

My maiden name was Sumie L. ITAMI. My first marriage took place in Twin Falls, Idaho on February 14, 1943 to Mr. Roy A. YASUKAWA, and I was known as Sumie L. YASUKAWA. After returning to Seattle after WW II, I was widowed in 1961; I remarried August 15, 1965 to one Dale D. BARTZ. In November of 1979, my marriage was dissolved and today I am Mrs. Sumie L. Bartz of [REDACTED], Seattle, Washington 98116.

I am a retired senior citizen, aged 64 years old. I have an adopted son (Natural grandson) who is 10 years old.

In December of 1941, I was living on a truck farm with my parents who were then 64 years old. My two older brothers, Jim and Dyke, and I were partners in the truck farm business as we were heavily burdened with debts incurred by my oldest brother, Tadao, who had brought us out of Seattle to help him in 1933, promising Mother, who was the Matriarch of the family, that he could make a small fortune in Milton, Washington. (My Father had married Mother in Okayama-Ken, Japan when both were 17 years old. She was the last of a proud lineage of 2600 years stemming from a feudal warlord. Father was a "yoshii"...one who took her family name.) Father's foregone conclusion after he saw 17 acres overgrown with knee-high weeds was "dameda".. hopeless.. Mother believed in her first born son and the family moved to the farm..in 1933. Father and Dyke stayed in South Park until Dyke graduated with commencement honors in 1934. Came the year 1938 and Mother's first born son said we could do what we wanted with the farm because he was going back to Seattle to become a chiropractor.

My brothers were advised that farmers cannot file for bankruptcy. We had 25 years to repay our debts. They would take care of the folks and pay off the debts and if I could find a good job or get married, I was free to go. I put in my bid for a partnership share and started to work as a domestic during the winter months in Seattle. The winter of '38 found us without cash funds and every two weeks, my brothers would come for my pay which bought rice, shoyu, and staples. Because I worked hard and diligently, when I left my job, I would be given a generous gift of clothing or a small cash bonus. This bonanza I did not share.

Truck farming isn't like wheat farming where I heard the government paid farmers not to plant wheat....or a dairy farm where the government gave subsidies...It is 10-12 hours of bending, hand and knee thinning

and planting, day long pushing of a hand cultivator, or crawling up rows of block long lettuce plants to rotate soil beneath the growing heads... And, we had to try to out-guess the weather forecasts and feed mash with orange juice laced with Paris Green for army worms and green worms to keep our cauliflower heads of prime quality...the fungi that came with the winds or small birds...it made me cry to hear the price of fertilizers..

My brother Dyke and I were prominent in the Japanese-American Citizens League and we both served as officers in the Fife Japanese Boys' and Girls' Club. We both played in the Seattle Courier Basketball Leagues during the winter months, and Dyke played baseball during the summer months.

If I worked in Seattle, I was always invited to play for a local team.

Mr. Ben Andre was our patron saint as far as I am concerned. He was a prominent civic leader of Fife and the owner of the Andre Super Market who befriended my brother Jim and extended generous credit over two hard winters. He told Jim "the Japanese farmers in the community trusted him and helped him expand his holdings. I can trust any Nisei to pay back any monies owed me." And, with the large bill he allowed us to build up, we made it through the summer of 1940 when we had fabulous luck with our cauliflower crops. Our telephone peas grew 8" to 11" long and a couple of seedmen started to bid on the three acres. Summer lettuce in August is always prone to slime but 6 acres on peat moss were prime produce. Hawkers who took produce to Aberdeen, Longview, etc. came to contract all 6 acres for a good price. The fall celery turned out absolutely "gorgeous". Altogether, we grew 21 different varieties of vegetables as my brother Jim kept up his grocery routes.

Our oldest sister returned from Los Angeles and needed family support after a devastating divorce situation. She was a good worker and when we were told that a big portion of our debts had been paid off, we planned to make our Christmas and New Year Holidays a very good one. What a relief to feel free of a debt bondage!

When the radio commentator shouted that the Japanese airplanes had bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7th 1941, I was alone in the house reading a magazine. I couldn't believe my ears! I ran outside and yelled at

my brothers to come in and hear what the radio was reporting...."My God, what's happening? Why did Japan strike Pearl Harbor?"

Father had suffered a stroke during the winter of 1939 and his left side was slightly paralyzed. Since he failed to communicate with us we did not bother to frighten him with the news of the Pearl Harbor attack. I was plain scared. I had heard about German-Americans who had suffered discriminations and prejudice during WW I.

Monday morning I walked a quarter of a mile to the bus stop to keep attending Beutel Business College. The Auburn-Tacoma bus stopped for me as usual but Curley, the bald-headed driver didn't greet me with a cheery "Hello, Sumie! How's tricks?" I heard someone call out, "Get that damned Jap girl off this here bus, Curley!" He asked me, "Are you Japanese?" I said, "I'm a Japanese-American". "Ya got any proof of that?" he sneered. Well, I was prepared and flipped open my text book and showed him my original birth certificate. "See, I was born in King County." Curley yelled, "Get off this bus, your're still a Jap!"

I broke into angry tears because this was a driver with whom I had ridden over a span of 8 years! And the cruel laughter didn't help any as I got off.

The Snyder Gas Station was across the highway and I thought I had better call the school to explain why I wouldn't be able to attend any more and get a refund on tuition fees. Mrs. Snyder was outraged when she heard how ole Curley had treated me. In those days, we never retaliated with complaints to the bus company or to the newspapers. We stoically accepted the bad treatment. We had good friends, too, just like Mrs. Snyder who hugged me and warmed me up with hot chocolate. She coaxed me to walk the mile to the Seattle-Tacoma highway and catch the Greyhound Bus to Tacoma. I disenrolled from school. The staff was very sorry about the narrow-mindedness of some people but they also understood the fear I felt in waiting alone on the highway. I was afraid this time.

Then there was a rumor that our alien parents would be incarcerated for the duration of the war but the Nisei farmers would be allowed to keep on farming to raise crops for the war effort. Soldiers would be stationed at strategic point to prevent Nisei farmers/workers from leaving the land except under guard for shopping or banking, etc. I felt sorry for my

parents who were nearly 65 years old. Mother said as long as we were safe and able to farm, she didn't mind being in protective custody.

