

1 Dec 45

Jayne darling,

It's during the lunch hour on Saturday and everyone is off for the rest of the afternoon except myself and one of the civilian employees. I have a little work to do, but ought to be able to finish it in two hours, so can have a little time to write to m'sweetheart.

Thought you might get a kick out of the inclosed letter. The bracelets are really quite nice, and I hope he sends them as I know you'll like them. (They're not all for me, am just getting a couple for you) Am a big time operator now with a secretary who takes shorthand and types like mad. She's actually the OMPO's secretary but since he isn't around a great deal, I give her most of her work.

Well, now I must tell you about last night. Harry, Renee (his wife) and I went to dinner at her brothers home. It was quite a mansion, and there were 20 people to dinner, mostly Harry's brothers and their wives and Renees brothers and their wives. There was only one other young person there, and it was a lovely young girl, only the poor thing has no arms, just hands that are suspended from infantile arms with no elbow joint, really pitiful, but despite the handicap she's very cheerful and interested in things, in fact she sketches very nicely. By poor luck or chance, I was seated next to her at dinner, and didn't know whether to help her or forget it or what, ~~and she~~ so I decided to pay no attention to her and she managed ok. After dinner Harry sang for us, and then we did a little community singing and did some charades (cripes what a waste of time). I forgot to mention the menu. Consomme Roast Duck, a kind of roast potatoe with a very crisp exterior, fresh tomatoes and fruits, chopped liver, cherry pie and chocolate custard, which all adds up to a damm nice meal. Servants are very cheap here, and they had them running out of our ears. At one time there were four men serving at the same time

rough war isn't it. They were curious about the states and pumped me for info, which I supplied. It was quite an evening and seemed nice to be around some family life again. These people look like Jews would anywhere, only perhaps a little darker, as a matter of fact, some of them are deep olive, and I mean deep, the occasion for the celebration was that one of Harry's brothers is returning to England in about a week and it was a bon voyage shindig, also they have a clay tennis court on the estate and as soon as it's in condition, we're going over and do some tennising.

All the fellows are going to the races today, so I sent along some dough to be placed on a few of the horses. Would like to do some winning as I want to bring you something nice from here. The gift situation is that prices are sky high and the quality of the stuff is awful. To get anything at all desirable you have to pay tremendous prices and the cheap things just don't have anything to recommend them.

We got a new mess sergeant at our billet about three weeks ago and the food is horrible now, so Clint, Ralph and I have been eating at least one and sometimes two meals a day out. The restaurants serve good food (a few of them do) but the prices are very high. It's just too bad that the mess sergeant had more points than we have.

Hrrrrrr, just found out that I lost the first two races, great stuff. Guess I ought to know by now that I'm just not lucky at gambling of any sort. But anyway, the amounts bet are quite small, I've learned that much anyway.

Guess I'd better get to work or won't finish my stuff for the afternoon. Gosh I miss you

I love you
David

M/Sgt David Bolotin
4280th QM Co, APO 465
c/O Postmaster, New York



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

1

2 Dec 45

Jayne dear,

Received your letter with the listing of all race courses in it quite interesting. Yup, I would have gone to the dinner with Dad and quick.

Clint was on CQ last night and Ralph spent the weekend out at Budge Budge, so was all alone. The movie sounded like a stinker so didn't go. Spent most of the evening talking to Clint, about what to do to improve the position of the Jews in U.S. and also what to do about the Atom Bomb. Both situations are knotty and have a few things in common, one of those things being that there is no ready or rote solution. I think that for the first time the man in the street and the man who is doing the deciding are at a total loss. We cannot keep a secret that is feally no secret, we cannot give so much destruction to the world in which so many evil forces are loose, and we most certainly cannot use our position of knowledge to gain bargaining power in the United Nations =Councils. I think we finally have a problem that could best be settled by the hard core of average persons in each nation, the people themselves. The answer seems to be, ask each person what they would be willing to give up in national sovereignty, economic position and national pride, and if you found enough people who are willing to trade enough things for international security and peace, you would be in a position to begin negotiations. This thing will either level mankind largely or destroy it completely, put people on an equal level or wipe them out. The sands of time no longer creep slowly through an hour glass, they are being blown by a tremendous force and there isn't much time left. Maybe all of us are taking too grave a view of it all,

but I hardly thing so. Stassen and Ball seem to be on the right track, but they both have too many mental reservations that show up clearly in their statements on Super-security councils to control the bomb. There is a leader needed now, one who can stir the masses, but whose intentions are Christ-like. Who can show people that they must begin to understand each other and like each other. That they must deal ruthlessly with evil, and find some common ground on which they can build a system of equitable world relations.

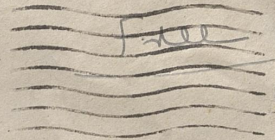
The hope is that people seem to hang together when their is a peribbus thing of destruction loose, here we have such a thing loose and ~~the~~ dangling held by a thread, and the world is afraid.

Maybe it will force cooperation.

. Hmm, the boys are going home to eat, so I'd better run along,
I love you.

I love you
David

M/SGT David Belotin
4280TH QM CO, APO 465
C/O PM, NY.



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

2

3
3 Dec 45

Jayne dear,

Really an uneventful week-end. We went down to Firpos for our evening meal on ~~Saturday~~ Sunday. We worked for a while in the morning as you know since I wrote to you while Clint was finishing his reports. Walked around out in the sun on Sunday afternoon, read for the rest of the afternoon, went to a show in the evening, but it was so bad that we only stayed for the first reel. Then Clint, Ralph and I played some pinochle. I'm improving at the game, and think I know the principles of good play pretty well, not that it's an outstanding accomplishment, but I was always rather mystified by pinochle. I broke exactly even, or rather lost two annas which amounts to the same thing.

Didn't get a chance to write this morning, it's noon now. Went out to Belgurriah Salvage Yards about 9:30 to check some stateside shipments on Class C (Unserviceable but Repairable) items. The problem was whether to send it back to the states as is, or launder and repair it over here. I said, send it back as is, unless there is something on it to make it rot during the shipping process, because, 1. There are better repair facilities in the states, 2. War department policy will be better defined later and they'll know better what to do with it, and 3. (and most important) we can release more men from this depot if we cut down the salvage operations and repair operations. Do you agree?

You'll be getting a package one of these days containing a couple of jackets with a strange lieutenants name on them as addressee. He purchased them for me as it were and is sending them for me.

Think I will try to get permission to send a footlocker home, as I can only send a couple of the books home at a time, due to weight restrictions

on outgoing packages.

Nothing new on the getting home situation. It seems that they are clearing out the replacement depots in good order, so everything should go on schedule and I should be on a boat no later than the 20th of January, that isn't really so long and gives me something to hope for, gosh that's only a month and a half, and the trip doesn't take more than 30 days so 1st of March still goes as the date of discharge from the army, you can call me Mr. after that and I'll continue to call you the best gal in the world and the one that I'm in love with.

