

My Life Begins

Chapter 1

I was born on November 8, 1913 in a village called Lak-Kah in Tainan Province. I was the fifth son of Dr. and Mrs. Tek-It Tsai. My parents were pioneer Christians in the village. My father had been expelled from his father's home because of his conversion. He had no where to go except to the home of the missionary who had converted him. This was Dr. Maxwell who encouraged him to study medicine.

My father was practicing medicine in Lak-Kah when I was born. There were already nine children older than I and my mother had to care for us all. Father was a very devout Christian and every Sunday he took his entire family to church where we spent the whole day.

Father was born into a Buddhist home. When he was 18 years old, he went to Tainan City to visit his uncle and aunt and cousins. One night, one of the cousins and he went to the public market to buy a snack. On the way to the market, father asked his cousin to stop and listen to the white man who said something that was very new to him. He had never seen or heard a white man who could speak Taiwanese.

The white man said that we were all children of God. He said that God loves all his children no matter how bad we are. He said that if we but repent and believe in Him we can have eternal life. Then they left that place and went to the market to find food.

The next day they went to the public market again and the white man still stood at the same place saying that God is calling you and if you repent your sins and believe in him you shall have a wonderful life as God's son. Father thought to himself, "How can I become God's son?" It was quite a new message to him. At that time, the white man pointed to him, asking him to come forward. Asking him to repent and believe in God and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. He would then have a wonderful life. My father went forward and was baptized.

We returned to my cousin's home and he told everything that happened to his parents. Father's uncle and aunt decided that it would be best to tell father's parents what had happened, knowing that at that time in that village, Christians were being persecuted.

His father decided to tell the representatives of the village council about his son. They became very angry and said that their gods would become angry and punish them so his son must give up the new religion. His father apologized to the council members and asked their forgiveness saying that his son was still very young and did not know what he had done. He promised to talk to his son and ask him to give up his faith when he returned to the village.

When my father returned home from Tainan, there were several townspeople in the house. They were all waiting for him so he realized this must be a very serious matter. His father asked him to apologize to the villagers and to give up his faith because their gods would be very angry and

destroy him and those in the village.

But father said calmly that he could not give up his faith. That he believed in Jesus Christ and he could not forsake him. That Jesus was his saviour and he would follow him. The people became enraged and shouted that they would kill him. So father had to turn and run out of the house and our village. He returned to Tainan and went to the missionary who was both a medical doctor and a minister. He had a clinic in Tainan and asked father to stay with him. That God would guide him. He found that there were other young men who had been expelled from their homes because of their new faith. With these men, Dr. Maxwell set up a school and trained them in western medicine. Father spent eight years at the school and passed his exams with excellent results. Those who passed the test were able to get medical supplies from the Tainan Presbyterian Hospital and begin their practice. My father wanted to go back to his village to practice medicine but there was still animosity toward Christians. He saw that many of the children in the village had malaria and trachoma. Because their parents would not accept him, he went to the village during the middle of the day when they were all working in the fields. My father then treated their eyes with another medicine to cure the trachoma. A few days later, the parents found that their children's eyes were getting better and the ones who suffered from fever had gotten well. They asked the children about their condition and they said an "uncle" had come and given them medicine for fever and washed their eyes and they felt well again. However, they did not know who it was who treated them.

The head of the village told the villagers to go to work as usual but he would stay behind and find out who was doing such good works for the village. Soon a man with a black bag came to the village looking for children to treat. The headman recognized him as the man they had run out of the village for being a Christian eight years ago.

The headman went out to the fields and told the villagers that the doctor was Tek- It was who they had run out of the village. However, he did not hate them but came back to do good for the village and healed their children. He must not be bad. He helped our children get well. He loves us and is doing good for us. We must ask him to stay and practice medicine in our village. The villagers all agree with the headman.

A delegation of three villagers made an appointment to talk to my father about practicing medicine there. They arranged to meet in the village office with the villagers to discuss how to set up the practice. Father told them that he did not have enough medicine to treat the whole village. That he had enough to treat the children for three or four days. Then he would have to go back to the hospital in Tainan to buy more medicine. But he had no money to buy enough medicine for the whole village.

The headman proposed that they use some village funds so that Tek-It might borrow it at no interest to buy medical supplies to set up his practice. He said he must be a very good man so that we must help him. The villagers agreed. The headman asked him to take the money and buy medicine from the Tainan Presbyterian Hospital and to ask the missionary to allow you to practice in this village. Father returned to Tainan and the missionary agreed that he should practice in his village of Lak-Kah and at the same time evangelize the natives there.

This is how my father returned to the village where he was once ostracized because he had become a Christian. However, not everyone was happy that he returned. His own brother, Tek-I, still hated him and now envied him that he was a successful doctor. He hated him so much that he wanted to kill him. One day his brother hid in the forest when my father rode his horse to visit a patient. Tek-I was planning to kill my father but his horse jumped high and my father escaped.

