seems to be, it is gone.

Received your letter of the 31st yesterday, and the pictures of you and Dad and Mother were really wonderful. The fellows are getting ~~more getting~~ tired of looking at them. All I had to do is open my mouth last night and they'd interrupt and say, "Yes, I've seen them."

Never heard of the mare Nadanu, what's herx paternal breeding. Equipoise was a horse with ~~herx~~ heart that could go a distance, if the mare was a sprinter, that would follow Mr. Maddens practice of breeding a sprinting mare with a rugged sire. I know how hard film is to get, but please try to get out to the farm and take some pictures of the 'osses, that would be as good as plastering Japan with more bombs for morale.

Have noticed that there's some discussion about using poison gas against Japan. Read an article by Major G.F. Eliot favoring it.

Had a discussion with the fellows about it several months ago. We finally reached the conclusion that if there was a strategic advantage to using gas, it should be used. There is little difference between burning a man to a fine crisp and knocking him off with poison gas. There is, of course, the reaction of the world to consider, but I feelz that the world will little note nor long remember (sorry A.L.), and if the peace is properly administered, (an unlikely thing) the results would certainly be worth it. It looks like the use of gas would definitely save American lives. Japan is confined to a small area, (the mainland is what I have reference to) and the use of poison gas could cripple her productive capacity in short order. Also, the Japs who are dug in on the islands such as Okinawa would be a good target for gas attack. Gas descends and blankets low lying areas. All this is of course personal opinion, somehow, I don't believe that we'll use gas, because of the Geneva Convention outlawing its use.

Starting time, really busy nowadays, it seems that the incoming work kéeps up with and sometimes exceeds the amount going out, no matter how fast I finish it, but the work is useful and it gives you a good feeling to accomplish something.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
185th ~~Co~~ Co
APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



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

Joseph J. Driano

le

14 June 1945

Jayne sweet,

Three letters yesterday, 31st, 1st and 2nd. They were all really soulf satisfying. I do hope the snapshots of the horses come out well, as I'm anxious to see what they look like. Committed the major error of forgetting a handkerchief today, I'll have to stay cool and calm.

The honeymoon is over here at the office, Yesterday I had the day all planned, there was a report that called for checking and rechecking, and quite a few pressing matters that had to be gotten out. I was in the middle of the first report, really clicking when the officer in stock records told me to make a list of all letters and directives and memoes that I used as authority for making my reports. I asked him to pass it around to the other sections as I was busy and wanted to get some urgent work out. He adopted an authoritative attitude and said, "You WILL do it at once." I had planned to stay yesterday evening, but I told him that if I have time to mess with foolishness like that during the day, there didn't seem any logical reason why I should wrk at nights, whereupon he launched a tirade. It's just the army I guess, no harm done, he calmed down the rest of the day, but I dammed well didn't work in the evening, nor am I going to in the future unless the matter is dammed urgent.

Read part of "China to Me", yesterday evening, it warms up slowly, but is interesting enough, and I think I'll enjoy it. Noticed for the first time that it's a birthday gift from you. Thank you honey, four months late but never too late to tell you that I appreciate the gift.

For some reason this week's dragging quite a bit, thinking about home too much I guess. Probably will get my second wind when the first yearly overseas anniversary rolls around, just two more months will make it a year that I've been overseas, they've been long months, but I have

so much to look forward to that somehow the seconds, minutes, hours, days, will drag by.

The real rains haven't started yet, just an occasional shower. I was under the impression that the monsoon cooled things off, but I'm told that it stays just as warm, just gets wetter.

Got a kick out of General Rankins statement about India being such a paradise compared to the other places he's been. The big cities arent too bad if you forget about the stench and poverty, but he undoubtedly has never lived in a country camp where the people use cow paddies exclusively for fuel and the very air is fetid.

Time's up.

I love you
David

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



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

Wt Joseph Adriano

7

15 June 1945

Jayne sweet,

Last night the ultimate of summertime tragedy occurred. The fan (ceiling) in our room started squeaking so loudly that we had to r turn it off. Even though it only makes about 50 revolutions per minute, it creates some stir in the room. The mechanic says that the old boy is just worn out and that he doesn't think he can fix it, worra, worra.