Just think when this week is over it'll be the 10th of Dec already, gosh that's wonderful, just hope that plenty of work comes into the office between now and the time I leave so that I'll have no time to count the minutes, but I'm kind of afraid that's what I'll continue to do. This business of saying 'thankgoodness, another hour has gone by' just isn't good for one, seems to stretch each day into unbelievable lengths.

So long for now honey.

I love you
David

QMS

THE LITTLE JOYMAN

INFORMAL STAFF MEMORANDUM
HEADQUARTERS BASE GENERAL DEPOT
APO 465

DB/lj

Quartermaster Section
13 Dec 45.

TO : All Concerned.

RE: Return To British of Surplus Property of
Reciprocal Air Origin ~~and of British Origin~~
~~and of British Origin~~

1. In conformity with Circular 179, a joint inventory will be taken at the QM warehouse of subject property at time of turn over to the British.
2. Four (4) copies will be forwarded to Property Section bearing the signatures of both British and U.S. Officers who participated in the inventory.
3. One copy will go to stock record for posting; three copies will go to the R.L.L. section to be forwarded to Theater Procurement with Report on Form DDA-240. This report will be submitted when sufficient joint inventories accumulate to warrant a report. The R.L.L. section will provide prices as called for in Cir.179 and will accomplish this report.
4. The copy of the joint inventory going to stock record will be vouchered in File No.42 and will be treated as a D.O & R credit voucher. When posting these D.O & R's, stock record clerks should check cards to ascertain whether returned reciprocal aid items are carried on a surplus property stock record card. The reason for this being that some British items have already been declared surplus, but under the present set up, these surplus declarations have been nilled out since the stock is going to be returned to the British. In some cases, therefore, items being returned to the British will appear on two cards, a surplus property card and a regular SOS card. In such cases, postings should be made to the surplus property card, and this card must be nilled before any returned reciprocal aid items are dropped from regular SOS cards.
5. To provide a cross check, no vouchers will be filed in file No.42 unless they contain the initials of an R.L.L. clerk in the lower left hand corner of the voucher.

QMPO.

M/SGT David Bolatin
4280TH QM CO, APO 465
C/O PM, NY



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

3

5 Dec 45

Jayne sweet,

The last days of Pompeii~~ix~~ had nothing on us, this morning, we had fried eggs, oranges, bananas, toast, coffee and cereal for breakfast, and it was so cool out this morning that I wore a field jacket to the office, like old home week (without the home).

Saw Fred Macmurray in 'Pardon My Past' last night. It held ones interest throughout, and altho it wasn't anything sensational it was good entertainment. After the movie, which ended at 8:30 we played some pinochile. We had a sensational game and I don't quite know what I'll do with the extra money (I broke even). and so to bed around 11. Anyway the 4th went away and now it's the 5th, and that's good, one more day gone.

Clint, with the aid of Clint Jr. has 55 points and will be leaving for the replacement depot for shipment to the states on the 13th. He's so nervous that he's been biting his nails and acting silly, gosh I wish I were in his position, but my turn will come in little more than a month. (unless something goes wrong). which is very unlikely, but I'll believe it when I see my name on orders

Plan to play tennis this afternoon. Haven't played for a couple of weeks because of a pulled muscle in my shoulder that kept me from serving overhand, and also from getting any power in my shots so thought it better to rest up. Will give the shoulder a trial run this afternoon.

That will be it for this Ayem.

I love you
David

WAR DEPARTMENT

M/SGT David Bolatin
4280th QM CO, APO 465
C/O PM, NY

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

Mrs. David Bolatin
285 S. Ashland a
Lexington, 37

4

6 Dec 45

Jayne sweet,

A bunch of the boys are happy today. Orders came out transferring men with 59, 58, 57 points, three children or four years of service to the replacement depot homeward bound. It looks very much like they'll get out pretty quick as boats have been arriving in pretty good shape. The next step is 56 and 55 point men. That will take the whole month of December, then (keep your fingers crossed), it looks like they'll take the 54, 53 and 52 point men about the 10th of January and glory be, all this business will be a part of the past. Don't see how it can work out any other way.

Ralph North had a hard time playing cards last night, he was climbing into a truck and his toe caught and he fell, and did something to his wrist, the Doctor thinks he broke a small bone and it was pretty sore last night. Bandaged it for him, the bandage the doctor put on was much too tight and caused much swelling, so we ~~put~~ bandaged it lightly and it was ~~much~~ more comfortable and ~~xxx~~ still immobilized the wrist.

We played our usual game of pinochle until 8:30, then read until ten o'clock and went to bed early. It was great sleeping last night, used a blanket.

Now, I might as well start breaking you in for the changes (physical) you'll find in me. First, about a year ago I acquired a bump on my forehead, it was some sort of a bite, but got infected and left a small bump. My back is pretty well scarred up, have been getting one boil after another (there are never less than four on my back) and as a result I have places all over my back.

have been applying some junk every night that's supposed to help but it hasn't helped a great deal. The boils will never stop coming until I get back home and have a more balanced diet. That's about it, I suppose I have a little less hair, but not a great deal less and my weight is exactly the same as when I left, so there you have it.

The tennis was quite successful yesterday. Was able to serve overhand and didn't even feel a strain in the shoulder muscle that was pulled a couple of weeks ago. Of course, the timing was bad after the layoff, but still did pretty well, even won a set from one of the fellows that I hadn't been able to beat before.

Well, here comes the typist that belongs to this machine, so will have to give up for this morning. Actually, have been talking to a few of the boys that are leaving ~~the~~ today for the last five minutes, and they sure are happy. s'long honey.

I love you
David

M/SGT David Belatin
4280TH QM CO, APO 465
C/O POSTMASTER, NEW YORK



FREE

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

5

Edler
Gails
Gintede
Edman
Muller

6
7 Dec 45

Jayne dear,

Spent the last few minutes watching some birds flying around in the building. The place is so large and the windows ~~are~~ deep cut that it's a regular Lincoln Highway for birds. Just fortunate that there's no roost directly overhead, and I understand that they don't _____ on the fly.

Saw Charles Coburn and Ginny Sims in a very decent movie last night. It actually had a plot and Ginny Sims can certainly sing. The poker hand sequence was good. Everything was bet on the turn of a card, all the dough, the girls honor et al. Only the cards didn't turn, they came out of the deck sideways. Coburn played a card sharp.

