

Ryo Morikawa Recollections on her Childhood Home and Family Nursery Business (handwritten on various notes around 1998-2002 and compiled by Bisim Lee in 2021)

Although I was born in Pacific Beach which is on the northern-most part of San Diego Bay, my earliest recollections are of the house we lived in from the early 1920's to the outbreak of WWII in 1941. This was on La Jolla Ave about a mile south of Old Town, the historic area where "San Diego began" and about 10 miles north of the center of the city of San Diego.

Around 1922, Father bought a parcel of land on La Jolla Ave, the main arterial between San Diego and Los Angeles, and established a nursery. The land was cheap because of the terrain but desirable because of the busy highway. The main highway between SD and LA was later established about a half mile below our property, but by that time the nursery was well known to many gardeners who bought its plants for their employers, owners of large estates in Point Loma, La Jolla, and Pacific Beach.

For his family, Father bought a house on an adjacent piece of property to the nursery. The house which had a street address on Hortensia Street was a modest frame house built below street level. One year, around 1928, the house was raised to street level with a lower level which became a large kitchen and dining room. The upper level became bedrooms and living rooms; one small living room in front where the piano was kept and a large sunroom with picture windows overlooking San Diego Bay in back. We all studied in that back room which had a set of the Book of Knowledge in it. The smaller room had a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, both sets bought by Father from a traveling salesman.

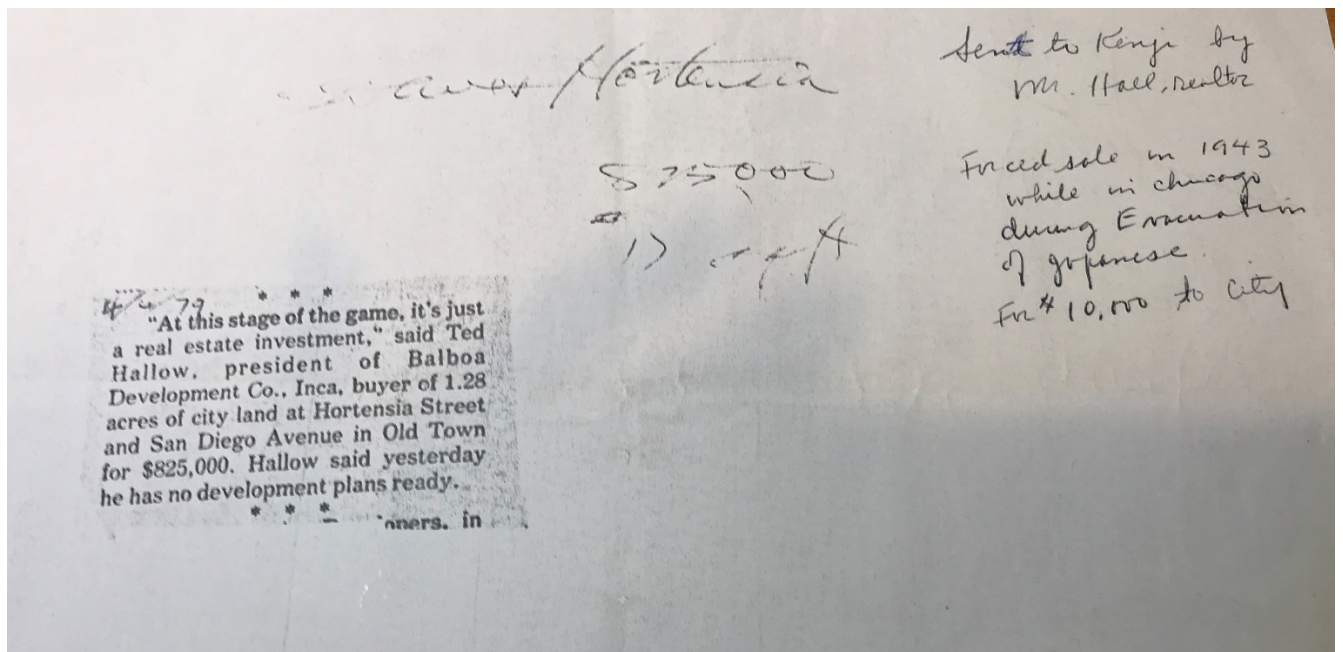
After Father bought the land on La Jolla Ave, he built a small flower stand with a tiny apartment below for one of the workers, usually a relative from Japan. Since flower growing was very seasonal, Father started growing plants from seeds and cuttings to later plant in one-gallon cans. There was a space of about 5-10 feet from the street to where the land dropped off. It was on this narrow strip that plants in gallon cans were aligned row after row, the kind of ornamental plants popular with the public such as boxwood, eugenia, heliotrope, and gardenias. All these Father grew from seeds or cuttings. He had written permission to gather seeds and plants in Balboa Park. He built two large lath houses, one below street level and the other attached to our house on street level, for young plants could not withstand the harsh sun of Southern California. Since his four children lived in a house on the edge of the nursery, they helped to grow and sell the plants as they grew older. When I was about 12, I learned to plant small seedlings in 1½-foot square flats on weekends. After Father died, I also watered and watered the rows and rows of plants in gallon cans.

