

1 July 45

Jayne sweet,

To wile away a long Saturday evening, and because it was just after pay day, the boys indulged in some poker last evening. You'd have been proud of the restraint shown by your colleague and husband, played orthodox poker in spite of the fact that the stakes were conducive to loose playing (being low). The cards were alas, not with me for a major portion of the evening and I lost 10 Rupees, had one good hand at five card stud, four deuces and fortunately there was three kings in one hand, and a straight in another, so the betting was lively. That was pretty nearly the only good hand I had all evening, but it produced enough to keep me from losing a great deal. Played until 12:00 and then gabbed a little about home, and then a little about the coming bridge tournament, and so got to bed a little late. Slept until ~~at~~ 7:10 this morning and was down at the office at 7:45, since the office is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles away that's pretty good time, no I didn't skip any of the regular morning routine either.

Your first note writ by hand since the operation came yesterday. A little shaky yet, thanks for writing honey, it was ~~XXXX~~ so reassuring.

I have a regular DB Sunday planned this afternoon after work, Yes'm that's it, I'm going to sleep the afternoon away and get caught up for last night, growing boy you know, must have sleep you know.

Have been reflecting the last few days, on the inadequacies of college training insofar as commercial procedure are concerned. Economics, Business Management, and the whole lot should be concentrated into one semester of theory, and then the student should get into the jist of things, actual business problems, efficient management of the

paper work, how to deal with a buyers market or a sellers market, how to get along with employees. Instead we learned the financial structure of the corporation, dealing always in millions, fine, but there was no meat in the course. So, I know how to form a corporation, how to plan its' investments, how to keep an accounting system, but the millions and one details of stock control, income management and actual day to day procedure have to be learned the hard way, by experience. If there is any value to a BS in commerce degree today, it's a purely fictional one, except in rare instances, ~~the only person who things to do is to do it today just as it is~~

Mother enclosed a letter from Mrs. Loeb, the writing appeared to be a haphazard affair, in which she wandered over the page making indistinct marks as her fancy dictated. Mr Palmer wouldn't like her.

Today's the start of the 11th month overseas. It reminds me of the one penny doubled for thirty days thing. The first few months went quickly and next few weren't bad, but now there's a geometrical progression of difficulty watching the days go by. Each one gets harder to take. I certainly hope we can celebrate our 5th wedding anniversary together. That's my goal at present. Oh well, maybe it's ~~too~~ because it's Sunday morning and I'm sleepy and it's raining out, and I miss you terribly.

Godbye for today sweetheart.

I love you
David

2 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Yesterday evening Clint and I went out adventuring. Irv was on guard, so our bridge game was broken up for the evening. We went to the "60" Club, a new Red Cross Installation (you'll be glad to hear) and did a little reading. In order to get some practice together before the tournament we decided to scare up a bridge game. Asked the Red Cross Club Director if she knew of anyone that wanted to play bridge, the reply, 'Yep, I do'. So she got her roommate for a fourth and we settled down to a couple of hours of bridge. I wish I had met her a few years ago, when she was still young. At that time Iowa could have used a good tackle and she certainly has the build for it. We came out a few hundred points ahead in 5 rubbers, they had three small slams bid and made and we had to eke our scores out on partials and patched up hands, the hard way.

When we got back we talked and read a little. I read a book I got from Uncle BEEBEE eyes et familia, a memorial to President Roosevelt. It brought back the same poignant grief that his death called forth, it was depressing.

Speaking of FDR calls his political family to mind. I was reading in 'Time' that Truman retained all of his ~~advisers~~ (FDR's) advisers, and the cronies that Truman had in Mo. days are back in Mo., chances are where they belong.

Am anxiously awaiting your first full length letter. I want to hear all about the operation, get it off your chest, or lower as the case may be.

The muse has sure deserted me this morning, each sentence, newsless as it is, has taken minutes to write, let's blame it on blue Monday, a steady downpour that began last night and hasn't let up. Pretty soon I'll not mention the rains any more, ought to be used to them in a week or so. We have had relief from the heat, the rashes are starting to go away, and there have been several times during the day when I detected a few dry foreheads around.

S'long honey, all I could manage this morning is to get ~~this into~~ into print, the main idea being to tell you that I miss you, and that a short note is better than a sour note or no note, root toot and rote.

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

Lt J. J. J. J.

1

3 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Your first full letter came yesterday, it was like old times again. It was a good lift, and I needed it. Doing a dull, uninteresting job at present, looking up some prices, and estimating those that I don't find. Guess I'm learning something at that.

We had our usual Monday night game, complete with a 1100 point whipping, which wasn't too bad. No unusual incidents in the game, except that I lost my temper once not at anyone, just at distribution, the opponents held two blank suits, one in each hand, and luckily opened up right and cross ruffed five tricks before I could get in, that cost 1100 points.

4th of July, we're not doing much celebrating here, maybe we'll drink an extra beer or two, maybe not. We are going to have sort of a post 4th of July celebration next Sunday at one of the warehouses outside of the city. Kind of a picnic and general get together.

Have been reading over my cache of mail for the last three days, and was trying to imagine how Glos and Bob carried you upstairs. At first I visualized a stretcher, but, that was too easy, you undoubtedly didn't have a stretcher. The cross hand carry 'Shelby Boy Scout Troop #12' next came to mind, but there we have the difference in height of the two participants as a handicap. My final conclusion was that I didn't care, just so you were handled carefully and the trip was successful, then I noticed that mother had fixed you with a pink bed jacket, a blue crepe de chine spread, lipstick and the rest, so you apparently weren't ruffled.

This is kind of a bad morning, must not have had enough sleep last night, since mooklefooses seem to keep coming out of my eyes, do you think this business of having to have 8 eight, count em, eight hours of sleep each and every night is going to continue indefinitely, or will it be a more years, less sleep thing.