Had a movie called 'The Royal Scandal' last night with Tallulah Bankhead. Her voice is probably very interesting in the legitamate theater, but it doesn't record well, it sounds like a ~~man~~ frog with a man in its' throat. The story of the amours of Catherine the Great left me cold, the only saving grace was a good portrayal of the Chancellor by Charles Coburn. Tallulah put everything she had into the role, but there just wasn't anything there.

What actually amounts to the old Cripps plan was presented to India today for consideration, and it looks much like it will be accepted. When England had its back to the wall in 1942, it wasn't good enough, but now India has no choice. The plan looks good on paper for the eventual self government of India, but there's many a slip twixt paper and actuality.

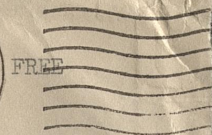
Believe I'll have to start taking salt tablets, around three in the afternoon, the old pep begins to desert.

The pictures of the horses are good, it's a little difficult to make out whether the foals are boy or girl foals, so a fair assumption is that they're girl foals, blush, blush. Air Mistresses foal has a sturdy look about it, the whole four look like well formed animals, maybe---

Got down to the office late today, so this'll have to be a short message. Just the daily reminder that

*I love you
David*

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
185th QM Co
APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Kentucky

lt Joseph J. Duane

8

British India plan

Jobs

families letters

oil ~~in~~ mines

16 June 1945

Jayne sweet,

Double Nostalgia, I'm on CQ and using an old Underwood, both remind me of the good old days back at Crowder. There's no typewriter like the old Und. and I don't mean underwear. It's solid and substantial, and when you hit a key, it hits back, solid Jackson. ^{SOUNDS LIKE A HADDT} Guess this machines' built for a guy who pounds the keys instead of tapping them. CQ isn't much here, the usual round of duties, guarding and being responsible for the equipment, throwing out drunks, or putting them to bed if they belong here, trying to find guys who receive phone calls. The billet is having a big shindig tonight so there will be some disturbances, but nothing major. I guess I drew CQ tonight becuz I warnt intrsted in gittin tite.

Did I tell you that m'watch now has a new crystal. One of the Indian fellows that works down at the office took it to a jeweler friend of his and I got it back in three days, and the charge was only 4 rupees, only twice what it was worth, and I'm not kidding when I say that's cheap. The crystal is new and shiny and I can actually see what time it is without straining, luxurious, isn't it. I really didn't need a new crystal, just indulging myself, after all it was only cracked in three places, (by that I mean major cracks).

Had some news about O'Brien, thank goodness, he isn't coming here, elsewhere is the best place for him, any elsewhere. He taxes ones ingenuity figuring out excuses why he shouldn't be lent any money; he's a rare bird, put him on a ~~desert~~ desert island and he'd find a way to spend all he had very shortly, still giving credit where credit is due, he always pays things back, and is very appreciative. So much for O'Brien (who brought him up anyway, you ought to be ashamed) Rare form tonight eh toots, but what the heck, I'll just keep writing and maybe something intelligable will set itself down, you know the old story about a million apes pounding on a typewriter for a million years, well this is only

one guy pounding for about one hour, Incidentally, the last sentence is amended to read, a million typewriters, it's immediately apparent on the face of the thing that a million apes couldn't pound on one typewriter for a million years, that's silly, they'd break it. Egad, the heat's getting me.

Played a few games of checkers last night with a fellow named Carrens. I'm not in his league, he's from the old school and I just move the little things about, consequently he won a majority of the games (to put it mildly) (I did win 3 of 10).

Clint and I are going to compete in the duplicate bridge tournament that they're holding here. Duplicate is a good spot for the intuitive bidder, the chance taker, (to get knocked silly). Clint plays a very solid game of bridge and we seem to play decently together, I'll let you know how we come out. It's to be a long drawn out affair to take a couple of months with as many teams competing as wish to enter, kind of on a league basis. Don't anticipate winning as there are many good competitive players in this area, but we should do decently (unless I mess the thing up). Have been playing fairly decent bridge lately, play slowly, attempt to ease a hand out, count each card and remember most of them. It's a hell of a way of relaxing after dealing with similar problems all day long, but it's something to do and occupies the time,

The bearer who cleans our room just brought my bed down to the orderly room (one of the duties of CQ is to remain in the orderly room all night, of course). I tipped him 4 annas and he's very smiley about this time. We pay him 5 rupees a month each for his services, and he makes our beds, shines our shoes, and cleans the room. For \$1.65 that's not bad, huh.

