

from Farewell to Manzanar

Memoir by Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston

VIDEO TRAILER



KEYWORD: HML10-952

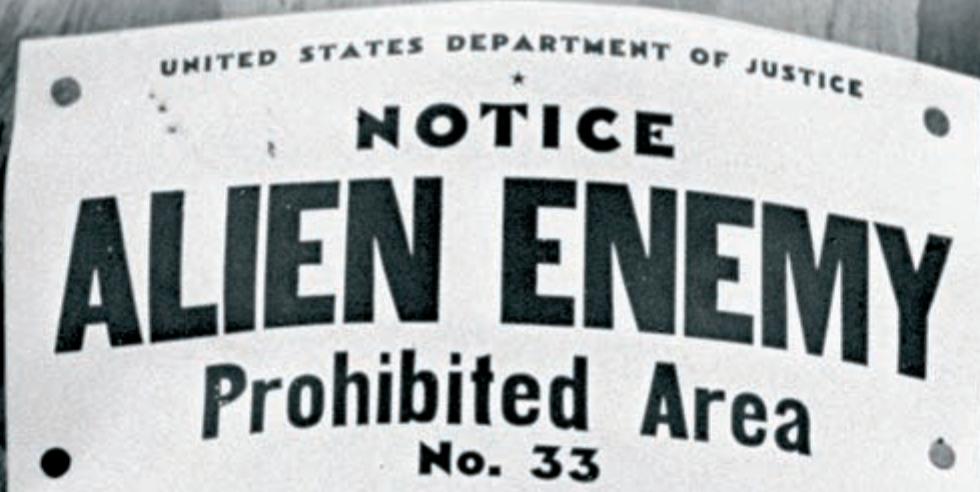
What if your government declared you the **ENEMY?**

COMMON CORE

RI1 Cite textual evidence to support inferences drawn from the text. RI4 Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text. RI6 Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text.

What sort of government would harm innocent people just because of their ancestry? Unfortunately, such persecution has occurred in many nations, including our own. During World War II, the United States declared Japanese Americans to be enemy aliens and forced them into internment camps, a tragic event described in *Farewell to Manzanar*.

QUICKWRITE Governments often take unusual measures during times of crisis. Write one or two paragraphs discussing whether it is ever justifiable to limit the rights of citizens or legal residents who have committed no crimes.



Meet the Authors

TEXT ANALYSIS: CULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS

In memoirs, writers often provide information about their culture or about a particular time period in which they lived. When reading such accounts, readers can learn about the beliefs, values, traditions, and customs that are characteristic of a culture. For example, in *Farewell to Manzanar*, Wakatsuki makes the following statement about the customs of the Japanese diet:

Among the Japanese . . . rice is never eaten with sweet foods, only with salty or savory foods.

As you read about the Wakatsuki family, identify cultural beliefs, customs, traditions, or values and how these influence the family's actions and perceptions of events.

READING STRATEGY: MONITOR

Memoirs often mix personal details with references to historical events. When you find it difficult to keep track of such information, you can use techniques such as the following to **monitor** your reading:

- Ask questions about events or ideas that are unclear, and then read to find the answers.
- Clarify your understanding by rereading passages, summarizing, or slowing down your reading pace.

As you read the excerpt from *Farewell to Manzanar*, use a chart to improve your comprehension of difficult passages.

Passage	Monitoring Technique
Lines 1–13	I reread the paragraph to clear up my confusion about the different locations that are mentioned.

Review: Make Inferences

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

The following words are used in *Farewell to Manzanar* to describe a family's ordeal. Which words do you already know? Use each of those words in a sentence. Write each sentence in your *Reader/Writer Notebook*. After you have read the selection, check your sentences to make sure you used the words correctly.

WORD LIST	inevitable irrational	permeate sinister	subordinate
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Complete the activities in your *Reader/Writer Notebook*.

Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston
(born 1934)

James D. Houston
(born 1933)

Coming to Terms

Jeanne Wakatsuki (wä-käts-ōō'kē) Houston was only seven when her family was forced to leave their home in California. The Wakatsukis were among the first Japanese Americans sent to the Manzanar internment camp and among the last to be released. Houston waited 25 years before describing her experience in *Farewell to Manzanar*, which she co-authored with her husband, James D. Houston. She says that writing was "a way of coming to terms with the impact these years have had on my entire life." The book won critical praise upon its publication in 1973 and helped publicize the unjust treatment of Japanese Americans during World War II.

