

1
2 August 1945

Jayne dear,

Tuesday night we played in the bridge tournament and the inevitable happened, we didn't hold any cards at all. They swept the first two rubbers in four hands, three of them made slam, two were biddable slams, but they were content with game in each case. In the last rubber, the man on my right dealt and opened with one diamond, I overcalled with 1 spade the man on my left doubled, my partner passed and his partner passed. They obviously had game in the hand, so I passed. We went down since the AQJTxx of spades was on my left. It was a good sacrifice as it turned out, since they went to game the next hand and made it. We squeezed out a three no trump hand, and then made a five diamond hand to salvage one point from the wreckage. So, now the ~~standings~~ we're tied for the lead with 22 points and there's another team with twenty one points and we each have one more match to play. Just hope we get even cards in our last match.

Last night we went to the movies. Saw ~~the~~ "The White Cliffs of Dover". Old, but I've never seen it before. We went to a downtown movie, it was my first trip to a Calcutta movie. The place is fine, air conditioned, plush seats, and plenty of seating capacity. Really just like a theater back home.

Practiced basketball both Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon. Am not in as bad a condition as I thought. My play was sort of feeble, but should be able to do all right in a couple of weeks when I get used to it. Am playing in my regular GI shoes, the tennis shoes you get here are worse than nothing, so it's best to play in your regular shoes, although, they are quite a load to carry around, especially size 11½.

Got down to the office late this morning, the water didn't turn on in our billet until after seven, the line at the xroom door was long and cranky.

Have become a victim of improved methods. When I first got my present job, was busy all the time, finding out how to do things, getting everything organized etc., now everything seems to get finished and there isn't quite enough to keep me busy. No reading or letter writing during office hours, so that leaves quite a void, however, I suppose some more work will spring from someplace soon and take up the slack.

I'm glad you got some enjoyment out of your vacation, although, it doesn't sound like a place we'd want to visit, but then again, I guess anyplace would do as long as we could be together.

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

St. J. Driscoll

7

2
3 August 1945

Jayne dear,

Another day wasted away. Had plenty of work yesterday, little odds and ends and it went quickly. In the evening, I shot a few baskets and got myself good and leg weary and then went to a movie 'The Southerner', which was of some interest, but all in all a poor movie, kind of disconnected.

After the movie, Clint, Irv and I stayed up on the roof for almost an hour and talked about some of the happenings and then we talked about home. We seemed nearer home on a dark roof 7 stories up. It was a clear night with a moon and everyone worked himself into a good and melancholy mood.

Our furlough has been definitely confirmed, signed by the powers, so that's something to look forward to. Finally have a chance to get rid of the heat rash on my back. A while in the sun soaked in olive oil should do the trick. Just hope it doesn't rain all the while we're away, that would be awful. Anyway, it isn't supposed to rain where we're going, but this is a contrary country. The monsoon this year hasn't been its usual self, The natives say that it's the driest monsoon in their memory, however, it'll probably make up for lost time in September.

Tell me more about your work at the Red Cross, I'm sure you'll not get tired of it, if it's as interesting as your letters seem to indicate.

Everyone sure has gotten a head start on us in the offspring department, but don't you fret, we'll make up for it in quality of ours, though the quantity will be very small. I think one would be enough in view of everything, don't you?

Don't know enough about it to pass judgement on Griner, maybe the horses are of the type that mature late and don't do their best racing until they're four or five, and Dad ~~is~~ rarely keeps them after they're three. Then the new

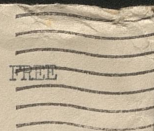
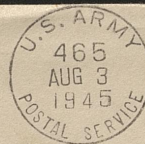
owners may race them in cheaper company. There are a lot of factors that might enter into it, but as you say, results are what count, and M'sieu Maurice doesn't get them too often.

If you feel like missing a couple of days writing, go ahead and miss them. I've been saving your letters and I can keep th' morale up rereading some of the past ones if I don't get mail for a few days.

Have the interesting job of introducing a new man into the intricacies of office procedure this morning. Incidentally, I'd better introduced myself to my desk this minute, it's late.

I love you
David

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Mrs. David Bolotin

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Le J. Adriano

2

6 August 1945

3

Jayne dear,

Midnight snakes taste good when eaten.
But I sure did wake up feeling beaten.

One of the boys had some salmon, canned pears and crackers, and we fell to ~~eat~~ with gusto, also Irv and Clint. In the afternoon we drove out to the Botanical gardens to have a look see, or rather I should say, that was our intention, but we never did find the place. We succeeded in seeing all of Calcutta. We'd get to a corner and ask a local gendarme for directions, and no two agreed, we finally gave up and came home. Next time we intend to visit the Botanical Gardens, we'll plan the route beforehand, based on some definite information.

Saw a movie called 'Lake Placid Serenade' in the evening. Jayne you just can't imagine how really bad the movies have been lately. It seems as if the movies are holding an amateur night for writers. The plots, situations, humor are imbecilic, that is if and when a plot actually exists.

