

A Commoner's Story



A Commoner's Story

Mu-Sheng Wu



Mu-Sheng Wu

A Commoner's Story

Mu-Sheng Wu

PREFACE

This is my story and a commoner's story.

My wife told me that a commoner does not need to write a memoir. Yes, I agreed completely, and I raised my both hands to show my agreement. I initially followed her words until one day I asked myself, "Who says a story of an ordinary person is not worth writing?" A commoner's story is part of history and therefore worth recording, however inconsequential it may seem.

I was born into a family that did not own a single shingle, nary a roof, to cover our heads or a piece of land to stand on. We worried about simply having enough food for our next meal. I became a chemical engineer to earn enough so that I wouldn't worry about food. In the latter parts of my life, I would become a writer which was truly enriching.

My life has never been colorful. I struggled to make a living for most of my life, but it has been healthy and full of joy. I am so thankful for the blessings that the heavens have sent me.

In retrospect, I don't think I have accomplished much. However, I believe I am a success based on my own definition: someone who has influenced his surroundings and developed his talents which enable him to do meaningful things, as defined by himself, whenever and wherever.

In this book, I have written about my hardships and years of struggle. I have also described my life in Taiwan and the U.S. as well as my efforts on Taiwanese political activities. I have spent considerable time, effort and money on Taiwanese affairs, although I do not claim many accomplishments. It is barely enough to console my conscience. Regretfully, I did not do more and I did not sacrifice as much as I could have. However, I think I did what I was supposed to do as a Taiwanese.

I have also written many memorable things about my wonderful friends who've impacted my life. I have tried to capture their characteristics, personalities and deeds as accurately as possible and certainly from the bottom of my heart. If anyone feels misrepresented,

please forgive me. If they decide to curse me, please do so behind my back. Dear Friends, I greatly appreciate that our paths have crossed and I have treasured every minute we had together.

Finally, I thank my parents for their giving me life, raising me, and providing me important education. I also want to take this opportunity to pay my gratitude to my wife Bunji or Wendy. She has endured much hardship to raise our three children and help me in the Taiwanese movement. She has quietly lived a lifetime with me and never complained. Without her I don't know how I would have gotten through my rugged life. To everyone who has been an important part of my life, I want to simply say ... "Thank you."

PART ONE

My Background

Me

Officially my birthday was January 5th, 1934. In fact, this was not my real birthday. My parents reported the incorrect date to the village office. I knew that my cousin, Leng-A, could officially vote before me, but we all knew that she was born after me. My mother told me that the Lunar New Year came forty days after I was born, but I have not been bothered because it has never been that important.

I was officially the third child in the Wu family with an older brother and a sister, but I knew that my eldest brother died not too long after birth. More babies arrived and left our family. In the end, we were a family of nine. I know for certain that three other babies died during that period.

When I was born, I did not have any grandparents practically speaking. My grandfather from Father's side died when my father was thirteen, and my grandmother died when he was fourteen. My grandparents from Mother's side refused to acknowledge that my mother was their daughter from the very beginning. I had two uncles and two aunts on Father's side. I had another older half-uncle who joined the Wu family from my grandmother's previous marriage. His last name was Liu.

When I was born, we did not have our own house. We were so poor that we owned almost nothing. I was born in Siou-Kang¹, which literally means a 'small seaport'. At the time people called it Kan-a Ki(n), port side. Japanese called it Kominato instead of Shio-Koh which made me very happy. Siou-Kang was a beautiful small place.

Siou-Kang was a small village close to Port Takao or Port Ko-Hiong (the largest port in Taiwan). It could be called a fishing village, a farming village, or a small industrial village, because villagers were fishermen, farmers, and industrial workers. It had two manufacturing companies; one produced sugar and the other, paper. It had a very small port, and one could sail from there to An-Mun-Kang on the other side of water.

¹ Now called 'Siaogang'

As a child, I just could not understand how one could sail across to An-Mun-Kang regardless of the wind direction.

Siou-Kang's coastline was very beautiful, especially in the evening. The beautiful rays of the sun pierced the mountain, Kotobukiyama, through a gap, Ko-Hiong Kia, and lit the water of the bay. When I was a young man later in life, I would walk along the beach and imagine having a beautiful woman accompanying me in that lovely picture.

I was born in one of the Sugar Corporation houses next to a river used by its manufacturing unit. It was rebuilt to be a medical unit during the war. Opposite the house were the post office and telegraph room. On the other side of the river was the manufacturing site. At that time, my father was an officer in the village. He was one of only few Taiwanese in the village who could speak and write Japanese.

Not long after my birth we left Siou-Kang and started moving around from Siou-Kang to Fong Sua(n) (Hozan)² to Tua-Rio (Thai-Rio)³, to Chiau-Cheng (Niau-Song)⁴ and then, back to Siou-Kang. We moved eleven times during this period. My family was like Canadian geese perpetually migrating, never staying in one place very long.

Although I was born in Siou-Kang, my life did not start there nor Fong Sua(n). It really started in King-Chio Ka, which literally means at the foot of banana trees or Kiu-Sio-Kiaku in Japanese. My life after Tua-Rio I know from my own memories. They have lived in the bottom of my heart and formed an important part of who I am today.

Although Tua-Rio played a very important role in my childhood, I don't claim it as my hometown. Siou-Kang was both my birthplace and hometown. I lived there six years from middle through senior school and have numerous friends and relatives in the area. It also contains many of my vivid memories.

In my family, I had an elder brother Ngo Bok-Fei, an elder sister, Ngo Mui-Ki, and four younger brothers, Ngo Bok-Hiong, Ngo Bun-

² Now called 'Fongshan'

³ Now called 'Daliao'

⁴ Now called 'Niaosong'

Hiong, Ngo Bok-Thai and Ngo Bok-Lim. Ngo is Wu in Chinese and Go in Japanese. My name in Taiwanese is *Ngo Bok-Sheng*, in Chinese, *Wu Mu-Sheng*, and in Japanese, *Go Boku-Sei*. Among my brother's first names, the only fourth one doesn't have Bok, instead Bun.

My Father

My father's name was Ngo Sian-Gi or Go Sen-Go in Japanese. He was born in 1903 at Kan-a-Ki, the former name for Siou-Kang. Ngo Jit-Guat was my grandfather. He came from Tion-Na-A, a village not too far from Siou-Kang. I was told that Tion-Na-A was flooded one year, and the people had to choose either Tua-Na-Puo or Siou-Kang for home. My grandfather was very diligent farmer. Under his hard work, he had established a well-to-do farming home and provided a very nice place for his six children, four sons and two daughters.

My father was his eldest son and the one he loved the most. Although he was a farmer's son, Father never worked on the farm. In fact, he never attempted to even to help water the rice paddies. My grandparents not only loved him, they also wanted him to attend school so he would not become a farmer. Academically, he graduated from Fon-Sua(n) Public School and added two years of Chinese studies in private. His command of Japanese and Chinese was surpassed by only a few villagers. Because of his abilities in both speaking and writing Japanese, most people who had to deal with Japanese officers often went to him. He had chances to become rich, but he did not have the desire. Rather, he drank at every opportunity. In due course, he became an alcoholic.

Father had a happy childhood. Unfortunately, his father died when he was thirteen and mother when he was fourteen. He inherited the family fortune, started drinking, and became a wanderer. He borrowed money from his uncle but had to repay him with parts of his farm. This happened again and again, until he ran out of property. In the end, he appreciated the help he received from his uncle. He had spent most of the money on alcohol and women, and left his younger brother and sister pitifully homeless.

When I was born, he was working for the village office and before that the Sugar Corporation. I heard that he had owned and operated some small stores in the past, but all failed. He was not a very diligent proprietor.

When I was in a grammar school, he began working for a water irrigation company as a low-ranking officer. His salary was so low that it could hardly support his family. He worked for this company until he retired. At the time, he was a Station Head. He worked for the company for about thirty years. During these years, I could never forget the 21st of every month. That day he would get his salary, and our family would see a little money, however miniscule. We would see some meat on the table, and occasionally every kid would have a small piece of sweet cake. This situation would only last for a couple of days, before we again had to wait for the next 21st day of the month.

Father was about 5 feet 6 inches with light complexion and good looks. Normally, he wore a helmet, white shirt, horse-riding pants, Japanese tabis and, occasionally, gaiters. Under Japanese rule, he became the head of local civil support groups for the youth and adults. After the war, he was elected chief of the local village office; however, he was not generally interested in public affairs and rarely talked politics with us.

He took children's education very seriously, although my mother was always the one who came up with our tuition and fees. He would say, "Giving children a thousand pounds of gold is worse than giving them knowledge in any trade."

He also said that as long as you had the knowledge, people would find their way to you.

He would say, "Peach and plum trees never say anything, but one can always find a route under the trees."

As every father was at the time, he was an authoritarian. He would say, "If an Emperor commands his officers to die, they are not loyal if they do otherwise; if parents command their children to die, and they choose otherwise, they do not show filial piety."

He also said that a policeman need not say sorry, even he hit the wrong person.

He too said, "No parents under this heaven can be wrong."

During my childhood, Father was more often drunk than sober. He had a bad temper when he was drunk, and all his children feared him. As a child, I liked the quiet moments when he was gone. At these times, I would look out the window watching the rain and praying for time to stand still.

As a child, I was never proud of Father, whose public drunkenness always embarrassed me. On my way home from school, my schoolmates would often call my attention to my drunken father outside our train. I was so ashamed that I wanted to find a hole where I could hide ... only if I could. Father's behavior really hurt my young dignity, especially when girl students were present. This shame lasted until I graduated from senior school. Long after, I would realize that he was an alcoholic. He needed sympathy and medical treatment, but he received neither. I now regret my shameless behavior.

After I went to college, Father changed considerably. He stopped drinking for both physical and financial reasons. Perhaps, this was the first time that he realized his life had meaning. Even so, his salary was so little, and no extra income could be earned. Everyone in my family had to tighten their belts and endure a miserable life. To support me in college, they all sacrificed what they could. Even so, they only managed to provide half of what I needed, although I knew they had tried their best.

Alcohol destroyed Father's life, brought misery to my family, and killed him when he was sixty. He was suffering from asthma when he had a heart attack. At the time, I was far away – studying in the US for my graduate degree. Although he was hardly a good father in the traditional sense, I very much appreciated being his son. Despite my family living in poverty, he never asked me to leave school to support my family. Even after I graduated from senior school, he encouraged me to continue my education. When I attended college, he worked with his physically weakened body to continue supporting our family and my education.

My Mother

My mother never complained about, questioned, or enjoyed her life. She died in the early morning of November 17, 1992. Finally, she gained relief from this difficult world. She struggled with tears and hardship to raise her children. Before her death, she had been in the hospital for four years with her mind unclear most of the time. Also, she was unable to walk, and she had lost her sight.

My mother's real name was Lee-si-Toh. Lee was her last name, si was Japanese to mean she was a woman, and Toh was her first name. She was born in a fairly well-to-do farming family in Chia-Kham, Koh-Hion District. My guess is she was born in 1905. According to a fortune teller when she was born, her mother's and her own fortunes were destined to be opposite of one another's; the worse my mother's fortunes became, the better her mother's would become. Unfortunately, her parents believed the fortune teller. They gave her away soon after birth to an extremely poor couple in their neighboring village. They wanted her to be miserable so that her mother could have a better life. After the adoption was completed, her name became Ng-Lee-si-Toh. Ng was the last name of her new family. The adoption marked the beginning of her difficult life. Her adopted parents treated her very poorly, and she was beaten frequently.

When she was a teenager, she was recruited by Mr. Chu to be a maid in a dormitory eating room in Siou-Kang. She then ran into Father soon thereafter and they fell in love. Her name became Ngo-Ng-Lee-si-Toh. After the war, her new name was Ngo-Ng-Lee-Toh. For some unknown reason, Lee was deleted from her official record. So, her name became Ngo-Ng-Toh. The numerous name changes did nothing to affect her fate or life. She only knew her name was M-Ti(n)-A, a nickname given her at birth meaning "we don't want you." This became both her name and her destiny.

After she married into the Wu family, her fortune did not improve. She struggled and would say, "Counting a passing day a day." This sentence evolved from her living experience and accompanied her for her entire life. Eventually, it became mine too.

Although she wasn't very educated, she firmly believed in the importance of education. She pushed all her children through school by working so hard and under such difficult financial conditions. Due in large part to her determination, I finished college. The image of her fighting and struggling to pay my tuition still remains vividly and deeply etched in my heart.

Mother was short with a dark complexion, broad forehead, flat nose, and round eyes. She looked somewhat aboriginal. Perhaps, she had their blood. She learned to speak Japanese during her working life.

My Parents' Marriage

How did my parents meet and eventually marry? This question will remain a puzzle forever. They never talked about it. Shortly before my mother died, I asked her these questions. At the time, her mind was not lucid, and she did not appreciate the question. She answered curtly that I should not ask such a question again or else she would become angry.

If we put all the disparate pieces together, we still have an incomplete puzzle. As I wrote, Mother was referred to be a maid in Siou-Kang by Mr. Chu, and she worked at the dormitory operated by the sugar factory. At the time, Father was a village officer and boarded at the dormitory where they met. There were many Japanese at the dormitory, which is how I assume she learned Japanese.

Mother and Father started to date. Although the information flowed slowly at the time, it eventually reached Mother's adopted parents. They strongly disapproved since Mother's natural parents had promised them that Mother would marry one of their sons. Mother was brought home and beaten. After a while, Father took her back to where he lived. The process was repeated several times until they finally came to an agreement. My guess is that they allowed Father to pay them money for my mother.

My parents did not go through a formal wedding ceremony, only a civil service. Since Father was a village officer, the procedure was easy for him.

The marriage lasted until Father's death and was not a peaceful marriage. They fought most of the time for thirty-some years. Although their marriage at the time was a brave act, their married life was quite old fashion. Although Mother dared to challenge Father's authority on occasion, she was beaten badly when she did. During that period, women did not have any financial power, and divorce was not an option.

My parents did not get along while he was alive, but Mother would later say many good words about her late husband who passed away some twenty years earlier. In her heart, she loved him.

PART TWO

When I Was a Boy

My Very First Memory

I conducted a non-scientific investigation and observed that the earliest memories are imprinted in people's minds at two years of age. For most people, first memories are from grade school years. I also found that the age of one's first memory has nothing to do with intelligence, but rather how important the memory was to the individual. For example, when a person's mother dies very young in his life, he remembers it well.

My first memory occurred in King-cho Kha⁵ or Huei-Sia in Tua-riao (Kiu-Sio-kyaku, Thai-Rio). Huei-Sia means company, and which refers to the sugar company in the village. I was four years old at the time and occupied my time playing spinning tops, marbles, and cards. I did little else. We just moved from Fong-Sua(n), Fo-Zan in Japanese. Although its Taiwanese name, King-Cho Kha, means "Under Banana Trees," it did not have any more banana trees than other villages. Rather than banana trees, there were numerous mango trees. Not only did the school have a lot of them, the houses of the sugar company also had many. Perhaps, the city should have been named, "Under Mango Trees."

My family rented a room from Mr. Tiu(n)-Kan Ngo Rion (Chio-Khan Go-Riu), a gentleman whose roots were in Ko-Tam Riau, a village about 4 to 5 kilometers from the house. His family lived next to us under the same roof. In front our house was Dr. Lee Tian-Tiet's medical office. Dr. Lee was our doctor. As matter of fact, he was the doctor for everyone in "Under Banana Trees." In front of Dr. Lee's office was the tarmac road which was the only road connecting King-cho Kha to other towns and cities. If one went north on the road, it would take him to Fong-Sua(n), Fo-Zan, and Ko-Hiong, Takao. Going south one would go to Lim-Hn (Lin-Yen). At the time, we called Ko-Hion, Takao; Lim-Hn, Nah-Pi(n).

⁵ Present name is Huei-Sia village

The house was built with concrete. On one side of the home was a bathroom also made of concrete. Behind the bathroom was a small piece of land with only wild grass. We cultivated the land and planted corn seeds with permission from our landlord. We did not have any experience farming, but compensated with hard work and enthusiasm. As a result, the corn grew fast. The stalks were so strong and big. Surveying the cornfield early each morning became an important part of my life. At long last, we were excited to see small ears of corn emerging from the stalks. Even now, I can still remember my excitement. Not long after, ears of corn appeared on all the stalks. At this time, our host asked us to move so that he could get his land back. He was going to build a hospital for his son who had just received his license to practice medicine. We were given only a few days and so we moved to an apartment that belonged to a boatman about 100 meters away from the corn field. From our new residence we could see "their" cornfield. When I saw the laborers chop down my corn stalks with baby ears of corn, I was deeply hurt. The act left a scar in my heart and became my first memory. It became the root of my distrust of rich throughout the rest of my life. They are willing to destroy the sustenance of the poor to enrich their wealth.

The Boatman's House with the Leaky Roof

Our new rental unit was part of a building facing east and shaped like the letter 'H.' The front and rear sections, or the east and west wings, were the living quarters and the middle section was a corridor. The roof was made of red Taiwanese shingles, and the wall was built with red Taiwanese bricks. The house was in disrepair from lack of maintenance. Our unit was on the bottom of the west wing where three families lived. Next to us was Tn-Sua(n) Rion-A and next to them was a family whose head was nicknamed either the Bearded Man or Morphine Man. Tn-Sua(n) was a Taiwanese name for China. Their names, actually nicknames, were my mother's creation. She was a genius at coming up with nicknames. In fact, she had a clever nickname for everyone except her own family and relatives.

Tn-Sua(n) Rion-A was Chinese, of course. He spoke Taiwanese with deep Fok-Chiu accent. His family operated a small noodle store in the market place. Their pork-bone dish was very famous and smelled so good. Unfortunately, I never had a chance to taste it. They were busy making money, and we never associated with them.

Bearded Man's face was heavily bearded, as the name implies, and he was addicted to morphine. His family was from Fon-Sua(n), and they looked like city people. Their last name was Ti(n)e (Tei). He seemed to be an unemployed intellectual who had a pale complexion. They had three children the same age as our family's children and therefore we knew each other well.

People living in the east wing kept to themselves and didn't associate with neighbors. We rarely saw them. Once they seemed to be involved in a political incident, and their house was completely searched by policemen.

The farm north of our building had a rather small potato field. At the edge of the field were two huge mango trees that never bore any fruit. In the summer, many children climbed the trees and used them as a playground. Once my sister fell down from one of the trees and hurt her back very badly. She would have occasional back pains for the rest of her life.

There was a small dirt road under the trees. People took the road east to the paved road going to Fong-Sua(n), or west to the front hill and then the rear hill. Beyond the rear hill, there was a swamp with a temple on the other side. During the war, my mother requested a small red package from the temple, containing a good wish from the God to protect each of her children. I carried one at all times during the war. Every time we walked through the swamp, leeches would attach to our legs and feet and suck our blood. We found that killing leeches was very difficult. When we cut one in half, both ends lived. To kill them, we used a hard grass stem that we pushed into the leech from one end to the other. The leech ended up inside out.

The Ng (Ko) family lived at the front hill. They did not seem rich but just an average family. Surprisingly they had a record player and I listened

to my very first Taiwanese song, Tho-Fua-Hion, on that player. The family consisted of Sua(n)-Tia, or mountain pig, another of Mother's inventive nicknames, and his widow mother. Sua(n)-Tia was my age and we went to the same grammar school. We knew each other but were not close. His real name was Kou-A-Jou.

Our new apartment was rather simple, a *ten-jou* (tatami) bedroom with a thin straw sheet covering the floor and an attached small kitchen. We were a family of six at the time. Behind our house was a rice paddy where I frequently saw cows with Wo-Chius (a kind of blackbirds) riding on their backs.

Soon after we moved to the Boatman's house, a typhoon blew away many tiles from our roof. As a result, the roof leaked and we used all our metal pans to catch the water drips. When the water drops hit the pan, the bedroom became very noisy. At night when it rained, we had to find a dry place to sleep. Finding six dry places in that tiny room were not easy. In addition, the noise created by drips was unbearable. In the winter, the situation was worse. Four children had to share a Futon and keep it dry. Many nights, our eyes were wide open waiting for the morning to come. Fortunately, it seldom rained in the winter.

We rarely ran into our landlord. The Boatman only showed up to collect rent. My parents would often avoid him when they had no money for rent. Consequently, we could not ask him to repair the leaks. Since the house needed so much maintenance and he spent as little money as possible, the leaks continued. Worse yet, typhoons were common in Taiwan.

The leaky roof reminded me of the following fairy tale from my childhood. Once there was an old couple. They were engaged in pillow talk. The wife said that she was afraid of the tiger the most. The husband said that he was not very afraid of the tiger but of a Roof Leak. A tiger was hiding in a corner of the bedroom and heard them talking. The very first time in his life, he realized there were animals, called Roof Leak, that were stronger than tigers. Soon, it started to rain and the old man suddenly called "Roof Leak" several times which scared the tiger. The tiger ran away very quickly.

When I was a kid, the "Roof Leak" really scared me.

Poor Me

My childhood was unnecessary because it was only unfortunate and shameful. Even to describe a small part of it today makes me so sad.

The Death of My Younger Sister

Several months before we moved to the Boatman's house, my younger sister, Chien-Ki-A, died. She was only two years younger than me and I have very little memory of her or her death. I only recall that one morning when I got up, I saw a straw sheet covering something in a corner of the floor. I have never asked my parents what happened to my sister. I don't know why, but I probably did not want them to re-live the tragedy. According to my elder brother, my sister died during an epidemic. One of our relatives told us that her death helped us disengage the ill fate of our family. In fact, our fate was not affected at all as far as I could tell. The only change was that our family had one less mouth to feed. Facing the first death in my life, I was so naive and heartless. For that I hated myself.

Breaking Relationship with Grandparents

When I was about five years old, my parents and I went to one of two uncles' weddings from Mother's side. When we returned home, my parents decided to break off the relationships with my grandparents, because they did not treat Mother as one of their daughters at the wedding. They still did not consider her as their daughter. After twenty years or so they still believed the fortune teller. Father wanted to protect what a little dignity he had, so he decided to sever all ties, and we never again saw our grandparents nor any of my uncles and aunts on that side. After a couple scores later, I was told that one of my uncles came to ask my mother to sign a paper giving up ownership of the estate left by their parents. Although my mother refused to sign the documents, they faked my mother seal. My mother did not contest the documentation.

The Porcelain Jar

I was five years old; I went to play on the front hill alone. I had been very curious of the dark brown Jar under a dragon-eye tree in front of Ng's house. I had tried several times to open the jar and see inside. A couple of times, I even touched the jar. However, I had no success. In fact, the problem was not that I was worried about being caught, but that the jar was on Ng's property.

One day I was fooling around on the hill and saw Ng's mother leaving. Quickly, I opened the cover of the jar; I was very scared at that very moment. Before I saw anything inside, I closed it. My heart was beating very fast, although there was no one in sight. Long after that, I learned that the Jar contained Ng's father's bones which were removed from his grave. The jar was called Fong-Kim An-A in Taiwanese. It was said that the jar should not be disturbed; otherwise, it would bring ill-fate to the family. Knowing this, I was uneasy for quite some time for disturbing Ng's jar. Since then, every time I saw Ng, I felt sorry for him.

Helping My Family

I started helped my family financially when I was very young. My activities always included my brothers and sister. Although we were enthusiastic, our contributions were extremely limited. We gathered snails, coal, and metal trash for money.

Taiwanese snails, I was told, were brought in from the Pacific islands by Father's friend, Ngo Tek (Go Toku) who was working at Sin-Ko Sugar Manufacturing Company as a technologist. At first the snails were very expensive, but since they multiplied so fast, they became a disaster. The snails ate the leaves of agricultural plants including sugar cane, potatoes, vegetables etc. The sugar company resorted to killing the snails, which were everywhere. They paid people to capture them. We went out to the fields to gather snails every morning very early before school. Since we found many snails in the cemetery, we went there most often. Although the money was limited and I was very scared of dead people, I bravely went to the cemetery nearly every morning. Even so, every time I saw a bone my body trembled.

We took the snails we gathered to the sugar company to exchange for money. The company's employees then dumped the snails into a deep brick well of a diameter of about thirty feet with soda ash, or sodium carbonate.

We also collected semi-burned coal from the side of the railroad tracks. We searched for partially burned, but still usable coal, from waste dumped from a small train used to transport sugar canes. The partially burnt coal was still good for domestic use. Lastly, we also often went to the sugar company's waste dumps to pick up small metal scraps and trash. We sold them for a little money, and very often we used the money to buy flavored popsicles.

Three Challenges: Crying, Wetting Bed and Hernia

I was not very adorable when I was young because I had several developmental flaws that made life very difficult for both my family and me. People hated my flaws, which sometimes made them angry. However, I was not to blame for any of these problems and felt it was unfair to punish me as a result. My parents and family should have shown more love toward my misfortune. The following were some of the most difficult challenges.

To start with, I was good at wetting my bed. Although this was natural, most kids stop wetting at an early age. My episodes continued long after I went to the primary school. For this, I was scolded and quite often beaten. My parents thought I was intentionally wetting the bed due to my laziness. Their pressure created tremendous stress, tension, guilt, and pains. Every morning, I would first check if the bed were wet. Often I woke up in the middle of the night and discovered that the bed was wet. I would stay awake for the rest of the night. When a person makes a mistake, he can occasionally hide the evidence and sometimes lie, but bed-wetting is difficult to hide or provide a credible excuse. He could change his pants, but how can he dry the futon and the straw sheet? Moreover, I did not have the second pair of pants.

Even as a kid, I knew I was not intentionally wetting the bed. There were only two reasons for wetting the bed: either I wasn't aware, or I had

a full bladder. Both cases were not under my control. At that time in Taiwan, a child was not allowed to argue with his parents, even he was absolutely right. In any circumstances, the child was wrong. When scolded, I could only respond, "I am sorry, I promise I am not going to do it next time." But, the next time would come again. My parents would get angrier since I had promised them not to do it again. I was terrified.

In addition to wetting the bed, I also cried often. I cried over being unable to find things, not getting things I wanted, and sadness. Indeed, I cried over almost everything. My parents gave me a nickname of Haw Ram, a man who lost his parent. Father felt that crying was a symbol of weakness. Every time he saw me crying, he screamed and beat me without consideration. My crying brought a lot of trouble for my family, especially my mother. It affected the peaceful environment, if there was any. My parents fought over this all the time. Technically speaking, I should not call it crying, because it never involved tears. Incidentally, I never cried over pain. I also never cried because someone hit me. Everyone in my family agreed that I was very Pa-Kiat meaning that I did not cry when hit.

In this world, some things were not necessarily all bad; my crying was one. There was a lady named Bi-Lian-A who sold vegetables in the market place. She made an attempt to adopt me, and my parents also liked the idea. I was afraid she might really adopt me. Although my family did not provide me with the love I needed, being adopted was even worse. Back in my mind somewhere were stories about mistreatment of children by step-parents. I thought regardless how bad it was at the biological parents' home, it always was better than at any adopted place. Good thing Bi-Lian-A gave up her efforts, when she knew I was a crying boy. If I had been adopted, I might have become a millionaire or an owner of a vegetable retail store in a rural area.

In addition to my problems described above, I also had another flaw. I had an inguinal hernia. Taiwanese called inguinal hernia Tui-Tiong or Tua-Lan-Pha. My problem was that I did not have clothes to wear when I was very young and so had to go outside naked. The strange private part attracted people's attention. It really hurt my dignity and I was very

ashamed. Of course my parents knew this, but they seemed not to pay any attention. They might be able to buy me a pair of pants if were forced to, but they did not seem to care. My inguinal hernia made me afraid of going out. As a kid, you don't expect to stay home all the time.

One day, an elder boy came to play with my testicles. He squeezed them very hard and then released. He repeated the same actions many times. This hurt me so much, I started to cry. That night I came up with a strange idea. I squeezed my private part as the older man had done, but I did not release it. Very soon I fell asleep. Next morning when I woke up, I found my private parts were the same as other boys! Miraculously, I cured my inguinal hernia by myself. I was a natural doctor!

All these problems made me a lonely child.

A Permanent Scar

Due to my numerous childhood challenges and lack of an adorable character, I didn't have any playmates and I always played alone. One morning, I was jumping on the bed by myself over the only futon as an obstacle. I accidently collided with the wooden rear window. My lower lip was bleeding profusely through about a one-inch gash. I should have gone to a doctor to get some stitches, but I did not. No one in the family suggested that either. At the time, it was unthinkable to visit a doctor with such a small not-life-threatening injury. In fact, the gash received no attention at all. When the lip dried, I found a tiny dried crack on the lip. From then on, I would lodge a rice grain or two in the gash during meals. Removing the grain was really difficult and painful. Slowly, the crack was filled with new flesh. When healed, the new flesh continued to grow into a little bump on my lip.

This bump was a psychological scar that stayed with me for a long time. Because it could only be seen from my right hand side, I always took the right seat when sitting with people. It was very uncomfortable for me if someone sat to my right. I did not like using a mirror or having my photograph taken, and I developed a habit of twisting my mouth. The scar created an unnecessary inferiority complex and played an

important role in my life until I got my PhD. In retrospect, I was so stupid to be dominated by the scar for so long.

My First Time Eating Noodle Soup

We could not get sick because we were too poor to see a doctor. Therefore, I remember being sick only once through childhood. It seemed to be a serious illness; I had no desire to eat. Mother took me to the noodle soup store in the market place and ordered a noodle soup. While I was eating, Mother watched. She might not have eaten noodle soup in her life before. Suddenly, a man from our next table pointed to me with a finger and screamed: "Sakana Tsuru." which was Japanese meaning fishing. We were not embarrassed, because we did not know what it meant. Of course we knew he was laughing at me. Long time after the incident, I realized that when eating noodles one should not look like a hooked fish.

PART THREE

Years at Thairio Public School

Admission

I entered Thairio Public School as a first grader in 1940. There were only 12 classrooms in the entire school; two classrooms for each grade, one boy and one girl. We did not have a kindergarten and the 6th was the highest grade. The school was to the north of our house about a twenty minute walk away. On the way to school, we passed a police station on the left and a park on the right. Houses for the sugar mill employees lined the rest of the road. Heading north from the school, we would pass Sua (n) Tien (mountain top) and Ti-Pak-Lai (the inner part of a pig) on the way to Fongsua(n) (the mountain of peacocks).

On admission day, Father brought me to school for registration. My memory isn't very clear but I think this might be one of the two times he came to school my entire life. I only remember he had to go home to fetch some documents needed for registration. He asked me in Japanese, "If I go home now, can we still make it?" At the time, my Japanese was so poor that I did not understand him.

My teacher was Nakai-Fumie Sen Sei. She was a young, beautiful and lovely Japanese woman. Her husband also taught at the school. I believe he may have been a sixth grade teacher.

Before I went to school, I did not know any Japanese. Although my parents spoke Japanese, they never spoke the language at home. We all spoke Taiwanese. Nakai Sen Sei did not know Taiwanese, but, I cannot recall any problems communicating.

I remember an incident which happened in the first year of my school. We were poor family although Father had a steady job. One morning I discovered that one of our family hens laid an egg. I asked Mother to cook the egg for my lunch. She refused to do so and said that we had to save all the eggs for future chicks. I was very unhappy and did not go to school. At the end of the school year, I received an award for excellent school work and conduct, and very good attendance. If I had attended every day, "very good" would have become "perfect". This was

the last time I was absent from school other sickness until I had graduated from high school.

Nightmare

Nakai Sen Sei left us after a year. The second year, Fujita Sen Sei became our teacher, a Taiwanese with a Japanese name. I seem to remember he had a Taiwanese name of Tan Tek Siu. He had not attended teacher school to become a teacher. When I was in third grade, he took an examination to become a full-fledged teacher. After that, he wore an official uniform with a golden-trimmed hat and a sword for official ceremonies at the school. He was my class teacher for three years. It was my nightmare.

When I entered my second grade classroom, I discovered that Nakai Sen Sei had left without saying "Sayonara". I was so painfully sad. I missed her and wrote her a post card. The card was addressed only to Tokyo. I thought naively that anyone in Tokyo would know her. Of course, the post card was returned to the school. Fujita Sen Sei gave the card back to me in front of everyone in the class and also threw out a few words to tease me. I felt so ashamed and I could not find a place to hide. The next three years under Fujita Sen Sei, were extremely difficult. It all started with the post card. Of course, my playfulness contributed to my difficulties as well.

I suffered great indignities under Fujita Sen Sei and then Mr. Si Chin Hien of Cho-Yea (n), a teacher in my Junior Vocational School. I developed an inferiority complex that took years to overcome.

I remember too well two important incidents. First of all, Fujita Sen Sei punished me many times by forcing me to kneel in the hallway for many hours at a time. I could endure the physical pains, but not my spirit was wounded when students viewed me as they would an animal in the zoo. Mr. Fujita did not care what happened to me. He came educate us, but, he did not know he was doing exactly the opposite. From my perspective, he forgot he was a teacher, and made great efforts to exert his authority.

Secondly, one day I lifted my right hand up to salute Mr. Lim Tiaubien, or Lin Cho-Mei Sen Sei, a friendly and beloved teacher. Mr. Fujita punished me for saluting. According to the school rules, a student should bow to a teacher rather than raise his hand, which only teachers could do. Since Lim Sen Sei was so nice to everyone, students regularly waved at him which became habit. Fujita Sen Sei said that since I so much wanted to be a teacher, he moved my desk next to his and made to sit facing the students. I could not stand students from other classes who standing outside the classroom gawking at me. I knew I was playful, and I was willing to accept all punishments except the ones which hurt my spirit.

A funny thing happened during that period. I wanted Mr. Fujita to treat me more nicely so I went to pick a pineapple from our hill. I left the pineapple on his bed in his apartment when he was not there. The next day before I figured out a way to let him know that I was the gift diver, he called my name in the class. He said that the pineapple was too green to be picked. In front of so many classmates, I was embarrassed. Mr. Fujita was that type of an educator.

Based on my judgment, I was the best student in the class. I won every prize on the Principal's tests, but I was rated only number three in the class. The first was always Lee Shiuliu, or Lee Chiulien, who was the son of a technologist at the sugar mill, Mr. Lee Kaku. Second was Ng Bienchien, or Ko Meisei, who was the son of Ng Un-Pak, a scribe. I was not happy with my ranking. But, I hated being behind Ng who was just an ordinary student and no better than any other student in the class. Everyone knew that Fujita and the scribe were good friends, the only reason his son was rated that high. I thought with the pineapple would improve my class standing. This was my first and last attempt at bribery.

Based on grades alone, I excelled. In academic topics, I earned all As every year. The bottom of my report card was different, with Bs for penmanship, drawing, artistic work and physical education. The grades for classroom conduct were all B, except one C.

I believe that Fujita Sen Sei treated me badly because I was from a poor family. Being poor also affected my classwork. For example, in

abacus class Fujita Sen Sei required us to bring an abacus with one bead on the top and four on the bottom, but we only had an abacus with one at the top, five at the bottom. We did not have extra money for the required abacus. I brought the “wrong” abacus to class and tried not to touch the fifth beads. Unfortunately, Fujita Sen Sei would find it out and I would be penalized. In order to meet the requirements, Mother used a pair of pliers to fix my abacus. She managed to take the frame apart first, then removed the unnecessary beads and reassembled the frame back. But she was only partially successful. I had to use a lot of force to move the beads when I was doing calculations. Of course, my grade on the abacus suffered with the inferior abacus. Another example was my difficulty in penmanship class. I always had worn brushes. I had to cut the tip off in order to write, but it was extremely hard to write well with the cut brush. In addition, a few wool strands would often fall from the brush. I had to use my bare fingers to remove the pieces. When I did this, my hands became dirty with ink. At the end of the class, when inspection time came I was always penalized for dirty fingers and hands.