There's a party air about the place tonight, (local gin). The party isn't being held here, but at a hall 5 blocks away. They have one about twice a year. Music, dancing etc. They get the girls from the local YWCA, Red Cross Girls, and whomever else they can pick up, some of them are a little dark, but the guys just figure that it's a case of deep suntan and let it go at that.

The fellows may come down here after a while and play some bridge.

All of them are married and don't seem to have much interest in the party tonight. Not that being married is much of a bar on a foreign shore, but, our bunch of guys have things to do to pass the time, and figure chasing around isn't worth while. Speaking for myself, I have memories and anticipation, and between the two have managed very nicely.

Almost 4 years now isn't it. I've been very lucky being married to you. There were so many good moments, and so few bad ones. Even the bad ones had the saving grace of being handled well by you. I shall always love you, ~~XXXXXXXX~~ being near you has always meant home to me and being away from you just isn't any good, besides all that you're cute toots.

I can hardly leave the last paragraph. Have been sitting here for about a half hour thinking about you and our life together, Cripes, I'd better quit this, or I'll be making a separate peace.

Clint and I ate downtown today instead of coming to our billet for lunch. The Cholera epidemic has about run its' course and it's fairly safe to eat at the better restaurants. They still don't serve things like fruit salad, and they're pretty careful about leaving food lying around. We had consomme, prawn, roast lamb, potatoes, spinach, lemon custard and demi-tasse. Oh to be overseas. I'd trade my share of the meats etc for one quart of cold, grade A milk. That's the food I miss most, with the possible exception of the Bolotin salad, and the B chocolate cake.

Have been sitting here for about forty five minutes in total darkness. We're having an electrical storm and the incoming cable to this building went pffft, they just now fixed it. Utilities is an N.G. job in the army, they had to come out here in the driving rain to fix the electrical system. This is the first rain we've had in the evening, here's hoping it'll cool things off, it's been very warm. The boys that went to the party are going to get their ardor dampened this evening, if not wetted down.

It's very pleasant here in the orderly room. They have a ceiling fan, a breeze coming through, a typewriter, and I can write to my baby in comparative comfort.

the 1st Sgt of this installation will have to requisition a new supply of 8x13 paper tomorrow if this keeps up too long, maybe they won't put me on CQ anymore, they're losing on the deal.

A fellow came in today (the one who told me about O'Brien) who hails from Mississippi. He hasn't heard of Hermanville either. It seems that noone knows where it is. I know it's tiny, but a town's a town down in sippi, maybe I'll run into someone who knows about it.

How's the erl coming along down there. Haven't read anything about the finding of any oil down in Miss. for a long while, it was hot news, ~~for a while~~ but I guess the field stayed within a small area.

The man who does the inspecting for Uncle is coming here shortly, needless to say, everyone has been alerted fo fight the battle of Calcutta in a grand manner.

King Item Sugar Sugar, or didn't I ever teach you the phonetic alphabet. Item, Love Oboe Victor Easy, Yoke Oboe Unit. Dog Oboe, Yoke Oboe Unit, Roger Easy Charley Item Peter Roger Oboe Charley Able Tare Easy. That can get involved can't it, involved looking, I mean.

Too bad you're not here, for a million reasons, but the million and first one is that it's thundering like mad out, and I could play the role of protector, thunders mighty loud out here at that. We'll blame the last few typographical errors on the terrific noise.

Honey, you're a prophet. Just got a letter from you written before the derby, and you mention Hoop Jr. He did win didn't he? There was one line in the local rag about the race, and the stateside papers giving an account of it havent arrived yet, or I haven't seen them.

Think I'll get tangled up with "China to Me" for a while and then go to bed. The fellows haven't come down, so I imagine they've decided not to play bridge this evening.

