

2 May 1945

Jayne dear,

After having been kicked around from the stem to the stern of India, (I ended up in the stern) I find myself in the city of Calcutta, sweating profusely, and missing you more than ever. I'll not describe my strip now, it was one of those monotonous affairs that follow a pattern horrible for its sameness. I've settled down (almost) into a desk job, and am now a real chair borne commando, not complaining, just commenting. Am going to start to work in a few minutes, but thought you'd like to receive a line of the news hot off the press. Come this evening my fair colleen you will receive a voluminous report of everything that has happenxed to date, with embellishments and garnishments.

Am split up from my erstwhile colleagues, ~~which~~ which means that I'll lose my average of either getting the stuffings kicked out of me once a week, or/and vice versa. They weren't bad boys, it was merely a matter of heredity and environment, at that, they always said they were sorry when they put each other in the hospital for more than three days at a time.

I'm living in a billet (naturally) don't want to call it a hotel as you might receive the wrong impression, and the word hotel is a bit too uppity for this Hernt. Nice place to be during the monsoon, in that I ~~was~~ was fortunate, as the prospect of spending the rainy season under canvas with little rivulets of cold water and bugs in my drawers cotton did not appeal especially to me, pahdon the sentence structure, we'll blame it on the haste.

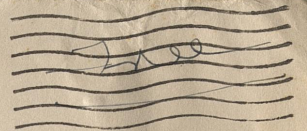
In paragraph two I'll again tell you that the office is about to open for business and that I love you, only I'll say it with some imagination, dash and cunningness that will endear me to my reading public (you)

The office is about to open and I love you.

I certify that the office is about to open and that I (David) love you (Jayne)

David

3/sgt David Balatin
185TH Qm CO.
APO 465
C/O pm, ny



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

Joseph J. Ireland
WOMYUSA

1

3 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Instead of writing yesterday evening, I spent the time getting acquainted with the fellows in my room. It seems that there are three bridge players in the room and I make the fourth, one of wars more fortunate incidents. Having such a poor memory, I wouldn't know any of their names yet, but as soon as they stick I'll tell you about them. And now the trip: I repeat, it went on and on, but there were a few incidents worth noting. One is that we had an icebox on this trip and were able to keep a few cans of beer cold, we also diverted some water from its usual purpose (ablution) and kept it cold for drinking purposes (shudder shudder). Lt. O'Hare and Lt. Kemp rode with us in preference to riding first class with some English Officers. I was certainly glad they were along, as the problem of keeping my whirling dervishes quiet and orderly (definition for orderly) "An orderly period is one in which the men of the 1st Platoon, 185th QM do not murder or severely injure one another or any other person, and is a period in which they do not attempt to adjust the world to their own dimension IE, removing railroad cars from the tracks etc." I could go on and on, but you've heard this tale before. Actually, besides a few games of hearts, brief and unimportant scraps of conversation, assorted foolishness, there is nothing to report about the trip. We came over exactly the same route that I took the last time I came across India, so a description of the scenery ~~is not necessary~~ would not only be inappropriate, it'd be ---no I aint gonna do it.

The office opens at 8:00, so I think I'll make it a habit to come down at 7:00 in the morning and type out your letter to you, ~~xxx~~ summarizing the things I didn't do the previous day.

I am working at the headquarters ~~that~~ of Base Depot. I've always been in the lower echelons of command and it's rather interesting to learn how it works higher up. I haven't been assigned to a particular job, and haven't the faintest idea what it will be when I am assigned. So far I've been shown the general setup of the flow of papers through this organization and have a fairly good idea about that, Now I'm going to study the particular entries on each paper. No matter how standardized an accounting setup is, each man puts his own particular label on a set of books and therefore, you never know whether or not you understand the operation completely until you do it a few times, and have all the exceptions to the general rule explained to you. So far the work is stimulating since I am learning something, but I have some misgivings about my final assignment, it may be one of those monotonous rote operations that require little or no thought, and that would be deadly, but whatever it is, it can't be too bad. Let you know as much as I can as soon as I can about my job.

Saw a couple of pretty fair horses yesterday, like in Forever Amber (It could have been) they don't know exactly who the papa is, but they come from decent mares (with papers). So that got me homesick. Please snap some ~~pickakuxes~~ pictures of the new foals and their mamas and send them to me, you can get into the photo and we'll kill two birds --- .

Probably won't receive any mail from you for a while as a change of address always slows things up for a long time. I'm going to try free mail for a couple of weeks, all the fellows here use it and they say it gets in just as fast. Let me know the arrival dates of all letters from the 2nd of May until the 14th and I can judge accordingly.

Had quite an urge to start smoking again yesterday, ~~it~~ automatically picked up a cigarette during a bridge game. But I fought off the urge and so far everything is still pukka. If I start dreaming about smoking and the psychological factor becomes too great, I'll start again, but don't believe that will happen. Am going to write dad and mother a letter as soon as I get settled down here.

Good morning sweetheart

I love you

David

5/57t David Belatin
185th Am Co. (AS)
APO 465
c/o pm, ny.



Mrs. David Belatin
285 S. Ashland Ave.
Lexington, Ky. 2

W. G. Adams
4mc.

gm Free
was deary
me
dephew
Told

4 May 45

Jayne dear,

Tomorrow's the day
wherein I get the extra pay.
Three years and longevity.
The fellows are all talking
about a plan to discharge
a few men at once, but
I'm not remotely hopeful,
I'm in the middle bracket
and in the middle period.

Continuing the re-education
of your husband in the
devious way of the Qu.
Getting along fine in my
4th day. Read a summary
of the operation of the office
when I started and again.
Today and things are getting
into their proper focus.

There's a fellow bending
my ear about what
happened at Lowry Field
4 yrs ago, and I'm nodding

and trying to write, it's a rough
go for sure at least.

met the Chaplain here
today, his name's Seligman
and he knows Mickey Grafman.
told him I wasn't a member
of the super church going
fraternity, but would be glad
to join a discussion group
(as long as it was kept
clear)

yesterday evening
I finally met Babe Myers.
He's as funny as ever, looks
well, has less hair, an
excellent job, it's secret,
he says even he doesn't
know what he's supposed
to do. Enjoyed the evening,
we drank a dozen beers
and ended in some fun
the return of the good

old days when he could wear
a necktie & hatband to match
and I could see m' darling.

'Happy' is high mogul
of baseball and I'm highly
impressed. Good man for the
job, as a statesman he's
really suited for his new
commission. He won't get
back to Versailles too often.

'Right money, the
days are pretty warm and
the only way to keep
about tho' sweaty is
to get many hours of
sleep.

