High School Social Studies World History

Grade 10 2019 – 2020

Instructional Packet

Set II



PRIMARY SOURCE from Berlin Diary by William L. Shirer

American journalist and historian William L. Shirer served as a radio foreign correspondent in Berlin at the outset of World War II. He kept a diary for his own pleasure but with the idea that it might be published one day. What thoughts did Shirer record in his diary about Germany's attack on Poland on September 1, 1939?

BERLIN, September 1, later

Tt's a "counter-attack"! At dawn this morning ⚠ Hitler moved against Poland. It's a flagrant, inexcusable, unprovoked act of aggression. But Hitler and the High Command call it a "counter-attack." A grey morning with overhanging clouds. The people in the street were apathetic when I drove to the Rundfunk [a Berlin radio station] for my first broadcast at eight fifteen a.m. . . . Along the eastwest axis the Luftwaffe [the German air force] were mounting five big anti-aircraft guns to protect Hitler when he addresses the Reichstag [the lower house of the German parliament] at ten a.m. Jordan and I had to remain at the radio to handle Hitler's speech for America. Throughout the speech, I thought as I listened, ran a curious strain, as though Hitler himself were dazed at the fix he had got himself into and felt a little desperate about it. Somehow he did not carry conviction and there was much less cheering in the Reichstag than on previous, less important occasions. Jordan must have reacted the same way. As we waited to translate the speech for America, he whispered: "Sounds like his swan song." It really did. He sounded discouraged when he told the Reichstag that Italy would not be coming into the war because "we are unwilling to call in outside help for this struggle. We will fulfil this task by ourselves." And yet Paragraph 3 of the Axis military alliance calls for immediate, automatic Italian support with "all its military resources on land, at sea, and in the air." What about that? He sounded desperate when, referring to Molotov's speech of yesterday at the Russian ratification of the Nazi-Soviet accord, he said: "I can only underline every word of Foreign Commissar Molotov's speech."

Tomorrow Britain and France probably will come in and you have your second World War. The

British and French tonight sent an ultimatum to Hitler to withdraw his troops from Poland or their ambassadors will ask for their passports. Presumably they will get their passports.

LATER. Two thirty a.m.—Almost through our first black-out. The city is completely darkened. It takes a little getting used to. You grope around the pitch-black streets and pretty soon your eyes get used to it. You can make out the whitewashed curbstones. We had our first air-raid alarm at seven p.m. I was at the radio just beginning my script for a broadcast at eight fifteen. The lights went out, and all the German employees grabbed their gas-masks and, not a little frightened, rushed for the shelter. No one offered me a mask, but the wardens insisted that I go to the cellar. . . . No planes came over. But with the English and French in, it may be different tomorrow. I shall then be in the by no means pleasant predicament of hoping they bomb the hell out of this town without getting me. The ugly shrill of the sirens, the rushing to a cellar with your gasmask (if you have one), the utter darkness of the night—how will human nerves stand that for long?

from William L. Shirer, Berlin Diary: The Journal of a Foreign Correspondent (New York: Knopf, 1941), 197–199.

Discussion Questions

Clarifying

- 1. What did Shirer predict would happen as a result of Germany's surprise attack on Poland?
- 2. How do you know that Berliners expected a retaliatory air strike following the attack on Poland?
- 3. **Distinguishing Fact from Opinion** What were three facts about Germany's attack that Shirer recorded in his diary entry? What were three opinions he wrote down?



HISTORYMAKERS Winston Churchill

English Bulldog

"In 1940 Churchill became the hero that he had always dreamed of being. . . . In that dark time, what England needed was not a shrewd, equable, balanced leader. She needed a prophet, a heroic visionary, a man who could dream dreams of victory when all seemed lost. Winston Churchill was such a man. . . . "— Historian Anthony Storr

One of Winston Churchill's ancestors was the duke of Marlborough, a hero of the wars against Louis XIV of France in the early 18th century. Churchill, between 1939 and 1945, defiantly led his nation against another European leader bent on conquest.

The son of a British lord and an American heiress, Churchill had a privileged but unhappy childhood. He was a poor student and took the entrance exam for Britain's military academy three times before he passed. He eventually graduated in 1895. He worked as a soldier and a journalist in Cuba, India, and Egypt. He also won fame for escaping an enemy prison camp in South Africa during the Boer War.