Rode downtown with a Captain in the Chemical Warfare Corps this morning. The jeep he had was obviously his own. The regular front seats were gone, and in their place was a specially built wide seat with cushions. They were covered with a clean white linen duster. About half way down, the Captain leaned out of the jeep so far, I thought he'd fallen out, then he said to the driver, 'BY golly, I think I've located the rattle' Put some tape here and see if we can't get rid of it. No further comment, here's one piece of government property that's being well taken care of.

Couldn't practice basketball the last couple of days, the court has been taken up with a volleyball tournament, but that's over. Got weighed yesterday, and it toted up to 178, which is exactly what I weighed upon entering the army over three years ago. Should drop down to 170 during the basketball season.

We were discussing allied concessions to Russia which seem to be arising out of Potsdam, one of the fellows was very critical of the viewpoint presented by the Chicago Tribune, I don't have to tell you what the CT had to say. Another of the fellows dressed the first fellow down, saying that the CT was perfectly right and that Russia must be fought tooth and nail, even an Anglo-French-American combination or alliance should be undertaken to prevent Russian control of Europe. When you hear things like that, it seems useless to put away your army clothes, might as well save them for the next shindig. An Anglo-French-American alliance would soon lead to a Russo-German pact and the race to rearm would be on again. If we were friendly but firm with Russia, the thing could be carried off successfully, but as soon as we adopt a firm attitude, the boys in the back room on the right want us to carry it a step further and start a little tunneling to cut away Russian power. Russia as a number one power is here to stay, we might as well get used to it. But I think it's a Russia that has no desire for war, and will only get tough when she sees the aforementioned tunneling process get started.

The workaday world is about to begin, the start of a new week with nothing to look forward to, but another week, stretching on and on, who knows how long.
S'long honey, more tomorrow.

I love you
Daniel

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FREE

August 1945

Mrs. David Bolotin
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htj. Driano

8

7 August 1945

4

Jayne dear,

Wherein my first poker venture for lo these many months turns out a losing effort. Not too much though, we played four hours and I won four hands, one an hour, but fortunately I've learned the lesson of playing them close to where the vest should be and my losses were not very high.

It was certainly very unfortunate that Mother was in an accident. Hope the stitches don't show and that she's her usual chipper~~self~~ self within a short time.

So you're turning into the poor mans ^mMrs. Anthony? Well, I do believe it's the best kind of an experience you can have. In basic English, you could call it learning from the mistakes of others. Some of the things are pretty sordid I guess, but you're such a curious tyke, you'll be interested in all of them. I believe a genuine interest and a sincere desire to help are the cornerstones of useful social service work. Remember in most cases, you're an agent of society, compensating a person who is poorly endowed with 1. luck, or 2. grey matter or 3. both. There's good in everyone, and if the right dials are spun, it'll show.

We're playing in the final round of the bridge tournament tonight. Either we win tonight, or there'll be no silver cup in the stateside mail to add to our collection of gimmicks.

Played basketball last night (practice) and the basket eye is sharpening up a little, but I tire easily, and due to the lack of suitable tennis shoes, I have to wear my regular GI shoes. They're quite a weight to drag around on a basketball court, but they give me quite a bit of support and my heel doesn't hurt much at all. After a month of practice I may be able to play a decent game of ball again.

Glad to hear 'Witch Sir' is running soundly. If you could send me an

account of the races, it'd be swell. You haven't told me where they're running. Has anything further been done about transporting the horses between tracks?

S'long sweet, I'm out of gas this morning.

I love you
David

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Lt J. Driscoll

4

5
8 August 1945

Jayne darling,

Not a bad morning, not a bad morning at all. 1. the atomic bomb, 2. Russia's entry into the war, 3. A B&W victory in the bridge tournament, thus cinching first place and adding a teensy little silver cup to our doodads. Home becomes real again, something you can expect before too many months go by, of course, it's not a prospect for the immediate future, but, it's a lot closer. Russia, can now insure world peace for a long time to come by not being grasping in the Asiatic sphere, it will reestablish America's faith in her, and keep the boys to the right of the right quiet for a long time. The atomic bomb is a scientific dream come true, and it's the beginning of a new civilization, peculiar that a war brought something about that peace couldn't quite do. Atomic research has been going on so many years now, then suddenly instead of a source of power for production, it developed into a source of destruction.

When we harness the tremendous power for peaceful uses the economy of plenty will take the place of our present setup. Men neither deserve or are they ready for a cheap, limitless power era.

Now about the bridge tournament, I must admit that we played heads up bridge to win. We were outheld on cards, yet through tough defense, and arriving at exactly the right contract, we won out. The last hand was a gem, bid and made seven hearts for a neat 2500 points in the last rubber.

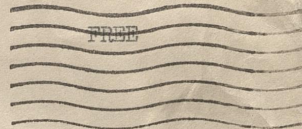
I have a fellow named Landau working ~~xxxx~~ in my section now. I'm teaching him my job down to the last T. Thus I should become the man the army can most do without at wars end, and that's my main army ambition at present. Still will do an honest days work, but want to be a man that can be dispensed with, without interfering with the least little thing.