BACKGROUND TO THE MEMOIR

Internment of Japanese Americans

After Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and drew the United States into World War II, some officials feared that Japanese Americans would secretly aid Japan's war effort, although there was no evidence of their disloyalty. In February 1942, President Franklin Roosevelt signed an order that led to the removal of almost 120,000 Japanese Americans from their homes on the West Coast. With little notice, they were bused to ten "relocation" centers in Western states and Arkansas, where they were confined for the duration of the war.

Author Online

Go to thinkcentral.com.

KEYWORD: HML10-953



Farewell to Manzanar

Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and
James D. Houston

The American Friends Service¹ helped us find a small house in Boyle Heights, another minority ghetto, in downtown Los Angeles, now inhabited briefly by a few hundred Terminal Island refugees.² Executive Order 9066 had been signed by President Roosevelt, giving the War Department authority to define military areas in the western states and to exclude from them anyone who might threaten the war effort. There was a lot of talk about internment, or moving inland, or something like that in store for all Japanese Americans. I remember my brothers sitting around the table talking very intently about what we were going to do, how we would keep the family together. They had seen how quickly Papa was removed, and they knew now that he would not be back for quite a while. Just before leaving Terminal Island, Mama had received her first letter, from Bismarck, North Dakota. He had been imprisoned at Fort Lincoln, in an all-male camp for enemy aliens.

Papa had been the patriarch. He had always decided everything in the family. With him gone, my brothers, like councilors in the absence of a chief, worried about what should be done. The ironic thing is, there wasn't much left to decide. These were mainly days of quiet, desperate waiting for what seemed at the time to be **inevitable**. There is a phrase the Japanese use in such situations, when something difficult must be endured.

20 You would hear the older heads, the Issei,³ telling others very quietly, "Shikata ga nai" (It cannot be helped). "Shikata ga nai" (It must be done). **A**

Analyze Visuals ▶

Surrounded by her family's belongings, a young girl awaits transportation to an internment camp. Why might this photograph be used to support criticism of the internment policy?

inevitable (in'-ĕv'ĭ-tĕ-bĕl)
adj. unavoidable

A CULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS

Reread lines 14–21. What does this passage reveal about traditional Japanese attitudes toward adversity?

1. **American Friends Service:** a Quaker charity that often aids political and religious refugees and other displaced persons.
2. **Terminal Island refugees:** Shortly after Pearl Harbor was attacked, Japanese fishermen and cannery workers were forced to leave Terminal Island, which is located near Los Angeles.
3. **Issei** (ĕ'sā): people born in Japan who immigrate to the United States.



Mama and Woody went to work packing celery for a Japanese produce dealer. Kiyo and my sister May and I enrolled in the local school, and what sticks in my memory from those few weeks is the teacher—not her looks, her remoteness. In Ocean Park my teacher had been a kind, grandmotherly woman who used to sail with us in Papa's boat from time to time and who wept the day we had to leave. In Boyle Heights the teacher felt cold and distant. I was confused by all the moving and was having trouble with the classwork, but she would never help me out. She would have nothing to do with me. **B**

30 This was the first time I had felt outright hostility from a Caucasian. Looking back, it is easy enough to explain. Public attitudes toward the Japanese in California were shifting rapidly. In the first few months of the Pacific war, America was on the run. Tolerance had turned to distrust and **irrational** fear. The hundred-year-old tradition of anti-Orientalism on the west coast soon resurfaced, more vicious than ever. Its result became clear about a month later, when we were told to make our third and final move.

The name Manzanar meant nothing to us when we left Boyle Heights. We didn't know where it was or what it was. We went because the government ordered us to. And, in the case of my older brothers and sisters, we went with 40 a certain amount of relief. They had all heard stories of Japanese homes being attacked, of beatings in the streets of California towns. They were as frightened of the Caucasians as Caucasians were of us. Moving, under what appeared to be government protection, to an area less directly threatened by the war seemed not such a bad idea at all. For some it actually sounded like a fine adventure.