I love you
David

5 May 1945

Jayne sweet,

As mentioned in yesterdays communique, today is the day. Remember, Dad had two horses running at Churchill Downs's (Short Life in the Second race) and I wanted to put my all on it, but instead, I spent the day wandering from corridor to corridor without clothing and without hope and was summarily sworn into the army. A ghastly experience at best, but since around 11 Million other guys have sh₂red it since, It's taken the sting out of the whole thing. Incidentally, Short Life won that day in a six furlong race and paid a good price. Do you think I can collect from the Army for the loss.

In a brief ceremony which will be held this morning, I will inform the Company Clerk that on future pay rolls, he will add and affix to my pay statement the following: and I quote: This EM being of sound body and mind, and having served a period of three years, consecutively and without malice aforethought in the armed forces (chair borne commando branch) will hereinafter receive five american smackers which is the equivalent of Rupees 17 (App. figure) as a reward. Lest this be taken casually, let it be remembered that this EM has surely earned this munificent reward, since he has what is perhaps the nicest wife in the whole world and the aforesaid Army service has ~~happened like this and that~~ from time to time thrown obstacles in the way of his seeing her. The next time the aforementioned EM gets a 5% raise, let it be the result of an increased price of beef on the hoof or ~~or when the price of~~ that oats have become more valuable, or even that a horse has run faster than other horses.

After looking through the whole typing pool, I've finally found a typewriter that will obey my slightest whim, now if I can educate it, improve it gramatically etc, I'll have something.

↑
PAR EXAMPLE

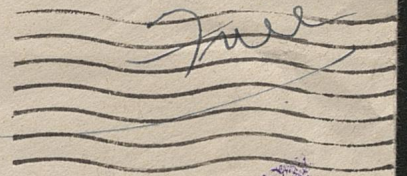
Yesterday evening the CO in charge of my billet called a meeting and carefully explained the present policy of discharge. To my mind this is a psychological error. They can determine from the Service Records of the EM which of us are ~~eligible~~ eligible for discharge, post a notice of the rules and regulations and the various point systems, and forget the whole thing. Instead, everyone seems to be harping on it. Most of the men have a long time to put in yet before they have any hope of seeing home, and all this talk of discharge and going home is to say the least, disheartening. I consider myself emotionally adjusted to this whole thing, yet I feel damn blue and out of sorts because you hear nothing else, from official sources and consequently from ~~the rest of~~ the fellows. But I suppose after the few that are going home get going and everything is settled, all this will subside.

Mothers day crept up on us without my making any provisions. Don't know what to do, will have to write a belated letter to the Mothers and hope they forgive me. Have been busy the last few days and prior to that was traveling, so there's some excuse.

Haven't mailed the letter I wrote yesterday, so will enclose them in the same envelope.

I love you
David

S/SGT Balatin
185th Air CO (DS)
APO 465
C/O Pan, ny.



Mrs. David Balatin

285 S. Ashland Ave

Lexington, 37, Ky.

Joseph J. Driano
WOM, USA

3

books
stockings
golf balls

4

6 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Sunday morning and I had a heck of a time getting up. Looks like I'm getting back into my civilian habits. Saw a weepy movie yesterday evening and then played four rubbers of bridge with the boys. My partner and I won handily. It looks like I can analyze a hand better in India ~~rather~~ than I could in Lexington. Won one rupee and ten annas playing for a fiftieth, around 2500 points. My partner is an erratic bidder, bids by modds and hunches, which reminds me of a very pretty gal I used to play bridge with back home, although you were improving right along. (Now, now, don't be modest.) Someone else has taken my favorite typewriter this morning, and I'm using one of those elongated jobs which has six extra keys and it's difficult to get used to the feel of it. The number row is set over one and your right hand is in two keys, life can be so difficult.

I'm going out to see Babe Meyers this afternoon, or at least I think I am, heard a rumor that we get Sunday afternoon off when we're not busy. Nothing special planned, we'll just bat the breeze. He always puts on a good show for me, as I'm an appreciative audience. Always thought his antics were damned funny even though crude at times.

Got my laundry back this morning and it smells like he delivered the dirty wash water to me and threw my clothes down the drain. Shall have to change dhobies or get this one to change water. (Periodically) He presses well too, it's a shame.

Hope this free mail is getting there as quickly as the air mail I used to send. Be sure to keep track of the ~~mail~~ from the second of May until about the tenth and we can judge accordingly.

There is a legitamate theater directly across the street from our quarters which presents plays weekly. The fellows say that some are good, will have to go sometime.

Have one of those mechanical jobs that require little thought shheduled for this morning. Its only temporary thank goodness. I imagine you have to develop a whole new set of mental habits to keep from going batty when you're doing a job that takes up 10% of your ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ mentality and 100% of your attention to avoid small errors.

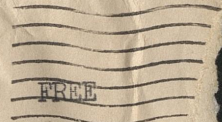
They're going to start a volleyball league here soon, and I've gotten hold of a skipping rope, and there are some decent horses, so the physical side of things should be well in hand. Would have a tendency to put on weight here unless I'm careful. Desk job, good food, little exercise, bad combination.

The morning's about to begin officially, s'long toots.

I love you

David

David Bolotin
S/Sgt David Bolotin
105th QM Co, DS
APO 465
c/o Postmaster, New York



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

Joseph J. Ireland
WNY USA

4

5
7 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Formula for spending a Sunday: Work in the morning, read in the afternoon, read in the evening. Was too unsettled to go out to Babe Meyers camp, so called that off. Since there's no reason why not, I got one of those hairless Joe haircuts. Don't worry, I'll try to time it so that when I get home it won't be distasteful to you. Ought to be able to work out a proper schedule all right, plenty of time to do it. My bridge partners are on a vacation (three day pass) so that's out for a while. Met Reggie that other day. He's the proud possessor of a pip, got a direct commission. The only catch for him is that he has to remain in India for an extra year. We talked over old times and arranged to meet some time next week. He's not very optimistic about commercial opportunities in England after the war and doesn't give a darn whether he remains in India or not. It would be awful to have nothing to come home to, he has no relatives, no gal friend, no ties of any kind.

Keep running into fellows that I came to India with, Saturday, I ran into four of them. If I keep transferring from place to place like I have been, there'll be no keeping away from acquaintances.

Mailed the Mother's some poetry yesterday, the uninspired kind as usual. Hope they're in a good mood when it arrives, otherwise m'picture will come down from the respective mantles.

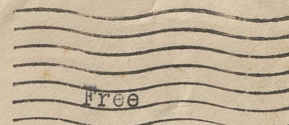
-2-

Arrived at the office late and the clock is almost around to opening time, and this letter is thin, very thin and meatless, so we'll just have to call it meatless Monday, remind you that I love you, and call the whole thing off until tomorrow.

I love you

David

S/Sgt David Bolotin
185th QM Co, DS
C-O Postmaster, NY
APO 465



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

*Joseph J. Triano
WNYUSA*

5

Compliment
Alice
Dear
Elmer

1111

1111

8 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Received three letters from you yesterday evening, 26, 27 and 28 April, real service. Was sorry to learn that Mrs. Lowenthal has an incurable disease, you must have referred to it in a previous letter which I haven't received.