During that time, God had given ten children to my parents. The eldest brother who was very smart died from cholera at age 15. My parents followed the will of God and continued their work helping people. I was the fifth son who was born November 8, 1913 in Lak-Kah. When I was small, I became very sick. My father gave up and went to his missionary teacher to treat me. My mother prayed for me and told God that if He restored my health, she will offer me to become a minister. Their prayer was heard and I got well. My mother devoted her time to her ten children. She was a generous woman. When people had nothing to eat, she offered them meals. She feared God and lived according to His teachings. She helped my father so he could devote his time to his work. God blessed them and he did very well in medicine. My father educated ten children and my brothers all went to the universities in Tokyo and Kyoto. It must have cost my parents very much. The people of the village told my parents it was foolish to spend so much money to educate the children. They told them if they had invested that money in business, they would have been millionaires. Since the children of the village quit their schooling after grammar school to help their parents farm, it was foolish of my parents to educate their children. My father was the director of the Tainan Presbyterian High School. My brothers went to Tokyo Aoyama High School and also one went to Kyoto Doshisha High School.

My parents wanted one of the daughters and one of the sons to become ministers as gifts to God. The eldest daughter was married to a minister. My third elder brother went to the Tainan Seminary for one year but my second elder brother asked my father to send him to the University of St. John in Shanghai where my second elder brother was attending school. So my father let my third elder brother go to Shanghai to study medicine. I was the last son left. I was doing well in missionary school and wanted to become a doctor since I felt that could not speak well in public. I hoped to go to Doshisha High School after I finished the third year of Tainan Presbyterian High School. Just before I finished the third year, my father called me to his room and told me that he was going to send me to Doshisha High School and following that I should go to Doshisha Seminary. My father asked me if I wanted to go to Doshisha. I told him I would like to go to the High School and that I would be very happy if I could take the examination for medical school.

My father was always busy he took time to care for his children. My mother was rather quiet and always helped her husband and took good care of her children. My mother helped the needy people and distributed the fruits from our garden to the people. She was a very religious person and early in the morning she prayed for our safety and before we went to bed she prayed for God's grace. That attitude gave us the deep impression that we should be grateful to God. Especially I, since I was very weak and my mother prayed for God's help all the time. My father believed that all his children should go through college as it would help them to live good lives through education. So he sent his children to the University and Vocational School. The people in town told my father it was a waste to spend so much money to send his children to school and it was enough for the children to finish primary school and after that they should help the family.

But my father sent his children to higher education to the universities in Japan and China. All his boys graduated from the university and all his girls from high school or college.

After I went to Kyoto, my younger sisters studied at Doshisha Vocational School. The people in town told my father that it was a waste of money. But we appreciated that my parents cared for us and sent us to the university and vocational school. If my father had not spent the money on his children's education, he would have been a millionaire. But he wanted his children to be able to work for God and the community so he sent his children to school. His children served society and the Church. We all followed our parents' faith. It was our parents' desire. We were thankful to our parents for their faith in God and their service to society. There about 200 persons now in the Tsai's family. Four children are in the U.S. now. It is God's blessing.

After I finished the third year of the Presbyterian High School, my father sent me to Doshisha High School in Kyoto. At that time, students from Tainan Presbyterian High School could not take the entrance examination for the medical school or our University. So we had permission to go to Tokyo Aoyama High School or Doshisha High School if our grades were over 80 percent on average. My elder brother sent with me an introductory letter to Rev. Teiichi Hori who was the minister of Doshisha Church. I gave that letter to the deacon and he gave it to Rev. Hori. After the service, Rev. Hori introduced me to the congregation. He said that Dr. Ai Ji Tsai who had graduated from Doshisha High, studied at Osaka Medical School and practiced in Tainan wrote to say hello to the congregation and introduce his younger brother, Ai Chih, as a new student at Doshisha High School.

Rev. Hori asked me how my brother was and then asked me to his home for lunch to talk. I was scared about his offer because in Tainan we did not associate with the Japanese because they were considered themselves superior to the Taiwanese. We hated the Japanese because they treated us very badly. I told Rev. Hori that I would go back to the high school dormitory for lunch. I thanked him and was about to say good bye when he introduced me to his wife who was from Tainan and was going to study at the high school. She invited me to have lunch with them. She said it would be very nice if I could come and visit them. Her husband said that after lunch he would take me back to Doshisha High School. I was not able to say no so I went to their home. We talked about Tainan and my brother's life there. Then he told me that when he came to visit the United States and was minister of the Seattle Japanese congregational church, it was very cold there, colder than Kyoto. Then he asked me to go to Doshisha Sunday School to learn more Japanese. There are so many Doshisha High School students at D.S.S. and he was the superintendent. He would introduce the high school students to me and so I could make friends with them. He invited me to please go to S.S. next Sunday. I had never met such nice Japanese people and he liked to be like him. So next Sunday, I attended the S.S. and he welcomed me and introduced me to the students. After that, I found out that he was the dean of the Doshisha Preparatory School. So he and his family took care of me.

