5.54 Evaluate the constitutionality of Japanese internment during the war. (C, E, P, H)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Internment Camp*</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Date Opened</th>
<th>Number of People Held</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gila River</td>
<td>Arizona</td>
<td>July 1942</td>
<td>13,348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grenada</td>
<td>Colorado</td>
<td>August 1942</td>
<td>7,318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heart Mountain</td>
<td>Wyoming</td>
<td>August 1942</td>
<td>10,767</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerome</td>
<td>Arkansas</td>
<td>October 1942</td>
<td>8,497</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manzanar</td>
<td>California</td>
<td>March 1942</td>
<td>10,046</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minidoka</td>
<td>Idaho</td>
<td>August 1942</td>
<td>9,397</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poston</td>
<td>Arizona</td>
<td>May 1942</td>
<td>17,814</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rohwer</td>
<td>Arkansas</td>
<td>September 1942</td>
<td>8,475</td>
</tr>
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<td>Topaz</td>
<td>Utah</td>
<td>September 1942</td>
<td>8,130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tule Lake</td>
<td>California</td>
<td>May 1942</td>
<td>18,789</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Along with these 10 internment camps, the War Relocation Authority operated numerous other assembly, relocation, and isolation centers for Japanese Americans.

http://www.nationalww2museum.org/learn/education/for-students/ww2-history/ww2-by-the-numbers/japanese-american-internment.html
Japanese Americans: The War At Home

I was born and raised in San Jose, California. Both my parents had been born in Japan. My father moved to America in 1902 and my mom came over in 1912. Being first-generation American, I was considered Nisei.

Living in California, we all experienced some subtle forms of discrimination, like waiting in a department store for a clerk to help you, while other people who came in after you got waited on first.

My family had strong feelings about America, especially my father. You see, there were many immigrants who came to America to work, make money, and later return to Japan. But there were also many who came with the intention of raising their families and becoming a permanent part of the fabric of society. In the late 1920s, my dad helped put together a support group of Japanese immigrants in San Jose who wanted to become Americans. Consequently, he had strong relationships with the city and county officials and the business community. He had made many friends.

There were only three times when I'd seen my dad cry: once on the 7th of December, 1941; the second time was when we left on the train to go to camp; and the third time was when my mother passed away. I remember on the 7th of December, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, he was in the little office at home, crying, and saying, "Why did they do it? Why? Why?"

Soon after Pearl Harbor, the evacuation notices were posted. Then came the tension and the anxiety of "What do we do now?" All of our things had to be packed and stored because we could only take those things which we could carry. We had to sell our car - a relatively new Packard - for a very low price compared to what we had paid for it. People knew there were all sorts of distress sales going on, whether it was a person who had a store and had to get rid of his merchandise, or a farmer who had to make arrangements for his farmland. There were just a lot of things that had to be done in a very short period of time. We could feel the tension, and it all culminated on May 29, 1942, when we boarded the trains to go to the Santa Anita Assembly Center outside Los Angeles. This was a famous horse-racing track that they turned into an internment camp.

While my parents were stressed and sad, it was a little different for me. I was a boy going on a long train ride. It was really the first long train ride I had ever been on. I'd taken the train to San Francisco several times, but nothing like this overnight train. I was so excited; I asked my mother if I could wear my Cub Scout uniform that day.

I didn't go to school when we were at Santa Anita, and it was there that I saw a riot involving two or three thousand people. It had started when the Santa Anita officials distributed a list of contraband articles: hand irons, knives larger than four or five inches, AM radios. Well, one day the Army came through and started to inspect the barracks for contraband articles, and people really got up in arms about this invasion of privacy. Before we knew it, there was a full-scale riot, and the military police, complete with jeeps armed with machine guns, came in to put it down.

I remember my friend and I sitting on the fence of the practice field, next to the racetrack, as the riot was going on. We sat there while the bullets went zinging by us - here we were, 10-year-old kids! We ran up and tried to peer through the brush to see more of what was going on. We were not really in the cross
fire, but we were close enough to hear the bullets winging by us. When I think about it now, I sort of laugh and think about how lucky we really were. This was a full-scale riot. Of course, as a 10 year old, my response was "Wow! Look at the weapons, look at the tanks, and look at the jeeps and all that stuff coming in!" To others, it had a very different impact.