Goodnight,

*I love you
David*

NOW, LET'S NOT BE DIFFICULT,
START FROM THE OTHER END,
WHY CAN'T I OUTGUESS YOU,

Here up, are underneath,
this is yours.

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



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

ht Joseph J. ...

1

L(19 June 1945

Jayne sweet,

Got in late this morning, but as a result am in an advantageous position, right under a fun, (Pun not intended, typographical error). They did it again last night, thousands of points. Our hands fit like nightmares, the other kind of nightmare, Pickle, onion and ice cream type Z. We bid slam three times. Once there was an ace out, and three spades (trump suit) to the queen, partner and I had ten, but all three lay in the same hand behind the ace king, of course. Oh, well, it occupied an evening. We stayed up until 12, but it wasn't a good night for sleeping anyway, a little warm. The Inspector Generals dept. will be well represented here today, he undoubtedly will pass me by, but it makes little difference whether he hits me or not, I have my little speech ready, succinct, terse replies army style M-1. Shades of Rosie and Crowder, we had to mark all our clothes yesterday. It took me three minutes. I still have a stamp with the proper marking on it.

Got the snapshot of the headless yearling and products of Sir Damion Avachance, and Jay Betsy. The best of the three is the Jay Betsy filly, what lines, head put on right, and she looks like she can go a distance. Incidentally, the Sir Damion-Flying Streak yearling looks like an animal with plenty of heart, big and strong, looks a little like Sir Damion. Has Dad had any trouble with its' eyes?

A friend of Clint's en route back to Shangri-La is going to be here today. We're going to take him out to Bata for a swim and dinner, so it should be a cool evening.

Your remark about me not being able to stand the bridge my partner plays reminds me of the story of the guy who was discontented with the state of the world. So a friend of his remarked that we'd better try to make the best of it, as it's the only world we have. Can't get anyone else to play, besides which, wouldn't want to hurt his feelings as he's a pretty nice fellow.

It is rather unusual that DW could get out his first week end at Camp Atterbury, unless his training hasn't started. Now that D is in the army, I think I'll drop him a line. He'll be able to use a pep talk. Send me his address.

S'long honey.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
185th QM Co
APO 465
c/o Postmaster, New York



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

ht J. J. J. J. J.

2

19 June 1945

Jayne dear,

This is a noon time summary. I'm on security guard, which means that I must keep one eye peeled to safeguard the office, but my mind is as always at home with you. I don't know whether I did the wise thing just now or not. In order to get under a fan, I carried this typewriter quite a distance. Now, I'm perspiring so profusely that the fan won't keep me cool, if after 15 minutes, it doesn't stop, I'll decide that I did the wrong thing and carry the typewriter back where I got it. (joke).

A noon day letter sort of puts one on ones mettle (Incidentally, I have a heat rash on my mettle). As I was saying when I interrupted myself, I've already given you a summary of what I did yesterday, and a forecast of what was planned for this evening, so I'll have to dig deeply for stuff for this.

Lt. Kemp, he of the infamous bet concerning +V-E Day was in to see me this morning. He's really a nice fellow, but he didn't mention anything about giving forth with the kale. Chances are he's like so many other people, nice, but pecuniarily irresponsible (writer excepted).

The work keeps piling in, but with experience am learning how to get it out quickly and still keep it accurate. The only trouble is that certain things can't be done any more quickly. For example research into past records. By ~~yx~~ the time you make a chart, look up the records and set them down, you've spent hours, and there's nothing you can do about it, (but do it)-

Haven't written to Al Malinow for a long time, but dashed off a short note to him the night I was on +CQ. Was in pretty good form that night, (slightly tight). When I reread the stuff in the morning, it was a little wide of the mark, but I thought Mother Dad and Alice should get an inkling into the seamy side of my character (or have they already). If so, I take it all back.

Still haven't looked up the genus *Bobbis Winstonius*. (see the kind of trouble you can have with a simple typographical error) To cover up the misspelling of genius I went through a series of gyrations that led to no good. Incidentally, did I misspell misspelling. Yipes^{2/3}/_{8/5} --.7^{2/3}8^{1/2}3^{1/2}4/*"03 &'()1^{2/3}==+?,. That'll give you an idea of the kind of typewriter this is, more keys than Carter has oats.