In the early 1900s, Churchill won election to Parliament. He left the conservative Tory party and joined the Liberal party. He was branded a traitor to his class for pushing social reforms. In 1911, he was given charge of the Royal Navy. He developed a strategy for sending the fleet to Russia past Constantinople. However, during World War I his plan failed, and he was discredited. In another post, he moved to speed the development of the tank.

Churchill lost office in 1922, when new elections defeated the government he served. In the next two decades, he suffered political isolation. His views did not fit either the Liberals or the Tories. He supported himself by writing history.

During the 1930s, Churchill was back in Parliament. He often spoke out about the threat raised by Adolf Hitler. He developed a network of academics who provided him with inside intelligence. When Neville Chamberlain allowed Germany to take Czechoslovakia, Churchill was outraged. He called it "a total and unmitigated defeat."

When Britain declared war on Germany, Churchill was put in charge of the navy again. However, Chamberlain resigned as prime minister soon after, and the 65-year-old Churchill was everyone's choice to lead the new government. He named himself minister of defense as well. His first speech to Parliament was grim but determined: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat," he began. He concluded by stating the government's war goal: "It is victory, victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror: victory however long and hard the road may be; for without victory, there can be no survival."

In the early months of the war, Churchill carried on a correspondence with U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt, hoping to bring the United States into the war. At first, all he could win was American aid. When Hitler launched his ill-advised attack on the Soviet Union in 1941, Churchill, who was a foe of communism, quickly promised help. "The Russian danger," he said, "is our danger." Still, for years Churchill resisted Soviet urgings to open a second front against Germany. This led to difficulties between the allies.

Churchill participated in several wartime conferences with Roosevelt, which often included Soviet leader Joseph Stalin. Churchill had to leave the last "Big Three" meeting in July 1945 before it was finished. While there, his government had been voted out of office.

After the war, Churchill spoke against the growing power of the Soviet Union. He coined the phrase "Iron Curtain" to describe the control that the Soviets exercised over the countries of Eastern Europe. He served once again as prime minister from 1951 to 1955, but ill health forced him to retire. He died in 1965 and was given a funeral that was attended by officials from around the world.

Questions

- 1. **Comparing** Write a paragraph comparing Charles de Gaulle and Churchill.
- 2. **Clarifying** How did Churchill use his eloquence to lead his country?
- 3. *Making Inferences* Why would the British vote down Churchill's government in 1945?



LITERATURE SELECTION $from\ Night$ by Elie Wiesel

Elie Wiesel was born in the region of Transylvania (now part of Romania) in 1928. During World War II, he and his family were taken by the Nazis and sent first to the Auschwitz concentration camp, and then to Buchenwald, Wiesel was the only member of his family to survive the Nazi camps. Night, written in 1958, is an autobiographical novel that provides an unforgettable description of the horrors of the Holocaust through the eyes of a 14-year-old Jewish boy. As you read this excerpt, think about the boy's reactions to his first night at Auschwitz.

ever shall I forget that night, the first night in camp, which has turned to the first night in camp, which has turned my life into one long night, seven times cursed and seven times sealed. Never shall I forget that smoke. Never shall I forget the little faces of the children, whose bodies I saw turned into wreaths of smoke beneath a silent blue sky.

Never shall I forget those flames which consumed my faith forever.

Never shall I forget that nocturnal silence which deprived me, for all eternity, of the desire to live. Never shall I forget those moments which murdered my God and my soul and turned my dreams to dust. Never shall I forget these things, even if I am condemned to live as long as God Himself. Never.

The barracks we had been made to go into was very long. In the roof were some blue-tinged skylights. The antechamber of Hell must look like this. So many crazed men, so many cries, so much bestial brutality!

There were dozens of prisoners to receive us, truncheons in their hands, striking out anywhere, at anyone, without reason. Orders:

"Strip! Fast! Los! Keep only your belts and shoes in your hands. . . . '

We had to throw our clothes at one end of the barracks. There was already a great heap there. New suits and old, torn coats, rags. For us, this was the true equality: nakedness. Shivering with the cold.