Later we heard that all Japanese aliens and citizen and anyone of Japanese parentage would be relocated to Spokane, Washington or beyond. Still work had to continue and seeds had to be planted in the hotbeds. So, spring of 1942, two FBI agents came seeking me out. They knew more about me than my own parents did. They said that they wished me to work with them. Fine, I was willing to serve my country in anyway I could. What would my duties consist of...clerical...not interpreting...my command of the Japanese language is lousy! and I can't begin to write it. "We would have you just report any unusual occurrences among your people, any meetings of activists, the general tone of your people's feelings. The pay is excellent. You would get all government fringe benefits and protection."

Did I hear right? Spy work? "But you are asking me to spy on my people! I don't believe any of the Japanese farmers would betray America. We love America even if we have suffered much racial hatred and discrimination. And, do you realize I would be called "a dog" and disgraced forever? My family would suffer; all my friends would suffer; no, thank you. I will do anything else for your agency but I will never secretly watch among my people!"

(Between 1953 and 1970 I worked with the FBI on draft board cases.)

Although we wondered where we would be relocated daily, our first thoughts were to get the fields planted. Then we were notified that we had less than three weeks to leave our home and be placed in temporary housing at the Puyallup Fair Grounds. A list of DO'S AND DON'TS notified us what we could bring and what had to be released at the nearest police depository.

For the first time my brothers did not let me know of their last minute decision in giving power of attorney to our landlord, Mr. F. Chervenka instead of allowing the WRA to take control over the harvesting of crops. We were informed late in July that Mr. C lost \$300 in the harvesting and due to our sad circumstances, he would wipe the slate clean. My brothers sold our brand new Cletrac at a loss of over \$600 to the boss because he was going to look after our crops. We left hundreds of dollars in pea poles, crates, piping for irrigation, a Model-T Ford which pumped irrigation water, wiring, twine, hauling ropes, tow chains, fuel tanks, etc. Later I heard

that those who gave WRA the rights to the crops got \$5,000 per person in the family. Just thinking that we had lost over about \$30,000 made me sick.

My brother Jim got married in a hurry before we were trucked to Camp Harmony by our Caucasian neighbors. He told Dyke and me that if he was given charge of what monies we received from the sale of our truck, car, furniture, etc., he would be responsible for the care of our parents. Dyke and I agreed.

We went by the letter of the order to take only what we could carry. Some people had more than they could carry, but I filled my new duffle bag with treasures I couldn't leave behind, photos, school annual, letters won in sports, and that kind of trivia. We wore extra sweaters, a jacket and a heavy coat because this type of clothing takes up room. I had an old suitcase filled with underwear, shoes and stationery and personal needs.

When my brother took out an ad for our truck and car, it was both heart aching and disgusting at the same time the way people approached us with a "damned if you take it or leave it" attitude.

We had a wonderful mongrel dog named Ronnie. Our neighbors wanted him for their elderly parents so they took him away two weeks before we left. He came back on the third morning with a length of rope that he had chewed off. He whined and pawed around us as much as to say, "What are you doing to me? Don't you love me any more?" Our neighbor said she would buy a chain but wouldn't take him until we were on our way to Puyallup. Sometime later, she came to see us in Puyallup and told us that Ronnie moped and refused to eat. Her folks asked her to let Ronnie find out that there was nobody at the farm. When he jumped out of the car, he raced to the door and barked and barked. She opened the door and he had run from room to room wagging his tail hoping that one of us would be there. Ronnie started to whine and when she called him to go back to the car, she felt he resigned himself to stay with her folks. (Ronnie saved her father's life when he had a heart attack in 1943.)

Camp Harmony indeed! My parents, Jim and his wife, Hattie, Dyke and I found our home to be one large room that got plumb filled up when cots were lined up on one side of the room. A table and two benches were on the other side. Because it was summertime, the boards dividing rooms were

not fitted together. If one wanted to peek into the next room, the slits between the 1" X 12"s gave ample opportunity. The next thing we did was paste or fill the spaces. One light hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room.

The newlyweds slept at the far side and the folks were in the middle, then Dyke and I was against the wall. The folks snored. Mother has to get up all hours of the night and had a coffee can with a lid so that she could urinate. All the rooms had an open space at the top of adjoining walls so you could hear your neighbors talk, snore, fight, etc. So, poor Mother woke everybody up. "Why don't you go to the latrine?" "Who the hell's taking a leak...better not go stinking us out!" Mother apologized saying she had a lame leg and could never make it half a block to the latrine area... "For ----- Sakes shut up and go to sleep!" "Mother, shhh." I cut a Kotex pad in half and tell her to drop it in before she did her duty again. (Ohhhh, I feel a headache coming on!)

Then, about 3 AM the newlyweds started rocking their cot. "JE--- CHR---!" bellows an upset gentleman who is obviously a bachelor. (My headache is really hurting! Dyke is a nice guy. I bet he's hurting badly because he would love to laugh out loud!)

Dyke and I suffered through two nights and then we decided we had to get out. After I applied for a secretarial job, I discovered a young family friend who was with his foster mother in a large room. I told Mrs. Y about our problem and she said we were welcome to move in with them. When we told Jim and Hattie what we were doing, she immediately accused me of trying to shove all the responsibilities of the old folks onto her. I told her for the sake of my mental health I had to depart and why was she yelling at me...Dyke's leaving, too! Then I told her that I had given up my share of the farm monies because Jim said he would take care of the folks, and off I went with my duffle bag and suitcase. Dyke carted out our cots. (To this day, this sister-in-law has NEVER FORGOTTEN or FORGIVEN ME for "ditching my folks to her care." She alienated Dyke's future wife against me because in a most peculiar way 2 Itami boys married 1 M girl and 2 K girls married 1 Itami boy and 1 M boy. I gave up long ago because I had an only daughter and Dyke had eight and that was enough.)

Evacuation really broke up a previously solid and wonderful sibling relationship. My sisters-in-law have treated me like a leperous poor relation.

Being naive and honest, our family abided by all the rules and regulations of the WRA. We were surprised that other families brought everything but guns and because Mother had to prepare some foods for Father in the way he ^{could} enjoy it, the paring knife was a frustrating tool. I told Mother that our friend, Hazel Glick, lived across the street from the south side of the parking area. For several days I watched for her, and one day I got her attention! She told me to go to the main gate where she could ask permission to visit with me. Although we had not seen each other for seven years, Mrs. Glick said that she was hoping she would find us to help us if she could!