In 1924, Father bought two acres of land on Camp Kearney Road (later renamed Linda Vista Road). This property, near the Cudahy's Packing Plant and north of the nursery on La Jolla Ave, was bought under the name of a Nisei just as the two parcels bought earlier had been. In the 1920's, Asian could rent but not own land due to Alien Land Laws passed to prohibit primarily Japanese and Chinese non-citizens from becoming landowners. Father planted larger plants and trees on this land. There was a small one-bedroom house on the property which was rented out before and during the war. A detached double garage was used for storage during the war years when we were forced to leave San Diego. After the end of WWII, when the Japanese were allowed to return to what was left of their homes and businesses, we lived in the rental home for a while: Mother, Kenji, Anna and her toddler daughter, and I with a toddler daughter. Anna's husband had been drafted and sent to New Caledonia. Ai Chih had gone overseas to work with UNRRA (United Nations Relief & Rehabilitation Administration).

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The main house on La Jolla Ave was confiscated during WWII because it was suspected we were spying from it. It may have looked suspicious with the view of the Marine base and the US Naval Station and the Bay, but nothing was further from our minds. We had lived there for almost twenty years and took for granted the beautiful views of the Bay and Point Loma. Of course, we did notice the Marines when they marched with the band playing and the wind was just right. The base was about a mile away on the eastern edge of the Bay. After the war ended, we returned to San Diego but by then, the house we had lived in had been razed and there was nothing but weeds growing where our house had been. Fortunately, Mother still had the house on Camp Kearney Road, but it was much smaller than the two-story, three-bedroom house that had been demolished by the local authorities (we thought but we were never sure).

NOTE: The 1979 newspaper article with handwritten notes below was found in Ryo Morikawa's records by her daughter in 2021. It was sent to her brother, Kenji Morikawa, by the realtor who helped him sell another property. It provides evidence that the Morikawa home was confiscated by the City of San Diego during the war as written by Ryo in her recollections.



Written by Ryo Morikawa Tsai in Duluth MN during June 2002.
Expanded in July 2005 from notes written by Ryo Morikawa Tsai (dating back to 1998)

Ayano Hirahara, My Mother

Mother was born in 1887, the only daughter of the village priest, and raised in a Buddhist temple called Kyoganji in the province of Wakayama in Japan. All of her male relatives, including her two older brothers, were trained as priests in schools in Kyoto. They served in large and small temples, usually in Wakayama but a few were sent to temples in Kyoto and Osaka. Her older brother became the head priest when both of their parents had died when she was seven years old during a dysentery epidemic. It was hard to believe that this seemingly frail child survived. With the help of the wives of the younger priests, her grandfather then took over the responsibility of raising her.

After Mother's grandfather had been widowed and retired from farming, he took pleasure in going to Osaka and Kyoto to the theaters where he enjoyed historical and family dramas. He also liked to visit the old temples he had visited when he was a young man. He often took his granddaughter, my mother, on his shorter trips because she entertained him with the songs she had learned from the neighborhood children who liked to play in the spacious temple grounds. He liked particularly to go to the temple on Mt. Koya, called Koya-san by the natives, about fifteen miles from where they lived. The temple was situated on a hill, which they reached by riding palanquins, borne by muscular young men.