Our pickup point was a Buddhist church in Los Angeles. It was very early, and misty, when we got there with our luggage. Mama had bought heavy coats for all of us. She grew up in eastern Washington and knew that anywhere inland in early April would be cold. I was proud of my new coat, and I remember sitting on a duffel bag trying to be friendly with the Greyhound driver. I smiled at him. 50 He didn't smile back. He was befriending no one. Someone tied a numbered tag to my collar and to the duffel bag (each family was given a number, and that became our official designation until the camps were closed), someone else passed out box lunches for the trip, and we climbed aboard.

I had never been outside Los Angeles County, never traveled more than ten miles from the coast, had never even ridden on a bus. I was full of excitement, the way any kid would be, and wanted to look out the window. But for the first few hours the shades were drawn. Around me other people played cards, read magazines, dozed, waiting. I settled back, waiting too, and finally fell sleep. The bus felt very secure to me. Almost half its passengers were immediate relatives. 60 Mama and my older brothers had succeeded in keeping most of us together, on the same bus, headed for the same camp. I didn't realize until much later what a job that was. The strategy had been, first, to have everyone living in the same district when the evacuation began, and then to get all of us included under the same family number, even though names had been changed by marriage. Many families weren't as lucky as ours and suffered months of anguish while trying to arrange transfers from one camp to another.

B MONITOR

What might explain the unfriendly behavior of the teacher in Boyle Heights? To clarify, read on and check your answer.

irrational (ɪ-răsh'ə-năl)
adj. not possessed with reason or understanding



These Japanese Americans are riding to an assembly center, where they will be held until their transfer to an internment camp.

We rode all day. By the time we reached our destination, the shades were up. It was late afternoon. The first thing I saw was a yellow swirl across a blurred, reddish setting sun. The bus was being pelted by what sounded like splattering rain. It wasn't rain. This was my first look at something I would soon know very well, a billowing flurry of dust and sand churned up by the wind through Owens Valley.⁴

We drove past a barbed-wire fence, through a gate, and into an open space where trunks and sacks and packages had been dumped from the baggage trucks that drove out ahead of us. I could see a few tents set up, the first rows of black barracks, and beyond them, blurred by sand, rows of barracks that seemed to spread for miles across this plain. People were sitting on cartons or milling around, with their backs to the wind, waiting to see which friends or relatives might be on this bus. As we approached, they turned or stood up, and some moved toward us expectantly. But inside the bus no one stirred. No one waved or spoke. They just stared out the windows, ominously silent. I didn't understand this. Hadn't we finally arrived, our whole family intact? I opened a window, leaned out, and yelled happily. "Hey! This whole bus is full of Wakatsukis!" **C**

Outside, the greeters smiled. Inside there was an explosion of laughter, hysterical, tension-breaking laughter that left my brothers choking and whacking each other across the shoulders.

C MAKE INFERENCES

Why were people in the bus "ominously silent" upon their arrival at the camp?

4. **Owens Valley:** the valley of the Owens River in south-central California west of Death Valley, where Manzanar was built. The once lush and green valley had become dry and deserted in the 1930s after water was diverted to an aqueduct supplying Los Angeles.

We had pulled up just in time for dinner. The mess halls weren't completed yet. An outdoor chow line snaked around a half-finished building that broke 90 a good part of the wind. They issued us army mess kits, the round metal kind that fold over, and plopped in scoops of canned Vienna sausage, canned string beans, steamed rice that had been cooked too long, and on top of the rice a serving of canned apricots. The Caucasian servers were thinking that the fruit poured over rice would make a good dessert. Among the Japanese, of course, rice is never eaten with sweet foods, only with salty or savory foods. Few of us could eat such a mixture. But at this point no one dared protest. It would have been impolite. I was horrified when I saw the apricot syrup seeping through my little mound of rice. I opened my mouth to complain. My mother jabbed me in the back to keep quiet. We moved on through the line and joined the 100 others squatting in the lee⁵ of half-raised walls, dabbing courteously at what was, for almost everyone there, an inedible concoction. **D**

After dinner we were taken to Block 16, a cluster of fifteen barracks that had just been finished a day or so earlier—although finished was hardly the word for it. The shacks were built of one thickness of pine planking covered with tarpaper. They sat on concrete footings, with about two feet of open space between the floorboards and the ground. Gaps showed between the planks,

5. **Lee:** the side sheltered from the wind.