I took her to meet Mother who cried unashamedly when the tall woman embraced her tightly. Before Mrs. Glick got married to Henry, she used to help on the Glick blackberry farm where we worked during school vacations and we had strong affection for her. Dear Hazel brought Mother an 10" French knife, a pair of scissors which could cut material, and other personal needs. She would not accept any money for the time she spent on shopping in our behalf. Once a week Hazel would come to check on us and always brought us a pie or cake or cookies. We really never gave her a nice present while we remained in Minidoka and it was a great personal ache in my heart when one day my letter came back with a simple script writing that said "Deceased".

We never had a long train ride before and it wasn't even coach style since the aisles were crowded with belongs and noisy, wriggling kids. I cannot remember how we were served meals on the way to the barren siding stop near Eden, Idaho. Father was like a silent zombie. Mother was plain tired. Most of the time I was numb and depressed because most of my age group gals and guys were talking about leaving the relocation camps as soon as they got their parents settled in for the duration. My brothers just took it for granted that I would stay in camp to watch over the folks since they had to go out and find livelihoods should they choose not to return to the Puyallup Valley.

Only the very young were excited and thrilled about the trip. The curtains were ordered pulled down but every once in a while I would sneak a peak at the landscape outside. After leaving lush green woodlands of Idaho, we saw farmlands that were similiar to those in Washington until we came upon the flat lands filled with scrubby bushes. Good old sagebrush. Then in the late afternoon, stiff winds came up and dust storms rushed across the sagebrush land. It kept blowing over an hour.

At the dismal disembarking area, people were warned about rattlesnakes and scorpions. Dyke and I helped the folks get into the bus that was headed for the relocation center. Mother said something to the effect in Japanese, "What did we ever do to deserve being sent to this god forsaken desert land?" Father said laconically, "Shikatanai"..(It can't be helped...) My thoughts were stronger and I know I thought that God had forgotten us...there was a war going on and others were suffering horrible loss of life and limb...

Someone had planned every trainload of persons living quarters. We were dropped off at designated blocks. My brother Jim and wife and folks were given medium sized quarters in Block #26 while Dyke went to bachelor quarters and I was taken to the farthest end of the area, Block #44, the single women's quarters. A large 16' X 32' room with a pot bellied stove in the center of the floor. Nothing but a layer of fine silt lay on the floor. Wondering if I was going to have the entire place for my own, a truck pulled up and let two women off.

I recognized the older woman in her fifties as a flamboyant character who was married to an Italian pool hall owner...the other woman was in her early thirties and look like an Indian squaw. She introduced herself as Emma and said that her father was a Japanese man and her mother was an Eskimo. We met Mrs. P who had more baggage than she could carry and as she opened her purse to tip the young men I gasped, "Wow, what money can do for one!"

Time went slowly but the sun was getting lower in the sky and one could start to keep the coolness coming. Where were our cots and blankets? I wondered how we were going to get rid of the sandy silt and finally I told Emma we should check out the mess hall area...the latrines...and do it before it got dark since we were at the edge of sagebrush land and

rattlesnakes terrified me. Suddenly a truck roared up next to our building.

"Hey, every body....come out and sign for your bedding and cot, please!" Someone said, "One blanket isn't enough for my old man and old lady! They will freeze to death!" "Hold your horses, you'll sign for two blankets each and one pillow with chicken feathers!" "Dammit, guy, don't we get sheets or pillow cases?" "Who the hell do you think you are, VIPS? Be glad you have this much tonight...we volunteered to truck this stuff to you guys! Sakataras, this is a thankless job!" "Oh, haba haba, sorry to upset you! Me and my big mouth, you know..."

The young guys brought in our cots and we signed for our blankets and the pillow that wasn't filled with straw. I had packed a couple of sheets and cases because I can't stand itchy army issue blankets. So, we all made our beds and then started to check out our block. The latrine for women and men were divided outhouses on the outer edge of each block. The soil is sandy and the dust rises when one walks through it. (We didn't know that we would be walking barefoot through the rainy season because the mud was four inches deep all over!)

Everyone hoped to get a "job" and asked how they would be choosing block leaders. Somebody had to start an information center. I decided to apply for a reporter's position on "The Irrigator"... If I had thought I would be getting rides to my assignments, I was surely mistaken. While the weather was pleasant, I enjoyed interviewing the Administrative staff personnel but \$16 a month wasn't enough to plan any outside shopping trip to Twin Falls, Idaho. That's when I latched onto a motley crew of sugar beet pickers. The fellow who had contracted a farmer in Filer was someone I knew from the Puyallup Valley. He was able to get a Ford pickup with a homemade camper on the back to haul a crew of six or eight to fields for the farmer. \$6 per truckload of beets...a little over a ton of beets per truckload....6 truckloads for \$6 a day. (What a poor girl will do for money! The first day out I thought my arm would fall off. Worse than big, heavy 3 to 5 pound beets are parsnip sized beets! We averaged \$3.50 the first time and we couldn't quit because we had to honor a verbal "contract".)

I stayed with several crews doing sugar beet work and got a chance to go spud picking. When I had about \$100, I had to think about getting

a camp job for the long winter months. A friend mentioned that the Recreational Division was expanding and there was a likelihood I could get a job since I liked to entertain. There were several applicants for office work and when I was interviewed, Mr. Kipp asked if I could do office manager's work. Perhaps he chose me because I was the oldest and didn't giggle. Anyhow I doled out assignments and checked correspondence going out for typo and English errors. I was the chief paster of articles into a scrapbook!

Our department set up a block by block mess hall decorating contest for the holidays. The blocks on the west side numbered #1 through #21 vied for one prize of their choice and the blocks from #22 through #44 would seek the other prize. The winners would choose a prize that the entire block members would enjoy...like a special dinner...movie entertainment...or a bus tour if that could be permitted.

After Emma and Mrs. P started to fight over boy friends, I moved to Block #38 where my sister and husband had made their corner room very cozy. The Block Manager asked me to get an English program ready for Christmas in junction with a Japanese program being planned by one Roy Yasukawa of Portland. When we were introduced to each other, we did not hit it off. He thought I was bossy and I thought he was vain...he would play the piano and sing Japanese songs (which I could not understand) but a bevy of Kibei girls would gather around him every night.