My study went through smoothly and I studied hard. About one half year passed and wrote a letter to my father that I have to stay in Kyoto for the summer so that I can study more Japanese. My father told me that it is all right to stay in Kyoto but do not study too hard. And he sent extra money for me to spend. I studied at Suken that summer and the summer was very humid and I hardly got by. In the fall, I returned to school and studied regularly in school. I entered the

special school for students who wanted to take the entrance examination for medical school.

It was very hard to study because the weather had become very cold. So I got the flu that developed into pneumonia. Then I had to stay in the hospital for one half month. After I recovered from pneumonia, the doctor told me that I should go back to Taiwan because it is warmer there. He said that I was very weak so I should go to a warm place. So I went back to Taiwan to recuperate. I spent one month in Tainan and got well again.

Then I went back to Kyoto to study again. I did not lose too much time in my studies and I was in my last year at Doshisha High School. Since this would be my last year in high school, I had to study hard. I still wanted to take the exam for medical school or Kotogakko. So I applied to study at Suken. But my father did know that I was preparing to take the examination to enter medical school. Before I left for Kyoto, I told my eldest brother that I was going to Doshisha High School, but was not going to study at Doshisha University Divinity school because, as you know, I cannot speak to the people in public places. What shall I do? My elder brother told me that it will take two more years to study in high school so I need not worry but he wanted to know that if I passed the examination to enter medical school, I should tell him that I would work for a missionary hospital since I would not be a preacher. I told him that I would work for a missionary hospital.

My elder brother told me that he would explain this to our father that since I am not eloquent I could not be a preacher but will work at our missionary hospital to heal the sick people. Then our father would understand your point of view. I took extra courses at Soken beyond my high school work. I was getting along well in my study. At the end of the year, the Soken offered the preliminary examination the people who wanted to take the entrance examination to medical school. I took that test and passed with an average of 80 points over. I qualified for medical school for the next year. The high school was on vacation from December 21 to January 6 so I took it easy for vacation.

I received a telegram from my friend who studied at Aoyama High School. He asked me to see him at the Kyoto Station where the train to Kobe would stop for a half hour. He was on his way to take the ship back to Tainan. I met him at the Kyoto train station as he asked me. The train stopped at the station and he came down to see me. He said, "Ai Chih, you are the happiest man because your father will put you into Doshisha Divinity School. I, as you know, wanted to enter the seminary to study but our pastor and the committee asked me to go back to take the examination for entrance to medical school in Taiping and after graduation, I will work at our missionary hospital. So please do your best in the theological seminary and also remember me and do my share for Christ."

After the train left, I went back to the dormitory. The words that he left me with, "Do my best for Taiwan missionary work," were ringing in my ears. Those words did not give me peace. I knew that I would not be a minister, but the question arose, "Will I be a doctor or minister?" I could not settle that question. So, I could not sleep. That question also arose in my mind. I was exhausted because I could not sleep. For about a month, I became so depressed and could not even eat food. I went to school attend my last classes, but fell asleep in class.

My adviser told me, "Ai Chih, you are sleeping most of the time in class and the teachers asked me to warn you. Since you are a good student and if there is anything I can help you with, please let me know." Then I thanked him and said that I would try to keep up in class. The situation did not change and I could not sleep at night. The question always arose in my mind and would continue to until I answered that question. So I went to see Rev. Hori and told him what has troubled me for the last two weeks. I told him that I could not sleep and I needed help. Rev. Hori told me that I had to settle that problem. He said that even if he told me to go to the seminary, it would not solve my problem because I had to solve it myself. I said that I wanted his advice. Then he said that you should pray to God and ask Him to guide you to solve this problem. I decided to try to pray and ask God what I should do: study medicine or ministry? I prayed every day for three or four days and did not reach an answer from God at all. But one night after dinner in the dormitory dining room, I went back to my room. I heard the bell ringing "gong" at the temple and it gave my mind calmness and serenity. Then after that I heard a voice, "Ai Chih, open your Bible and read it." So I opened the Bible. It opened to Jonah's story. I had read that story quite often and knew it very well. But, when I read the story that day, I knew that Jonah's story fit my situation. I rebelled against my father's will even though he sent me to Doshisha to study for the seminary. Because, from my point of view, I was not qualified to be a minister, I wanted to be a doctor. So I realized my sin and apologized to my father.