In the mess halls of internment camps, Japanese Americans were served unfamiliar foods such as sausages.



D CULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS

How does the cultural information in lines 90–101 help you understand the experience of interned Japanese Americans?

and as the weeks passed and the green wood dried out, the gaps widened. Knotholes gaped in the uncovered floor.

Each barracks was divided into six units, sixteen by twenty feet, about 110 the size of a living room, with one bare bulb hanging from the ceiling and an oil stove for heat. We were assigned two of these for the twelve people in our family group; and our official family “number” was enlarged by three digits—16 plus the number of this barracks. We were issued steel army cots, two brown army blankets each, and some mattress covers, which my brothers stuffed with straw. E

The first task was to divide up what space we had for sleeping. Bill and Woody contributed a blanket each and partitioned off the first room: one side for Bill and Tomi, one side for Woody and Chizu and their baby girl. Woody also got the stove, for heating formulas.

120 The people who had it hardest during the first few months were young couples like these, many of whom had married just before the evacuation began, in order not to be separated and sent to different camps. Our two rooms were crowded, but at least it was all in the family. My oldest sister and her husband were shoved into one of those sixteen-by-twenty-foot compartments with six people they had never seen before—two other couples, one recently married like themselves, the other with two teenage boys. Partitioning off a room like that wasn’t easy. It was bitter cold when we arrived, and the wind did not abate. All they had to use for room dividers were those army blankets, two of which were barely enough to keep one person warm. They argued over whose blanket should 130 be sacrificed and later argued about noise at night—the parents wanted their boys asleep by 9:00 P.M.—and they continued arguing over matters like that for six months, until my sister and her husband left to harvest sugar beets in Idaho. It was grueling work up there, and wages were pitiful, but when the call came through camp for workers to alleviate the wartime labor shortage, it sounded better than their life at Manzanar. They knew they’d have, if nothing else, a room, perhaps a cabin of their own.

That first night in Block 16, the rest of us squeezed into the second room—Granny; Lillian, age fourteen; Ray, thirteen; May, eleven; Kiyo, ten; Mama; and me. I didn’t mind this at all at the time. Being youngest meant I got to 140 sleep with Mama. And before we went to bed I had a great time jumping up and down on the mattress. The boys had stuffed so much straw into hers, we had to flatten it some so we wouldn’t slide off. I slept with her every night after that until Papa came back.

We woke early, shivering and coated with dust that had blown up through the knotholes and in through the slits around the doorway. During the night Mama had unpacked all our clothes and heaped them on our beds for warmth. Now our cubicle looked as if a great laundry bag had exploded and then been sprayed with fine dust. A skin of sand covered the floor. I looked over Mama’s shoulder at Kiyo, on top of his fat mattress, buried under jeans and overcoats 150 and sweaters. His eyebrows were gray, and he was starting to giggle. He was looking at me, at my gray eyebrows and coated hair, and pretty soon we were

E MONITOR

What strategy would you use to clarify the information in lines 109–115?

both giggling. I looked at Mama's face to see if she thought Kiyo was funny. She lay very still next to me on our mattress, her eyes scanning everything—bare rafters, walls, dusty kids—scanning slowly, and I think the mask of her face would have cracked had not Woody's voice just then come at us through the wall. He was rapping on the planks as if testing to see if they were hollow.

"Hey!" he yelled. "You guys fall into the same flour barrel as us?"

"No," Kiyo yelled back. "Ours is full of Japs."

All of us laughed at this.

160 "Well, tell 'em it's time to get up," Woody said. "If we're gonna live in this place, we better get to work."

He gave us ten minutes to dress, then he came in carrying a broom, a hammer, and a sack full of tin can lids he had scrounged somewhere. Woody would be our leader for a while now, short, stocky, grinning behind his mustache. He had just turned twenty-four. In later years he would tour the country with Mr. Moto, the Japanese tag-team wrestler, as his **sinister** assistant Suki—karate chops through the ropes from outside the ring, a chunky leg reaching from under his kimono to trip up Mr. Moto's foe. In the ring Woody's smile looked sly and crafty; he hammed it up. Offstage it was whimsical, as if 170 some joke were bursting to be told. **F**

"Hey, brother Ray, Kiyo," he said. "You see these tin can lids?"

