

Yokoyama, Harry M

Letter, [Apr. 17, 1943]

Written from Tokyo

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My dear Mrs. Miller,

How are you? I hope this letter finds you healthy and happy and making the best of it. So far everything has been alright with us, and have some way or the other come up to date without any mishaps or unpleasant incidents. To make my family complete, I am now a proud father of a three months old baby girl, her name is Judith. She is my pride and joy, and much of my time is taken up with her.

The top talk of this camp is the coming segregation program of the loyal and disloyal Japanese in these camps. Our project has been designated as the future disloyal one, and this means we have to go out. All the Japanese individuals, who have signed in the negative to the loyalty question in the recent registration program, will be concentrated here. They will come far and wide from the nine other centers. We likewise will be moved to some loyal center in the East. Maybe, I'll be running into either Mr. Bepp or Mr. Matsuoka. Just where we will be shipped no one knows at present.

As soon as I get my little family comfortably settled in the next camp, I'm going to go out and look for some work, any kind of work. We cannot go any lower than we are now, and will have to start from the bottom of the ladder and work up again. Once I establish myself, I will call the family, and rid ourselves of this terrible camp life for good.

There is still the possibility of my being drafted in the Army. I am going with a clear mind, knowing this time I will be fighting for the future security and happiness of my family. We all have a rightful place in this world, regardless of our race. I hate the thought of having to kill someone to achieve the ultimate objective, but war is war, and we didn't ask for it. Its now the enemy or us and we have to go and free ourselves from this tyranny of a few, who want to seize our liberties and freedom we have so enjoyed in the past. No man was created on this earth to try to subject the will of his own fancy, do tell to not to do one thing or the other, so as to hamper or infringe the free will, conscience, or the well being of any given individual. Many of my good caucasian school chums have been killed in action. Boys I ran around with from adolescence. When I think of them having their life snatched from them with a zing of an enemy's bullet or bayonet, something turns inside of me. They had no hate or specific grudge against the other side, who also are as human as us, with mothers and fathers. All they asked for was a rightful place to live. And young as they are they had to go.

Right after <sup>evacuation</sup> I had hopes of going to a medical school to learn medicine and surgery, but this <sup>dream</sup> went up in air, for I lack the the money, and so far no school has accepted students in this line. Also I have wife and baby to support. But lots of time I hope about this with so much time to think on my hands. I see the suffering going on in this world, and see some selfish doctor who thinks of his prestige and ethics, and doesn't get down to his shirt sleeve to help someone in need of heal, because of some petty misgivings.

Gee, Mrs. Miller, here I have rambled on all about myself, I hope I haven't bored you. Well, this movement will <sup>start</sup> from September, and I'll write you again from my new address.

Take good care of yourself, and with best wishes.

Sincerely,  
Harry T. Yokoyama

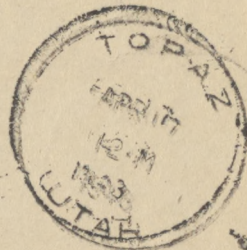


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