Well here we go on another day in the endless (seemingly) procession.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
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C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Kentucky

Lt J. J. ...

2

5 July 1945

3

Jayne dear,

Babe Meyers called me yesterday and when I answered the phone the fellow who sits near the phone started clucking, and making motions, and I didn't get ~~fx~~ it for a while. Finally he said, "Bolotin, let me give you some advise, I know you haven't been chasing around, but when girls start calling you during office hours, it'll lead to no good end, many a good man has been ruined here in India etc etc." The guy had ~~heard~~ overheard me addressing Art as Babe and had misunderstood. I left him holding the impression, and he will probably give me periodical lectures which I will enjoy, since they don't apply.

Well anyway, Babe's squadron was having a fourth of July dance, and he wanted me to come, so I did. We drank about four gimlets (gin and lime juice) and I danded once (tag dance) at which time I had sweated right through my shirt. You could have wrung me out and obtained innumerable quarts of water. So, at 10:30, we took our leave as the gin and the heat were too hard a combination to beat. As the saying goes, this country is too warm for vice.

When I got home, the fellows were still up, and I gave them a blow by blow account of the happenings of the evening, and then we had our usual nightcap, a little bridge. They won by 290 points in two rubbers, and we called it a day or a night or something.

I'm not used to all that dissipation, so I'm kind of tired this morning. Maybe it's the climate, I hope I can be wider awake when eleven O'clock rolls around back in Ky., or I'm afraid I'll not be a very amusing husband.

Benedmans, Diplomat in Carpet Slippers, and the Passionate Brood came yesterday, but I haven't had a chance to look through them. They all look new and shiny and promise a few good evenings of entertainment. Thank you honey, books are better for the lonely heart than food, although I will admit that food is better for the lonely stomach than books, so it looks like a standoff (Editors Comment: I'm more lonely than hungry)

We're having a picnic out at one of the warehouses this Sunday. The word warehouse probably doesn't quite convey the setup. This picnic is being held at one of the Jute Mills that formerly belonged to the English, (for that matter still do) but we use the place for storage. It's really nice, (I think I told you of visiting out there once, tennis, remember) Anyway, there'll be food and beer and it ought to be a good get together. May even play a few sets of tennis, but I'm sure going to take it easy, 'Cause the last time I tried it I was lame for almost two weeks, the foot just won't take a pounding without protest. ~~Sometimes~~ Sometimes, I think that athletic training isn't too good, you get the competitive spirit so strongly that you can't play a game for the fun of it. I found myself running up to the net like a maniac, going cross court for impossible chances, playing a game of tennis that should be reserved for the well conditioned, but I just couldn't seem to help it, the habit patterns are too deeply ingrained. Maybe I'll learn in a few years how to play easily, (Probably have to).

All the news has run out, so I'll run down,

I love you
David

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



MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN

285 S. ASHLAND AVENUE

LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUC

At J. J. J. J.

3

6 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Jack Benny's latest (to us) was here last night. It was at its' best a poor vehicle, kind of a short story (short on ingredients). Benny did well, the timid soul, Alexis Smith looked good, Franklin Pangborn grimaced the double take, Guy Kibbee, but why go on, it left you with as empty a feeling as you entered the theater with, so I guess that's the true test of the entertainment value of a picture.

I'll tell you a story about a guy whose name isn't Joe, his wife wanted him to go to OCS, but he didn't see his way clear, so time went on, and finally he decided that since he would probably put $4\frac{1}{2}$ yrs into the army before he was through, it might be a good idea to make an OCS application. So, he did, and it was a very successful operation, he was informed by the personnel clerk that the interviewing officers rated him at the top of the heap of all applicants interviewed, ~~which was a big thing~~ which made him (the guy not named Joe) feel quite good. So a paper duly came through stating that the applicant was favorably considered and could (when an opening occurred) remove his body to the USA and attend OCS, with the provision of course, that he would waive his right to a discharge under the point system. The guy (whose name isn't Joe) gave the matter careful consideration (for 4 seconds) and signed a paper stating that he would NOT waive his right of discharge, and so that's the end of the OCS and the end of the story. I hope you agree with me, I just couldn't see my way clear to risk spending one day in the army that wasn't necessary, although it would have been nice to come home and go through OCS, still, the parting would have been doubly hard to take.

when it came, for the new OCS graduates are surely slated for army of occupation, and that would have broken me in two after all this. Hope you agree with me, but the thing's done and it's too late to do any mind changing.

Got a new desk sign yesterday, everyone has a sign on his desk with his name and position. My new one states that I'm the chief of the Report Section, a one man army with very occasional help from a clerk when the work is too heavy to handle alone, amazing isn't it.

Made my first major mistake (or rather had my first major mistake forcibly called to my attention) the other day. I do something like 3000 mathematical calculations during the week, and I'm very careful to check each one, but one got through me somehow and it resulted in an ERROR on a report of survey, and that's bad. Perfection would be wonderful, but I guess it just isn't attainable in this life. Am going to try to be more careful in the future, maybe I can avoid a repetition. The trouble with my job is that any error I make is quickly detected, and can't be hidden, it shows up in dollar and cents values or numbers on the stock record cards, kind of rough.

c That's all for today.

I love you
David

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FREE



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LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

H. J. J. J. J.

4

7 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Blessings on thee little girl
Even tho' thou hast no curl
But bimeby we'll fix that tho'
A curl can be had for dough.

Good morning sweetheart, slept well didn't you, good. I had the most exquisite kippered herring nightmare, with beer of course. But withal do not feel too out of things, one eye is almost completely open and the other is making good resolutions.

As you can see from the beginning of this letter, there's no news today. So, for fact, we will have to substitute fancy fancy.