V-Day reaction in this theater is one of restraint, we're glad, but it looks like a long hard grind for us, so there is little joy in Mudville. Naturally, I have a little bone to pick, a sort of vested interest in the peace having come when it did, financial as it were (remember the bet I had), just hope the guy pays off.

I'll mention the weather briefly then let it go, it's been warm lately, the kind of warmth that instills conviction, the ~~conviction~~ conviction that India is not the sort of place people are supposed to live, at least not the part we're in now.

Haven't received a letter in many moons from Moe Tonkon and was rather surprised to learn that he's being discharged for medical reasons. He could have had a discharge at any time in the last couple of years (he always had the ulcers), so I'm surprised that he took one now.

Am looking into the conversion of my insurance into some other type. The conversion clause is applicable after the war and there's no particular rush, but I'll see what the complete story is.

I'll tell you a secret, this morning when I read about the unconditional surrender, I thought of getting home and seeing you in concrete terms for the first time. Gosh it'll really be a day, and perhaps it's not too far off. We'll make a date (tentative) for our fifth wedding anniversary.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
185th QM Cp, DS
APO 465
c/O Postmaster, New York



FREE

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

*Joseph J. Orlando
with Mrs*

6

Booker
Guzale

9 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Big celebration yesterday evening, one drink of domestic Gin, one bottle of beer, a movie 'Brewsters Millions' and read the copy of Coronet that I received through the mails yesterday. This kept me up until the wierd hour of 10:15, but I slept until 6:30 this morning to make up for it. This is the first copy of Coronet that I've received, however, I've received three change of adress notices. At least one part of the circulation department is on the job.

As evidenced by the above celebration, everyone here is thankful that the war in Europe is over, for it means that we'll undoubtedly be able to bring great pressure to bear on Japan much more quickly, but there is no sense of jubilation, not even a holiday spirit.

Still haven't settled down to any particular job here. Keep moving from one department to another. I understand the flow of papers through the office, and have worked on most of them or had them explained to me. Learned how to use a Comptometer the other day (basic principles). Addition and multiplication are simple, subtraction and division require care, but aren't too hard to master. I know what to do, but don't know why you do it. Reciprocal numbers are used in subtraction and division.

Think I'll go riding on my afternoon off this week. There are some decent horses here, but the paths are dull and uninteresting. Can't seem to interest any of the other fellows in going with me, so it'll be a solo flight.

Have hit on an excellent cure for heat rash, you merely move to a cooler climate, of course, the problem becomes more complicated if this can't be done. So far I haven't been too troubled. Two changes of clothing daily and Calomine Lotion is taking care of things.

It rained yesterday evening, ~~but~~ (during the movie), but the audience calmly remained seated. It wasn't a hard rain, but I'm sure that wouldn't have made any difference. Getting rain in the hair wasn't too bad. (Yes, there's still some hair left).

And that seems to be that for another day, like this letter the day was uninteresting.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
18th QM Co. DS
APO 465
c/o Postmaster, New York



Mr. Jay D. Weil
285 S. Ashland Avenue
Lexington, 37, Ky.

*Joseph Adriano
sent care*

7

10 May 1945

Dear Dad,

After having written Mothers' Day letters, I tried to think when I'd last written to you, finally decided that it wasn't recently. Enjoyed the last two letters that I got from you.

There's a little story you ought to hear about the tobacco you sent me. As you know, I quit smoking back in January. Well, when the tobacco came, I didn't want it to go to waste, so I gave it to a buddy of mine. The CO was standing around at the time and mentioned the fact that he was an ardent pipe smoker, so naturally we offered him some of the tobacco and he accepted. The next day he called me in and said that I was either crazy or a man of high principles, 'cause that's the only two kind of men who would have given tobacco that good away, quit smoking or no quit smoking. I got split up with the fellow to whom I gave the tobacco, and before we left our last camp he suggested that I try just one bowlfull of the tobacco. I did, and now I concur with the opinion of my last CO, only I'm not allowing for the part about the high principles. In case I haven't made it plain, I really appreciated getting the tobacco, thanks.

Guess Jayne tells you whenever anything noteworthy happens here, though for the life of me, I can't think of any startling events that have occurred yet. My job at present may lead to some growth (of my bottom). It's all desk work, and I live in the city of Calcutta where exercise is next to impossible. I sneak up on the roof whenever possible with a jumping rope and have so far managed to keep in trim. There are some pretty fair horses here, and I'd like to do some riding, but we don't get much time off, and the rains are about to begin.

My job here is interesting. I'm at the Depot that handles the paper work for all the supplies coming to this part of the world, so there's always plenty to do, and it's interesting to ~~watch~~ learn just how it's done. I guess the experience is a good one, when you're learning something the time spent can't be a total loss. So far I haven't settled in to any particular department, I've been circulating and learning the operation of each branch. After I learn the why's of everything I'd like to have the job of troubleshooter, and will try to sell the Officer in charge here on the idea.

Hope everything is going well with you, please write when you get a chance, enjoy getting your letters.

David

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

465
MAY 7
1945
POSTAL SERVICE



*to
Mrs
Bolotin
New York*

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

*Joseph J. ...
New York*

3

9
11 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Big day yesterday, I had the afternoon off, was too lazy to do anything unusual so I got a crazy book and read all afternoon. At that it was a good change from the usual office procedure and so was relaxing.

They're keeping right after us on this going home deal. Yesterday evening they had a formation in which attendance was compulsory and they re-explained the new point system. We have to attend another lecture tomorrow evening. I tell you the whole thing is ridiculous. 85 to 90% of the audience have at least a year and possibly more to spend overseas and yet there is this constant harangue about point systems, going home, it's sickening. They should hold discussion groups for those interested and eligible and leave the rest of us to forget the best way we can.

Am going out to see Babe Meyers for sure this Sunday if nothing happens. I'm still investigating the insurance set-up, and will explain my stand in tomorrow's letter, there's still a few things I haven't gotten cleared up. I'll give my viewpoint a little advance publicity and say that it's different.

By the way, according to the present plans, there will be no more rotation at the end of 24 months overseas service. All will go according to the new point system. No values have been set up for the different components, but there is a temporary set of points for this theater that might interest you. 5 points for each month of service. 6 points for each month of overseas service, 24 points for each decoration or medal, 24 points for each battle star, 40 points for one child, a total of 90 points for two children and a total of 180 points for three children (under the age of 18). I have been in the service for 36 months, ~~xx~~ ~~x~~ and have been overseas for 16 months, therefore I have 240 points,

which isn't good for even a booby prize. I'm planning to stay overseas until the end of the war with Japan, plus about three months. That looks like about a year and possibly a lot more. It is difficult to be pessimistic about the war with the Japanese, since the might of the whole world is unleashed against her, but if she so desires, she can slow the thing up for many months, and I think she so desires.