Clint was reading me a letter from a friend of his wives' which was pathetic and at the same time funny. It seems that her boy friend (fiancee) returned from overseas for C.D.D. due to mental instability (temporary), and he does the darndest things. Gets undressed in the living room, wanders off without telling anyone where he's going. Clint thinks that the fellow is all right, but he isn't in love with the girl and is taking that way of breaking the engagement.

*Well, that's enough,
I love you
David*

David
S Sgt David Bolotin, 478690
185th QM Co
APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



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

nt Joseph J. ...

3

22 June 1945

4

Jayne dear,

Little wind, but much rain got in little hair this morning. Couldn't hit the usual early ride in an open truck and had to take a cab down. There are two routes downtown. One I call the scenic route down Park and Chowringee, the other goes through the teeming marketplace and native quarters. It's shorter, but much smellier, so the cabs go down Chowringee.

We're getting no news coverage (international) at all nowadays. The front page and almost every other page are filled with the proposed doings of the Indian National Congress. I told the paper boy that unless the policies of the paper were changed I would cease doing business with him. His reply, ne Malum Sahib was perhaps the best summary of the situation.

The picture last night was 'Having a Wonderful Crime'. I somehow smelled a rat and spent the evening reading and went to bed early. The fellows tell me that it was a picture possessed (of nothing).

Had a bad day yesterday. Turned out quite a bit of work, but it's mostly all back on my desk this morning for changes. There were no errors in the work, it's just a change in policy. It would be nice to know about those changes before doing the work instead of after much time and effort has been spent on it, but that wouldn't be the army, would it?

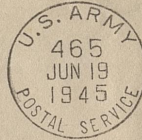
Feeling very chipper this morning. The long hours of sleep, the rain, the drop in temperature and the fact that I'm one day nearer to coming home are all contributing factors. Of course, if you consider the one day nearer to coming home as a factor, I'll be practically delirious before I actually get home, because there'll be plenty of days.

Still haven't had a picture taken. Have no time off during the week and the only place that takes decent ones is closed Saturday afternoon and Sunday. I'll manage somehow. Maybe next week I can get an afternoon off.

Have fifteen minutes of writing time left, but for the life of me, can't seem to think of much else that would be of interest, so I'll open my desk and proceed with the busy little bee routine.

I love you
David.

David Bolotin
S/Sgt David Bolotin 35478690
185th QM Co
APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



FREE

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

Mrs. Bolotin
J.M.

4

23 June 1945

5

Jayne sweet,

Very disastrous last night, very disastrous. Irv and Clint wnet out and I played gin rummy with Danny for a while. 1500 points and six blitzes later I owed him a buck and a half. It was uncanny. He picked up nearly every card I threw. It got so that towards and end I was breaking up pairs so that I'd be surehe didn't take the card. Wurra, wurra what an evening. I've been trying to put I at the start of every sentence, but it's interfering with the writing of the letter so let's stop. It was fun while it lasted, five in a row.

Read a little after the game and so to bed. It rained geesingly last night, everyone was so sound asleep that noone closed the windows and we had rivulets, running racingly. Gosh, I'm playing all kinds of word games this morning.

Think we're all going to get this Sunday off, so we're going to the movies then play bridge till the wee hours, ddissipation, thy name is I_ndia.

The supply of mail has been cut off for a couple of days, and I can't tell you how much I missed your daily letter. When they weren't arriving regularly it was just a matter of course to expect them in weekly bunches, but now I've gotten used to their regular arrival and miss them more acutely when they don't arrive.

During the course of the game last night, Danny opened a can of sardines and we set to. The only trouble with eating sardines at night is that the mouth is in the fish pond department in the morning.

Going to cut this kind of short this morning. Got lazy around 4:30 yesterday afternoon and didn't file any papers away, just dumped them into a folder, so will have to arrange everything before I can get started today. So Long honey.

I love you
David

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



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

Wm Joseph J. ...