"Yeah, yeah," the boys said drowsily, as if going back to sleep. They were both young versions of Woody.

"You see all them knotholes in the floor and in the walls?"

They looked around. You could see about a dozen.

Woody said, "You get those covered up before breakfast time. Any more sand comes in here through one of them knotholes, you have to eat it off the floor with ketchup."

"What about sand that comes in through the cracks?" Kiyo said.

180 Woody stood up very straight, which in itself was funny, since he was only about five-foot-six.

"Don't worry about the cracks," he said. "Different kind of sand comes in through the cracks."

He put his hands on his hips and gave Kiyo a sternly comic look, squinting at him through one eye the way Papa would when he was asserting his authority. Woody mimicked Papa's voice: "And I can tell the difference. So be careful."

The boys laughed and went to work nailing down lids. May started sweeping out the sand. I was helping Mama fold the clothes we'd used for cover, when Woody came over and put his arms around her shoulder. He was 190 short; she was even shorter, under five feet.

He said softly, "You okay, Mama?"

She didn't look at him, she just kept folding clothes and said, "Can we get the cracks covered too, Woody?"

Outside the sky was clear, but icy gusts of wind were buffeting our barracks every few minutes, sending fresh dust puffs up through the floorboards. May's broom could barely keep up with it, and our oil heater could scarcely hold its own against the drafts.

sinister (sĭn'ĭ-stĕr)

adj. threatening or foreshadowing evil

COMMON CORE RI 4

FOREIGN WORDS IN ENGLISH

Reread lines 165–168. The word *karate* first appeared in English in the 1950s. U.S. and British soldiers returning from World War II brought back karate techniques and the word *karate* from Japan. Which word in line 168 also comes from the Japanese language?

COMMON CORE RI 4

Language Coach

Roots and Affixes

Reread lines 184–186. Both *comic* and *mimic* originate in Greek theater. The root *kōmos* means "joyful activity," and *mimos* means "actor." Since the Greek affix *-ic* means "like, or akin to," what do you think the original meanings of *comic* and *mimic* are? What do these words mean in lines 184 and 186?



Dust storms frequently blew through the 550-acre Manzanar internment camp, which was located 200 miles northeast of Los Angeles at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

"We'll get this whole place as tight as a barrel, Mama. I already met a guy who told me where they pile all the scrap lumber."

200 "Scrap?"

"That's all they got. I mean, they're still building the camp, you know. Sixteen blocks left to go. After that, they say maybe we'll get some stuff to fix the insides a little bit."

Her eyes blazed then, her voice quietly furious. "Woody, we can't live like this. Animals live like this."

It was hard to get Woody down. He'd keep smiling when everybody else was ready to explode. Grief flickered in his eyes. He blinked it away and hugged her tighter. "We'll make it better, Mama. You watch."

We could hear voices in other cubicles now. Beyond the wall Woody's baby
210 girl started to cry.

"I have to go over to the kitchen," he said, "see if those guys got a pot for heating bottles. That oil stove takes too long—something wrong with the fuel line. I'll find out what they're giving us for breakfast."

"Probably hotcakes with soy sauce," Kiyo said, on his hands and knees between the bunks.

"No." Woody grinned, heading out the door. "Rice. With Log Cabin syrup and melted butter."

I don't remember what we ate that first morning. I know we stood for half an hour in cutting wind waiting to get our food. Then we took it back to the



Internees at Manzanar used boxes and scrap material to make their housing more comfortable.

◀ Analyze Visuals

How does this photograph reflect the attitudes of people depicted in the selection?

220 cubicle and ate huddled around the stove. Inside, it was warmer than when we left, because Woody was already making good his promise to Mama, tacking up some ends of lath⁶ he'd found, stuffing rolled paper around the door frame.