Some SS officers moved about in the room, looking for strong men. If they were so keen on strength, perhaps one should try and pass oneself off as sturdy? My father thought the reverse. It was better not to draw attention to oneself. Our fate would then be the same as the others. (Later, we were to learn that he was right. Those who were selected that day were enlisted in the Sonder-

Kommando, the unit which worked in the crematories. Bela Katz—son of a big tradesman from our town—had arrived at Birkenau with the first transport, a week before us. When he heard of our arrival, he managed to get word to us that, having been chosen for his strength, he had himself put his father's body into the crematory oven.)

Blows continued to rain down.

"To the barber!"

Belt and shoes in hand, I let myself be dragged off to the barbers. They took our hair off with clippers, and shaved off all the hair on our bodies. The same thought buzzed all the time in my head—not to be separated from my father.

Freed from the hands of the barbers, we began to wander in the crowd, meeting friends and acquaintances. These meetings filled us with joy yes, joy—"Thank God! You're still alive!"

But others were crying. They used all their remaining strength in weeping. Why had they let themselves be brought here? Why couldn't they have died in their beds? Sobs choked their voices.

Suddenly, someone threw his arms round my neck in an embrace: Yechiel, brother of the rabbi of Sighet. He was sobbing bitterly. I thought he was weeping with joy at still being alive.

"Don't cry, Yechiel," I said. "Don't waste your tears..."

"Not cry? We're on the threshold of death. . . . Soon we shall have crossed over. . . . Don't you understand? How could I not cry?"

Through the blue-tinged skylights I could see the darkness gradually fading. I had ceased to feel fear. And then I was overcome by an inhuman weariness.

Those absent no longer touched even the surface of our memories. We still spoke of them-"Who knows what may have become of them?"—but we had little concern for their fate. We were

Name _____ Night continued

incapable of thinking of anything at all. Our senses were blunted; everything was blurred as in a fog. It was no longer possible to grasp anything. The instincts of self-preservation, of self-defense, of pride, had all deserted us. In one ultimate moment of lucidity it seemed to me that we were damned souls wandering in the half-world, souls condemned to wander through space till the generations of man came to an end, seeking their redemption, seeking oblivion—without hope of finding it.

Toward five o'clock in the morning, we were driven out of the barracks. The Kapos beat us once more, but I had ceased to feel any pain from their blows. An icy wind enveloped us. We were naked, our shoes and belts in our hands. The command: "Run!" And we ran. After a few minutes of racing, a new barracks.

A barrel of petrol at the entrance. Disinfection. Everyone was soaked in it. Then a hot shower. At high speed. As we came out from the water, we were driven outside. More running. Another barracks, the store. Very long tables. Mountains of prison clothes. On we ran. As we passed, trousers, tunic, shirt, and socks were thrown to us.

Within a few seconds, we had ceased to be men. If the situation had not been tragic, we should have

roared with laughter. Such outfits! Meir Katz, a giant, had a child's trousers, and Stern, a thin little chap, a tunic which completely swamped him. We immediately began the necessary exchanges.

I glanced at my father. How he had changed! His eyes had grown dim. I would have liked to speak to him, but I did not know what to say.

The night was gone. The morning star was shining in the sky. I too had become a completely different person. The student of the Talmud, the child that I was, had been consumed in the flames. There

remained only a shape that looked like me. A dark flame had entered into my soul and devoured it.

So much had happened within such a few hours that I had lost all sense of time. When had we left our houses? And the ghetto? And the train? Was it only a week? One night—one single night?

How long had we been standing like this in the icy wind? An hour? Simply an hour? Sixty minutes? Surely it was a dream.

Not far from us there were some prisoners at work. Some were digging holes, others carrying sand. None of them so much as glanced at us. We were so many dried-up trees in the heart of a desert. Behind me, some people were talking. I had not the slightest desire to listen to what they were saying, to know who was talking or what they were talking about. No one dared to raise his voice, though there was no supervisor near us. People whispered. Perhaps it was because of the thick smoke which poisoned the air and took one by the throat. . . .

We were made to go into a new barracks, in the "gypsies' camp." In ranks of five.

"And now stay where you are!"

There was no floor. A roof and four walls. Our feet sank into the mud.

Another spell of waiting began. I went to sleep standing up. I dreamed of a bed, of my mother's caress. And I woke up: I was standing, my feet in the mud. Some people collapsed and lay where they were. Others cried:

"Are you mad? We've been told to stay standing. Do you want to bring trouble on us all?"