Our block won first prize for the best decorated mess hall and the unanimous choice of all was a "very special Chinese dinner." And, on Christmas Eve we dined well, and enjoyed a surprisingly good program. After the hall cleared of people, Mr. Yasukawa asked me to go view some of the other mess hall decorations.

In January of 1943, my job application as a maid in the home of an insurance vice president in Chicago, Illinois was accepted. Hoping to leave as soon as possible, I told my closest friends...if they wanted to give me a send-off party, I'd love it! Then Mr. Yasukawa who came to take me to a dance once and managed to join me at evening dinner meals told me that I was not going anywhere because he wanted to marry me.

February 14, 1943, the Rev. Emery Andrews, who had moved from Seattle to minister to the Japanese christians in camp, married us in his Twin Falls residence. Christine Harumi was born on February 11, 1944. When

the second Christmas holiday came along, Roy and I were chosen to repeat roles as entertainment chairmen. However, I noticed that he was running frequently to the latrine and that he was losing weight although he was not on a diet. In fact, our menus were high in carbohydrates/calories.

In January of 1945, I discovered that I was pregnant but Roy was suffering from diabetes. Within a week he was suddenly like a walking skeleton! Dr. Wakamatsu prescribed insulin shots and also gave instructions to give up sugar, pastries, Coke drinks, hard liquors, and to eat plenty of vegetables and greens but leave out cantaloupes and melons. In other words, Roy felt he was being harshly restricted until I explained that he had to adjust to a new way of eating or "eat himself to death." When impotency became a problem, I tried to assure him that it didn't have to spoil our marriage. Slowly, something started to eat away at him. He would cry that he had lost his manhood. Then he began to question where I had been if I stayed longer than an hour gossiping with girl friends. Our Chrissie was a darling and everyone wanted to see her.

Jealousy is a hideous trait. We became the battling Yasukawas. He was reported as "dating" former girl friends as I filled out. At this particular time, I was not upset about it as I knew he was only able to elicit sympathy. All I worried about was the future if he was going to act like an immature father. Why should I be blamed for his illness?

A week before my expected date of delivery, I had asked Dr. Neher, the Chief of Staff of Minidoka Hospital if he was going to send me out to Twin Falls since the maternity ward had been shut down. Since the WW II had ended, people were hurrying to get back to Seattle or head towards Chicago and points farther east. Dr. Neher assured me that the ward could easily be re-opened to accomodate anyone. The head nurse, Mrs. Rappaport, walked me out of the doctor's office and said, "Well! Just because of you we're going to have to have to have the entire ward sterile!" "I'm sorry to inconvenience your staff but Dr. Neher won't send me to Twin Falls." Would my baby be the last born in Minidoka? Nope! Three more expectant mothers moved in on me after I gave birth on September 14, 1945 to a second daughter, Kimi Ellen. The last born was named "Homer" because the mother said they were headed home to Seattle.

Roy was working as a fireman so he was given permission to use the station pickup to take the baby and me back to our block home. When I was ready to leave, Nurse Rappaport was nowhere around. Chrissie who was so glad to see me tugged at my hand saying, "Home, go home, Mommy!" We said goodbye to the ladies in the ward and started down the long hallway. Roy was waiting in the car and I was just opening the door when the most god awful screeching reached me. "YOU! YOU STOP RIGHT THERE! DON'T YOU DARE BREAK MY RULES! GET BACK HERE AND BE WHEELED OUT!" She was livid with anger. I almost went out but then I thought, I still have to return for a checkup before the baby and I left camp...better not make more trouble. (What trouble? I never did or say anything that should have made her hate me...)

Holy cow, I was thinking while I trotted back to the wheelchair. I sat down and she began to rush me down the hallway. I turned and shouted, "Nurse, my baby is coming back for me, Please slow down!" Suddenly I realized that the nurse was going to hit the baby so I tried to catch her before the foot ramp hit her. Chrissie was knocked ten feet away. She howled with fright and hurt. I leaped out of the chair and picked her up. The nurse said nothing...she turned around and left us there. "Oh, you god damned ole bitch! How dare you run down my baby!" I swore like a trooper at her retreating backside. (If I had known then that Christine would live only forty days more, I would have torn into the nurse like a crazed person!) Why did she do it?

We heard from my sister in Nampa, Idaho. My brother Dyke was share-cropping with a millionaire farmer who had been a WW I victim of hate and discrimination because he was a German but as American as we were... he and his wife turned out to be wonderfully compassionate friends... Dyke could use us as farm hands although I would not be able to work unless Mother could handle two little girls. She was babysitting Tadao's two young boys and cooking for them, too. How long she could stand the lively boys...until the cold weather sets in, I thought.

Roy had a few pieces of furniture that he had made and he had found out that they would have to be crated. Where to get lumber? Everyone was stealing 1 X 12's but Roy had the nerve to take the station pickup and ask for a couple of pieces for the fire station. Some persons were prying

off wall boards if their neighbors had moved out. As a baby's gift, one pinochle playing friend had made me a beautiful ironing board...it had to be crated.

And, on a cold and misty morning, October 21st, we were taken to the guard station and at long last checked out to be bussed to the train site where some three and a half years before I had been single, numb and despairing. This time, I was a wife, a mother with two darling babies and still despairing because Roy's diabetes was slowly but surely damaging his liver, kidneys and heart. Outwardly, I was not the picture of gloom. My terrible sense of humor kept me from losing my mind.

The train ride was worse this time. We were crammed with soldiers heading for the coast. Where? Can't mention it. They were young men who were curious about the whys and wherefores of our evacuation and internment. Where are you going? Well, to Nampa to earn a nest egg. Good luck. Thanks, good luck to you, too. Nice....but Chrissie was not well. When the train made a 10 minutes stop, I spied a grocery store right next to the station so I took off like a bullet. I got an ice cream cone for Chrissie. Most of it melted down my hand and I didn't have the nerve to eat it. She needed to be refreshed one way or another.

My brother Dyke and brother-in-law met us at the Nampa stop. It was getting dark and they were grimy with dirt as they had just left the packing house and come directly to the train depot for us. My dear sister had a good dinner waiting and she noticed that Chrissie was not interested in the food. I used the good milk and made her drink it in a bottle. This was soothing for her and she fell asleep. As I bustled about trying to make a bed in a dresser drawer for Kimi and was made two crates into a temporary bed for Christine, I didn't watch Chrissie closely for further signs of ailing. Suddenly my sister said that Chrissie had a high fever.