So I wrote to them and asked them to forgive my sin. I knew that God wanted me to be a minister so I became happy. So please forgive my sin. My parents answered my letter and told me that God guided me to decide to go to the seminary. So you need not worry about your ability. He will give you the wisdom to be a minister. You might ask your teacher to give you the rest of the quarter off so that you can home for a rest. So my teacher told me that I could have the rest of the quarter for preparation for the next quarter. I went back to Tainan and stayed at the beach for a rest.

Then I went back to Doshisha for my study at the Preparatory School. I was a teacher at the S.S. of Doshisha and Rev. Masaichi Goto from Hawaii who taught English at Doshisha High School was the principal of the S.S. I began to prepare myself for the seminary studies. I studied three years at the Preparatory School of Doshisha University. I entered the seminary.

My younger sister came to study home economics at Doshisha and the youngest sister came to study in the high school. So we rented a house and hired a servant to cook for us. At the xxx I met Mrs. Fujiye Yokogawa because her four children came to Doshisha S.S. They lived next to our house. Mr. Yokogawa was the Vice President of Sanwa Bank. They invited us quite often and my sisters went to their house quite often. She was a very nice person. She was very nice to my sisters. I was busy studying for my Bachelor of Arts. When I was at Doshisha University, the principal of the High School asked me to see him. I went to his office and he told me that the Taiwanese who studied at Doshisha H.S. changed when they entered the University. When we were in high school, we studied hard and the school was very happy to have us. But now, the Taiwanese students are not studying hard and some are not attending classes and are playing Mah Jong instead. So he wanted me to guide them. He said that the school would only accept the Taiwanese students that I recommended. I accepted this responsibility. From that time on, I guided them and introduced the good students to xxx school. The Taiwanese student situation changed and they became the best in the class.

During the school's vacation, Mrs. Tokogawa invited us to go to musical programs. She had a niece who became my sister's friend. They had a very nice time in Kyoto. At that time, there were about 120 Taiwanese students at Doshisha H.S. When I went back to Tainan for vacation during the summer of 1936, my parents came back from visiting my elder brother, Ai Le, who was a professor at the University of Hong Kong. My elder brother, Ai Le, took them to see the southern part of China.

My father told me that I would graduate from Doshisha Theological School in two years. But the Japanese soldiers are in China and will start war with the U.S.A. It may be two or three years later. He told me that if I could ask my Dean to get a scholarship to study in the U.S., I should try to do that. If the war starts between Japan and the U.S. and if I were in Japan, I would have to serve in the Japanese Army and could not serve the church. When you study at the university, God will guide you. So you should ask the Dean for help.

I went back to Doshisha and talked to my Dean, Professor Tominomori. He told me that my father has wisdom. He said that he agreed with my father that within three or four years, there might be a war. So he said he would help me get a scholarship from the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. In the meantime, I should continue my studies at the Theological School expecting to graduate in two years. About two months later, the Dean told me that the scholarship from the Divinity School of the University of Chicago came so I should apply for a passport. I sent the letter to the Tainan Foreign Bureau to apply for a passport based on this scholarship. I had the recommendation of the Dean two years before I expected to graduate from the Theological School of Doshisha University. I continued my study at Doshisha University for two more years.

When I graduated from the Theological Seminary in March of 1938, I returned to Tainan. But still had no word from the Tainan Foreign Bureau. My elder brother, Ai Jim, told me that we should go to Taipei and talk to the Foreign Bureau about my application since we had not heard from them for two years. We went to see the Foreign Bureau in May of 1938. When we entered the office to see the Head of the Bureau, it turned out that this man and my brother worked together in the Shanghai Foreign Bureau. He greeted my brother and asked him why we came to the office and how could he help us.

My brother told him that his younger brother, Ai Chih, came back from Kyoto and wanted to know why he had not heard from the Taiwan Foreign Bureau for almost two years. He told my brother that the Japanese Government in Tokyo sent a letter to the office stating that no passport could be issued for a Taiwanese to go to the U.S.A. Therefore, I had not heard from them. In fact, my application was on the bottom of the basket. He asked my brother why I had applied for a passport to go to the U.S.A. and my brother told him that I had a scholarship from the Divinity School at the University of Chicago. He told him that I had received it two years ago based on the recommendation of my Dean. He told my brother that he could answer the letter since we were in his office. He said he would ask some questions and perhaps could help me.

I was determined to do my best. He asked my brother if I was a communist. My brother told him that I was not a communist and that I was a good student of the Theological Seminary who had

the Dean's recommendation. Also, my brother said that if I went to the U.S.A., I would receive any money from Taiwan. The man asked if I could study there. My brother told him that I had already received a scholarship and it would be sufficient to support me. Then he told my brother that he would phone the Tokyo office and talk to the office head on my behalf. We were asked to wait for a while.