As if all the trouble in the world had not descended already upon our heads! Gradually, we

all sat down in the mud. But we had to jump up constantly, every time a Kapo came in to see if anybody had a pair of new shoes. If so, they had to be given up to him. It was no use opposing this: blows rained down and in the final reckoning you had lost your shoes anyway.

I had new shoes myself. But as they were coated with a thick layer of mud, no one had noticed them. I thanked God, in an improvised prayer, for having created mud in His infinite and wonderful universe.

Suddenly the silence grew oppressive. An SS officer had come in and, with him, the odor of the Angel of Death. We stared fixedly at his fleshy lips. From the middle of the barracks, he harangued us:

"You're in a concentration camp. At Auschwitz. . . ."

A pause. He observed the effect his words had produced. His face has stayed in my memory to this day. A tall man, about thirty, with crime inscribed upon his brow and in the pupils of his

I too had become a completely different person. . . . There remained only a shape that looked like me. A dark flame had entered into my soul and devoured it.

Night continued Name

eyes. He looked us over as if we were a pack of leprous dogs hanging onto our lives.

"Remember this," he went on. "Remember it forever, Engrave it into your minds. You are at Auschwitz. And Auschwitz is not a convalescent home. It's a concentration camp. Here, you have got to work. If not, you will go straight to the furnace. To the crematory. Work or the crematory the choice is in your hands."

We had already lived through so much that night, we thought nothing could frighten us any more. But his clipped words made us tremble. Here the word "furnace" was not a word empty of meaning: it floated on the air, mingling with the smoke. It was perhaps the only word which did have any real meaning here. He left the barracks. Kapos appeared, crying:

"All skilled workers—-locksmiths, electricians, watchmakers—one step forward!"

The rest of us were made to go to another barracks, a stone one this time. With permission to sit down. A gypsy deportee was in charge of us.

My father was suddenly seized with colic. He got up and went toward the gypsy, asking politely, in German:

"Excuse me, can you tell me where the lavatories are?

The gypsy looked him up and down slowly, from head to foot. As if he wanted to convince himself that this man addressing him was really a creature of flesh and bone, a living being with a body and a belly. Then, as if he had suddenly woken up from a heavy doze, he dealt my father such a clout that he fell to the ground, crawling back to his place on all fours.

I did not move. What had happened to me? My father had just been struck, before my very eyes, and I had not flickered an eyelid. I had looked on and said nothing. Yesterday, I should have sunk my nails into the criminal's flesh. Had I changed so much, then? So quickly? Now remorse began to gnaw at me. I thought only: I shall never forgive them for that. My father must have guessed my feelings. He whispered in my ear, "It doesn't hurt." His cheek still bore the red mark of the man's hand.

"Everyone outside!"

Ten gypsies had come and joined our supervisor. Whips and truncheons cracked round me. My feet were running without my being aware of it. I tried to hide from the blows behind the others. The spring sunshine.

"Form fives!"

The prisoners whom I had noticed in the morning were working at the side. There was no guard near them, only the shadow of the chimney. . . . Dazed by the sunshine and by my reverie, I felt someone tugging at my sleeve. It was my father. "Come on, my boy."

We marched on. Doors opened and closed again. On we went between the electric wires. At each step, a white placard with a death's head on it stared us in the face. A caption: "Warning. Danger of death." Mockery: was there a single place here where you were not in danger of death?

The gypsies stopped near another barracks. They were replaced by SS, who surrounded us. Revolvers, machine guns, police dogs.

The march had lasted half an hour. Looking around me, I noticed that the barbed wires were behind us. We had left the camp.

It was a beautiful April day. The fragrance of spring was in the air. The sun was setting in the west.

But we had been marching for only a few moments when we saw the barbed wire of another camp. An iron door with this inscription over it:

"Work is liberty!"

Auschwitz.

from Elie Wiesel, The Night Trilogy (New York: Noonday, 1972), 43-49.

Discussion Questions

Clarifying

- 1. How were prisoners treated when they first arrived at the concentration camp?
- 2. What choice did the SS officer give the newly arrived prisoners?
- 3. **Drawing Conclusions** Based on this passage, why do you think Wiesel called his book *Night?*



PRIMARY SOURCE from The Diary of a Young Girl by Anne Frank

Anne Frank was a German Jewish girl who fled with her family to Amsterdam, the Netherlands, to escape Nazi persecution during World War II. She and her family hid for two years in a secret place Frank called the Annex. While hiding in the Annex, Frank kept a diary she addressed as Kitty. What does this diary entry reveal about the challenges of everyday life in the Annex?