I think I'm the victim of a guy that won't pay off on a bet. It's that one I had with m'friend concerning V-E day. Don't believe he's going to pay me the fifty dollars. Live and learn, if the results had been reversed I would have certainly felt obliged to pay off.

They're forming a volley ball league here, we'll play twice a week, and with movies three times a week, that takes care of things. Am skipping rope and doing calisthenics every evening now, and even though the perspiration rolls off, it feels pretty good. The only convenient place is the roof of our billet. It's absolutely private, ~~that~~ the tallest building in the neighborhood. My roommates thing I'm without ~~th~~ good judgement, (understatement) on account of this exercise thing, fellow ~~across~~ from me said that he has a hard time making it to his bed in the evening and ~~doesn't~~ un derstand my excess enrgy.

Opening time and therefore closing time have arrived.

I love you
David

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



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

W. J. Evans
210 Ave

9

12 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Really stayed up late yesterday evening, twelve O'clock. First, we saw a moving picture about ---guess what???. Yea, you know it, the plans for discharging men, they did it again. Learned nothing new, except that I would undoubtedly have to wait until the end of the Japanese war, and then some. Come to think of it, that's nothing new, I knew that before I saw the picture. It rained during the showing of the picture, and everyone got properly soaked. Afterwards, a little discussion group got started, apropos of nothing, and on it went.

Among those present, was a rugged individualist, a parlor pink, a rummy and a cry baby. It wasn't a bad discussion, dealt with:

1. Ideal economic system for U.S.
2. The minority racial problem.
3. Efficiency in business management, and
4. Russia, why do you do the things you do, and what do they mean? . Anyone of the topics could have been discussed for days, I'll just give you a ^{sample} ~~summary~~ of each mans' attitude and let it go at that. The rugged individualist thought that injustice is OK if it results in the greatest good to the greatest number. (Play with that thought for a while and see what you get).

The parlor pink called for a reshuffle, the rummy was a neo-Sophist, in short he didn't know what the story is, and the cry baby thought the whole thing was hopeless. I will not include myself in this summary, since you've already formed an opinion, why try to change it.

I am now ready to give forth on the insurance question.

~~The~~ conversion of the five year level term will have to wait until I get separated from the service. (that's the law). Now let's put it this way, even if I could convert it, I wouldn't. Now the reasons, read closely, if you understand it, explain it to me. My present policy is called a

69 141 -2-

'Five Year Level Term'. It has no value other than as a protection. It costs \$77.60 per year for \$10,000 worth of insurance. It merely protects and there is no accumulation of money. Now, let's take the next type of insurance, and consider converting to it, namely, Ordinary life. Ordinary life has a premium of 162.20 for 10,000. You pay \$84.60 more, what do you get for it? You get a cash surrender value of 86.00, and a dividend of perhaps 2% or around a 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ % return. ①

Now the point is this. What is the purpose of insurance, well, it varies with each individual case. In our case, what do we need insurance for? I contend that we need it as a protection. Now the question arises, additional Is it profitable to pay 84.60 per 10,000 worth of insurance to receive a return of about \$87.50? Keep in mind that I already have the protection feature in my present policy, and that the rest will be purely an investment. I don't think it's worth it. My contention is that insurance is not a good investment. It is proper for a man to insure his life so that his death will not leave his family in want, but to use insurance as an investment channel with its' low rate of return seems unwise to me. When the war ends, I'll be able to get a greater return than 3 or 4% on any investable surplus we have, either by using it as capital for whatever business I'm in; or, if we accumulate extra money it can be invested in channels that are safe, yet yield a higher return. You remember 'Millions for protection, not one cent for tribute' from a picture of the same name, well, that can be paraphrased to read, "Adequate protection, but nuts to the idea of making the insurance Company your bank, your career, your partner, it isn't worth it to my mind. In comparing 20 pay life, and 20 year endowment, the investment level is even worse than the above comparison. I'll keep

① On the difference, not on the whole amount.

-3-

an open mind on this and if you have any arguments pro or con let me know.

Now, lets talk about you, --What did you think of my latest picture?
Miss you, love you, also miss you and love you.

David

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

Connie



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

Joseph J. Brian
et al

2
12 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Am visiting with Babe Meyers today. While out here he told me about my picture appearing in their camp paper, so am enclosing a copy.

This is of course, a picture of shotputting at Brabourne Stadium in Bombay about which I wrote you. The typewriters but here are strictly no good, I guess they've seen hard usage, 'cause they're out of line and the timing on them is bad. Babe showed me around his camp this morning, it's a nice place, but like everyplace else in this part of India, it's very warm right now. With the coming of the monsoon, I imagine it'll cool off considerably, but the constant rainfall will be just about as bad as the heat, not complaining, just observing.

After you're in India six months, you're eligible to go to a rest camp. Of course, since I just changed camps, I'll probably have to wait quite some time, but it's something to look forward to. Getting away from things military is always a relief, even if you don't do anything while at rest camp but rest (ain't that unusual).

Feeling lonesome today, it's not that I miss you any more than usual, for I don't see how that can be possible, the thing is that I haven't been forced to go to a picture concerning the point system of discharge for the last twenty four hours.

Lucky you will probably forget my handwriting, hope you don't mind my using a typewriter all the time, but it's convenient and so so legible. Am sitting in the office where Babe works, he's been regaling me with tales of life as it shouldn't be lived in India. You'd be surprised, the guy doesn't chase around at all. He tells me that he hasn't been in Calcutta more than five or six times, but prefers to hang around camp and fool around with his chums. After the hard time I had getting out here

today, I don't blame him for not coming into town.

There are Badminton and tennis courts out here, but I don't think I'll do any playing as the heat would melt you. I prefer to wait until late in the evening when the sun is about to go down and do my rope skipping, shadow boxing etc on the roof of m'own home. The heat rash situation is getting bad here again, but I have it under control. I use liberal amounts of calomine lotion and change underclothing twice a day. If the underclothing holds out, I'll make it OK.

Babe got kind of a bad break on Rotation. He had only a few months to go before he would have been returned to the states, and now he'll probably be here until the war is over in this theater.

By now the Mammys will have gotten my poetry for Mammys day. Hope it wasn't too bad, tried to keep the whole thing light and airy, but at the same time tell them that I miss them.

Last week when Babe visited me, I fed him some beer, and he was going to return the compliment out here, but a bad situation developed out here. It used to be that your beer ration wasn't usable for anything else, but now you can either get beer or toddy with it, so no one will give theirs up, rought isn't it. Maybe it'll do me good to go the rest of the month without any beer, they do say that the water here isn't too bad and I'll have to try it.