After explaining the my case to Tokyo, the head of the Tokyo office said that if he could recommend me for the passport and take all responsibility for this decision, he could issue the passport. The man explained that he and my brother worked together at the Shanghai Foreign Office and could be trusted. After that conversation, the man returned and told us that he would issue the passport for me. He asked us to stay in Taipei for two more days while he prepared the passport. He also advised me to prepare to go to the U.S.A. My brother thanked him and told him that we would be back in two days. I was thankful that God had provided this man to issue the passport to me. So we phoned our parents and let them know that I would be issued a passport in two days.

After two days, we went to the government office to get the passport. We were very thankful to the officer and said goodbye to him. We went to the shipping company and investigated when the ship would leave Japan for America. We found out that the ship would leave Yokohama for San Francisco on July 4. So we had to prepare for my departure from Taiwan on June 20, 1938. We went back to Tainan and told my parents the schedule. My mother prepared chicken cooked with Chinese herbs everyday so that I can eat it everyday for one month. I am thankful for my mother's love for me and I shall not forget it. My mother told me your health is not very strong so it will help you when you are in America. So I ate chicken cooked with the Chinese herb. This helped me very much when I was in Chicago and I never caught a cold and was never sick for ten years.

The time had come for me to leave my family to go overseas to San Francisco. Then the family gathered in a prayer meeting and asked God to guide me when I was in Chicago to study. My father gave guidance to me that it was in the wartime and you are going to America by yourself. But we are all children of God and He will protect you when you are alone if you are faithful to God. So we send you to an unknown country but God is always with you. You should go and trust in God's protection and study in the Divinity School at Chicago University. It gave me strength to trust God and be always with God.

Ai Jin, my elder brother, went with me to Tokyo on June 20, 1939. We went to Aoyama Gakuin because he graduated from Aoyama Gakuin. And he knew the principal Abe very well. He came to our house once and he was xxx up in Aoyama Campus. We enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Yoshimune Abe very much. He presided at the prayer meeting the night before I went to Yokohama to board the Taiyo Maru. He gave the message and told about his study in America and that the people are very friendly to him and he was able to study in America. So you should not worry and trust in God and study hard for yourself.

And Ai Jin, my elder brother, gave his talk and thanked Dr. Abe who gave me the advice. My four classmates and my best friend, Rev. Michizo Uratani, and Mr. Kagsuji Kimura. We left Aoyama Campus and went to Yokohama. With Dr. Abe, my elder brother and my five friends, I

said goodbye to them and the Taiyo Maru left the harbor. It was very lonely in my heart and I was determined to do my best in my studies. I rode first class on the Taiyo Maru and there were about only twelve passengers. I was on the voyage for two weeks. Everyday I read the Bible and prayed. My thoughts were with my old parents, brothers and sisters. I did not know when we shall see each other again.

I talked to one of the passengers about going to America to study at the Divinity School, University of Chicago and he said the war will start very soon and you will be put in one of the camps. He is a businessman from Osaka. It was two weeks, very long, but time passed away very fast. The night before we landed in S.F. we had a farewell dinner and party. Some people are going to stay with their children in S.F. We said goodbye to each other. The next day in the morning, we landed at S.F. One of my friends came and met me. Mr. Takashi Uchida sent his message through him. Then we went to Pacific Religion School's Divinity and stayed there for two weeks. That night Mr. Takashi Uchida, the head of Mitsubishi Bank, a graduate of Doshisha High School, invited us to have dinner at his home and talked about Doshisha and also about his life in America. His wife graduated from Doshisha Girl's School. They are very nice people.

I went to hear a lecture but could not fully understand because the professor talked very fast. The Doshisha graduate took me for sightseeing. I left Berkeley after two weeks and spent two nights on the train. I wrote to Mrs. Robert Cashman about my arrival at the Chicago train station. He was a business manager and has been in Doshisha for lecture and through Professor Yoshio Morikawa (pastoral) I met him. At that time, I told Mr. Cashman that I will go to Chicago for my B.D. study. He gave me the address and told me that he will take care of me when I arrived in Chicago. He sent a Japanese student to meet me at the station. He took me to the Chicago Theological Seminary at Mr. Cashman's office. It was about 3:30 pm and I waited for ten minutes and Mr. Cashman came and greeted me in Japanese. "Knonchiwa, yoku irashiamashita." The he said in English that "When you are at the U. of Chicago, I am your father in America to take care of you. So, please come and tell me what do you want. Do not be worried. I am your father while you are with us. I have two more hours in the office. I will send a man to show you your room and have a little rest. Then I will come and pick you up and you will be going to my house as our guest. I will take you, the next day, to go to Michigan on my lecture. You will be my guest and we can talk during the trip. But what you cannot understand, please do not hesitate to ask me. We will have a good time. After dinner, I presented him a pair of flower vases from Taiwan as my parents' gift to them and my parents wanted to thank him for taking care of me. He looked at the vases and showed them to his wife and they like them very much. He has a pair of Japanese vases from Mr. Morikawa in the showcase. He thanked me and asked me to convey his best regards to my parents. I went to sleep and when I woke up he asked me if I slept well. After breakfast, Mr. Cashman said we are going on the trip to Michigan. So I took my things and went with him. I said goodbye to his wife.