Monday Evening, November 8, 1943 Dearest Kitty,

If you were to read all my letters in one sitting, you'd be struck by the fact that they were written in a variety of moods. It annoys me to be so dependent on the moods here in the Annex, but I'm not the only one: we're all subject to them. If I'm engrossed in a book, I have to rearrange my thoughts before I can mingle with other people, because otherwise they might think I was strange. As you can see, I'm currently in the middle of a depression. I couldn't really tell you what set it off, but I think it stems from my cowardice, which confronts me at every turn. This evening, when Bep [Bep and Miep are secretaries who work in the building] was still here, the doorbell rang long and loud. I instantly turned white, my stomach churned, and my heart beat wildly-and all because I was afraid.

At night in bed I see myself alone in a dungeon, without Father and Mother. Or I'm roaming the streets, or the Annex is on fire, or they come in the middle of the night to take us away and I crawl under my bed in desperation. I see everything as if it were actually taking place. And to think it might all happen soon!

Miep often says she envies us because we have such peace and quiet here. That may be true, but she's obviously not thinking about our fear.

I simply can't imagine the world will ever be normal again for us. I do talk about "after the war," but it's as if I were talking about a castle in the air, something that can never come true.

I see the eight of us in the Annex as if we were a patch of blue sky surrounded by menacing black clouds. The perfectly round spot on which we're standing is still safe, but the clouds are moving in on us, and the ring between us and the approaching danger is being pulled tighter and tighter. We're surrounded by darkness and danger, and in our desperate search for a way out we keep bumping into each other. We look at the fighting down below and the peace and beauty up above. In the meantime, we've been cut off by the dark mass of clouds, so that we can go neither up nor down. It looms before us like an impenetrable wall, trying to crush us, but not yet able to. I can only cry out and implore, "Oh, ring, ring, open wide and let us out!"

from Anne Frank, Susan Massotty, trans., The Diary of a Young Girl (New York: Doubleday, 1991), 144-145.

Research Options

- 1. Writing Expository Paragraphs Find out more about the life of Anne Frank. What had her life been like before World War II? With whom did she live in the Annex? What happened to her during the war? Write a short magazine article to report your findings.
- 2. Visual, Audio, and Multimedia Sources Locate and view the movie *Diary of Anne Frank*. Then, with classmates, share your reactions to the film's depiction of Frank's life in the Annex. Do you think it was important that Frank kept a diary to record her experiences?

Excerpt from The Diary of Anne Frank: The Definitive Edition by Anne Frank, edited by Otto H. Frank and Mirjam Pressler, translated by Susan Massotty. Copyright © 1986 by Anne Frank-Fonds, Basle/Switzerland, for all texts of Anne Frank. Used by permission of Doubleday, a division of Random House, Inc.



PRIMARY SOURCE from Hiroshima by John Hersey

On August 6, 1945, the United States dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan. Journalist John Hersey wrote an account of six Japanese survivors whose lives were forever changed by the blast. As you read part of this account, consider what each of the survivors was doing when the bomb exploded.

t exactly fifteen minutes past eight in the morning, on August 6, 1945, Japanese time, at the moment when the atomic bomb flashed above Hiroshima, Miss Toshiko Sasaki, a clerk in the personnel department of the East Asia Tin Works, had just sat down at her place in the plant office and was turning her head to speak to the girl at the next desk. At that same moment, Dr. Masakazu Fujii was settling down cross-legged to read the Osaka Asahi on the porch of his private hospital, overhanging one of the seven deltaic rivers which divide Hiroshima: Mrs. Hatsuvo Nakamura, a tailor's widow, stood by the window of her kitchen, watching a neighbor tearing down his house because it lay in the path of an air-raid-defense fire lane; Father Wilhelm Kleinsorge, a German priest of the Society of Jesus, reclined in his underwear on a cot on the top floor of his order's three-story mission house, reading a Jesuit magazine, Stimmen der Zeit; Dr. Terufumi Sasaki, a young member of the surgical staff of the city's large, modern Red Cross Hospital, walked along one of the hospital corridors with a blood specimen for a Wassermann test in his hand; and the Reverend Mr. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, pastor of the Hiroshima Methodist Church, paused at the door of a rich man's house in Koi, the city's western suburb, and prepared to unload a handcart full of things he had evacuated from town in fear of the massive B-29 raid which everyone expected Hiroshima to suffer. A hundred thousand people were killed by the atomic bomb, and these six were among the survivors. They still wonder why they lived when so many others died. Each of them counts many small items of chance or volition

