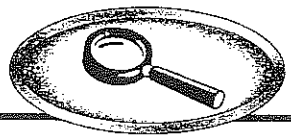
Name _____ Date _____ Class _____

★ Enrichment Activity 12



Japanese Internment

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, there was a general feeling of mistrust toward the Japanese. Because of this, President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066. The order denied Japanese Americans their civil rights. Japanese American men, women, and children, many of whom were American citizens, were relocated to internment camps. In some cases, they lost their homes or were forced to sell them quickly at low prices. Many lost their businesses and livelihood.

DIRECTIONS: Review the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution in your textbook and read the excerpt below from a Japanese American girl who was in a camp during World War II. Then answer the questions that follow.

. . . On the twenty-first of April, a Tuesday, the general gave us the shattering news. "All the Seattle Japanese will be moved to Puyallup by May 1. Everyone must be registered Saturday and Sunday between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. They will leave next week in three groups, on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday."

Up to that moment, we had hoped against hope that something or someone would intervene for us. Now there was no time for moaning. A thousand and one details must be attended to in this one-week of grace. Those seven days sputtered out like matches struck in the wind, as we rushed wildly about. Mother distributed sheets, pillowcases and blankets, which we stuffed into seabags. Into the two suitcases, we packed heavy winter overcoats, plenty of sweaters, woolen slacks and skirts, flannel pajamas and scarves. Personal toilet articles, one tin plate, tin cup and silverware completed our luggage. The one seabag and two suitcases apiece were going to be the backbone of our future home, and we planned it carefully.

Henry went to the Control Station to register the family. He came home with twenty tags, all numbered "10710." Tags to be attached to each piece of baggage, and one to hang from our coat lapels. From then on, we were known as Family #10710.

That night we rolled ourselves into army blankets like jellyrolls and slept on the bare floor. The next morning Henry rudely shouted us back into consciousness, "Six-thirty! Everybody wake up, today's the day!"

We climbed into the truck. . . . We drove through bustling Chinatown, and in a few minutes arrived on the corner of Eighth and Lane. This area was ordinarily lonely and deserted but for now it was gradually filling up with silent, labeled Japanese, standing self-consciously among their seabags and suitcases. Jim Shigeno, one of the leaders of the Japanese-American Citizens' League, stepped briskly up front and started reading off family numbers to fill the first bus. . . .

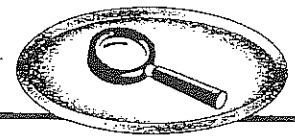
We looked out of the window, . . . Miss Mahon, the principal of our Bailey Gatzert Grammar School and a much-beloved figure in our community, stood in front of the quiet crowd of Japanese and wept openly.

Excerpt from *Nisei Daughter* by Monica Itoi Sone.

(continued)

Name _____ Date _____ Class _____

★ Enrichment Activity 12



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