We had the usual three cornered gin rummy game followed by the usual bridge game with the usual results. Although in the three cornered gin game, I won by 2000 points at a 10th, so the 2000 I lost in the bridge game at a 25th didn't damage the exchequer.

The bridge tournament starts Tuesday, I think I mentioned it. Clint and I are going to play together, it's for teams of two. They're running a rotten tournament. High score in three rubbers, which isn't any kind of a test of skill. We were hoping that it would be a duplicate tournament, but no soap. I don't think the guy who's running it every heard of duplicate. So, we'll just have to hold cards, or we won't win.

It didn't rain this morning for a change, just like a midsummer day out (in the Sahara)

Received an account of how to influence babies, their bathing and bad points from EMBH. The moral of the story is, beat the child to the draw, turn the water on before they do.

Journeys' end is far away
Horizon dim and distant
An ocean trip, I am convinced
Would find me non-resistant.

*I love you
David*

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
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C/O Postmaster, New York



MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN

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LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

nt J. J. J. J. J.

5

6
9 July 1945

Jayne dear,

The picnic was held yesterday and according to all reports, was successful, but I didn't go, the weather was rainy and I felt like staying at home. Read "The Passionate Brood", and it held my interest all afternoon, though the latter part of the book was anticlimactical. The Blue Danube, had its points too, but it seemed somewhat hastily thrown together to propagandize for "the good German". The best part of any fight is when the beating has been taken or given to try to wash the wounds clean and get a fresh start, but in this case, it'll take a lot of washing,

The boys came home, rather sober, considering--they had danced, eaten, had loads of beer, a jeep ride out into the country, and some had boated across the 'orribly 'oogly, (Hooghly River)

Not very chipper this morning. Danny opened a can of sardines saturated with tomato sauce, (the kind I can't resist) and I ate some before going to bed, and so slept fitfully. It's a tribute to good living and a strong constitution that I didn't have nightmares, wow what food.

Walked about three miles yesterday afternoon, rain and all. All the way from our billet to Red Cross, to take a book back. While there I played a couple of games of ping pong. They have one layer ping pong balls I guess the only kind you can get here, and they do the craziest things. They really take English, hop and turn like mad, puts a straight player at a disadvantage and gives the fellow who customarily cuts the ball a decided advantage, won both games, but the opponent was not too good.

Found out that Reggie's back in town. Though I don't know exactly where he is, he'll turn up one of these days. He's due for another promotion, the English army doesn't leave their new commissioned officers in the rank

of 2nd Lieutenant very long, besides, Reggie knows his work thoroughly.

You mentioned the Indian Congress at Simla in your letter.

After much humming and hawing, the Congress as outlined in the Wavell Plan will probably go into effect. It's a step on the road toward self government for the Indians. The breach between the Moslems and Hindus is not good, but it isn't too wide either, and both parties look like they're about ready to compromise. My only complaint is that news of the actions of the congress at Simla has practically blotted foreign news from the local newspapers.

I'd like to know more about the bill subsidizing wool growers, at first glance, it doesn't look like an inflationary measure to an dangerous extent. Does Dad feel that it will start the ball rolling in the wrong direction, or is he concerned with the single measure. Another thing I'd like to know: What does Dad say about the lack of meat on Mr. Average Mans table today, what's the reason for it, and if it's what I think it is, won't a subsidy to all meat growers and processors produce results without an inflationary rise in prices. You get so many propogandized viewpoints in the news that it's hard to pick out facts from fancies.

Time to start the daily grind, s'long honey.

I love you
David

Handwritten signature

LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

285 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE

MRS. DAVID BOLOTTIN

S/Sgt David Bolottin
185th MI Co
APO 195
C/O P stmaster, New York



FREE

11 July 1945

7

Hi Honey,

Nary a thing on my mind this morning. Sitting at the typewriter for about 15 minutes, and Hi Honey is about all that seems to result. It's not even what you could call an inspirational passage. It's the result of inactivity yesterday evening with the exception of the usual bridge game, which I'm sure has ceased to be of interest to you, in fact it almost has to me.

Night before last we saw 'Laddie son of Lassie'. The collies were a sight to behold, and so was the manicured English countryside, the passages of Grieg in the Norwegian scenes, the unmanicured Norwegian countryside, youth, innocence, devotion of dog to duty, dog to man, man to dog, and what did you have for breakfast. We have settled into a routine of eggs, toast, bacon, coffee, jam. Not a bad routine, except when the eggs are powdered.

Got a letter from Aunt Juliet, interesting. She always manages to have sufficient info on hand for good letter writing.

You never did tell me when you're planning a trip, and I'm afraid I've forgotten with whom you're going. Was it to Lookout Mt. in late July or something? Going back toward honeymoon scenes aintcha.

Well toots, I do fear that this adenoid is void of further words this A.M.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478090
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C/O Postmaster, New York

FREE



MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN

285 S. ASHLAND AVENUE

LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

H. J. Milano

H

13 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Your mention of boxing and other forms of exercise in yesterdays letter seemed kind of like the past cropping krap. About once a week I get ambitious and skip rope and do a little shadow boxing, but that sums up my exercise for the week, with the possible exception of a very occasional walk and climbing stairs. At end of day, a frazzle would be able to look down on me, 'cause I'm worn to less than a frazzle, and that's worn. Any unnecessary movement just doesn't seem to go with this climate at present. In a month or so, if it cools down a little, we're going to start some basketball, we have an indoor court now. Am not putting on too much weight, try to eat accordingly.

Saw Jack Oakie and some others in something called 'That's the Spirit'. Heaven is getting a strong play in our pictures lately. This one had its humorous moments, and also its' slow ones. It was better than the average of the pictures we've been getting.

It was a little early after the show, so I introduced the boys to Hollywood Gin, partners, It turned out to be a tame affair, no blitzes, and we won by 500 points.