Got a letter yesterday from a friend of mine that's working up in Delhi, name of Ray Schwartz. I think I told you about him, he used to be a sports writer on the San Francisco Chronicle. He has an interesting job up in Delhi, writing historical records. It's a little out of his line, but he's enjoying it, as he can keep his hand in writing.

Wrote a letter to Dad yesterday, and didn't write to you, so I give you permission to read his, will that make up for it?

Really anxious to find out how fast this free mail is arriving. Sure hope it isn't held up any, that would be awful. If you wait for my letters like I wait for yours, well-----.

M'boy friend is anxious to go back to his barracks to take a shower, so I'll close. Better add a line to see if I can still write by the antiquated pen and ink method. I love you.

David

Incidentally notice in the photo that I put all my weight on the left leg after coming across the ring, guess the body protects itself instinctively, hadn't noticed this while shot putting.

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



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

*Joseph J. Triano
240mc*

2

Peace again
Creepin
which is

Babes Call
Miss D.

Equifare -
Nadana

15 May 1945

Jayne dear,

We had a formation this morning, subject of ~~this~~ the meeting care and cleaning of the rifle. It was typical of the kind of formations that ~~are forced to~~ someone forces to be held so that everyone will remember that they are in the army. It was pointless, poorly conducted, aimless. The fellows just sat around and cleaned their rifles, some of them doing it incorrectly. I saw one man run a cleaning rod through his carbine and smack it into the bolt not one, but several times, an excellent way to break a firing pin, or an extractor. I saw another fellow allow enough oil to run into the piston chamber of his rifle to gum up the works for sure, he was cleaning it right side up instead of upside down. I won't go into to it any further, but the whole performance was sad. I say, if someone forces a formation to be held, the officer in charge should make certain that ~~no time is~~ the time is profitably spent by arranging some kind of a program.

The formation, of course, made me late again this morning, so for two days in a row, it'll have to be a short, newsless letter. The only excuse I have for writing today is to keep you informed about my loving you. Can't remind a gal of that too much, especially when you haven't seen her for a year. The 19th of May ^{makes} ~~was~~ a year that I haven't seen you, it doesn't seem a bit longer than ten years. Maybe by next spring we'll know something.

No enclosures today, I've been putting a paper or something into each letter lately, but I won't pad this one, but will let it stand on its merits (poor it).

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin
185th QM Co
APO 495
C/O Postmaster, New York



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

Joseph J. Driano
24 Ave

3

4
17 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Much adventure yesterday, stand ard model 1 adventure.

I am no longer quite as wise, right upper widdom tooth is gone. You will be interested to know that the tooth which practically supports the right upper side of my mouth is tired of it all, but can be rejuvenated with some careful dentistry. Whether or not I'll get the careful dentistry is, of course, a moot question. Think everything will be all right. The dentist started out with the usual gag about making an investment in my mouth, how come Fort Knox gold vaults left me from under lock and key, etc. Then he admired the work, and finally we became fast friends when I told him that I trusted his judgement, and that if he thought my tooth should be pulled, then it would be pulled. I lost a taboo or rather a fear ~~ix~~ yesterday that I've had since I've been seven. When I was a kid of seven a dentist injected some novocaine into my gums and it was so painful that I've always dreaded it, and since then never have had it done again. Yesterday ~~the~~ the dentists injection was painless. I suppose it was a matter of better technique and a better needle. Well, I believe that takes care of the dentistry. The patient is doing exceedingly well, in fact, I hardly noticed the whole thing.

Second on yesterdays agenda of memorable events was a bridge game. My partner agreed to use a strong no trump and we went through the usual rigamarole of two people playing bridge as partners for the first time, when we got up to slam conventions, he didn't think those necessary, no signal bids, ~~and~~ each hand to be cased according to its merits. So it began. I got beautiful cards and my partner had some fâär fits for the first three rubbers and we jumped out in front 3000 points.

Naturally, as you can tell by the introduction to this story, we wasted approximately 1500 points because we passed up two slams which were not only biddable, but mandatory. Then the fun began. My bid, two hearts, opening, with $5\frac{1}{2}$ and ten probable winners. Partners reply positive two spades. I hold the QJ and 10 of spades, my only losers. Very juicy says I. My next bid, 3 spades to establish the fit before proceeding to slam, partner passes. It was seven cold. * You won't believe it, but I quietly pointed out what I thought was an error in his bidding and we went on. The next hand, I open with one heart, he bids one no trump. Since I'm blank in spades and we need only one, I take it back to two hearts, his bid two no trump. At this point I did something illegal and asked for the score, as it was being given I gave my partner an arched look. Then I bid three hearts, he bid three no trump. Slam says I, after trying to figure out what kind of foolishness went on, but I decided to quit at three no trump because of his initial negative response. We lost five spade tricks. Well that was nothing. If times were tough originally, you should have seen the rest of the evening. Everything went wrong, and we finally wound up 2500 points in arrears, which at a 25th amounted to three rupees. Terrible aint it.

The mail hasn't come in lately. It's to be expected. Mail never gets straightened out for a month after moving. Of course I miss your daily pep talks, but I'll wait patiently, and try to remain calm.

I love you
David

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

FREE



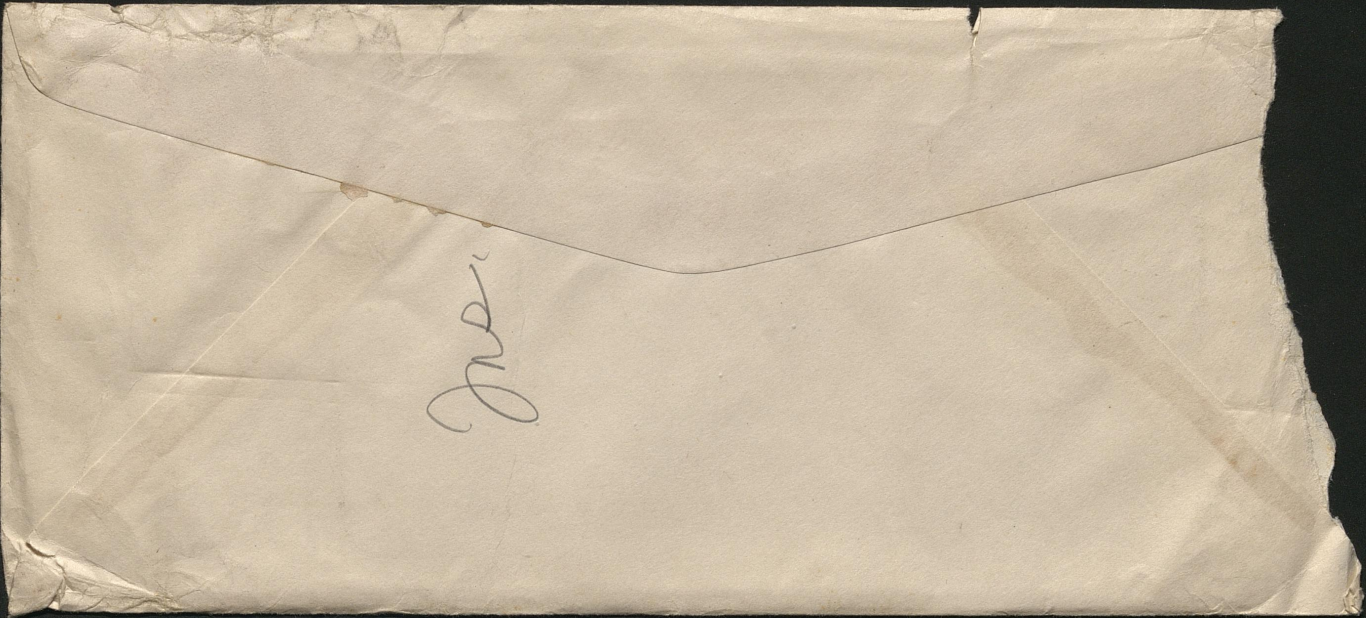
Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Ky.