Trouble was, he had almost nothing to work with. Beyond this temporary weather stripping, there was little else he could do. Months went by, in fact, before our "home" changed much at all from what it was the day we moved in—bare floors, blanket partitions, one bulb in each compartment dangling from a roof beam, and open ceilings overhead so that mischievous boys like Ray and Kiyo could climb up into the rafters and peek into anyone's life.

The simple truth is the camp was no more ready for us when we got there 230 than we were ready for it. We had only the dimmest ideas of what to expect.

Most of the families, like us, had moved out from southern California with as much luggage as each person could carry. Some old men left Los Angeles wearing Hawaiian shirts and Panama hats and stepped off the bus at an altitude of 4000 feet, with nothing available but sagebrush and tarpaper to stop the April winds pouring down off the back side of the Sierras.⁷

The War Department was in charge of all the camps at this point. They began to issue military surplus from the First World War—olive-drab knit caps, earmuffs, peacoats, canvas leggings. Later on, sewing machines were shipped in, and one barracks was turned into a clothing factory. An old seamstress 240 took a peacoat of mine, tore the lining out, opened and flattened the sleeves, added a collar, put arm holes in and handed me back a beautiful cape. By fall, dozens of seamstresses were working full-time transforming thousands of these

6. **lath** (läth): a thin strip of wood.

7. **Sierras** (sē-ĕr'ĕz): the Sierra Nevada mountain range in eastern California.

old army clothes into capes, slacks, and stylish coats. But until that factory got going and packages from friends outside began to fill out our wardrobes, warmth was more important than style. I couldn't help laughing at Mama walking around in army earmuffs and a pair of wide-cuffed, khaki-colored wool trousers several sizes too big for her. Japanese are generally smaller than Caucasians, and almost all these clothes were oversize. They flopped, they dangled, they hung.

250 It seems comical, looking back; we were a band of Charlie Chaplins⁸ marooned in the California desert. But at the time, it was pure chaos. That's the only way to describe it. The evacuation had been so hurriedly planned, the camps so hastily thrown together, nothing was completed when we got there, and almost nothing worked.

I was sick continually, with stomach cramps and diarrhea. At first it was from the shots they gave us for typhoid, in very heavy doses and in assembly-line fashion: swab, jab, swab, *Move along now*, swab, jab, swab, *Keep it moving*. That knocked all of us younger kids down at once, with fevers and vomiting. Later, it was the food that made us sick, young and old alike. The kitchens

260 were too small and badly ventilated. Food would spoil from being left out too long. That summer, when the heat got fierce, it would spoil faster. The refrigeration kept breaking down. The cooks, in many cases, had never cooked before. Each block had to provide its own volunteers. Some were lucky and had a professional or two in their midst. But the first chef in our block had been a gardener all his life and suddenly found himself preparing three meals a day for 250 people. **G**

"The Manzanar runs" became a condition of life, and you only hoped that when you rushed to the latrine,⁹ one would be in working order.

That first morning, on our way to the chow line, Mama and I tried to use the 270 women's latrine in our block. The smell of it spoiled what little appetite we had. Outside, men were working in an open trench, up to their knees in muck—a common sight in the months to come. Inside, the floor was covered with excrement, and all twelve bowls were erupting like a row of tiny volcanoes.

Mama stopped a kimono-wrapped woman stepping past us with her sleeve pushed up against her nose and asked, "What do you do?"

"Try Block Twelve," the woman said, grimacing. "They have just finished repairing the pipes."

It was about two city blocks away. We followed her over there and found a line of women waiting in the wind outside the latrine. We had no choice but 280 to join the line and wait with them.

Inside it was like all the other latrines. Each block was built to the same design just as each of the ten camps, from California to Arkansas, was built to a common master plan. It was an open room, over a concrete slab. The sink was a long metal trough against one wall, with a row of spigots for hot and cold

COMMON CORE RI.4

Language Coach

Multiple-Meaning Words

The word *maroon* has very different meanings as an adjective and as a verb. As an adjective, it means "purplish-red." As a verb, it means "stranded in an isolated place." Reread line 251. Which meaning of *maroon* is used? How do you know?

C MONITOR

How would you summarize the information in lines 255–266?

8. **Charlie Chaplins:** Charlie Chaplin, an actor and director, portrayed a tramp in baggy clothing in comedy films of the 1920s and 1930s.