When I was a second grader, unfortunately, I was stricken with pneumonia. Physically I was very weak during that time. My doctor was the famous Pheh(n) Chienlion of Fonsua(n). The clinic floor was made of marble. In the summer, it was cool. Every time I went to the clinic, I remember placing my face on the floor to cool down my fever. Pneumonia was a serious and almost incurable disease at the time. I luckily recovered. During the recovery period, I had a bag of crushed banana roots on my chest.

I was not good at music. When I sang, the voice was monotonous; however, for some reason, I loved to sing despite my lousy voice. Of course, I only sang to myself. I never sang in front of people, especially strangers. Strangely enough, I was asked to join the class choir. This was right after my pneumonia. The title of the Japanese song was: The Summer Is Coming. The Lyrics were very much like: " U no hana no nihou kakine ni , hototogis hayaoki nakite, shinobine morasu, natsu wa kinu."

The reason I described the lyrics as “very much like” was because I memorized the lyrics without understanding their meaning. When I was a child, I had a photographic memory. Perhaps because of this, I simply memorized everything without understanding anything. This continued until I was in senior school.

My memory was a like a super power. When my classmates were struggling to memorize the *Kakezan 99* (multiplication tables), and *Kioyiku Chokugo* (emperors tenets of education), I finished in no time. Even now, I still remember many historical pronouncements and philosophical teachings that mean little to me, such as *Kioyiku Chokugo*, *Meiji Tennou Gyosei*, and *The Sen-Sen Fukoku of Daitoua Sensou*. I also remember patriotic Japanese propaganda such as *Kimigayo Sionen no Sentokukon*, and *Sugino wa izuko, Sugino wa izuya no Hirose Chiu-Sa*.

I also remember a chapter in Japanese class, “A Smoky City, Kobe.” The residents of Kobe, Japan were so proud of their advanced industries especially when they could not see their sky from the smog. Their values have changed with time. Today, people of Kobe would be ashamed if smog blocked the sky. Perhaps, they would be so unhappy that they would start demonstrating. Later after I graduated from college and was engaged in the research and development to reduce smog, I often thought about the irony of Kobe’s pride in its smog. I reminded my colleagues quite often about how people ignored the environment in the past, using Kobe as an example.

Struggling to Make a Living

Our roof continued to leak, and we added two more boys to the family. As children, we earned extra money by collecting half-burnt coke and occasionally fishing.

My elder brother, who was studying at Fonsua (n) West Public School, was very skilled at fishing. To me, he was practically an expert. He always fished at the Sugar Factory's creek or Lake Thai-Hi, or Tuapi. He caught mostly Crucian carp and sometimes, Kosoa, a rather small fish. Tuapi was not very near our home, and public transportation was not very convenient. Once I went fishing with him. We left home early

around five o'clock and took a small train operated by the sugar mill to Fonsua (n), then walked to the lake. From the stone wall at the lake, we took a bamboo boat to the opposite side where there were fewer fishermen and more fish. We met a cow-watching kid named Samurou, whom my brother knew from the past fishing trips, and he helped us catch many fish. From that trip we brought home a full basket of fish.

We had the Sinko Sugar Factory in Kinchokha where most of the city's population worked. Their pay scales were higher and benefits were much better than Father's. One of the benefits was free movies but you needed tickets to get in. At that time, Kinchokha was a rather small town and movies were the best pastime for most people. Therefore, getting a ticket was near impossible unless someone was sick. Somehow, I managed to get a ticket to see my first movie, a Samurai movie. The impression I had was that it had to be very difficult to replace the Samurais killed in the movie. The movie was shown in an open-air grass field.

Time has changed much since then. Today, children have so many toys, but still complain that there's nothing to do. In our time, we had no toys and never had enough time to play. Without restrictions from parents, children would never come home at the end of the day. My favorite games were War Game, Kicking Empty Can, Smoking Potatoes, War on Human-Horses and Cards. We also played Oni Game, Hide and Seek, Marbles, Jumping Circles on the Ground, Spinning Top, and Jump Rope.. Girls only played O-Te-Dama (small sand bags) and Ohajiki (Marbles).

During second grade, a cholera epidemic broke out. The houses of the infected were ringed with a dried grass rope and lime. We often heard blackbirds singing, which was said to be an ominous sign. Because of the epidemic, no one dared to pick fruits to eat. As a result, we picked and ate lots of big and delicious fruits. Luckily, no one in my family became ill.

Not long after the epidemic, I was so surprised to learn that we had rented a farming hill. We could not afford three meals a day, but we were able to rent a hill? Although small, we would need an hour to walk

around the hill. Pineapples and mangos were planted on the hill--If not pineapples, it would be sugar canes. One day I saw a huge bird's nest on one of the trees and climbed up to see if there were eggs or baby birds in the nest. The babies I saw were not birds but rather snakes. I was shaking and climbed down the tree in a hurry. Before I reached the last branch of the tree, I saw a huge snake coiled around the root of the tree with its frightening tongue darting at me. I jumped down and ran home as fast as I could. Although I was not hurt physically, I became so scared of snakes from then on. I had nightmares about snakes many times thereafter. During the day I was often frightened by ropes. The snake I saw was called Sua-Lua Snake by rural people. It is poisonous.

World War II

The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, on the 8th of December, 1941⁶ and the war began. On that day, every time Fujita Sen Sei heard the sound of airplane engine, he would run outside to look for the plane. We could see he was extremely nervous. Since we were ruled by Japan, we were also at war. People dug air-raid shelters, and wore *Bou-ku zukin* to protect their heads. Women also wore baggy pants (Monpei), and men, uniforms and gaiters. In school, we conducted air-raid drills frequently. When we heard the warning siren, one long blast, we had to run and hide in a dried ditch that was in front of the school gate. Then, ten short blasts came which meant the enemy planes were near us. When we heard a long blast which was the signal to end the drill or the air raid was over, we returned to our classroom.

One day while we were hiding in the dried creek, a bus passed by. After the drill, we were punished by standing in the school yard because someone had thrown a rock at the bus. Fujita Sen Sei was so angry that his face was as red as a turkey's. He wanted one of us to confess. If no one did, nobody could go home. The scariest thing was he was staring at me when he spoke. Suddenly, a strange idea flashed through my mind -- if I accepted responsibility, I could save my classmates from more

⁶ Attack was on December 7, 1941 in the U.S.

suffering. Since Fujita Sen Sei had already determined that I was guilty, what difference would it make? Just before I raised my hand, the Principal appeared and talked to Fujita Sen Sei who came back to us and told us that everything was a mistake. We were instantly dismissed. We stood there for one hour for nothing. Father always said that a policeman mistakenly hitting a thief does not have to say sorry.

At the very beginning of the war, the Japanese were doing very well. To start with, they captured Hong Kong quickly, and had occupied Singapore by February. Everything went so fast and so well. Each time when they took over new territory, we celebrated with flags and paraded the street. I remembered when Singapore fell into Japanese hands; each student was given a rubber ball.

During lunch, we were asked to pray for the soldiers on the battle front and write them consoling letters.

As the war progressed, resources and supplies became scarce and were rationed. The priority for rations was as follows: (1) Japanese, (2) Taiwanese with a Japanese name, and finally (3) Taiwanese. Because our family still kept our Taiwanese name, we were the lowest class. Since Mother had relatives who were fishermen living in Lim-Ng seaside, we occasionally got some minnow-like small dried fish to eat. Although rather trivial, it was illegal so we had to be very careful. We were never caught although we had several near misses.

When the war began, I was in the second trimester of the second grade. When I was in the fourth grade, we were requested to plant castor oil plants along the highway. We were told unofficially that the castor seeds were to be used as machine oil for airplanes. Every student planted ten castor oil plants along the edge of the highway from Kin-Cho Kha to Lim-Ng which was an hour by foot. Every day after school, I had to water the plants. Since the creek along the highway was dry, I had to dig a small well in the creek to fetch water. Often I saw frogs or snakes in the well. Although the snakes were not poisonous, well you know the story.

We also visited the Seventh and Tenth troop in Fonsua (n) to perform public service for the military (Houshi-Sagyō) during the war.

We would very often uncover bones and corpses when digging, which frightened me.

Teachers visited our home frequently. They were looking for a Kamidana, or a Japanese family altar. Every family was required to have one. We were too poor to afford one. My mother was scolded each time. She always asked for forgiveness and promised to have one very soon. However, the same apology would be repeated the next visit. Somehow we managed to not have a Kamidana during the Japanese rule, and we survived.

I wanted to recount a troubling incident that occurred around this time. There was a student who was one year older, Chin Yufuku. Because he was a Chinese, we called him Sina Fuku. Due to Japanese propaganda, every student despised him, and I was no exception. He got into trouble with my brother who was studying at Fon-Sua(n) West School. My brother hit him often. In return, Sina Fuku would hit me the next day as retribution. One day he hit me so hard repeatedly and told me that he would only stop if I said Ko-San which meant "surrender" in Japanese. Finally, I did say the word. Surely I was a chicken. I should have reported it to my teacher or hit him back, but I wasn't thinking at the time. When my brother learned I had said to Sina Fuku, he was furious. He said that Sina people were cowards, and I had surrendered to one of the most cowardly people. I should feel ashamed and he wanted me to never say "surrender" to anyone in the future. I promised. Sina Fuku continued to bully me for a while and then stopped for no reason. Ironically, he became one of my friends when we were both at the Kao Hsiung Technical School.

One year, I forget the grade, the school asked us to fill out forms. On the blank which asked for the value of our real estate, I was unsure what to put down. I saw my brother and sister wrote 5,500 Yen, so I did the same. I questioned the accuracy of this number, because we didn't own property. Long time after that I realized the number came from Father's name which was Go Sen Go in Japanese. Go Sen Go could be interpreted as 5,500 in Japanese. The idea was Father's inspiration that

came to him while my brother was filling out his form. I used this number until the Japanese retreated from Taiwan after the war.

When I became a fifth grader, Father was transferred to Tori-Matsu or Chiau Chien. That year my teacher was Khan Shio-Ki Sen Sei, he graduated from a senior school in Taipei.

I had been in Thai-Rio Public School for over four years. My playmates were Kho Meisei, Li Shiuriu and Sai Kiokusho. For many years I helped Kho Meisei water his tomato vines in their garden from seedling to mature plants with juicy, big and red tomatoes. I never tasted their tomatoes. Kho was a very strange and tight person. I never saw Kho after leaving Thai-Rio Public School. Li Shiuriu's father, Li Kaku San, was a technologist at the Sugar Company who graduated from the Department of Applied Chemistry at Taihoku Technical School. Li Shiuriu was a good student, but he was physically weak. We were often together when we both attended colleges in Taipei. Several years ago, when I visited Taiwan, I was told he died in a terrible traffic accident. Kiokusho was Sai Nichiwa's oldest son. His father worked in the Sugar Company as a mechanical engineer and his wife was a midwife. Kiokusho's sister, Siukubi, was my sister's classmate at grammar school. After graduation Siukubi attended Takao Girls' Middle School. Kiokusho's younger brother, Chua Sin Tek, was an idealistic Taiwanese patriot. He and his wife entertained us at Hai Pa Ong in Ko Hiong with Kiokusho when we returned to Taiwan in 1989. The trip was the first one since I left Taiwan in 1963.

During my Thai-Rio Public School years, we often went hungry. One memory is still imprinted in my memory and continues to haunt me. It prompts a memory of my beloved mother. Rather than a footnote this incident remains an important event in my life.

It was the Japanese year of 2,600 (1940) and I was a first grader. I had been dismissed from school at noon, and walked home in the hot and humid weather. The sun was big as always. I recall being so hungry but I could only tighten the cloth that I used to carry my books, around my belly to reduce my hunger.

My mother, who was waiting for me to return home, saw the way I looked. Instantly, tears flooded her eyes. She was speechless for a while and then said, "Taiwan has never starved people to death."

She immediately took me to a sugar cane field, which belonged to the Sugar Company. While we were eating cane in the middle of the field, we heard some noise. It alerted us that the watchmen might have seen us. We were so scared that we ran. After we were clear of the field, we did not see anything including watchmen. Mother's face was still alarmed, but I also saw some traces of blood on her face that had been cut by sugarcane leaves.

PART FOUR

Transferring to
Niau-Song Public School

In the spring of 1944, soon after I entered fifth grade we moved to Niau-Song (Torimatsu), which was famous for Lake Thaihi or Tuapi. The reason we moved to Torimatsu was quite different from those who followed soon after. They were evacuees of air raids and moved for their safety. We moved because Father was transferred. At the time, children did not have any say about moving, whether rational or emotional. Willingly or not, we moved. To us, the move was simply part of life just like being born, growing old and sick, and dying. It was neither joyous nor tragic.

We rented an apartment near the middle of the village from Mr. Chua Thiau. We had only one bedroom, but the room was very solid and the roof withstood heavy rains or even typhoons without leaking. It was a safe place, although small.

As soon as we arrived, I reported to Niau-Song Public School. My new teacher was single young Japanese from Kyushu named Matsumoto Sen Sei. Our Class Leader was Ko Jiosho whose name in Japanese was Matsumura Matsuo. His father was a village chief. Among my classmates, only Ko Jiosho, Gan Kosei and Lin Keihin were my friends. Soon after we settled into our new place, I learned that the Class Leader of the sixth grade was Ko Masao whose father was the former city mayor, Ko Ansin. Masao's assistant was Yoneda whose father held the second position at City Hall. It seemed to me that one's father had to be important for one to be a class leader.

Niau-Song Public School was only half the size of Thai Rio Public School. The Niau-Song students did not work as hard as those at Thai Rio. Since I was a newcomer and my school work was superior to theirs, my popularity rose very quickly. This made our Class Leader uneasy. He was afraid of losing his class leadership to me. But, based on my past experience and disinterest, he had nothing to worry about.

When the summer vacation came, Matsumoto Sen Sei told me privately that he would name me Assistant Class Leader, if I recovered from malaria which has stricken me that year. He was encouraging me, I thought, but in my heart I also felt somewhat insulted. I knew I could

easily become Class Leader if the selection were strictly based on abilities. My only problem was Ko's family was better established and his father was more respected than mine.

Matsumoto Sen Sei praised me by saying I could be a great man in the future, partly because I could endure hardships such as extreme heat and cold. Also, I didn't retreat from washing dirty bathrooms when needed. He used the heroic General Nogi who defeated Russia to illustrate his assessment of me. Matsumoto Sen Sei was drafted and sent away when we were in the sixth grade and he never came back. If he knew my current status, he would have hit his cheeks and said, "Baka" (or "Stupid") many times over.

Soon after we arrived at the new place, I was stricken with malaria. It attacked me once a day at the same hour, and gave me a fever, chill, and shakes. Taiwanese called malaria "Chill and Fever" disease. My condition was extremely bad. The moment I thought I recovered, it returned. It became my full-time disease. At the time, Niau-Song had only one doctor, Dr. Tu. Since we did not know him, we did not trust him. I still went back to Thai Rio to see Dr. Lee, which was extremely difficult. I walked twenty minutes to the bus station in front of Dr. Tu's office, road a bus, and then took a train owned by the Sugar Company. The trip took almost the entire day. To this day I cannot understand why my family sent me back to Dr. Lee. We were so poor and the transportation cost extra money.

As the War Progressed

As the war progressed, Taiwan was not at the battle front, but also no longer at the rear. One night in the summer of 1944, we experienced the first air raid. It was the first air raid in Taiwanese history. More attacks followed. In October of that year, we had a large scale air raid which lasted two weeks. During the air raid, we could barely see the sky, which was filled with American airplanes. At the highest altitude were the B-29's, which could not be reached by antiaircraft guns. Beneath them were B-24's and at the lowest altitude were gray Grumman Fighters and silver Lockheed P-38's. During the first two days, I thought the gray ones were

Japanese planes. I was mistaken. The Japanese planes were parked and hidden in the airfields. The American planes attacked and bombed them at will. Ju Kiu Wan was seriously bombed. The fire from burning oil lit the sky for many miles day after day, and night after night. I did not see any air fight but I did see several airplanes hit by antiaircraft guns, smoking and crashing. After the large scale air raid in October, air raids became part of our lives. I had the impression that the American Air Force had absolute superiority.

Initially, I had thought that Americans dropped every bomb precisely and only after thorough observation and analysis. Since resources were so scarce during war time, they had to be cautious. However, bombings on the oil refinery were much different. A B-29 dropped hundreds of bombs simultaneously. When I watched the bombings from the Lake of Thaihi, they appeared to be dumping one basket of sand after another.

As the war progressed, we sent off soldiers to the battle front more frequently. The soldiers wore a red sash from shoulder to waist reading "Long Live the Fortune of War" or Bu Un Cho Kyu sign. We stood in lines on the street waving Rising Sun flags and singing military songs. Prior to the war, Japanese prohibited Taiwanese from enlisting, but in 1942 they started accepting "Taiwanese Volunteers." Soon, they even began drafting Taiwanese. Taiwanese situation worsened as the war progressed. Everyone knew that draftees would be sent to the Pacific war zone and most likely killed.

Although there was strong evidence indicating Japan was being badly defeated, the War Headquarter or Dai Hon Ei continued announcing glowing reports. Every day, they reported that the Japanese had shot down and sunk so many American airplanes and ships. It was opposite to what I actually saw--more bombing, burning and destroyed cities. I often watched 9-plane formations flying to the southwest but only a few individual planes returned from various directions.

Out of necessity, the school also taught us *tebata singo*, hand-flag signals. One day in the morning school meeting, Matsumoto Sen Sei used *tebata singo* to tell us that the enemy had invaded Lingayen Gulf. In the entire school, only Yoneda and I raised our hands to indicate that we

understood the signals. Yoneda was a girl student and a year older. The situation was much more serious than the government wanted its citizens to know. Soon we started to hear Gyoku Sai⁷.

Although the students at the Niau-Song Public School were not required to perform public service (ho si sa gio) in the military camps, they went to the Lake of Thai Hi to collect calla lilies to produce compost for fertilizer. The lilies were piled in a square shape and placed regularly along the edge of the school field, one after another. Many times when my classmates were pulling a cart of lilies from the lake back to school, they sang a made-up song with only one line of lyrics. They repeated the same line again and again. The line was, "Getsu Heki Moku Yosei". At first, I did not realize they were teasing me. However, I noticed that while they were singing, all of them looked at me and laughed. I managed to find out the meaning behind the joke. One of our classmates had evacuated from Takao recently. Her name was Getsu Heki. Since the two of us were the only outsiders, they teased us. "Moku Yosei" was a twist to my name "Boku-Sei." According to Father, Getsu Heki's family moved from Rien A Riau, Takao. He knew her father, Lin Kai. Serendipitously, Getsu Heki and I would meet again 50 years later.

In 1993, I met Professor Liao Tson San at the Taiwanese East Coast Summer Camp. The invited speakers stayed at the dormitory. For some reason, Professor Liao forgot to bring his suit with him, so he borrowed mine when giving his speech. To thank me for my good will, he told me many times that he would buy me a beef noodle soup when I came to see him in Taiwan. I called him up one day in 1994 and asked him for the noodle soup. Unfortunately, he and his wife were on their way to her home at Lin-Ya-Riau, Kao-Hsiung and her parent's grave in Niau-Song to pay their respects. Since he brought up Lin-Ya-Riau and Niau-Song, out of curiosity I asked a few questions and learned that his sister-in-law was my wartime classmate, Lin Getsu Heki. I obtained Getsu Heki's telephone number from him. That year, after my wife and I paid our

⁷ "Gyoku Sai" was uttered before committing honorable suicide. Historically, "Gioku Sai" was particularly noted at the battle of Saipan.

respects at my parents' grave in Kao-Hsiung, we went to visit Getsu Heki. Professor Liao had already returned to Taipei. I met Getsu Heki for the first time after fifty years.

During the war, students had to run for the air-raid alarms, send off drafted soldiers, bow to the Palace in Tokyo in the morning meeting, pray for the soldiers in the battle front, perform public service, and write letters to console the soldiers at the battle front. Of course I did all of these. In addition, I had to take care of a Kamidana, an altar, by replacing the two small branches from a banyan tree each day with fresh ones. The walls were bare in the classroom with the Kamidana. The first thing each morning I climbed up the banyan tree to get two branches. The banyan tree and its branches are still vivid in my mind even today.

My Family During the War

Let me write briefly about my family during the war. Father could speak Japanese, so he was named to head the Adult Group (So Tei Dan). Supplies were scarce including alcohol so he could not get drunk. Since his work was mostly outside the office, he rode a bicycle to work. During that time the tires were so bad, that he always had problems. The inner tubes always burst or leaked. He often walked hours to get home. He always got angry while fixing tires. He said he had fixed the same tire a thousand times. Indeed, he had. Patches covered the inner tube. Later the tires were replaced by so called "no puncture" tires with solid rubber. Though more convenient, they were very rough to ride, especially on unpaved roads or old asphalt roads.

Cigarettes were strictly rationed. Father was addicted to smoking and the rations were inadequate for his habit. Unfortunately, he could not live without cigarettes. We collected the cigarette butts from the streets. The small amount of unsmoked tobacco was rolled into a cigarette. There were not many cigarette butts on the street since there were lots of smokers looking for tobacco. It was very difficult to collect enough cigarettes to meet Father's needs. Curiously, Japanese soldiers seemed to have more cigarettes than they could smoke, and they were willing to exchange their cigarettes for eggs. But, where were we to get the eggs?

Soon after the beginning of the war, my older brother went to Japan. The water irrigation company, where my older sister worked, evacuated from Chiang-Chin, Kao-Hsiung to the Lake Thai Hi, after the war progressed. Therefore, commuting to work became much easier and safer for her. At the time, I had two younger brothers at home. One was five years younger and the other, seven. Since they were close in age, they often played together. During the war time, supporting a family of six was not easy. Both Father's and sister's wages were fairly low, but sufficient to support our family. The larger problem was the meager rations.

After we moved to Niau-Song, we caught small frogs to help support the family needs. But the meat was not tasty; moreover, only the legs provided enough meat worth eating. Very quickly we grew tired of eating frogs. Sometimes, I even felt like vomiting after eating. Fortunately, Mother and I learned to catch fish in the lake. We caught mostly Crucian carps (Funa) using worms. Carps were tastier than frogs and provided much more meat, but they were not suitable for every meal.

Luckily, our next door neighbor, Toyoda San (a Taiwanese), who was also rented from Mr. Chua Thiau, was a veterinarian. He proposed an excellent solution. The pork was one of the rationed items and he seemed to have authority to distribute. He suggested that we exchanged his pork for our fish. Of course, eating pork every meal was also not good. With this arrangement, both families had fish and pork every day during the latter part of the war.

After one large-scale air raid, the school was closed. I became a professional fisherman. We were brave to fish under the bombing of B-24's and 29's, and dive fire of Grumman and P-38's. We never hid. The air raid seemed to have nothing to do with us. We were simply outsiders. On occasion, we even saw the pilots flying the planes. They did not bother us. (See Attachment 1)

In the early 1945, we had very little rice. We ate dried pieces of potatoes as the main dish instead. The dried potato was dark brown, often containing worms. It was very difficult to eat and swallow. My

parents tried hard to get some rice from the black market, but this was hard and risky. They were successful only on occasion.

We had stayed in Chua Thiau's house for about a year or so, before moving to a house with two bedrooms with a kitchen and a rather big storage area. The house was old built poorly. Some parts of the house were rotted out. The living area, however, was much bigger and the surrounding neighborhood was excellent. On one side of the house was a banana field; on the other was, a manual water pump and a huge pile of straws. Beyond the straw were a few farm houses. Between the pump and the straw pile was a stone mortar for husking rice shells. Behind the house was Ko Re A's vegetable field, next was a paddy field, and then the stone wall of the Lake Thai Hi. From our house to the Lake Thai Hi was about a ten-minute walk.

There is an important reason for me to mention the straw pile and stone mortar. The Chen Family owned the pile and they hid a lot of dried rice inside, which of course was illegal. At night, we heard noise from Chen's husking their rice with the stone mortar. Since the police station was on the other side of the village, Chen was quite comfortable skirting the rules. Another Chen living next door was doing the same thing. They gave us illegal rice occasionally.

When we were desperately looking for rice, a colleague of Father made a proposal: in exchange of two Taus⁸ of rice a month, I would watch their cows. The proposal worried me since I would have to live with and work for these people, effectively separating me from my family.. But, for some unknown reason, they changed their minds. Their decision certainly changed my life.

Not too far from my house were a few longan trees, which belonged to the vegetable field's owner Ko Re A. When the longan fruit was ripe, they were a huge temptation especially to someone starving. At night, I would climb up the trees and picked the fruits. I ate longan until I had enough. I never brought home stolen fruits because I did not want my family to know since they surely would not approve.

⁸ Two Taus of rice typically feeds one person for a month

In Takao, there were two rice harvests each year; one in October, the other in April. When the April season was over, we always went to the paddy field to catch loaches and eels. They were good to eat, although we did not catch many. We did catch a lot in May, 1945.

The End of the War

It was a clear day. American planes dropped propaganda material from the sky while we were fishing. Although we were prohibited from picking up any of those materials, I picked one up out of curiosity. It was the Cairo Declaration concerning the future of Taiwan.

In the early August, the Americans bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki with the newly developed atomic bombs. Thus, a new era began. On the fifteenth of the month, the Emperor announced the statement of "Japanese Surrender" on radio, "Gyoku On Ho So". The announcement did not bring us joy or sorrow. It was only a historical milestone. Of course the bombing was stopped but we did not know what would happen to us.

Father was concerned with my older brother's fate. We had not heard any news from him for so long. To obtain information on Taiwanese in Japan, I biked each day to the North Gate of Hong-San so that I could purchase a newspaper. The trip took me a little more than an hour. The bike was – adult-size (28") and I was too small to sit on the seat while pedaling. The only thing I could do was, putting my right foot on the other side of the pedal through the frame, and also placing my left hand on the left side of the handle and the other on the seat. Since I wore a pair of long pants, quite often the tip of a trouser would get caught between the gear and chain. I would fall down with the bike. Many times I would get hurt. Moreover, it was very difficult to free my trouser. I always needed someone else's help.

At Hong-San, I saw Chinese policemen for the first time in my life. They wore yellow uniforms, and were both neat and orderly, which gave me a good first impression. A few days later, also at Hong-San, I saw Chinese soldiers for the first time. They were exiting from the train station and I was extremely disappointed with their appearance. In my

mind, I had visualized Chinese soldiers based on my memory of Japanese soldiers. The Chinese soldiers' formation was very disorderly, and their marching was no better than civilians walking down the street. They wore light-green coarse-quality uniforms, straw sandals, and gaiters that were not worn properly. In addition, they carried their cooking pans and umbrellas with them.

Soon after their arrival, people started to say that the Chinese soldiers with their straw sandals could scale the wall to the 5th floor of the Yoshii Department Store. And when they came down, they used their umbrellas as parachutes. At any rate, many Taiwanese people were dreaming. They wanted to believe that the Chinese had to be better than the Japanese they defeated.

Father began to teach us Chinese using the Three-Character Classic, although the school was still closed. We also learned to sing the Chinese national anthem and a song to welcome the people from Motherland. Occasionally, we heard Taiwanese said, "Taiwanese are lucky. We can live either with our fathers or mothers." or, "If Japan wins, Taiwanese are the first class citizens; if Japan loses, we are still first class citizens." They gave me the impression that our fate was good. When the Chinese arrived, we quickly changed our minds. We started saying, "Before the newcomers arrived, we did not know how good the old ones were."

Prices inflated exorbitantly. Money became paper. In the exchange, a bundle that would normally contain ten 100-yen bills often contained only eight or nine. People did not care. One more or less piece of waste paper was immaterial. For a large exchange, for instance purchasing a cow, people needed a flour bag, or sometimes a larger bag to hold all the bills. The inflation worsened daily. The printing machines were operated day and night. Father always received his monthly paychecks late. The delays were extremely costly due to the hyperinflation. Our life was worse after the war. Fortunately we were lucky enough to have a vegetable garden behind our house so we could pick up the unsellable parts for our meals. Sometimes, our farmer neighbors would help during the harvest seasons. We may have been "first class citizens," but life was very difficult. Taiwan was reclaimed by China, but this was a tragedy.

During this period of hyperinflation and resource shortages, the country somehow produced excess sugar. We could even get sugar for free, although it was half burned. This sugar was most likely from the sugar storages which were partially bombed by Americans. My home had a lot of sugar, too. With ample time, I invented a method to make candies. I melted sugar in a heated pan, and then poured it into a bucket of cold water. I then collected the candy from the bottom of the bucket. I called it "Soft Candy", because it was so soft. It was not perfect, but it satisfied my greedy mouth.

Soon after the war, Father was transferred to Kominato where we once lived. So, we had made a big circle to come home without trying. Our relatives were still there. We still maintained contact with them during the war. Again, we rode on a cart pulled by a cow from Niau-Song to Kominato, which was largely unchanged except the public school had been destroyed by bombs. I saw many Japanese selling their belongings on the roadside. Each family was only allowed to bring one thousand yen and two bags back to Japan. They were waiting to return home.

Japanese had the ability to bend and stretch as needed. They did not retaliate when they were punished or insulted by Taiwanese. It used to be the other way around. They had taught Taiwanese that a man should act like a carp. When caught, the carp struggles vigorously, but once placed on a chopping board, it stops fighting and lies quietly. At the time, some Japanese committed suicide.

During my trips to Hong-San I often saw notes posted on electricity poles which indicated the time and people would be brought out to public and punished. These people never ran away. They waited to be insulted and physically punished.

I graduated from my primary school in Kominato Public School after only two months. There was no ceremony and no diploma either. My primary school life became history. In March of that year, I went to take the entrance examination for the Kao-Hsiung First Middle School and failed. I had not attended school the past year at Niau-Song. The language was changed from Japanese to Chinese after the war and

Chinese was used in the examination. I was not prepared to take the test, but I did not have any other choice.

I did not attend my brother or sister's graduation ceremonies. They recounted singing, " Hotaru no hikari, mado no yuki . . ." and "Aogeba tootoshi wagashi no on. . . ." with tears. Also, they received their diplomas from their principals. I regretted not having the same opportunity because of the war.

PART FIVE

Kominato Public School

By this time, the name Kominato had been changed to Shio Kang (Taiwanese). Soon it would be Shiau Kang (Chinese). Although I was born in Kominato, I was now a stranger. We had moved to Hong-San before I was old enough to remember. Yes, I had visited Kominato during our time away, but Kominato was only the home of my third uncle and aunt, and nothing more. Because we had relatives in Kominato, this move was quite different from others.

Under Japanese rule, the school year finished in March. As soon as we arrived at Kominato, I reported to Kominato Kita Public School, which had recently been renamed Shio-Kang Pak Public School. I had not gone to school from the beginning of the bombing until moving to Kominato. After less than two months in Kominato Kita, I went to take the entrance examination for Kao-Hsiung First Middle School. Before the test, I did not know how poorly I was prepared. On the way to the test, Father taught me "Ueki zan" and "Tsuru Kame zan". He was surprised at how little I knew. I think at the time he knew that I would not pass. Of course, I failed, but only one person from my class was able to pass the test.

I went back to the grammar school, which moved to the school building used by Japanese kids before the war. The Kominato Kita Public School was closed forever. The new school became Shio-Kang Public School. The school surroundings were quite beautiful and peaceful. Behind the school was a rice paddy next to the bay. In front was a paved road which was the main highway for going to Ko Hion, Hong-San or a small harbor. There was also a park on the other side of the road. Facing the park was a Japanese Altar on the left side (north) of the school. To the right side was a small paved path taking one to either the bay or the sugar mill. Past the paved path were the houses for the sugar and paper mill's high officers. At the sugar mill, there was a small train operated by the company to transport people from Shio Kang to Hong-San, and then onto Kao Hsiung.

We had three teachers: Kan-You-Mei, So Khaki and Lee Kit, all Taiwanese. Among them, So Khaki was the most educated and graduated

from junior high school. Although the education system was fairly standard, my progress was very rapidly. In a few months I began to do really well at school. Mr. Lee Kit taught Chinese, or Han. He taught us from "A man has two hands; one hand has five fingers..." We just tried to memorize all the words without knowing their meaning. He also taught us History, which started with Puan Ko opening the heaven and earth. It was absurd, of course, but when comparing it with Japanese's Amaterasu Omikami, it was not too bad. We were so interested in learning that we did not care whether factual or not. I was the best student in his class, so he liked me a lot.

Once he ran into me in the morning just before a test and asked me, "Why do you need to feed a soldier for a thousand days?"

I did not have the answer. He told me the answer, "In case they need to fight for you in one morning."

This question was on the test. I scored one hundred points, the only one. He liked me more after the test and mentioned me in class quite often. He smiled at me every time he saw me and I have never forgotten the smile. His encouragement provided me the support I needed and my Han language improved tremendously under his guidance.

I missed him so much after he left and I was hoping to see him some day. However, I knew that he lived in far away and so in fact, there was no realistic chance that I would ever see him again.

A few years later, surprisingly I found out that he was Father's colleague although in a different department. One day he came to see Father. I met him in Father's office. Regardless of my detailed recollections, he insisted that he did not know me. I was so disappointed. The fire in my heart was put down by his coldness. I cried several times and remained saddened long after the meeting.

It was time for the entrance examination for junior high school. One of my cousins was a student at the Kaohsiung Technical School. He told me it was much easier to get into the Department of Metallurgy than others because the number of people who took the examination was typically less than the available openings. I decided to test for that department.

When I was a student at the Shio Kang Public School, the neighborhood was safe and secure, except for a few break-ins at the empty Sugar Mill houses, once used by the Japanese. However, those thieves left ordinary people alone.

There were some hucksters who occasionally visited. Unfortunately, one day a huckster arrived at my home. Several ladies were chatting when they all heard the "Chiro, Chiro"-- a familiar call from fabric sellers. They went out to see the fabric. On the top of the pile was a piece of high quality material. The seller refused to show the rest of the fabric but claimed the rest of the pile was much nicer. He also said it was so expensive they could not afford the nicer fabric and asked them not to bother.

The seller and ladies started to negotiate for a while, and then he said in desperation that if they could pay 2,000 yen, they could have the entire pile. Originally, they decided to buy the fabric together, but when they found out they were cheated, they gave it up! Somehow Mother ended up as the only buyer. We were wearing the clothes made of the low quality fabric for 2 to 3 years.

During this period, the so-called "Lau Pek Un Prophecies" surfaced. Lau was a sage. At this time, people could not find enough food to live. Life was hard. People did not know where they were heading, so the "Lau Pek-Un Prophecy" was disturbing. Many people believed it too. It described what it would be for Taiwan in the future. I remember vaguely it said, ". . . A lot of food, but nobody eats; a lot of houses none occupies. . ." Many people distributed the Prophecy. Some even advertised it. It looked like the end of the world was approaching. I think the Prophecy was foretelling the coming 2-28 Incident (Please read "Formosa Betrayed" by George Kerr or Google "Taiwan 2-28 1947").

Before my graduating from primary school, I was smart and quiet, but not hard-working. However, I was an impish child, especially near my graduation. The following are three examples.

Stealing Rian Bu

There was a rian bu tree with a lot of fruits in the backyard of a Sugar Mill house. When I saw the Japanese housewife leave home, I asked a trash collector from Hong-San to climb the tree and pick rian bu fruits for himself and drop a few for me. I told him that my folks had gone to Kao Hsiung and I was alone at home. Instantly, he got up the tree enthusiastically. In the tree, he ate, pocketed, and dropped some fruits. When I saw a Sugar Mill guard coming, I ran away and left him up a tree.

Stealing Tomatoes

I contrived a tricky scheme to steal tomatoes from the backyards of some Sugar Mill houses. I partnered with a friend, Chan, who pretended to collect emptied bottles from the housewife. He would engage her in conversation at the front door as long as he could. Our third partner, Lian, would go into the backyard to steal tomatoes. I watched and gave signals. We did very well and never ran into any problems.