Joseph J. ...

4



me

18 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Twenty letters, news, gaiety, questions, sometimes, I think it's almost worth going without mail for a couple of weeks just to accumulate many letters to be read at once. Got one from Dad also in the batch.

Think I've answered almost all of your questions before they were asked. Since I was transferred from my last post, I've got to sort of start over again and there's no promotion in prospect. Actually, I can truthfully say that all I'm interested in is doing an honest days work, and I'll be content to let everything happen as it will. Prestige, and all that goes with it can go by the boards for the present. The end of the war is in sight. It may not be for a year, or even more, but, it's something that can be looked forward to confidently. ~~So being in the army won't develop into the marathon that it threatened to become,~~ So being in the army won't develop into the marathon that it threatened to become, and since that's the case, there's no use getting excited about promotions, jobs etc. An honest days work, I repeat.

T'heck with the Muellers. I wrote them last. If I get plenty of time, I'll write, but they really never answered my last letter written about nine months ago.

The cartoons about bridge were good. Incidentally, we played ~~against~~ again last night. Before the battle was joined, my partner and I had a long talk. We came out fighting and won three rubbers for approximately 3000 points and a sum of three rupees or to you americans, a buck. We, of course, had the cards, but we used them approximately correctly.

I can hardly wait for the pictures of the foals. Ask Dad about the blood lines of SWING AND SWAY, he's among the million horses that I've never heard about. Also, will you send me the names of the horses that are in training. I

"Happy Chandler#&_#, and that isn't all. His doings for the last month have been highly newsworthy, not highly amusing. His blast at racing was the

high point of some ridiculous goings on. X If he wants to divorce betting and baseball, that's fine. They always say, never bet on anything that can talk, and baseball players, as a rule, can talk. ~~Says Ed think~~ Never sock a nephew ~~xxxx~~ for the actions of his Uncle. I fail to see just how baseball and racing tie in and why Happy is so concerned about keeping ball players away from the races. If he's afraid the gambling fraternity will get to the ball players for a 'fix', then he'll have to do more than keep the boys ~~afraid~~ away from the races, he'll have to build a fence around them, and lock them in at night. The whole thing is not clean smelling. and I quote "Some of my best friends are HORSE OWNERS".

Your letter of 23 April stating that my June 6 VE day prediction was out of line, is out of line, and I'm not correcting my English. The monetary reward for my good guess is not forthcoming, and I'm bitterly disappointed in the Lieutenants character, besides I can use the fifty bucks. I've given up hope of collecting it, the rat.

The interchange between EDValera and WChurchill is a hot sketch. I'm with the Irish this trip. The moral "If you take five of a cats lives, how long can such a thing go on, the cat is bound to be both suspicious and apprehensive." Is that good?

S'long honey.

I love you
David

S/Sgt David Bolotin, 35478690
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Mrs. David Bolotin
285 S. Ashland Avenue
Lexington, 37, Ky.

*Joseph J. Triano
2242*

5

21 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Didn't write yesterday, have had a two day job at one of our supply installations outside of the city. I'd like to tell you the various devices and operations as they're both interesting and complex; however, I'm afraid that would be telling in the eyes of the censor. Something else to talk about when the grandchildren want to know what Grandpa did in the war. It's been ~~x~~ so little that I ought to keep a log so that I'll remember each detail. Have been working with a fellow named Sam Weil home town, Huntsville, Alabama. He went to school at the Univ of Pa. ~~xxx~~ as far as I could determine, your not related. He and William G. O'Hare Jr., my Beale associate live together, and I stayed at their Bungalow while working out here. They really have all the comforts of home. Tile floors, bath in each room, refrigerator, really sumptuous quarters, and if perchance tennis is desired, there is a red clay tennis court out in back. Coolies tamp down each grain of dirt with their toes, it's perhaps the best cared for court in the world. Needless to say the sight of a tennis court was too much for this old bag of bones, so like a fire horse (Fire Brigade Retired), I went charging out on the court. It really wasn't too bad considering the length of time since I played any tennis. The backhand was fine, everything else stank ~~xxxx~~, but the total result wasn't too bad. This fellow Sam Weil plays a good game of ~~xxx~~ tennis and beat me handily.

We had some Indian Gin in the evening and did a little drinking.

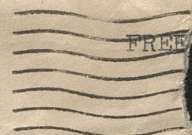
Lt O'Hare was very entertaining, he's got a story for every occasion, only his aren't fiction. He was a wild Irishman from Boston and cut a wide swathe in his days back in the states. He went to school at Notre Dame, and after graduating taught Political Philosophy there. His stories about being

on the ninth varsity football team at Notre Dame are really funny. He never got into the game unless Notre Dame was leading by 50 points, and invariably got knocked out in six plays or less. The courtship and winning of his present wife are little gems of pursuit. We batted the breeze until the ^{EARLY} hours. Among the subjects present were, "Relations between Officers and Enlisted Men", "The functions of this installation", 'Plato's Republic', 'The wholesale grocery business', and ~~xxxx~~ so on. I think we got a lot done during the working day and had an enjoyable evening, so it wasn't wasted time. That's about the sum and substance of my trip out here, and it's about all the time I have. Found a

letter out here that had been
missent, lucky. I love you

David

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



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

*Joseph J. Triano
Postmaster*

6

7
23 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Received your V-day letter and one written on May 12th. Also three lovely books, the one by Thurber, "China to Me", and a third one. I didn't even get to see the title before one of my boy friends borrowed it from me. Coronet arrived the same day, so I have plenty of literature. Thank you honey, it's such a good feeling to know that someone is thinking of you constantly. (You oughta feel good too). I won't attempt to describe Calcutta in today's letter as you requested, I'll look around a little more, so when I do describe it I can do a good job. This can be told, it's perhaps one of the dirtiest, ^{most} smelliest, unsanitary (iest) ? cities in the world, Also one of the largest. Your gifts to both Mothers sounded well chosen and I hoped they liked them better than they did my poetry. So the free mail comes in quickly? There's no use sending it air mail under the circumstances. Joe's experiences are dreadful, everyone who has been in battle tells of similar ^{relatively} things. I've heard it from the other angle too, that of an inexperienced Officer who is thrown into combat. He's afraid to use his own judgement and follows orders from higher up and often gets ~~that~~ outfit into just such a mess as Joe describes. I'm certainly glad Joe is talking about it instead of us talking about poor Joe.