This business of having nothing to look for ward to ~~and~~, combined with some long, drawn out, tedious work that I'm doing at present is enough to get a guy down a little, makes the days seem like an endless chain of similar things, I think an increase in the amount of serious reading I do will help, the novels just don't seem to fill the void, all meat and no potatoes.

Bless it all toots, that's about it, see you in the morning.

*I love you
David*

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
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MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN

285 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE

LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

nt J. J. J. J. J.

8

14 July 45

Jayne sweet,

Leapt the hurdle of 13 July, Friday in good shape, with the exception of losing 5 rupees at bridge. It's the same old story in the bridge game, nothing my partner does seems to come out right. Sounds like a dodge, but it's really the truth. He looks at his hand, and you might as well throw mine away, it means nothing to him. Last night, he bid one diamond and I bid one no trump, had seven hearts to the KQ, he bid two diamonds, I was blank in the diamond suit, and bid three hearts, I felt safe in making the bid, since I had indicated a trick or less on my first response and he could only interpret the second jump bid as a desire for game if he had a fit in the heart suit, he immediately jumped to five diamonds, was doubled, and redoubled, then went down two because of his lack of control of the trump suit. He had the ace three times of hearts, I felt like swatting him on the noggin, four hearts was cold.

Your mention of exercise the other day must have stimulated me, Skipped rope for half an hour yesterday, shadow boxed, did calisthenics, and when it was over, looked something like 'Lightning' used to in the wild days of our courtship, I was really lathered up. By the way, how is the old girl, probably has a new colt by now.

Today is the day that the races begin here. Probably won't get much of a chance to go as the races are only run on Saturday with an occasional midweek meeting. Don't see how the owners come out very well with racing one day a week, but I guess all the owners are local and from the looks of the horses, when the racing isn't on, they use them to draw gharries (maybe even plows).

Told you about working on a dull, endless project for the last couple of weeks, well, I feel a little better about it, finally can see the end in sight. The results will fill a thirty page book, and no errors are allowed, so, I've had to be very careful. Another week should see the end of it.

Doesn't look like the sun's coming out today, it's a dark morning,
raining, and a little cooler than usual.

I guess you're off on your little jaunt by now, so you'll have an
accumulation of mail when you get back. May go to a rest camp or something,
don't know where I stand on the list, but it'll be 11 months on the 29th
so should be about ~~xxx~~ ready for some time off.

S' long honey.

I love you
David

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MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN

285 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE

LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

H. J. Drivano

9

15 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Real bankers hours this morning, the office doesn't open until 9:00 on Sunday, thus giving us plenty of time for recreation (inert). The only difficulty is that you still have to get up for breakfast, they quit serving at 7:30. Actually, all that's accomplished is that you have a little more time to write letters. I even lost that this morning. The fellow who usually drives the bus down in the morning is on CQ, so I drove and had to wait around for a few latecomers. Have become an accomplished 2 1/2 ton truck driver, no mean feat.

Saw a movie called 'Pillow to Post' last night. Innocence amid distracting circumstances, or how to sleep in a tourist cottage with a beautiful girl and only sleep. It had its touches of comedy, but the touches were light, weighed down by, and lost amid overacting and poor story. Then we had a talk by a fellow named Friendly who had been to the ETO as a feature writer of the local theater newspaper. Then we saw an atrocity film. We had already seen most of the scenes before in newsreels. The repetition of absurd and wanton cruelty almost makes you forget that the pitiful corpses, living and dead were once normal human beings. Living in a foxhole and having a percentage chance of surviving a hail of lead was nothing compared to what those people went through. They were marked for destruction and awaited it in unbelievable filth under intoletable conditions.

There were amusing parts to his talks. He told of a \$65.00 fine for fraternization in Germany. There were signs, kind of like the Burma shave ones back home, reading: Fraternization is forbidden, with men and women of Germany Fine, \$65.00. So a bunch of GI's got together and in the dark of night planted the following signs alongside the official ones. 'Can cohabitation without conversation be called fraternization.'

Got a letter from Corrine and Melvin yesterday. Must write to everyone in Louisville. It seems that everytime I have any letter writing to do, your address gets on the finished product. A most peculiar circumstance, brought about, no doubt by the fact that you never leave my thoughts.

We're playing off a postponed bridge match at 2:00 this afternoon. Hope we hold cards and get off to a flying start in the tournament. It's to be conducted on the following basis. Three rubbers in the league matches. One point for the winner of each rubber and one point for high score total. Then the two top teams in the five leagues (ten teams to a league) will meet in a duplicate tournament and the winner of that will be (surprisingly enough) the winner.

There's a move afoot to begin basketball practice pretty soon. We have an indoor court called 'Monsoon Gardens', and as soon as the heat quits heating quite so much we're going to start practice. From what I gather, the brand of basketball played isn't exactly professional, and since no-one is in very good condition, and because of the climate, more emphasis is placed on good teamwork, passing and screen plays than is usual. None of this business of racehorsing up and down the floor and wild shooting. That'll suit me fine, because at 28, with a foot that doesn't allow much twisting, I don't think I could do much anymore in an old style knockdown, racehorse ball game. Getting old honey, just think, I was playing high school ball 15 years ago, college ball 12 years ago. Which brings the thought to mind that the 20's were kind of kicked away by a war and getting business experience. Oh ~~23~~ well, just have to pack more into the 30's or does that sound bad.

Just got an assignment to lecture for nine hours next week on replacement

factors, stock levels etc. I have only the sketchiest kind of an idea how such things are conducted in this theater, so I'll be a busy little bee between now and Tuesday (my first two hour lecture). Too bad you're not here to rehearse me. Did I ever tell you that the lecture we worked out on lice and louses and typhus was an outstanding success and I didn't say itch instead of stratch once.