Stealing Mangos

Stealing mangos became my extracurricular activity. One day, I climbed up a tall mango tree and started picking mangos. Unfortunately, the house wife saw me. She asked me to come down, but I refused to do so. She went to find a long pole used for drying clothes to hit me, but I climbed out of her reach. She started to scream at me since she could do little else. Then, she devised a tricky plan and pretended to go back to the house, but suddenly returned. I was alert; she could not trick me. Finally she had to give up on me. It was an afternoon full of surprises.

PART SIX

Kao Hsiung Junior Technical School

Entering the Department of Metallurgy

There were seven Middle Schools in Kao-Hsiung in July, 1946: the First Middle School, Second Middle School, Technical School, Commercial School, Fishery School (just being established), Girls' Middle School and Siuku Toku Girls' Middle School (Junior High School). The primary reason I chose Technical School was because the sugar and a paper mill were close to my home, and Shiau Kang (Kominato) was next to South Japan's (Ram Jit Pun's) industrial district.

This was not the entire reason or I would not have chosen to attend the First Middle School the previous March. Perhaps, it was the same reason as I chose the Department of Metallurgy--Simply, it was easy to get in. Or, since I chose Metallurgy, I had to attend Technical School. At any rate, based on my family background and my ignorance, the reason could not be noble, such as wanting to be a world savior. When I was a child, I was a follower and never a leader. I was not ambitious, and had never chopped down a cherry tree (George Washington) or got hit by a falling apple (Isaac Newton).

The Kao Hsiung Technical School at the time was very famous, not for its academics, but rather for very many rascals in school. However, it had been well respected during the Japanese rule.

The Technical School was located at Phak Tia Kim, a Kao Hsiung suburb. It was surrounded by rice paddies. The Japanese were fairly ambitious when they built the school. It consisted of the Mechanical, Aeronautical, Metallurgical, Chemical, Electrical, Civil and Architectural Engineering Departments. When I entered the school, it was a long two-story administration building with some classrooms, a light green lime wall and a black shingled roof. In addition, there were two other long one story buildings for both classrooms and laboratories. According to the original plan, there were supposed to be five other buildings, a different department in each. Too bad the plan was not completed due to the war. We still could see the five unfinished foundations, or ruins. In the

farming season, the farmers planted rice inside the ruins and the ruins became enclosed paddies.

There were two ways to go to school from Hong-San or Fon San in Chinese. The first started from the train station. The students walked along the railroad between Hong-San and Kao Hsiung, turned onto a cow cart road and paddy ridges, and then entered from the rear of the school. The other way, students took the train from Hong-San station to Kao Hsiung station, crossed the railroad tracks and walked on a cow cart road and then a section of the Nan-Kao Highway for about 20 minutes, and finally on a rock road for another 15 minutes. Most students walked from Hong-San to school directly without going through Kao Hsiung which was more convenient. One saved train fare and avoided time waiting for the train. Both routes took almost the same time. All the students from Shiau Kang including me took the first route. We had a lot of company with students from Shiau Kang, Hong-San, and Tua Riau.

There were still some hold-over Japanese influences on the middle schools in 1946. One of them was corporal punishment. The very first day on my way to the train station, I met Chin Mei Ei, a freshman in senior school. He had transferred from Takao Commercial and Technical School at the end of the War. I said, "Gau Cha," to him which meant good morning in Taiwanese. Just before the small train left the station, we talked quite excitedly since it was the first day of school.

When the train left the station, he stood up with authority and pride and asked the new students at the Technical School to stand up. He then screamed at us, "You, what do you mean by Gau Cha!?" He hit each student on both cheeks and said, "Kongo wa 'O Ha You Go Ja Imas' wo chu kat te moraitai." (From now on, please use "Good morning, Sir.") This was my first lesson at Technical School.

I hated after the first encounter, and I never liked him the rest of my life. Addressing those who were punished, Mr. Jen said that we should be thankful that we were hit. Chin Mei Ei was doing this for our own good. Another one, Mr. Chen, returned from the Navy Workers' Training Camp in Japan not too long ago, had a different attitude. He accepted it as a military man. Corporal punishment was a daily routine in the military

and he told me that I should not feel too bad since being hit was a minor thing in the military.

Thereafter, I was subjected to a corporal punishment one more time. It was called "Tai-Kou Yen-Shiu" or hitting each other. My assigned opponent was a good friend of mine at the time, Sai Rei Ki. At the very beginning I hit him lightly on his cheek. A senior guy showed me what he meant by hitting and struck me really hard. I complied by hitting Sai. In return, he hit me the same way or even harder. We continued to hit each other harder and harder until the senior stopped us. After the exercise, Sai and I were no longer friends. We never even said "Hi" when we met.

School did not require an official uniform. However, most students wore an old Japanese school cap, a duck-tongue visor with three white strings circled around the cap and a brass badge with a word "Tech." There was no place to buy the badge, and the school did not furnish them. So we had to make it for ourselves using a clay mold and melted tin. As students in Junior Tech, we had to sew the strings. The Senior Tech students tied their strings by hand. Many of them let the ends of the string hang down from the back of their necks to their shoulders. They felt dignified by doing so, at least many thought.

The orientation was called New Students Training but was really a labor service. The school misunderstood the meaning, I think. It was much different than school orientation in the US. During orientation, a classmate of mine, Chen, always teased me that I was a "Baka Shin Sei" which meant stupid because I was too honest. After orientation, we still did not know much about the school.

At school registration, we had to pay a lot of money for many different items. One of them, as I still remember, was Accumulation of Funds for Graduation Trip. It was amazing that the school principal, Mr. Lee Shio Yen, who had been a graduate of Tainan Technical High School (Tainan Kotou Kougyou under Japanese), had learned all those Chinese tricks after less than a year of Chinese rule.

Soon after registration, students at High Technical School led all the students, including Junior Technical School, for staging a strike. We were asking for the return of a portion of the registration fees. It went on for

about a month, and then the school was re-opened. We were given back some of the money. The school changed and our principal was replaced. The new one was named Liau, also a Taiwanese. I could not remember his first name any more. Most of the middle schools Principals in Kao Hsiung were Taiwanese at the time. I still remember the Principal of the Middle School was Mr. Lin Kei Gen, and Commercial School was Mr. Lin Tou Kan. Their jobs all lasted until the 2-28 Incident when they all were jailed.

Most of our teachers were Taiwanese, some were Chinese, and a small fraction was Japanese. My home class teacher was Japanese. The Taiwanese teachers' qualifications were either graduates of high school, teacher school, or junior college. The Chinese were even less qualified as they spoke different and difficult to understand languages.

One of our teachers who taught our Chinese came from Fuchou, China. His spoken language was supposed to be the national language, but to me his language was more like Fuchounese than the national language. I knew neither Chinese nor Fuchounese. Strange enough, sometimes we knew parts of what he was saying. Unfortunately, our English teacher was not better than our Chinese one. His English was so called Japanese English which pronounced every single letter. At this time, all of the students were Taiwanese.

2-28 Incident

Since the time Chen Yi, Taiwan Administration Chief Officer, took his position, Taiwan reverted to the Dark Ages. The society was ill, people were uneasy, inflation was terrible, and so many young people were unemployed. The "beggar soldiers" on the street scared women and children. On the streets of Shiau Kang, I had the following two bad experiences.

When I was holding my brother with my arms and walking on the street in front of my house, a soldier on a bike crashed into me from behind. I was hurt slightly and my brother was crying hard. The soldier was unapologetic and screamed at me. I did not know what he was saying of course, but by his gestures I knew he was asking me to pay for the

“damages” to his bike. I examined the bike and saw the handle was not in the right position. After I adjusted the handle, he rode away on his bike still cursing.

One day, Mr. Pan, the owner of the drug store across the street from our house was cursing about a soldier returning the mixed Chinese medicine he had ordered. He only complained after the soldier had been gone for a while because he was afraid of the soldier who had a gun. Mr. Pan could not sell the medicine any more once it was mixed.

These experiences portended something terrible was coming.

One morning in March of 1947, a friend told me at school that he saw several young men were burning the bills they took from a bank in front of the Kao Hsiung Train Station. He showed me a piece of half burned ones which he had picked up. He also told me that he had seen a Chinese beaten.

Next day, the school was abuzz. There was an undeniable fighting mood and the teachers decided to mobilize students who were sophomores or older. I was a freshman, so I was excused.

Our physics teacher, Mr. Lin Gi Kan from Bi Nou, stood on a stage in the field and spoke, "...Principal Liau is the Captain, and I am his assistant..." in Japanese. I saw some older students carrying 3-8 rifles out from the stock room and placing them on the grass field.

No one objected to the actions. The younger students, like me, also agreed with what they were doing. If the government is unlawful, what is the right of the people? They had a right to revolt, but they chose a mild one and only requested improvements. As a result, they initiated a disaster that still remains after 50 years.

Rural Shiau Kang was not directly involved in the 228 Incident when 20,000 Taiwanese were killed by the Chinese. History has largely ignored the Incident. One individual from Shiau Kang, named Tan Ka Fu, ran a clock business in Kao Hsiung and was killed by Chinese soldiers who came to the store to rob him. Although Tan still had many relatives in Shiau Kang, he had left the village long ago so his death did not disturb villagers much. It was just one of those things happened in the Incident.

I was most affected by the death of Lim Kai. Mr. Lim was a representative sent by Kao Hsiung citizens to talk to Peng Mung Chi, the Commander in Chief in Shou San (Kotobuki Yama) and was subsequently killed. According to second hand information from Father, he was killed because of a sheet of paper in his pocket containing propaganda that he'd picked up on his way to see Peng. During the war, both Mr. Lim and our families lived in Niau-Song. One of his daughters was a classmate of mine.

After the Incident, people were very uneasy. Taiwan was altered. In addition to the problems before the Incident, Taiwanese now did not trust their relatives, friends and neighbors. Their dignity had been destroyed and they led their lives with terror. Guns and spies occupied their entire consciousness. Their civilization retreated for many scores of years. The society was confused. The effects were not temporary, unfortunately, and Taiwanese had to learn to live in the terrible environment.

After the Incident, we went back to school, but everything was different. Principal Liao was still in jail. The students were not allowed to wear the old caps and badges. Temporarily, we wore white Lumpen caps. Every five students were required to form a group to ensure each other's thoughts were correct. In addition, each student needed two residents from Kao Hsiung City to verify the correctness of their thinking. Every Taiwanese was locked with a heavy cangue.

Principal Liao returned after spending a few months in jail. He walked differently and we were told that was the result of being tied with a heavy iron wire. Poor Principal Liao was guilty of only being a Taiwanese intellectual.

Soon, Principal Liao went away. Here came the San Tong clan including the Principal, the Educational Administrative, Students' Behavior Administrative and many teachers. All of them were from San Tong Province, China.

The school invited a commentator to give a speech to students. He announced without any factual support that the 2-28 Incident was started by communists. He said that 2-28 in Chinese (二二八) could make Kong

(共) which was half of the communism (共產) in Chinese. This was sufficient to prove that communists were the ones responsible for the Incident. It was absurd of course. The Incident really started on 227, Komintan (KMT) was the one to call it 2-28. If the Incident had started by communists, as KMT claimed, then the agitator would have been KMT itself.

Post Incident, Taiwanese became ignorant. They did not dare to open their mouths. Without the guarantees for correct thought, one was not allowed to go through the registration process. I did not have any relatives living in Kao Hsiung City; therefore, to go through the registration became a nightmare. In addition, I had problems coming up with the registration fee. These two challenges almost kept me from going to school.

The Lumpen caps were replaced by light green student caps after a while. The new badges were Blue-Sky-White-Sun made of a thin metal sheet. All the students in Taiwan wore the same badge.

Transferring to the Department of Chemistry

During my second year, the school decided to combine Department of Mechanical, Metallurgical and Aeronautical Engineering into the Department of Mechanical Engineering in the Senior Technical School; and to combine Aeronautical and Mechanical to Mechanical, and Chemical and Metallurgical to Chemistry Department in the Junior School. The Schools were then composed of five Departments in both Senior and Junior Schools. During the change, the School allowed students to transfer Departments almost freely. I intended to transfer to Mechanical but failed due to some mistakes in the process. Several years later, I found out the failure was fortunate for me since my brain was really not suited for mechanical engineering. The only reason I wanted to transfer to mechanical engineering was because it was the best known Department in the school. It was my vanity leading me. In fact, I was most suitable for the Chemistry Department.

Soon, they changed Department of Chemistry to Chemical Engineering. The Department hired a lot of teachers who were

pharmacists and had graduated from pharmaceutical junior colleges in Japan. Those teachers were hired by Mr. Shi Chin Hien, a person from Chuo In, Kao Hsiung. I did not think at the time that they were qualified to be chemical engineering teachers. I didn't think they were qualified to teach anything. They offered more than twenty mandatory subjects, both technical and nontechnical. We were required to take so many subjects that we became ill literally trying to keep up with all the work. The situation was even worse during final examinations. With so many classes, the examination period had to be extended. Even so, I did learn quite a lot of chemistry from Mr. Shi. My technique of using a chemical balance was good; I had learned it from him. He was a very diligent and hardworking, but he was not a good teacher. His teaching ethic was poor and his students did not respect him as a result. They gave him a nickname of Sai Pua E which meant that he smelled like "shit". Perhaps, his personality was so bad, that the nickname was deserved. Once, the students conducted a secret poll. In the poll, a student wrote, "Overthrow the Head of Chemical Engineering Department, Shi Chin-Hien."

Mr. Shi was angry and wanted to find the writer, although the poll was supposed to be secret. He rearranged the words of that phrase excluding his name, and asked every single student to write them on a sheet of paper for him. No one including the writer knew he was looking for clues to the real culprit. He was rather a good detective. After a thorough investigation, he came back to the classroom and asked the guilty student to raise his hand or report to his office. He indicated he had found out who was the writer. No one raised his hand in the class, but we knew he caught the guilty student. No one knew how he handled the student.

I remember well, time after time, Mr. Shi brought a test tube of hydrochloric acid solution and that of silver nitrate solution to the class and slowly put one solution into the other to create a white precipitation. In front of us, he was a magician.

I did not like him not because of the above reasons. I had another reason more serious. I was very sensitive on the dignity issue. Because my

family was poor, I had tried hard to protect my dignity. At that time, I was wearing clothes made of American aid flour bag by my mother. She cut and sewed the clothes by hand. Hand sewn clothes looked awful. On the top of that, my mother was not a gifted seamstress. Therefore, wearing home-made clothes was a terrible for a student struggling for dignity. It made me ashamed to wear and gave me an inferiority complex.

Evidently, Mr. Shi did not like me at all. One reason could be that he did not like my clothes, as I always suspected. He had become my class teacher and the Department Head for quite a while but we never talk. One day, he needed students to copy some documents for him. To make sure our hand writing were sufficiently good, he asked us to show him one of our notebooks. He went from one after another to check the penmanship. He went by me and did not look at my notebook but my clothes. He asked almost everyone except me for the assignment. Of course, it was very subjective, but I knew my writing was better than most of the students. This incident lingered in my mind for a very long time. I despised him for what he did to me. At the time, there were a lot of other teachers who behaved like Mr. Shi. Some of them told students dirty jokes in class, and some stood at the class door to watch Principal or Educational Administrative for students during the examination so students could cheat to improve their test scores.

Farming

When I was a sophomore at the Technical School, we became instant farmers. Due to the Sugar Factory's alternative cultivation program, we were able to rent three lots of their sugar cane land for farming. The total size was eight Funs in the Taiwanese scale. Although we became farmers, we were really a special kind. All we could do was flow water into the paddies; we had to hire the real farmers to do the tilling, seeding, fertilizing, weeding, harvesting and drying. We knew we would not make money this way, but it forced us to save. This was a good way to save especially for my tuitions.

Mother did the watering during the day and it was my job at night. After returning from school, I went directly to the paddy. Sometimes, I

worked the entire night and had to catch the only train to school in the morning at 5:50AM without taking a rest. At night, I was quite often the only soul in the middle of nowhere, but I did not feel lonely because I was too scared, mostly because of ghosts and snakes. At the start of the season, I had to go to the far upstream to bring water down. Since the creek was dry and the ground was cracked, the process took a lot of time. Occasionally, after an entire night of work, the water did not arrive at our rice paddy. To prevent the water being diverted elsewhere, I had to go to the upstream many times a night. I was so tired in the morning, but I still had to catch the train for school.

At the time, I had a white dog, Sharp, who accompanied me at work. The sole purpose was to reduce my fears. Later when I was in college, Sharp died from rabies. I was sad for a long time.

I still remember well that Father once took me to help him survey a mountain area. He told me the place, Ko Heki Lin, used to be the home base of Lim Siau Niau, a bandit according to Japanese. Father did not tell me who Lim was and I did not ask him either. Later I learned from Taiwanese that he was a hero. From this survey, I vaguely knew the reason why the sugar mill in Shiau Kang was called Ko Heki Lin Sugar Manufacturing Company. It was changed to Shiau Kang Sugar Manufacturing Company later.

Extracurricular Activities

In my third year of school, we went to an exhibition in Taipei at the former Taiwan Governor's Administration Building, and now Taiwan Presidential Building. The Building was bombed during the war and restored by donations afterwards. Our leader was an administrative officer and Dean of Students. He was also Taiwanese whose Chinese was rather poor. In his talk, he used 'Ye-you' ('too' in English) quite often, and soon 'Ye-you' became his nickname. We used Taipei San-Kong School's auditorium as a temporary dormitory. I don't have much memory of the trip but that Taipei was more prosperous and busier than I had imagined. In the exhibition, I remembered I saw a photo with a large black penis of a whale. The only things left from the trip were some

memories and a photo taken by a professional photographer. The photo reminded me of a side trip to Sin Pei Tou, since that's where the photo was taken. I did not understand why Father would pay for me to go for a trip, when we had little money for little else? I recall a photograph of my wearing a uniform during the trip. In Technical School, we started the military training from the third year, but for most started in senior school.

I had a busy life during my Junior High School years with long rides on the train to school and farming. Occasionally, I brought an empty soybean paste (miso in Japanese) barrel to catch crabs in the bay. I tied myself with a rope around my waist to the barrel which floated on top of the water. I searched the bed of the bay using bare hands to catch crabs, which were then placed into the barrel. Too many times my hands were hurt by their pinchers. It was very painful. I always caught plenty of crabs, but my hands never escaped injury. A few times, I took a boat across the bay to Fon Mao Kang and fished in the Pacific Ocean. I fished for smelts most of the time, but I was never lucky fishing there. In Fon Mao Kang I found that civilization had passed them by. Fishermen had difficult lives and they worshiped their gods devotedly. My impressions were that there were few toilets, the sanitary conditions were awful, and the fishermen were extremely poor.

My home was close to the sugar mill, and because most friends' parents worked for the mill, it was easy for me to borrow books from the mill's library which was located near the creek. It became a routine for me to check out books from the library. I loved novels. I read a lot of them in both Chinese and Japanese including *All Men Are Brothers*, *Pilgrims to the West*, *The Romance of the Three Kingdoms*, *Ro-Thon Sau Pei*, *Shi Jin Kue Chun Tong*, *Suo Tan Chian Chuan*, *Orphan Riu Ran Chi*, and *Khu Shin Rei* etc. I read whatever I could get. At the time, both of my Chinese and Japanese were so bad, and I had to read fairly slowly. In most cases, I could only partially understand the novels. Many times I needed to guess the meaning of words, which was often guessed wrong. But, I was happy nonetheless. My difficulty reading never lessened my passion for reading.

The Ko Heki Lin Sugar Manufacturing Corporation - Siau Kang was more generous than the Sin Ko Sugar Manufacturing Company - Ta Riau. They not only let non-employees borrow their books from their library, they also showed movies in their park that were open to public. I saw my first Chinese movie in the park. The film was called "A River of Spring Water Went East," or in Chinese: "I-Chian Chun-Sue Sian Tong Riu." The story was a tragedy and divided in two volumes with Pai Yang as lead actress. During the war, Pai Yang was at home and having a difficult life. She was eagerly waiting for her husband at the battle front to come home. The day came finally; unfortunately, she found that her husband had taken a mistress. Since the film was fifty years ago, I can only remember it vaguely. The movie earned a lot of tears from the audience including me. It was said that Pai Yang became a communist. Although I did not like communists, I thought she did the right thing. Knowing KMT's cruel and hopeless nature, anything was better than KMT.

In my Junior Technical School years, the financial situation in my family did not improve and we were still very poor. We were so poor that many times we worried about the possibility of "no kitchen fire" which means nothing to cook. Providing meals was difficult, but we went through each meal anyway. Good thing is that life marches on and never stops for a minute; otherwise, we would have lost our lives countless times. When we ran out of rice and potato, we went to fields to pick up "Chi Hen A", "Chiau Hen A", "Kau Jo Chai", or potato leaves to eat. Most of them were weeds. In the worst case, we stole sugar cane belonged to the sugar mill. My mother said quite often that never had anyone starved to death in Taiwan.

I am going to use the following five stories to conclude my Junior Technical years.

One day, my two younger brothers were playing outside, and one of them was hit by a person who was riding the bike. He was hurt and in pain, but when the person gave them two yens, they smiled. Two yens was not much, probably only good for a few pieces of candy, but they

felt lucky to be involved in the accident. One could easily realize how poor we were.

The first photograph of me was taken when I was at the Junior Technical School. It was a two by two inch, upper half portrait for official use. Probably because it was my first photo, my facial expression was so unnatural, seemingly expressionless. The photograph was also not very clear. I looked like I had Taiwanese aboriginal blood in the photo. Does my blood contain some aborigine? I don't know. The second photograph was taken at the Pei Tou Park when we went to Taipei on the exhibition trip. Mr. Baku Bun Shio was in the picture with me. The quality of the picture was rather poor, although the person who took it was supposed to be a professional. Since the resolution was so bad that one could not easily identify the faces. At any rate, I still remember clearly how painful I was when I paid the bill. Regardless, that photo reminds me of my good friend Baku Bun Shio. These were the only photos taken of me before senior school.

After a heavy rain, my fourth brother went swimming in the Sugar Mill Creek, and was swept away by rising water. Fortunately, there was a fisherman downstream near the bay that luckily caught him in his net. The fisherman had been catching small shrimp at the time. There were so many "ifs", missing anyone of them could cost his life. He was lucky. The fisherman believed he took him away from the ghost, so he burned "ghost papers" at the place he saved him. Those papers were given to him by my brother. This process was needed to avoid any future meeting between the fisherman and the ghost.

One day on my way to the library, I saw so little water in the Sugar Mill Creek. There was only a small streamlet remaining in the middle since they had just released the water from the dam. There were a lot of fish flopping and struggling for their lives on the mud. I was the only one there. I went down and caught some. Unfortunately, I did not have anything to put my catch. So, I dug a hole in the mud to hide a few fish. I carried home several in my hands and planned to bring a bag back to carry the rest. I threw the fish into the kitchen sink and ran back to the creek where there were now a lot of people fighting for fish. I didn't see

fish flopping any more, and also I could not find the fish in the hole I dug. Heaven had played a trick on the person who was near starvation. I thought it was a dream, but there were fish in the kitchen sink.

During my Junior Technical School years, I took the earliest train departing from Siau Kang at 5:50AM. At 6:40AM it reached Fon San North Station. I walked from there to school in about fifty minutes. While we were walking, we had nothing to do and were very bored. In addition, the senior school students did not walk with us, so we were free. We played the finger-guessing game. Normally, the game was only played in alcohol drinking contests for adults. The loser was the one to drink. We played Japanese "Para Ken", "So Gou Ken," and "Taiwanese Kun." Today, I am still fairly good at the finger-guessing game. I did not learn it in the bar but walking from Fon San to school. I practiced for nearly two hours each day for three years. That should make anyone an expert. Later I returned to Taiwan in 1989 and was almost beaten by a third rate player at a bar.

(Please also read Attachment 2 for my difficult life in my Junior Technical School days.)

PART SEVEN

Kao Hsiung Senior Technical School

Entering Senior School

June 1949, I graduated from Junior School, and for a while I did not have a strong desire to go to a senior school. My parents' indifference probably was the main cause. I did not know they could support me financially to continue my education. If I had decided to quit school and gone to work to help them, I do not think they would have objected. But, I did not want to quit without a fight.

Although they were very supportive of education, they had never expressed any opinion on my attending school. Also, they did not care about what subject or major I should choose. My mother did think education was important, but she could not help since she was uneducated.

Whether or not I was going to a senior school was a sensitive issue. I was afraid of asking my parents because I did not want to hear the word "No".

I did some preparation work for the test but not whole heartily, since I still did not know if I would take the test. Even after I finished the registration for the entrance examination, I was still unsure. In my mind, registration did not necessarily mean that my parents would and could support my senior school education. Luckily, they never objected. I passed the entrance examination although I was not very happy with my scores. As matter of fact, I was not confident that I would be accepted because so many students were cheating. For example, I saw someone outside passing papers to the student who sat in front of me. Later I learned this person was his brother and a student in the Senior Technical School. The supervising teacher did not pay any attention to what was happening in the class. I thought that allowing students to cheating was just as bad as cheating. I did not like that at all, but I did nothing. Cheating was very common in the Technical School. It was one of the characteristics of the school, which made some students feel disgusted. I felt badly this trait extended to the entrance examination.

The cheating in the entrance examination did affect the quality of students who attended the school. For example, Mr. Wang, the top scoring student in our class, could not possibly be number one. I doubt he should have been admitted at all. He was not only poor academically, but he was also terrible in his behaviors. Many of his classmates thought his number one came from either by bribing or cheating. There were many cases like that of Wang.

In my class, there were five Chinese students. This was the first time in my life I had had Chinese classmates. I never had problems with them, although I didn't talk much with them. My Chinese was really poor, as were all my Taiwanese classmates'.

The first year in the Senior Tech, I still did not know I had to understand the subject. I tried to memorize everything. It had never occurred to me there were content behind the words in each subject. When I went to a test in Biology for instance, I memorized my notebook which had all the words teacher had written on the blackboard. In case of Geography, it was even more interesting. I photo-memorized every single page of the textbook beforehand. During the test, I would find the answers by "looking at" the appropriate page in my mind. Once, my teacher even suspected that I might have cheated in the test and asked me to answer the problem in her office later. My answer was exactly the same as my answer on the test. She shook her head and had to give me a perfect score. As far as Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry, I memorized the definition first and then studied the illustrations separately. There was no connection between the definition and illustrations in my mind. I did not connect the meanings behind the definitions which I think was very peculiar. Although my learning method was unconventional, I received good scores and also scholarships.

This habit of memorizing things without knowing their meanings may have started from my forced memorization of the Three-Character Classic when I was young. This was the first Chinese book I was taught and Father was the teacher. He taught me how to read the book and

asked me to memorize it, but nothing more. Later, my sixth grade Chinese teacher also used the same method as Father.

I always waited until a few days before the examination to study. To me, studying was for examination, nothing more. In extracurricular activities, if I did not have farm work or sports, I read novels. Most of these novels were translated. I liked French or Russian writers better. Soon due to a severe thought control imposed by KMT, most of the foreign books were banned. Since I was a good KMT student at the time, I never read books prohibited by the authority, although I was not happy.

Political Oppression

At this time, political oppression occurred quite often. It happened everywhere. We had a young and handsome Chemistry teacher, Mr. Yi. He was Chinese and graduated from a college not too long ago. Because of his expertise in Chemistry and having an excellent ethics in teaching, most students liked and respected him. He also played basketball with students and was a good player. One day he disappeared. In those days, students knew well they should not ask why? After a long period of time, he came back. He was crippled. He did not run in the basketball court any more. Occasionally he shot the ball alone.

The guy who gave us the first lesson, corporal punishment in the Tech School, Chin Mei Ei and his classmate Yo Sin Sei also from Siau Kang went to one of the public security offices to confess their secret political activities. Because of the confessions, they avoided cruel sentences, which included the death penalty. Our well respected Physical Education teacher, Mr. Shieh, was also involved too.

A father of my classmate, Mr. Chen's, was put in jail for a long time for not reporting that one of his friends had read some improper books. The law said that one would be equally punished for not reporting illegal actions of communist bandits. We were all in a very terrible situation. To me, the ones who should be shot were the officials who created the situation that caused patriots to convert to so-called bandits.

No one in my family and our relatives had ever got into trouble politically. All of us had an extremely cold blooded or were frightened

with politics. In fact, most Taiwanese were the same. They even believed that a person involved in politics had nothing else to do, and they also avoided those individuals.

I thought the law which prosecuted Chen's father was too cruel and should have been removed. It was against human nature to prosecute one's parents, brothers and relatives because one was a communist bandit.

Teachers

The qualifications of our teachers in the Senior Tech improved considerably. In the third and final year of Senior Tech, those graduating from pharmaceutical junior colleges had left. We had two new teachers who were both new graduates, one from Taiwan University (chemical engineering) and the other Tainan Engineering College (electrochemistry). The first was hardworking and serious teacher, the other, an easy teacher. In the first test, the easy teacher told us the problems in advance. Someone informed the Department, but he did not seem to care much. Before the next examination, he shared the problems which 'probably' would be used. He used the word 'probably' to cover his guilty. All happened to appear on the examination. Students liked and respected both teachers.

Students still cheated on the tests, but some safeguards were implemented with few results. The students still had the reputation of cheating and troublemaking. Many people were still associating the school with rascals.

There were two teachers who played a very important role in my future. One was Mr. Mao I Thin who taught Chinese and the other, Ms. Wang Su Shiu, taught Analytical Chemistry and served as Department Head for quite some time. Mr. Mao encouraged me to put much effort and time in Chinese which established a solid foundation for my Chinese today. Ms. Wang was a hardworking and always took time to talk to students when they needed her advice. She encouraged me to take the entrance examination to get into a college. One day, I visited her home. We talked about two classes of poverty: large and small. The large class

focused on simply survival; and the small class was self-sufficient but unable to help others. She continued to say that the one from the small class could go to college. Her words solidified my determination of going to college. She was my only guest to give a speech at my wedding ceremony later.

Extracurricular Activities

In addition to reading translated foreign and popular novels, I was also interested in playing table tennis, swimming and volleyball. We played table tennis in the employees' table tennis room at the sugar mill. The table was a standard size and our problem was not the table but the balls. There were two types of balls: soft and hard. The first was cheaper but very light. We always played the '102' type hard balls. I don't know the reason they were called '102'. To us, it only meant excellent although expensive. We loved it. At the time, Taiwanese were very poor and its students were even poorer. The table tennis ball was a luxury item and therefore rare to see in everyday life. When we played, the owner of the ball would sometimes ask the players not to hit too hard to preserve the ball's life. Of course, the game was less enjoyable as a result, but still better to play than the alternative. For any reason, when a ball was dented, we tried to fix by boiling them in hot water. If successful, the air inside would expand to return the ball back to round. Sometimes it worked, although not always. When a ball cracked, we fixed it with a cooked rice grain. But, the fixed ball rarely lasted long unfortunately. The rice grain was the only adhesive we had then. Occasionally, when the table tennis room was closed, we would push together a few classroom desks to make a table. Using this makeshift table was not too bad and much better than not playing.

About the time we entered the Senior Tech, a group of students at the middle schools in Siau Kang formed a volleyball team. We often challenged teams from the nearby villages. We did very well and won most of the matches. At that time, we played 9-man volleyball with no rotation of the positions. Most of the time, I played at the right position of the third row. Later, when I worked in the Taiwan Sugar Corporation,

I also chose to play the same position most of the time, but occasionally I played the middle or right position of the first row. I continued to play volleyball until I dislocated one of my fingers playing softball in the US. After that, I retired from volleyball.

I cannot forget to mention swimming. I learned to swimming fifth grade at Lake Ta Pi in Neaosong or Torimatsu. I started it in the shallow water and then, following the suggestion of Gan Ko Sei, a friend, attempted to swim across a water gate. It was easy for him, but I was afraid of not making it. I made my mind to swim to the measurement pole in the middle first, and then to the finish. Alas, I did not even make the first step. Before I got to the pole, I was sucking water and struggling. Thankfully, Gan saved me by extending a hand. After the incident, I learned many styles of swimming, such as doggy, semi-free, breaststroke and backstroke etc.

When I was in the second year of my Senior Tech, the sugar mill built a 25 meter swimming pool. As a result, I was able to swim competitive in 50 and 100 meter free style. I swam 1000 meters each day to train. Although I could be in the water for an entire day, 1000 meter free style was very much my limit at the time. During the summer of 1950, I attended the annual competition held by Kao Hsiung County at the Kao Hsiung City's swimming pool. In both 50 and 100 meter competitions, I got into the final. Unfortunately, I injured my windpipe during the race and had to give up my final. In order to improve our group scores, our leader asked someone to swim both races for me. As a result, I 'won' the 100 meter free style and 'finished second' in the 50 meter freestyle. The next day, my name was appeared in the newspapers and my classmates came to congratulated me. Since my leader told me not to disclose the fact, I was extremely embarrassed. In my heart, I knew I cheated. Based on the results, I had qualified to attend the competition in Tainan held by the Taiwan Government, but I did not compete. I felt guilty for a long time, although cheating was my leader's idea not mine.

During my second year in the Senior Tech, my sister got married to the Yeh family. It was a traditional marriage. Father did not agree in the beginning, but under his superiors' persistent persuasion he gave in.

Something happened long before her marriage, I want to recount how odd the custom was at that time in Taiwan. Many young men had sent secret letters of admiration to my sister, but she had not responded and kept them only to herself. Unfortunately, one day Father found out a particular person had sent a letter to my sister. Father was so angry. He created a huge problem for her and everyone else in the family, although my sister did not even know who the sender was.

Before the wedding, I had an argument with my sister and we stopped speaking. As a result, I chose not to attend the wedding. On her wedding day, I went to school as usual. I was so stubborn, but I was sorry for a long time. I have never apologized to her, although she forgave me shortly after the wedding. A couple weeks after the wedding I came home from school and I found my brother in law, one of his friends (Mr. Chen) and Father drinking together. Mr. Chen introduced my brother-in-law to me and asked me to call this stranger "Nissan," which was the common way of calling one's elder sister's husband then. My sister was so happy that she took me to see a movie "the Blue Mountains" and also bought me a pair of white sneakers the very next day.

In the Senior Tech, all students were required to wear a military uniform. I no longer looked poor, and I also did not interact with teachers who would hurt my dignity. Therefore, the days were much easier for me. My dignity recovered, although very slowly.

My Senior Year

Time eventually resolved my problem with "memorizing without understanding". In my senior year, finally I understood the necessity of understanding a subject. I wished someone had corrected my bad habit earlier.

After the school negotiated with the City Bus Office, the Office agreed to send a few buses to the school during hour when students were going to and returning from school. Since the number of the buses was limited, a draw was necessary to determine the lucky ones. Of course most people wanted to be a lucky one, but not me. I would be happy to

lose, because I did not have money to buy a ticket. Just like everyone else I participated in the draw. Luckily I did not get it. The same situation would happen many times in the future, for example, a draw for a physic book and slide rule in college.

For some unknown reason, I registered to take the college entrance examinations at the end of 1951. I had only 8 months to prepare. I figured I did not have much problem on mathematics, physics and chemistry, but Chinese and English would be very difficult, especially English. For Chinese, I decided to memorize and understand the entire Four Books and the Three Hundred Poems of Tang. And as far as English was concerned, I was determined to memorize and understand every single vocabulary in an English-Chinese dictionary. For English grammar, I decided to study two grammar books in Japanese written by Mr. Akao and Ono Keijirou, and also the Experimental Grammar in English. I did not need much time to memorize vocabulary, since I did it while I was walking to school. I had borrowed the two Japanese grammar books from You Sin Wa who was also preparing for the test. He failed in the previous year's one, but was very confident he could make it this time.

I had been stubborn in maintaining some principles. One of them was: "Do it all the way, or don't do it at all." In order to take the entrance examination, one had to work hard for it. I would be a graduate of the Technical School who was very different from those of a regular middle school. They went to school to prepare for the examination almost entirely, but we went to school to prepare for a job in society. The gate to get into a college was so narrow; I had to work many times more than those went to a middle school. With this in my mind, I determined to go to bed at midnight and get up at 5:00 in the morning every day. This was to mean I would sleep only 5 hours a day until the day I finished my examination.