9. **latrine:** a communal toilet in a camp or barracks.

water. Down the center of the room twelve toilet bowls were arranged in six pairs, back to back, with no partitions. My mother was a very modest person, and this was going to be agony for her, sitting down in public, among strangers.

One old woman had already solved the problem for herself by dragging in a large cardboard carton. She set it up around one of the bowls, like a three-sided screen. OXYDOL was printed in large black letters down the front. I remember this well, because that was the soap we were issued for laundry; later on, the smell of it would **permeate** these rooms. The upended carton was about four feet high. The old woman behind it wasn't much taller. When she stood, only her head showed over the top.

She was about Granny's age. With great effort she was trying to fold the sides of the screen together. Mama happened to be at the head of the line now. As she approached the vacant bowl, she and the old woman bowed to each other from the waist. Mama then moved to help her with the carton, and the old woman said very graciously, in Japanese, "Would you like to use it?"

300 Happily, gratefully, Mama bowed again and said, "Arigato" (Thank you). "Arigato gozaimas" (Thank you very much). "I will return it to your barracks."

"Oh, no. It is not necessary. I will be glad to wait."

The old woman unfolded one side of the cardboard, while Mama opened the other; then she bowed again and scurried out the door.

Those big cartons were a common sight in the spring of 1942. Eventually sturdier partitions appeared, one or two at a time. The first were built of scrap lumber. Word would get around that Block such and such had partitions now, and Mama and my older sisters would walk halfway across the camp to use them. Even after every latrine in camp was screened, this quest for privacy 310 continued. Many would wait in line at night. Ironically, because of this, midnight was often the most crowded time of all. 

Like so many of the women there, Mama never did get used to the latrines. It was a humiliation she just learned to endure: *shikata ga nai*, this cannot be helped. She would quickly **subordinate** her own desires to those of the family or the community, because she knew cooperation was the only way to survive. At the same time, she placed a high premium on personal privacy, respected it in others and insisted upon it for herself. Almost everyone at Manzanar had inherited this pair of traits from the generations before them who had learned to live in a small, crowded country like Japan. Because of the first, they were able to take a desolate stretch of wasteland and gradually make it livable. But the entire situation there, especially in the beginning—the packed sleeping quarters, the communal mess halls, the open toilets—all this was an open insult to that other, private self, a slap in the face you were powerless to challenge. 

permeate (pür'mē-āt')
v. to spread or flow throughout

GRAMMAR AND STYLE

Reread lines 305–311. Notice how the authors use a variety of **simple**, **complex**, and **compound-complex sentences** to add rhythm and interest to their writing.

subordinate
(sə-bôr'dn-āt') v. to lower in rank or importance

Comprehension

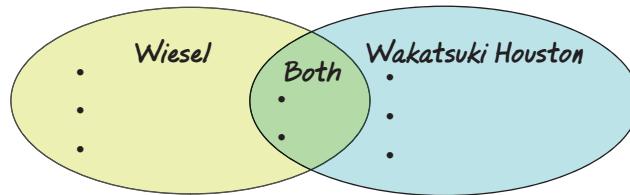
COMMON CORE

1. **Recall** Why were the Wakatsukis sent to Manzanar?
2. **Recall** What kind of housing were they given?
3. **Recall** Why did Mama have to borrow the cardboard box?
4. **Summarize** How did the Wakatsukis and other Japanese Americans improve conditions at the camp?

RI1 Cite textual evidence to support inferences drawn from the text. RI 6 Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text.

Text Analysis

- 5. **Examine Monitoring Strategies** Review the chart you created as you read. Identify the strategy that you used most often to monitor your comprehension, and discuss why it was helpful.
- 6. **Identify Cultural Characteristics** What did you learn about Japanese beliefs, values, and customs as you read the memoir? Cite examples.
- 7. **Analyze Character Traits** What traits helped Jeanne and her siblings adjust to life at Manzanar? Cite evidence from the text to support your answer.
- 8. **Analyze Cause and Effect** The people in charge of Manzanar knew little about Japanese culture. How did their lack of knowledge affect conditions in the camp? Provide examples to support your answer.
- 9. **Compare Texts** Both Elie Wiesel and Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston were treated unjustly by their governments. Use a graphic organizer like the one shown to compare and contrast their experiences.
- 10. **Draw Conclusions** In the foreword to *Farewell to Manzanar*, Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston says, "It has taken me 25 years to reach the point where I could talk openly about Manzanar." Why might it have taken her so long to be able to discuss her experience?