I told Roy to put cold towel compresses to her head and put alcohol on her hot body. I gave her aspirin and rushed off with my sister to the nearest farm house to call a doctor. The Walters knew my brother Dyke and they called their family doctor to come out of Nampa to our farm house which was over 5 miles away.

Dr. Vernon was a small man but he had the most angelic face. He checked out Chrissie and gave her a shot. He thought she might be developing a bad cold. He asked that a specimen of her urine be dropped off at his office in the morning. He said that if in the next day or two she wasn't perky, maybe I should bring her in to his office.

I attended to Chrissie all day and she was quiet most of the time. Shortly after noon, she said she wanted to go "shi-shi" and I put her on her potty to urinate. But she would cry and say, "Hurt. Mommy, hurt." Since we had no telephone at our farm house, messages were brought to us through Mr. M's telephone. It seemed that Dr. Vernon found kidney infection in the specimen and wanted the prescription he would leave at the main drug store for us started on Christine as soon as possible. That meant asking Mr. M to call Dyke's wife in Nampa to pick it up for us and bring it down as soon as he got home from work.

Next day I had to call the doctor about her condition and he suggested that he hospitalize her. I had asked Roy to try to make it home for lunch because I was getting worried about Chrissie. After they had relaxed, they took Chrissie to the hospital. From then on, my brother let me use his 1935 Chevvy sedan which started with a long file inserted through a hole in the floor to hold the foot starter at an angle... Morning and night I would go to see Chrissie at the hospital and then take Dyke's wife across town to her chamber music practice. (Not once did she stop to see Chrissie alive at the hospital!) Mother was able to take Kim because she was always sleeping and no trouble at all.

The day nurse always told me what was happening with Chrissie. I never ran into the doctor at the hospital and I did not hear from him. On October 28th 1945 at 2:00 AM, I was startled out of my sleep by a heavy object banging on the front door. A state patrol officer asked if I was the mother of Christine Yasukawa. I told him that I was. He said that the hospital had dispatched him to come and get me because the baby was failing fast. I begged the officer to give me a ride as I did not have the jalopy. I told my sister to have Roy drop off Kim at Mother's and I would stay with Chrissie as long as she needed me.

Dear, dear Chrissie. She lay pale and listless and had a tube inserted in her right nostril. She opened her eyes and whimpered, "Mommy, mommy, wanna go home, Mommy! Take Chrissie home!" She was hurting badly and I

could only lean over and cuddle her. "Chrissie, you're going to be well real soon! Mommy will take you home then! I love you, Chrissie... you're going to get well real soon." I caressed her cheeks and her hair gently till she fell asleep. The night duty nurse was very kind and when I said that I would like to sit with Chrissie, she brought me a pillow and a blanket. She left a thermo of orange juice and another with cold water saying that if Chrissie would take any fluids, she should do so. She told me that Chrissie had taken a sudden turn for the worse and that was why they had sent for me. Now, she seemed to be resting and doing better. I was able to give her little sips several times during the early morning hours. When she wet, I changed her diapers and she would smile happily.

In the morning, an aide came and cleaned her up for breakfast. She let me spoon feed Chrissie some oatmeal mush and orange juice. Later a nurse came by to attach a bird water cage to catch urine for testing. A couple of hours later, the nurse came to check the cage. "Oh, darn it! Chrissie's had a soft movement and the urine specimen is contaminated!" After chattering with Chrissie, she slipped into a deep sleep. Then an aide came in to mop the floors but I asked if I could do it. There were older children in the ward who wanted to talk with me. The moment Chrissie woke up, I was right by her side.

The nurse failed to get a clean specimen before noon and I was getting a little disgusted. I asked her to leave me a clean cage and when Chrissie was ready to wet, I would have her do it in to the cage. I told Chrissie when she wanted to do "shi-shi" she was to let me catch some for the nurse. By 1:00 PM I had taken the urine specimen to the desk. I also asked why Dr. Vernon hadn't made his rounds. The nurse said she could not understand why Dr. Vernon hadn't checked in on Chrissie.

About 9:30PM, another night nurse was on duty. She was quite brusque with me. I told her I was staying over another night because Chrissie seemed to do better with my presence. She said that she was going to give her some grape juice and would I please move out of the way.

As I settled down to nap, Chrissie suddenly started to gasp and choke. I ran to the door and yelled, "Please come quick. Chrissie's having a spell!" The nurse came quickly and took over. She turned Chrissie sideways and patted her back. My baby was quiet. She put a stethoscope to her heart.

"She's dead," announced the nurse. "It's no use." I had seen a needle and syringe with a box marked "Adrelin" nearby. "Please, how about the adrelin? Do something quick!" I begged. "She's dead, Ma'am!" Then she yanked the tube out of Chrissie's nostril and a huge glob of clotted blood plopped onto the floor. It was like being hit by an iceberg. I gave mouth to mouth resuscitation until the nurse pulled me off. This time she was more gentle. "I'm sorry but she is gone. Would you like to call for an undertaker?"

Why hadn't Dr. Vernon come to see Chrissie all these 20 hours I had kept vigil at her bedside? He lived only four or five blocks away from the hospital? (Later we learned that Dr. Vernon's only son who was serving in the Pacific area had been killed. I could understand his deep grief but couldn't understand why he did not send someone else to look after Chrissie. Time does not heal all things...only dying will erase that night of trauma.)

For the first time I had to seek welfare aid to pay off the hospital and funeral bills. The doctor never billed us.

The following year we bought a baby buggy and took Kim out to the fields so that I could earn wages on an hourly basis. Since Roy was hopeful that he might latch onto a partnership deal in the highway market stand business we were saving our money to return to Portland, Oregon. He had mentioned that during the harvest season of 1941, he was starting to deal in contracting orchard runs of apricots, peaches, plums, and pears for the highway market he had half interests in. About this time he was doing between \$10,000 and \$15,000 worth of business. He figured that in 1942 he could have doubled that amount because he made fair and honest deals buying and selling. He peddled truckloads of fruit to other outlets.

Back in Portland, Roy could only find a poorly paid job as a produce trimmer for a Greek-American under the sidewalk area. Figuring it was only a temporary thing, he did go to work during the winter months. Day after day he despaired of his chances of getting a better job and when he did not receive a raise or bonus at Christmas time he blew up and quit his job! We were living in one room in a hotel and allowed to cook on a hot plate. It was very hard not to ask what was going to happen to us...