[will]—a step taken in time, a decision to go indoors, catching one streetcar instead of the next—that spared him. And now each knows that in the act of survival he lived a dozen lives and saw more death than he ever thought he would see. At the time, none of them knew anything. . . .

Then a tremendous flash of light cut across the sky. Mr. Tanimoto has a distinct recollection that it travelled from east to west, from the city toward the hills. It seemed a sheet of sun. Both he and Mr. Matsuo reacted in terror—and both had time to react (for they were 3,500 yards, or two miles, from the center of the explosion). Mr. Matsuo dashed up the front steps into the house and dived among the bedrolls and buried himself there. Mr. Tanimoto took four or five steps and threw himself between two big rocks in the garden. He bellied up very hard against one of them. As his face was against the stone, he did not see what happened. He felt a sudden pressure, and then splinters and pieces of board and fragments of tile fell on him. He heard no roar.

from John Hersey, Hiroshima (New York: Bantam, 1946), 1–7.

Research Option

Forming and Supporting Opinions

Use on-line or print resources to research the debate in 1945 among scientists and American government officials over whether the United States should use the atomic bomb on Japan. Then, with your classmates, hold a mock debate in which you argue for or against using the bomb.

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Name

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PRIMARY SOURCE from Farewell to Manzanar by Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston

During World War II, seven-year-old Jeanne Wakatsuki was sent to Manzanar, a Japanese-American internment camp in Owens Valley, California. As you read this excerpt from her memoir, think about her first impressions of the 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.

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 of 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!"

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.

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 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. . . .

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. . . . Knotholes gaped in the uncovered floor.

Each barracks was divided into six units, sixteen by twenty feet, about 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.

from Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston, Farewell to Manzanar (New York: Bantam Books, 1973), 14–15.

Discussion Questions

- 1. *Clarifying* What were living accommodations like in the camp?
- 2. Analyzing Causes and Recognizing Effects
 Why do you think the accommodations at
 Manzanar were so stark and crowded?
- 3. **Drawing Conclusions** What incident from this excerpt demonstrates a lack of cultural awareness on the part of those running the camp?

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SKILLBUILDER PRACTICE $Following\ Chronological\ Order$

Putting events in time order—from the first event to the last one—can help you understand the relationships between events. As you read this account of the war in the Pacific, pay special attention to dates and clue words about time. Use the information to fill in the time line below to show the order of events that led to the surrender of Japan during World War II. (See Skillbuilder Handbook)

The Americans' first land offensive began in August 1942, when 19,000 marines stormed Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. By the time the Japanese finally abandoned Guadalcanal six months later, they called it the Island of Death.

The Americans continued leapfrogging across the Pacific toward Japan. In October 1944, some 178,000 Allied troops and 738 ships converged on Leyte Island in the Philippines. Despite the damage done by the kamikazes—bomb-loaded Japanese suicide planes that tried to crash into Allied ships—the Battle of Leyte Gulf was a disaster for Japan. In 3 days of battle, it lost 3 battleships, 4 aircraft carriers, 13 cruisers, and almost 400 planes.

After retaking the Philippines, the Allies turned to Iwo Jima. More than 6,000 Marines died in intense fighting that began February 19 and ended March

17, 1945. Three months later, the Allies captured the island of Okinawa, Japan's last defensive outpost. Japan's home islands would be the next target.

On July 25, 1945, President Harry Truman ordered the military to make final plans for dropping the only two atomic bombs then in existence on Japanese targets. A day later, the U.S. warned Japan that it faced "prompt and utter destruction" unless it surrendered at once. Japan refused.

On August 6, a B-29 bomber released an atomic bomb over Hiroshima. Still Japanese leaders hesitated to surrender. Three days later a second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. A horrified Emperor Hirohito ordered Japan's leaders to draw up papers "to end the war." The official surrender came on September 2 aboard the battle-ship *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay.