Twelve stitches are an awful lot, I do hope Mother's feeling all right,
It must have really been a nasty bump to open a cut that large.

Have been sitting here for fifteen minutes day dreaming, about you
and home. Time's up, S'long honey.

I love you
David

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C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin
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ht. J. Nixon

5

10 August 1945

Jayne dear,

Things are looking better daily, perhaps it's just a wave of optimism founded on solid fact, but a little premature that makes us hope that it won't be long now, whether to measure the end in days or months is the question, it's at least not necessary to measure it in years or think of such a possibility.

The place of Russias attack, sort of half confirms the current belief that, given a free reign, the central Japanese Government would by now have concluded some kind of a peace, but that the chiefs of the Kwantung army wouldn't allow it, they felt all powerful and wanted to give it another try, not caring what happened to the mainland populace. Now with Russia attacking in force, the army chiefs will certainly reconsider their position. Of course, from a purely strategical viewpoint, it's entirely possible that it will take some time for the Russians to overrun the Kwantung Army. It seems fair to assume that they have prepared defenses in depth and that they will retreat to a defensible position and keep their armies intact. Also, the opinion is current that the Japanese air force (remains) is concentrated on the Kwantung front.

Switch of subjects, am now using brushless shaving cream, tra la la,
'If your beard is high falutin, gives you trouble all the time,
It's brushless cream you'd be salutin', Paradise for just a dime.

Gosh, how many stitches did Mother have, in your last letter you said fifteen, from two to twelve to fifteen. I certainly hope she feels well by now.

Tonight the QI property officer, who was just promoted from 1st Lt. to Capt. is giving a bar warming for the boys in the office. Wish he was holding it on Saturday night, would be tempted to drown my sorrows and

~~xxx~~ give the demon rum a vicious play, but since Saturday and Sunday are working days, can't quite see my way clear, tho' a wee nip won't be hard to take after all these long weeks of abstinence.

My new boy is making good progress, he's already taken over the most disagreeable of my jobs and seems to be doing nicely on it.

We're going to get our cups for winning the Bridge Tournament either next Monday or a week from Monday, and will forward it home posty toasty.

What a monsoon season, all of a sudden, the temperature climbs to heavens to betsy knows how high and the rain stops. A California in reverse. We have more rain in Ky. in the spring than we're having here this week. Very unusual say ~~that~~ natives, as natives always say.

Just caught a very agreeable ~~xxx~~ scent, perfumed, nice. It comes from me. We've found the best way to combat heat rash is to coat the body with a thick layer of powder morning, noon and night. It does the trick, and the menly allergies go by the boards.

I love you
David

P.S. There's an article in Esquire this month by an old beer drinking acquaintance of mine from school, name of Donnell Huff. It's not too good, he's much better at drinking spiked beer.

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FREE



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A. J. ...

6

7
11 August 1945

Jayne dear, de da deeeee da,

The great day is at hand, I aint mad at nobody this morning, and aint nobody mad at me, home and you have suddenly become near and it's a beautiful world. Last night we went out to the QM Warehouse and had our party in celebration of the promotion of Capt. Bellman and if we had only known it, we really had something to celebrate. In a few days, when the disagreements are shushed away this damned thing will really be over, it seems like living in a dream. One thing though, it'll take at least six months before the supply dumps are straightened out over here, and we're the boys that will have to do it, but I don't mind that so much as long as I know that at the end of a definite period of time I'll be able to get home and get out of the army. Feel that I can't get off the subject of Japanese agreement to the Potsdam terms, but must tell you about last night. We went out to the QM warehouse about 6:30 P.M., I drove the truck. As you know the Indian roads leave a great deal to be desired and it was raining pretty hard, but at 1930 we got there. We fooled around for a half hour, then we had (shhhhhh) steaks. Not little steaks, not dry steaks, but big, juicy well flavored ones. My first one was a little tough, the second was better, but that third one was really a lulu, and I'm not kidding, I ate three steaks. The third one was a rare job just once over lightly over the fire so that the outside was crisp and the inside was in its original state. If I hadn't been modest and retiring (also bashful) someone could have talked me into eating a fourth one. It was a real treat, haven't had steaks like these since hearth and home at 285 S. with access to the frozen food locker. There was also a poker game, but it wasn't one of those wild affairs you sometimes encounter on occasion. It was a rupee limit game, and always under control, no more than 200 rupees changed hands.

I won exactly five hands in three and a half hours of play and surprisingly enough came out a few rupees ahead. It took a great deal of will power to turn down the bad cards I was getting, but I managed it by imagining that you were looking over my shoulder. The best profit of the evening came from a hand of five card stud. I had two tens wired, there was a small pair, one man had an ace in the hole, and everybody stayed the first round. The man with an ace in the hole paired his ace on the second round, and I got a third ten. The man with a small pair showing bet, the aces raised, I just stayed and everybody stayed in. On the next round I declared my hand by raising, in back of the aces, the aces reraised and we went at it merrily. The three tens held up and that pot was enough to offset the losses of an hour and a half.