Well honey, got go get cracking so I can be a successful pedagogue.

I love you
David

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



MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN

285 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE

LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

At J. Milano

10

16 July 1945

7

Jayne sweet,

Remember Singin' Sam, well I have as good a story to tell as his usual I had the winner but---. We couldn't go out to the races Sat., a small matter of having some work to do, so I picked a few by name and rider. The first was named 'Silent Dave', the second was named 'Nylon'. They both won and paid 4 to 1. In the next five races, the rider I was told was the best here won four of five. So many rupees went by the boards on Saturday. (Yes, I wrote the choices down----I mean prior to the beginning of the races). Well, since that's my winning day out at the races, if I ever do actually get there, my betting will be very nominal for I won't have any winners. ~~We~~

We played our first bridge match in the tournament yesterday. Think I told you that it's scored 1 point for each rubber, and one point for total high score. Well, we won all four points and got off to a flying start. We outheld our opponents in cards, but also outplayed them, they were just a fair team. Given the reverse cards, the match would have come out a tie, two points to two. They messed up a grand slam bid in the final rubber that I'm sure Clint and I wouldn't have missed; we also pinned their ears back with an 800 and a 500 set.

The sun is shining brightly today, and although it's a little warmer than usual, it's not a bad sight after a couple of weeks of rain.

Saw 'Here Come the Waves' with Crosby. He sang 'Black Magic' superbly, and a little something in blackface about 'Latching on to the Affirmative' that was keen. The plot----are you kidding?

Havent had a chance to get a haircut for three weeks, and m'hair is almost back to normal. Guess I can work in a few more haircuts before coming home, say about two dozen.

A little short on writing materiel this morning, blue monday y'know.

I love you, David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
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MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN
285 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE
LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

At J. Triano

7

Tell
Clerk
P. A. Supper
2

Sheets
Cran
flowers
Bellevue
market

T.P.
Woodwork

2
17 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Spent an interesting evening last, just read, and from a widely separated group of books. Read a couple of chapters from "Diplomats in Carpet Slippers", then graded off on some copies of Life, scanned Readers Digest for July then read three articles from "Country Gentleman". An article in Readers Digest about a new weed killer that is absorbed into the plants tissues and breaks down the process of Chlorophyll was interesting, it has many qualifications, for example, bluegrass is susceptible to it in the spring and fall, and they haven't experimented with it fully to determine what effect it will have on other plants. If it works, its better than hoe weeding for sure. The 'Country Gentleman' discussed a hybrid bean that gives a 20% better yield on average soil and there was an article on potatoe growing, but very little applied to Kentucky farming. Most of the articles are about farming in the midwest. Also read an article about the cost of feeding cattle, and the conclusion formed was that at present, with the cost of feed, it was not economically feasible to feed cattle (short term, 6 months feeding) unless it was all forage feeding with very little corn used. The article contended that the subsidy should be paid to the cattle feeders so they would come out, instead of to processors, as all the subsidy to processors does is bring the cattle to the market earlier, without the ~~net~~ poundage of beef that it should have.

Went to bed very early, (9:30), and feel very chipper this morning. The sun is shining again today, and the civilian workers at the office say that this is the most unusual monsoon weather they can ever remember having. (Shades of the California Chamber of Commerce in reverse).

Got down to the office kind of late this morning, and starting time has slipped up, so so 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 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE
LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

Handwritten signature

Lt. Adriano

2

19nJuly 45

3

Jayne dear,

Breaking in a new typewriter this morning, hasn't had a chance to have anything go wrong with it, altho it still prints the wrong letter every once in a while.

We played our second bridge match of the tournament and won 3 points to one, making a total of 7 out of 8 points won. We could have blanked our opponents, but a peculiar sense of justice (etc) reared its' ugly head and I practically donated a point to our opponents. Here's the way it happened. We had won the first two rubbers and were both vulnerable in the third. We had gotten a five hundred set and two partials for our leg which gave us a total of 740 points (we had set them twice) whereas they had made a three no trump hand for their leg. My partner Opened with one spade I had A-10-9-8 little of hearts and the K doubleton of spades. and so, bid two hearts, my partner went to three hearts. Well, here was the position I was in. I knew that three hearts was cold, and that the contract should ordinarily be 4 hearts or 4 spades, but I also knew that if we made three hearts that would have given us a cinch win on the rubber unless our opponents bid and made slam, for with a three heart bid we would have had 90 points and a total of 830, whereas our opponents, if they made another leg and took the rubber would only have a little over 700 points, but I decided that it was unfair to squeeze by on such shady doings and went to three spades, and my partner went to 4. The hand looked like ten tricks on a silver platter when it went down, but unfortunately, they got in a cross fuff and set

us by one trick. The very next hand, we had a hand that was good for nine tricks, we had four obvious losers and couldn't go on to game, and we made our three. The next hand they bid and made 4 hearts and won the rubber by 20 points. The next time something like that comes up, you can be sure I'll take full advantage of the situation, as I'm sure everyone else would. The quality of bridge played by our opponents so far hasn't been too good, but we're just meeting the weaker teams ~~xxxxxx~~. Trouble will come later.

"Join the Navy and See the World", "Join the Army (by persuasive suggestion) and Perfect your Bridge Game". Reet, right, root and toot.

The tournament bridge was played on Tuesday evening. Didn't write yesterday since we drilled and had rifle inspection out in the sun, and didn't get down to the office until 10:00. Yesterday evening, we had a lot of fun. Lt Triano, the officer in charge of requisitions at Base General Depot came up and we played (guess what) bridge. My partner Danny was in his usual good form, and right off the bat we went to seven diamonds, (I forced the bidding) but by a freak of the bidding, he played the hand, I had 7 diamonds to the A-K-J, singleton ace of hearts, A-K little spade ~~kingx~~ and ~~the ace of clubs~~. I opened two no trump and he gave me a positive singleton response of three clubs. I went to four no trump and he responded five diamonds, so I went to 7 diamonds, and he played the hand. There was five ways to make, a squeeze with spades, taking the ace king of spades, ruffing the third with his king of diamonds, and I forget how many more ways, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~, oh yes, the easiest way was to take a club finesse. So Danny just plays the hand down and nonchalantly gives away a spade trick. I finally told him that he was a nice guy but that his bridge was early jerkland.