Grandfather venerated the priest Kobo Daishi who had lived in the 9th century because he had been a scholar and had invented the Japanese alphabet (irohani hoheto) which children easily learned. Mother loved going on these trips with her grandfather for she was encouraged to sing for him all the songs she had learned to her heart's content. At home, she was often shushed by her sisters-in-law who were much older and usually busy with household chores. They considered her a bother, but with her grandfather protecting her conduct and interests she was carefree and went her own merry way. The parishioners were usually charmed by her innocence and her songs. Thus, though she was orphaned at seven years of age, she had a relatively happy childhood and girlhood living in the temple. She had more than enough attention as she was growing up and was usually exempt from household chores.

When my mother reached the age of marriage (around 16 or 17), she was courted by a young man in the neighborhood who often galloped on a horse in front of the temple outside the gate to get her attention. Not many men, much less a boy, had access to a riding horse in their poor village but Father was somehow able to borrow one to ride. It was probably a work horse for in the country horses were used for plowing or hauling vegetables or lumber. Horseback riding was for the well-to-do, not for a poor farmer's son.

Mother must have been impressed. When she learned that Father was making arrangements to go to America to join his father and cousins, she told him she would go too and face the uncertainties of the future with him. However, Father dissuaded her from making the trip until he could determine for himself whether it would be wise to go to a foreign land before he knew he could make a living for himself, let alone a wife. He told her that as soon as he had a job and gotten settled he would send for her. He was just seventeen years old. She was already nearly twenty years old and told him she would wait in the village, living with his family as an in-law. To make the arrangement legal they registered their names at the prefectural office and she moved to his home as a legal member of his family. Then Father left for the U.S.; it was the year 1906. His Father, a widower, had settled in Riverside, California and had worked in the orange groves for nearly ten years. His father would never save much money for he was very extravagant spending money mainly on clothes for he regarded himself as a fashionplate.

Kennosuke (Kusumoto) Morikawa, My Father

My father was born in 1889 in the same village near the city of Wakayama as my mother. He was the second son of the largest landowner in the village. There were five sons and six daughters in Father's family. It was difficult raising such a large family on a limited income derived from growing rice, so around 1896, Father's father, who was a widower by then, decided to go to America where several of his village friends were then living and said to be prospering.

My father had been a studious boy and had loved going to school, but the village provided only a grade school education so he begged his father to let him study in the city of Wakayama about an hour away by train. There was a distant aunt who was widowed and childless. She was glad to adopt him as her son when he was about thirteen years old. Father was studious and did well in every subject but when he finished the 8th grade she refused to let him go to high school saying he had had enough schooling. Disappointed, Father returned to his village.

In 1904 Grandfather was able to find work in the orange and lemon groves being established in southern California. Soon he was sending money to the family he had left behind. As his sons matured, he sent for them one by one. The eldest was Takanosuke. He joined his father and soon found work in the orange groves. My Father, Kennosuke, the second son, was next to cross the Pacific Ocean to work in the orange groves. He had written to his father and told him he wanted to join him in California and work there. In the back of his mind he thought that he would be able to get more schooling once he arrived in California. Happily his father agreed and sent him money to buy his ticket on a ship headed for the U.S. He arrived in Seattle, Washington; then took a train to California where he had a happy reunion with his father.

Family Life in Southern California

Life was not so easy for immigrants in California. They usually had to take menial jobs that barely paid a living for one. After working as a laborer for a year he had learned to

drive a car. When he saw an ad for a chauffeur he applied for the position and got it. Mrs. Samuel White was a kindly woman and took an interest in the Japanese who were hard working and for the most part, honest and willing to try various kinds of work. When she learned that Father had left Mother behind in Japan, she helped him get the proper papers so she could join him. They settled in Riverside, Calif. where first, Anna Fumi was born. Then, two years later George Kiyoshi came along. Raising a family on a chauffeur's salary proved difficult. He knew a friend who had moved to Pacific Beach, a small community north of the city of San Diego. He was encouraged to join him for he was raising flowers and had more work than he could do alone. So Father and Mother moved to San Diego where they learned to grow all kinds of flowers—carnations, zinnias and marigold that could be sold as cut flowers. There were gardenias and camellias in cans for buyers to plant in their gardens. The nursery flourished and Father hired young Mexican boys to help keep up with the demand for his flowering plants.