Don't breathe a word of this to your gal friend, it's only an opinion, but, if Selma's husband hasn't forgotten what he knew about medicine, he's a lucky guy. Running a hospital as an administrator is strictly a paper work deal in the army, and there's little time for the practice of medicine. Perhaps it's different in this particular case.

Glad to see you taking some interest in golf. Will the same thing happen that happened at Joplin, namely, the reverent approach to the fourth hole; and I quote, "I made a three here once."

It's not the score, it's how much fun youx have.

After kicking around the office for a couple of weeks, learning the trade as it were, I've been given a good job. I ~~xxxx~~ compile, consolidate and check on all reports going from this part of India to headquarters that concern the control or issue of Quartermaster stock. You'll get a kick out of this, knowing my tendency to forget things. I have something to remember practically every hour, either advance planning, some papers that should be arriving, some that I should be working on or sending out. I have a deadline on all work, and am responsible for all of it. The very fact that I don't trust my memory has helped out considerably. First of all, I've gotten so that I recall most things, but to make doubly sure, I keep a suspense file and a reminder file of all things that I have to do.

S'long for this morning. Since I got my new job the days seem to start and end with the drawing of two breaths (poetical ain't it).

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



Joseph J. ...

7

24 May 1945

Jaybe dear,

Another visit to the dentist in prospect for today. Deadline, 11:00 AM it'll break the day up nicely and hope it won't do the same to me. He's going to fill a cavity in a front tooth and build a silver abutment on the bridge of sighs, upper right.

Last night m'partner (looks like we're wished on each other) and I won by 2500 points at a 25th. It was really a disgrace. The first two rubbers that cards were pretty even, then we started to really get them. We were dealt seven slam hands during the remainder of the evening. I don't mean freak slams, but biddable ones. We only bid and made two. It was heartbreaking. After telling my partner not to lie to me as far as honor count was concerned in an initial response or an opening, he proceeded to do it consistently. I bid one spade, he bid one no trump, the hand dropped at three spades, he laid down two aces and four spades to the queen and I made six. The very next hand, I was sitting in the fourth slot with a powerful hand and he opens one diamond. I had five and a half and a fit in diamonds, so I took him to six diamonds in the course of the bidding. Two kings were missing and he lost both finesses, in the first place he had ~~opened~~ opened insufficient and then played the hand incorrectly as neither finesse was necessary. By the time the evening was over I felt like a martyr just wish you and I could get the cards we were getting. We would have scored conservatively speaking 8000 points. Besides if you and I were getting the hands, I would be home and that would be fine, I'd let the other team have 8000 points, maybe even more, probably wouldn't even be playing bridge as a matter of fact, especially if I'd just gotten home.

3022 M

How do you like my method of letter writing. It works like this. We don't start to work until 8:30. So by getting up at 6:15, I can be at the office by 7:20, and have a whole hour to write to you. Kind of give you a summary of the previous day, and an outline of the coming one.

MY DAY:...

Today I dedicated a new jeep, A symbol of our productive capacity. This little car may mean nothing to you, but I see a whole nation back of it, it's a little crowded, but this is war, of course, (of course). After the ceremony, I went out to Scarddale on the 8:10 local to see an old friend, Dave Kahn. His community project there is functioning efficiently, enough bathtubs have been provided (clean bathtubs) of course, to ease the liquor shortage. It was only through the organizing ability of the chairman of the board, DK, that the proper results were obtained. Then I came into Manhattan for a fitting. It is wonderful to see the union organization of the fitters, here is real genius. The first fitter, also known as the head fitter, pulls the dress over the head, both going on and coming off, the second fitter pulls the dress down, and also lifts it up (as the case may be), and the third fitter smooths the wrinkles and makes minor adjustments. It is interesting to listen to their little jurisdictional squabbles. After the fitting I was accorded the rare honor of dedicating a new hat for Mayor LaGuardia. Since my corns were bothering me, I went home.

Eleanor

Anything else after that would be anticlimactical, except 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 S. Ashland Avenue
Lexington, Kentucky

At Joseph J. Driano

8

27 May 1945

Jayne darling,

Sunday morning, remember the one that came every seventh day when I'd get up sort of early and play what you thought was eighteen holes of golf and which was usually twenty seven. Maybe I shouldn't be telling my civilian secrets, after all, I may come home some day, and the little woman's memory may be retentive.

Saturday evening, my night to howl, so we went to the movies on the roof of our building. It rained early in the proceedings, so we abandoned the movie (it was going to be 'The Corn is Green') and played some bridge instead. We lost by 160 points, and of course outheld our opponents on cards by quite a bit. In one rubber we lost 2000 points in sacrifice bids trying to save a rubber. My partner had settled down and seemingly was harmless, when he unleashed a one no trump bid with our opponents vulnerable with a partial of 60. I had two kings and two queens and perfect no trump distribution, so naturally I bid two no trump. It bought at three no and we went down five doubled. It seems that he didn't have a diamond stop, plus a few other little things like lack of honor count. One bright spot, we bid only three slams (small) and made all three.

So much for the bridge. We finished playing about midnight, and I walked into my room (adjoining), and there was a fellow groping around in the dark. He was in the right room, but on the wrong floor and slightly with grog. Anyway this character turns out to be one of my old buddies from the 185th at our former station. When we came up here, and the men had to be separated, Lt O'Hare let me do the separating because he felt that I knew the men, I tried to put each man in the best spot, the only manipulating that I did was to make sure this guy whom I ^{met} ~~met~~ last night was stationed at a different spot than I. So he turns up not more than a month later.

bad penny, bad penny. This fellow's really a pest, moronic, talkative, persistent (that describes him). Last night I handed down an ultimatum, IE, stay the hell away from me. When I was this guys first sergeant, I had to look out for his interests and fool with him, but now, nooooo.

Had yesterday afternoon off, so I went back to our quarters and read from Mr. Thurbers masterpiece. It left me a little cold the first day but Thurbers work kind of grows on you. I'll read a little more of it this afternoon and see what happens.