By spring of 1947, his diabetic condition was getting worse and his

temper flared with his inability to get a decent paid job. I took Kim and fled to Seattle where I sought comfort at my Mother's dreary hotel room. She was living on the old age pension since she left Nampa because she did not get any monies for babysitting Tad's boys. There wasn't much I could do with a baby and no reserve funds so she helped get me a job working on the Shigio's farm in Sumner. She came along to take care of Kim while I worked as a field hand. I wanted be free from Roy's tyranny and get a divorce.

A classmate who had married a Portland man who knew Roy happened to reveal my whereabouts. Then, one day my husband arrived to tell me that he had gotten a hotel managing job for the two of us and we had to report by the following evening. This meant that Mother would have to pack all the things by herself and I objected. Roy promised Mother he would make things right by her and she told us to get our things together and try to make a go of our marriage. I repeated the promise that I would always look after her welfare and gave her a big hug. (The Shigios must have thought I was ^avery uncaring to leave my mother in such a lurch when we stopped at the house to explain my sudden leaving. I asked that Mr. Shigio take whatever he thought was fair as moving charges since he would have to help Mother back to Seattle. Of course, he did not take anything.)

Our hotel owners were well-to-do as they owned many hotels, apartments, and had an investment company. However, they were very chintzy and reluctantly gave us a yearly wage. Since they were charging us rent on the small backroom kitchen/bedroom combination, I decided after I got into the swing of things, I could take a swing shift job. A savings account we did not have!

Hostess Cake Company advised me to report for evening work after I telephoned the personnel office in answer to their newspaper ad. The bus was handy from home to the bakery and the shift from 4 P.M. to 11:30 P.M. suited me fine. The instructions I was given led me to a downstairs area to the bread wrapping section. The foreman had been contacted about my arrival and he was waiting for me. His Irish blue eyes opened wide and he slapped his forehead when he saw me. I knew the reason for his surprised look. Did Yasukawa sound like a Slavic name?

He was so very, very sorry but he couldn't use me. Why not? I was in need of a job and was hired. He didn't know that I was a good worker so

why couldn't he at least try me out for a week? He mentioned that they had hired a Filipino-English girl but she looked oriental and they had to give her special protection whenever she left for home. There are many veterans who fought in the Pacific area and some who served in Bataan. He could not guarantee my safety coming or leaving work. I reminded him that I was an American first. "But your face is Japanese. Please accept my apologies and understand how I feel about your safety."

The next bet was to go broccoli picking with a Filipino resident who let the Murphy brothers join us as they were out of a job. I stayed home one day a week to do chambermaid work for the single tenants, and usually there was no work on Saturday or Sunday.

In June of 1949, my husband had a coughing spell and he had bloodied his handkerchief. I suspected tuberculosis but he would not go for an X-ray. I begged one of the Murphy brothers to go with him to the public health department. Within the week, a notice came for him to go to a lung specialist for a larger sized X-ray diagnosis. I knew what to expect but Roy was becoming terrified at the thought of being confined to a sanitarium. It was like a disgrace to be found with t.b. Very shortly the public health department ordered him to report on a certain day for treatment at Firland Sanitarium. I shopped for a bathrobe and leather slippers and a handsome luggage. His fishing buddy, Jim, took us north to a lovely area with barrack-like buildings. It reminded us of camp barracks only these were painted and finished.

The owners told me that I could stay until the end of the month as they were selling the hotel and the new owners wished to renovate the living quarters. They said that they would give me the usual salary although Roy was no longer working. (They never told me that only Roy was on the payroll and I was denied unemployment compensation. This was a cruel act as they knew that most of the work was done by me even when I took on a second job!)

First I had to call my sister and her husband to beg them to find out if I could go to them in Woodinville where they were working on a large Italian farm. The assistant foreman was a Nisei friend from Fife. I had to reveal the sad news that Kim had a touch of t.b. but the doctor assured me that if I let her play in the sunshine all summer long, she would be all right by the first of October. Children have a built-in stamina.

My sister and her husband came one evening to tell me that the assistant foreman had talked to the foreman who was a brother-in-law of the owner and I could move on a Sunday. They would be working but the bunkhouse across from their house would be cleaned and left open for me. My sister cried over Kim's condition and sorry things were hurled at poor Roy. For the first time I gave way to a flood of tears....it was sheer relief from the fear of being tossed out into the street at the end of the month. The Murphys heard me wailing and they offered to do night duty for me so I could get a good night's rest.

For the second time, dear friend Jim came to help me move my few belongings out to the farm. Noone was around but I got everything into the bunkhouse with Jim's help. Kim and I had a snack and with the bed made up, I put her down for a nap. Whenever disaster knocks on my door, it comes loud and terrifying! (I hope some day "bonanza" comes in a big way, too!)

I opened the door to behold a big, burly Irishman who scared me to death with his angry countenance. "WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, AND WHO THE HELL TOLD YOU TO MOVE INTO MY BUNKHOUSE?" The shock was so great and my nerves so wracked that I burst into tears. Didn't Bill, the Nisei foreman get your permission to let me come and work on the Vitulli farm? My sister and husband had come to tell me that everything was all right and to move in on Sunday. Was he Dan, the foreman?

"Well, goddammit, I don't like having people take over without my permission! I told him how sorry I was about this misunderstanding but I didn't have any place to go. I needed a job and would he hire me on a trial basis? I'll leave if I can't prove my worth in two weeks I promised.

Kim was a beautiful little girl and when he saw her terrified face he said, "Aw, hell, I'll let you stay and try you out. You'll have to work along side of my Filipino boys!" I thanked him and held out my hand. Then I shut the door and bawled. What a cry baby. Kim hugged my neck and said, "Don't cry, Mommy. Don't cry!"

By the third week in July, Dan let me drive the field truck to pick up workers to haul them to and fro from designated areas of work. The farm was a huge 640 acres. To release a man for heavy loading, I drove the tractor up and down the cabbage rows and delivered the crates to the barn.

I earned Dan's respect and when he found that I could top some of his best off-colored jokes he was hilariously "impressed." Well, I had the Murphy brothers to thank for that. Dan was a seaman, and Bob and Ray had been in the service. (My Mother was getting weary of baby-sitting but my sister spoke to her about the past and she came reluctantly this time. I was very grateful and Kim was no trouble at all.)