We left at 9:30 a.m. and drove away from his home. We went to the meeting where Mr. Cashman was the speaker. He introduced me to the congregation. They were the representatives of various churches. After the meeting the people asked me about Taiwan. They were very surprised that I came from Formosa. It was the first time they met someone from Taiwan and they asked about my family in Taiwan. They found out that my father was the first Christian who was expelled from his family. And they found out he had no place to go so he went to

Tainan where he was converted to Christianity and were expelled from their families. The missionary told my father that he could stay with him and other people who studied medicine. My father became his student and for six years he studied medicine at the clinic. At that time, no Taiwanese practiced Western medicine. They were the first ones who passed the Japanese Government test to become doctors. My father never forgot his parents and the people of his village. So he decided to go back to his village to practice medicine to help them. But he could not practice medicine in his village so he went to the village early in the morning when the able people went to the field to work. The older people and children were the only ones in the village. He went in and talked to the people and he treated the children who had malaria and trachoma. Before their parents came back, my father left the village and went to his tent in the forest. Their parents came back and found their children's eyes were better and the children who had malaria were getting better. They asked the children why their eyes and malaria was getting better. The children told their parents that a man came and told them that their eyes and malaria would be better if they took the medicine and eye medicine. He gave them the medicine and they took them. So they felt better. Then he left. The children did not know where he went. My father did that for two weeks and the village's headman tried to talk to my father. He asked him to stay to practice in the village. It was set in his mind that one of his daughters and one of his sons would directly engage in Christian service. So I was the son who my father sent to Doshisha University to study theology.

Mr. Cashman talked several times at the church gatherings and when he finished his engagements he told me it was not very far from Canada. It was just across the border to he said that he would show me Canada. He drove to Canada and showed me Canada. When he wanted to return to the U.S.A., we could not enter at the border because I did not have permission to enter Canada. The customs officer would not allow him to enter the U.S.A. So he phoned the Theological Seminary and told him that customs would not let us come back. The President told the customs officer that I was a student of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago and he would take care of me when I returned to his school. Therefore, the customs officer let us return to the U.S.A. We left Canada and drove home to the seminary. My school began within two weeks. So I stayed in the dormitory by myself and got ready to start the new school year.

When the school year started, I went to register and picked up the courses I should take. Next day, I went to school at 8 a.m. to listen to the lecture. But I could not understand the professor who lectured to us. I only understood a portion of the lecture because the professor spoke very fast and I could not fully understand. The first class that I attended was New Testament history. Then I went to the second course but found out that the students in the class were entirely different students. So every class I attended was entirely different students. So I could not find a friend at all. I had to study hard to catch up in class.

For one week, I came back at noon to the dormitory for lunch. I saw a student who went in a different direction. But he looked down when he walked. I found out that student looked like my friend who was in Doshisha School. He must be Keimer Shou who was a classmate of mine. But I passed him without talking to him. On the next day, we met at the same point and he looked down the other way. I thought that man must be Keimer Shou. So I went back to the dormitory. During the evening, we had fellowship night and some of the students came from the University of Chicago. The one who sat next to me was a chemistry student. He asked me

where I came from. I told him that I came from Formosa. He said he had one friend who was in chemistry class. He was not Japanese or Korean. He was very lonely. I thought that person must be the man I saw twice on my way back to the dormitory and he must be Keimer Shou. The next morning, I went to school and hoped that I would meet him on my way back to lunch. I was finished with the morning student and went back to the dormitory. It was the same man. I thought he was Keimer Shou.

So I asked him if he was Keimer. He was surprised that he met me at the campus. We were very happy to see each other. We went to eat together and hoped we could meet that night. We talked about our lives and I told him before I came to Chicago I went to visit his sister and asked about him. She had said that he would not be in Chicago. I was very glad to see him. He said that he lived in a small apartment room and it was not suitable for study. So I told him I would tell Mr. Cashman, the manager of the Chicago Theological Seminary dormitory, about him. He said that if I could share my large room with Keimer, he would put him with me. Then Keimer moved into the room with me.