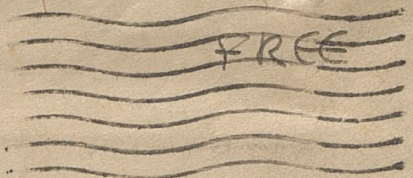
Was really busy yesterday, had to draw up a schedule of supplies available for the Chinese Army Program. It's a kind of tipoff on U.S. Policy that the CAP program is going forward. At the same time, there seems to be some indecision as we're not shipping yet, we're just getting the stuff ready. It looks to me like we'll stockpile a lot of our remaining goods here for the Chinese Army. Also, we made some good progress in the surplus property settlement. An agreement was made with the British to take back all the supplies we received from them on Reverse Lease Lend 'as is, where is', which will save us the trouble of packing crating and shipping. This is important because we're a little low on packing and crating materials for return of stuff to the states. (this shortage is only temporary) we have some coming in. Also, I got involved with Reports of Survey again, the fellow who is doing them now just doesn't understand all the details and I have to pop over to his section quite often to kind of keep things going.

but as I've said many times, am sure glad that there is plenty of work to do as the time doesn't seem to pass quite so slowly when you're busy.

Gosh, it looks like there are only 85 more days to sweat out until I can see you again. That's a lot of days, but it's a great deal less than the 500 some odd that I've already spent. Time seems to have run out again, 'bye for this morning sweetheart.

I love you
David

M/SGT David Belatin
4280th In Co, APO 465
C/O PM, NY



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

6

9 Dec 45

Jayne sweetheart,

A dull sunday morning down at the office. Came down to see if there was any mail and to take care of a couple of matters, am supposed to be off today. Clint, Ralph and I are going out to Ludlow today to play tennis and fool around.

Received two letters from you today, 28th and 29th of Nov. They're really great reading, just devour them.

Phil Devon called me yesterday, he's S-4 out at Kanthrapara now. He probably won't be going home for several months yet, although he becomes eligible in another month. They've made it a depot policy to retain officers 60 days after they become eligible. For once the EM have an advantage.

Am inclosing a new training circular that came out a few days ago. Thought you'd get a kick out of reading it, cripes it's pretty ragged around the edges. Prepare us for civilian life, indeed, why doesn't somebody wide up. All they're doing is embittering the men. You won't find one soldier in a hundred who will be willing to support any kind of a military training program (compulsory) in peacetime under the present setup. Unless radical changes are made, it would be quite useless to waste a year or so of our young mens lives in this military rot that they are putting out at present. If they want to give technical schooling in weapons and mechanical operations, combined with some physical hardening and a smattering of army lore, strictly without the present restrictive atmosphere of the army and its' horrible mess of red tape, that would be all right, but I can't see how that can be done unless it's strictly under civilian supervision and guidance.

Now, boopsie, don't get mad, but I went to the races yesterday and in eight lovely races didn't cash a ticket. Now taking ten times eight we arrive at a figure of eighty thank good ness it's in rupees. Anyway, that's what I lost. Aint it awful, ~~by the way~~ just got to get home to my financial manager. At that, I think I showed a great deal of restraint not doubling up on the last races, just made the same bet on each one. Incidentally, that's the least you can bet. The horses looked pretty decent, the track awful. It's grass and the times are awfully slow. To give you an idea, one minute eighteen seconds is pretty good time for six furlongs. Then too (this will get you) there is a military installation right in the center of the infield, and you can't see the horses until they are three furlongs away. A bell rings and they're off, but you don't see anything, so after 50 seconds or 55 they round the bend to your right and there they are. Off course they run clockwise as at all English tracks.

Well, it's around 11 and I can pick up a jeep now and go back to the billet. By the way, Sam Weil got a promotion to 1st Lt., That's it for today sweetheart,

I love you
David

12/1/45

WAR DEPARTMENT

M/Sgt David Bolotin
4280th QM, Co, APO 465
C/O Postmaster, N Y

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

PENALTY FOR
PAYMENT

FREE

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

7

10 Dec 45

Jayne darling,

Blue Monday, heck, I'm raring to go. A direct result of going to bed at 8:30 last night. After we got back from Ludlow, Clint and Ralph decided to go to the show at Monsoon Square Garden, but I read a little and then went to bed.

Nice day yesterday. We drove out to Budge Budge first and Clint had his clothing checked preparatory to leaving this Wednesday. He has 55 points. Then we drove down to Pujali Ferry and went across the Hooghly River to Ludlow. Sam Weil looked a little seedy, having celebrated his promotion to 1st Lt, too well. So, seeing my opportunity, I took him out on the tennis court and gave him a trimming, the first time. He wasn't up to his usual game, and I was better than mine. The service was working like mad and I was able to keep him off balance all the time, with plenty of service aces thrown in. We ate out there. The Mess Sergeant is an American Indian, and he really caters to us. Insists that we drink beer with our meal, etc. We call him the Chief, and thank him for the meal when we finish and he simply glows with pleasure.

Was sorry to hear of Mrs. Lowenthals' passing. She was always such a pleasant person. I won't write to any of the Lowenthal Family as it's too long after now, but will you tell them that I was sorry to hear of their loss.

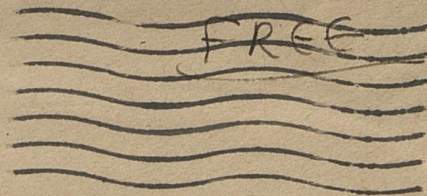
Ralph received the inclosed column from a friend of his. In my opinion Westbrook Pegler is scamp No. 1. If he has nothing better to write about, he should quit. He's spent half of his time elaborating on this particular subject. I think it has

already received sufficient publicity.

Not much else to report this morning, so long honey.

I love you
David

M/SGT David Belatin
4280th Bu Co, APO 1155
40 pm, NY.



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

8

11 Dec 45

Jayne sweet,

Missed out on the letter writing period this morning. All three of us slept through the alarm bell, it had run completely down and Clint just happened to hear the last buzz, but he was sleeping so soundly that he didn't stir for about 15 minutes and we were late for breakfast and didn't get down to the office until about 15 after eight, rugged stuff that.

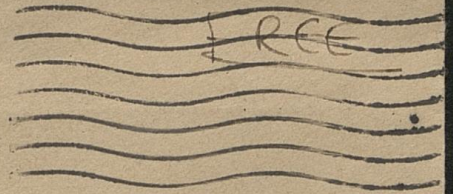
Dropped over to the Arakies for about an hour and a half yesterday evening and we discussed, of all things, the things that go into making a good married life. They almost decided to visit us in about 18 months when they get to make a trip back to England. They may go directly to England from here, then on their way back stop in the U.S. for about a month. Just hope that everyone that I've invited to visit us doesn't do it, as we'll be doing nothing but receiving folks. But in this case, I'm sure that you'd enjoy meeting them, besides, I've given you quite a build-up, which you deserve, I'm proud of you, Li'l gal.

