

EACH FAMILY WAS ASSIGNED A HORSE STALL
STILL PUNGENT WITH THE STINK OF MANURE.

WE GET TO SLEEP
WHERE THE HORSES
SLEPT! FUN!

AS A KID, I COULDN'T GRASP
THE INJUSTICE OF THE SITUATION.

BUT FOR MY PARENTS, IT
WAS A DEVASTATING BLOW.

THEY HAD WORKED SO HARD TO BUY
A TWO-BEDROOM HOUSE AND RAISE A
FAMILY IN LOS ANGELES...

...NOW WE WERE CRAMMED INTO A SINGLE,
SMELLY HORSE STALL.

IT WAS A DEGRADING, HUMILIATING,
PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

OUR PARENTS DID WHAT THEY COULD TO PROTECT US FROM THE UNSANITARY CONDITIONS...



...TAKING US TO SHOWER IN THE HORSE PADDOCKS DAILY...

...BUT DESPITE THEIR BEST EFFORTS, MY BABY SISTER BECAME VERY SICKLY.



SHE HAVE BAD FEVER!

THERE WAS A STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STABLE AREA WHERE MEDICINE WAS DISPENSED.



MY MOTHER WAS ALWAYS WITH US AND WOULD TAKE US TO THE STAND FOR MY SISTER.

TRY THIS FOR HER TEMPERATURE.

KOFF
KOFF

I GOT SICK TOO.

WHILE MY PARENTS WERE TENDING TO REIKO, I HAD TO STAY IN BED.




THE LADY IN THE NEXT STALL OVER WOULD CHECK IN ON ME.




ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, GEORGIE?



I'M
3KAFE OKAY...




IN SOME WAYS, WE BEGAN TO SETTLE
INTO CAMP LIFE THERE, TRYING TO CREATE
SOME SENSE OF NORMALCY.



BUT NOT EVERYONE WAS SETTLED, AND
UNREST STARTED TO FESTER EARLY ON.



I BEGAN MY SCHOOLING THERE AT SANTA ANITA.