We got home about 1:00 A.M., and heard the news about Japans offer to surrender if we left the son of the sun of the something keep his royal prerogatives, so we did a little celebrating and went to bed. Incidentally the censor is the man with the aces, rough ain't it Joe.

Well honey, there's still work to be done, more than ever now, and we'll go to it with a will, it means coming home ~~that~~ much sooner to get things cleaned up here. So long, soon I can show you just how much I've missed you instead of telling you about it.

I love you
David

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

FREE



MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN
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W. Bolotin

7

12 August 1945

Jayne dear,

The final news hasn't come in yet, but we expect it sometime today. Japan hasn't replied to our interpretation of the Emperor's Sovereignty, but there seems to be no reason to doubt that she will accept our offer, having no other choice. As a matter of fact, I do believe that she only meant originally that the Emperor would remain as a figurehead, for having agreed to the rest of the Potsdam Declaration, she could hardly reserve a spot for rule by edict ~~of~~ by the Emp., in doing that, she couldn't have carried out the other points of the surrender.

When the peace is concluded there will be no more censorship of mail, I will admit that I'll have nothing really startling to write, ~~xx~~ but it'll certainly be nice to know that the words you write go only to the ones intended to read them.

We saw 'The Great John I.' last night, sat through a pouring rain on the roof, but all had raincoats and helmets on, and so didn't get very wet. Don't believe it was really worth it, the picture was without imagination, and rather slow moving, but it had its moments, Darnellian as it were.

After the peace is concluded, it should take about six months before we can go to Shangri-la. In the meantime, if there are any strings handy to anyone in the family, pull them. After the war is over, getting out of the army quickly will be my one desire, and any means by which that can be accomplished will be OK with me. 40 months is quite enough of this sort of life, and I ache to be a civilian again, let me know if anything cooks.

The civilian workers here are starting to quit and seek private employment, even as they are in the states. It's quite a blow to them, this ending of the war, they make approximately 5 times as much on the average working for the American army as they did previously. Most of them have saved enough to

become Rupee Wallahs as their tastes are simple, and they realized all the time that the day of reckoning was not too far away.

Clint and I went down to the station and made reservations for our trip to Gopalpur. If everything goes according to schedule, we'll leave here on the 2nd of September and spend two weeks there. Getting away from army routine and the exacting everyday jobs will be a distinct pleasure; however, there may be some hitch in the plans, if there's too much work here, our furlough might be canceled, which would be OK with me. Actually, I'm not too keen about going, now that this thing is over, I can wait and enjoy a furlough in USA. We can take a trip beginning on my birthday and covering yours, that should be about the time I'll be getting home.

Hope the news about the final surrender comes in this morning, then we won't have to work this morning. There's a radio in the next room to ours and we'll gather round and listen for the news. Plan to play a little bridge this afternoon so that we can be sharp for the first round of the duplicate tournament on Monday, haven't been playing much bridge lately, either one of the fellows is on guard or CQ or someone isn't in the mood.

Well, opening time has arrived.

I love you
Daniel

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



MRS. DAVID BOLOTIN

285 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE

LEXINGTON, 37, KENTUCKY

J. J. ...

8

14 ~~July~~ August 1945

Jayne dear,

The Haps are really throwing the blocks into our peace of mind, it's become one of those soon, maybe not tomorrow but soon, things.

Last night was the first half of the duplicate tournament, and I hasten to say that we didn't do so good, mainly due to my messing up two hands. That's kind of humble pie for me to eat, but even though the truth is a little nasty, "leave us face it". My partner has been a little ugly about the whole thing, giving me a heavy ribbing about the situation, which I resent, but not too much, he's a type that counts a win more important than the game. Well I might as well get the two mistakes off my chest, relax I'm going into detail. ~~Hand~~ We were playing east and west and were non vulnerable.

I had K-5 little diamonds, the AK four time hearts and three little clubs. *VOID IN SPADES*
I opened a diamond and my partner bid two no trump, indicating 2 1/2 and a fit in diamonds, then there was an intervening bid of three spades, I bid four spades to indicate my spade void, my partner bid 5 clubs, indicating 1st and second round control of clubs, and I bid five diamonds, my partner bid six diamonds. He laid down three diamonds to the ace ten, AK four times clubs, a singleton heart and five spades. The opposition opened a spade, which I ruffed in my hand. I took heart Ace then ruffed a little heart on the board, I then ruffed another spade in my hand, ruffed a heart to the board, drew my ace of diamonds and two diamonds fell. I then had the choice of ruffing another spade in my hand, or playing the AK of clubs and giving a club trick hoping that the queen would be on my left and the lead would be into my hand. The intervening spade bid seemed to indicate that I could expect a 6, 2 break in spades, since there were still two high diamonds out, it looked like the hands would go down if I ruffed another spade from the board ~~and~~ as the man on my left would probably be out of spades. Whereas if I play the AK of