-3-

What would I write about if bridge were banned. There's only one more subject near and dear to th' heart, and that's you honey. I could really get warmed about a little ~~ex~~ tale of love for usn's, but I think you know all about that. S'long honey, time to go to work, and everyone seems to be particular about starting work exactly on time, and I mean ~~ax~~ minute before the gong sounds.

I love you
David

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



FREE

MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN
285 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE
LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

W. Adams
GM

3

20 July 1945

4

Jayne sweet,

Spent the evening reading 'Diplomat in Carpet Slippers', believe the author does fine in sketching his characters, your foot feels twinges of gout in sympathy with General Scott, and the most impressive thing about the proceedings is the realization that Lincoln was slow acting and figured things out completely before he would commit himself. I believe that's the best thing to be learned from the book. The hurry and wait policy of the army gets you into the habit of making quick decisions on the basis of facts on hand without seeking further. The army even instructs you to make a decision, no hemming and hawing. I believe that should be qualified by saying that you should make a decision when the situation is such that immediate action is imperative, but if the events aren't too a head, it's better to turn the thing over in your head as much as possible.

So you're really a breadwinner now. I'll never forget the first formal job I had, not counting chores. It was stocking shelves at the munificent sum of three dollars a week, (I was ten). Payday was on Saturday, and I bought five ice cream cones at 'Isalys Dairy', the home of the super dooper scooper of ice cream (double). Used to get into the show free, because the show had an advertising sign on some property that my father owned, and actually there was no place that I could spend the money, (except for refreshments) so that rest went into the 'First National Bank' (which of course failed) but the story has a beautiful ending, yeh, even

glamorous, for after starting high school, the bank began to pay off after liquidating its assets and the dividend or shall we say, payoff, always seemed to come at a time when an extra ice cream cone for my latest flame was not amiss. Which reminds me of Mom's standard treatment of my early affairs d'amour, she'd say, 'I'm sure the next one will be nicer' and it turned out that she was right, for the last one turned out to be the best, is still current and should remain so.

Have made a bet(very small) that the Japanese will capitulate by 15 Jan of 46, not on military grounds, but from a conviction that the industrialists will not let their holdings be razed to the ground and the militarists can hold no hope up to the people for an ultimate victory to obtain their support. It's said that the Japanese swallow their propaganãd whole, but it's also a psychological fact that the reactions, once they come, of a gullible group of people, are more drastic than that of a reasoning people, for the obvious reason that they have no secondary props to fall back on.

Item, Love Oboe Victor Easy, Yoke Oboe Unit.

I love you
David

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



FREE

MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN
285 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE
LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

At Jrians

1011
Mr. Bolotin
185th QM Co
Lexington 37, KY
4

21 July 45

Jayne dear,

Glad that Alice got a picture of Phil, he is a nice looking boy isn't he? Let's go into his antecedents again. He's from Philadelphia, 5'6" tall, slow on the draw, but methodical and eventually gets where he wants to go mentally. He's a member of that great fraternity, likeable, athletic.

So Ray Marie has a set of red hair surrounded by stomach ulcers for a husband, nowadays. Too bad, but understandable, both the army and navy have a tendency after so long a time to drive a man to drink. Fortunately, some of us are in a spot where drink is unobtainable. Still can't understand why it takes three days to pack for a trip, really toots, it just isn't logical. Just so your laundry gets back on time, the rest shouldn't take three days.

Are the horses running at Chicago. What kind of company was 'Witch Sir' running in when he took second?

Got down to the office late today, I now have the additional duty of driving the shuttle bus between our residence and the office and have to wait in the morning until I get a busload. The 'bus' is a 2~~5~~ ton truck and handles like Jim Londos in a championship heavyweight wrestling match, it actually fights back, but as long as the horn holds out and the streetcars stay on the track, should be able to manage.

Got a lovely letter from Mother congratulating us on our anniversary. Well I've gotten to spend two of them with you out of \$4, 50 percent isn't too bad an average, not too good either.

received your card for our anniversary. Yes darling, I too noticed the quaint remembrance between the hunting dog on the cover and yore husbind.

Big plans for tonight, we have our third bridge match of the tournament. There is only one team that will offer really tough opposition. A couple of Red Cross Girls who have been holding cards like mad. Have been averaging 6000 points every match, and they'll be hard to beat if that keeps up. Clint and I will find a way to beat them (I hope).

Will give you spot news coverage on the tournament in the Ayem. Tomorrow is my first day off in a long time, so am going to make time on the trundle bed.

S'long honey.

*I love you
Daniel*

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



Handled

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

W. J. ...
...
...
Alie
picture

Lt J. ...

5

6
23 July 1945

Jayne dear,

First an account of the 'Marche Triomphal' in the bridge tournament. We found ourselves opposed by two Red Cross Girls. It was terrifically easy to keep our mind on the game (not that we wouldn't anyway) one of them was old enough to be my Mother, and the other was old enough to be her Mother. Apologies to both our Mothers for the bad joke, as they're both far too youthful to be so categorized.