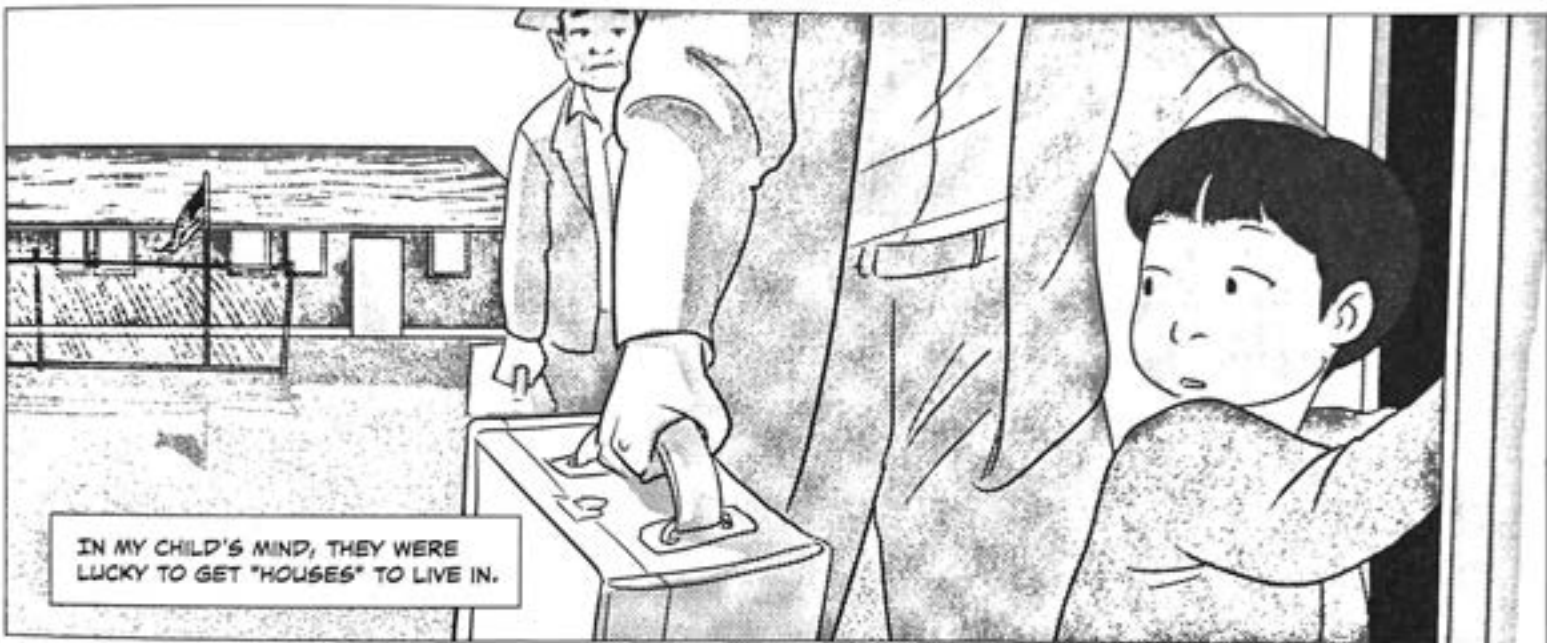


CLASSES WERE HELD
BENEATH THE GRANDSTAND.

AFTER SPENDING SEVERAL MONTHS AT THE RACETRACK,
WE WERE ONCE AGAIN TOLD TO PACK UP ALL OUR POSSESSIONS.



LATER ARRIVALS AT THE RACETRACK
HAD THE "LUXURY" OF LIVING IN THE
BARRACKS THAT HAD BEEN BUILT IN
THE PARKING LOT.



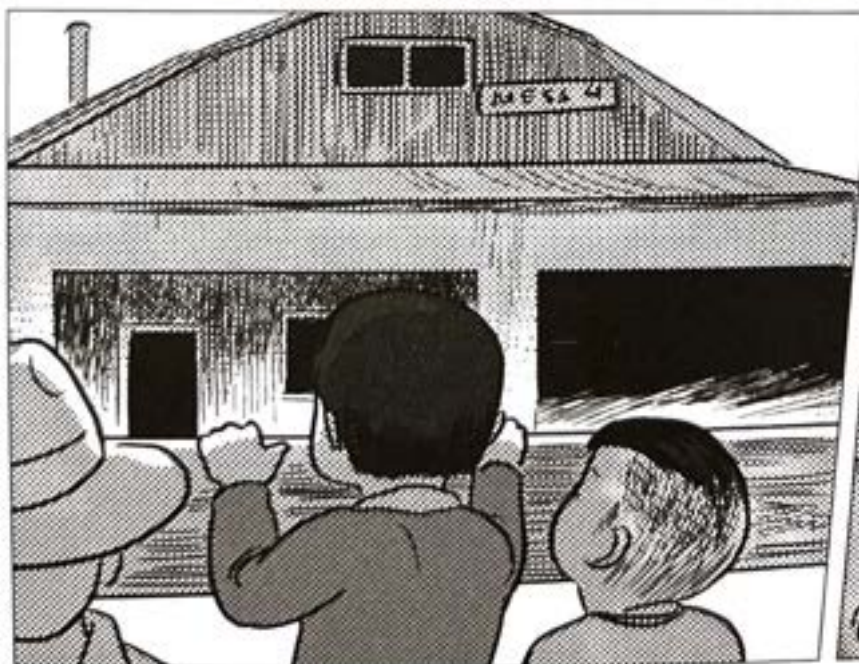
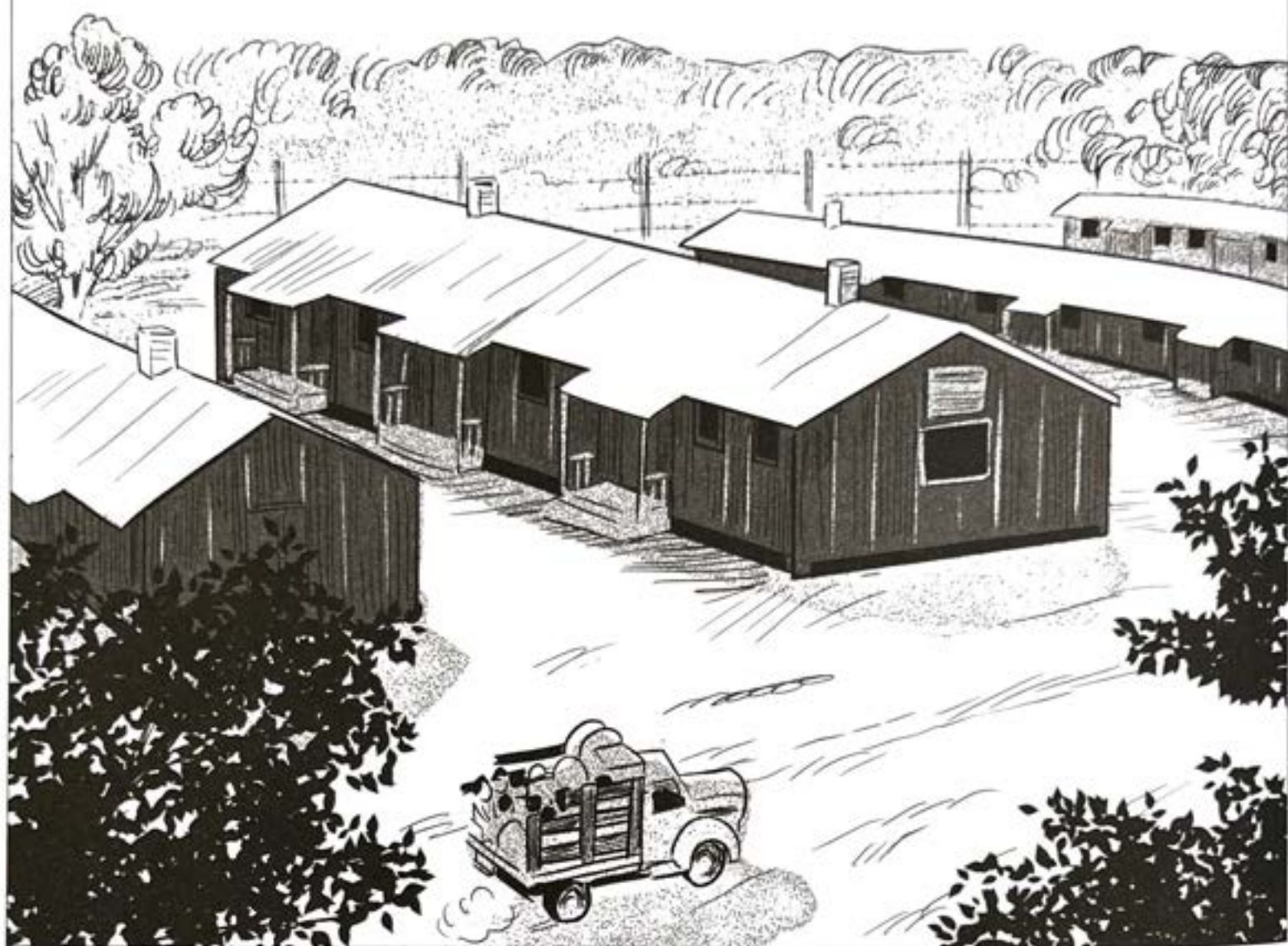
IN MY CHILD'S MIND, THEY WERE
LUCKY TO GET "HOUSES" TO LIVE IN.