clubs and then give them the queen, and the man on my left has the queen
I'm home free (provided the diamonds break,) well the sad fact is that
the man on my right had ^{four} ~~six~~ clubs, he took the queen on the third round,
led a spade, in the meantime the man on my left sluffed a spade on the
third club lead, so he trumped the spade and I went down. Another
team made the bid at six diamonds, ^{the answer is lead} so we got a three way tie for second,
thus losing a couple of points. The funny part of it is that the man
on my right had no more cause to stick in a three spade than I have
of flying without the aid of an airplane, and that's what beat the hand.
That shows that there is inequality even in playing duplicate. If our
sad sack opponent hadn't stuck in the three spade bid, I would have played
for a spade break after taking the diamond ace, I'd have ruffed another
spade in my hand, drawn the last two diamonds, which would have fallen,
and run the good heart, two diamonds, two clubs for 12 tricks. So
that's the story of how I messed one hand up. At this point I'm tired,
but confession is good for the soul, so here goes. Three no trump is bid,
and we're defending and it's my lead. I have AJ*10 of hearts, KQ little spade,
Queen four times diamonds, and three little clubs. I opened my J of hearts.
since I had queen four time diamonds, I shifted to a diamond as there wasn't
any honor on the board, incidentally, the jack of hearts went through.
My partner took the diamond ace, then led the Q of hearts, the opposition
put up the K and I took the Ace. Well there we were with two tricks, and
I had a good heart, and I figured we needed two more to set them, so
I insured a set by leading a diamond. My partner practically had apoplexy
at this point. The situation was that he had ^{five} ~~six~~ hearts to the Q987, and
a singleton diamond Ace. So If I'd played the ace of hearts on my second
play, then lead the ten, we'd have taken six tricks and set the hand two,
as it was we set the hand one and lost a top score. Well that's the story

of the bad side of it. On the good side, I got us two top scores by squeezing out extra tricks on game bids, but we'll forget about that as my partner hasn't mentioned it.

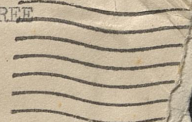
Well all the bridge discussion took up letter writing time, so I'll have to close. We have thirty points, the leading team has around thirty six, so we still have a chance, hope we win it as my partner may not survive a defeat, he wants to play in the nationals and it will be damaging to his reputation to lose a duplicate tournament in India, but he can always claim a weak partner. Besides, if the damm war would get over with and we could go home, I would gladly donate all cups, medals, etc to the charity for the hari-kari of the Jap war criminals. So long honey, I love you, don't think too badly of me, *for being such a bad budge player,*

*I love you
David*

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



FREE



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Atx Driscoll

9

15 August 1945

Jayne dear,

V-J day has come and gone. We didn't really celebrate the victory, just spent our usual evening at home. Everyone had an innate glow, entirely non-alcoholic. The end meant home, perhaps not for a period of six months, but it meant home and that's what we all want most.

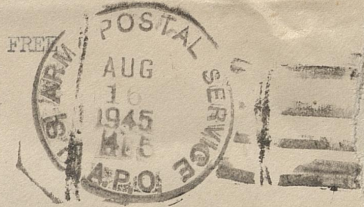
We played bridge, then had a few beers and some canned turkey, saved especially for the occasion, the whole being topped off with fruit salad, all this being eaten at about 11:00 P.M., almost resulting in a sleepless night, but finally managed to quiet a rumbling tummy about 0100.

Things aren't quite as bad in the duplicate bridge tournament as we thought they would be. The two mistakes I made must have been made by nearly everyone else, as we got a second in one of the hands and a split for second in another. We ended up with 34 points. The leading team has 38 and we're in fourth spot. Some spectacular bridge at the conclusion of the duplicate tournament will give us a win, and the championship of this part of India. There are some pretty tough teams in this duplicate tournament, and it would be a real honor to win the thing.

As soon as the excitement dies down, we're going to work with a vengeance and try to get this thing cleaned up. The faster we work, the sooner we can come home. Feeling a little woozy this morning, so, will cut this short. I love you toots.

Yrs. Truly
David

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H. J. Friano

10

17 August 1945

Jayne sweet,

A couple of inclosures to this one, the handkerchief is from China and the QIQ is from hunger. A ~~friend~~ friend of a fellow who works in my section is stationed in China and sent him three handkerchiefs, and I talked him out of one of them, with the aid of a little folding money.

Now the matter at hand is when, oh when, do we get to go home. My six month estimate still holds, there has been no cause to revise it upward or downward. If isolated Jap units continue to hold out, that means more supplies and that's bad. There's still a big supply job to do, straightening out the stock piles, disposing of them in one way or another. Our hearts not in our work, the only labor of love left in the army is sweating out a boat trip home. I received your procrastination edict. You're partly right and partly wrong. On count one about the books, I gave you an answer on them, but it seems it wasn't the one you wanted, so you've concluded that I haven't answered, just like old times isn't it. Ask the question until you get the answer you want; however, the situation has changed somewhat, and now that the war is over, I'll send most of the books back. Am waiting to see how many can be included with the package. Not much hope of sending the big cup home for winning the super duper duplicate tournament, but will send the one I got for winning the league tournament. The picture is one of those things. Have tried three times to have it taken, but to no avail. The studios close Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and I have no other time that I can get to it. I've had neither the time or inclination to look up Bob Winston, however, since you want me to, I'll do it. I am in the Q corps. OK does that remove me from the ranks of the damned?