Clint is quite thrilled about going to the Repple depple. He should be on his way home around the 25th. He has a 15 months old son that he's never seen. Clint is 34 and they were never able to have any children until just before he went overseas, then boom, came an offspring. I've never seen a person age like Clint has in the six months that I've known him. Ever since he had Dengue fever he seems to have lost a great deal of vitality, but he'll recover his old zip when he gets back to his wife and family.

The work in the office is quite heavy this week due to the fact that Clint is on pass and the officer in his section is in Ondal for three days, besides which Captain Bellman has to go to the dentist for hours every day now, so I'm the only one left to handle incoming calls and business for a great portion of the day. Oh, well it's the eleventh already, just hope the rest of this month whizzes by 'cause sometime next month I'll be getting ready for one of the best things that can happen to anyone, coming home to someone he loves. (name of Boopie).

I love you
David

W. Balatin
TH QM CO, APO 465
NY



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

9

13 Dec 45

Jayne sweet,

We had a farewell party for Clint last night, just Clint, Ralph and I. Ralph broke out with a fifth of Seagrams that he's been hoarding and we played a liesurelyxxxx cripes that aint no way to spell the word, any way we played pinochle and got pretty tight and me head's big this AM.

The inclosed masterpeice of confusion is just to show you what the army has done to me. At one time I could write things in English, but now look----. However, if I must say so, it does handle the job completely and makes the duties of each department clear. That's another one of my jobs. If anything new comes up, I'm supposed to coordinate the work of all sections of the Property department and make sure that the total effect is what we want it to be. Hell, if the army can stand it for a few more weeks, I certainly can, although I'm having trouble, cause I keep thinking of coming home to you. Received a very dear letter from you written on the 15th of November. I've answered all the questions that you ask in it by now.

Don't feel much like eating lunch today, so you know for sure that I've had a real snooffull of demon rum. Not going to the dogs honey, just had to toast ~~my~~ the breaking up of old friendships appropriately. I've got Clints home address, they live in New York and Florida, and I imagine we'll be seeing he and his wife after we both get back to the states.

The civilian employees in the office aren't happy. We had to put them on a 39 hour per week schedule because of a war dept directive, so now they only get an hour off for lunch instead of an hour and a half, and only have Wed., Sat., and Sunday afternoons off, besides which they are only paid about three times what they could get on any other job of the same kind in India. Poor kids, they all need a collective boot in their fannies.

Looks like writing to you has put new life into me, as I'm getting hungry,
so believe I'll go across the street to a Chinese Restaurant and dig my chops
into some ~~suey~~ from a dish of the same name.

So long sweetheart.

I love you
David

14 Dec 45

1

Jayne dear,

Spent yesterday evening cleaning out my closet and sending my woolens to the dry cleaners. Found a bunch of old letters from you and spent most of the time reading them, gosh they're a treat, every one of them. You'll have to write me notes after I get home, I'm kind of used to m'daily letter.

Cleaning prices are kind of high here, as there are only a few reputable places, and they soak you. It cost about \$8.00 to clean two pr of trousers two shirts and a coat and jacket.

Am sending home a combat jacket and some books today. These jackets may only be purchased by officers, so, the package will contain the return address of one Lt. Marten. Don't let that bother you.

Gosh, I'm getting discouraged about getting gifts for everyone. The stuff here smells to high heaven, either that, or the prices are out of my reach. There is very little here of native craftsmanship, I have a sneaking suspicion that most of the souvenier stuff is imported from Brooklyn. I'll keep trying, maybe I can find something.

As I understand it, most of the boats leaving in January are plying the Pacific and will land on the West Coast of the states. Have an idea, what do you think of meeting me in California, spending a week or so there (you can come early and spend more time if you wish) and then driving leisurely back across the country. It might be a swell vacation and kind of a second honeymoon for us. I could cable you the day before I leave giving you the boat, port of entry, and the day of arrival (within a day or two). Of course, "Flying Streak" may not be in any condition for that kind of a jaunt, and then there's the problem of you driving out to California alone, but if you can work it out somehow, it'd suit me fine. I'll be able to get a furlough immediately upon a rrival in California, and receive an allowance of 5 cents per mile for travel back to Ky. P.S. Brink golf clubs. If you think it's feasible, let me know by return

mail, The only hitch could develop if I didn't have definite knowledge on where I'd land, and I could let you know that in my cable. Then after the furlough is up, I'd report back to Fort Knox for about two days of processing and discharge, and it'd be Mr. again, and besides all that, I could get to see you 8 or 9 days before I ordinarily would, and that's a long time, believe me, a very long time. If you like the plan, let me know ~~by~~ in an air mail special, so I can plan accordingly. Well letter writing time is up for this morning.

I love you
David

M/Sgt David Bolotin
4280th QM Co, APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 South Ashland Avreue

Lexington, 37, Kentucky

1

16 Dec 45 ²

Jayne dear,

Having transported my portable, what better is there to do on a Sunday morning than write my own sweetheart, in the comfort of our room at the billet.

Had a nice Sunday morning, slept until the unearthly hour of 9, took a lieusurely shower (the water was warm, definition of warm, not frosty), dressed and went down to Christies for tea and toast. Ralph is working this morning and the oft lamented Clint is gone to Kanchrapara awaiting transportation home. Another fellow moved into the room, name of Jensen. He's a Seventh Day Adventist and gets off from work on Saturday so that he can observe his sabbath. I can well understand his crying need for a day of rest. So far (he has lived with us for three days) I have never seen him go to bed. He disappears right after dinner and we don't see him until we jar him awake the next morning. I will admit that Ralph and I go to bed kind of early, so don't know the exact hour that he comes in, but it must be kind of late. Anyway, he's considerate and hasn't awakened either of us when he does come in, so actually, he's an ideal roommate, no fuss no bother no see.

Looking foward to this afternoon. Am going over to one of Harrys' uncles for tennis. The name of the people is Kolenda, it's Harrys' rich uncle. We'll go over about three, and will probably play about an hour before tea, then there'll be small talk and I assure you it's very small for the remainder of the afternoon. Would rather have gone out to Ludlow and gotten in some honest to goodness tennis with Sam Weil, but couldn't get a vehicle this weekend. I've had one for so many weekends in a row that the transportation wallah says he just couldn't give me one again as many of the applicants for vehicles had applied for the first time, I allowed as to how that was fair and cancelled my request.

