

Sunday evening

Dear Yoshito:

I am writing this letter after a great deal of thought and find that I feel uncomfortable as it doesn't seem at all proper. And yet, I feel that I must write to you before you leave.

In my last letter I mentioned the uncertainty of the future and of forgetting plans — "what will happen will" idea. Perhaps I should be more patient + stronger — to wait for developments but I don't see how I can without being unfair to you and to myself.

Everytime I think of you, I wonder whether you sent your portrait as from one friend to another, or as from one soldier to one whom he expects is waiting for

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Everytime I think of you, I wonder whether you sent me your packet as from one fund to another, or as from a soldier to one whom he expects to be waiting for him 'til it's all over.

If it is the first I'm not than complemented & very thankful because I am always anxious to hear from you & hope that you will continue to write. If it is the second I would like very much to at least tell you before you leave.

This all seems so foolish & unlike anything that I thought I would or ever could do, but the war & coaction & everything is so abnormal, I just had to write. ^{my thoughts & feelings}

It would be all right for me to phone you ^{to} Sunday night - person to person - about 8:30 PM. Mr. War here? I hope you don't mind - It is so important to me.