Hope our stay in India doesn't last any longer than it takes this typewriter ribbon to wear out, it's really on its last legs, think I'll try the red, it hasn't been used much and will be easier to read.

POME in the qmq's isn't bad is it huh?

The monsoon has finally come in earnest, it's been raining every day and the sun just won't come out. Maybe it's good training for our stateside return, which will come while the weather is still good (we hope). It's going to be a shivering bunch of soldiers that disembark in winter after having spent some time in semi-tropical climates, but then again, maybe it'll cure our heat rash.

So long honey, see you tomorrow.

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

ht. Friend

7

Jayne dear,

21 AUG 45

First went by hand letter
in many a day. The habits
of many years can't be broken,
my handwriting still hasn't
improved.

We didn't win the
duplicate tournament, but
came very close, won
many top scores but
no middles, we were
top or bottom on every
hand. The aft talked of
straw that finally ruined
us was administered by
two nurses, (no dear, they
were middle aged) their
hand was a liddable
small slam, every other

team hid the hand to
slam, but unusual distribution
set it out in every
case. Well, the nurses
underbid the hand
completely at 3 no trump
& made it. Every other
defensive team had
a plus balance & we had
a minus, so we got a
bottom. The league cup
that we won is being
engraved, will send it
home as soon as it's
finished.

Received Isandina's
letter, it was very nice
and will answer it soon.

was sorry to hear that

Melvin has been ill, will write to him also.

I write lots of letters, but they all seem to end up with your address on them. A day doesn't seem complete unless I've written to you, your habit forming, pretty too.

We're beginning to make plans for our trip. There is pretty good fishing, tennis, swimming and we're taking plenty of books and reading matter, so it should work out fine, (if it doesn't rain).

You know, the world is going to have to grow

up politically very soon,
or it will see a premature
end. within 30 or 40
years power will be a
cheap commodity. wealth
founded on present power
sources will be nil. I
don't know the statistics
but I do know that a
large % of present wealth
is founded on mineral
power sources. also much
economic conflict between
nations results from
seeking coal, oil + other
power items. Thus will
have a large cause for
conflict removed, an
economy of plenty and a

resultant high standard
of living for the whole
world. Education in
broadmindedness, an
unselfish attitude and
willingness to share with
others will have to be
developed to a high degree,
or else it will truly be
"one world" (unpopulated)
epitaph, "Here lies man,
unable to accept good
things from the east"
s' long money.

I love you so
David

S/SGT David Belatin
185TH QM CO.
APO 465
C/O PM, NY



Mrs. David Belatin
285 S. Ashland
Lexington, 37,

W. P. Adams
4/11

2

24 August 1945

Jayne dear,

Made surprisingly good progress yesterday, and should be finished with about $\frac{1}{4}$ of my new job today, but I'm afraid things went too smoothly, and will probably run into some snags.

Yesterday evening, beginning right after dinner, we had a 12 rubber match with the winners of the duplicate tournament, we wanted to salve our injured feelings, and mayhaps pick up some folding money. In 12 rubbers there was a total difference of 30 points in our two scores. Both Clint and I played topnotch bridge, we were outheld by a slight margin in cards, but we played several excellent defenses to break even.

The heat rash is really rash, almost brazen nowadays. Am using Zinc Oxide ointment now, and it seems to help a little, but the only real help will be a trip o'er the bounding waves, five or six months hence. The fellows over 38 are going in a few days, then they'll probably send the men who have been overseas two years or more, then they'll send the useless and those with influence, and that leaves little me in x category, no points, no nothing. The best bet is to work hard and try to clean everything up so there'll be no necessity for remaining here.

Coming from you, this business of chucking all social inhibitions out the window is indeed interesting, remember the long discussions we had on whether people should be judged on their merits, or on their ~~background~~ background. You maintained that a certain way of life and a certain background puts a person into a set category, I said take interesting people where and when you find them. This Mrs. Gaitskill sounds like a phony to me, who says she has to call you by your last name, it's undoubtedly her own idea, and the barriers are imposed by her and don't actually exist except by her wishes.

It's been my observation, even in the army, that a person who is afraid of direct contact with others, retreats behind a screen of authority or position and uses prestige in a large way to replace the personality factor, and/or the ability to think factor. If Mrs. Gaitskill doesn't want to by pals with my boopsie, it's her loss, 'cause there ain't no better kind of gal than you.

I cancelled our war bonds today, and added the amount of \$37.50 to your allotment, if you have any comments, see my favorite red cross representative in Lexington KY.

Saw a Sherlock Holmes movie the other night, Arch Oboler was the director. I'm telling you, this Sherlock is a mighty smart fellow.

So long honey , now we change from a blithe spirit writing to his wife to an army workman.