Had a good time yesterday morning. Two navy men arrived simultaneously with requests for special issues of supplies. One was a Commander and the other was a Seaman 1st Class. It so happened that the non-com arrived a few seconds before the commander, so I serviced his request first. The commander glared a bit and the seaman was embarrassed, but, I thought it a good idea to break him in a little, (the commander) so that he won't be too shocked when he has to wait his turn in civilian life. At that I almost stuck my head in a noose. After I'd finished with the non com and he'd gone, the Comm. stepped up, presented his request and remarked, "Democratic system you have here", my answer, "Yup, this is part of the American Army, Commander" He got a little purplish, but calmed down quickly when I told him that his request was a little out of channels but that I would help him, he thanked me when he went away. So, in view of that little story, it'll only take a few bumps on the noggin and in the pride to break most of the Army and Navy officers back into their proper sphere in civilian life.

In the same vein, I have talked with many men and officers who were in the last war, and the consensus of opinion is that there was never anywhere near as much ill feeling between officers and men in the last war as there is in this one. The reason is probably because this one has lasted so much longer, and there was more of a chance for everyone to get fed up. Also, the privileges extended to officers has been way out of proportion, and too much Prussianism has crept into our army. It has even gone so far as to infiltrate into the service units such as the Medical Corps. After all a Doctor is still a Doctor, Bars or no bars, and his function is to treat the sick, and that is his only function. The other morning I went down to the Dispensary to have a boil on my back opened and was having it bandaged when the following incident ocured. An obviously ignorant EM came in and said, "Doc, how about getting a 'Wessermens'" The doctor drew up to his full height, glared coldly at the man, and said "I am an officer in the U.S. Army, you ~~will~~ address me as 'Sir'. so this character replied, "OK Doc if you wanta be called Sir I'll be moughty glad ta do it, Sir". It was funny, but at the same time, I think, rather uncaaled for on the part of the doctor, here too, I couldn't keep my big mouth shut, but got away with it. After the other fellow had left the Doc comes up with the remark, "This is still the army, we must have some

discipline. I said, half to myself, "Is that discipline". The doc looked over at me, and I was rather glad that he'd already lanced my boil, as his look~~at~~ indicated that he'd have gone deeper and wider if he had a chance to at that moment. I just better get out of this befor~~e~~ I step out of line once too often. I've gotten back into the nasty civilian habit of treating each person according to his merits, regardless of insignia, and it ien't working too well.

Well, here I am on the last half sheet of paper available for writing. The other half was my laundry slip. Clint just came in, so will close while he tells me of the rigours of life at Kanchrapara. The condition of the paper just coUldn't be helped, every time I think of Boopsie, ZOOM.

*I love you so
David*

M/SGT David Belatin
4280 th Qm CO, APO 465
C/O PM, NY.



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

2

17 Dec 45

Jayne sweet,

Oh happy day, it's the seventeenth already, if everything goes right, there's less than a month to wait before I'm relieved of duty and can begin sweating out a boat.

I'd been playing tennis with so many top notchers and losing so consistently that I was beginning to have the opinion that there was absolutely no one whom I could win from consistently, not so yesterday. I was the star of the show, great stuff. There were only two decent tennis players present at the Kolendas. One of them was the scion of affluent Ezra clan, Sir David Ezras' son, and the other was Harry Arakie, who plays a surprisingly good game, there was a nice young English couple there, and spent most of the time that I wasn't playing tennis talking to them. When first introduced to Freddie Van Dycke and his wife, I had to shove my whole hand in my mouth to keep from inquiring, "From a beard of the same name I presume". All in all it was a nice day. Came home after tea (Oh Brother) played a couple of hours ^{of} ~~with~~ pinochle with Clint and Ralph, then we went downtown, had a bite to eat and drove Clint to the Sealdah station. He probably had a miserable 3 hour train ride back to Kanchrapara and arrived in the wee hours as he didn't leave here until 11:30. He thinks a lot of our company to make the trip.

Kind of wrote myself out yesterday, there isn't much news today. It's time to resume the ghastly QM operations so this one will have to be short. But just so I get a chance to tell Boopsie that I love her, because,

Enclosing the promotion
order for our policy file.

I love you
David

M / SGT David Boletiv
4280th QM CO, APO 465
c/o PM, NY



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

3

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~~weather~~
~~Louis G. G.~~
~~Gibber~~
~~ps~~

19 Dec 45

Jayne dear,

Dinner yesterday evening at the Arakies was very enjoyable. They invited another fellow who has a really interesting background. This boys father is a cousin of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar and his mother is a jewess. He works as an accountant for an English firm and is quite a talented young fellow. The Arakies had heard me speak of roast beef and we had it for dinner. Not like Boopsie makes, but it was fairly good. We stayed up until eleven, just talking and it was a nice evening. They invited me to a xmas gathering at their home, and to a new years eve shindig. The new years eve job should be interesting. Everybody is coming dressed as a book or a song. Haven't decided what costume to wear, was thinking of pinning a Captains bar to the seat of my trousers and coming as Captains Courageous, not good huh.

Yesterday I turned my job over to my replacement, and it was a great feeling. Actually doing something concrete toward relinquishing my duties and preparing for the homeward trip. This fellow has been in QM office work for about three years, so there isn't too much I have to show him, he understands most of the things. I went over a dozen or so pending deals on which action has been suspended either because all the data isn't in, or because I can't contact someone at the present. I can turn things over to him with good conscience as there isn't a problem pending on which I haven't done all possible research and brought up to date as far as conditions will allow.

Received your letter of the 8th inquiring into recent finances and want to apologize for not having clarified proceedings before this. Here is the story. During the months of September, October, November and December I've spent a great deal of money, almost 100 dollars a month in the following manner. First of all, there was a debt created by the Gopalpur vacation. All in all that cost around 150. I didn't get my pay raise until the 5th of October and prior to that time was drawing a net of about 47 per month. Since we returned, and our old mess sgt left for the states in sept, the three of us have been having lunch and oftentimes dinner out, with that and about one bottle of scotch a month, my beer, and a little loss gambling, and paying off the backlog from Gopalpur I've spent the additions to my salary. I am now well caught up, but since it takes thirty days to make a change of allotment, and since I expect to receive only two more army pays, one at the end of this month, and one upon discharge, I don't think ~~ixxxxxxxx~~ it worth while to make a change at this time. I hope I'll be forgiven for spending what even I think is an outlandishly large amount, but time hangs heavy on my hands, and the gambling (for decently small stakes) and the meals out have been my only means of combatting overseas boredom. Hope that answers your questions.

Well boopsie, the financial statement consumed the letter writing period, but there's still time to tell you that last night the Arakies were subjected to that old American custom of having other people look at your favorite snapshots. They think your a sweet looking gal, and I heartily agree with them. They also remarked on Betseys youthful appearance and Dads distinguished looks, to all of which I heartily agreed

I love you
David

20 Dec 45

4

Boopsie dear,

It's official, when you get this letter, write no more. Tell all the other folks not to also. The wire dropping the points to 50 came in yesterday, and we will leave for the repple depple before 5 January. Don't know how long I'll have to sweat out a boat but it shouldn't be longer than two weeks. That will put me on the West Coast no later than the 20th of Feb., so the prediction I made when the war ended that I'd be home for early March doesn't look like it's going to be far wrong. I'm so excited that I can't quite sit still. Have been jumping around like a cayuse with an electric tickler under its' saddle. Gosh, all the things I've been missing and all this god forsaken atmosphere will fade away as if it never existed in a mere 60 days. I tell you, just can't think of anything else.