I will like to take some time here to talk about You Sin Wa. He was an important person to me as far as taking the entrance examination. When I was in Ta Riau Public School, he moved to the same village I lived and became my classmates. But, for some unknown reason, when I

got into the Junior Technical School, he was one year ahead of me. When he knew that I would take the examination, he came to my home every evening to chat with me. He was at home every day to prepare for the test alone. Perhaps he got too boring staying home by himself entire day, he came to see me, always soon after I came home from school. At the very beginning, I thought it was helpful to talk to him about his experience. His information on the past test certainly provided me with some directions for the preparation. Borrowing his books was also very helpful. However, after a while, I was getting tired of him. He appeared exactly when I finished my supper, talked until midnight, and then left. Every day he repeated the same routine, with no exception. He continued to do this until a few weeks before the examination.

I had a weak point in my character. I could hardly say "no" to anyone especially someone whom I borrowed books from. I had to make a choice between having books and no time to study or, having time and no books to study. Of course, neither was a good choice.

Mr. You was determined to enter only the Department of Civil Engineering at Taiwan University. He would not accept any other department or university. In the future he would continue to take the examination for many years, but was never successful. Eventually he had to give up the idea of going to a college. He taught me that to pursue perfection is a good thing, but not the sole purpose. In most cases, perfection does not exist. Granted it might exist, but achieving perfection is not solely determined by the individual. There are too many other factors involved. A smart person should try to utilize all resources to attain his goal. He may not reach his goal perfectly, but he should be happy with a result which is near his goal. I always remind myself that the world is not perfect and life is short.

In the summer of that year, I failed the entrance examinations to enter both the Tainan Engineering College and the Taiwan University. When I took the entrance examination at the Tainan Engineering College, I stayed in a huge temporary bedroom provided by the college. I did not have a mosquito net, bed sheets or blanket. There were so many mosquitoes at night; I did not sleep during the entire examination period.

During the Taiwan University examination, I was with Mr. Lee, a classmate of mine. We went to stay at his father's old dormitory when he was at Taipei Technical School. We had some company from I Ran too. We all lived in the second floor and the host stayed in the first. They raised ducks for a living. In the morning, they routinely killed ducks and shipped them to the market. To make more money, they injected water into the ducks while the ducks were still alive.

Now that I failed, what should I do next? Some relatives advised me to go to work for the sugar mill as a temporary laborer. They encouraged me by telling stories of those who worked as temporary laborer and then became successful. My parents did not say a word. Of course I knew they did not object my working to help support the family. At this time, one of my younger brothers was going to Kao Hsiung Middle School; the financial situation in my family was getting worse. Since I was persistent in continuing to the end, I decided to take the examination the following year. My parents supported me. I went to see Ms. Su Siu Wang, my teacher again. She also encouraged me to retake the exam.

There was no supplementary school to prepare students for college entrance examination at the time. Even if there was one, I could not afford to attend. I had to prepare by myself. Based on my failed experience, I needed to work on my English and Chinese. Although my Chinese was bad, it was still better than most Taiwanese. I should study Chinese, but not too much. I needed to put most of my effort on English, and that's what I did. For English, I used the Experimental Grammar Book as the primary text and Akao's and Ono's as supplementary. I wanted to work on the Experimental Grammar Book until there were nothing left to learn. If I had time, I would try to re-memorize all the vocabulary in the dictionary. On Chinese, I would concentrate on the Four Books, and use the Three Hundred Poems of Tang and Ku Wen Kuan Tsu as supplementary. If I had sufficient time, I would read any books which were useful for the examination. In mathematics, chemistry and physics, I would only use sufficient time to review. While I was preparing for the next examination, the Education

Administration announced to add one more subject to the examination, the Three Principles of People. Therefore, I had to prepare for that subject, too. People doubted if the Three Principles of People could save China. But, it was evident now it might save an individual. An individual had to be good in the subject to get into a college from now on.

Soon after I failed the entrance examination, Typhoon Beth hit us very hard and destroyed our rental house completely. I was hurt on my right foot and the scar is still there. Temporarily, most of my family moved into my third uncle's house. Since the house was too small for our whole family, I lived with my fourth uncle for about a month, then stayed with Lee Chin Huei and Chian Chou-Yang, and finally moved to Peng Chau Khang's house. All of their houses except my third uncles were owned by the sugar mill. I thank them for their help during my difficult years. My life this year was certainly a very difficult one. The only thing I did in their houses was to sleep and study.

After Beth had passed, she did not give us back our peaceful life. Father was very ill for a long time. I thought about life if he died. What could we do? I had to give up my schooling to support my family since I was the oldest son at home. I was very uneasy. Father became so important to my family and me at that stage. As matter of fact, my going to college was not that important when compared with Father's life. Fortunately, he recovered after several months. It was a relief for everyone in my family especially me.

Honestly speaking, Father was not as responsible as I expected. He was drunk for most of the time and for a long time. He was an alcoholic, I think. When my friends saw Father could not control his bike and himself, they would let me know in public. I always felt very shameful. I would run away, if I could. I feel sorry now for how I felt at the time. I should have helped him instead.

Father's serious illness made me understand a father in a family was so important even he was not very responsible.

The summer of 1953, I retook the entrance examinations. I passed the Taiwan University, the Tainan Technical College and the Military Technical College. I cannot remember too well now, but it seems to me

that I was the best among those who took the examination for the Military Technical College. During the entrance examination for the Tainan Technical College, I still stayed in a temporary dormitory set up by the college. Although I did not have a mosquito net, I managed to borrow a blanket from a relative in Tainan. The first night I did not sleep at all because of the mosquitoes, the second night was better, I slept for two hours.

From the day I decided to take the college entrance examination, I went to bed at midnight and got up at five in the morning every day. I thought it was over after the examination but it was not quite that simple. When I looked back to examine the effects of 5 hour sleep for more than a year, my own conclusion was that was insufficient for a young person. This was not only bad for physical health but also affected thinking as well. Long term sleeping deficiency may not have affected one's test-taking abilities if the questions were simple and answers were standard. However, it certainly slowed down one's thinking process. For example, I had scored well at mathematics, chemistry and physics in the first examination but my scores were much lower this time.

I lived in a Taiwanese Government house during the entrance examination in Taipei. The Taiwanese Government provided this house for Mr. Chen's family. Mr. Chen was from my home town and was working for the Taiwanese Government. I stayed here with a friend, Kou Sin Rai who was Chen's relative. There were other students who stayed with us. All of them were from Siau Kang, too

At that time, Chen's son attended public primary school. This kid was like any other kids being badly brain washed. The education in Taipei was horrible. He definitely believed that only by the country retaking mainland China could he go home. That was an important teaching with the school brainwashing the children. I told him many times his home was in Siau Kang and he could go home anytime he wanted to. But, he believed school more than he did me, of course. He insisted his home was on the other side of the Taiwan Strait. He was not ten years old yet and he was already adopted Chian Kai Shek's dream of retaking the mainland. This occurred in the summer of 1953.

Poor People's Tears

While I was in the Senior Tech, there were four things which had not been mentioned and were important enough for me to write them down as follows.

In order to pay my tuition, Mother started to raise pigs soon after I got into Senior Tech. The plan was to raise a sow first, and then hopefully she would give us many baby pigs. When the baby pigs grew up, we would sell them just before tuition was due. From the beginning, she was busy picking pig food from the fields--weeds. Soon, her complexion became very dark from being in the sun. She was very lucky. Her plan worked very well except one year when there was an epidemic that killed her only sow. She noticed the sow was not doing well and she knew that she would not have our tuitions in the fall. In order to get some of her investment back, she killed the pig herself. The skin of the sow was not normal; it was a little pink in color. We knew we should not eat the meat, but we were too poor to even think about throwing it away. Finally, we ate the meat. God bless us, nothing happened and we survived.

Temporarily we added a baby boy to the family. He died soon after his birth. My family was still two parents, six boys and a girl. One day I heard Father saying that fortunately he lost three kids; otherwise he could not support the family. It was supposed to be a joke, but it was a joke which I could not take. Of course, what Father said was truth, but to me it was not funny.

From the earliest days of my memory until I graduated from Senior Tech, my family had purchased almost everything on credit. Not a single day was exception. Most stores selling living essentials were our creditors. During those days, when you bought things on credit you lost your dignity. The creditors had a right to decline selling you anything. But, this did not mean you always received inferior products. For example, sword fish was a very popular and expensive fish. Because we purchased on credit, they asked us to come just before the market was closed. Among the left over, they asked us to take the most expensive, which was the sword fish. (Please read Attachment 3.)

We were poor, very poor, but I did not know why Mother could have her private savings, although the amount was not much. She accumulated the money secretly and it was not for her own use. She used the money for family emergencies. For instance, when I needed to pay tuition and had insufficient funds, she would use her private money. Sometimes she said she borrowed it from someone else. Once Father passed by this someone's house, and tried to return the money and found out it was my mother's. This not only embarrassed Mother, she also lost some of her private money. She decided not to do the stupid thing again, but when the same situation arose, she did exactly the same thing again. That's Mother.

Attachment 4 describes how I got my expenses to go to Taipei for my college entrance examination.

PART EIGHT

Taiwan University:
Freshman and Sophomore Years

Going to Taipei

My choice between the Tainan Technical College and the Taiwan University was not very difficult, if finance was the only consideration which in fact it was. Taipei was a bigger city than Tainan. It would be much easier for me to find a job; otherwise, I could not go to school. My family could only support part of my expenses.

Soon after the colleges announced the students who had passed the entrance examinations, the Head of Siau Kang Sian, Song Chai Shin and the Head of its Representatives, Chan Fang Ia came to see Father and me. They asked Father to help a Siau Kang-educated young man with great talent go to college. If Father had problem financially, they were willing to help. Father promised that he could support me without doubt and also thanked them for their concerns. After my successful examination, Father changed. He quit drinking and promised to be responsible, becoming a completely different person and father. He was very proud of his son and himself. The villagers congratulated me for my success when they met me. The Taiwan University was still called Tai Pak Empirical University or Tai Pak Tei Tai in Taiwanese. At that time, one of my younger brothers was a student at the prestigious Kao Hsiung Middle School also. My brother and I certainly made Father happy and proud.

Of course, I was also very happy. I was even happier because I made it with luck, since I was not confident that I could pass. Although my name was on the list, I was not completely sure that was me. I suspected it could be someone else with the same name. On the Tainan Technical College's list, they published students' names and examination numbers. Unfortunately, one out of the five digits was wrong on my examination number. The Taiwan University only published students' names without their numbers. When the registration day for Tainan Technical College was approaching, I still had not received any official notice from Taiwan University. This was very stressful because if I did not report to the Tainan Technical College during their registration day, and the name on

the Taiwan University was not me then I would not be attending any college. Since I was the only one among my friends to be accepted into Taiwan University, I could not ask anyone else if they received notice. I had to go to the Telephone Company to call Taiwan University and verify that the 'Mu Sheng Wu' on their list was me. At the time the telephone fee was very expensive, and this was my first telephone call. I spoke with the University and that I had been accepted!

My happiness did not last too long. I began to worry about tuition and a temporary place to stay before the start of school. I could not do anything about tuition, which was my parents' problem, but I worried nonetheless. They would come up with the amount plus a little more. Where was I going to stay? As soon as I stepped off the train in Taipei, I would not know where to go. I did not have any friends or relatives, and could not go to Chen's family for help, since I did not know them well enough. Last time when I went to their house for the entrance examination, I went with Ko Sin Rai. He did not make it, or I might go to Chen's place with him.

Fortunately, I still had a little luck. While I worried so much about a place to stay in Taipei, someone told Father that he had a colleague, Mr. Ku Tsai, who held the same position as Father but at the different location, and also had a son, Li Lin Tsai, going to Taiwan University. Li Lin was going to be a freshman in the Department of Mechanical Engineering. Mr. Ku Tsai had a younger brother who graduated from the University a year ago, and during his student years, he stayed in a dormitory in Kuon Kuan, Taipei. Through his arrangement, Li Lin Tsai was going to stay there for a week or so. At Mr. Ku Tsai's request, he was kind enough to do the same thing for me. So, my big problem was thus solved with the help of Father's colleague. Li Lin and I arranged to meet at Fong San Train Station to board the train to Taipei.

Long time ago, I was told a story that a freshman at Kao Hsiung Senior Middle School had taken and passed the entrance examination for his uncle for Tainan Technical College. This student probably was Li Lin Tsai. The story was not verified but widely known.

So, it was final. I was going to Taipei with Li Lin Tsai. We would be going to Taipei one week before school started. I packed my few things in a Yanagi Kholi, a suit case made of willow branches, and went to Fong San Train Station to meet Li Lin. Father went with me. He even carried my suit case that rainy day. We met Li Lin and his father at the train station.

Li Lin's appearance impressed me. He was a handsome boy with light complexion, two bright eyes and a head covered with beautiful curly hair. I was happy to be in his company. As our train pulled away from the station, I saw both Mr. Tsai and Father waving to us from the platform. Not too many people were there. Father's facial expression was full of satisfaction but without emotion from the separation. Father became smaller and smaller as train picked up speed. In my heart, I was filled with happiness and gratitude. I thanked Father for his decision to send me to a college, and was also happy that Father quit drinking. (See Attachment Five.)

As soon as we reached Kao Hsiung Train Station, we changed trains from the Phin Tong Line to the Main Line (Kao Hsiung to Taipei). Since Kao Hsiung was the first station, it was easy for us to find a seat. We each asked for a cup of jasmine tea, which was refilled periodically until we reached Taipei. Our train was the most economical and normally took 11 hours from Kao Hsiung to Taipei, but during those days, normal was very abnormal. It took 14 hours for our train to reach Taipei, which was now evening. We took a city bus to Kong Kuan where we would stay for the first several days.

We lived in Li Lin's uncle old dormitory for no more than three days, and then moved to Taita (Taiwan University) the 7th Dormitory which was also in Kong Kuan. The move was Li Lin's idea. He had friends from Kao Hsiung Middle School who lived in the 7th Dormitory, and since the summer vacation was not over yet, there were some vacancies for us. Of course we were not formally allowed, but we did it anyways. Several students were already there including some old students and freshmen who had the same status as Li Lin and me. Among those freshmen, Fan Jin Pao, Lee Ming Seng and Shieh Lian San would

eventually become my friends. Although Mr. Fan and Lee would be in the Chemical Engineering, they had their own activities so we did not do anything together initially. We even went to the registration separately. When I reached the registration place, which was in temporary classrooms, both of them were in the line already. The University gave me a registration number 425434. The first two digits indicated the year I got in; the third, College of Engineering; the fourth, Chemical Engineering; and the last two, my registration number. I believed Mr. Fang was 425431 and Mr. Lee, 425432. There was a female student between Mr. Lee and me, Chon Chun Sian. This was some inconvenience for us during the four years of our Taita's life. In those days, boys and girls rarely got together or even spoke to each other.

While we were staying in the 7th Dormitory, a sophomore student named Mr. Lin who was from Ton Kang sang a song, "KoKyo o Hanaruru Uta" (Leaving My Hometown). When he came to the verse, "*...omoeba namida, hidawohitasu, sarabafurusato, sarabafurusato, sarabafurusato, furusatosaraba,*" I teared up since I'd never lived away from home and was homesick. I have loved the song since then, September, 1953. When I first became a migratory bird in the States, I often sang the song when I felt lonely. At these times, I would remember the young Mr. Lin's expressive face while he was singing.

I applied for the university dormitory. Since there were more applicants than vacancies, the university selected students through a lottery which took place in the auditorium of the Law School. The university dormitory was the most desirable place for almost every student, especially me since I couldn't really afford anything outside the university. Unfortunately, I was not picked and I had to move temporarily into a small rental house at the intersection of Roosevelt Road and Keelung Road. Immediately, I started having sleepless nights.

Unexpectedly, the university announced that more students were picked for the dormitory. I was completely surprised at the announcement. I later learned that a group of students went to the university immediately after the first selection asking for help. All of them were picked in the second lottery. In those days, I seemed to be

alone and I did not know anything about the second lottery. The university had converted the meal room of the 5th Dormitory to a large temporary bed room. There were beds and nothing else. My only friend in Taita, Li Lin Tsai, was on the second list. He had left me and had gone with his friends from Kao Hsiung Middle School. I regretted being abandoned for a long time.

I was unhappy with the university secretly accepting a second application without informing everyone. If they had considered financial need, I would have definitely been selected over most students. I went to the university to complain but they told me they could not do anything more. They offered that I could share a bed in the dormitory, but I would have to find someone who would be willing to share their bed. This was mighty difficult, but I had little choice. As the Taiwanese saying "A hungry person doesn't mind to lose his face."

I asked Mr. Fan Jin Pao. Surprisingly, he was kind enough to accept my request and we became bed mates for a semester. In the beginning we did not know each other, but we became lifelong friends. He was a graduate of the Tainan Second Middle School. In the same dorm room, we also had graduates from Tainan First Middle School. I was mingled with my Tainanese roommates. After a while, students from the First thought I was from the Second, and vice versa. Anyway, I almost lost my Kao Hsiung Technical School identity.

Mr. Fan Jin Pao lived in the 8th Dormitory, and as did I as a result. The 8th Dormitory was the most distant dormitory from the university and was separated from the 7th by a rice paddy. It was a very typical Taita dormitory: a two story building with black shingles and cement walls that were light green. There was a meal room on one end of the building and bathrooms on the other. We had five twin-sized bunk beds placed along the walls of the room; two beds were on one side, the other three were on the other. In the middle, there were five desks in a line; each student occupied one side of a desk. The desks accommodated ten students. Since I was the eleventh student in the room, I did not have a desk. I had to use the University Library or class rooms to study.

Jin Pao was a quiet and simple person. That semester while I was his bed mate, we did not talk much. We slept on the upper bunk and somehow our bodies never touched even in this small space. He always turned his body toward the wall and slept. Our friendship grew slowly but we became lifelong friends. Now, his home is in the District of Columbia. He retired from the Federal Government in 1994 and has been doing a part-time work for a private company. I will never forget the favor he gave me 50 years ago. Sharing a bed with me certainly was inconvenient for him, but he never said a word about it. He is really a gentleman.

It took us about 15 to 20 minutes to walk from the 8th Dormitory to the university on a dirt road. There were rice paddies along both sides of the road, and the air was very fresh. Most students walked to the university, although some took bikes. It did not bother me to walk. Biking was nice, but I could not afford one.

Taiwan University was a rather romantic and free institute in 1953, my first year. The former school president, Fu Su Nian, had recently passed away and replaced by Chien Su Rian. At the time, people in Taipei did not call it the University of Taiwan or Taita; they simply called it “The University” since it was the only university in the country. To a person like me from a rural area, the university was really big. Included in the huge campus were: coconut trees, azaleas, Fu Bell, Fu Garden, Administration Building, Building One, Building Two, Library, College of Literature Building etc. Those really satisfied my ego. To me, everything was new and inspirational. And I was curious. I felt so good about all of these. I thought I was lucky to be in this beautiful environment for four years. I had no question in my mind that my character and personality would change.

Freshman Year

The first year in the College of Engineering was very difficult. We were so busy that we couldn't catch our breath. We were required to take twenty five credit hours of courses. In general, one credit hour meant we had to be in a classroom for one hour a week. In addition, we took

physics and chemistry laboratory, and project geometry, which were three hours a week for one credit hour. Lastly, physical education was a required course for no credit hour. Altogether we had equivalent to thirty two credit hours of classwork each week which was an extremely heavy burden for all of us. That was not all. We had a lot of homework to do. In Chinese, we had to write compositions; in the project geometry, drawings; in physics, chemistry and calculus, exercises; in experiments, reports. Since I was alone, I simply worked as hard as I could. I did not have the slightest idea how the other students were doing. Of course, I did not know how they met their requirements.

In Chinese, due to my excellent score in the entrance examination, I was placed in the first class and the professor was Tai Chin Nong who was a well-known writer. Before he became my professor, I had read a few of his prose and I loved them all. He was very popular not only to male students; he was always surrounded by female students. I did not put too much time and effort in Chinese, and did not have problem of following Professor Tai's lecture in the class.

Calculus was fairly easy for me. I completed this course while I was in the senior year at the Senior Tech. Our professor was Mr. Chu Min Run who dressed in plain clothes, light yellow in color, simple and neat. He spoke with Su Chuan accent and was a diligent professor. I believe he was well liked by his students.

Mr. Chon Sun Piau was our physics professor. He was an expert in optics. Although he was also a diligent professor, I could not understand his lecture. Sitting in his class was really a waste of one's time. As a result, a lot of students cut his class. I was one of them. I had never cut anyone's class before. His class hours were always between 11:00AM to 12:00PM. Since I was so hungry at that time, I cut his class to eat lunch. University Physics was our text book, but for some reason only a few lucky students had the book from a lucky draw. Since I didn't get one, I could only buy College Physics instead. There were a lot of differences in the content between the University and College Physics books which was evident in the examinations. The problems in the tests were always based on the University Physics.

Mr. Liu Sheng Rie was our chemistry professor. He was fairly well known at the time. His class always had more students than the classroom could fit. I would rate him as the best Pekinese speaker among our Taiwanese professors. Both Chemistry and Chemical Engineering students studied general chemistry together. There were more female students in Chemistry than Chemical Engineering and there were a lot more females in the chemistry class. The text book was General Chemistry by L. Pauling.

My difficulties in chemistry class were not chemistry itself, but rather English. Since our text book was in English, so we had to understand English first. Unfortunately, my English-Chinese dictionary was not helpful with most scientific terms. I first thought my difficulties were from going to a technical school; those who went to a middle school must have surely learned these words. But, I was wrong. I was not only the one who was struggling with English; everyone seemed to be on the same boat. I remember well the two words which bothered me the most in the very beginning were 'nuclear' and 'nuclei.' To begin with, I did not know either of the words I learned 'nuclear' first. Later, I learned 'nuclei.' and realized that 'nuclei' was the plural form of 'nuclear'!

We had eight classes of English in Engineering. Just like Chinese, they placed students based on scores from the entrance examination. The professors in the first four classes were Americans and the rest were Taiwanese or Chinese. I was in the fourth class. My professor, Ms. Sell was from Tennessee and worked at the Friendship Corner. Among my freshman year courses, English was the most difficult. In the past, I learned English on my own. Both my pronunciation and accent were terrible. I got lost in Ms. Sell's class. We did not know each other very well. Perhaps, she thought I was stubborn and lazy. Actually, my problem was poor hearing so I often did not hand in my homework. One day she asked us to keep a diary for a few days. After reading my diary, I think she understood me better. I described my problems clearly in the diary.

Ms. Sells gave everyone an English first name and mine was 'Morrison.' It seemed to me this name was from a phonetic translation.

After I completed my English class, I returned the name until 1964, when I was a dishwasher in New York and I used it thereafter.

I was too busy with my coursework to appreciate the caliber of the students in my Chemical Engineering class. I barely knew them personally. I could recognize my classmates by face. That's all. Most were also accepted by Tainan Technical College or Tainan Engineering College, but chose not to go for many different reasons. For those good at mathematics, physics and chemistry, the entrance examination at Tainan Technical College was much easier. They tested physics and chemistry in separate examinations. In the Taiwan University's one, both subjects were combined in one examination. The Tainan Technical College announced their selection the day before the Taiwan University's examination. In order to have a sufficient number of students, they offered a second examination after Taiwan University's announcement. Tainan Technical College offered six engineering departments: Civil, Architectural, Mechanical, Electrical, Chemical and Electrochemical. Electrochemical Engineering was replaced with Metallurgical Engineering during my freshman year. The Tainan Technical College had been my first choice since I decided to go to a college. But, I had chosen to attend the school in Taipei for financial reasons. Sometimes I would question whether I would have run into problems financially if I had chosen to go to Tainan. Strangely, I had no definitive answer. On the other hand, most of my relatives were absolutely positive I would have had problems.

The Dormitory had a supervisor but I had no idea what he did since we almost never saw him. He never bothered us and gave us a complete freedom. Our room was so peaceful. Nobody ever fought. Everyone was too busy with school work, and adjusting to the new environment. Two students in our room were very talented, Mr. Lin Chi Fong and Mr. Hu Sian Yi. Both were from the Tainan First Middle School. Mr. Lin was an economics major from Ma Tou, with a nickname of "Skinny Lin". Mr. Hu was an agricultural engineering major from Kuan Miao, who had a nickname "O Hi Ge." They played bridge games through the night and often slept during the day.

I would tease them, "Don't sleep all the time. At least get up and rest a little so that you can go back to sleep."

Their schoolwork was excellent. I do not know when they studied. We were all freshmen, but they seemed much more mature.

Most students complained about the dormitory food, but not to me. I only complained when I didn't get enough peanuts for breakfast. I divided the peanuts into halves and ate a piece at a time with rice soup that was our main breakfast dish. The rice bowl was aluminum and looked like a washing basin. We had 'vegetable bowl' for carrying the other food. We could eat as much rice as we wanted. However, we were only allowed typically one piece of pork, a small fish, or an egg, along with a few vegetables. The 'vegetable bowls' were placed together at one end of a long table and almost all were about the same. However, you could tell a student's character from their selection process. Some arbitrarily took one and left. Others spent time to make a choice very carefully. Some would even return to exchange bowls after sitting down with his food to eat. I observed all these things with a peculiar interest during my meal hours.

I also learned an interesting lesson in psychology. People will take more rice than they need if they believe there's a shortage. You can essentially create a shortage by starting a rumor of a shortage. A run on banks is another example of this.

I washed my own clothes but didn't iron. Some girls from the neighborhood wash clothes for one N.T. dollar per piece. Although the price was fair, I could not afford to pay. Also, when I brushed my teeth, I did not use dental paste but powder which was much cheaper. I saved money everywhere possible.

I'd never lived away from home, so I was homesick especially during the quiet nights. Good thing was days went by so fast because of my busy schedule.

In the early December, Father sent me a check for my monthly living expenses. In order to save money, he asked me to consider staying in Taipei over the winter vacation to avoid train expenses. At that time, I took his requests as commands. I was shocked. I understood his reason

and knew that he would dearly love seeing his son. He was carrying a heavy financial burden. Without an opportunity to increase his income, he could only save more.

At the end of December, I learned that the University allowed students remain in the dormitory over the vacation, but they closed the kitchen and prohibited cooking in the dormitory. These students had to eat outside. When I told Father, he realized it was more expensive to stay at school than go home. I was so happy on his asking me to go home.

There was no early bus from the University to Taipei Station in time for the train. Therefore, I accepted Mr. Lee Chin San's invitation to stay at Than Zong's Guest House at Kuan Chian Street. There I met Mr. Chen Zon Ta who was a student at Chen Kong Middle School. Forty years later, we would run into each other in Houston, Texas. Ms. Wu Mei Fun in Boston introduced us. Currently, both Chen and Lee live in California near our home in the Bay Area.

In the first semester, one of our classmates went to study in the US. Previously, the law would not allow any high school graduate to go abroad to study. The rumor was that the KMT changed the law that year for Chen Chen's son Chen Ri An. The new law only continued for two years. Most people believed the rumor was true. The KMT was lawless and godless.

Many Taiwanese high school graduates went to the new continent without serving military duty during these two years. "They picked up a dead fish." is what Taiwanese would say.

My only memory that winter vacation was Father buying me my favorite food, Tua Tnn (an intestine with sticky rice and peanuts inside). He rode his bike everywhere until he found it! When he brought home the Tua Tnn, he was sweating but smiling. I was so thankful but said nothing to him. He had changed so much. This was the first time I felt love from Father.

Others would later remind me that I wore a University badge and fooled around everywhere during that vacation, and I couldn't argue. I did many immature things. After I grew up, I would feel ashamed of

some of the things I did. But, I also know that I was only growing up and learning about myself. I am what I am today as a result.

I returned to the 8th Dormitory for the second semester. One of my roommates moved out. Riu Chi Sun was an Electrical Engineering freshman from Kang-San Middle School. He gave me the vacated bed and desk. I tried to give him the dormitory fee, but he refused. I was too poor to insist, but I was deeply indebted to him as a result. I had my own bed!

After returning, I learned that I had won a University Academic Award. The qualifications were an average score 80% or higher, and a rank in the top five percent of the entire freshmen class. The prize was a certificate and NT\$ 50. In addition, I had also won the Kon Tu assistantship because of my grades. Kon meant labor; Tu meant study, and Kon Tu assistantship was a work-study financial aid. The assistantship was NT\$100 a month and renewable. It was even increased a few times during my time in college and the only requirement was that I had to maintain an average grade of 70% or higher each semester. With the NT\$150 my family sent me every month, I could almost cover the NT\$300 per month student expenses. The scholarship also paid for my tuition and provided me a ROTC uniform. For my job, I arranged student seats for examinations in the classrooms, and filed books in the library.

As a result, I was comfortable financially through graduation. I had the same feeling about my academics as well. I knew I could make it if I worked hard. I started to enjoy college life.

We were required to take twenty five credit hours in the second semester. The subjects were also almost identical to those of the first semester.

It was the first time I realized that studying at a general university was better than a specialized engineering college. We often learned from fellow students in other disciplines, or even take classes in other majors if we wanted. In my dormitory room, most of the students were engineers but we also had a pre-med student, Tsen Chon Ming, and an economics major, Lin Chi Fong, both of whom taught me things they learned in

their classes. As one example, Lin taught me that prisoners were chained in pairs, one serving a long sentence with one serving a short one to reduce the risk of escape. He also explained that a man could not possibly rape a woman, without a gun or a knife. Whether the statements were true or not, he certainly stimulated my thinking.

During the spring, many people visited the cemetery on the hill behind the dormitory to pay their respects on Chin-Ming Chie, or "Tomb-Sweeping Day." A steady stream of people would visit, both individually and in groups. People from Chan Chou, Fu Jian, honored their dead on Chin-Ming Chie. We were from Chuan-Chou, and our day was March 1st (Lunar Calendar), or March Festival Day. While I was studying at the dorm, I would see parades of people through the rear window.

In the summer, I participated in "Service in the Armed Forces" and satisfied my Kon Tu 3-month commitment by working only one month. I was part of the "Living Team" that lived and worked with the military. There was a popular "Entertainment Team" whose responsibility was to entertain the troops. The "Living Team" was all male and we were not supposed to do the entertainment. However, we ended up dancing and singing for the troops.

Before we went to the armed forces, we somewhat learned to dance from Mr. Yang Hue Ron and Mr. Yang Siang Fa. They were fellow team members and one year older who taught us just in case. However, they did not expect us to perform. Our "uniform" was a white short-sleeve shirt with two red letters of Tai Ta on the shirt pocket given to us by the University. We were free to wear any kind of trousers.

During our visits to the camps, we often celebrated the soldiers' collective birthdays. Our team lived at Lake Ta Pi and we would travel to different camps each day. The food was wonderful and we enjoyed the experience.

My only regret that summer was that I suffered sea-sickness on the destroyer "Tan Yang Chian" while on the Pacific Ocean.

Sophomore Year

The second year, I was officially accepted into the dormitory. Generally, sophomore engineering students reside in either the 5th or the 6th Dormitory which were near the mechanical engineering building. Since I was 'new,' I was given the choice of 7th or the 8th Dormitory and I chose the 8th so I didn't have to move.

In order to control students' thinking, political officers in the military intervened in the education process. Dormitory supervisors were replaced by these 'instructors'. Students were not friendly to the 'instructors' only because they did not like the mind control. In the 8th Dormitory, they put a sign that said "Chiau Kuan get out" in the bathroom. "Chiau Kuan" has two homonyms; one meant "military instructor" and the other "selling coffins." Since we were not permitted to target the military instructor, the sign was literally "selling coffins get out," although everyone knew the intent.

That year, the government called all the college students in Taipei to the Three Armed Forces' Ball Court one day. In the presence of Chian Kai Shek, we were all forced to become members of the Youth Saving Country Group. The University started military education which deviated from its academic purpose. The academic idealistic charm was replaced with military training and mind control. Secret agents also infiltrated the University.

During this year, I was so concerned with the national affair that I attended the lecture of Taiwan's representative to the UN, Chian Tien Fu. The talk was at the Three Armed Forces' Ball Court and I remember immediately leaving the lecture soon after the start since he was speaking Chinese and I could not understand him. The KMT prohibited Taiwanese to be spoken in public, only Chinese, the "National Language," was permitted. Ironically, the KMT officials including Chian Kai Shek and Chian Tien Fu could not speak the "National Language," but their native dialects, Chiechianese and Funanese.

I had nine new roommates and became close friends with Huang Wei Yon, a chemistry student, and Ho Siu Chuan, a Chemical Engineering major. Both graduated from the Tainan First Middle School. Today,

Huang works at the Baylor Medical School. His wife and mine are good friends. There was also a time when we both lived in Houston. Ho also became a good friend who enriched my life by stimulating my interest in music, movies, arts, and getting out enjoying life. I regret that my academic scores decreased to barely above seventy points because of him. If not for my Kon Tu assistantship which needed me to maintain a grade average of at least seventy points, my grade may have slipped lower, which I could not afford to lose. Ho did not pay much attention to his grade, which may have had something to do with the brutal murder of his oldest brother by the KMT.

In my freshman year, I ran into Ni Yen Fa, a classmate who lived at Si Chan Street, Wan Hua. He was a graduate of Ta Tong Middle School on Sin Shen S. Road. Neither of us had any high school classmate at the University. He was hard-working and had a very friendly personality. He was a good student and a good human. In our second year, he invited Ho Siu Chuan and me to his house to listen to classical music. His records and player were the 78 rpm type. 33 rpm records were not yet available in Taiwan. Therefore, we had to frequently change the records. I recall listening to a Violin Concerto by Mendelssohn, my first classical music and doorway to a new world. However, this particular piece was also very boring, and I could not wait for it to finish. When the music hit the last note, I was so relieved. After spending more time listening and reading books on classical music, I started to enjoy it which I owe all to Ho

I started watching American movies, once or twice a week. I had enjoyed watching movies in the past. When I was a kid, I saw many movies; most of them Japanese. Immediately after the war, the government banned Japanese movies, so my interest switched to Chinese movies. I believe I saw the first American movie in my Senior Tech years. The actor was Rock Hudson, I seem to recall. Since I could not tell one actor from the others, or one actress from the others, I did not understand the movie at all.

One morning we were throwing small rocks outside the Freshmen Classrooms before classes. Ni and I made a bet. If I threw ten rocks and one of them hit the electrical pole in a distance field, he would buy me

ten movies. I would buy him one ticket for each miss. I hit the pole three times!. Since we were just playing for fun, we went to the movies only once.

We often attended the early show in the morning, especially when the movie was good. There were normally few people at the early show so we did not need to buy expensive black market tickets which we couldn't afford. We attended either the Cosmopolitan (Wan Kuo) or the World (Su Chie) Theater. If I went with Ho, we would travel by bike. With Fang, we would ride Bus #4 to Tsong San Thang, and then walk to the theater.

When the weather was good, we often went for outings. Most popular place was Pi Than (Blue Pool) where we rowed boats on the beautiful blue water. The scenery there seemed unreal.

One sunny and warm weekend, Wan Thian Ming, a Mechanical Engineering student, invited several male students from Taiwan University and seven to eight female students from Taipei Normal College to go to Kuan In Mountain for an outing. With Wang's persistence, I finally relented and joined the group. I did not speak to any of the women and neither did most of the other men. At the time, the men and women rarely spoke with each other, considered almost taboo. The only memory I had of that outing was waiting impatiently for the women to reach the top of the mountain. As far as I knew, no relationships developed from that outing.

At the time, there were relatively few female students at Taiwan University. In my year there were two hundreds females among the one thousand students. In fact, we had more females than any other class before. According to President Chien, the number of females in our year exceeded that of the rest of the university. While true, this fact was not important since we were too busy to notice.