The work was never ending. Father had to scramble to keep up with the work—the planting, watering, and moving his plants, as gaps appeared when he sold his stock. Father decided that he should raise plants that didn't require so much attention and therefore began to raise slower-growing plants, such as the boxwood and eugenias. These would grow slowly and could be kept growing from year to year without fading or dying away. Customers who wanted mature plants would be satisfied with his stock of plants. Thus by trial and error Father learned to grow saleable plants year round. His plants were attractive to the single customers as well as to the nurserymen who bought in wholesale amounts. The business gave us a good living as well as money for higher education.

We had all attended Fremont School, then Pt. Loma Jr. and Sr. High School. Anna went on to San Diego State College and graduated in 1937. George was accepted at the California Institute of Technology and eventually received all his degrees from there including his PhD. My education was rather checkered, having attended San Diego State College for a year, then going to Japan, accompanying Mother, when she felt she should report to her and Father's relatives that Father had died. After this was done, she immediately returned to San Diego mainly because her many relatives had inundated her with requests for money after they learned that she had made a substantial donation to the temple her father and her male relatives had served.

I decided to stay in Japan and study the language and culture for essentially I was an American, having been born and raised in California. Japan was a foreign land to me and though I knew and spoke some Japanese it was quite imperfect so that when I went to Japan I noticed that my cousins could hardly keep from laughing at my peculiar way of speaking and the grammatical errors I made.

I enrolled at the Keisen Girls' School in Tokyo where about forty Americans of Japanese ancestry had begun their studies for a two-year course. It was August 1940 and the political situation was deteriorating between the U.S. and Japan. However, having taken the time, trouble and money to get to Japan, I was reluctant to give up and go back to the States. As long as actual war didn't break out I felt safe enough to study for a while.

By June of 1941 there were more signs of enmity, chiefly in the dialogue in the news between the two countries so I made arrangements to leave by making a reservation on the last ship scheduled to leave Yokohama for the U.S.

While en route to the U.S. we learned that a ship that had left Yokohama for the U.S. had been forced to turn back. Thereafter there were no ships available to bring anxious passengers to the U.S. I felt fortunate indeed when I reached my home in San Diego but felt sorrow for my classmates who had been left behind. I could only imagine the hardships they would face for it was plain to see that resources such as food, clothing, and other essential items had been getting scarcer by the day.

For the Japanese in California, however, all was not wine and roses. There was animosity everywhere focused on the Japanese population, even though two thirds of us were American citizens and on the whole, knew very little about Japan. As for myself having lived in Japan for nearly a year, it was obvious to me that I was an American in every way but physical appearance. And even though I lived in Japan for nearly a year with my uncle and his family of four children who treated me kindly and found me entertaining when I mangled their language and they diplomatically told me that certain kinds of behavior, walking like a man instead of shuffling the feet, toes in, as women were supposed to do, and laughing loudly without covering the mouth were not womanly behavior. I had a lot to learn if I wanted to blend into the crowd. I didn't realize there were so many restrictions in the way women were supposed to behave. Apparently men could do whatever they pleased. Japan was a man's country!

In spite of these restrictions on behavior that we felt were onerous, we managed to get along without making fools of ourselves. We were spotted as foreigners by the clothing we wore-- plaid skirts, white blouses and saddle shoes which most of us wore to school. Japanese high school girls wore dark blue pleated skirts and white shirts. Their shoes were black. There were no deviations from this required dress. Their hair was braided on both sides of their heads to shoulder length. This was standard for high school girls. The principal made exceptions for us for most of us were out of high school and had not been restricted to doing our hair in a specific way. We generally followed the styles of the day in the states. In Japan we were told to be conservative in our dress and manner. We were not to make waves in behavior or dress. Don't talk or laugh loudly while walking together in the streets. Be as inconspicuous possible. It appeared that nisei students had a poor reputation because we didn't behave the way Japanese students were supposed to behave, quiet and obsequious. The crux of the matter was that we had had so much freedom to speak and act that in a society which kept itself ever conscious of unbecoming behavior (unbecoming in Japan), we foreign-born students were regarded as rustics who didn't know any better.