In the first rubber, these characters had seven cold in the first hand, but only bid six. In the second hand, they had six cold but bid seven (greedy weren't they). I doubled and we set them one trick in the second. Then it was our turn, we bid and made a small slam, then a game to run out the rubber. We battled out the second rubber on partials and one good four spade hand that was doubled and redoubled. I played it, the distribution was very plain, I held five spades to the ace, my partner laid down Q-10-8, the doubler on my left obviously had 5 spades topped by the K-J-9. By playing up to the board, we game them one spade trick and the ace of diamonds, and made five and a tidy little sum.

They got a five hundred rubber in the third one, but, we gathered in an 800 set that actually gave us high total in the rubber, so we got four points for our efforts, also we had a total of 4230 for the three rubbers which gave us high total score for the evening. There are prizes each evening of the tournament for the high score, will receive the prize next week. We practically have a cinch in our division as we have won 11 of 12 points, and are going strong. After the finish of all the league play ~~between~~, a duplicate tournament will be held for the first three teams in each league, and that's where skill will really count.

Saw 'Going My Way' for the first time last night, and it was the

masterpeice that everyone says it is. A simple tale, garnished by humor, pathos, simplicity, some fine acting, unselfish people hǎlping others, altogether, it made you feel good, bad, happy,sad and satisfied, and that is the acme and main purpose~~x~~ of entertainment.

We're going to start playing basketball pretty soon. I've already made arrangements with a friend of mine in the medics to have my ankles and foot strapped before each practice, so should get by all right. If after a little bit of play, things don't work out so well, I can always stop.

My watch finally let go last night, stopped this morning, broken mainspring, am going to try to get it fixed here, and feel that I can, if not, I'll just lay it aside in my hope chest and sweat out the rest of the war, unaware that another minute has passed so that home is nearer.

Have to stop, got down to the office late this morning, waited from 7:20 until 8:00 for a ride.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478699
185th QM Co, APO 465
c/o Postmaster, New York



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

Juliano

6

7
24 July 1945

Jayne dear,

A fine rainy morning, not too warm though. The army raincoat would make an excellent winter overcoat, it is absolutely water and air proof, especially during the first five minutes.

Conducting a class this Thursday on Reports of Survey and Unserviceable Property Vouchers. The subject is dry, so I'm going to attempt to inject a little humor at the lowest erotic level. So, they'll probably snicker at the attempts at humor and that will still leave a dry subject before an unwilling class, but, what the devil, it has to be done.

Last night, we tried the experiment of pivoting after every two rubbers. My former steady partner infuriated three men instead of one, and I came out winner for a change, just a couple of rupees, but, that's better than losing. A typical example of his bidding follows. I had A-Q-J-six times spades, K-10-four times hearts, King-little diamond and a singleton ~~queen~~ deuce of clubs. I opened with a spade, there is an intervening bid of two diamonds and my partner went to three clubs. I couldn't leave it at three clubs, and I decided to take a stab at three hearts, so he went to four hearts and we were doubled. He laid down seven clubs solid except with the ace missing and Q-little heart, and that was his hand. Five hearts lay on my left and I went down four doubled vulnerable for 1100 points. Incidentally he had three spades, yet he raised me in my secondary bid with only two hearts. We make four spades, four clubs, but ih hearts, wow.

Our half days off have been given back to us, which makes it nice. Mine comes on Wednesday, kind of breaks the week up and gives a person a little recreational period to look forward to. Have added running to my evening exercise. The roof of the building is ideal for the purpose. It's like an obstacle course. The benches (for the theatre) are set far enough

apart so that they can be run as an obstacle course, and there's enough open space to give you a good workout. The running, plus rope skipping, calisthenics, and what have you, will be enough to keep the weight down, now if I ate a little less, could get back into athletic trim.

I enjoyed your letter received yesterday about the accomodations at the Lookout Mountain Hotel or whatever it's called. I'll bet Mr. S. John Wintergreen doesn't like you. I still say you're cute toots. One of the other fellows' wives had an appendectomy and we spend at least half an hour a day discussing the situation. His appendectomy is later than mine, but I'm sure the stitching is fancier on ours. (opps I forgot, now stitching). Well, the time has run out. Everybody is opening his desk like a little beaver, so I'd better comply. HOWDYA like the pictures.

I Love^{sb} you
David

(Gazy aint 2)

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



FREE

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

Photographs enclosed

Lt J. P. ...

7

8
25 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Happy anniversary, or as happy an anniversary as can be expected under the circumstances. Guess you're settled down again after your trip, of course, the lurid details haven't arrived yet. Mail has been slow the last couple of days.

Celebrated our anniversary by playing in the bridge tournament. We only held two hands during the evening, but fortunately they came in the same rubber. One was a three no trump hand, and the other a seven spade hand bid and made vulnerable, so we got enough points out of it to get an even break in the match. We are now leading the league by three points, we have won 13 of a possible 16.

Going out to the warehouse this morning and lecture a class. Haven't prepared anything, but know the subjects well so a little planning right prior to the lecture should be sufficient to handle it.

Will have to cut this very short this morning, the fellow who's taking me out to the warehouse is here already and champing at the bit. I'll write this evening to make up for it. I love you.

26 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Didn't get to write in the evening. After dinner and a half hours rest, decided to take some exercise and by the time my shower was finished it was time for the movie, a little something called "Bedside Manner", Ruth Hussey was her nice respectable, yet daring self. The plot was taken from a thing called 'Hunger' from a feeling by the same name. Was sleepy after the movie and went to bed. Haven't changed much, huh.

It's the funniest thing. It rains every day of the week but on Wednesday morning, when we're scheduled for outdoor drill, the sun simply boils down. We do our drilling in a two by four parking lot and are constantly running over one another. The army attempted to institute a discussion group of one hour a week, during which the men could discuss various current events. But the commandant of our billet interprets the program as drill, care of the rifle, etc. Can't understand such a procedure. Have a feeling that the setup in our billet is a little afraid of a discussion group, that would take a little bit of preparation and thought and would require some effort.