Sign of the times. Yesterday afternoon went over to the Outram Street tennis courts, which are reserved for Americans on Wednesday Afternoons, and s'help me, not another person showed up. A month ago, you had to wait your turn. I practiced serving, stayed out in the sun for a little while and came on home.

The room is really empty now, Clint as you know is gone, Ralph got a furlough and has gone out to Ludlow to spend it with an American family, so that leaves me with my new roommate who never ever shows up before midnight. Should get plenty of reading in in the next week and a half.

The letter I got from you yesterday was written the 8th and you still havent gotten my letter of the 24th, looks like the mail is out of kilter again. Oh well, in a short time, I won't have to worry about whether you got my letters or not, I'll just reach over and punch you and say 'Hey Toots' didja hear me. Only I won't punch very hard, 'cause your a gal (and on top of that, the one I love).

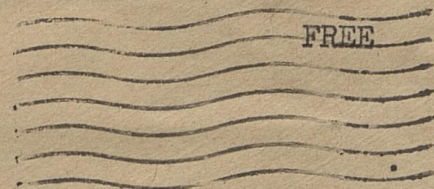
Guess it will be a welcome relief for you not to have to write letters ~~constantly~~ ^{each day}. No matter how much you have to say, it's almost impossible to keep it up constantly. Like having a deadline to meet on a newspaper, it's tough. You've certainly done top notch honey. Haven't checked or anything, but my guess is that you didn't miss many days. I did my best, the days I missed were busy ones or ones spent in transit.

Well, enough of this, back to my last job and most pleasant one, teaching another guy to take over. S'long honey, more tomorrow.

I love you

David

M/Sgt David Bolotin
4280th QM Co, APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 South Ashland Avenue

Lexington, B7, Kentucky

4

Ambiguous

A

Banner

mileage

Bills

5
21 Dec 45

Jayne dear,

Just decided I'd try the English way of living yesterday. Not bad, either. Got off from work early and went up to Basil Cooks insurance office for a chat around four. Naturally, he was having tea, so I had it too. Then went home, read for a couple of hours showered, then went out to dinner alone around eight, taking a book with me for company. It was meatless day, so I had potatoe pancakes tea and sandwiches for dinner, not what you'd call a well rounded diet, but I'll soon get balanced up. No new developments on the point system, the last word is that we'll be released before the 10th of the month go out to Kanchrapara, get a boat around the 24th and land on the west coast, probably in Seattle or perhaps Los Angeles. Hope I hear from you concerning the proposed trip to the coast. If I don't hear on time, I'll apply for discharge at Fort Knox. Got some more dope on ~~what~~ the discharge situation. I was wrong about travel allowances. You can apply for separation at any place you want to, but you receive no travel allowance to your original place of induction. Still, if you want to, I'll apply for discharge in Los Angeles and can meet you there. I'll just wait for your reply and do whatever you think best.

Plan to go out to Budge Budge and Ludlow for the weekend. The fellows at Ludlow are having a dinner on Saturday which should be fun. Probably get some tennis in too. Believe I'll send my tennis racquet home as it's a nice one. If I can build a crate that will hold it I'll send it parcel post, otherwise will carry it.

Will try to get the rest of the books off this week. The trouble is that they weigh so much that you can only send a few at a time. Would have had another cup to send home, but the Bengal open track championship is being held on the 11th of January and I'll probably be too busy getting processed to take part in it. Would have been a cinch to win the shot as there isn't a shotputter in Bengal who can do better than 40 feet. It's amazing when you consider that there are more than 50,000,000 people in the province.

You'd get a kick out of the technique of most of the sections, they're stalling for time, most of the men have 50 points or better that ~~are~~ are in charge. When any complicated work comes through, they send it back through channels for additional information, since it takes about ten days for it to get back, they figure they'll be gone when it arrives, so someone else will have to take care of it (no dear, I didn't do anything like that) (with the exception of one dear where it was really necessary).

That's all the news for this morning.

I love you
David

M/Sgt David Bolotin
4280th QM Co, APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York

FREE



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

24 Dec 4 5

Jayne sweet,

You wouldn't think it to look at me, but here sits a deliriously happy guy. Dum de Dum, happy am I from drinking rum. Tomazo and Jeremiah with nutmeg seasoned would even bring pep to the old and wizened. Xmas is what you make it, you can be happy or forlorn. What's the difference if its christ of a headache that's getting born. So, let us enter into the spirit of the thing, and let the spirit enter into us, for is it not said (oh who the heck cares what is not said) . Am going to continue the shindig this afternoon at the Arakies. We get the whole afternoon off. In the meantime my roommate (the 7th Day Adventist) now tells me what he does till all hours of the night. He develops Pictures. He's showing me some 'feelthy Peectures' now. That isn't the only kind he does, some of the street scenes of Calcutta are very good, in fact, I think I have him talked into giving me some of his prints to take home.