I also started to play bridge but only when the others needed a fourth. I could not play in the evening. If I did, I would not be able to sleep from replaying the games in my mind.

On insomnia, I would like to recount some of my experiences. Before my going to college, I slept well. The challenge was finding time.

When I got into college, too many things made me uncomfortable and uneasy. During the day, my mind was not rested and I always felt sleepy. However, I could not sleep even when I had time. Many times I would go to bed early to get more sleep, but too many thoughts crept through my mind and I would stay awake for hours. My roommates would then go to bed and then I'd hear their snoring, which made the situation even worse. I would stay awake almost the entire night.

One night, I fell asleep after three in the morning and arose at six. I was so busy that day that I'd forgotten I hadn't slept much. I was very productive that day. I came to the conclusion that if you didn't think about not sleeping, you could function adequately. I recall reading that even if you did not sleep, you could function at about 70% efficiency as long as you rested your mind. . With this in mind, I developed a routine where I started to relax my arms and legs, and then drew a cross after cross starting from head to heart to left shoulder to right shoulder, and again from head to heart. I was never bothered by insomnia again. I knew that sleeping was not critical as long as I was able to rest my mind.

During my sophomore year, I started visiting the Asakaze Cafe to listen to classical music, although infrequently. A cup of coffee cost almost the same as a movie in the theater and therefore too expensive for regular visits. My classmate Ho was a frequent customer who loved classical music and the café's atmosphere.

Asakaze Café was situated in the front of Tson San Than and attracted people more for the music than the coffee. A woman was in charge of playing records on the player. She took requests for classical music from customers who submitted them on a piece of paper. She was also a graduate of the Taipei Second Girls' Middle School, Chun Hion A. She became very familiar with us, especially Ho. Unfortunately, Ho was as busy as I was and did not have the time for a relationship.

As my expenses increased with these new activities, I needed extra work. The simplest and easiest work was family tutor job, which was very popular among the students. The average pay was about NT\$ 200. 00 a month for three nights per week work. Since I did not have any connections in Taipei, I placed an advertisement in newspapers. In the

ad, I used a fictitious first name, but kept my last. I used a different first name for every advertisement. At the time, the University set up a mail box for each last name in the Administration Building. Occasionally, I forgot my fictitious name and left some mails in the box unchecked for weeks. I lost several jobs as a result and so was not very successful. I was very diligent as a tutor, but I have never heard a successful story from any of my students.

When I interviewed for tutoring jobs, I was not completely honest. I told the parents my primary interest was to help the student rather than earn money. Keeping true with this story, I never negotiated wages and took whatever was offered. Every time I thought of this, I felt ashamed. When I got paid for the first month, I was so eager to see how much was in the red envelope.

I made several friends among my chemical engineering classmates and we spent a lot of time together. One of my friends was Ge Yen Hatsu, which was his Japanese and how I called him. While had numerous Taipei residents in our class who graduated primarily from four schools, Chian Tson, Chun Tson, Fu Tson and First Girls' Middle School. Ge Yen Hatsu was from Taipei but graduated from Ta Tuong Middle School, the only student from that school. Since he also had no former classmates at the University, we become good friends. His family treated me, a Southerner, with generosity and hospitality. I would often stay at his house during the weekends. His family lived in Ban Ka, very close to the famous Ron San Temple. As a result, I became quite familiar with the temple and its vicinity.

After I came to the States, I read Huan Fon Chu's writings about Ban Ka where she lived. Her prose reminded me of Ge's family who also lived there. He had a very happy family with his parents, three brothers, and two sisters. His oldest brother was married and worked as a doctor at the Law School of Taita. His second brother worked at home with his wife. Ge's younger brother was a student at the Chun Kon Middle School. His older sister had married a doctor who was a professor at the Medical School of Taita and his younger sister lived at home. They were a loving family who adopted me as another son. I sincerely thank them

for their warmth and openness during my college days and I still fondly remember them today.

Ho Siu Chuan was another close friend, but I called him “Ho A Siu.” He was very popular as a student in Tainan First Middle School. He had an almost perfect physique and very smart. He always wore a pair of glasses, and was an excellent tennis player who played on the Tainan First Middle School team. I always thought that if he worked harder in school, only a few students could compete with him, but he never seem to be interested in grades.

He seemed mostly interested in enjoying life. He was quite knowledgeable with classical music, although did not play an instrument. In fact, he seemed strangely addicted to classical music. On the surface he seemed calm and sophisticated, but he carried deep emotional scars. His older brother had been one of two Taiwanese students allowed by the Japanese to study at the prestigious North Eastern Empirical University. After the KMT took over, he was branded a communist and executed. I would later learn that two of my wife's uncles were executed for the same ‘crime’.

His brother’s death affected his outlook on life. I believe that he was the number one student in his Junior High School and was accepted to Senior High School without needing to take an entrance examination. He was my roommate from our sophomore year to graduation. During this period, we moved twice but we stayed roommates.

Fang Jin-Pao, or as I called him, “Ho Kin-Po,” was from the Tainan Second Middle School. He had a muscular build and was quiet. He did not like to socialize and therefore made few friends. He wore thick glasses, which gave others the impression that he was a hard-working student. In fact, he was the hardest worker in our small group. He spent long hours on homework and I don’t think he ever copied anyone else's homework. His homework was so impeccable that we sometimes copied it when we ran out of time.

In my freshman year, I always completed my own homework. In my second year, I relaxed my habits because I was involved in too many activities and didn’t respect my professors. Fang moved to the Fifth and

Sixth Dormitory and we became much closer. Outside of studying, he was also interested in watching movies, eating, walking and playing bridge. Many times, I joined him. We often rode the bus to the city and walked around without a destination in mind. Most of the time, Fang walked from the Main Campus to the Eighth Dormitory so that I would join him. At the time we did not have a telephone and so could not plan to meet in advance. Sometimes he walked alone as a result, but it did not bother him a bit. After he finished his homework, he was only interested in getting some fresh air.

I remember one night we took Bus #1 to the train station and walked along Yan-Ping N. Road, Ta-Ron-Ton and Ta Chiau to San Chon Phu. We bought two Taiwanese red-tortoise cakes and held them in our hands, walking and eating simultaneously. When we got back to our dormitories, it was midnight. I enjoyed the evening and hope that he did as well. Fang and I both enjoyed being host rather than guest, although both of us were poor. We both wanted to treat when we went out for a movie, a noodle soup or a cup of ice cream. This habit came from, I guess, politeness. At the time, Dutch treat was not the norm.

Lee Ming Shin was the fourth friend, whom I called “Lee Mei Sei.” He and Fang Jin Pao were classmates at Tainan Middle School. He was the skinniest in our group. He also smoked and was simple yet refined. He was our classmate, but otherwise he lived in different world. His standard of living was higher than ours, and he played the violin. He seemed to be romantic, but he did not touch alcohol and avoided women. He played tennis very well but never paid much attention to his grade. He was satisfied with a passing grade, which was sixty points at the time. In this respect, he and Ho Siu Chuan were similar. Lee had a good family background. His family was well-to-do and he did not need to work to support himself. This, of course, was much better than Fang, Ho and me. He was the lucky one.

While these four were my closest friends, I also socialized with many school mates and classmates. I met them in the dormitories or from classes.

This was also the year I became proud of an accomplishment. I went to a store in Tson Hua Road to get an irrecoverable credit from one of the clients of Jin Pao's uncle in Tainan. I discovered I had a little talent for persuasion.

Academically, I took 23 credit hours during both semesters of my second year and only two were elective classes. Although, my course load was two credit hours fewer than the first year, I was taking Engineering Drawing which quite time-consuming although only a two credit hour course. In addition, we had the new and terrible military training course without credit hours. We were taught by professors from Chemical Engineering for the first time.

I was disappointed rather than excited. Two of the classes, Manufacture of Chemical Medicines (first semester) and Fiber Industries (second semester), should have been classified in Applied Chemistry rather than Engineering. One of the professors, Rau, was Chinese and a graduate of Tokyo University. He wrote the chemical formula for saccharin on the blackboard three times during the semester, each time was different. I asked him which one was the correct one. His answer was, "It's not important, as long as you know how to make it. The formula was not important in this class." Ironically, he asked for the chemical formula on the final test and not the manufacturing process.

Professor Rau soon became the Department Head of the newly created Tson Yuan Science and Engineering College. I asked him to write recommendation letters for me when I applied for colleges in the States. He asked me to write them myself, then, he would sign them. He also indicated that he was getting too old and would do this only one last time. I sent him ten copies and he signed them all without modification or correction. I thanked him, but he lost my respect as a person and professor.

Although I was disappointed with Chemical Engineering professors, I respected the others who taught us differential equations, applied mechanics, organic chemistry and analytical chemistry. They were not only diligent but also well respected in their own fields. Except Professor

Yeh in organic chemistry, all the other professors had problems speaking Pekinese for lectures.

Professor Shih Kong Shin taught Differential Equation. His certainly had a sufficient mastery of mathematics to teach the course. He smiled while teaching in Pekinese, and always apologized with a smile whenever he made a mistake. I remember he once called a student Chuang Chun Chian for Chuang Wei Kan. In Chinese characters, Chun and Wei were fairly close and the third word could either be pronounced as Chian or Kan, although the meanings are quite different. Wei Kan together meant having dried yet.

When he solved equations on the blackboard, he often skipped key steps to save time, but made it difficult for me to follow.

One time before the final examination in Differential Equation, Ho found me and gave me a sheet of paper filled with equations which he believed were the answers to the final. I only had time to glance over those equations a few times before the test. To my surprise, the problems were nearly identical. I saw I could solve at least three of the problems so I felt confident during the exam. Eventually, I finished four out of five problems and did not bother tackling the fifth. Afterward, I learned that there were four students who received the problems in advance. Someone had retrieved the used carbon copy from a garbage can.

Professor Wong Thong Yin taught us Applied Mechanics and Mechanism. His mathematics was superb which seemed to make teaching so effortless for him. He used different mathematical methods to derive the same formula at different times. However, he spoke with a stammer and he had difficulty with Pekinese. He also spoke Japanese English where he pronounced every single letter in a word and quite often with incorrect accent or none at all. For example, he pronounced Moment, Mo-Men-To, without accents. He was aware of his problem with pronunciations. One time he tried to correct the word "neglect." He said Ne-Gu-Lu and dropped the end "t". Students gave him a lovely nickname, Co-Pu-Lu which was from his pronunciation of Couple, which is an important term in mechanics. He used that word often in lectures, but had difficulty pronouncing it.

Students respected and loved him very much. Applied Mechanics and Mechanism were three and four credit hours, respectively. Although they were required core classes, we could see the staff was ill-prepared to teach chemical engineering. They seemed to consider chemical engineering as a mixture of applied chemistry and mechanical engineering so they offered applied chemistry courses and mechanical engineering courses separately. They did not appear to appreciate the integration and synergies between chemistry and engineering. In fact, only 18 of 46 credit hours in our sophomore year were requirements for chemical engineering, including organic and analytical chemistry, and differential equation.

Professor Yeh Pin Yuan taught us Organic Chemistry. He spoke the best Pekinese among our Taiwanese professors. People said that he once lived in Peking. I learned a lot from Professor Yeh. He was a diligent and serious teacher who did not joke. Few could get close to him. He used to scare me using the following teaching tactic.

In his class, he often stopped and asked, "Any questions?" If no one answered, he would continue, "If no question, it's my turn to ask you some questions now." Then, he took our class cards from his bag. The classroom would become so quiet that every student seemed to stop breathing. He called student names one after another to ask questions. It was terrible. I always wondered why he had to do that? When I applied for graduate studies in the States, I asked him to write a recommendation letter for me because I had earned an excellent grade in his Organic Chemistry course. He asked me to write it myself and then gave it to him for review. Of course, I wrote many wonderful things about myself. He made a lot of modifications. In his final recommendation letter, he simply wrote that I took an Organic Chemistry course under him and the score was such.

In 1972, we moved to Columbus, Ohio where we reunited with Professor Yeh and his family. Professor Yeh and his wife took care of us very well. Professor Yeh still maintained his seriousness, but he was still handsome and his smile attractive.

Our Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis was taught by Professor Chan Chau Shi, who was humble and young. He started lecturing immediately after entering the classroom and finished at the bell and his lectures were special. While he was speaking, he seemed to be copying his words on the blackboard. Professor Chan was much better than many professors, especially those in chemical engineering. I always enjoyed his smile and humility.

In our final experiment, each student was given an unknown chemical to identify. In the laboratory, I went through the procedures several times but could not determine the chemical. I asked for several more samples and was finally told to be more careful since the chemical was very expensive, an important clue. A few days later, I found a few of my fingers had darkened. I also observed that a white precipitate was formed when hydrochloric acid was added. From the incomplete data, I made an educated guess that the chemical was silver nitrate. I was lucky that time.

We were required to take physical education in freshman and sophomore years. I was much stronger physically than most of my classmates and I was also better in the track and field. My grades were pretty good and never lower than eighty percent although my military training grade was lower than the class average. Since it was not included in the grade average, I did not care and only strived to score at least sixty percent. In fact, the military instructors were all concerned with students not passing their military class. They did not encourage cheating, but they didn't discourage it. I knew it was wrong to cheat even in the military course, but my conscience did not bother me in this case. To be a good military instructor was not easy, especially in the first year of the class. Students would not listen to the instructors and often insulted them. For instance, students carried their guns on either shoulder while marching. As another example, when we were ordered to disperse, we obeyed; however, when the re-assemble order was issued, the military instructors could not find any of the students.

In general, my sophomore grades were considerably worse than my freshman year's. I had more extracurricular activities, and I was also

disinterested in many subjects. Regardless, I still put a lot of time in the Organic Chemistry, Qualitative Chemistry, Quantitative Chemistry and Differential Equation. The chemistry courses seemed much easier for me and I was able to do well in those classes. Perhaps, I should have transferred to the Department of Chemistry, but I didn't consider it at the time. In retrospect, I would have regretted such a transfer since I discovered later my strong dislike of chemistry laboratory work. Perhaps I should have studied theoretical chemistry. When I was thinking of pursuing a PhD, I had the option of transferring to theoretical chemistry and even received a scholarship from a college, but I did not take it.

I thought that a person could learn as much outside a classroom as inside. In fact, academic education is a poor substitute for experiencing life. I reasoned that I could therefore dismiss the uninteresting courses.

I was extremely busy during the first and second year and I did not write much except a few poems. I did keep a diary during my second year. In the last few pages of the diary book, I wrote about movies I had seen. Unfortunately, I burned the valuable diary after graduation. I was so much afraid it would get me into trouble. I had written the diary just for myself and genuinely authentic. It was unwise to write a diary during that period of my life.

During either my second or third year, the NBC Symphony Orchestra visited Taiwan and performed publicly in the Three Military Forces Ball Court. The concert was widely anticipated within the Taiwanese music circle. People had to stand in a line at midnight just to purchase a ticket, which was very expensive. He asked if someone to buy one for him. I could not afford it, and but I was not as enthusiastic about attending as he was. However, I wished I had attended in hindsight.

During that summer, I took the Official Common Test given by the Central Government and I passed with flying colors. My goal had been to pass the Common Test my sophomore year; the Higher Test my junior year, and also earn an Engineering License. To qualify for the Higher Test required graduating from an engineering college, or passing the Common Test. I did not know why I took the test for an Engineering License, which wasn't necessary for chemical engineering. In the

preparation for the tests, at least I learned to write a Chinese Official Letter used by every civil officer.

PART NINE

Taiwan University:
Junior and Senior Years

Junior Year

Time had passed by so fast and I was now a junior. From now on, my courses were mostly in chemical engineering, except heat power, electrical engineering, and economics. All my classes would be held in an old wooden two story building built for the agriculture high school during the Japanese era. It was one of two such buildings at the university. The other was for civil engineering which was adjacent to ours. On the other side of our building was a fence with bushes and beyond that were a gravel road and then the Ninth and Tenth Dormitory. The road was named Kee Lung Road which has been changed to Chou San Road. Chemical engineering students living in Ninth and Tenth Dormitory would only need two to three minutes to get to class. I lived in the Tenth Dormitory. At the time, the KMT wanted desperately to win the favor of Oversea Chinese. They allowed them to study at the university and housed them in the Tenth Dormitory as well as a few others. I was lucky to get into the dormitory. I was satisfied with almost everything except the noise. The Oversea Chinese students were just too noisy. I heard "Tiu" all the time, the Chinese equivalent of a four-letter word.

I lived in Room 129 next to the bathroom. My roommates were Lin Kuang-Huei (Lin Koki in Japanese), Chan Chan-Hong, Chen Fong-Chian (Chin Fujen), Chen Chi-Chong and HoA-Shiu. Ho had also been my roommate from the Eighth Dormitory. For a student, moving was not much a burden since what little we owned would fit into a suitcase.

Soon after we moved in, Lin Koki invited me to see an orchid exhibition at the Agricultural Experimental Laboratory. I was really surprised. We had both stayed in the Eighth Dormitory and he never spoke to me, although he often visited my roommate, O-Hi-Ge. Until he invited me, I thought he was a serious person who never smiled. Certainly, he had two big shinny bright eyes. I did not know why, but I went even though I was sure the time spent would be both awkward and

uninteresting. I also did not know we would have more than a few words.

But everything turned out to be much better than expected. I found Lin to be warm, friendly and compassionate. He was also a principled individual with strong sense of justice, who would become a really good friend. He would later help me get to the States, which would not have been possible without his support. He was a graduate of Chiayi Middle School and from Shinkang, Chiayi.

Chan Chan-Hong was the last one to arrive and he brought a camera with him, which was uncommon since few students could afford one. Wong shared a rumor that a person from Minchuang Road in Tainan had won the Patriotic Lottery. This person had to be Chan, but the rumor was unconfirmed. Chan seemed to be somewhat simple and unadorned; however, he also seemed to have a lot of outside activities that were unknown to me. He was a year younger and so we did not attend classes together. After a long period of time, I realized he was the top student in his chemical engineering class although he did not seem to be a hard worker. There was something special about him. During exams, he did not go to bed for several days, but made up afterwards by sleeping for days.

One day, his family sent a package of dried foods for him. Among them was a can of fried shredded meat powder. He left the food for several days. But when he was ready to eat, he found that the can was empty. He complained that we should have left some for him to test so that he could tell his folks what it tasted like.

Chen Chi-Chon was a gentle person. He was a year younger and was a mechanical engineering student who knew a lot of information about scholarships and music tickets among other things. His grades were excellent and he was the top student in his class. He was also not a bookworm, but was fairly active. He studied every day, but took breaks. During the examination, he did not study any harder. An examination day was just like any other day to him. He prepared little for the entrance examination and made his life appear so easy and comfortable. He was a graduate of the Kaohsiung Middle School.

Chen Fon-Chuan was another classmate. He was a very artistic person who could paint and conduct music. Originally, he had considered to enter the Department of Arts, but changed his mind for some unknown reason. He was casual and elegant and one of the most handsome students in our class. He was a graduate of Shinchu Middle School and from Hukho, Shinchu.

This group of roommates stayed with me until graduation. During this period, we moved once, between my junior and senior year.

Lee Chon-Sou was a graduate of Kaohsiung Commercial School and a student at the Department of Foreign Language at Taiwan University. He stayed with us for a short while and then moved away. When with us, we had a pleasant time. He habitually used a Japanese phrase “Yarune” and Yaru became his nickname soon after, which he happily accepted. In 1976, I became his sponsor to move from Spain to the States. He now is living in Washington D.C. area.

I was a junior but considered a senior by the department, but I still did not know what chemical engineering was. In fact, I wasn't alone. I thought, most professors, including the department head, also did not know. To me, they thought chemical engineering was simply applied chemistry, or applied chemistry plus a little engineering. During the Japanese era, chemical engineering was not a true discipline, unlike applied chemistry. In the chemical engineering department at Kaohsiung Technical School, they meticulously trained their students in analytical chemistry, including the laboratory method of using a chemical balance.

The classes requiring the most credit hours, and therefore the most training and relative importance, were Industrial Chemistry and Principles of Chemical Engineering. Both were nine credit hour courses and taught over three semesters. Industrial Chemistry was an applied chemistry class, and the Principles of Chemical Engineering was a true engineering course.

Traditionally, Professor Chen Hua-Chou taught Industrial Chemistry. Chen was also a member of a committee focused on taking over the country from Japanese. He was once a politically passionate individual. He wrote the book “The Industrial Chemistry” in Chinese. For some

inexplicable reason, Professor Chau Yao- Chon taught us Industrial Chemistry instead of Chen. Chau also taught us other core classes including Physical Chemistry and Chemical Engineering Thermodynamics. My only hope was that he truly mastered the course material so that he could teach us.

Dr. Shieh Ming-San was our professor for Principles of Chemical Engineering. He earned his doctor degree from the London University. We had been told that London University required four years in chemistry and several more in mechanical engineering to receive a PhD. Professor Shieh's PhD from the London University was different from ours, but he certainly had sufficient knowledge to teach us. He had also published Chemical Engineering Machines, written in Chinese. Professor Shieh was one of only two good professors (no more than two) in the department. Unfortunately, he was always busy in running his hydrochloric acid manufacturing plant. As for his outward appearance, He seemed more amateurish than a professional professor. A year later, he took another job as the President of a newly established Chonyuan Institute of Technology. He was busier and even further removed from amateur rank; and still he taught us the Principles of Chemical Engineering. What a pity.

One of a professor, Cheng Chian-Yan, was well liked by students. He had just returned from the States and was teaching Chemical Stoichiometry. I wished we had more professors like Cheng. He did not teach any core courses during our fourth years. Perhaps, those courses were taught by the experienced professors. Also, he had taught us the Electrochemistry. Although I had him as a professor for two courses, he did not know me since I was a quiet student. In seventies, I went through Denver, Colorado, and had a cup of coffee with him in a coffee shop there. He was very enthusiastic toward all his former students. He was an expert in sea water desalination, and he was teaching class on that subject at the time.

We had two Taiwanese professors during our junior year. Professor Chen Chu- Chon and Professor Hsu Chin-Fa both had difficulty in language. Professor Chen taught in English, which was okay but a strong

Japanese accent. Sometimes, he made mistakes in English grammar. For instance, he used the following phrase repeatedly, "It is 'understand'." In fact, I would guess he understood proper grammar, but could not apply it when speaking. Students never complained about his English since they understood him well enough. Professor Hsu spoke Pekinese in the class. Sometimes, he smiled at his own mistakes. His Pekinese were the source of many jokes. I would repeat his jokes often over conversations.

Our Instrument Control professor, Cheng, had earned an MS degree from MIT, worked for Chinese Petroleum Company, and then came to teach at Taiwan University. Although I could not understand him, I earned a good grade. I learned later that he was fired because he lied about his degree from MIT. I always had a suspicion about him but did not understand why.

Professor Shiau Chi-Rai taught us Economics and focused on Free Enterprise. J.M. Keynes was central to his lectures. He taught us fundamentals of supply and demand but never touched on socialism, which was a taboo at the time.

He once posed a fascinating question, "If someone invented an atomic food which would forever satisfy your hunger, would you eat?" I still remembered always being hungry and so was certain I would eat. In seventies, I posed the same question to my children. They said it was a dumb idea. They wanted to eat more steaks.

What Professor Shiau taught was pure economics. For chemical engineering students, he should have instead taught us how to calculate the production costs of chemical processes, from idea conception to production. Although we did not learn the necessary fundamentals, I enjoyed the class and only regretted learning too little. The course should have been optional.

I was disappointed with the caliber of professors in the department. The university was the most prestigious school in Taiwan and I could not understand why professors were so mediocre. The chemical engineering professors would be as proficient teaching the Three Principles of People or Modern Chinese History as they would the chemical engineering courses. The student quality was generally top-notch, although everyone

was not a genius. Our professors surely missed a golden opportunity to educate some of the most talented young men and women in the country. In one sense, they had betrayed the trust of the Taiwanese people.

Although I was not satisfied with the chemical engineering professors, I was pleased with the university as a whole. However, I did not like the military training encroachment into the university. Although the school could not resist, I did not hear any professors protesting.

The summer after my junior year, I worked at Chiwei Sugar Factory, Taiwan Sugar Corporation, as an intern. I was also studying for the High Official Test which was needed for an engineering license. One of the girls I was tutoring in Taipei wrote me an affectionate letter that summer. Since she was just in high school, I thought she was too young. I decided to talk with her once I got back to Taipei. In general, girl students respected their tutors, because they were already students at a selective college. The tutors were also well versed in physics, chemistry, mathematics, and English. No problem seemed difficult for them and often earned admiration from their students.

A student from the Tainan Technical College, who was a summer intern at the sugar factory, had been beaten by a local high school rascal, apparently for no reason.

After the training, I went back to Siaukang. Ho Shiu-Chuan, Lee Ming-Shin and Liu Chau-San biked all the way from Tainan to see me. They stayed overnight. A six Japanese Tha-Tha-Mi bedroom was quite enough for four of us. The same summer Tsai, a friend from Photsu, also visited me. He had intended to spend the night, but changed his mind after seeing our simple Japanese home. I did not know where he went, but I certainly felt insulted. I never associated with him again.

I failed the High Official Test and decided to retake it next year. I also decided to take the national rather than local test. The engineering license would cover the entire nation rather than just local. At the time, the difference was insignificant, but I felt the national one was more prestigious. In retrospect, I was competitive in my youth.

Senior Year

In our fourth year Lin Kuan-Hui, Chen Fong-Chuan, Ho Shiu-Chuan, Chan Chan-Hong, Chen Chi-Chon, and I moved to the second floor into Room 229, joining Wong Wen-Kuei and Chan Chie-Kun, who had invited us.

Wong was senior chemistry major who had graduated from Tainan First Middle School. His uncle, Wong Tuon-Yin was our professor in Applied Mechanics. Our friend Wong paid little attention to his appearance. He often wore shoes with soles that were nearly detached. His trousers were rumbled and un-ironed, rarely displaying any straight lines for seams. He had a curly hair. Regardless of his unkempt appearance, he was gentle, passionate, sincere and faithful. I genuinely liked him

Chan Chie-Kun was a junior and graduated from Taichon First Middle School. He was one of the most refined, yet unassuming, individuals I had ever met. I could see poetry in all his movements. I felt that he was an incarnation of the Chuan Chu philosophy, although I'm not very familiar with its teachings. When I said Chan was romantic, I did not mean he frequently dated women. In fact, I don't think he dated at all. More accurately, he seemed to embody all the attributes of a poet. He was able to see beauty above the noisy environment, while filtering out the noise. When everyone walked faster, he kept his own measured pace and peace.

One night around 9:00 PM, Chan was preparing for the Principles of Chemical Engineering examination the next day when he was distracted by the moonlight streaming through the window. He had reviewed only half of the material, but he closed his book and invited me for a walk along the banks of Tansuei River. We walked under the beautiful moonlight for more than two hours. He kept quiet most of the time, but when he talked, he spoke slowly and melodically. We returned at midnight. I expected that he would return to study, but he simply turned off his light and went to sleep. He had a good and peaceful night. I never learned how well he scored, but he was not bothered since his grade was

unimportant. That year, we took at least ten walks at the riverside. By the way, he and Chan Chan-Hong were classmates.

Soon after moving to Room 229, I spent an entire day preparing experiments in the laboratory for my B.S. thesis and I left the laboratory around seven that evening. When I arrived back at my room, my roommates congratulated me for being elected the Executive Officer of the Dormitory. I never even thought of running for the office, but I was elected nevertheless. Without my knowledge or consent, they submitted my name as a candidate. In past years, the highest vote getter became the Executive Officer, and he chose his cabinet. This year, the process was changed.

The KMT wanted to control the dormitory affairs. They ran their own candidate for the office. Their candidate, Liu, had flunked out of Air Force Cadet School and transferred to Taiwan University. They wanted the office and used any mean to achieve their goal including cheating. When their candidate was defeated, they changed the rules. That night, the top vote getters were summoned to the Military Instructor's room. He was also the supervisor of the Dormitory and told us to elect the Officer and choose the cabinet members. Of course I objected to the new rules. So, nothing was done. I went back to our room and told my roommates what happened. They were mad as hell and went to speak to the Instructor, but to no avail. I also went back to argue with him separately. It was not the position that interested me, but the justice. He told me repeatedly that he was a graduate of the Department of Law, Chau-Yang University. He also insisted Taiwan would have no law if there were no Chau-Yang. Anyway, he argued that he was the law expert and knew much more than me, but I was not impressed.

I told him with a reference book in my hand that there were written and unwritten laws. In this case, the unwritten law was the traditional procedure where the top vote getter was elected Officer and formed his own cabinet. Our debate was heated, but was rational. I tried hard to control my emotions and maintain cool. As a result, we compromised and agreed the top vote getter would be Executive Officer and the other top vote getters would serve as his cabinet. As a technicality, my

candidacy was not official since my roommates had secretly nominated me without my consent, so my election was not officially valid. I did not raise this issue because I was afraid my roommates might be punished.

I wanted to briefly write about Professor Chau Yao-Chon. He taught several core courses in chemical engineering but not very effectively. All fellow students in the department will remember Professor Chau. He earned a master's degree from an unknown university. He was rather tall with strong body frame. He paid particular attention to his appearance and always wore expensive suits that were cleaned and pressed. He also wore a pair of glasses with deep color frames. He had two large eyes that seemed to always be blinking. This gave people an impression of being extremely cold and indifferent, and distanced him from them.

I have never seen the planet Pluto but if I were to draw it, I would use Professor Chau as model. When teaching, he often used the expressions: "Either Shinsun S Road or Roosevelt Road" to describe two buses that started at the same bus stop and ended at the same destination, but took completely different routes to get there. The analogy was used to explain state functions in thermodynamics which describes 'location' rather than 'routes'. Professor Chau also said, "Chemical engineering and chemistry are different." It was pitiful that he never explained the difference between chemical engineering and chemistry. Perhaps, he did not appreciate the difference himself. In the end, "chemical engineering and chemistry are different" was just a slogan like "Anti-Communist, Fight Soviet Union" or "Destroy Chu-Mao." None had meaning to me.

Professor Chau certainly did not endear students because of his cold personality. If I had to talk to a professor, I would look for him only if no one else were available. Unfortunately, I needed him during senior year when I was taking thermodynamics that he taught. It was almost a disaster and here's the story.

I had finished my thermodynamics midterm exam course and was looking forward to seeing an early movie with Ho-A-Shiu, who was already waiting for me outside the classroom. Professor Chau was noticeably absent and the student sitting next to me asked for my help. I

first submitted my test and then returned to my desk. I then wrote down the answers in a sheet of paper and gave it to him. I met Ho outside and we went to see the movie. I didn't give my actions a second thought.

At the beginning of the next class, Professor Chau with eyes glaring and told us that an extra test had been submitted. He assumed a student had tried to submit a test for another student who was absent. He wanted the guilty student to confess and he would be lenient as a result. I thought the incident had nothing to do with me, but I was wrong. Several days later, I learned that the student I helped had confessed. The incident had suddenly been connected to me. I went to the student and he told me that after I left the examination room, Professor Chau had returned to the classroom. The student did not have a chance to hide the answers I gave him, and therefore he had submitted my paper with his. He had confessed the entire story to Professor Chau.

Since the University was closed for vacation, I visited Professor Chau at his university home at Wun-Chou Street. I knocked on his door and noticed people playing Mahjong. Professor Chau came to the door without a suit for the first time in my memory. I confessed my guilt and he scolded me severely. I asked for his forgiveness and told him repeatedly that I would never do this again. The exchange only lasted a few minutes but he told me he would be lenient since I confessed. I thought I would be strictly punished for the stupid thing I did. Afterward, Professor Chau forgave me and forgot the incident.

About this time, I started sensing the end of my college life approaching. Every class was preparing for a graduation trip. Our class decided to tour the island, but I did not join them. I can't recall the reason now but think it was probably because of either the high cost or that I was too busy preparing for the Engineering License test, which I desperately wanted to pass.

At this time, one of my roommates started a romantic relationship, the first of our friends to venture down that path. It was so strange to all of us. The first love was full of dreams and fantasies. It was a combination of flowers, moon, stars, poems, prose, and eternity etc. The two had met on one of the graduation trips. In the beginning of the

relationship, he and I would walk to Fu-Bell after finishing our supper, and watched the girls walking from the Fifth Girls' Dormitory. He would say, "The campus of Taita is so beautiful."

The relationship lasted through graduation, but stopped soon after. Her family objected to the relationship, so they had to separate. He said good bye to his first love with a broken heart and tears.

In my senior year, I wrote a few prose, two of which I remember well, "A Morning in a Dormitory," which was published in the Taita Youth, and "Slide Rule," which was published in another Taita magazine. For the first, I earned US\$50, and the second US\$20. The only reason I remember those numbers was they helped me in difficult times. I also sent a few poems to newspapers. They were about my hardship as a student.

My outside activities had increased significantly since starting school, especially after my sophomore year. My living expenses had increased commensurately. Even so, I still led a very simple life. I never wasted a penny and saved as much as I could. For example, I washed my own clothes and rarely visited the commercial bath in the winter time at Nan-Chan Street. In the winter, the dormitory did not provide hot water and I took my bath in the Dormitory with cold water. When I was young, Japanese taught us that General Nogi took cold baths by the well outside. Somehow, this was a path to becoming a General. As a matter of fact, I had no aspirations to becoming a General or any great person. Cold baths were to save money. Of course, I would have gone to Nan-Chan Street like everyone else if I had the money.

My financial resources came from my family, the school scholarship, tutoring, and fees paid by companies for advertising in newspapers or magazines. I knew very well, how the challenges for my family to send me money. I deeply appreciate their sacrifices. When I received the monthly check and letter from Father, I would be emotional. Father always wrote about their hardships which I knew all too well. In the letters, he often asked me to cut down my living expenses and not forget to glorify my forefathers. The last phrase routinely appeared in family

letters from those people of that generation. In Taiwanese it was pronounced “Kuon Chon Yau Chuo.”

When the graduation was approaching, our class leader asked who would like to work for the Taiwan Sugar Cooperation. Those interested would sign on a piece of paper from his notebook. The request was from our professor who taught Sugar Industry, Professor Huang Zin-Chieh, who was also the Associate General Manager at the Taiwan Sugar Corporation.

At the time, I frequently heard about “I-20” and knew it had something to do with going abroad to study. But, I was not interested in continuing my education since I needed a job to help Father. Since I was not confident of finding a job after graduation, I signed my name with the understanding that this was not a binding contract. At the same time, the Company was not committing to a job either. I knew this was not an ideal job, but I wanted a “just-in-case” opportunity. I did not know then, but signing would lock me to the sugar company and prohibit me from taking another job. I would later be rejected for a job with an oil refinery because of this contract. At the time, I had completed my ROTC requirement and written to the Department of the Economic Administration to ask for a refinery job using my Common Official Certificate. The oil refinery job was a great opportunity for chemical engineers, who were the primary force driving the industry.

I was contractually bound to the Sugar Corporation and I lost all my interest. At the time, nearly all industries were government owned. Only a small number were private such as Taiwan Cement Company, which recently became a private institute. I did not have any connection with the private companies, nor would I have wanted to work with them.

The Class of 1957

Ours, the Class of 1957, was the last class before the United College Entrance Examination. We had to complete separate college examinations, starting from the Tainan Technical College, Taiwan University, Taiwan Normal College and finally, Taiwan Agricultural College. If I had a choice between combined or separate tests I would

definitely choose combined because I would only have to take one examination. I could also choose to take the exam closest to my home. My desire was partially driven by cost implications. For the 1957 Class, the Pao-Song system, or "Sending a Student to A College without Entrance Examination system," would not be implemented until 1958.