Somehow or another we learned to live amongst the native Japanese. It was remarkable that there were so many differences in our values as well as our appearance. Although I did begin to appreciate the culture and way of life of the Japanese natives, I began to understand and appreciate more deeply the life I had in the U.S. I felt this all the more when little boys about ten or twelve years old would follow me and chant out loud "Pah-

mah-mento wo yame masho! Stop getting permanents.” Or “Shi-ru-ku sutokkingu da na!” Those are silk stockings, aren’t they?” Both of which were, to the Japanese, signs of luxury and decadence in a country where the economy had nearly tanked due to the war with China.

The constant hearing of the word “hijooji” roughly translated “depression “ (economic) kept everyone aware of the current state of affairs. By the first of the year 1941 relations between the U.S. and Japan had become worse. I decided it was time to think of returning home. Although it seemed a shame that I would lose a whole year of study I made a reservation on the last boat scheduled to leave Yokohama in August of 1941.

By the time my ship reached San Francisco, if I remember correctly, diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Japan had been broken. I learned that my friends who had lingered in Japan were unable to return home. Although I felt relief at reaching home I mourned for my friends who were caught in Japan and having to stay, for the most part with relatives who were facing life with meager supplies of the necessities of life. How could the government of Japan expect the people to survive under such restrictive conditions and take on the most powerful nation in the world? Perhaps it was desperation or delusions of grandeur. Whatever it was, it was to lead the country of Japan into the most challenging period of its political life. Those of us who were caught in this struggle had made plans to escape by making reservations on one of the few ships scheduled to go to the U.S. I was one of the fortunate ones who reached home. It was the end of June.

Soon after, all diplomatic relations ceased between the U.S. and Japan. We couldn’t believe that this would lead to an all-out war. We took it as a falling out between long time friends and things would be patched up in due course. How wrong we were!

West-Coast Evacuation of the Japanese, World War II

Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, the day that would “live in infamy” as President Roosevelt declared. It was unbelievable that Japan would challenge the mightiest nation on earth. Having just returned from Japan a few months previous to the attack and knowing how stringent the lives of the Japanese were becoming from lack of the essentials, food and clothing, in particular, I thought to myself how foolhardy the military were to attack the U.S. Perhaps their desperation led them to believe that the U.S. could be defeated in war, for until that time, the Japanese had never lost a war. It was a source of their pride that they could say that. It was a foolish belief!

For the Japanese and Americans of Japanese descent it was an event of horrendous implications. At once we were also the enemy. Suspicion was evident in newspaper articles that cast doubt on the loyalty of Americans of Japanese descent. Were German and Italian descendents under such suspicion? Hardly, for they could blend in as straight Americans. It was a miserable time for us!

The antagonism continued to increase against the Japanese, whether Americans or not. We were bunched together as “the enemy”. Newspaper articles implied that all

Americans of Japanese descent could be disloyal. Most of the papers jumped on this. There was hardly a newspaper that supported us. Couldn't they see that we were as loyal as those of German or Italian descent?

Inevitably, with the clamoring of the newspapers to get rid of the Japanese population in California, it was decided by the legislatures of the three West Coast states to imprison the Japanese population. A month was allowed to let anyone of Japanese descent to leave the area. Anyone left behind would be sent to so-called "relocation centers" i.e. prisons guarded by armed soldiers.

What should we do? We were allowed to voluntarily leave at our own expense if we didn't want to be sent to "camp". When we called George in Pasadena, he was irate. He said he wasn't going to be stuck in a prison. We needed to find a way to get out before the authorities put all Japanese in camps. We needed a specific address as our destination or it was "no go". We talked to our renters who had come from Texas. When we told them of our predicament, they gladly said we could go to their house in Wichita Falls, Texas. In that way we needn't pay each other rent. It would be an equal exchange.

Anna, however, said she would stay behind and go with all the rest of the Japanese population when they were rounded up to be put in camps. We would send for her when we were settled somewhere east of the Japanese "no man's land". Anna would be the "sacrificial lamb" while the rest of the family escaped for she was reluctant to let the nursery business go. Eventually she would join us in Chicago, Illinois the city where George and I decided was large enough and impersonal enough to take a few Japanese escapees from the West Coast. We were never able to resurrect the nursery business after that. The house we had lived in for twenty years or more was demolished without our knowledge. Perhaps the powers that be figured that the Japanese would never be back.