FOR US, A MORE PERMANENT RESIDENCE
WAS WAITING... SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY.

CAMP ROHWER HAD 33 BLOCKS. EACH BLOCK WAS DESIGNED TO HOUSE 250 PEOPLE.

AT ITS PEAK, ROHWER WAS HOME TO NEARLY 8,500 JAPANESE AMERICANS.







EVEN AFTER WAITING...

...WHEN WE FINALLY WENT INSIDE, THE
AIR WAS STILL HEAVY AND BOILING.

DON'T
TOUCH IT. IT
MIGHT STILL
BE HOT!

WHAT WE
SLEEP
ON?



MAY 14, 1944

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

krnnch

CAMP TULE LAKE WAS A LOT DIFFERENT THAN ROHWER.

NOT *ONE* LAYER OF BARBED-WIRE FENCE, BUT *THREE*.

THE GOVERNMENT HAD CONVERTED IT INTO A MAXIMUM-SECURITY SEGREGATION CAMP FOR *DISLOYALS*...

...GUARDED BY BATTLE-READY TROOPS...

...MACHINE-GUN TOWERS...

...AND EVEN *TANKS*.



GEORGE,
WHY DID WE
HAVE TO MOVE
HERE?



BECAUSE
MOMMY AND
DADDY ARE
NO-NOs.

OH.



"WHAT'S A NO-NO?"

MESS HALL

LIKE OUR PARENTS, MANY OTHERS HAD RESPONDED
"NO-NO" ON THE LOYALTY QUESTIONNAIRE.

A MINORITY OF PEOPLE APPLIED FOR REPATRIATION.



BUT FEW WANTED TO BE
SENT TO A WAR-TORN JAPAN.

SO WE ENDED UP HERE.



ALL IMPRISONED — DRIVEN TO OUTRAGE BY A GOVERNMENT'S HYSTERIA.

TULE LAKE WAS THE MOST NOTORIOUS, THE MOST
CRUEL, AND BY FAR THE LARGEST OF THE TEN CAMPS.

AT ITS PEAK, THIS HEAVILY MILITARIZED
FACILITY HELD 18,000 INTERNEES.



NEARLY HALF OF THEM
WERE KIDS LIKE US.