

April 17, '44.  
Way down yonder  
& I don't mean dipie

Hello again sis Lib.,

Thanks for the 2 sweet  
letters you sent me. They  
do very much for my morale.  
Only trouble is you don't  
write often enough. However  
I shall be expecting more.  
I can not write very often  
because I have to write  
to about 10 different people.  
One young lady I write  
to almost every day. I  
won't tell you her name  
but her initials are "Tita."

II -

She has written me at least  
one letter per day since I've  
been overseas. And besides all  
we talk about is love.  
Between writing her & mother  
my time is pretty well taken  
up. Today is Sunday and  
I am lying down on the  
beach under a palm tree.  
The sky has white clouds  
and the sky itself is pink.  
Looking out across the blue  
ocean, the horizon is outlined  
by small islands with smoke  
rising from its volcanic craters.  
A picture no artist could  
ever paint. This artist  
pictures this island as lifelike

as possible. There are rows & rows of tall coconut palms, taro & Copra trees here.

Looking from one island to another you see the beaches outlined with these beautiful surroundings. You see natives walking up and down the beaches. I can never describe the beauty the "South Seas" will always endure.

I am south of the "Equator" & west of the "International Date Line." In other words, when it's Sunday nite here, it's Sat. morning where you are. Get it?

I'd give my right arm if my family could just see this land once. It don't seem possible that a war is going on here. But, it is.

We have been eating quite a bit of "Australian" food here. I also had "Australian Matzos" on "Passover". It shore was good.

Lill, I sent home some shells. I didn't have time to string them up. The ones you string up are rare. I put them in a separate little bag in the same box with other shells. I strung up one set & sent them to "Nita". It took me a month to string it.

Your friend the jeweler should string them on a chain for you. He can do it easier & faster. When Nita gets to L.A., you

v.  
can look at her set and see  
how to do it. I am sorry I  
couldn't do it Lil, but I had  
to send them away while I could.  
The best minute. Thanks Lil,  
you are very sweet.

Lil, it just dawned upon  
this thick head of mine that  
mom - well she is getting up  
into the years. She is no  
chicken anymore. She is the  
only one we have and I want  
you to look after & see that  
she doesn't work too hard.

See that she gets the test and  
when I get home I'll take over  
and make sure she takes it  
easy. It's the sweetest thing in  
the world to me & I love her.

VI.  
I am sorry I can only send her  
"my love" for "Mothers Day."  
That goes for Dad also. But  
he is a man & I know he can  
take more than a woman. I  
love pop, because he has tried  
so hard all his life to make  
us happy. All I can say is  
that he succeeded in raising a  
fine family. And his children  
are a credit to him. When  
we were kids, he didn't quite  
understand the American ways  
of living. But as we grew up  
he seemed to learn through all  
our faults. And now that we  
are grown up, he sees that  
we all turned out swell kids,  
and he should be proud.

VII -

As for myself, well, I was born with ambition. I always wanted to be somebody. Something that everybody would be proud of. I wanted to give my family the best. But up to now I've failed. But I am still young, and may have my chance yet. A family should never try to tell their children what they want them to be. Let the child decide what he wants to be as he grows up. He should also be helped along. No matter what it is, and he will succeed. If my children don't have ambition I'll tell them. I want them to be what I failed at. But if they chose something else, -

VIII - (Lucky eight.)

I'll still tack them up 100%. By the way, my fortune says one of my 3 children will be famous. Well, - it gives me confidence anyway.

Well - anyhow, I am proud of you Lil. Just continue to be sweet + kind + you will never need religion. You will be well rewarded in the end.

I viewed your pictures and they sure were cute. I did pin them up. Tell that gal from RKO. to write me. I wrote Sid 2 weeks ago.

Lil, take Nita under your wing + show her a good time in L.A. til I get home. Then I'll take over again. You'll love her.

Until next time I remain  
your loving brother

Phil