George had known a friend from Cal Tech days. He contacted him and his friend was kind enough to help him get a job as an engineer at the Illinois Institute of Technology. This was how we settled into Mid-western life. I found a job as a typist at the International Journal of Religious Education. I took a course in stenotype buying a stenotype machine with which I would take dictation and later found a job as a secretary with the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

Kenji hadn't finished high school yet so he enrolled at the Hyde Park High School. Now all we needed to do was to get Anna out of the camp to join us in Chicago. It proved a simple matter of giving her our Chicago address as her destination and she soon joined us. The U.S. government was glad to release as many as possible to lower the cost of imprisonment.

Married Life

As for my own story, I met Ai Chih when he came to call on Mother for he had a small church on the Near Northside where he preached in Japanese to a small congregation. He had heard about a new Japanese family settling in the South Side neighborhood, and he came to invite her to his church. While he was there, I returned from work as a typist at

the International Journal of Religious Education office. He said there was a service for the English speaking as well at the same location. So on Sundays I took Mother to the Japanese service and stayed for the English service which was led by a colleague of his. I had only known AiChih in a church setting but one day, out of the blue, he asked me if I'd like to go to the Barnum and Bailey circus which was in town. I thought this might be fun, as I had never been to a circus before. This was the way AiChih and I got acquainted.

Ai Chih was a native of Taiwan and had studied at Doshisha University in Kyoto, Japan before transferring to the University of Chicago in 1938. Because Taiwan had been colonized by Japan from the 1930's he read, wrote and spoke Japanese fluently. English was a language he learned late in life and therefore was not perfect, but it was good enough to study at the graduate school at the University of Chicago. He had nearly completed his studies when the second WW broke out and he was unable to return to Taiwan.

Meanwhile, the Morikawa family had left the west coast to avoid being incarcerated and put into camps as prisoners. This was perfectly legal. In fact the government wanted as many Japanese as possible to leave. (Of course at our own expense, for they would not pay for the move.) We had to move at least two hundred miles from the coast and could do so if we had a definite address to go to. Fortunately for us, we did have an address. It was that of the people we were renting a house to. They had come from Wichita Falls, Texas, and when they learned of our predicament they suggested that we exchange houses, they to live in one of our houses in San Diego and we to live in theirs in Wichita Falls. This is the way we became temporary Texans, and we were glad to do so. However, it was too small a town for George to find a job as an aeronautical engineer or for Kenji and I to support ourselves with suitable jobs. Though most Texans were kind and understanding there were those who looked at us with suspicion and told us in not too subtle ways to get out of their great state of Texas. They didn't want any Japanese around even though it was our harmless mother and George's friend from Cal Tech who were the only non-citizens in our group. In their eyes we were all "Japs".

We had to get out of Texas somehow and go where there were job opportunities as well as tolerance to our being Americans of Japanese ancestry. Had we been of German or Italian ancestry there would have been no question of our loyalties.

The big question was "Where should we go?" We wanted to get out of Texas as badly as many Texans wanted us out of there. However two of our party could not move without a definite address to go to. They were Mother and George's friend who had been born in Japan when his mother went to visit her relatives. This was a terrible burden for George's friend for he had grown up in Pasadena and was as American as any of us.

The problem for us was being stuck in Texas, We needed an address somewhere else, a place where we could find jobs to support ourselves. Our savings would soon be depleted if we couldn't find jobs in a hurry. George and I decided to go to as many places as possible to try to find a job for him. We started out in Iowa, then Wisconsin,

Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan and back to Illinois. We decided that Chicago appeared to be the place to settle. George had a friend working at the Illinois Institute of Technology whom he had known from Cal Tech days. He helped George get a job and with it we were able to move to Chicago where I would try to find a job, get Anna out of the relocation center and Kenji, a sophomore in high school, needed to continue his education.

