

932 Park Lane
Santa Ana, Calif.
July 9, 1957.

Dear Doris,

At last that tired and worn out feeling has left me. I feel very much relaxed. A swim in the Pacific Ocean, the sunshine, the beautiful scenery, the exotic plants, fruits and flowers all around me have done so much for Mother and me, we both feel wonderful as anyone else who comes here for the first time. I am very enthusiastic about this wonderful country and without any doubt if I only had you and the rest of the children here, I would not hesitate for more than a single minute, to settle here for good. This is really God's own country. He gave to it everything in full measure from its wonderful climate and the abundance of everything that is so vital to man's life on this earth. There is a saying about the worm that lies inside the horseradish and thinks that there is no better or sweeter place in the world. The force of habit in us keeps us contented to stay where we are, and unless we venture out and see a little more of this beautiful world of ours, then the realisation comes to us belatedly how much we really have missed out. I see where I am running ahead of myself. I didn't even tell you of my impressions on my first ride in an Airplane. I have often heard people talk about elderly people going into dangerous places in terms which, put down in plain language would mean: "What has he got to lose" but this is entirely wrong. Just because a man has lived his normal span of life does not mean that life becomes cheap, the opposite is true, the will to live becomes stronger and life becomes more precious. Just because there is so little left, one must make every day even every minute count. So when I entered the plane I had a peculiar feeling. Mind you, I was not scared, yet I figured on that possibility even if it is one in a thousand. However I soon lost the ground and the panoramic view that began to unfurl before my eye was so Awe Inspiring and so magnificent that I lost all thought about myself. How can a speck of dust count in such a great universe. As we flew twenty thousand feet above the clouds which appeared like huge mountains of snow, the words of the prophet came to my mind: "How great are thy deeds oh lord, with wisdom hast thou created everything." Underneath of us everything seems so peaceful and quiet, not a living being is moving or seen about, but the cities, towns and mountains, as we pass by them create for us patterns in all colors of the rainbow and together they create pictures of such exquisite beauty that they will most likely stay with me for the rest of my life, my greatest joy however, was when I walked down the gangplank and from a distance saw Judy, Hank and the children waving at us, this was a moment worth to be preserved. I am not going to describe Judy's house to you since you were here and saw for yourself although many things have been changed and improved since you were here but I'll tell you that much, the way I look at it it seems to me like a paradise in miniature, just the dream house that I always wished and prayed for my children to possess. Imagine the pleasure of getting up in the morning and walk into the yard and garden filled with exotic plants and flowers, walk over to the orange tree and pick off a few oranges and squeeze for yourself fresh orange juice, a drink fit for the angels. Yesterday we went shopping and the abundance of fruits and vegetables and the variety some of them I saw for the first time in my life, of course they are mostly tropical which you can hardly find even in our great city of New York. Well so far I found my stay here very exciting and very rewarding. I am sorry that you will have to spend some of your precious time to read this "Megillah" but you know how enthusiastic I get over things at certain times, well this is one of the times.

I hope this letter will find you and George and the baby as it

leaves us in the best of health.

All our love to all of you.

P.S.

Dad

When Judy happened to look at this letter she asked me if I, or you, would mind if she would keep the original as a memento, and she would copy and type it. Hence this letter, I thought that neither of us would mind.

My told Judy a few jokes from the book "I Chayem", she laughed heartily. I think she will enjoy that book its in the house somewhere, if you can find it please send it to her, otherwise we don't need anything else.

Love and a million kisses from Judy Hank and the Children, one thousand for yourself and George the rest for the baby. Please give our love to Joel Bea and the Children. To save and to all our family

In connection with the book it will most likely be too hard for you, so please ask Dave to send it off we will send you some pictures in spite of the fact that I know for sure that when you'll see your Ma and Dad in our new bathing outfits you will scream. Well, when you are in Rome, you must do what the Romans do