



GRAND CENTRAL
ANNE



Mrs. Yuriko Tsubada
13 Parkman St.
Boston 14, Mass.

Sunday nite

Dearest Yuri,

Darling, here I am again.
Nothing much to say but feeling
an awful lot for you.

After posting letters #1 and
#2 I went over to Times Square,
bought four copies of Times and
walked up Broadway. It was
drizzling but I didn't mind it at
all. Had both the hat and
trench coat on.

Went over 57th and ate at
Miyako. Then walked along 5th
ave, window shopping and
came home.

After dinner I read the papers
read a few trade papers made
some notations, then came up here
to write this letter.

That's about all. But I want

to be sure that you'll get my
letter and my love on Tuesday.
If things go wrong, you may not
get any on Monday and then on
Tuesday. Now, wonder what the
mailman would think. He's
relieved of lugging the Iron Age
now so he should cry!

From a late 9 o'clock (AM) riser
I have become a 6 AM'er. No fooling,
my eyes pop open just about the time
that I can hear the bugle blow[~] (call?)
come over from the distance. It is
harder to hear the taps but now
and then, it is quite clear - and
melancholy in sound.

Sweet heart, this is all for now.
All is well and am ready to go to
bed.

Dick

Did I say in my other letter that
I wrote to Masao at T. G. (Furlough)
and asked him to send my album?