Before too long after we settled into an apartment on the south side of Chicago, there was a caller at the door, a young man who said he was a pastor of a church for Japanese and had come to invite Mother to his church. At the time I was a secondary interest but soon he said there were services in English as well at the same church. The services in English were preached by a Nisei pastor from California, Rev. Sumio Koga. The Japanese had been invited to hold services at the large Fourth Presbyterian Church for there were small chapels in the building which the Japanese group was invited to use by the pastor, the Reverend Harrison Ray Anderson. There was opposition when Dr. Anderson asked his Board members to consider letting the small group of about 20 Japanese Christians to worship in one of the chapels there. The Board met three times before they agreed to let the Japanese worship in one of the small chapels. It was only when Dr. Anderson pointed out that Ai Chih, a pastor of Chinese descent, was leading the group and that Christians should accept even political enemies as friends and colleagues that the Board relented and allowed the Japanese Christians to worship there. They first used the small chapel on the north side of the church that was soon too small to accommodate the worshippers. Next they used the middle chapel which was much larger and allowed flexibility of numbers. At some services, there were as many as 40 or 50 worshippers. I had been the organist in the small chapel and was somewhat intimidated by the larger organ but with practice, I was able to play it adequately.

Meanwhile, Ai Chih had been contacted by a naval officer stationed in New York City, the same person he had met in Taiwan years ago when he had gone there to teach English, George "Jack" Kerr. He had been charged with making preparations for the naval occupation of Taiwan. During the war, there were only two Taiwanese in the whole U.S. and one of them had already been inducted by the Army and sent to New Caledonia to interrogate Japanese prisoners of war. Ai Chih had been exempt from induction into the Army because of his ministerial status. Ai Chih was asked to lecture naval officers about Taiwan, its geography, and culture to prepare them for occupying the island when the time came. He was assured that his knowledge of Taiwan would help the officers to keep the damage to a minimum and may even shorten the war.

Our first born, Bi Hoa, born in May 1944 was only two months old, and I didn't feel strong enough to travel yet. So Ai Chih went first to NYC to find housing and begin his work with the Navy on the Columbia University campus. Bi Hoa and I joined him in July for he had rented an apartment near Columbia. We stayed until the following summer when he was asked to work for the U.S. Army Map Services in Maryland near Washington D.C. Preparations were being made for the occupation of Taiwan by the Army after the war. We learned that the Navy had decided to by-pass Taiwan, which was known to be heavily fortified, to take Okinawa, then occupied by Japan.

It was difficult to find housing in war time Washington D.C., but he found an apartment on the second floor of a house rented by a couple from Texas who were both working for the U.S. government. Washington D.C. was full of transplants from all over the country and the world working at jobs generated by the war.

Ai Chih was concerned about his family in Taiwan. He looked for ways to get there and applied to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA), which was looking for staff to go to China. He was sent first to Shanghai, then was able to go to Taiwan and was reunited with his parents, brothers, and sisters. They were all safe and well despite the war. His work with UNRRA took him to the southern tip of Taiwan but between assignments, he saw his family several times. They were glad to see that all had survived the traumas of war. (I later learned from a niece that Ai Chih was nearly killed in the massacre on 2-28-47 when tens of thousands of Taiwanese were killed in an uprising against the Kuomintang. The events of that time made a powerfully sad impact on him. He grieved for people he knew who perished. Ai Chih may have decided not to return to Taiwan because of these events. This story was told to us during a trip to Taiwan in Dec 2001 – Jan 2002 with Bihoa, Bilin, and Bisim.)

Meanwhile, Bi Hoa who was 3 years old and I went to San Diego to stay with my mother who had settled into one of the houses we used to rent out. The house we used to live in had been demolished by (we thought) the local authorities but we were never sure, because the narrow strip of land bordering the highway wasn't suitable for building rows of houses there. It was fine for the rows on rows of plants mostly in one-gallon cans, which were sold to other nurseries and drop-in customers who saw the thriving plants as they drove along the highway.

Seattle

We went to Seattle because of the Rev. Seido Ogawa who had been appointed by the Congregational Board to re-establish the Japanese churches on the West Coast. Ai Chih was called to the Japanese Congregational Church in Seattle, Washington. We moved from southern California to western Washington in the far northwest where he served for over thirty-three years from 1948 to 1981.