I love you

S/Sgt David Boletin, 35478690
85th QM Co, APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



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

W. B. Boletin Jr.
2d Lt.

3

24 August 1945

Jayne sweet,

Yesterday was one of those uneventful days that leaves little to record. Worked hard all day, came home tired, read for a little while and went to bed by 8 O'clock, didn't hear the sound of a living world until 6 A.M. Not a bad little sack performance.

There are five fellows helping me now, the only trouble is that they aren't QM men and are unfamiliar with the procedure and I have to check their work carefully.

The fellow who works in the section steady is showing promise, and in a little while I'm going to dump half of my work in his lap. The only trouble is that he's a character. The other day I wrote up a Report of Survey, and thinking to give him a little practice (things were a little slow) I gave him the same supporting papers and told him to prepare the survey, not telling him that I'd already done it. He went to work and prepared a very decent looking survey; however, when I corrected a few little things on it, he went straight up to the ceiling, maintaining that each person has his own way of expressing things, and that I ~~oughtn't~~ oughtn't to change his working. I conceded that to be true, but told him that the army has a certain number of facts that they want brought up in the explanation of this paper and that he hadn't covered them fully. Well, he sulked all day, and it was a long while before he was back to normal. He's only 20 years old, I keep forgetting the sensitive nature of the untried ego.

Rumours are flying thick and fast here, but it still looks like getting home in March is a sensible estimate, it could be a little shorter and it could be a little longer, but that's the approximate date of departure for those who aren't 38 or who haven't spent two years in this

theater. Sometimes when you see that work connected with getting supplies gathered up and assembling and shipping them, it seems like March might even be an optimistic estimate.

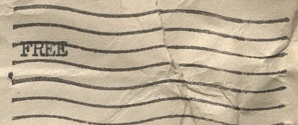
Have been getting papers from the states, and the Republican party is really organizing its' press for the next election already. The line seems to be that President Truman is fine, but does not make decisions, leaves things slide, especially reconversion, and that there is a lack of planning on the executive level. Maybe it's true, the job of conversion to a strictly civilian economy is not a small one, and will require the best efforts of everyone.

How does it feel to drivex up to a gas station and say 'fill 'er up'. Is 'flying streak' (the car) holding up all right? It's really up in years as medium priced cars go, but actually we've just about replaced the orgginal car with spare parts, so maybe it'll hold up for a while longer. It'll have to while we get our finances organized and get settled down. Gosh won't it be heavenly to be able to plan a little while ahead without worrying what the army will do to quash your plans.

All I have time for this morning.

I love you
David

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



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

W. G. Adams
gmc

4

26 August 1945

Jayne dear,

Saw the 'Fred MacMurray fantasy in which he got into the wrong war, it could have been an excellent picture, but was slowed down by some music that wasn't too good, and the time element of the plot wasn't exploited enough. There was some good music in it too, the boat scene was mellow.

After the show, the boys decided that poker (a game) would go well of a Saturday evening, so we indulged. I drew excellent cards, but broke even. My cards all came on top and I couldn't cash my winning hands.

Woke up late this morning, showered and shaved in 8 minutes so I'd be in time for breakfast. Eggs (powdered) and cheese (melted) makes for tummys slæk and svelte (d).

Now down to the business of the day, the answer is a million times yes, I've already written you, but I reiterate, in drøe kwarters time, that with ocean would really rhyme, tell him to get on with this, and on his balding pate, I'll plant a kiss.

When the war was on, getting supplies to the troops seemed like a good reason for being in the army, but now that it's over, if there's a reason for being over here, it escapes me. If the man can deliver the goods, he has won a lifetime friend, I'll even listen to his stories and not smirk inwardly.

Let me know if anything happens, I'll be waiting anxiously and hopefully. Time's up, have been sigting here and thinking about home, and the opening time of the office has arrived.

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

W. J. ...

5

27 August

Jayne darling,

Being a bad boy this morning, instead of writing a letter to you, I've spent almost all my letter writing time reading the ones I have gotten from you in the past. Also have one here from Dad, Mother, Grandma, and Aunt Edna.

I've really been negligent about writing to everyone, but as I've said many times before, you're my channel of communication, and if anyone wants to know anything, they can ask toots. Still, sometime this week I'll write to everyone. Then too, when I go on furlough I'll have plenty of time.

Working like mad so I can get things cleaned up in time to go on furlough. So far the progress has been good enough so I believe I'll make it.

The enclosed snapshot isn't real good, but it gives you a good view of an Indian coolie, notice the sitting position of the man on the left, that's the way all of them sit. These are high class coolies, construction gang.

I've already exceeded the time limit, so had better close, this is ~~ridiculously~~ terribly short, but I know you'll forgive me, I enjoyed reading the past letters so much that I couldn't quit in time to start this one.

Must mention last night's movie, The look and Bogart in to have or have not or something. It was the best entertainment we've had in many a moon. Two overwise people acting in an oversophisticated manner. A girl singing in a tuneless voice, a nonchanging expression on Bogart's face, a typical drunk, a thinly woven plot, but somehow it all added up to top cinema entertainment. Mainly because the thing was plausible,

the characters understandable, and the gal made whistling a must.

