

It was February 1941, a day none of us thought would ever happen. Our family was going to be torn apart.

My father who was a physician and a large number of professional men, doctors, lawyers, newspaper editors, import-exporters were removed from their families. They sent them off to Montana to live + work doing hard labor.

The rest of us were moved to Puyallup. We far a few months until our final living facilities in Minidoka, Idaho were hastily completed. The climate in Minidoka was extremely hot in the summer and bitterly cold in the winter. We had to walk several miles to school since there were no cars or busses.

I was 5 years old so naturally I found this move fun. Not so for the adults. It was such a hardship for them. With my father gone, my mother struggled with 3 young girls. The living conditions were living in barracks, eating our meals in another large dining hall + then there was a barrack where we showered + washed clothes.

after living there for more than 3 years
we were allowed to move back to our
homes. We chose to live in Seattle, Wa. where
we originally came from. My father also
joined us.

We made a new start ^{which} was successful.
In conclusion I have to say let this
never happen again to any ethnic groups
of people.

To my grandson Ross Nakamura
He makes me so proud to be
his grandmother.

Jeanele Nakamura - 84 yrs. old