5

24 June 1945

6

Jayne dear,

While watching a little something called 'Hi Beautiful' or something of that ilk, the rains came yesterday evening and our little theater was wetted down. The thing carefully avoided any semblance of a plot, and it was musical, old style, with the principles breaking into song to express the primitive emotions. It was different than most pictures of its kind, no accounting was attempted for the background orchestral music. So, actually the rain was a blessing in thin disguise, and we repaired to the bridge table. It was a good even game with the cards evenly distributed with the exception of one hand (our opponents) who bid and made a grand slam vulnerable. A finesse and a three two trump break was necessary to make the hand and they both happened, so there went about 2300 points by the board. They won by about 800 points for the evening. My partner and I are gradually playing better together. He's gotten to the point where he's consistent, he consistently underbids, and I'm able to tell approximately what he has, which is the purpose of bidding anyway, so I have no gripes coming.

Received two letters from you yesterday and they were mighty welcome after a drouth of three days. Glanced over them carelessly (eight or nine times) and discarded them, but it didn't matter as I pretty nearly memorize your letters anyway, so you know I must read them over and over, my memory being what it is or should I say isn't.

I've really been on a WPA project the last couple of days. Been trying to get in touch with a firm in town, and the telephone system is, to say the least, inefficient. I call the number and somebody says oogle whatzis reharsam, and I say I'd like to speak to so and so, and I do mean so and so. Reply, 'Gubble extension double knot knot'. If I think I've gotten the extension right, I try that, it usually winds up to be a phone right here in the office, so I give up for the day and start fresh the next morning trying to reach the number. Some day-----.

Poor you, and appendectomy, and just as the weather warms up for the summer. Maybe it'll quiet down. I know everything will turn out fine, just take it easy. Wish I could be there with you. Don't bother to write if you're not feeling well. That's about it honey. The man with the long eyes is in the office and it's time to go to work.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
185th QM Co
APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



FREE

Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Kentucky

ht Joseph J. Driano

6

26 June 1945

Jayne sweet,

Can't even write you a 'read in bed letter', for which I'm very thankful. Hope some mail arrived while you were in the hospital. It must have seemed awful of me not to have mentioned the appendectomy, but I thought that it would quiet down and that you wouldn't have to have an operation. It's disheartening to be ten days away from you ^{by April} when I might have been able to help ~~in~~ in some little way. The letter I received from Mother today put me at ease, except for a little lingering doubt that always exists about things unknown.

On Saturday the 16th day, when you had your little coming out party, I was on CQ and spent about four hours writing to everyone in the family. Funny, isn't it, I had a compelling urge to write to Dad and Mother, Alice and you all at the same time. Coincidence or mental telepathy or something.

In your letter of the 12th, you mentioned July 25th of 42 when you and EMB came out to Crowder to visit, the l'il wife who came to dinner and stayed two years. Incidentally, the fellow with whom I had a bout that day is now back in the ring and doing fine. His name is Miski, and he was discharged from the army. I don't think you'll every know just how badly beaten up I was that day. Talking and breathing was an effort, but I was so glad to see you that I was able to talk as coherently as usual. heh, heh.

Am writing this during the noon hour, ran downstairs and got a hamburger, just felt that I had to write and tell you how happy I am that you're feeling well and that the operation turned out all right, and also wanted to thank Mother for taking the time to write and give me all the details. Don't write until you're feeling well, just take a vacation from everything.

~~There is a line of text that has been completely obscured by heavy blacking out, likely representing a sensitive or private section of the letter.~~

Gosgn, I mean gosh, I typed two whole lines with my right hand on the wrong keys, proficiency is all right if it isn't carryed too far. A glance at the copy every once in a while is helpful.

Well the lunch hour has come and gone, I've spent more time thinking than writing, get well quickly. Maybe it'll help to know that I love you more than ever, g'bye toots.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Boletin, 35478690
185th QM Co
APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York

FREE



Mrs. David Boletin
285 S. Ashland Avenue
Lexington, 37, Kentucky

Wt. Reply J. D. ...