Because of Taiwanese student's deficiency in Chinese as compared to the students from China, they were given five additional points to their scores in my year. In earlier years, ten points were added. At the time Chinese student scored about 30 points better in the entrance examination Chinese than Taiwanese students. That year, the minimum score for Taiwanese students getting admitted to Taiwan University was 295 points, and for a Chinese was 300. A total of five courses (Physics and chemistry were combined to be one.) were included in the examination. The university also implemented an optional criterion to facilitate admission. One could exclude the scores from one course and double the scores from a second course of his choice. The excluded course had to be insignificant for the department he was entering, and the second course had to be important. For example, one of my roommates excluded his mathematic score and doubled his English score to get admitted into the foreign language department. His score in mathematics was zero.

The Oversea Chinese students entered Taiwan University for the first time in 1953 with my class. Their presence changed the school and its students considerably. The chemical engineering department was divided into two cohorts. Both cohorts did everything together except for physical education. There were five Oversea Chinese students in our department who were all in the second cohort. Since I was in the first cohort, I did not spend much time with them. Their number increased rapidly over the years and the university had to build several dormitories by our senior year to house them all. The Oversea Chinese students seemed to be more interested in socializing than studying. The main library was no longer a quiet place for studying but rather a gathering place to meet girls. In addition to the new military training, the University was fundamentally and structurally changing.

I will curse the Military Training here because we missed our graduation ceremony because of the new 1-1/2 year ROTC requirement which wouldn't be completed until early 1959. After we finished our course work, we gathered in Tson-San Auditorium wearing the military training clothes for a ceremony, but no degree was conferred. This was the end of our Taiwan University years and there would be no celebration. When we finished our ROTC, the University mailed our degrees to us at home. For our Graduation Photo Book, we went to a photographer. Since I did not have any instruction from the University, I have my photo taken with cap and gown from the school of science instead of engineering. It was a big mistake.

Four years of college had passed so quickly. The time had been filled with hardships, bitterness, frustrations, and disappointments, but also glory and satisfaction. I was most proud of this achievement which would deeply impact my future life. I was not a frog in a well any more. One of the most important gifts I received these four years was the friendship of truly wonderful and unselfish classmates. Another gift was being able to see a vision of my future. Of course, I had some scholastic achievement, too.

Before leaving the University, my eight roommates went to a photographer to take a picture. We shared many unforgettable memories and we wanted to capture that time together. My roommates were: Won Wen-Kuei, Ho Shiu-Chuan, Chen Fon-Chuan, Lin Kuan-Huei, Chan Chan-Hong, Chen Chi-Tson and Chan Chie-Kun.

During that summer, I passed the National High Officer Examination and earned my engineering license. I should have been happy, but I was not. I had wasted too much time and effort to accomplish something not very valuable.

The four years at Taiwan University were the most memorable time of my life. I had few worries and a great group of unselfish friends. I was also free, romantic, happy, and young. One regrettable shortcoming was my lack of social conscience or political interest. Neither my friends nor I connected with the troubles facing our society, which seemed too far away to affect us. One exception was when a non-KMT candidate, Kao

Yu-Su, ran for Mayor of Taipei against a KMT candidate. I recall that we went out to support him, but that was an isolated case. I short, I genuinely enjoyed those four years.

Trivial but Memorable Stories

I have so far described some of my 'normal' memories from college. However, when a group of young people get together, they sometimes do some strange and unusual things that can border on the absurd. But they originate from the creativity, fantasy, and dreams of the individuals.

Impersonating an Officer

During my senior year, Won Wen-Kuei was visited by a relative, Won Tun-San, who was a graduate of Tai-Chon Agricultural College and was serving in ROTC. He planned to stay with us for a few days. For fun and save some money, I would wear his military uniform and he would use his identification card. We would both get into the movie at a discount. Everything went smoothly until we got into the bus to go home. A staff from the chemical engineering department, Mr. Wu, sat in the seat in front of us. I had suspected that he might be a KMT secret agent and heard him asking the student next to him why I was wearing a ROTC uniform since I was only a senior. I was very worried for a few months afterwards. A number of years later, I ran into Won Tun-San in D.C., and we talked about that episode briefly. I indicated to him that if we got caught, we would have been in a big trouble since martial law was in effect.

Women

Also during my senior year, we were talking one night just before falling sleeping. The topic was women. Ho said that he would not marry a girl as beautiful as Venus. Since we tried so hard to protect the perfect thing, how could he break it? At the time, in our mind Venus was a perfect girl. Someone else asked, "Why do we call a woman's private part, a frog (kaeru)?" Another one answered, "When a woman get excited, her

private part will open and close continuously, and also make ceaseless noise--'Kua, Kua. . . .” The answer was so creative and fanciful.

Honesty

During the same year, we played a trick on Chan Chan-Hong who had just returned to the room for the evening. Won Wen-Kuei and I told him that Yang Chuan-Kuan had just won an Olympics gold medal in the decathlon, which had ironically not completed at the time. Chan rushed out so quickly we couldn't stop him. When we saw him again, he had excitedly told friends about the news. We were so sorry and confessed our story. He cursed at us and then ran back out to correct the story even though it was already very late. How easy it would have been if we had a phone. It also certified Chan as an honest and trustworthy individual.

Being Cheated

One morning during my senior year, I rode my bike to the Large World Movie Theater to catch the early morning movie by myself. While I was purchasing a ticket, a skinny man of about fifty approached me. While using a handkerchief to cover his mouth, he pleaded for help. He arrived the previous day from the south to look for his son in Taipei. He had been walking the streets since then and could not find him. With no money, he had not eaten and his wife was sick at home. What a sad story! I quickly gave him all my money so had to miss the movie. I had wasted one hour riding my bike from school and would now have to bike back. Before starting back, I scanned the advertisements of future movies in front of the Large World Movie Theater and then went to the nearby Cosmopolitan. While I was there, the same guy approached me again with exactly the same story. I knew I had been scammed. I was so angry at myself for a few days since this was the very first time I had been duped. I thought I had learned my lesson. Unfortunately, I would be scammed again a few more times through my life, although not by the same person or scheme.

It's Absurd

A roommate asked me to write to a female student during my senior year. If she responded, he would buy me a bottle of black plum liquor. If not, then I would owe him. I accepted his challenge and won the bottle. Unexpectedly, we won NT\$10 in the lottery by purchasing the liquor. With the extra money we bought second bottle. I never again wrote to that girl. In truth, I did not know her and had never even seen her.

Bathing

The dormitory only provided unheated running water. In the winter, the water was too cold for showers. When we stayed at the Tenth Dormitory, we went to a commercial bath at Nan-Chan Street to bathe. Due to our limited budgets, we visited the bath infrequently and only when we needed one very badly. It was common to see one of our roommates return from the dorm bathroom with a washing basin and a dry towel, unable to withstand the cold water. Just before going to bed, they would murmur the following line from a movie's advertisement: "It's impossible to shut it down. We have to continue for another day and are going on to the eighth day." (The movie was going for the eighth day due to the great demand, and so was the no bathing due to it being too cold.)

No Ripple Aroused by Spring Wind

One morning my sophomore year, I was walking to the library with a couple books. Most students were in classes and so few were around. I surprisingly ran into the girl working at Asakaze coffee and music shop, Chun-Hion-A. She operated the record player and had graduated from Taipei Second Girls' Middle School. I did not know her very well, but she knew Ho Shiu-Chuan quite well because he visited Asakaze frequently. She told me she wanted to see Ho. I knew he was on campus, but did not tell her. Instead, I took her to the dorm to wait, and went to look for Ho. I did not think it would be good to bring her in case he did not want to see her.

I found him and told him that he had a visitor waiting for him at the Dorm but didn't immediately identify the individual. He asked me to

describe his visitor while we were walking home. I told him the person was a little bit short and with curly hair. He guessed the person must be Stone who was his classmate from the Tainan First Middle School but not a student at Taita. He started talking about Stone but I decided not to keep him in suspense. I told him who she was and his emotion changed from enthusiastic to cold. He did not want to see her and asked that I handle the situation for him. When I returned to the dorm, she was reading a magazine I had given her. I simply told her I could not find Ho, and so she left. I never saw her again.

Spring Wind Did Not Bring Rain

It was the winter vacation during my sophomore year. I went to the Ta-Sing Department Store in Kaohsiung and stopped at the slide rule section. I struck up a conversation with a girl who was also shopping and found out she knew more about slide rules than me. We ended up exchanging addresses. I used my school address thinking that Taipei was too far away for her, but soon she was in Taipei to see me. I took her boating with a friend of mine to Lake Pithan. A student I was tutoring was with her friends and saw me from the suspension bridge. They shouted together, "An oil stick sandwiched by a baked cake." several times. The expression was meant to describe two girls and one boy being together, rather than two boys and one girl, but I was embarrassed nonetheless.

The second day, the girl came to visit me again in the dorm but I had already left. It seemed to me she was getting serious. For next seven days, I avoided her by going to school early in the morning and returning very late. I have not seen her since.

I want to recount an embarrassing episode with one of my female students who I was tutoring. This was during the summer vacation of my third year. Only a few students were in the dorm at the time. My student came to visit me unannounced with a group of friends. It was a hot afternoon and I had come out from the bathroom with a washing basin when I ran into them in the hallway. I was only wearing a pair of underpants. They did not say a word, and ran away from me. I also ran

back into the bathroom and waited until they left. After I put on clothes I went outside to look for them, but they were gone. Next time, when I saw her, she said that I was a black person with a white tummy.

The way we treated both Chun-Hion-A and the slide rule girl may have been cruel, but we did not know any better way. It was the best way for us at that age and place. In fact, we did not have money, time or desire to be involved romantically.

A Beautiful Dream

My best memory was from my freshman year. I had a habit of getting up early in the morning, and always took a walk with my slippers during the peaceful morning on campus. I would always go Fu-Garden, without exception. I would often see a beautiful and pure girl student sitting on the marble and reading aloud from her freshman English book. Her musical and beautiful voice pierced through the fresh air and into my heart.

I learned that she was in my chemistry class under Professor Liu Sheng-Rie. I loved going to both Fu-Garden and chemistry class. I had found my solace. It was so beautiful. This continued for about a year, and then ended. However, the image of girl remains etched indelibly in my memory.

PART TEN

ROTC

I was assigned to the Air Force, luckily. Basic training was completed in the Air Force Preparatory School at Ton-Kang. They shaved our heads completely on the first day. Our dignity was dumped into the garbage with our hair. Our feelings of shame disappeared suddenly, since everyone looked the same and exactly like a soldier (At the time, Taiwanese, in general, disliked soldiers). The training seemed somewhat similar to films we had seen. Of course, first-hand experience was quite different. We became a piece of the machine, and they completely controlled our on-off switches. We were supposed to obey their orders, but we did not do so immediately. Although we would eventually conform, our minds behaved strangely for a while.

“If I say the blackboard is white, it becomes white. If I say one plus one equals to four, it is four. No questions. No arguments!” the officer barked.

“The world is so big, and the people so many. There must be people who are color blind and those who are idiots,” one ROTC student wrote in his diary.

This student was disciplined and served as a night guard for several evenings. The student was told that the first penalty was a minor warning. A more severe penalty was forthcoming if he continued to act like a civilian. Next time he would be placed into a solitary confinement.

There was a Taiwanese lieutenant among the military officers. Of course, he could speak Taiwanese. One night, a Taiwanese ROTC student went to the toilet. Coincidentally, the lieutenant went too.

The student said loudly in Taiwanese, “Damn it, even mosquitoes here dare to bully and insult me!”

He then hit his bare leg with such force that the noise shattered the quiet of the night. His swearing and slapping sounds echoed throughout the toilet. The lieutenant walked away quietly after he was finished. The student left and they gave the peace back to the night.

One day the ROTC students believed they could endure no more. They brought their problems to their company officer, a lieutenant colonel. When they received no resolution, they approached their highest

commanding officer, a colonel and the president of the Preparatory School. While the students may have thought the low rank officers were unreasonable, they soon discovered that all the black birds had the same color, black. They knew they had to learn patience to endure the three months of basic training.

In the end, we learned to clean and make our beds. We also adapted ourselves to the rigors of camp: basic training in the middle of the hot afternoon on sizzling concrete surfaces; emergency night assembly in the total dark of the night; and periodic brain-washing. Sometimes, we shook our heads in disbelief at the work we had accomplished; For example, when we faced our squared Futon, they were in such perfect shape.

The first month the ROTC students were confined to school. It was difficult being isolated from the outside world. The first time we were allowed out, everyone was very excited. The night before, the sounds of our movements back and forth between the beds and the bathroom began around midnight. We wanted to prepare to go out, but we could not do it before seven in the morning. What could we do? We could not sleep. We were like grammar school students going out for our first outing with minimal patience, especially those of us with girlfriends or fiancées.

There were a few smart students cunning enough to invent schemes to obtain a so-called special holiday. One of them was from Ton-Kang. He always came up with some unknown reason to leave the training camp for a day. We envied him. I was told that he was granted permission because he was to introduce a girl to his platoon leader. Every ROTC student knew how hungry those officers were for girls. At the time, there were few Taiwanese girls willing to marry a foreign province guy (a Chinese), especially one in the military. Furthermore, there were few foreign province girls available.

One day, the government published a list of people in the day's newspaper who were successful on the High Official Test. Our platoon officer, a captain, read the list of people who were from our small group. He mentioned everyone in the platoon except me. For some reason, I always was forgotten.

The anniversary of the Taiwan University was approaching. We knew the university had requested two alumni representatives from our training camp to attend the university ceremony. Without my knowledge, I was chosen by the other Taiwan University graduates in the training camp. They had convened to select two representatives, and I was one of the lucky ones. However, the training camp officials ignored our selections and simply picked their own. I believed the camp officials bypassed me simply because I was not a KMT member. The feeling was shared by most of the alumni. To leave camp for a few days would have been a welcome treat, but unfortunately the opportunity slipped through my fingers before I could grab it.

In basic training, I first met my future brother-in-law, Hsieh Tian-Chau. We belonged to the same squad of nine men. We were given numbers based on height. I was the number seven and he was ninth. If it had been strictly based on looks, he would have undoubtedly been chosen first. To me, he was very handsome and mature.

One mild and sunny day, my future sister-in-law came to visit her fiancée. She wore a white, European style dress with pretty colors and a pair of high-heeled white shoes. She was so beautiful and elegant. The next day he asked me to write to either one of his fiancée's two sisters. I did not have a strong inclination to have a girlfriend at the time, but did not dismiss the possibility. In the back of my mind, I thought I needed to establish myself first in society, before I could consider a girlfriend.

I remembered that when I was in Siau-Kang during summer vacations in my college years, I often walked alone on the shore along the bay in the evening. I would dream that a beautiful girl would appear by my side during the walk, but it disappointedly never happened. The training camp was also near the ocean, and I went to the shore by myself many times under the beautiful moonlight, but without romance. Life was simply too mechanical.

There were a few things that deeply stuck in my mind from the Ton-Kang training camp. They were as follows.

Petroleum in Chinese Steamed Dumplings

Every morning without an exception, we were served Chinese steamed dumplings for breakfast. One morning, we smelled a strong petroleum odor in the dumplings. We reported this to the officers who initially ignored our complaints. They ordered us to eat and guaranteed it would not kill us. We refused.

To refuse eating or to go on for a hunger strike was very serious matter in the military. They went through a brief investigation, including some testing. In the end, they made the cooks remake dumplings. As far as how the petroleum got into the steamed dumplings, they never told us, nor did we ask.

Worms in Steamed Dumplings

Another time we found worms in the steamed dumplings. Perhaps, the flour used to make the dumplings was too old. Regardless, our officers ordered us to eat the dumplings. Although they admitted the dumplings were infested with worms, they claimed the worms would cause no harm. They reasoned that the worms only ate the flour. Since the flour was clean, so were the worms. It was odd logic to me. Human beings also eat clean food but our waste certainly is not clean. Needless to say, we don't eat human waste either. In the end, we ate the dumplings while we picked out the "clean" worms.

Taking Someone Else's Medicine

This memory had nothing to do with dumplings. In one instance, three unrelated students who shared the same last name, Chen, went to see the medical doctor. When they returned, all three of their medicines had the same name, Chen. The doctor had not bothered to write down their first names. When asked, the doctor simply told them to take any one of the three although two had colds and the third had an ear infection.

Three months of the basic training was grueling, but honestly speaking, it was not too long or excessive. We got stronger and tougher

both mentally and physically. However, I felt that the entire ROTC training, a year and a half, was much too long.

After the three month basic training, I was sent to the Air Force Academy in Kan-San to be trained as a photography officer. In our class, more than ten students were from college, and we majored in chemistry, physics or chemical engineering. We also had four naval officers join us.

Our coursework included: Basic Photography, Development, Printing, Enlargement, and Photo and Map Analyses and Studies. My future brother-in-law was in the same class. Somehow his grades were always superior, although we learned the same techniques. The objects in his photos were mostly girls, usually his fiancée and her sisters. Many of my classmates joked that he used beautiful girls as snares for getting good grades.

Here I met my lifetime friend, Chen Su-Siue. Chen came from Tai-Chon and graduated from Tai-Chon First Middle School and Tainan Technical College.

The life here at the specialty photography training was much easier than that at basic training. Our life was very relaxed. Other than wearing military clothes, we did not feel as though we were serving in the military.

During our final day in specialty training, a high officer from the Headquarter had scheduled to visit the Academy. Because of the important visitor, we were ordered to postpone our departure until a further notice. However, we had other ideas. During nap time, we filed orderly through the gate in two neat lines. When the guard asked us the reason, our leader Shieh Suan-Yuan answered, "Graduation and Leaving the Academy." The guards luckily let us pass.

We were so afraid of being caught that we quickly dispersed. Our crime was not a light one, and we were thankfully not discovered. At the time, we did not take it seriously since we were just too young. We all became second lieutenants.

All of us were asked to report to work at the Tao-Yuan Air Force Base. The day we were supposed to report, we arrived early in the morning. At a distance of about a couple hundred yards from the gate, an officer from the Air Force Academy was waiting for us. He gave us

papers necessary for reporting. This was the first time we knew that we had to have the papers for reporting. The Academy must have experienced trouble when we escaped since we were really missing soldiers. There was a saying, "When a scholar runs into a soldier, he will run out of reasons to convince him." But, wait, if a soldier runs into a scholar, what's going to happen? I think, "A dumb eats 'Nelumbo lutea' or yellow lotus." It is very bitter, but he cannot complain.

So in April 1958, I reported to the Sixth Battalion of the Air Force in Tao-Yuan. I worked at their Photographic Center in the Photographic Technical Group. Our mission was to study and analyze the air photos taken in China and send them to the Air Force Headquarters, the United War Center and the Thirteenth Aviation Group of the American Air Force. The Head of the Center was Chan Chun-Fang, captain of photographic officers, and hailed from Su-Chuan Province. He had a pair of scary, big eyes and his unshaven beard was so dark and dense. He also spoke with deep Su-Chuan accent. Judging from his appearance, we thought he was a cruel and violent person. But, in fact, he was not. He was as kind as a person could be. As long as you worked hard, he would not bother you. In fact, he would take care of you. Under the Head, there were three On-duty Officers: Lieutenant Wang Chi-Sian, Second Lieutenant Kuo Chan-Kun and me.

Lieutenant Wang was a professional military man. He was a very good person, one of the best I had ever met. He was honest, loyal and trustful. Second Lieutenant Kuo was an ROTC man, like me. An On-duty Officer worked only one day out of three, but his working hours were twenty-four hours a day. His responsibility was to distribute photos and their analyses to the units which were assigned by the mission. The Officer had three sergeants to assist him with deliveries.

The Officer's job was quite simple and easy, as long as he delivered the photos and analysis to the appropriate units. Since the photos were taken by Taiwanese Air Force from the sky of China, they were classified as Top Secret Materials. It was critical that the materials were delivered to the right place.

We had two days off after working a day. Better yet, we did not actually have enough work for every work day. When the weather was bad or there was no mission scheduled, the Officer had practically no work to do. Aside from that, an Officer could ask one of the others to switch workdays. Lieutenant Wang rarely went out, so it was very convenient for Kuo or me to ask him to switch with us, and he always kindly obliged.

Since I had a lot of time to kill, I was teaching a chemistry course at a nearby high school, Ta-Yuan Middle School. I was also tutoring at Tau-Yuan in the evening. To get around, I needed a bike. Luckily, Ho Shiu-Chuan left one, Fu-Su Pa-Wang (a famous trade name at the time) in the Tenth Dormitory of the Taiwan University. He was serving in the Army ROTC in the South. Ho readily consented to lending me his bike.

One evening, with a lot of stars in the sky but no moon, I rode on the bike from the Tenth Dorm all the way to the Tao-Yuan Base. The bike did not have a light. When the mission was accomplished, I had to congratulate myself for being alive. At the time, a section of Taipei to Tao-Yuan Highway was very dangerous for a bike riding especially at night. Mountains were on the right and a deep valley on the left. The only lights were from the stars in the sky or an occasional firefly. The worst case was when a car approached from the opposite direction with beams that would invariably blind me. This was the time I would be thankful for even a firefly flying over me. When I saw the lights from Tao-Yuan streets, I was as joyful as if I had met my God. I was thankful for my survival.

One day I was on duty, about 10 pm, I was waiting for the photos from the Study and Analysis Group. I had nothing to do and was bored. I wrote a letter to Ms. Hong, my future wife, in Taipei. I had seen her once when I went to her school with A-Tian, her brother-in-law. I had bumped into him aboard a train on my way to Taipei, and he had graciously invited me to join him to visit her, and I had agreed. My first impression was that she was a girl with a warm, tender and pure character. Although I can no longer remember how she looked, her sweet voice has forever stayed deeply in my heart.

After we exchanged several letters, I emboldened myself to ask her out for a movie. Her “yes” answer was so unexpectedly straightforward that it took me by surprise. We went to a movie, *A Farewell to Arms*, at the Cosmopolitan Theater. The movie was based on Ernest Hemingway's novel by the same name. Unluckily, I walked by a Lieutenant Colonel on West Gate Street and did not salute to him because I had not seen him. The officer wrote down my name. This was the first time I dated a girl in my life. No one would expect that anyone in my situation would pay much attention to his surroundings. After a few days, I received an official reprimand stating “Seeing a Lieutenant Colonel and failing to salute, you are given a penalty of One Small Warning.” The penalty was an acceptable price.

While we dated, I found out that I was not a considerate and thoughtful person. In fact, I did not know much about making a girl comfortable and happy. I felt as stupid as a cow.

On November 12, 1958, we had decided to go to the Pi-Thang boating. In the early morning, she confided to me that it was her birthday. In retrospect, I should have bought her some flowers, but I did nothing at that time. The birthday thing did not register in my mind, and I simply forgot it immediately. That evening, we went to a restaurant, and she asked for a bowl of noodle soup. She asked me if I wanted one. My answer was, “No, I want a bowl of rice noodle soup.” I was really dumber than a cow. I rejected eating her birthday noodles as was a customary in Taiwan to celebrate one's birthday. Noodles were long which meant a long life.

I earned money during weekdays which was just sufficient for my expenses for the weekend. Fortunately, she and I went “Dutch,” splitting all bills. She did not want me to pay the entire bill.

My days at the Tao-Yuan Base were pleasant, active and colorful. If I wrote that I was in Heaven, I would not be kidding. I had a girlfriend and many good friends in the military unit, including the Head of the Center and Lieutenant Wang. I was also friends with Mr. Lee Hua-sun, a sergeant who delivered photos for me and also a professional military person, and You Chi-Chai, an enlisted man. You had invited me to his

home once to spend the night. Lee was alone in Taiwan and was a good person, as good as Second Lieutenant Wang. I deeply regret not maintaining contact with them since I left the military.

In March of 1959, I left them and the Center with a Small Warning-- not saluting the Lieutenant Colonel-- and a Small Merit--discovering the relocation of Communist planes. The departure could have been much more emotional, if I were not already planning my engagement.

PART ELEVEN

Life in the Sugar Corporation

My First Job

April, 1959, after orientation training at Than-Tsu, Tai-Chon, I reported to work at the Siau-Kang Sugar Manufacturing Company of the Taiwan Sugar Corporation. At that time, I should have been ecstatic with my job because a sugar manufacturing company had been my dream company. It contained many youthful memories and fantasies. I was walking around its fences, and could not find the entrance. Inside the door, the company would provide security, good compensation, and excellent welfare. The company symbolized today, tomorrow, and the future. Like an orphan longing for a family with self-sufficient parents, I was eager to be a part of a sugar manufacturing company.

Ironically, I was not happy at all, but rather sad. I had a lot of complaints, but nowhere to release. My former sentiments toward the sugar company were gone. I was grown up now with different values.

The most disconcerting and unplanned event was when I signed a piece of torn notebook paper belonging to my Class Leader during my senior year at Taiwan University. At the time, I did not realize the consequence of my signing--selling myself to the Sugar Corporation.

The Class Leader had declared, "Anyone wishing to work for the Taiwan Sugar Corporation, sign your name." To me it was not a contract, but just an intention. Later, when I applied for another job with the Economic Administration, they replied, "You have promised the Taiwan Sugar Corporation ... "

The reason I was so unhappy was not because of the contract itself, but my belief that I would not fully utilize my talent at this corporation. At the time, I saw myself very highly. I thought I could attain important achievements in chemical engineering if given the right opportunities, which were clearly not available here. This was my passion entering my first job immediately after my college.

The Siau-Kang Sugar Company had a couple things I was not too happy about. First, the equipment and processes were old-fashioned like most sugar plants. Second, Siau-Kang was too small a village. I had been in Taipei for so long, and I became accustomed to a city life.

When I reported to work at the Siau-Kang Sugar Company, the plant was shut down for the annual repair period. Although one could hear hammering sounds everywhere, the plant was literally dead. Almost everyone was waiting desperately for five in the afternoon to come. Fifteen minutes before the hour, everyone was gathering in front of the gate with a bike. As soon as the gate was open, they fought to get through the gate and soon disappeared. Only the guards stayed after work hours.

Besides me, a classmate of mine from Taiwan University, Hwang Chao-Ling also reported to work. From day one, both of us started looking for another job since he was not happy with his job either. At the time, most chemical companies--I may have to say the entire chemical industry--were owned by the government except Taiwan Cement Company which was sold to private owners not too long ago. Neither of us, especially me, was interested in working for the cement company. Their chemical process was even simpler and older than that of the sugar manufacturing plant. We also hated the dust produced by normal plant operations. However, the cement plant was in the Kaohsiung City, a large urban center.

Soon, Hwang luckily found a job with an acetic acid manufacturing company under construction in Kaohsiung City and left the Sugar Corporation. His new boss, Mr. Tsai, was also a graduate of Taiwan University, although several years our senior. I became absolutely lonely and depressed. The heavens seemed to be falling down on me. I was emotionally distraught and could not find work other than at the Siau-Kang Sugar Manufacturing Company. I was so unhappy and frustrated.

Right at this time, I got my first paycheck. It was less than NT\$1000.00. Father was deeply disappointed with my low salary. My family had endured many hardships for me to get through the Empirical Taiwan University with the hopes that my salary could help them maintain a

higher standard of living. Since I had passed the High Official Test, the expectation was even higher. Then, he found out that my salary was lower than his. At the time, one of my brothers was in his senior year of high school and about to take the college entrance examination the following year. The family needed financial support badly.

My immediate supervisor was Mr. Chen, a graduate of Tainan Technical College. His boss is Mr. Cheng, the production manager, in charge of the Manufacturing Section. Both were nice men. Mr. Chen was a typical Taiwanese, honest and simple; his boss was a very quiet person from Fu-Chian, China. They treated me well and did not have any training program or project for me. I had to find my own work to do. If I did not go to see them, it would not bother them. They had never asked me about my work. When we ran into each other, we would only smile, nothing more. Perhaps, they were told to treat me nice because I was sent by Associate General Manager Huang Zun-Chie. I had another connection with the Production Manager Cheng. His brother, Cheng Zu-Chiang, who was living with his family, was a friend of mine. He was a year of my junior and was a student in the Department of Electrical Engineering, Taiwan University.

After working for a few months, I found a job at an import-export company in Taipei. I went to Taipei without submitting my resignation, or telling anyone. My plan was simple. If the new job did not work out, I would return to my old job. I would resign only if I decided to take the new job. While I was away in Taipei for a few days I don't believe that either Chen or Cheng noticed my absence.

In Taipei, I visited the headquarters of the Taiwan Sugar Corporation. I went to talk with the Head of Engineers, Mr. Wu. The Associate General Manager told us quite some time ago that we should go to see Mr. Wu, if we had any problems. I asked his help to move me to the Kaohsiung Bagasse Shaving Board Plant. I also told him that I was tired of the Sau-Kang plant. At the time, the Kaohsiung plant was still under construction.

After I returned to Siau-Kang, I met with Mr. Chen, the Head of the Kaohsiung plant. I told him I wanted to move to Kaohsiung, and asked

his help. Mr. Chen had been the Assistant Plant Manager of the Siau-Kang Plant. He had a likeable personality and was very popular at Siau-Kang. The employees there respected him tremendously. My first impression was that he was kind and honest.

Soon I received a letter from Headquarters for the reassignment. I was happy and excited to move from an old “dead” plant to a new “lively” plant. I had very much decided to resign from Taiwan Sugar Corporation just before I received the reassignment. However, the relocation order changed everything. The reason for my excitement was not because of processes or equipment. Strictly speaking, this was not really a chemical plant. There were almost no chemical processes and equipment involved in the operations. The only thing that made me happy was the excitement of being part of a start-up operation. A group of young people were hired or transferred from other plants, and they were building a manufacturing plant on land previously claimed by only weeds. I thought Mr. Chen was the person who gave me this opportunity, although I had spoken to Mr. Wu when I was in Taipei.

The official name of this new plant was The Preparatory Office, Kaohsiung Bagasse Shaving Board Plant of the Taiwan Sugar Corporation. Its address was 11 Khai-Shuang 4th Road, Kaohsiung City, and the plant was located next to Li-A-Lai not far from Chian-Tsun, or Chian-Tin in Taiwanese. We could go from the plant to Kaohsiung Train Station from Chian-Tsun, via Lien-A-Liau, Yam-Tia-Po, and Chan-Kim, taking City Bus Number 2.

In the summer of 1959 when I joined The Preparatory Office, there was only a single temporary office which later became the employees' eating place, a stockroom, a garage, and employees' residences. The Resin Plant was still under construction. They always built employees' houses first before they started to build a plant, so the employees had places to stay. The houses in the Preparatory Office were all European-American style and very colorful. They used the different colors for buildings to classify the position of an employee. I knew this after I started working. Most employees at the time were very young. There were five employees who had just finished their ROTC training like me; two chemical

engineers, two mechanical engineers and an electrical engineer. My first impression was that everything including people and construction moved fast. I liked the environment. Finally, I found a desirable place for me to work, at least temporarily.

Soon after I reported to work at The Preparatory Office, I was dispatched to dismantle the buildings of the Shi-Chou Sugar Factory. We needed the steel to build our new factory in Kaohsiung. Shi-Chou was at about the middle of Taiwan's west coast, and the factory was no longer producing sugar. My first assignment was not easy. I wore a steel safety hat and stood under the hot sun, classifying and recording the steel: I-Beam, Channel, Angle etc.

At night, I slept in one of the guest rooms. After standing under the hot sun for eight hours, I was really tired in the evening. Worse yet, I was alone and knew no one. While the days were stressful, the nights proved even more challenging.

Many couples took walks in the garden behind the guest rooms under the beautiful moonlight. I envied them. It reminded me of Bunji, my fiancée in the south. There was not even a telephone for me to call her, and we had just gotten engaged.

In the summer of 1959, I heard surprise news on the radio that China was trying to make a nuclear bomb. I firmly believed that KMT's dream of retaking mainland was now absolutely dead, although the rhetoric of "Anti-Communist, Fighting Russia" etc. was still everywhere. The news hit me so hard. Even today I still vividly remember my shock.

My first project was to dismantle the old plant. The work lasted two months for me. Fortunately, I was only one of several engineers. I enjoyed working with the people at The Preparatory Office except those in Personnel Office, whom I disliked entirely. In general, they had two jobs. They conducted typical business processes for the personnel office, and they practiced mind-control on employees as representatives of the KMT. Personnel Office employees used devious and cunning tactics to influence us. Only certain types of people were willing to do that type of work. And most of them (I should have said "all") were inferior in academic standing and weak in personality. The personnel in the Office

were simply not exceptional and in some cases were even worse than that. Many were insincere, hypocritical, stealthy and secretive.

I reported to the Assistant Manager Mr. Chau Su who was responsible for all the engineering and a person with high integrity. He and the Office Manager were both respected by all the employees. His mind worked incessantly, especially when he walked. He was a good engineer, intelligent, yet forgetful. His shortcoming was his disorganization as exemplified by his always messy desk. He seemed to be perpetually looking for lost items. He was probably better suited to being an inventor than a manager.

Soon Engineer Chen Yao-Hua joined the Office and became my supervisor. Although he was new at this site, he had been with the Taiwan Sugar Corporation for a long time. He had been a Senior Chemist in the Corporation, and I had seen him at the Siau-Kang Sugar Manufacturing Plant.

An officemate had told me that Chen belonged to "San-Tou Gang"⁹ in the Corporation. As the Production Manager at Siau-Kang, Mr. Cheng was also part of that group. When Chen joined the Office, I was working at the Resin Plant. Both my former classmate, Chuang Chun-Chian (So Chio-Ken), and I worked for Chen. Chuang was working in the Resin Plant Laboratory.

Chen was good in English and Chemistry and possessed a sharp mind. However, he had never fully utilized his talents in the company business. On many occasions, we had difficulty finding him during work hours. We all knew he was home doing housework, but we never disturbed him. We knew it was impolite to accuse him of using company time to do his personal things.

On the other hand, Chen's staying home had some benefits. Many times he was the first one to know and warn the Office that the water

⁹ "Gang" used herein does not refer to the common street "gang". People conveniently called a large group of employees who spoke San-Tou language when they got together, San-Tou Gang. All of them were from San-Tou, Kuan-Tong, China.

was cut off. Without his warning, a few locations in the Office would run into big problems.

When the installation of machines started, I was transferred to Engineer Sun Chau-Hsieng's group who was in charge of the installation work. Sun worked for the Assistant Manager, Chau-Su. I gratefully left Chen.

In the beginning, the closest friend I had at the Preparatory Office was my former classmate Chuang. We were not very close when we were in college. In fact, I do not recall participating in any common activities. We only became close friends after I joined Kaohsiung facility.

Chuang worked very hard in the laboratory developing new processes to produce urea-formaldehyde resin. His work resulted in the process which the Resin Plant later used in the production of an adhesive used in making bagasse shaving boards. Although his mind was focused on his development work, his heart did not belong to the Sugar Corporation. He was already planning to emigrate to the US to pursue his graduate studies. Chuang was handsome with a light complexion, elegant, fairly tall, and undeniably attractive to many of the girls. Girls would occasionally invite him out for a movie even though they knew he had a steady girlfriend named Yang Lan-Yu. Of course, it was a serious thing to attend a movie with a girl. Within two years Chuang left for the U.S.

My senior at Kaohsiung Technical School, Mr. You Ren-Toku, befriended me and taught me the tricks of the trade. He was a mechanical engineer by training and a better engineer than everyone else at work. He was also very humble. We lived nearby-- in fact we were only separated by one apartment, and I was quite fortunate that we became the best of friends during those days after Chuang left.

I also became friends with several special individuals, including Chen Mou-Chin, Sun Chau-Hsieng, Chau-Su, Fu Kuo-Chiang, Rian Wen-Yin, Hong Chian-Ho, Lin Ming-Hong, and Tseng Kuan-Chau. They all brightened my life in different ways, and I felt lucky to have crossed paths with them. The first three were my bosses at one time or another. I make special note of Chen and Sun, who were always willing and able to extend a helping hand during difficult times.