That's all for sure, everyone is beginning to stare at me, they've all got their desks open and their papers out, and I'm still writing to the gal I love.

'cause 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

PHOTO
ENCLOSED

W.J. Driano

6

28 August 45

7

Jayne dear,

Arnold must be a rousing baby, he sounds good in your letters. Glad to hear that he recovered from his strep throat so quickly.

Another usual day yesterday, Plenty of routine work, a little more heat rash, some reading in the evening, then some bridge. The sameness of the evenings is beginning to pall. Certainly be glad to get away from the army for a couple of weeks, a couple of centuries wouldn't be hard to take either. I'm anxiously awaiting news of the DK incident. He talks so much, yet on the other hand, such a surprising percentage of it is true.

How are Janice and Herschel. Haven't inquired about them for quite some time. You never say anything about their new daughter. Is she a satisfactory offspring. Was rather interested in your account of Jonas & Walter not wanting Dickie to play with them, or was it Jonas and Arnold. Anyway, with the kind of a world they're growing up in, I think every effort should be made to make them broad minded and able to function in any group. It's becoming more difficult to pass on security to your children, and the difficulty will increase if present trends in political thought continue. The best heritage you can give them is good training, and a desire to accomplish things. (What brought this on)


Won't bother you with the constant rumors from here, one day, it's a cinch for Thanksgiving, then the next day it's Christmas, then if it rains, everyone gets depressed and can't see how we can get out of here before the middle of next summer, and so it goes.

Your namesake Sam Weil was in the office yesterday and took a snapshot of me at work, it was candid, and the guy took me in profile, so it won't be good, but as soon as it's developed I'll send you a print.

He also mentioned something about writing you a letter, and was secretive about its' contents (hmmmm), however, good sport that I am, I gave him your address.

Toodle-oo toots m'friend, it looks like we've reached the end. (not of my love for you), but of the mornings letter.

This is only the beginning of my love for you.
David.

Sometimes the censors don't read letters carefully anymore so, I can tell you things a bit more personal, ~~unlike~~ 

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



FREE

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

W. Bolotin
28/45

7

30 August 1945

Jayne dear,

Here Y'are, buy yourself a new toothpick. It's American In_nvasion Money on the Japanese mainland.

Was talking to the fellow in my section yesterday, and it developed that he had four battle stars and has only been over a year. He was a signal corps man and kept getting transferred from one outfit to another each time into the outer limits of a battle zone. He's never fired a rifle yet has four battle stars to his credit. Finally broke through my own passive resistance yesterday and wrote a letter to Melvin. It didn't hurt a bit, now maybe I can write to everyone else. Ought to have plenty of time to do it while I'm on furlough. Yes, am still going on furlough, might as well, unless something unusual happens, we're slated to be overseas at least until late spring, and I'm really fed up with the army at this point, need a change from the routine in the worst sort of way.

Got two delicious letters from you yesterday, it really completes a day when some mail arrives from you.

One of the fellows got some Walnut tobacco yesterday, so I broke out m'pipe and smoked some of it. Tasted mighty good, the pipes' still one of my best material possessions. I believe you gave it to me five or six years ago. I also still have the Mark Cross tobacco pouch.

A year ago today we cleared Norfolk and started a really miserable journey to India. The year has actually gone rather quickly, everything considered. It could have seemed like 15 years instead of just ten.

The heat rash is raining my athletic program. I tried working out the other night, and it just won't do. The heat rash gets much worse when you perspire freely, so I'll just have to wait for cooler weather until I do anything. Should start playing basketball after coming back from furlough

times up so wait start another page - I love you David

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

FREE
U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE
AUG 30 1945
APO 465

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

W. S. Hare Jr.
22 Lt

9
31 August 1945

Jayne dear,

Bogart and Bacall did it again. Saw the big sleep yesterday evening and thought it was very entertaining. Bogart even changed expression once. I think that's the best part of his performance, he just goes on in a natural way with no change from picture to picture, his every action is familiar, it's like old home week. Bacall is imprisoned by a body and a look, and will run her course quickly, but what an animal for six furlongs.

Yesterday evening was the usual thing, except the first sergeant of our billet chewed on me for a brief moment for moving without asking his august permission, I made a big change, moved my bed 5 feet to another spot in the room. No, I'm not exaggerating, that's exactly what happened. He was very sarcastic and when he finished I said 'Your logic is perfect, I bow low before his strength and rhythm.' He turned a little purple, but nothing came of it. Gosh I need that furlough, and the little paper ~~is~~ that says that you can now begin living as a human again.

Must get to work early this morning, there's so much to do. No matter what I do nowadays, at the end of the day, there's more in the pending file than there was in the morning. I'm getting another man to help now, that'll make two, and will ease things considerably.

So long honey, I hope you don't mind the short note this morning, the main purpose is accomplished at the end anyway, just write to tell you

that 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

H. J. ...

9