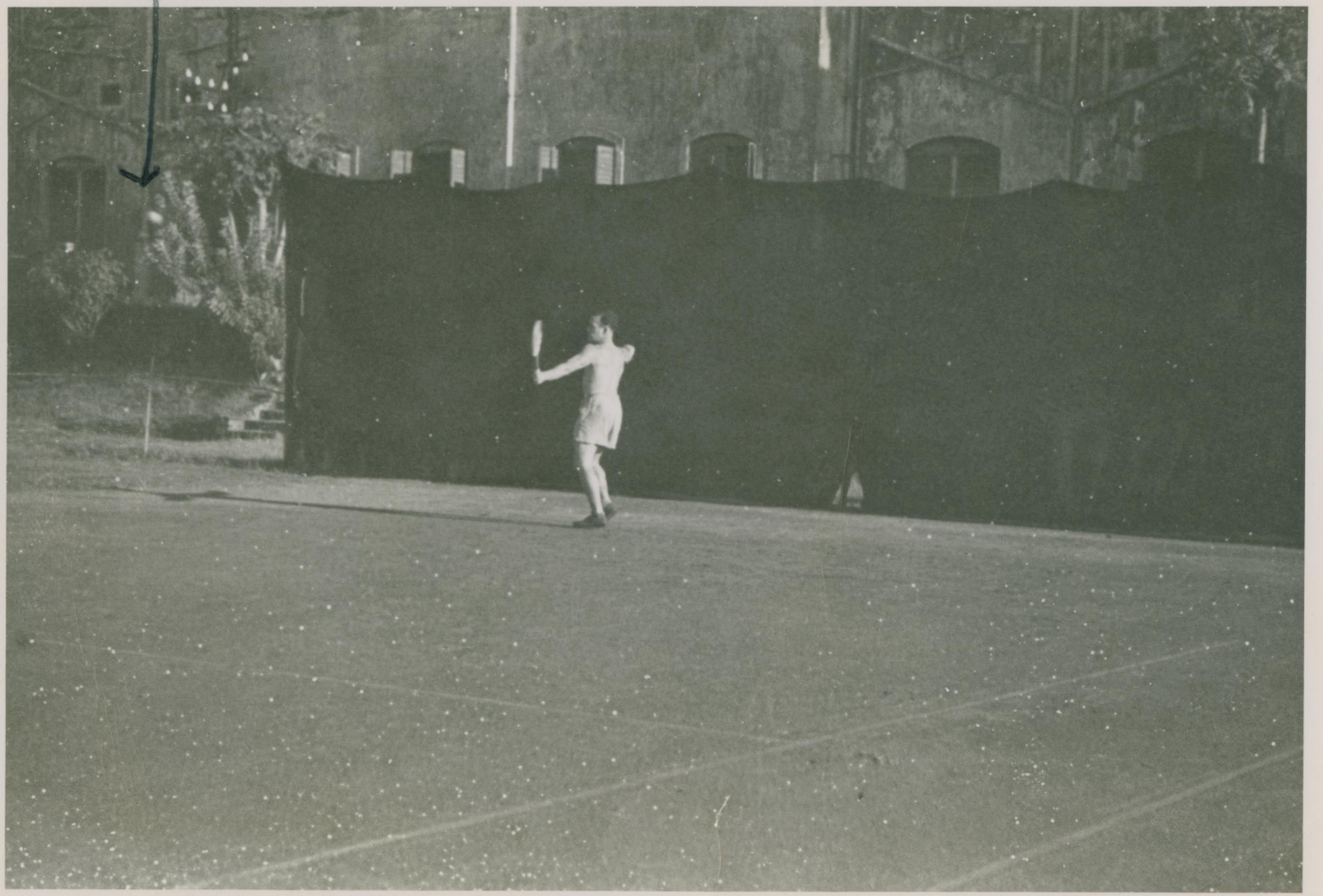
Have turned all duties over to my successor and am coasting along in an advisory capacity only. Great stuff, gosh only a matter of no more than 25 or 30 days and I'll be crossing an ocean, homeward bound, and those are sweet words. Guess you haven't gotten any mailx from me since the 24 of Now, since you don't know of my promotion yet and that's when I wrote to you about it. Oh, well it will come in eventually, and it's really unimportant. Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr. that's not bad, just trying it on for size, and I like it, and believe it fits.

Played some poker last night and broke even for a change. Sure must have the sweetest, bestest wife in the whole world (believe I do), and the unlucky at cards business pursues me. For example last night, it was the last pot, one of the best sized ones of the evening. I went down in a five card draw game with three fives, drew two cards and picked up a fourth five. Jumped right in and raised hod out of everything, not noticing a guy on my right who had drawn three cards, no use elaborating. He picked just that time to have four sixes. Hrrrrrrrr.

So long sweetheart, I'm off to the Arakies and a little more drinking and a lot of talk, just hoping that it will make the time pass quickly so that I can see Boopsie.

I love you
David





M/Sgt David Bolotin
4280th QM Co, APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



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

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7
26 Dec 45

Jayne sweet,

Practically my last day in the office. Have a pass the 27th 8th and 9th, and 30th is on Sunday and I leave on the 2nd for Kanchrapara. Will probably spend the three days getting my clothes in order, and making sure I'm rid of the current cold. Christmas was very uneventful. Spent most of the time in bed, wanted to make sure I gave the cold I have every chance to cure itself. Will be sleeping in tents for the next two weeks, and it gets cold and damp at night out in the country, not ideal conditions for cure of a cold.

Clint came into town for Xmas, and he and I and D'mny played some pinochle, that was really my only activity. We had an excellent dinner. Turkey, cranberry sauce, stuffing, etc., the old familiar menu, in the old unfamiliar setting.

Read a couple of short stories by Louis Bromfield one No.55 by name was excellent, only he makes the ending unhappy, really not necessary. He probably wanted to cut it off, so he Bas Hogyad ~~all~~ the best character.

Must get out of the habit I've formed over here of getting 8 or more hours of sleep every night. That isn't going to work out at home. With the early hours of rising, ~~and~~ etc., we wouldn't have much social life if I went to bed early enough to get in 8 hours. See, I'm thinking about us again, gotta fix it so Boopsie can never say, 'You never bring me any pretty flowers!'

It's 8:30 and I haven't even begun to write, and the civilian that belongs to this typewriter is clamoring for its' return. So, short this one's gotta be, hope it's sweet.

I love you
David

M/Sgt David Bolotin
4280th QM Co, APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Kentucky

7

27 Dec 8

Jayne dear,

Kind of early in the morning for letter writing, but have plenty of time ~~to write~~. Came out to Ludlow yesterday, since I had nothing better to do, and decided to stay overnight. So, I found out that Sam has a typewriter in his room, and my plans were made. I'se gonna write a letter to Boopsie, first thing. Yesterday, I stopped over at Budge Budge and turned in my excess clothing, picked up a couple of items that I was short, and generally attended to my clothing and equipment so that I'd be fully equipped for my trip home. Of course, it was very early to start worrying about clothing since I have until the first, but thought it best to get it out of the way.

As soon as I got out here yesterday, I got myself into a bit of trouble with one of Sams new colleagues. I was in the office of the C&E Whse, when Sam told one of the sgts to get a driver for the jeep. So the fellow told him he was getting a stateside shipment ready and didn't have time. So this new character steps in, bawls hell out of Sam and the Sgt, says that there will be a little more respect for Officers around here, and all that chicken that is distinctly distasteful to me. So I waited until dinner time, and sailed into him. Told him that he had violated two of the most important principles of running men, and they were, first, don't bawl a man out in front of strangers. and secondly, don't bawl out a foreman in front of his workers. Then I asked him how long ago he had left the states. He replied that it hadn't been very long, 'August'. We sat through dinner and were together for almost two hours, he talked to me frequently, asking questions about QM Procedure, and invariably prefixed his remarks by Sergeant. ~~these are the~~ Oh well, only a couple more months of such nonsense and 'twill all be over.