In order to build the plant, soon after I joined the Kaohsiung Office, they hired more than thirty new graduates from various Technical Schools. This group enriched my stay immensely. I can still remember several of them: Kho Tsun-Chan, Hsieh Ton-Po, Tson Wu-Rin, Lin Chuan-Chi, Chan Tsun-Khun, and Huang Sian-Run. Soon after they arrived, we had an election to choose the Directors of Labor Union. The Personnel Office gave each employee a list containing names of potential candidates. They had indicated that the list was only for reference, but we knew those were KMT candidates. Personnel Officials worked diligently behind the scenes to make sure most of their candidates were elected. Normally, they succeeded, but not this time. The new employees voted with independent minds and elected many non-listed candidates.

Before the election, the new employees questioned the Personnel Director on the purpose of the list. The Director answered, "Labor Unions in Europe and America were formed only after thousands of laborers had sacrificed their lives and blood, but our union is different. Our government asked laborers to form a union. Because of this, we issued the list. We also think this is the right thing to do." This answer made the situation even worse.

The Personnel Officials needed a scapegoat for the election results, so they blamed the lowest ranking employee, Mr. Fang, in their Department who was subsequently replaced. The statement from the Head could be interpreted: Government formed the Union to control the laborers-- Many people were terrified.

I think I should explain my situation in more detail. I worked in The Preparatory Office¹⁰ for a total of four years. I started there as a Preparatory Engineer and ended as Shift Engineer. I saw the plant erected on the previously barren land and took pride in watching the product, bagasse shaving board, first coming out of the plant. During this period, I was always very busy. I often sacrificed private time for the Corporation. But, in general, I had very good personal life and was

¹⁰ Called Kaohsiung Bagasse Shaving Board Plant at the time

generally happy with life in spite of the situation we had in Taiwan and the Plant with the KMT control.

Immediately after finishing the dismantling work at Shi-Chou, I joined the plant trials (start-up operations) of the new Resin Plant. The raw materials were urea, formaldehyde and caustic soda which came from suppliers such as the No.6 Factory of Taiwan Fertilizer Co., German BASF, and Japanese Sumitomo. During these plant trials, the resin would often accidentally solidify inside the reactor, creating a mess difficult to clean. The reactor was very small (~100 gallons) and someone had to crawl into the vessel through a rather small manhole to remove the solidified resin. Although the resin was somewhat elastic, it still needed to be broken into smaller pieces with a hammer, knife and drill before it could be removed. The air inside the reactor was very hot. The heat was made worse by the chemical facial mask that workers were required to wear. Even now, I still have memory of Kho Tsun-Chan's sweat-drenched body squeezing through a tiny manhole still wearing a chemical mask.

When we finished the plant trials, I assisted in the installation of the bagasse shaving board production unit. I was responsible for the resin spraying station, the only unit operation in the plant that required my chemical engineering training, but only marginally so. Even so, there were no chemical reactions involved.

We had no cranes but instead used three long wood poles operated by two Tobi Masters¹¹. They maneuvered the three long poles to move several tons of machinery from one location to another. Their technique seemed wonderful; however, I made sure that I was absent during their operations, just in case. Luckily, we did not have any accidents, or even near accidents, during the entire installation. The more I think about it, the more I respect I have for those two Tobi Masters. I think they are now obsolete, their jobs replaced by a crane-- just like an oxcart was replaced by a truck.

¹¹ Tobi is a construction worker in Japanese. Taiwanese also used the word at the time.

We bought our technology and machines from Germany. During installation, the Germans sent six engineers to help us with the installation—at least according to the contract. In actuality, they installed the machines with the help of our technicians and laborers. Our engineers, including me, were the ones helping them and then only as translators. Without us, the Germans would not have been able to communicate with our technicians. The Germans spoke English which we in turn translated into Taiwanese or Chinese for our technicians and vice versa. Since both the Germans and our command of the English language were questionable, the translations were sometimes inaccurate. We once translated "by-pass" in German as "intercourse."

Another time, it was almost tragic. The German who worked with Lin Mei-Ho had a habit of saying, "It's made in Taiwan," or "It's made in Japan" when a tool or machine broke, but always with a smile. One day, when the German-made machinery broke, Lin imitated the German and said, "Made in Germany." The German was angry and tried hitting Lin, but Lin was too quick. If Lin had not run, the conflict would have escalated to no one's benefit.

In the end, Lin was forced to apologize to the German. To me, the German owed Lin the apology, not the other way around. Adding to the insult is that we were their customers. The treatment was unacceptable in my mind. During the entire installation period, we had to be very polite, almost subservient, to our German "superiors".

Working with German engineers, I found them to be very hard-working, accurate and precise. Even using a simple tool, they were very meticulous. They were quite protective of their tools and machines, even those they were turning over to us. These attributes were similar to that of the Japanese. On the contrary, Chinese tend to be "Ma Ma Fu Fu"--not precise.

After the installation and plant trials, there was a grand opening ceremony for the facility. Many important people, including the General Manager Yang Chi-Chun from Headquarters, came to visit and congratulate us. Yang brought his high school son with him. I was asked to explain the Resin Spraying Station to our guests during the ceremony.

When Yang and his son arrived, I was standing next to the control panel. After my brief explanations, Yang pointed a finger at me and told his son, "If you have any question, ask 'big brother'." His son then impatiently asked, "What is this?" as he pointed to the control panel. I answered, "A control panel." He seemed satisfied with my answer and did not continue. I noticed that he did not say "Thank you." I was not surprised, of course. He did not need to respect one of his father's low-ranking subordinates.

His question reminded me of an interesting story I heard from a friend who served Taiwan Electric. One year, a group of "ten thousand year" congressmen came to visit the Kaohsiung Power Unit of Taiwan Electric. One of them, whose mind seemed otherwise lucid, asked, "Why you don't use hydroelectric power to generate electricity instead of using heat? There's water everywhere." The power company was located by the sea which the congressman could see when he was speaking. No one had the courage to tell him that hydroelectric requires flowing water, like that found in rivers.

When the plant was ready for production, many people were hired including technicians and laborers. Many of my family friends and relatives yearned to work for us. They all thought I was an executive at the Plant, and I could personally employ them. That was a big misconception on their part. In fact, I was only one of several examiners or interviewers. I could express personal opinions, but I did not have decision-making power.

As example, Mr. Lee Khun-Hong was a classmate of mine at the Technical School. One day he came all the way from Jin-Wu about 15 to 20 miles from us, on a bike to see me with the sole purpose of finding a job for his sister. He was so sure I could get a job for her. He told of his family's dire financial situation and that she would take any job, including being a maid.

The economy in Taiwan was struggling at the time and few jobs were available. Lee was one of my best friends at the Technical School, and I dearly wanted to help, if I only had the power. I could only escort him to the Personnel Office where we submitted her resume.

In the end, she did not get a job, and he has never forgiven me. Since then, we have not spoken. He relayed a few venomous words to me through mutual friends, believing that I did not extend my hand when he most needed my help.

Many of Father's friends came from Siau-Kang to see me, too. One of them was Mr. Song, who was so poor that he could not feed his family. One night, he brought a large basket of eggs to my house. I could not accept his generous gift, but I told him I would try my best to help him at the interview. I knew that he would not be able to support his family without this job.

The next day, Father told me that Mr. Song knew he would not get a job when I refused the eggs. He also told Father that since he was so poor he could not afford more than the eggs. Unfortunately, he did not pass the employment test and so was denied a job. He directly blamed Father and me. I tried my best, but I simply did not know how to handle such delicate situations.

This was the first time in my life I was given presents with an ulterior motive. Thereafter, I continued to be suspicious of gifts. In my life, I have made a lot of mistakes, but I have never accepted gifts with strings attached. I consider the giving and taking of gifts related to business, regardless of how small, as bribery.

I was assigned to be a Shift Engineer from the beginning of production. There were three shifts each day. Each shift had a shift engineer to supervise the production. No production was scheduled for Sundays and holidays. In other companies, and more typically, there were four shifts that rotated—on a given day, three shifts worked while one rested. Operation then would be non-stop. It was hard to say which system was better. I liked four shifts personally even though I would have to work on some Sundays and holidays.

The position of Shift Engineer was difficult because of the odd and constantly changing work schedule, although the job itself was not technically challenging. The night shift was particularly grueling, operating from 12 AM-midnight to 8 AM. Although one could sleep during the day, my mind never seemed fully rested, and I almost always

felt sleepy. Apart from that, how could anyone do anything other than sleep after a night shift? But, at least we did not have to work on Sunday.

During the winter, the situation was worse. Leaving a warm futon during the cold night seemed next to impossible, especially with a lovely new wife. There were some benefits of working at night -no boss and only trivial tasks.

Most chemical engineering graduates working in chemical industries were assigned to rotation work, difficult yet bearable for a couple of years. It was another good learning experience for me, similar to my ROTC days. In retrospect, I think one should try to limit rotation work assignments to two years, but only one year for ROTC.

An incident occurred while I was a Shift Engineer that would weigh on me for a long time. One problematic bottleneck in manufacturing process was the challenging job of transporting bagasse from storage to production, a major headache for every Shift Engineer and Production Manager. This was a dirty, labor-intensive, and mindless operation that everyone hated, but almost everyone shared when called upon.

One night during my night shift, I tried to assign a technician, Mr. Liu, to the bagasse transportation duty, but he adamantly refused. I knew well that production would suffer without a constant bagasse supply, so I documented my problem with Mr. Liu in the shift diary, the log of the events during the shift. I also indicated that individuals refusing to perform assignments could jeopardize the entire production. My intention was to warn the Production Manager of the potential problem, but I found out later that he simply fired Mr. Liu.

I was shaken by the news and felt a deep pain in my heart for Mr. Liu. I never thought they would fire him. At worst, I felt that all could find an acceptable solution. At the time, Taiwan was under martial law, or the strict military control of a population. Our production line was treated as an extension of the battle line. Refusing an order therefore required immediate punishment.

Mr. Liu could not contest his firing. The Labor Union served the company not him. No colleagues stood up for him. No one dared complain for fear of losing one's job. In other words, no one dared to

break one's rice bowl. Furthermore, my boss let me know that their firing of Mr. Liu was to support me, which pained me even more.

When the construction was complete, the Preparatory Office was renamed the Bagasse Shaving Board Plant. The excitement of the start-up was now a memory and only endless shift work remained. Of the five college graduates who started work with me, only Lin Mei-Ho and I remained.

I thought about my future. Financially, I needed to support both my parents' family and my own. Therefore, pursuing my graduate studies abroad did not appear possible. On the other hand, my future was bleak at the Taiwan Sugar Corporation. Very few Taiwanese held positions higher than Section Manager, and all of those were KMT's members. All my bosses from the Production Manager to the President of the Republic of China were Chinese and KMT members. I was proud to be neither.

As example of the system, Lian Wen-Yen (Lio Bun-Ei) was a talented Taiwanese and non-KMT mechanical engineer who graduated from Taiwan University 4 to 5 years before me. Lian was still a first line supervisor, or Ku-Chan, while most of his less capable Chinese peers were Section Manager or higher. The KMT had once asked him to join the Party in order to get promoted. They gave him a package of reading materials and forms to complete, which Lian returned unopened.

A junior college graduate, Cheng Kuan-Chau came to work for the Office almost at the same time as I did. He started two ranks below me because I had graduated from four year university and had passed the High Official Test. After three years, he pulled even with me in rank. He was given an "A" job performance rating for three straight years, although company policy was that no one gets an "A" rating for two consecutive years.¹² Cheng was Chinese and a KMT member.

Regardless of what I have said, the Taiwan Sugar Corporation provided each of its employees an iron rice bowl (i.e. a steady job). The reward system was above average since the corporation was part of the

¹² At the time, only 1/3 of the employees received an "A" rating.

Department of Economics, although my personal financial situation was poor.

Sometimes, I told myself, "Give up the dreams and stick with the Corporation until the end of your life." If I could not change my environment to fit me, I would change myself to fit the environment. However, I was not ready to accept this line of thought. If I did, I could see myself as just an old man, older but still unchanged.

At this crossroad of my life, an unusual thought popped into my mind motivating me in these trying times. Perhaps most people do not achieve their dreams simply because they believe them to be impossible. In reality, these dreams are attainable. The road to a bright future is often narrow, and we can easily block this path with a big rock. Breaking through the rock simply depended on one's will. I thought of my graduation from Taiwan University. Had I known the odds of a Tech graduate entering college, I might not have tried. In this case, my ignorance allowed me to succeed.

The choice between staying and going abroad to pursue my graduate studies became easier after some soul-searching. I was sure that I would live a very depressing and uninspired life if I stayed. I could see my own bleak future in light of my colleague, Engineer Lian. I was now determined to go abroad. I would overcome the challenges one at a time. Fortunately, I had a group of great friends who provided me critical support through many frustrations and hardships including my son's sickness on the way.

Before finishing my description of my life at the Bagasse Shaving Board Plant, I wanted to share some episodes that remain vividly in my memories.

We are All Taiwanese

Taiwanese often say "We are all Taiwanese" in both public and personal affairs. This phrase gets its roots from our historical background. Taiwan has been under colonial rule for much of its history when foreigners controlled public affairs. There was a distinct line that

divided them and us. Native Taiwanese were segregated and treated as second class citizens.

"We are all Taiwanese" implied that native Taiwanese should unite to protect, support, love, and be willing to forgive as a general rule for personal affairs. However, many individuals took full advantage of this good will.

For example, most of the laborers rode bikes to work. If the Shift Engineer was Taiwanese, like Mu-Sheng Wu, they would ride leisurely and were often late. "Wu is Taiwanese so he would not dare penalize us," they must have thought. However, when a Chinese like Cheng was in charge, they would peddle furiously to be on time.

As another example, workers often socialized during operations when bosses were absent. The production line was fully-automated so did not need continuous monitoring. When Cheng appeared, they immediately returned to their positions to watch the operations. If it were me, they would offer a cigarette and asked me to join them -- we were all Taiwanese. In my opinion, they should have worked especially hard for me, since we were all Taiwanese.

The Best People Can Both Do and Boast

The Production Manager Sun Chao-Hsien was a young person with a keen mind and a pair of sparkling eyes. His rather smooth path to management was likely paved by a good mentor or mentors. Among all the engineers, he had the vaguest academic standing. In fact, he may not have earned an engineering degree. Regardless, he treated me extremely well and always offered exemplary praises at performance appraisals, but was not generous in promotions and raises.

Occasionally, he would make some surprising statement. He once said, "The first-rated person is good in both ability and boasting; the second-rated person is good in ability but not boasting; all others are deficient in both"

Sun was really lucky; he had plenty of the "second-rated" people to work for him. This made his job very smooth. Taiwanese as a culture admire the "second-rated" personality. Father had taught us, "Although a

peach or a plum tree does not say a word, a small road will form under the tree naturally." In ancient China, there was also a story, "Three Visits to a Humble House." An able guy did not want to serve. The emperor had to go to his humble house to talk to him three times to get him out. The message of both stories is that you don't need to boast how good you are if you are able.

Before I had my first U.S. job interview in 1965, an American friend of mine, Ciso took time from her busy schedule to advise me. She asked me not be too humble during the interview. Although Asians typically consider humility to be a virtue, self-promotion is required for a US job interview. She also indicated that regardless of how much boasting I did, I was still too humble. She even said that among Asians, Indians were better about boasting and therefore more likely to be successful in the U.S.

Ciso was a good friend. Her father had a PhD from Harvard and had taught at Tokyo University for several years. She had lived in Tokyo during her father's professorship. She knew Asian cultural traits well and genuinely appreciated them. She had many Asian friends.

Sun was a practitioner of the art of self-promotion, as are Americans and Indians.

Another Reason for Chinese Communists Not to Come

Mr. Hsieh Tong-Po was from Tainan County. He was a technician we hired from Tainan Technical School with two wide and wise eyes. If he were interested, he could have easily been accepted to college. There were plenty of students like him in Technical Schools. He grew up in a rural area and needed to take a train to attend Tainan First Middle School. He found that he kept falling asleep and missing his train stop and so had to quit school. He ended up enrolling at the local Technical School. It was very inconvenient for a farm kid to ride a train to school at that time. His home stop was on the Kaohsiung-Taipei train.

When he was working with me, we often talked, but rarely about politics, a dangerous subject. However, once our talk touched on Taiwan briefly. He said, "Taiwan should not let Chinese Communists come in.

Communists will bring us a disaster. The defeated (KMT) has oppressed and humiliated us so much. The victor (communist) will be worse. "

It's Not Easy Being a Good Person

This is Mr. Lin Sian's story. Lin Sian was a colleague of mine at the Plant who came from Ma-Tou, Tainan. He worked at the Storage Room, and his wife was a pharmacist who owned a drug store in Kaohsiung. Just before I left for the States, Lin Sian came into my office. He sincerely told me he had run into some financial difficulty, and needed to borrow some money from me for just a few days. He promised to return the money after he returned from Ma-Tou on Sunday. It was Wednesday, our payday, and I gave him my entire salary. Then, he told me he needed more than that so I took him to Mr. Yo Lien-Toku, a friend and a colleague. Mr. Yo also gave him his salary. That afternoon we discovered that we had been cheated. The morning paper had reported the bankruptcy of Mr. Lin Sian's drug store. Unfortunately, neither Yo nor I read that paper. I am still amazed that anyone would cheat someone so poor. What would I do with my family? Lin told me he would return the money to me in a few days and I am still waiting forty years later. I wonder if he is still alive today.

The Newlywed Years

After our first date, Bunji and I started seeing each other on Sundays, the only day she didn't work. We visited many resorts, historical sites, and temples in Taipei. I missed her every moment when I was not with her. Sundays always seemed an eternity away. It was always spring time in our hearts during this period; we were so happy.

That year, she returned to Tainan during the summer. The separation was unbearable because we were in love. We wrote each other every day without fail; we always had so much to say. I discovered I could express my love in genuine poems and prose, often writing about beauty and the good in people. Virtually everything inspired my seemingly endless creativity: the sunset, bright moon, a creek with water flowing, insects, nights, and even a lamp. So many things I wanted to tell her from so far

away. I wanted to share all my heartfelt sentiments word by word. I wanted her to receive my feelings truly and without reservation through my letters.

In turn she freely shared stories of her life so that I could know her better. She stole more of my heart with each letter. I could not imagine anything more wonderful than love, including the beautiful moon that had been drowned by so many poets in the past. I was finally in love for the first time.

I was caught off guard when she told me that she was not coming back to Taipei in the fall in a letter. She was seriously discussing the matter with her family, but my heart was broken. I told her, "I love you." This was the very first time in my life I used those three words. I imagined my ordeal if she didn't return and dearly hoped that she would.

Eventually, she did return to Taipei in the fall. We resumed our Sunday outings and busy weekdays. At this time, I was in ROTC and also taught Chemistry at Ta-Yuan High School, tutoring at both Tao-Yuan and Taipei. I really needed money to earn a living.

We loved classical music. Unfortunately, the "Asakaze" in front of the Tson-San Hall closed down. We only knew of "Garden" or "Tian-Yuan" in front of the New Park where we could listen to music together. We went a few times, but we could not but give it up, because it was too dark and because of something else we did not like—many people came here for something other than music.

Regarding relationships between men and women, we were quite conservative. I did not even touch her hands before our engagement. I still remember one day I took her to see a friend of mine at Sun-Au, Chi-Lung. She had to jump from a rock to another in the water. She was afraid of getting wet, but I was afraid of giving her my hand. Later that same day, it started raining. She opened her umbrella, but I stayed in the rain, because I lacked courage, and she did not invite me.

I most enjoyed taking walks with her because we would accidentally touch each other. When this happened, my heart seemed to be shocked with electricity. It was a heavenly thing.

After a little over a year of the sweet love life, I had her agreement to make a proposal to her family. Her mother said without a hesitation, "Only if both of you agree, no problem with us." She answered firmly. I did not think I could get their agreement so easily. At that time, they had not met any members of my family. They did not even know my parents' names. I believed Bunji's mother's decision was not based on her observations of my behavior, but rather on her faith in her fourth son-in-law, A-Tian, who was a friend of mine. I knew she trusted him dearly.

There were two steps in the Tainanese engagement--Kua(n)-Tiah(n) and Cha-Chiam. The procedure of the former involved only exchange of rings. That of latter included sending the bridal family cakes although not as many as for the wedding. That required money. But since Cha-Chiam would be done a month before wedding, I did not need to worry about it at that moment. So, in March 1959, as soon as I got out of ROTC, we were engaged or Kua-Tiah(n). Most people would decide their wedding day at their engagement, but we didn't. I still did not have the desire or sufficient conditions to get married.

So, we exchanged rings. Bunji became my fiancée, and her parents became my future parents-in-law. I had another family. I voluntarily became a cow whose nose was chained. I lost freedom, and I was going to lose even more when I got married. Men have shed their blood and sacrificed their lives for freedom, but they also give away their freedom for marriage, religion and principles. Perhaps, the freedom they have been seeking is the freedom of making choice.

It seems to me human beings treat marriage as an essential part of life, as they do Birth, Getting old, Being sick, and Dying. Getting married is considered a given. In fact, to me, those elements of life are not all the same. One cannot avoid Birth, Getting old, Being sick, and Dying, but one has a choice to get married or not. I often think if someone could derive an equation that included all the pros and cons of marriage, it may persuade many to give up the notion of marriage. I have a few friends who have chosen to be single all their lives. If marriage is treated from a strictly idealistic point of view, it can become a challenge. Marriage needs a lot of sacrifices. Unless you have a good companion, there is no reason

for you to get married. This is what I believe today. However, this is not a fair assessment, since I have been married and have many children and grandchildren. If I were still single, my assessment could be different. Luckily, I was married before all these thoughts could bother me.

At any rate, I had a fiancée. This became convenient for me, because whenever I went to see my loved one, I had a place to stay. Her home became half mine. People would not gossip about me anymore. Her parents did not need to tell their friends and neighbors that I was their son-in-law's friend. Instead, they could say that I was their son-in-law. Life was getting easier.

About a month after the engagement, I went to Tan-Tsu Training Center of Taiwan Sugar Corporation in Taichon for training. Bunji also came to Taichon for her official business. We took some photos, and in one of the photos, we were under a parasol. We were together as a "couple". If she had to jump rocks, I, of course, would extend my hand to help without a slight hesitation. My attitude would be like a hero saving a beauty.

Soon I came to work at the Preparatory Office of the Sugar Corporation, Kaohsiung. I had a bike as a transportation tool. I rode the bike to work from Siaukang to Kaohsiung every weekday. It became routine for me to go to Tainan to see her after I was off on Saturday afternoon, and return on Monday morning on the first bus from Tainan. Then, from Kaohsiung Train Station, I took my company bus to the Office. If the company bus would leave on time, it would not create any problems for me. But unfortunately, it always left early. The bus started from the Office on time every morning, but as soon as it reached the train station, it immediately departed for the return trip to the Office, not waiting for the scheduled departure time. I asked the driver many times to leave from the train station on time, but he would not do it, although he promised to do so. I was just a so-so engineer, what I could do to him? Once he did wait, after I asked him the previous day. I was very happy, and I thought everything would be okay after that. But I was mistaken. Later, I found out he was waiting for an important person who came to visit the Office.

Every day in Tainan was full of poetry and romance. When a man and a woman are in love, there is poetry not only on sunny days, but on cloudy days as well. Not only is romance in front of flowers or under the moonlight, but it is everywhere. As long as lovers are together, there is fire.

It was an ordinary afternoon. Bunji and I came back from our walk. There were only two of us in the house. We sat together very close, and we talked and talked and talked. There was too much to talk about. While I was talking, I touched her hand. She did not show any sign of rejection. Instead, from the expression of her eyes, I detected affection and surprise. I also felt my heart pumping harder, and my breath was short. I brought her up from the sofa and held her very tightly. Meanwhile, I moved my lips closer to hers. At this moment, everything was quiet except the pumping sound of my heart. I did not exist anymore. I, beauty and love altogether were sublimated. This was my first embrace and also the first kiss in my life. I felt her trying to push me away, but I could not resist anymore. My instinct made me hold her tighter; it also made two boiling hearts stick together. It seemed we were lost from this world permanently. After a long while, I eventually awoke, but I was still in the deep well of love. That day, I boldly used a different form of affection to express my love to her.

My first kiss was very crude. Her upper lip swelled a little because of my passion and inexperience. Of course this showed both my uncivilized nature and also my purity.

Up to now, my family had not seen her, and, of course, she had not seen them either. We were engaged, so I needed to arrange an opportunity for them to meet each other. Although they had seen each other's photos, it was not enough. I suggested the idea to my matchmakers—my brother and sister-in-law to be, A-Tian and Ga(n)-Chien. They agreed. One Sunday, they came all the way from Tainan to my home in Siaukang to meet my family--See Attachment 6 (During Those Struggling Days).

Although we were engaged, I was not prepared for a wedding. I was not confident that I could provide a happy life for my bride, simply due

to my poor financial situation. I kept telling her that we should wait for another two or three years, until I was secure financially. Regardless, I was committed. The only variable for our wedding was time. And time could change the quality of our marriage. Without being able to guarantee her happiness, I dared not and was not willing to get married. She had never expressed her opinion on my position. I thought she understood my point and agreed with me. The subject arose again and again, and as the time passed, it came up more and more. I became very uneasy when someone asked, "When are you going to get married?"

Half a year passed. I reviewed the situation once more. This time I was dead serious. The results made me very uneasy. If I insisted that I would only get married under the conditions I set, I might stay single all my life. My waiting for two to three years for the wedding, in fact, did not make much sense. I did not expect my financial situation to be better anytime in the future. During next two to three years, I could not save, and I did not have any extra income.

Finally, I had to change my position. By waiting to get married, it seemed that I was the one to control my fate, but, in fact, my fate was controlling me. My fate had determined my future, and chosen the route for me to follow. I could only act out my role with the script that had been written by my fate. I was lonely, so I wrote to her and decided to get married. Getting married was to be my fate. My fate had been scripted, step by step, although I did not have the chance to read it beforehand.

After a discussion, Bunji and I decided to prepare for our wedding right away. At the beginning, I found that making the decision to get married was much easier than preparing for the wedding expenses. However, as long as people are determined to do a task, they will accomplish it. "Few have failed to get married because of financial difficulty," one of my friends from the Tech, Chin Ju-Gaku, told me. He advised me not to worry. When the time comes everything will be solved and all the difficulties would go away. A Chinese proverb says, "When a ship comes to a bridge, the bridge will open up one way or another."

My engineering training made me classify expenses into Housing, Wedding Ceremony, Suits, Cakes, Taxi, Feast, and Other. I decided to tackle them, one by one, and I had to cut down the expenses for each as much as I could.

On housing, I had two choices, either renovating my parents' house in Siaukang or applying for a house from the Plant. After an evaluation, I decided to take the latter, since the former would cost more than I could afford. At the time, the Plant houses were in two locations, one at the Sin-Hsien District, the other, at the Plant. The houses at Sin-Hsien were so called "Citizen Houses". The Office bought them initially for the first few employees. The Plant houses were brand new; the Citizen houses were not. Although a few houses at the Plant were occupied, the Plant policy at the time was to assign all new applicants to the Citizen Houses until the Plant started production. If I could occupy a new Plant house, everything would be fine, because I didn't need to spend money on it. Since our wedding and the beginning of production were very close, I asked the Plant Manager to allow me to move to a Plant house. He agreed, and thus I solved the housing issue.

My colleagues were very enthusiastic about my wedding. They said, my wedding was not only mine, but it was also theirs, making it an Office affair. They decided that the Office would take care of my wedding. I was grateful for their friendship and compassion. Since they would do everything, I did not need to worry about wedding ceremony itself.

At the time, a suit cost close to my monthly salary. It was a big expense. The father of a friend of mine at Taichon, Chin Se-Gaku, operated a store. Chin agreed to make a suit for me. He did not mention anything about the cost, but I asked him to let me pay for it in monthly installment for five months. The cost of the feast could be paid by gifts. The cabs had to be paid with hard cash right away. There was nothing I could do here, although later I discovered that the cab company was owned by the brother of a roommate of mine, Chan Chan-Hong. If I had known this in advance, I might have asked for a discount through Chan. Now, the only thing remaining was the cakes.

Wedding cakes in Tainan were an important part of the wedding. The cakes were big, heavy and bountiful. Beyond that, the bride's family would even specify the shop from where the cakes would come. The cakes and the shop were both symbols of the prestige of the family. In general, a set of cakes included eight Taiwanese pounds of Taiwanese cake and two Taiwanese pounds of Taiwanese sponge cake. The shops were to be Ku-Yen-Sui-Tin and Lam-Chin. To me, the wedding cakes were a waste. We could save that, but I needed the bride's side to agree with me. I talked to my father-in-law. I asked him to forget the cakes or reduce the quantities to very minimum. He was a good gentleman. He did not hesitate to agree with me -- no cakes for the wedding. The next day, I heard from his daughter that he still wanted cakes, but instead of my giving them, he would make the cakes himself. In Taiwanese tradition, the bride's parents would send an invitation for the wedding with a set of cakes to their guests. Since others had invited my in-laws for weddings with cakes and an invitation card, it was almost impossible for them to not do the same. Not sending cakes was not only impolite, but was also tied to their dignity. I took all of this into consideration and decided to follow custom. Later, I realized that in Tainanese custom when the bridal family accepted the cakes, they were expected to return the gesture with cash gifts at least equivalent to the value of the cakes.

In the end, I found that the only expenses I needed to cover right away were the cabs and miscellaneous items. This conclusion made me feel somewhat more comfortable and easy. Although the amount was less than what I had thought, I still had to prepare for it. My mother did this for me without my knowledge. She was told that some people were trying to form a "mutual fund". According to this fund, the groom-to-be would collect from every member who was not married ten Taiwanese Taos of rice, and from those who were married eleven Taos. They did not pay in rice but in cash. The unit price was based on the one which appeared in a newspaper, the *Chon Hua Daily Newspaper, Southern Edition*. The group had eighteen members. Altogether I collected about US \$1,300. I used this fund to pay my wedding expenses. Yes, the ship passed the bridge, but not without difficulty.

In early February of 1960, I was busy with the plant trials of the Resin Production Unit. On the sixth of February, I worked at the Resin Unit until 10 pm. When I was leaving, I suddenly realized I had locked my wedding suit, which I needed for my wedding the next day, in my office on the third floor. I did not have a key to get back in. I could only get in from one of the open windows. It was a fairly dangerous undertaking. After the successful completion of the act, I came back during the day to see what I did. I was scared by the stunt I had performed. It was an exciting trapeze show in an emergency situation.

The night of February 6, I did not go back to Siaukang. I slept in the Plant room provided for the on-duty employee. The next day, my wedding day, I got up very early. I discovered that I did not have my personal seal with me. I needed it for my wedding certificate in the ceremony that morning. I went to a seal shop in Chian-Chun town. Unfortunately the master was not in yet. It was too early. His shop would open after my ceremony. I asked the apprentice in the shop to make one for me. He did not want to do it, but I forced him to. I did not have a choice. Finally, he made the seal, and everything was okay. The seal looked like a seal, yes, but the characters were not very professional. The seal looked like it was a toy. I used the seal on my wedding certificate. Although I felt that the certificate was not legitimate, I used it for my official wedding procedures without encountering any problems. Wen-Tsu Hong, which was Bunji's official name, became my wife.

In my wedding, I was a leading actor and should have played a leading role, but I did not. I seemed to be an outsider. Everything was done by my colleagues from the beginning to the end of the ceremony. I was thankful and should take off my hat to say thank you to them. I would always remember their help on my wedding.

The ceremony was more traditional and formal than I had in my mind. If I could do it again, I would ask her family's agreement to have much simpler "ceremony", for example, going to the court to sign the wedding papers and inviting a few friends and relatives for a party.

The Plant Manager, Chen Mau-Chin, chaired the ceremony; Hsie Tian-Chau (my brother-in-law) introduced us to the guests; and my

teacher, Wang Su-Shiu, was a guest speaker. Father did not say a word in the ceremony. He was ready to speak, but when his turn came, he politely asked bride's father to speak first. After that the MC forgot to give him another chance. The MC misunderstood him. Cheng Kuan-Chau was the MC; the flower girls were A-Fun and Siau Phan, both nieces of the bride; the photographer was Chin Se-Gaku, a friend from Taichon; and the best man and maid of honor were Chen Tsun-Hsiung (Masao) and Get-Ka. Chen was not richer than me. He had borrowed his suit from his elder brother. Ge Yen-Hatsu came all the way from Taipei. I want to appreciate his friendship here.

With the help of the Plant Manager, I got the house I applied for at the Plant. My house was one of four units in a structure. The roof was constructed with black European shingles and the wall was made of gray cement. My neighbor on the left was an accountant, Chin Sai-Len, with a wife and four children. Their youngest daughter's nickname was "Ma-Ho" which could be interpreted as "It's okay too". Probably, they had been longing for a boy, but got a girl. To our right was Lin Mei-Ho who was a mechanical engineer and joined the Office with me. He was from Tainan Technical College and his wife, Lo Gioku-Ho was a classmate of my wife, Bunji or Wen-Tsu, from Tainan Girls' Middle School. They got married half a year after us and also moved in half a year later. Next door to Lin was another mechanical engineer, Mr. Yo Len-Toku. Mr. Chin and Yo were senior employees. They had been working for the Sugar Corporation for quite some years before moving here. Yo's family had an adorable and likable boy, A-Chion. Soon after we moved in, he started to treat my newly wedded home as his own and also Bunji's Tainan home as his grandparents' home. He also called me and Bunji, Wu Papa and Wu Mama respectively. He was with us, especially Bunji, all the time, not only at home also on our outings. One time when he came to our house, we heard him saying repeatedly: "Chin-An Tiauken Wan, Chuan Ti Fujinlan e A Men!" It was from the radio, an advertisement for medicine. The phrase "Chuan Ti Fujinlan e Amen" means to cure women's hidden diseases. Amen was a mistake for Am-Pie(n), or hidden diseases. He was about three years old at the time. One morning, he came to my house

and asked, "What day is today, according to today's newspaper?" He thought the day was determined by the newspapers. When we left, Yo's family added another member. She was a baby girl, A-Bun. Yo's family is in San Francisco now, and both A-Chion and A-Bun still called us Wu Papa and Wu Mama.

The house--maybe I should call it the apartment--was very small, but it had everything we needed. It had a marble floor living room, a bedroom with a European double bed and a Japanese one, a kitchen with an eating space, and a bathroom with a sitting toilet. In our backyard, there was a chicken cage with two chickens. One summer, we planted a loofah just a few steps from our back door. We let the veins grow up to the roof. That year, we had too many loofahs to eat. They were many hundred times more than we could eat, and we could not even give them away. Many in our neighborhood had planted it too.

A chemical engineer, certainly, was different from a mechanical engineer. For example, to build a chicken cage, I used wood pieces that I picked up from the ground. Nothing particular in my mind, I got whatever I could find and built my cage. My neighbor Lin, a mechanical engineer designed his cage first. With the drawing, he went to the Plant to pick up the right materials, and then built it according to his drawing. His chicken cage was solid and very much like a chicken cage. It looked to me that his cage was only good for raising chickens, but mine could raise almost any house animal including birds. My experience from this endeavor was the growth rate of a chicken had nothing to do with the cage. We also raised two white rabbits in our backyard. When they were small, they were very lovely and they did not eat much too. But, when they grew to a certain size, they lost their charm. They were not pets anymore. We gave them to one of my brothers. What he did with them? I was afraid to ask.

Our house was very close to my work place. It only took me a few minutes to walk. I came back to eat lunch. Every day, I was eager for twelve and five o'clock to come. Sometimes during my break time, I occasionally went home to see my newly wedded bride. I did not do it very often. I was afraid of becoming the subject of my colleagues chitchat

and teasing. At any rate, I thought she wouldn't be too lonely, because she could familiarize herself to the new environment, cook, go to the food market, listen to music, and read. Apart from that, she still had a boy saying ". . . Fujinlan e Amen!" and Yo's wife was teaching her a lot of important things including how to control a husband and handle house affairs. If someone thinks I should have the title of "Afraid of Wife" today, it had to be from Mrs. Yo's teaching my wife. Mrs. Yo taught Bunji that if she wanted to control her husband, she had to do it now. Otherwise, she could not do it in the future. If Mrs. Yo thought the bride could keep the secret, she was deadly wrong. A newly wedded couple could not keep their secrets easily.