I've discovered something in the army, overseas. Sleep is wonderful. No kidding, when you go to bed at 9:30 or ten in the evening, you can get up at 6:00 feeling fine, ~~but you do not wake up~~ alert and there's no problem connected with giving your full attention to matters at hand all day. However, if you go to bed later, you can still stay awake the next day, feel fairly well, but you can't work and concentrate with the same intensity successfully. Of course, I always knew that, this just proves it. Sleep is wonderful.

The rain cooled things off last night. This morning instead of running down my face, the perspiration remains on my forehead in little droplets, and don't think that isn't an improvement.

Read the booklet you sent entitled Zionism etc, In 57 pages the writer brings out three facts, all of which I believe are true, but he tortures himself and his reader by involved sentence structure, ~~and~~ indirection of thought, and long windedness. When people learn that if you want to get a message across you must state it in clear direct and language, ~~and~~ briefly, more little messages will grow up to be papa messages, (or mama messages), or (neuter messages).

The working day is about to begin, so as a member of the working brigade, s'long toots until tomorrow. *I love you. not only until tomorrow, but until you change from the sweet wife in the west into something else* David

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



*boxes
James
music
books*

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

Lt Joseph J. Trivano

9

28 May 1945

Jayndear,

(a typographical error of a different colour). It's kind of a good thing I wrote to you yesterday afternoon, as we had to wait 45 minutes this morning to get a ride to town and almost all our letter writing time was wasted.

Didn't get to see 'Objective Burma' yesterday evening. It was raining, and we decided not to go, the whole thing becomes too realistic, and besides you get wet. We played (guess what) yea, bridge. Won by 2600 points again. We have our opponents talking to themselves. When they do have hands they're so surprised that they don't handle them properly.

It was still raining when I came downtown this morning, and it's the first morning that I haven't perspired all over the place. It's really a comfortable feeling.

In your letter of the 16th, you mention the piano for the first time in many a day. Could it be that my little boopsie is not willing to give her all to be an artiste???? I'll be satisfied if you can still play chopsticks (with two hands of course) when I get home.

Yesterday, I was indoctrinated into the mysteries of the teletypewriter. It's very simple to operate, but the touch is entirely different than that of the typewriter. I think it's a matter of following through on the typewriter and just touching the key on the teletype. I gummed up a few messages by not turning the key from receiving to sending, and a few other little errors, but I can use the thing pretty well now.

We may go swimming Tuesday afternoon (late) if we can get a ride to the swimming pool and if the weather is OK. Time and info are gone.

I love you
David

27 May 1945

Jayne sweet,

This is an extra dividend because I'm jealous of the guys that write to ~~their~~ their wives seven times a day (I believe you mentioned someone who does that). Besides, everytime I see a typewriter that isn't in use there's an awful temptation to write to my sweetheart. A lazy Sunday afternoon is in progress or should I say is lying dormant or at best creeping by. I've been up on the roof skipping rope and raising an asinine sweat, as distinguished from a regular sweat incurred by just sitting. If ~~it~~ I don't perform calisthenics the beam broadens noticeably quickly. Read some more of Thurber this afternoon and played a few games of gin rummy. One of the fellows has a camera and we'll probably be taking some snapshots real soon. If you want a photo I'll have one made, incidentally what's this informal pose you refer to, is that in underwear. whew, whew. This guy I've been telling you about from my former camp has been bending my ear this afternoon, so I finally had to tell him that it will be necessary that we cease conversing, break off relationships so to speak, the alternative being that we will break off necks (his).

"Objective Burma" is playing this evening in the little theater off Chowringee square, so the gang and I are going to see it. I think you mentioned reading the book recently. Yore husband is working on a similar tome entitled "Objective USA" or "You're My Target For Tonight" I thought the article by Bob Hope inclosed in your letter of the 18th was teek-ai. Exuberant Chandler indeed. Incidentally you never did say what he called dad about, or is it a secret.

You'll be pleased to know that I wear my glasees when doing close work, which is practically the whole working day. I seem to get bleary eyed if I don't, age, age, here it comes. Incidentally I feel a little better about my present job than my former ones. Being near the hub of

things makes you feel a little more useful. Besides, I can exercise some initiative. There was a directive the other day which is kind of indicative. Namely that men who are qualified to attend OCS may do so with the understanding that they will waive their rights for discharge under the point system.

Well since this is an extra dividend in the form of a second letter in one day, I'd better not make it too lengthy as a dangerous precedent may be formed, besides I've nothing further to say, except the usual I love you, which will never change and the usual, I miss you, which I hope will change soon by my not having to miss you.

I love you
Daniel

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



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

Ht Joseph J. Triano

10

boxed
trunk
mufflers
yr. house
9/26

chandler
pictures
maxim
J. H.
R. H. B. B. B.

11
30 May 1945

Jayne dear,

Yesterday was reat pleat, I mean replete with adventure. After work we got a ride and went out to Bata Shoe Co., swimming pool. They have a factory here with loveay grounds around it, and x every kind of facility for their employees. On Mondays and Tuesdays American Troops may use the pool, and use it we did. Afterwards we had dinner in their cafeteria, actually it isn't a cafeteria, I don't why I called it that. You don't carry anything yourself. We had hot soup, roast beef (from twelve year old cattle) but not too bad, etc,. Incidentally, I don't believe I've told you anything about the rule limiting the slaughter of cattle to animals who have attained their twelfth birthday. That conserves the nations meat supply, does not offend the Hindus who do not believe in the slaughter of cattle, the cattle are all in favor of it (they enjoy life more), but the end result is tough stringy meat. If everyone's happy that's little enough price to pay.

Got a few more reports to turn out yesterday, spent a really busy day, checking details, learning what info was wanted, and the thousand and one little additional things I'll have to remember. About three O'clock I let out a loud guffaw, and the guy at the next desk thought the heat finally got me. What had happened was that I'd been thinking about you and me, and the helter skelter first year we were married. The incident that I remembered (Lord only knows why) was the one concerning the electric fan that you wanted me to bring to Aunt Ednas after I got home in the evening. When I got home, there were newspapers leading in a line (I mean path) to the fan which was on the floor. Funny thought I, the little woman is sure getting to be a

sloppy housekeeper, or maybe the wind blew the newspapers on the floor. At the time, it should be mentioned in defense of my actions, ~~xxxx~~ the discount dates of about \$14,000 worth of bills was approaching with footsteps on horseback, and I was a little worried and preoccupied. Well, when I got over to Uncle BEEBEE eyes house without the fan you went straight up to the ceiling and stuck there. So I had to become angry in self defense and we had a first rate quarrel which lasted for two days, (remember at the time we were sleeping in twin beds). Well toots, just a little incident out of the long ago, I'm waiting impatiently for a chance to be able to remember some new ones.. ~~ss~~ S'long honey time to go to work .

I love you
David

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