Made my own bed this morning for practically the first time since I've been in India. Guess I've never told you about George, our bearer. For the princely sum of 6 rupees a month each he cleans the room, makes our beds, sees that our icebox is complete with ice (that costs x 4 rupees a month extra) and generally does all the menial tasks about the room. He's a little dark fellow, very polite, salutes us when we enter the room, and converses quite well in Pidgin English and Hindhusthani. He also acts as interpreter when we have difficulty making

our laundry dhobie understand, Really great as a labor saving device, but I'm afraid that I'll be less domesticated when I get back than I was when I left, that's bad huh. Anyway, I'll do my share of the household tasks Boopsie, honest I will.

Read Ezra Stones book 'Coming Major' this morning. Not an outstanding contribution to war literature, but readable.

Just discovered this morning that the mess sergeant here is quite a hypocrit. Went down to breakfast in a disreputable looking pair of fatigues without any stripes and he shunted me off to a side table rather gruffly. He's an Indian (stateside redskin kind) whom everybody calls chief. He looked at me a second time and remembered me and began to kowtow, isn't it awful. Just as I've always said, a person should have only one set of manners, and should use that set on everyone. It's not a bit more difficult to be pleasant to all, nor does it avail anyone anything to be super pleasant to the high and mighty as they not only ~~xxxxxxx~~ don't like it, but regard the person as a goof most of the time.

Read with interest in Nov. Readers Digest 'World Gov't or world Destruction' by Stephen King-Hall. It sets up the problems that came with improved means of destruction clearly, and makes a good case for perish or cooperate, as the only two alternatives. We're a long way from any willingness to give up the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ prerogatives of national governments, but then too, we're all so war weary that by the time atom bombs are in the hands of all nations and we're over the weariness of war, we may all be able to understand and see clearly that within a loose confederation of nations of the entire world, we see the only hope of surviving our destructive inventive genius. Then too, there's the hope that noone, no matter how callous, or shortsighted will loose destruction on the world for the purpose of dominatixing others, since the whole affair would wind up (very probably) ~~wx~~ not only with nothing to dominate, but also with no-one to dominate it.

Don't think I've ever described the surroundings at Ludlow to you. There are ten immense dwelling places, rather uniform in appearance. They are now painted a pale yellow, with white trimming and are made of some kind of

stone. The floors are all a kind of maroon plastic material, and all the rooms are high ceiled with large windows. There are a row of royal palms alongside the walk which extends the length of the installation. The whole setup is alongside the Hooghly River. Ocean steamers, freighters, and river boats of all descriptions pass by the minute. It's a very interesting dwelling place. A jute mill occupies half the buildings and storehouses which are known as Godowns here in India. and the Army uses the rest of the installation for whses. There are six tennis courts in the back. Two are grass and four are of brick dust, which makes an excellent surface. During the rainy season, the courts dry in a matter of a few minutes after a hard rain.

Met one of the civilian families living here recently. By the way, the name of the firm is the 'Ludlow Jute Mill'. It's an American Firm with headquarters in Ludlow Mass. The people I met are the Wallaces. He's a dumpy little guy, really nice, and his wife is a tremendous gal from Australia. I'd judge their age to be around 45. Last night after the movie, I dropped into their place for a chota peg of scotch. Ralph North, my roommate is spending his furlough with them. A real postmans holiday coming to a semi-army installation for a furlough. We had a little small talk and then I came to Sams' billet and went to bed. He showed me his latest letter from you (it was very nice toots). Your name isn't what did you say.

So long honey. Can't spend all day writing to you, although I'd like to.

I love you
David

M/Sgt David Bolotin
4280th QM Co, APO 465
C/O Postmaster, New York



Mrs. David Bolotin

285 S. Ashland Avenue

Lexington, 37, Kentucky

8

29 Dec 45

9

My own darling,

Just got back in from Ludlow and found two letters waiting for me, the letters of 12 and 16 Dec. Yes, I guess it was a nice week end with everyone back home, but what can you do but wait (and sweat).

The contrast between Seymour and Joe is interesting. I guess they represent the opposite poles of the medical profession; however, if you stripped them (mentally) down to their core, you'd find them a lot closer than you think. At that, Joe sounds like pretty much of an idealist, I only hope he retains his considerate manner and idealistic viewpoint toward medicine, for if he does, he would be a great credit to the Jewish Community, and incidentally, a good friend to have.

Have been trying in the last few days to pick up souvenirs for everyone back home. It's a dogs' job. The stuff is junky and high, but I'm determined to get something decent if I have to comb the whole city, and even if my wallet perishes in the attempt (which it will). I'm not going to send anything home, as there is danger of it getting lost, and besides, with the package situation so bad, I'll probably get there before the packages would, so will carry the stuff with me. Are you curious, good, so am I as I haven't found your coming home gift yet.

Nope, the packages never came from Gristede Brothers from Mother. A great many of the fellows haven't received packages that they know were sent, so I'm not alone. Still, the thought is just as tasty as the food, and lasts a great deal longer.

Guess I'm getting a little jumpy about going home at that. Haven't been able to read anything the least bit complicated in the last few days. Mind keeps wandering, can't concentrate, just want to get home. It still doesn't look too bad despite what John Crosby told you. The situation has changed since he left here. All the high point men are gone, and it looks very much like I'll be out of here at least by the 20th of January. Haven't received a reply to my letter on whether or not you'd like to meet me, after thinking it over, I suppose it would be a very strenuous trip for you, and besides, I'd like to get home, get out of uniform and see everyone, so maybe it'd be best to wait a couple of days longer. I'll wait for your reply, see what you have to say.

I'm having a debate with myself. Am sitting here in my underwear, and I can see the C.O. of the billet out of the corner of my eye, (he's on an inspection tour, this being Saturday, and he being a new broom). The question is shall I rise, bring myself to strict attention, or pretend I don't see the bloke and go on with this letter. Yes, that's what I'll do, type on fast and furiously, so if the next few sentences don't make sense, just remember that I had to keep rolling without thinking, (or do I do that all the time). King Uncle Sugar Sugar, the little red fox jumped over the big urckle fence and skinned his purckle bottom because the fence was high and sharp, and the little fox was not used to jumping big bad sharp fences, for as I've intimated, he was a little fox and not used to the ways of the world. There may come a time when he can jump fences without skinning his bottom, but that will be sometime in the distant future. OK toots, there goes the C.O. I can get back to my usual nonsense. He walked all over the room, rubbed his finger on several surfaces, looked quizzically at the back of my head, but I kept on typing at about the rate of 75 words a minute, and now he's gone (and I'm exhausted). This IS the army.

The cold I've had is about gone. So long boopsie. EEm at the end of me string.

I love you
David

FOUND DUPLICATES OF THE TENNIS PIC'S
THE ARROW POINTS TO THE BALL

M/SGT David Bolster
7280th QM CO, APO 465
C/O PM, NY.



Mrs. David Bolster

285 S. Ashland Ave.

Lexington, 37, Ky.

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