Text Criticism

11. **Historical Context** In your opinion, could a forced internment, like the one experienced by the Wakatsuki family, happen in the United States today? Explain why or why not.

What if your government declared you the ENEMY?

Which rights would you be willing to give up during a time of national crisis?

Vocabulary in Context

▲ VOCABULARY PRACTICE

Decide whether each statement is true or false.

1. Something **inevitable** can be easily avoided.
2. A person who displays sound reasoning and judgment is **irrational**.
3. The stench of garbage can **permeate** the room.
4. A letter that talks of evil to come can be described as **sinister**.
5. To **subordinate** your feelings is to share them openly with others.

WORD LIST

inevitable
irrational
permeate
sinister
subordinate

ACADEMIC VOCABULARY IN WRITING

- acknowledge • community • contemporary • culture • role

What might a **contemporary** politician say if asked about the forced interment of Japanese Americans during World War II? Write a short statement from the politician's point of view in which you **acknowledge** and evaluate what happened. Use at least two Academic Vocabulary words in your response.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: THE PREFIX *in-*

In- at the beginning of a word may be a Latin prefix meaning “not,” as in the vocabulary word *inevitable*, which means “not evitable (avoidable).” When the prefix *in-* precedes certain letters, it is spelled *il-*, *im-*, or *ir-*. For example, the vocabulary word *irrational*, meaning “not rational,” begins with *ir-*. If you can identify a root or a base word in academic words from different content areas, you can often figure out their meanings.

PRACTICE Use a dictionary or glossary to help you find two words in each academic vocabulary group that contain a prefix meaning “not.” Then write a short definition of each word.

1. inconsiderate, incentive, incompetent
2. insensitive, inattentive, indulge
3. illiterate, illogical, illuminate
4. imaginary, impartial, immortal
5. irresponsible, irritable, irreversible

COMMON CORE

L4c Consult reference materials to determine or clarify a word's precise meaning or its etymology.

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Language

◆ GRAMMAR AND STYLE: Vary Sentence Structure

Review the **Grammar and Style** note on page 964. To improve the cadence of your writing, be sure to employ a variety of sentence structures. A **simple** sentence consists of one independent clause and no subordinate clauses. A **compound** sentence consists of two or more independent clauses joined together. A **complex** sentence consists of one independent clause and one or more subordinate clauses. A **compound-complex** sentence consists of two or more independent clauses and one or more subordinate clauses. In the following example, notice how the writers use a variety of simple, complex, and compound-complex sentences to create an effective description.

I remember this well, because that was the soap we were issued for laundry; later on, the smell of it would permeate these rooms. The upended carton was about four feet high. The old woman behind it wasn't much taller. When she stood, only her head showed over the top. (lines 290–294)

Notice how the revisions in blue relieve the monotony of this first draft by changing simple sentences to complex and compound-complex sentences.

STUDENT MODEL

Although ~~K~~ The Japanese Americans in the camps have done nothing wrong. Yet ^{they receive worse treatment than most criminals. They live in drafty}
^{, and} ^{that} barracks. ~~A~~ They must use filthy latrines. ^Often ~~the latrines~~ ^{do not work.}

READING-WRITING CONNECTION



Enhance your understanding of the selection from *Farewell to Manzanar* by responding to this prompt. Then use the **revising tip** to improve your writing.

WRITING PROMPT

Extended Constructed Response: Editorial

Suppose that you worked for a newspaper during World War II. Write a **three-to-five-paragraph editorial** about the government's policy of interning "enemy" Japanese Americans. Be sure to consider your purpose, your 1940s audience, and the context of the war when organizing your argument.

REVISING TIP

Review your response. Have you used a variety of sentence structures? If not, revise to include **subordinate clauses** to create a mix of simple, complex, and compound-complex sentences.

COMMON CORE

L1b Use various types of clauses to add variety and interest to writing. W 4 Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to the task and purpose.

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Revision

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