Then [two years after my father died], my mother was sitting in the apartment one day, and all of a sudden she started saying things that didn't make sense. She took out her purse and said, "Look—we've got lots of money!" But there was less than four dollars in her purse. We called a doctor. He came . . . and told us, "Your mother's had a total breakdown. She has to be committed to the Utah State Hospital. There isn't any other place for her to go." So she was, and she eventually died there. The doctors told us, "She didn't want to live."

[After they took Mother away], the Children's Service Society came down for us. And since we didn't have any adults who were responsible for us, they arranged for us to live with a Caucasian family until I finished high school. My cousin, whom my father helped go through the university, found out about our bind and began sending us fifty dollars a month. The Children's Service Society contributed something like twenty dollars a month. And our clan made arrangements for a moving company to take our possessions. We didn't have much. And we went to live with a blue-collar Mormon family.

Now, this family did the best they could with us under the circumstances. The mother wanted us, but her three boys felt it was a disgrace to have "Chinks" living with them. I remember there was instantaneous gossip throughout the ward about this family taking in Chinks. Then there was a daily parade of [curious] neighbors who came through to look at us. Yet this wasn't a first for me. The first time I faced racial slurs was in Mackey, when I was about six. Above J. C. Penney's was a social hall that people always rented for parties. All the [Caucasian] kids were talking about this upcoming party. I remember I was talking to my mother about the dress I would wear when my father said, "We're not going to the party." I asked, "Why not?" He said, "We were not invited." "Why aren't we invited?" He said, "Because we are Chinese." Now, all the kids used to call me Chink, but it never entered my mind until then that I wouldn't be invited to a party because of that.

Anyway, slurs weren't new. What surprised me, though, was school here. That was a culture shock. I remember I walked into the high school cafeteria on my first day with my lunch. I was going to sit down close to some Caucasian kids, and this Japanese girl suddenly appeared out of nowhere, took my hand, and said, "I wouldn't do that." "You mean sit over here and eat lunch?" I said. She said, "Don't do it. You'll make trouble for yourself. Come and sit with us." She was referring to the Japanese kids. I said, "Okay." I didn't know the rule, see, that all minority kids sat in their own groups: The Jewish kids sat together, the Asian kids sat together, and the Mexican kids. But thanks to previous experience, I knew "trouble" meant you were going to get beaten up.

Still, I remember thinking, what's the big deal? They're eating their lunches, I'm eating mine. Why can't I sit where I want? But after the Japanese girl's warning, a Jewish girl, Rachel, said, "Listen, don't try anything. You'll get in trouble. Your parents will find out; then they'll give it to you, too." Now, I hadn't considered that. So I decided it's not worth it.

But discrimination was absolutely public in Salt Lake. We couldn't go to city swimming pools. Our parents paid taxes, but we couldn't swim in the Liberty Park pool. When we went to a movie at one of the better theaters, we couldn't sit downstairs. We had to go upstairs—to the balconies.

I remember our sixth-grade class went to Wasatch Springs one day to learn something about the hot springs. I was the only Asian in the class. And I can remember the look of absolute disgust and despair on our teacher's face when the manager came out and said, "This girl can't go in here." The teacher said, "Why not? She's part of my class." He said, "What is she—a Chink or a Jap?" I remember him saying that! The teacher said, "What does it matter?" "We have our rules," he said. "Won't you please make an exception this time?" the teacher pleaded. "I'm responsible for these children. I can't be in there watching them and out here watching her, too." So he made an exception, and I remember, distinctly, he said, "Don't you ever try this again."

In high school, I began attending the Japanese Church of Christ and making friends in the Japanese community. I was attracted to the Japanese, because as a community they were better organized. They had a higher standard of living, and they were ambitious.

Plum Alley, well, it was like a collection of seedy bars you'd see in New York. It was the equivalent of that. All these single, mostly old men were there, gambling. And they had terrible personal habits. Their clothes were dirty, and they were generally unkempt. I knew there was dope dealing. Nobody talked about it, but it was there. I also knew better than to let on that I knew. Because that was one thing we were all taught early on—you don't repeat *anything* you hear *to anyone*. . . .

So I wanted to move as far away from Chinatown and that strata of Chinese life as possible. Plum Alley just wasn't a place you wanted to live. None of these men living there had much of a future. They weren't going to make enough money to go back to China. They talked about it. But unless one had a stroke of good fortune while gambling, they were never going to make it. And who was going to go back to China broke? It wasn't the way it was done. What would you do after you got there? So this wasn't pleasant stuff to be around. These men led miserable lives. They died one by one and were usually buried by some relative or clan member in the city cemetery. The only way they made it back to China was if their family organization sent money to exhume their bodies and take their remains home.

After I graduated high school, we moved out of the foster home and went on our own. Through the WPA, I got a temporary job at the State Engineer's Office. From there, I found full-time secretarial work with the Utah Forestry Service.

I was definitely lucky to find work! But the thing I marvel at, in hindsight, is that Judge Reuben Clark allowed me to take care of my brothers and sisters. I was sixteen—definitely under age, you see. Judge Clark was in his second year on the bench. I remember the four of us went into his office, and we told