

Thursday night
March 5, 1942

Dear Waagbills:

Tom Yamamoto

Thanks ever so much for your kind and generous letter. There isn't much that I can give you in the way of information on our doings, because we don't, mostly. All of us in the community are sitting and wondering what in the world to do. We don't know where we can go, how, or which is more to the point, what we're going to use for money to travel with, and how we, all, are going to make a living. All that you read in the newspapers are mostly products of wishful thinking; what the publisher would like to have happen. None of the news is news except the announcement of Gen. DeWitt's yesterday.

My plans are somewhat tangled too like everyone else because of the lack of specific information from DeWitt. But I've made my mind up to this at any rate, whether it be a concentration camp or even in the case that I can go to your farm, whether it be in Zone B of the military zone or not, I would like to ask your permission to leave 90% of my worldly goods there, ~~which~~ I'll have them wrapped up & sealed as best I can. Perhaps we can leave them in Leonard's cabin.

I intend to keep a small parcel around myself consisting of a few changes of clothing, a razor, and my water-color kit, and perhaps even my tempera colors.

I'll be up at your farm in the very near future with my things, or my dad's car providing that we'll still have it. Perhaps I'll even bring some ^{few} of my parents odds & ends. We're hoping that the govt will make some means for me to take care of our furniture & all -

I would like permission now, also, to say to the authorities if conditions are right with me that I can resume work at the farm if they would grant me ~~permission~~ permission to remain in the restricted "B" zone.

Thanks so much for your letter and I'll write as soon as anything important happens with us.

Sincerely,

Tom Yonemoto

P.S. Of course you know that we are classed as aliens.

Tom