We enjoyed living together. At that time, we had four Japanese students at the seminary. Two came from Doshisha Seminary and the other two students came from Kynshu University. We ate at the Chicago Theological Seminary dormitory which did not serve meals on Saturday and Sunday. Since Keimer cooked in Walla Walla, Washington, he told us he would cook if I would help prepare the meals and the other four students would do the dishes. We started to prepare Saturday and Sunday lunch and dinner. Keimer showed me how to cook. Since I was the manager of the Woodlawn Co-op, I was able to use the Co-op. After dinner, we walked around the park and sang Japanese songs. It was very nice to have our senior students from Doshisha. Then the Japanese students went back to Japan and only the two of us were left.

I was quite busy writing my M.A. thesis. At that time a Japanese Christian told my President that he was looking for a minister to come and take care of the church. The President told him that there was one student in our school from Doshisha Seminary. He asked the President to introduce him to me. So the President told me about it and asked if I would like to meet him. I went to see him and he asked me to be the minister of the church. I told him that I was very busy writing my thesis so that I could not do that. Then he said I would only have to preach on Sunday because they had no minister and it was quite lonely for them. I agreed to only go to preach for them on Sunday morning.

When I finished my M.A. degree from the University of Chicago, they asked me to be the minister of the church. I was ordained by the Chicago Congregational Conference and became their minister. I also continued my B.D. for one more year. During my work for the Japanese Christians, I visited some of the people from camp. I went to visit Mrs. Morikawa who lived very close to the University campus. When I was visiting Mrs. Morikawa, her daughter, Ryo, came back from her work. I told her I was visiting her mother and asked her to come to worship with us at the Fourth Presbyterian Church. She told me that she attended that church and took care of the Sunday School. I asked her if she could play the piano or organ. She said that she played the organ for the Sunday School. Then I asked her if she could help the Japanese Church to play the organ. She accepted the job. Then, we went to worship at the Fourth Presbyterian Church and after the service we ate together for lunch. So we talked about my

family in Taiwan. She told me that all she knew about Taiwan was the aborigines.

We saw each other on Sunday afternoon each week. We went to see the movie together. She was a very nice girl and we fell in love. So I proposed to her and she accepted. Then we decided to marry on December 24, 1942 at the Timothy Chapel. Rev. Barry was our friend and married us. Then, we moved to the xxx and she worked at the company. I continued my work at the University of Chicago and got my M.A. in 1940 and my B.D. in 1941. At the same time, I was minister of the Japanese Christian Church. But the war came on December 8, 1941 and I asked the Japanese Christians to go to their neighborhood Caucasian church. But three weeks later they came back to me and told me that they had attended their neighborhood church but could not understand the minister's preaching. Then they asked me to find some place where they could worship in Japanese and I would be invited to be their minister. I talked to President Palmer of C.T.S. about the need to establish a Japanese church that would ask me to be their minister. Dr. Palmer offered their chapel for the use of the Japanese church. I thanked him very much. I went to talk to the Japanese congregation. They said they very much appreciated Dr. Palmer's offer but it was in the south. Since they came from the north, it would take them about one hour to get to church. They asked if it was possible to find some place near the Loop so they could get to church in about thirty minutes. Dr. Palmer suggested Dr. Anderson, the pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in the Loop. So he wrote the introductory letter to Dr. Anderson. I took the letter and went to see Dr. Anderson. I told him Dr. Palmer told me about him. I explained the need of the Japanese Christians in Chicago for a place where they could meet on Sunday afternoon because they did not understand the sermon of the Caucasian church. Dr. Anderson told me that his church did not know any Japanese in Chicago and he would tell them of the need of the Japanese Christians for a place to worship. But it will take some time for him to talk to the elders. So I went back to tell the Japanese that he would try his best to convince them to open the church in the afternoon for the Japanese Christians. I went back to tell the committee that Dr. Anderson understood their need and he would contact me. It was the beginning of January. One month passed and I heard nothing from the minister. Dr. Anderson told me that he presented it in the elders' meeting and it was very difficult to convince them. He told me next month he would talk to the elders again. In February, they had a committee meeting again and Dr. Anderson asked them to open the church to the Japanese. Nobody wanted to open their church. They said they would welcome them if they came to worship with them. The minister waited one more month. At the March committee meeting, Dr. Anderson presented the need of the Japanese Christians to worship in their own language and they wanted to rent our church. So we should open our church to them. He took a vote but nobody wanted to open the church because it was wartime. So, Dr. Anderson told them they should make up their minds and he would come back to take a vote about opening the church to the Japanese Christians. Before he left the committee meeting, he told them why he felt it was so urgent for them to open the church to the need of the Japanese Christians. They would hire a Formosan minister to be their pastor. We were in the war but the Japanese Christians and Formosan minister came to us to use the church. Who were those Christians? The Japanese will have a Formosan minister to be their minister. They have no church building and asked us to open the church to them. They became Christians because our missionaries converted them. They will work together in the church and if we do not open the church to them, we could not tell our people to have missionaries go back to Japan and China after the war. Dr. Anderson told them he would leave the meeting and the elders would take a vote on this. When you decided, he would return and

take the vote. The principal of the Sunday School told them he would feel guilty if he said no. If we could not open our church to the Japanese Christians during the war, he would feel very sorry about it. We could not tell the children to be ready to go back to Japan and China as missionaries. So he would vote to open the church and asked the other how they would vote. The other elders said let us open the church to the Japanese Christians. Then he went to call the minister back to take a vote. He came back and took the vote. Every member said yes, we will open our church to them.