**Heart Mountain**

Soon after the riots, we left Santa Anita and were sent to Heart Mountain, Wyoming. Heart Mountain was really out in the middle of nowhere, and even if we did get out of camp there really wasn't anywhere you could go. Yet the camp was still surrounded by a fence and guarded by military police.

To give you an idea of how strictly the camp was guarded, I have a story about how a game almost got me into trouble. One time, my friend Eddie Kimura and I were sledding. It was great to get into a big box in the wintertime, find a little hill, and just go tumbling down, letting the slippery snow and the wind push you down. This time, as we were sliding along, we wound up sliding right under the fence! So there we were, two 11 year olds, being picked up in the jeep by the military police, and accused of trying to break out of camp. We were scared out of our wits! We were taken down to the brigade, where I remember sitting and crying and promising, "No, we won't ever do it again." They made my dad come down to pick us up. He didn't punish us, but he thought we ought to be more careful, otherwise, we might get shot.

Heart Mountain was the largest of the relocation camps, with about 10,000 people living there. We lived in barrack's, and each family had a room about 15 wide by 20 five feet long. This would house a family of anywhere from four to seven people. This was your living room and bedroom. Each one had a potbelly stove for warmth, one light, and an army cot for each person. Everything was right in this one room. I would say that the length was alright, but width-wise, it was a little narrow. Because our living space was so small, we were closely supervised as kids.

To use the bathroom, we went to the shared latrines. To eat, we went to the mess hall.

We ate as a family, but not in our room. We had meal tickets that corresponded to a mess hall - the yellow mess, the red mess, or the blue mess - and you would come through the line and the mess steward would punch your ticket for breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

We also had a governmental structure in camp where each block would have a block council, and the block council would then elect a block manager. My dad was block manager.

We had some flare-ups in Heart Mountain, but nothing like the riot. Once a rock was thrown through our barrack's window. This was because some people did not agree with my family's beliefs. My brother-in-law was very active in the Japanese American Citizen's League (JACL). JACL decided in the beginning of the war to cooperate with the U.S. government because that would prove our American patriotism. JACL was going to cooperate fully with the authorities in making sure that the relocation went off as smoothly as possible. Other Japanese Americans did not believe that we should cooperate with the American government because the camps were unconstitutional, and they knew that my brother-in-law was the executive director of the JACL. I think it was those people who objected to the JACL's position who threw the rocks and broke two of our windows.
Bill of Rights

The United States Constitution has 27 Amendments. The first 10 Amendments to the Constitution are called the Bill of Rights. The Bill of Rights was ratified, or approved, in 1791. It outlines the basic rights and freedoms of American citizens.

Amendment 1
The First Amendment protects the rights of every American. It defines the freedoms of religion, speech, and press. Most Americans believe that the First Amendment guarantees their most important rights.

Amendment 2
The Second Amendment guarantees Americans the right to bear arms, or own guns.

Amendment 3
The Third Amendment prevents the government from forcing citizens to shelter soldiers in their homes.

Amendment 4
The Fourth Amendment protects the privacy of American citizens. It prohibits, or prevents, unnecessary or unreasonable searches of a person's property.

Amendment 5
In the Fifth Amendment, all Americans are guaranteed the right to a fair and legal trial. It also protects someone from testifying against him- or herself under oath.

Amendment 6
A right to a speedy trial is guaranteed in the Sixth Amendment.

Amendment 7
The Seventh Amendment guarantees the right to a trial by jury in civil, or private, legal cases where damages are more than $20. Civil cases solve disputes between citizens.

Amendment 8
Unreasonable bail or fines and cruel and unusual punishment are prohibited in the Eighth Amendment.

Amendment 9
The Ninth Amendment recognizes that Americans have rights that are not listed in the Constitution.

Amendment 10
The Tenth Amendment says that the powers not given to the United States government by the Constitution belong to the states or to the people.

Other Amendments were added to the Constitution over the years, and more may be added later. The Constitution currently contains 27 amendments. Below are some of the highlights of the 17 Amendments added after the Bill of Rights was ratified. The Thirteenth Amendment became law in 1865. It makes slavery, and other forms of forced labor, illegal. Ratified in 1870, the Fifteenth Amendment stated that no citizen should be denied the right to vote on the basis of race or color.

In 1920, the Nineteenth Amendment gave women the right to vote.