Roy was three years at Firlands and I went by bus to bring him little presents or things he ordered twice a month. It took me two hours each way and he made me stay at least two hours. He told me how lucky I was to be on the outside enjoying life, the movies, good food, and making new friends. I never whined that my day ended at 11 PM and started at 4:30 AM. I washed out laundry for the three of us and prepared breakfast and lunches for six persons. A close friend of the Itanos boarded with us. My sister said that I snored like a logger and suggested that I learn to sleep on my side!

When Roy said that he was going to have monthly home visitation privileges, I was ready to tell him that I wanted a divorce. I had a call from the doctor asking me to please reconsider because Roy was in such a depressed state of mind that he might reverse the excellent progress he was making. My sister and husband were unduly apprehensive about his staying in their house. Since my summer earnings had to spread over the winter months, I had to go once again to the welfare department to ask for public assistance to find a dwelling since Roy wanted to "return to his home" once a month. And, I found a small rental in Bothell where my neighbors turned out to be one of the pioneer families. Kim and I had wonderful times while living on Beckstrom Road and she started first grade happily.

Upon discharge from the sanitarium, Roy came home to the Yesler Terrace where the welfare department had found a two bedroom unit for me. I found a table and three chairs at St. Vincent De Paul's and orange crates covered with a blanket was our elegant couch. We always had the double bed and crib but Kim was objecting to sleeping in "a baby bed". As Roy was told to take it easy for a year, I took a civil service examination and passed with a good score. Being placed on the register doesn't insure a position right away.... I took any short term job because Roy's insulin and special diet needs couldn't be bought with the welfare check. (The social worker had the idea that we had some savings. She said that each of us could have \$400 in savings and still be eligible for aid. ("NOW YOU TELL ME!")

August 23, 1953 I had an appointment to be interviewed by the Selective Service System. Didn't know what a draft board meant. The Coordinator, Mrs. Conner, was a business like person but comfortable to speak with as she did ask some personal questions. As she gave me a tour of the office area, she introduced the employees and mentioned briefly what duties they were assigned to do. When we returned to her office, she asked me if I could report for work the following Monday. (I could and did for nearly 17½ years!)

During December of 1955, I saw an ad in the Opportunities Column about a skidroad hotel. I called the real estate agent who was willing to talk to me after the dinner hour. It was time that Roy pulled his share and I knew he could never take a 9 to 5 type of job. He would have to be "boss" and work his own hours. (I naively believed that a bank would loan us a down payment on the experience we had as hotel managers.)

The old hotel at 1st and Main Street was a "tough transient" hotel. Billy sticks were part of the business end to chase out drunks who wandered in to sleep in hallways...stinking toilet/bathrooms...bed with dirty, soiled mattresses...sheets were brought in after a customer paid for the room...and army blankets were used as they laundered. After we talked to the owner, he said that he and his sons were buying an apartment house and would let the hotel go very cheaply. \$1,500 for the lease which was renewable every three years. (The agent knew I would not take it for \$100 and he said that if a good hotel went on the market, he would contact us.)

In January of 1956, the very charitable agent came to tell us about a good, clean working men's residential hotel right down town at 6th Avenue and Pike Street. An elderly Japanese couple wanted to retire and the price was right! The down payment was only \$4,000. The agent introduced us but Roy had known the folks from Minidoka Relocation camp days. They wanted us to take over and assured us that we would never be sorry as the clientele were pleasant retired loggers, fishermen, or seamen. The problem was CASH.

The bank loan manager really chuckled when I offered my "security"...a very good background of experience as hotel managers. "Now, Mrs. Yasukawa," he said indulgently, "if you had \$4,000 in our savings department, we would gladly loan you \$4,000 that you need." I stood up to leave, "Well, thank you, sir, but if I had the \$4,000 I wouldn't be asking for a loan, would I?" We both laughed because it was the doggone truth.

Roy's poker-playing buddy showed up as he had heard that we were trying to raise money to buy a hotel business. Although the owners were family friends, they had refused to sell to him. He wanted to be a silent partner.

I went to work praying for a sign from God that we were not about to make a big, big mistake. We had to deliver an answer as the owners had another party who had the money waiting for a chance to buy the hotel. For the unexpected sign, it was the sudden appearance of a beautiful seagull who flew to my window sill and he pecked the window 3 times. Y-E-S. Then he was gone. I picked up the phone and called Roy to have the partner get a cashier's check to us by evening.

Roy succeeded as a hotel owner-manager. In 1960, my best girl friend decided she could make Roy a better wife since he told her I did not sleep with him. He asked me to leave with Kim and he would run the business but his buddy said he would support my cause and let me manage the hotel. Roy was gone two days. He pleaded for forgiveness and for the first time I cut him deeply by saying, "You fool, you! You went to bed with her and she rejected you! Why didn't you wait till you married her!"

Roy's diabetic condition finally caused his death when his heart gave out May 21, 1961. Within a month, our silent partner died of a heart attack which was unexpected. However, I had asked our partner if I could buy out his share after Roy passed away as the insurance money would be available. Fortunately he agreed and had called our mutual law firm to notify them to write a transfer of full title to me.

I was a widow for four years before I was remarried to a man I had known since 1949. Both Roy and I had known him as a young 20 year old from Herman, Minnesota testing his wings away from a small country town. His aunt and uncle lived in West Seattle. He had worked in a carton making company and had bought a motorcycle to play around on. When he got his I-A card from the hometown draft board, he left to enlist in the Air Force. He wrote to me from time to time until he married a girl from Liverpool, England.

Dale and his wife settled in Minneapolis, Minnesota where he was working as a mechanic for Northwest Airlines. When the mechanic went on a strike that last for many months, he lost his house and in desperation had come to seek work in Seattle. He telephoned me for a character reference letter which he used to apply for a job at Boeing's and Seattle Transit. He chose to work for Seattle Transit and he brought his family to Seattle in 1960. When he divorced his wife charging adultery in 1962, he became a recluse as he had custody of his three young daughters. His parents moved out to take care of the children sometime in 1963, and I ran into him while he was driving a bus while I was going to a shower party. He told me that he was divorced and I had wished him good luck because I knew his wife had been very extravagant and if he was working double shifts it meant that he was having money problems.