Dr. Anderson phoned me on Monday morning and said that the church will be open to the Japanese Christians the second Sunday afternoon at 1:00 p.m. from next Sunday. I phoned the committee members and told them Dr. Anderson told me that we can use the chapel in the afternoon at 1:00 p.m. from next Sunday. So they should tell their friends to come and worship together.

On the second Sunday of March of 1942, the Japanese Christians met at the Timothy Stone Chapel at 1:00 p.m. with thirty people. They were very thankful to be able to worship at the chapel and some of the Fourth Presbyterian Church members came to worship with us even though they did not understand Japanese. One of the members told me that even if they did not understand the language they felt the atmosphere of the worship.

They came every Sunday with their friends and the worshippers increased to 45-60. They were very glad to be in the church. I talked to Dr. Anderson about the appreciation of the Japanese congregation who worshiped in his church. But the members of the church said that they were happy to help the Japanese Christians. They would not accept the money. And they asked Dr. Anderson to preach one Sunday in May in English and I would translate it into Japanese. Dr. Anderson said it would be nice for his people to worship together with the Japanese Christians for the first time. We set the second Sunday in May for the preaching of Dr. Anderson to the Japanese Christians. Dr. Anderson gave the sermon on the "Church of Christ." He told them the church was the body of Christ and they were welcomed to worship with them. Our people do not know the Japanese Christians and this experience was very important for them. They understood the fellowship of Christians. If there was anything we could do to make you feel at home here we would do if your minister told us. This is your church too. The Japanese Christians in the worship service cried because they knew that the members of the Fourth Presbyterian Church understood their situation. We had a nice and warm Christian fellowship.

I appreciated Dr. Anderson's advice and guidance in my ministry in his church. He spent quite a lot of time to advise how to be a minister. I appreciated his effort and wisdom and thanked him very much. I spent one and a half years in the ministry of the Japanese Christian Church. Then I left the church to go to the Taiwan Project at Columbia University. I was the only Taiwanese in the country during the war. The navy sent a person to talk with Dr. Anderson about the invasion of Taiwan. The Navy had set up the project to study Taiwan but could not find any Taiwanese to help the project. Since I was the only Taiwanese in this country, the Navy wanted to use me but I had refused. They asked Dr. Anderson to tell me that it was a very important project as they would land in Taiwan within the year. At that time, they will send me to Taiwan during the occupation. Then Dr. Anderson advised me to accept the offer and I left the Church. I helped the study for seven months. The Navy was going to invade Taiwan and waited for the chance.

The Navy bombed Taiwan's main ports and cities very much. The mothers of Americans told the Navy that they should not sacrifice American soldiers to invade Taiwan. During that time, General MacArthur sent his men to fly to the Philippine Islands to look at that situation. His men reported to him that the Navy left the Philippine Islands and went to Taiwan. So General MacArthur wired the Navy that he would order his men to invade the Philippines and the Navy should help him too. The Navy sent their warships to the Philippines. So the invasion of Taiwan was impossible.

Then I was asked to work at the Pentagon where I worked for nine months until the war ended. When I was in Washington, D.C., the United Nations Rescue and Relief Association (UNRRA) asked me to go to China to work for relief. I told them I would like to go. I applied for the job but about two weeks later, they found out that I could not go and work there. So I was going back to a civilian job. Then the War Department organized a survey on the effect of the war on Japan. They asked me to join the bombing survey in Japan. So I was accepted to go to Japan. I was prepared to go to Japan in 1944 from October to January 4th. The War Department did all the personnel checks and I went with the bombing survey to Japan. My wife and daughter, BiHua, went back to San Diego to stay with my mother-in-law. I spent three weeks in Japan. When we arrived in Tokyo, all of the city was totally black. I asked a boy where was this place. He told me that it was Tokyo's Central Area. I spent two or three days in the Occupational Headquarters. I talked to the Taiwanese in Tokyo and asked about Shinko Lee, my nephew, who was in Tokyo. Dr. Tien Shin Kao, who I knew was from Taiwan, told me that he would look for Shinko Lee. Then we left Tokyo by battleship to go to Kyushu, Hiroshima and Shikoku areas.