7

26 June 1945

Jayne sweet,

Wherein y'r Husband becomes the hero of a little drama enacted (as usual) at the bridge table. The bid is six diamonds doubled. The only suit that isn't solid is the diamond suit. I had the Ace, Jack six times in my hand. The board had the Queen little, and the doubler sat on the left. The King, Ten, Nine and two little ones were out. So, I played up to the queen with a seven, the doubler ducked and I put the Queen on, the nine fell on the other side. The situation was plain as the nose on my face, which is plain, the man on my left, the doubler had King, Ten, and a little one, and I don't mean a baby. What to do, playing to him in trump was useless as he would cash his king of ten and throw me back into the lead in another suit and I'd have to let him have two diamond tricks. So, I decided to strip the hand and try for an end play. So, it began. I played three top hearts, and they held, three top spades held, then I tried clubs and wonder of wonders, the man on my right showed out, so I knew the plan would work, since I knew that the doubler on my left had exactly four clubs left, so I ran the clubs, put him in the lead with the seven of diamonds which he took with his ten, and that left me with Ace, Jack and he had King, little and the end play worked. Incidentally, I was playing with Clint so that we could get used to each others' tactics before the tournament begins, which is next week. We were hoping it would be a duplicate tournament, but it isn't, so we'll have to depend on holding some cards, and running into some weak players (weaker than we are).

I got back at Danny for the terrible gin rummy beating he handed me the other day. Now I only owe him four rupees, I blitzed him twice in two games before the bridge began. We quit playing bridge early and I read a little before going to bed. Mistuh Emerson was the reading matter. He's verbose, but hides some good thoughts in the flowery words.

Jayne, I'd be ashamed. In Joe Millers joke book, on page 112, old edition, you will find a little something about, if I can still get around on my cane. What Phil Devon meant when he wrote to Alice is that he expects to stay around here until he's too old to get around under his own power. No, the only wound he's gotten is a spent paper wad at forty paces. He's the property officer at a nearby camp, and a nice little fellow, has good organizational ability and realized his own shortcomings, reads constantly to fill in the gaps in his knowledge. I like him because he carries off a bad situation with consummate tact. He's 20 years old, and is in a responsible position, pretty nearly everyone around him knows more about his job than he does. He admits it, tries to learn his job more adequately, and is appreciative of good work done in his department. His only failing is a very slight inferiority complex which is only natural under the circumstances. He worked as a messenger for an accounting firm, went to OCS at the age of eighteen and is now a first Lt, with prospects of a Captaincy in the immediate future. He's no mental giant, but a good steady sort of fellow who tries hard under all conditions.

Well, that's that for today. The rains are raining every day now and it'll keep getting rainier. No let up until the latter part of August, but it's not too bad. I'm under a roof for the monsoon, at least. G'bye now.

I love you
David

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



Mrs. David Boletin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Kentucky

Handwritten signature

8

9
29 June 1945

Jayne dear,

Last night we were at the "Diamond Horseshoe". The show was well received with many howls and wolf calls. The plot was just about as good as the average film we've had the last couple of weeks. No plot, but nicely garnished.

The night before I was on guard, and a dismal job it is. You stay up practically all night and have to go to work the next morning, I was so groggy yesterday that I didn't even feel like writing m'sweetheart a letter, and then too the last of the month is approaching fast and there's work to be done.

I was reprimanded by the 1st Sgt of the unit with which I'm quartered. The Mess Sgt came by and told me to wake the cooks at 3:00 A.M. About a half hour later, the cooks came by and told me to wake them at 4:00 A.M. So, believing that a man should know when he has to wake up, I woke them at 4:00, and they just managed to get breakfast ready on time and everybody was unhappy. Phooey.

Got the 'I don't want to be in the Army any longer' blues. It bothers you for a while and then, it gets worse. 39 months of this stuff is just about enough. I'm afraid that for a while after this is over, there'll be many soldiers who will balk at any kind of an ordered existence. They'll want to do things in the most irregular way possible.

Mother's letters have certainly been solid, and have come in one a day. I usually wait until noon before reading letters, but the letters for the last few days have been immediate action. But the news has all been good, and very comforting. I can hardly wait to hear your version of the great event. I know Mother wasn't glossing over things as that isn't her way of doing things, but at the same time, I know that a major operation isn't child's play and that you went through a great deal of discomfort.

The muse ain't musing this morning, so will close.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
185th QM Co
APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Kentucky

H. J. ...

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