One October evening in 1964, all of the draft board personnel had to put in overtime as the September month end records that I happened to mail did not reach State Headquarters in Tacoma. (Two weeks later, it was returned to Tacoma via St. Louis, Missouri!) Perhaps it was a lucky coincidence as I got on my bus but Dale was driving it. He discovered where I lived and hinted that he'd see me sometime. I told him to bring his girls over and relieve his parents sometimes.

As I insisted that our dinner dates be Dutch treat, Dale and I began to see each other frequently and on Saturday or a Sunday, he would take his girls and me on long drives. We became engaged on February 14, 1965 and I wouldn't rush the wedding. I wanted to be sure the girls liked me well enough during the next six months of closer relationship. We were married in church on August 15, 1965.

At work, I was doing very well and in the spring of 1966 an opening

for Clerk of Local Board No. 3 opened up. It was one of those under the rug maneuvers that causes everyone to suspect foul play. Previously anyone who wished to be considered for promotion made application for the position and ^{was} sent to headquarters for testing...Only the person who took the test knew her own score. Somebody was picked for the job but there was always doubt that the highest scorer did not win. This time a very fine person was groomed for the position but since she had never taken a civil service test she had to be disqualified...very quietly. At this point, I believed that I was the next best qualified person as I was working on the largest local board as an assistant clerk. I had been able to run a board meeting and did most of the minutes satisfactorily.

Everyone was surprised to get a bulletin which announced the appointment of a woman who had less service than I and who had never had the know how of being an assistant clerk. However, silent bets were made that she could not do the job. And, after three Local Board Meetings, the Assistant Coordinator reprimanded the woman for her inability to finish the minutes and the woman broke down completely. She took leave of absence and I was called into the inner circle where I was told to take the position as Clerk of Local Board #3. I was doing very well until the Assistant Coordinator retired and a Local Board Clerk who was promoted decided to change over a lot of things.

A person who makes degrading remarks about the head of the office is not to be trusted. When State Headquarters decided to upgrade the title of Clerk of Local Board to Executive Secretary of Local Board, I got another surprise call from the new Assistant Coordinator. She had narrowed her eyes at me and said venomously, "Sumie, I want you to sign this letter asking to be promoted to Assistant Clerk of Local Board No. 4. It'll give you a \$1 a week raise." I looked at her and my jaw dropped. "You will never be an Executive Secretary as far as I'm concerned!" she warned. I knew that insubordination was the sure way to be fired. If I refused, what would she connive against me. I had every reason to worry about a loss of a job because I had to help Dale raise his three girls. Where was my Coordinator in this situation? This woman who said that when a person gets senile they ought to retire gracefully! I didn't like the personnel officer of late and so, like a coward I signed.

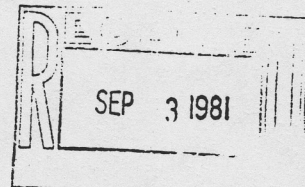
Good memories, happy memories...these are a wonderful blessings that warms one's heart when one recalls in an atmosphere of quiet calm.

Bad memories, tragic moments, contemptible incidences...these are like malignant sores that festers and never heals over if one is not strong and forgiving. I am not a good Christian but I am a re-born Christian and trying hard to follow the lead of wonderful, caring leaders.

God does not say that I should not ask for money and that is why I would wish for adequate compensation for the years I spent in camp so that my young son, Todd, with his minimal brain damage, will not live in proverty situations like I did. This young lad is to me a very special boy. He is half Japanese and has English, French, Irish, Welsh, Norwegian, German and Cherokee Indian blood in his veins. He represents the ALL AMERICAN TYPE.

Thank you for your attention.

Lumie L. Barty



Personal to Mrs. Yaukawa

Dear Mrs. Yaukawa,

Since I may not have future opportunity to speak with you, I would like to take this time now to thank you for your efforts on my behalf. After questioning the University, I have found that although I can apply for registration any time in November, that actual registration can not take place earlier than December 28. Thus there is little hope that I would not be called and I have already initiated proceedings to enter a reserve unit. I shall wait to join until I have actually taken my physical so as to be certain that I have not acted too hastily, but the future still looks quite black. However your concern for my case has put the local board in a much better light in my eyes and I hope that you will continue to be as charitable with others in the future. The local boards, in manipulating the lives of young men, have a heavy responsibility and I feel

RECEIVED
LOCAL BOARD # 3
OCT 26 1951
SELECTIVE SERVICE
SEATTLE, WASH.

that few of the people associated with
those boards show as great respect
for that responsibility as you have.

Sincerely yours,

Edward Hedman

RECEIVED
LOCAL BOARD GROUP A
OCT 20 1964
SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM
SEATTLE 4, WASH.

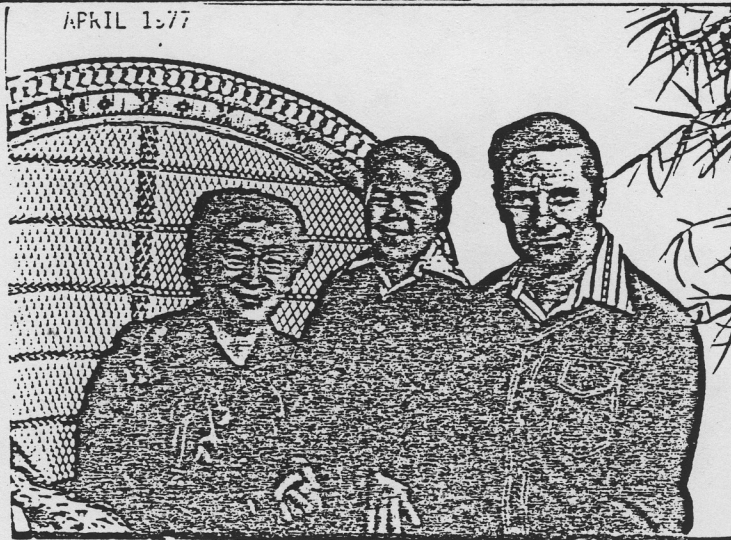
SUMIE'S HOUSE
APRIL 1981
(BACK)



2768-44TH SW
SEATTLE 98116



APRIL 1977



SUMIE TODD DALE BARTZ

MARRIED 8/15/65
DIVORCED 11/20/79