Haven't seen much of Babe lately. He lives out of town a piece, it's a nasty trip, either out there or into town. Actually, (don't tell anyone) but we do have so little in common. After talking over old times and mutual doings for a little while, there isn't much left to discuss, and so, haven't made much of an effort to call him.

Knew it was a bad omen when I read a little piece in the local army paper stating that henceforth the mail would be delivered much more promptly and in sequence. Have been getting one letter a day, which is the ideal way to get mail. Now haven't gotten one for three days. Don't like the new system at all. Instead of routing ~~all~~ the mail through both NY and Miami, it all gets routed through NY, therefore should arrive more promptly.

Looks like I'm at a loss for words again this morning. Have been in a blue mood ever since our anniversary, can't seem to help it, but time will bring back the old fight, I guess.

I love you
David

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



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

Lt J. Triano

8

29 July 1945

Jayne dear,

The bridge tournament last evening was both enjoyable and profitable. First of all, we played against two gentlemen of color, and one of them was really a ~~card~~, funny as they come. They could play decent bridge too. They ran the first rubber right off on two games. We sandwiched a 500 set in and salvaged a few points from the first rubber. They ran off a three no trump hand in the second rubber and things looked dark for the home team, what with playing against colored boys and all. Then the fun started, they got point conscious and started trying for high score. We caught them in a six spade contract and slapped a stout defense on them and got an eleven hundred set. Then we got our first hand. We were proceeding to slam via Blackwood, when at the four no trump level, they stuck in a double on the strength of a KQJT of hearts. My partner redoubled and I played the hand. He lead a heart and I took the ace, and they never saw daylight. We had two diamonds tricks, and were missing the queen in clubs and spades, otherwise the suits were solid. So I figured the man on my left would be greedy and try to save his hearts, so I started the squeeze. We had seven diamonds between us to the ACE King, Jack. So I played the A-K. Then shifted to the Club suit, then to the spades. When I played the Ace of spades, the man on my left had to sluff, He had the singleton queen of diamonds left, three clubs to the Q and three ~~spades~~ ^{HEARTS} to the Q and a ~~heart~~ ^{SPADE} to get to his partners hand with. He couldn't sluff the diamond, couldn't sluff the heart, so he sluffed ~~the~~ a club. Then I played my clubs down, and squeezed him again. This time ^{MAN ON RIGHT} he elected to sluff his protection to the spade queen, and I ran spades off and took thirteen tricks.

We won the rubber, there were no more interesting hands, just cut and dried, except an 800 ~~score~~ ^{set} we won. We ended up with over 6000 points in three rubbers to ~~take~~ the prize for high score of the evening. We now have 21 of a possible twenty four points, and are practically a cinch to win our league. We have a four point lead over our nearest opponent, and would have to get shutout twice while they were winning in order to lose our lead.

Clint and I are taking a furlough together on the 3rd of September. We're going to spend it in the immediate vicinity, just get away from army routine for 15 days, go to the races, go swimming etc. Saving my pfennigs carefully so I'll have enough to spend during our leave.

Was out at the warehouse yesterday and lectured to the class they're holding. Gave it to them in the way army instruction is supposed to be given, name and subject on blackboard, a lesson plan prepared in advance and all the trimmings. It was OK, they even asked questions after the regular hour, and taking break time to have a discussion is practically unheard of in the army (or any other place) for that matter.

Seem to be out of gas for this morning. 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

Lt C. G. Adams
gms

9

10
#) 30 July 1945

Jayne dear,

Now Clint and I have decided to try to get reservations at Gopalpur-on-the sea for our furlough. You can go fishing there, swim, and I believe they have a tennis court. We'll spend the first week of our vacation there and then come back to town. The fare is around five dollars a day European plan, which isn't much, but then as I understand it, you don't get much for your money. Oh, well, it will be a change from army routine, plenty ^{of} time to read, and there are some English people there, so we may be able to get up a game of bridge if the evenings get too dull.

The week end was uneventful, I've told you about Saturday night and the bridge tournament, we worked a half day Sunday slept the afternoon away, interrupted by a half hour workout rope skipping etc. We went to the movies in the evening, saw 'Song of Bernadette', which I hadn't seen before, and found it an enchanting picture, perhaps not for the same reason as others might, but the acting was done with restraint and some semblance of purity. Even the villains were good honest villains.

It seems that the Japanese didn't even deign to reply to the Potsdam declaration about ending the war. That was to be expected, but it should set the wheels in motion, if there are any wheels to be set in motion. The best way for the Japs to

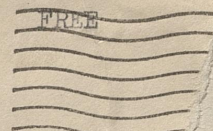
save face in the present situation would be to have a couple of their top militarists commit hari-kari, the industrialists would then take control in the semblance of a democratic movement, and that would do it. Japans struggle against the entire world is hopeless, but the awful part of it is that they could, if they wish to go all out, delay the ending of the war for at least a year, and cost many american lives. If they persist in staying on their same tack (something which I consider unlikely) I believe that when the peace comes the entire nation should be wiped out. I also see no reason why poison gas is not being employed in situations where it would give a tactical advantage. It would be an excellent weapon against industry which has moved underground, we could use heavy gases that would knock out production in any given area for a month at a time, and at present, we cannot touch their underground factories. I hope the Potsdam conference has at least given some thought to the use of poison gas.

39 months in the army and a year overseas is beginning to show up in my reasoning. Get it over with, get us home, fair means or foul. When we read of the crackpots whose viewpoints are dignified by being allowed to testify before a senate committee, as in the case of the senate committee on world security, one begins to wonder if the blood is being shed now, but the sweat and tears will come later.

Not very friendly this morning, huh. It's because I love you and miss you more than ever, and I'm tired of this sort of existence.

*I love you
David*

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
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C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin
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ht J. Jones

10