Our only forms of entertainment were walking in the evening and seeing a movie. Everything else was too expensive. Our daily routine was to walk to the village, Li-A-Lai, in the neighborhood after supper. We would buy two small sections of sugar cane, one for each of us, and consume them on our way home. It was fairly romantic when you considered we were under the beauty of the setting sun. At this time of day, in most cases, the sun was touching the Kaohsiung Mountain. Only on a rare occasion, such as a raining day, did we miss our walk. We enjoyed it. Walking became one of our important habits from then on. It got into our blood slowly and has become an element to provide us with vitality in our life.

Occasionally, we took the Plant bus to see a movie. Both of us were crazy about movies. I used "occasionally" in the former sentence, which could be a mistake. In fact, we went to the movies less than occasionally, because we could not afford it. Recently, Bunji mentioned that when we went to a movie, I would drink a glass of herb tea or white gourd tea when I was thirsty. She watched me do it but took no action. She liked to have one too but she tried to save money. Her words pained my heart. I could only say she made a mistake marrying a poor man. In fact, she could only blame her own fate.

Bunji's sisters were all married to people in Tainan. Taiwanese say that if you hold your chopsticks long (between holding place and the point to pick up the food), you would marry a person far away. In Bunji's

case, it was not true. Because she moved far away, her mother tearfully said that to her, Bunji's marriage was like freeing a captured animal. Once you freed a captured animal, you wouldn't see it anymore. Children felt differently than adults. Bunji's nieces were so excited to hear that one of their aunts would marry to Kaohsiung. They were prepared to visit Kaohsiung and lived there for a while during the coming summer. In the summer of 1960, we visited Tainan and on our way home we took four of them back with us. They carried a lot of luggage in their hands and on their shoulders and took the bus with us.

As soon as they arrived, Yo's wife asked them, "How long are you going to stay?"

"Two weeks." they all answered.

A week later, Mrs. Yo saw them packing their bags to go home and asked, "Didn't you say you wanted to stay for two weeks? Why are you preparing to go now?"

The oldest niece, A-Hui answered, "My aunt said that they had run out of money."

In fact, we really did. We left barely enough money to send them home on a train. Of course the bus was more convenient, but we could not afford it any more.

On a windless sunny day, Bunji and I decided to visit her friends, Oh Meito and Go Shuri who were living on a farm in Sin-Hua, Tainan. They were operating an animal farm. Oh was a veterinarian and a few years of my senior at Taiwan University. He was from Yan-Suei. Shuri was from Chia-Li, and was Bunji's classmate at the Tainan Girls' Junior Middle School. They were also newly-weds. We wanted to know what their lives were like after marriage. They moved to a farming area to live an isolated life after their wedding.

We were treated with hospitality and an enthusiastic welcome. As soon as we reached their farm house, Shuri grabbed a rooster that was running in their front yard with a group of about ten chickens to cook for our lunch. If I humanized the chickens, I would imagine that when they saw a guest coming, they certainly would know that one of them would lose its life. The first thing to do was run away. The thought of

having visitors would bring feelings of fear and tragedy. Some sensitive and passionate chickens would sob. Some might be indignant of their tragic fate. Some smart ones might plead with another to sacrifice herself for the rest of the chickens explaining that they had yet to accomplish their responsibilities – they had children to raise, or they had not reported their income tax for the year ... Of course there would be one chicken who would say she had not finished her breakfast yet.

Shuri was the one to grab, kill and cook the chicken. She changed from being a professional teacher to a housewife, or farmwife, so quickly. Oh and Shuri became friends of a farm with animals, corn and the nature, and were leading a simple life. They never complained about their life and were enjoying what they had. I saw truth, goodness and beauty in their attitude, life and environment. This was the first time in my life I defined happiness: satisfaction with the work one is doing.

One day unexpectedly, a friend who did not go to college due to his family situation came to see me. He asked me to take the High Official Test for him. He was fairly smart and was working for the City Government. He had passed the General Official Test and had tried the High Official Test several times but failed. He told me without passing the Test, he was not going anywhere in the government. This had reminded me of a student between my freshman and sophomore year at Taiwan University who had performed a similar stunt. He was caught and forced to withdrawal from the University. It also reminded me of my own episode of writing test papers for a classmate in a midterm test and getting caught, and had to go through many unpleasant days.

He was a good friend of mine. Based solely on our friendship, I should have helped, but I rejected his request. I gave him my deepest regrets, but did not explain to him why to avoid hurting his feelings and dignity. The reasons behind my rejection were very simple: 1) My conscience did not allow me to do; 2) My sense of justice stopped me from doing it; 3) If I got caught, I would pay dearly, and I did not think I could recover from the disaster; and 4) Even I completed the task successfully, the benefit for him was rather small compared to the risk I would be taking.

He tried hard to convince me that the chance of failure was minimal if we used certain strategies. One of the strategies he suggested was creating a composite photo from photos of both of us. A good photographer could make a final photo which looked like either one of us.

I knew I did the right thing, but it has bothered me since. I am uneasy and disturbed every time the incident surfaces in my mind, as if I was sentenced to a lifetime on the friendship court. Even now, his facial expression at the time is still vividly in my mind.

In order to have a longer romantic life during our newlywed years, we decided not to have a baby for a while. We came out with several birth control methods. Mainly we applied the safety period method, counting from the last time of menstruation. We did it very well but with a lot of hardship. Quite often, we envied sterile couples. They could do whatever they wanted.

Both our engagement and marriage were expedited by my mother-in-law. I had believed that she could not do anything about our decision not to conceive immediately, but our lack of conception soon started to worry and concern Bunji's family. Her third sister, Iu-Bi, and my brother-in-law, always remembered to show us magazines such as Fujin Club related to conceiving. He even showed me which pages to read. The articles were actually not for conception, but rather for prevention. He advised me authoritatively: Whenever it says you should not do it, on the contrary, you should do it. This would lead me to success. I could only answer, "Yes" to him. He had two children at this juncture. He told me what he knew, but he did not know his success was my failure.

During the fall of 1960, The Office established a kindergarten. Bunji was hired as a teacher, the only teacher. In the beginning, I thought we saved the company a lot of trouble for not having to search externally for a qualified teacher. Bunji had six years of solid experience teaching kindergarten. In fact, I was too naive. Before she became my wife, many wives in the Plant were fighting to get that job. They and their husbands were waiting for the proper time to start the fight. None realized that Bunji, an experienced teacher, had suddenly come to the picture. It

seemed to me that Personnel was not happy with the new development. I did not know the details but I could infer from the offer Bunji received. It said, " After a careful evaluation of your resume, your qualifications could be considered meeting the requirements . . ." The phrase I did not like was "could be considered ". It should be simply "are". I had thought to see the Head of Personnel, but I didn't. I did not want to fight with a dirty political person. Our objective was to have the teaching job, and we got it.

Bunji started to teach again. She taught at the Plant's Kindergarten for about a year. Mr. Yo's adopted daughter Yang Yu was a teaching assistant and Yo's son Yang Yu-Chan was a student there.

On the Lunar New Year of 1961, we went back to Tainan for the second day which was Sons-in-Law Day in Tainan. At this time, my in-laws had six sons-in-law. My mother-in-law always told people she had a basketful of sons-in-law. One of the games on Sons-in-Law Day was to select a model son-in-law. The fourth and the sixth ones were chosen in the first round. I was the fifth and failed in the first round. I should work harder in the future. The sixth was only a son-in-law to be. He was a model for all of us.

During the Son-in-Law Day visit, I was given more books and magazines on birth control. In the family chitchats, the topic was mentioned several times. We kept our silence on the subject. All what we could do was sigh again and again. Taiwanese say, "Easy emperor, hurried eunuchs." which means while eunuchs are desperate, the emperor is still not concerned.

Soon, Mrs. Lin, our next door neighbor, became pregnant. Her belly was getting bigger and bigger. Their wedding was six months after ours. We started to hear gossip from nice friends and colleagues, such as: Mrs. Wu was too skinny to have a baby, or they went to bed earlier, but get up late, etcetera. Mrs. Chau Tien-Hou told Bunji that even if we intended to avoid conceiving, we should not continue it for too long. She used herself as an example to say that after they had a child, they avoided conceiving for a while, but then found they could not have a baby again after that. Their concerns made us feel pressure, which increased as days

went by. About one year after our marriage, we seriously started to consider conceiving our next generation.

In July of that year, the happy occasion came to Mr. and Mrs. Lin's family. They had a baby girl. Mr. Lin sent some "Oil Rice" and a red egg to his neighbors to inform them, "It's a girl." When I said congratulations to Lin, his reply was, "Okagesamade," which means, "Thank you for your help." It was not proper for him to say those words to me. No one could have helped him on this, he was the only contributor.

Chiau-Pin Came to This World Slowly

Lin's family's having a baby did not give us additional pressure; it only supplied some gossip material for our neighborhood. We had made a plan for our "production" and we began its practice in April. In fact, we did not only make a plan for a baby, we also had a boy baby in our plan. When Lin was sending red eggs, Bunji was already pregnant.

During Bunji's pregnancy, I was extremely busy with the installation of machines. I worked at least ten hours a day and almost could not find time to breath. One day, during this time, my parents-in-law came from Tainan to visit their baby-sick daughter. They also brought a lot of "Salty, Spicy and Sweet" snacks. Taiwanese said that the snacks could cure baby-sickness, so it was really what Bunji needed. This was why they brought the snacks. But, unfortunately, their "stupid" son-in-law did not know that. He thought they brought it just for him, who loved the snack so much, so that he could love their daughter more. To him, simply speaking, it was bribery. After a few days, I finished the snacks. Luckily, the baby came through, although Bunji did not have any of the snacks. Although Bunji's parents did not accomplish one of their purposes, they did achieve one important thing – they saw their fifth son-in-law being not only good at love, he was also a hard working young man. Before, their impression of their fifth son-in-law had not been very good. Deep in their minds, he was a young person who looked for every opportunity to sneak out from his work to date their daughter in Tainan.

The Old Capital City, Tainan had a tradition of a woman's family taking care of her for a month after having a baby. After a discussion

between Bunji and her family, they decided for her to go back to Tainan to have the baby there. This way they could save a lot of inconvenience for her family to go back and forth between Tainan and Kaohsiung.

Since it was a first baby, we knew the time from the first pain to childbirth was quite long normally. Therefore, we decided to wait until the first pain came to head back to Tainan. In the morning of December 28, 1961, Bunji realized that it was time for her to go to the hospital, so we took a bus to Tainan. As soon as we got on the bus the pangs started. Strangely, when the bus stopped at a small station she had small pangs, and when the bus stopped at a large station, vigorous pangs. Although we had never experienced childbirth, we were very calm and never panicked. It looked like we knew what we were doing and were old pros. We knew we would not run into any problems on the bus. The pangs increased when the bus was approaching Tainan, but when it reached Tainan, the pangs stopped. Everything became normal. Bunji started playing cards with her family members and almost forgot the reason for coming back.

At eight that night, the night of December 28, 1961, our first son was born at the Chon-Ai Hospital. He had jaundice and was very hairy. Taiwanese said that he was a reborn from a cow to have that much hair. I was so happy that both baby and mother were healthy. On the 28th of December, 1961, I became a father for the first time. I was very excited, and at the same time, I felt the responsibility of being a father.

Our original plan was to have the baby in the month of January, but he came a little too early. The problem was not due to our poor planning. It was because the science had not progressed to the extent for us to make an accurate plan.

Since we had a baby boy according to our plan, I felt so great. I published a paper with the title, "Having a Boy or a Girl" in the Taiwan Sugar Corporation Newsletter. In that article I declared to all the people in the world, the technique of having a boy or a girl. Although I had only one data point, I had done somewhat extensive research on the subject. The foundation of my conclusion came from both historical and scientific facts. My historical facts were: During war time, rich people

gave birth to more girls and, the poor, more boys. Also, ducks fed with fish or meat had more females and those fed with vegetables, more males. Scientifically, I based my assessment on the chromosomes. Males have X and Y chromosomes and their activities are controlled by the acidity or alkalinity of their environment. Acidity favors X and alkalinity, Y. All female's chromosomes are Xs. The combination of X-X will produce a girl and Y-X, a boy. But, if the activity level of X and Y were not sufficient enough, a baby would not be conceived. My "theory" was really only a hypothesis, and I boldly established my hypothesis without sufficient data; also, some of the information I based on could be inaccurate. My hypothesis was applied one more time in 1963. Strangely enough, we had a girl baby as we planned. Up to this time, I had collected two data points on my hypothesis.

The article also earned me considerable, additional compensation that I had not expected.

Bunji ate plenty of herbal chickens, ducks and pig's kidneys during the month after the childbirth. I did not know if the nutritional herbs made her stronger and healthier, but she certainly was fatter. Normally, while the wife was eating, the husband would get a share of the food. This was what Taiwanese described as: "Gods received paper money, and disciples received drink." Unfortunately, I did not get any, because I was in Kaohsiung. After the month, Bunji came home. She had recovered from labor, but the recovery was just temporary.

The baby had a hard falling asleep. Even he did, it was not a sound sleep, and he woke up easily. He cried at night much of the time. Our main method for hypnosis was singing songs. We also had additional methods. The most effective one was putting the baby on a blanket with Bunji and I each holding a side of it. Then, we swung the entire bundle like a cradle, only much vigorously, until he went to sleep. We had a little doubt about whether he really fell to sleep or simply fainted. At best, the baby would only sleep for two hours. Then, we would repeat the operation once more. Bunji and I both suffered from insomnia. It was getting serious, and started to affect my work. My efficiency was low enough to bother me. We could not but send the baby back to her

grandmother in Tainan for help. Bunji went with him too. Grandma took him to see a Chinese doctor. The doctor said he had Pe-A under his tooth roots. He managed to dig out all the Pe-As. The baby, surprisingly, got better. When he became "normal", they came home. The situation was somewhat improved, but we were still suffering from insomnia as before.

The birth of Chiau-Pin made our difficult financial situation even harder. At this time, Bunji had quit her teaching job, and our income had decreased. But, we knew this when we were planning to have the baby. We figured this in our equation. One thing we did not account for was his mother's milk not being sufficient for the baby. We needed to buy cow's milk. It was difficult to believe that the cost for the powdered milk would consume about half of my salary. It was hard to live with the entire income. It would be even harder with only a half of it. But what could we do? Life could only continue. Once it stopped, it wouldn't exist anymore. Expenses included living, medical, red envelopes, occasional payments for the marriage mutual fund, etc. Nothing could be avoided. A good thing was that occasionally, I could receive "Mortgaging My Life" cash from my company. At that time, the Sugar Corporation allowed its employees to borrow a month of salary on some important holidays such as New Years, May Fifth Festival, Mid-autumn Festival etcetera. The interest-free-rental money had to be returned to the company over the next thirty years. It would be deducted from one's salary. Since it was paid back in thirty years, the monthly deduction was very minimal. Therefore, most employees considered the holiday rentals as a bonus. But one could think this way only if one decided to stay with the company forever. Since I did not intend to stay with the company for too long, it created a big problem for me when the time came for me to quit. I had to pay them back all I had borrowed. Since it was not easy to find a better job, in fact any job, at that time, no one chose to leave--the only exception was those who were going abroad to study. Therefore, they considered the "bonus" being a kind of welfare.

No mother's milk. What could we do? We tried every possible method to improve the production, but failed on every trial. Nothing was effective. Life was difficult for Bunji and me.

In the year of 1960, the Plant started its production, and I began my shift work. Everything became routine, no more excitement. My future came to mind more often. If I continued my current work, my future would be the same as my current life. It would be simply an extension of the present. Life is not only for existence. I should not write a period for my life here. A person should try to take advantage of his talent to its extreme, or he would waste the abilities given by his parents and heaven. But, it seemed to me, my fate had been defined. I could only continue to work for the Plant or the Sugar Corporation. Did I have any other choices? I started to wonder. Going abroad to pursue my graduate studies was the best option, I believed, but, one I considered as unrealistic. This was not a choice. In the early 1962, Chuan Chun-Chian quit the Company and went to the U. S. The thought of going abroad flashed through my mind, but before giving it any deep consideration, I again said no. The more I thought about it, however, the more it became the most probable choice among all the impossible choices.

On the subject, my first idea was to go to Germany. At the time, there were government scholarships to encourage students to study there. If I passed the examination, then the government would cover all my expenses to go abroad. All I needed was for Bunji to have a job to support the family. This could be done. If I decided to go to America, I at least needed financial aid from a graduate school there. With my grades at Taiwan University, this could be mighty difficult, if not impossible, but I could at least try. In this scenario, Bunji also needed a job. So, regardless of going to Germany or the U.S., Bunji needed a job. That was the necessary condition.

In Kaohsiung, we had no connections to help find a teaching job for Bunji. In Tainan, although we did not have many, we at least had more than none. So, Bunji started to look for a job in Tainan. Fortunately, after some time she landed a job there. Thus, I accomplished my first step toward my dreamed future.

In the spring of 1962, Bunji went back to Tainan with Chiau-Pin for the job. They rented a house on the second floor of her parents'. They used the same door to enter and exit. This arrangement made me rest much easier. In case they needed help when I was not home, her parents were there. (I was so selfish at the time. I had never given a thought to the inconvenience I would bring to her family, especially her parents.)

In early June of that year, it was an ordinary busy morning. The Plant telephone lady delivered, with an absolutely serious facial expression, heart-breaking news. Chiau-Pin had polio. The telephone call was from Tainan. It was raining. Both heaven and people were in a tragic mood. To me, the sunshine suddenly disappeared from my heart, and it left only darkness. My heart was bleeding. I was dumfounded and stood there for quite a while in the rain. Whenever I think of that day, my emotion never fails to boil and becomes very hard to control even today. As I write this, I am tearful and cannot stop sighing.

I took the next available bus to Tainan. The time on the bus crept so slowly. It was only about an hour ride, but it seemed forever to me. The surroundings no longer existed and neither did I. I was so bored. I started to count the trees outside to pass the time. My mind told me that the higher the number, the closer I was to Tainan. Some examples of polio patients appeared in my mind. They included President Roosevelt, and also the child who lived behind my parents-in-law's house, whose left hand was not functional. As a father, my responsibility was to educate Chiau-Pin to have a strong desire to live and to live bravely with fierce wild beasts, snakes and scorpions in the world. Outside the bus was cloudy and raining. My heart had a violent typhoon.

The baby's right hand and left foot were not functioning after a week or so of mild fever. During a diaper change, his left leg, which normally moved vigorously, stopped moving. Bunji told me the story sobbingly. She also told me that the very first thing that came to her mind was taking the baby and jumping into the Canal together. I cried with her.

Although Salk's polio vaccine was invented at the time, the baby was not vaccinated because he was too weak and sickly. Also, his doctor told us that a baby was immune from polio from birth to six months old. We

had feelings of guilt from the mistake we committed. The mistake could not be erased by apologies. We have carried the guilt all our lives deeply in our hearts.

The Western doctors told us there was no medicine to cure polio patients. Once a person was attacked, he could only wait for the disease to pass and then rehabilitate. We, as parents could not take the advice from the Western doctors and do nothing. We could not accept failure and tried anything that was available to us. We went to a drug store to buy an expensive, Russian, injectable medicine. After many shots, we found it was not effective. When we ran out of every possible means, we finally went to a Chinese doctor's office near the Tainan Train Station. The office was on Chun-Kong Road. We saw their successful stories about curing polio patients almost everywhere. We did not believe them, but what we could do? This was the only place we could take our baby for help. It was our last hope. On their front door, there was a lot of propaganda about curing of polio. Scores of cured polio patients' names were listed too.

As soon as we entered, the doctor checked the baby's pulse and examined his palms. He pronounced the baby had polio instantaneously. It was obvious that the baby had polio, or otherwise he would not have been brought to a polio medical facility. It was ridiculous for us, people who did not believe in Chinese medicine, to bring a baby to a doctor who was a self-proclaimed expert in Chinese medicine. However, the act was both serious and tragic. When we did not have anywhere to turn for our baby, we would try anything. What we were looking for was a miracle. When a person is drowning, even a straw is hope.

The medicine was prepared as directed by the doctor. The herbs were cooked in a bowl filled with water, until it boiled down by half. It was extremely difficult, if not impossible. It was also hard to bear putting half a bowl of Chinese medicinal soup into the baby's stomach. Bunji tried to use a teaspoon to pour the medicine through the baby's mouth forcefully and tearfully. The action itself was difficult, but then after a few spoonfuls, the baby would vomit, making the attempt a failure. I did not know how successful other parents were in getting the medicine into

their baby's stomachs. In Chiau-Pin's case, our success rate was absolutely zero.

After all our attempts failed, we went back to see the Western doctors. There was an office in the vicinity of Chu-Kan Low, and its doctor, Dr. Ng Sin-Sien, recently came back from the United States. He was an expert in the field of polio. We placed our hope in him. He was the only hope we had at the time. He also believed as the other Western doctors' did: there was no remedy for polio. Once a baby was attacked, the only option was to wait for rehabilitation. I did not know the reason why, but he still gave a fairly expensive medicine to our baby. Knowing there was no remedy for polio, why did he give the medicine? Did he take the advantage of us? (Dr. Ng read this section after the book was published, and from Los Angeles he wrote me: ". . . The drug you had at my office was a placebo to avoid traditional critics that charge without medication. Since it was a placebo, it must be something easy for a child to take, and do some good like vitamins. . . . 11/18/03." I appreciate his letter and kind explanation.)

When Chiau-Pin started to walk, Dr. Ng asked his assistant, a graduate of a teacher school (equivalent to a high school) to construct a steel support to prevent the deformation of Chiau-Pin's left leg. (We called it "Iron Leg" in Taiwanese.) I did not trust this assistant much, because I believed designing a steel support required expertise in the field. However, I did not have any other choice at the time. Chiau-Pin was forced to wear the support every time he walked. When he walked with the support, it made sounds, "Pong, pong". The kids in the neighborhood liked it and envied Chiau-Pin for wearing the support. Some asked their parents to buy one for them too. Sometimes, it looked like Chiau-Pin felt good about this. In fact, he did not like his support. It was so heavy and difficult to walk with. In his heart, he loved to have a pair of comfortable slippers. One day, Bunji found that Chiau-Pin had hidden a pair of slippers belonging to someone else. The incident made many adults, including his parents and grandparents, cry. It hurt their hearts.

Soon, we found that Chiau-Pin's name was on one of the advertisements of the Chinese doctor's office near the train station. It was a success story. We did not know what to say, they took our money, but the baby did not take their medicine. Several people also came to ask us if the story was true. They told us their stories were all from the doctor. The doctor was a liar, was all I could say.

Polio victims were fairly similar to political prisoners. Most people tried hard to get away from them. People were afraid of victims because of the contagiousness of polio. Chiau-Pin's case was a little different. There were of course some exceptions. Among those relatives, Bunji's third and fourth sisters impressed me a lot. Their acts then have stayed in my mind and will stay there forever.

During Chiau-Pin's illness, the fourth sister Ga(n)-Chien and her son, Se-Hong came to Bunji's parents' home quite often. One day Se-Hong was suddenly very ill. He was paralyzed instantaneously. I thought he got polio from Chiau-Pin. But, fortunately he recovered just as suddenly.

The day when we realized Chiau-Pin had polio, Bunji's third sister Iu-Bi, was leaning on a structural support beam of the house next to his bed. Tears were flowing down from her red eyes with grief. She wanted help, but could not do anything about it.

My father-in-law wanted me to try our best and asked me not to worry about the expenses. He was willing to help. I thanked him and told him that we would do it ourselves. Although I had indicated we were poor all the time, now, money was the least of my worries. I learned a lesson from Chiau-Pin's illness: problems that can be solved with money cannot be too serious.

Luckily, Chau-Pin's recovery was better and faster than we anticipated. Soon, his right hand had almost recovered. Some of the nerves in his left foot were damaged or partially damaged. In the summer of 1967, he had tendon transfer surgery at the New York University. He can now do most of the things an ordinary person can do except speedy running. He was a member of his high school football team and a captain of his college volleyball team. He is also a good golf player. It seems to me that he does not suffer any emotional issues from the illness now.

Preparing to Go Abroad

I had decided to give up the thought of going abroad because of Chiau-Pin's sickness. He needed more love and attention from his father to compensate for his sickness and its results. Bunji had different opinions. She thought that my going abroad was the main cause of his sickness. I should strengthen my resolve to achieve the set goal. In addition, Chiau-Pin's rehabilitation and therapy could be better achieved with the advanced medical practices in the States. She convinced me.

I started to apply for financial aid and write letters to friends in the States to ask for help. Lin Kuang-Huei sent me a check for \$400.00 and a hand-written list of the names, addresses and department heads of all universities with a department of chemical engineering in Canada and the United States; Chen Fong-Chuan, Won Wen-Kuei and Chuang Chun-Chian each sent \$200.00; and Chan Chan-Hong, \$ 300.00, with a note to indicate that the loan should be returned as soon as I reached the States and that if I ran into any problems in the future, he could help. The money was not his own; he had borrowed it from a friend in Los Angeles.

To apply for financial aid was not easy due to my poor grades at the University. I did not pay much attention to grades during my college years. Had I not received financial assistance from the University, which required me to maintain an average 70 or above, my grades could have been even worse. I forgot how many universities I applied to -- I would think at least ten. I only got one positive answer from the University of Mississippi. The school was a so-so university and financial aid waived my tuition. The University was situated in Oxford, Mississippi. Before I entered the school, I did not have the slightest idea about it. The only things I knew were the Mississippi River being the longest river in the United States and Mark Twain having lived on the river. Also, William Faulkner had studied at the University. In fact, the quality of the school was not my main concern at the time--I could transfer schools, if I wanted to, in the future. I deeply appreciated the University giving me the scholarship.

The scholarship and the loans I obtained from my friends were sufficient for me to go to the States. Besides, I had additional income which came without my previous knowledge. I was lucky, yes, I was. Before, employees of Taiwan Sugar Corporation could ask the Company to take a leave of absence without pay to pursue advanced studies abroad. But, that year the Company changed its policy, because an employee who had taken leave to study in the United States went to China after he finished his advanced degree. This caused the Corporation too much trouble. At the time, the Taiwanese government still considered Chinese to be Communist Bandits. I vaguely remember that the new policy was to give a resigned employee who was going abroad, compensation of six month's salary. This was big money to me. At the time, I still owed the Company holiday loans and my wedding fund. I use this compensation to pay off my debts.

After I asked for my service certificate from the Plant, I submitted my resignation. They threw a grand farewell Party. I was sorry to leave my colleagues. They had been so nice to me. I would never forget their passion and help. I was tearful on the bus from Kaohsiung to Tainan. I left a strong scent of alcohol on the bus when I got off. Thus, I finalized my life at the Taiwan Sugar Corporation.

At this juncture, there were still two things I had to do to go to the U. S.: an interview at the U. S. Consulate and a physical examination. Due to my late submission of my resignation, I had to hasten my pace. Otherwise, I would be late for my autumn class. Unfortunately I did not have control over my pace. I was tense. In addition, the interview was not a formality. Many students were turned down. If I did not pass the interview, I did not know what I could do. Not only I could not go abroad, I also did not have a job in Taiwan anymore.

The interviewer treated me nicely. After my written test, he gave me the forms for the physical examination. He skipped the oral examination which was supposed to follow the written test. I was so happy that there almost certainly would not be significant obstacles in the way of my going to the States. I want to add a note here. After Bunji came home from sending me to the States in Taipei, she received a letter from my

University. It asked me not to go because it was too late for the fall semester. Fortunately, I had beat the letter by a few steps.

In the early 60s of Taiwan, the government put a rather severe restriction on people's entering and leaving the country. Going abroad for advanced studies was one of the few exceptions. The government changed the policies every so often. A new policy that was to come into effect in the morning, could be changed by the evening the same day. So, a person was not sure that he would be allowed to reenter the country after he departed. He might never have a chance to come home; a short leave might become an eternal separation. Putting all of this into consideration, Bunji decided to have another baby. When we were newly wedded, we had discussed the size of our family. I wanted just one child. To this, she did not express any opinion. As we planned for my studies abroad, she changed her mind. She thought Chiau-Pin was too lonely. In May of 1963, she conceived again.

In early September, 1963, I left Taiwan. Bunji, Chiau-Pin, my mother-in-law, and Bunji's cousin Hua-Lian and her mother (both of them were living in Taipei) all came to the Son-San Airport to send me off. No one from my family came due to the financial hardship. Because of Taiwanese custom, I could only embrace Chiau-Pin, but not Bunji. I could only wave my hand to her to say goodbye. I was not even brave enough to touch her hand in public.

My mother-in-law said at the airport, "Do come home early. Living in a place with no friends and relatives, even you become an emperor, it still does not make sense." Her words have stayed in my heart deeply until today.

Once I got on the airplane, I could not see them anymore. I had an urge to jump down from the plane; I did not want to leave them. I was in hell instantaneously.

Who would know this would be my eternal separation from Father? I was allowed to return home only after 26 years. When I met my mother again, she was blind, and her mind was no longer clear. Thankfully my brothers, especially my third one, Mu-Hsiung, shouldered my duty for

the family while I was absent. In this way, the KMT punished me to serve for the Taiwanese original sins.

PART TWELVE

Crossing the Salt Water

Since the KMT regime came to Taiwan and imposed strict control over her citizens' entry and exit permits, Taiwanese seemed to be confined on an island prison. Every citizen was eager to leave, if there were an opportunity. In fact, many people looked extensively for opportunities, even if the objective were another prison outside of Taiwan.

In the early 60s, the easiest way to emigrate from Taiwan was to pursue graduate studies abroad. At the time, people believed that going to study in the U. S. was very much the same as getting oneself gold-plated. After returning from the U. S., one's value would increase by 100 fold. With this belief, thousands of Taiwanese students enthusiastically went to the States. They carried with them sufficient intelligence and the poverty of an agriculture society. At the time, Taiwanese society was still in the agricultural era and was fairly poor. Bravely and enthusiastically, the students traveled to a new continent with a completely different culture. Most of them were educated in science or engineering because it was much easier to obtain financial aid in these fields. Without financial aid, usually in the form of scholarships or research and teaching assistantships, it would have been virtually impossible for a student to study abroad.

The minimum cost for a student to go to the States was \$3,200, which included \$600 for a one-way airplane ticket, \$2,400 for a security deposit (one year living expenses) and \$200 for pocket money, also the maximum allowed out of the country per student. The exchange ratio of NT\$ to US\$ was 40 to 1. In terms of NT\$, the total figure was 128,000. A person without financial aid had to sell 1,600 Pens (1,225 Pens = 1 acre) of the land at Su-Pai, at Taipei suburb. If we were to buy this same land today, it would cost close to US\$ 20 million or NT\$ 640 million.

Of course, I did not sell that many Pens of land to come here. In fact, my family did not own land, so that was not an option. My financial support was from a partial scholarship and loans of \$1,300 from several friends of mine in the States and Canada.

When I was still in Taiwan, there was a colorful-going-to-the-States story about So Kim-Chun, who was a schoolmate and a friend of mine. The story was very interesting and attractive, and was not as weird as anything in the Arabian Nights. This was a story of how a student from such a poor farm could afford to go to the States. I wrote a piece about this a few years back. I decided to print it here since it not only contained humor, but also tears and blood.

So Kim-Chun was one of my schoolmates in college and a graduate of the Department of Electric Engineering. He was from a rural area in Kao-Hsiung. One of his close friends from Kao-Hsiung High School told me that when regulations restricted pocket money to a maximum of \$200 for people going abroad, So brought what he had, \$21.75, and boarded a cargo ship headed for the west coast of the States via Okinawa and Tokyo. In addition to the pocket money, much less than that carried by other people, he also packed around ten baskets of bananas with him. In Okinawa he exchanged bananas for local liquors; in Tokyo, liquors for radio transistors; and finally, he exchanged transistors for cash in Los Angeles. The amount of cash was enough for him to finish his Ph. D. degree. We were so poor and eager to come to the U.S., this story was really sweeter than a dream. It passed around among our friends for a long time. I have never heard a going-abroad story as colorful as this one.

I eventually ran into So at a friend's house in D.C. after I'd lived in the U. S. for ten years. In our conversation, I found out most of the story was fiction. The only truths were the small amount of his pocket money and ten baskets of bananas. In addition, he also brought some precious dried fish rolls (O-hi-chi, or Karasumi) with him. He thought he could make money for his tuition with the bananas and fish rolls, but unfortunately, they brought him only trouble and a disaster. When the cargo arrived at Tokyo seaport, he could not sell the bananas, which were now partially rotten. He had not made any previous arrangements with buyers and did not know where to find one either. And while the cargo was on the high seas, the rolls started molding. In order to protect the rolls, he had to place them on a wooden board on the deck and exposed them to the sun, when there was sun. His attempts were only partially

successful. Occasionally, an unexpected sudden rain would ruin all his efforts. Sometimes, he had to run to the deck to keep the rolls from being thrown into the sea when the ship suddenly shifted direction. If he were too slow, some of the rolls would be lost into the ocean.

His bananas and rolls did not earn him a penny in the end. He sent most of the better ones as gifts to his friends. His gifts were slightly rotten and some were moldy. For sending his friends gifts of inferior quality, he would blame himself for a long time.

His ambition and labor did not make him a cent for his tuition. He needed to earn money to pay his tuition. The second day after his arrival at New York, being weak and still tired from the trip, he went to work for a restaurant as a kitchen helper. At the end of the week, he asked his boss about his work schedule for the following week. His boss told him that he did not need to come any more. In other words, he was fired. The information of his being fired slowly reached his family in Taiwan. They did not know what firing meant. They thought the kitchen he worked in caught fire. They worried about his safety.

So was an excellent story teller. He told stories one after another, very orderly and clearly. Occasionally, he stopped for a while to give us sufficient time to laugh and applaud, and then continued. After I heard So's true story, I was sorry that the colorful story that I'd believed all these years was shattered. I wished So had not told me the story. So's story mimicked the struggles many Taiwanese students endured during the late 50s and early 60s.

In addition to financial challenges, the students had to overcome their problem learning a new language. At a minimum, they had to pass the American Consulate's interview. The Consulate first tested an applicant on his proficiency in English in an interview. In this first phase, the students were tested in both writing and oral examinations. The writing test was subdivided into: grammar, comprehension, and composition. Since one had to pass the interview in order to emigrate to the U.S., everyone was anxious and tense during the interview. There were two articles, titled Interview 1 and Interview 2 at the U.S. Consulate, that are described in my book, "The Interesting Stories on

Taiwanese Americans.” The book was published by Vanguard Publishing Company, Taiwan.

Passing the interview meant that the Consulate acknowledged that the student possessed a basic understanding of English. But, it was not a guarantee that he did not have problems. In my case, I went through the interview smoothly, but I effectively became a deaf and dumb person as soon as I reached the States.

Taiwanese of my generation were taught foreign languages both voluntarily and forcefully. During the Japanese occupation pre-1945, Japanese was taught in schools. After Japanese surrendered Taiwan to the Chinese, we were taught Mandarin. However, speaking these languages, in addition to our native Taiwanese, did not help us learn English, because these Asian languages are completely different from English. When one speaks English, his mouth and tongue movements are exaggerated as compared to the Asian languages, especially Taiwanese. In addition, we learned English from ineffective teachers who taught us bad habits that became very difficult to correct. Once learned, a bad habit is almost impossible to break. With great effort, correction to some degree may be attained.

My Introductory English was not taught by Japanese directly, but a teacher from the Japanese system. My English education was started at the Junior Tech, and the teacher was Wong Seng-Ka who was a graduate of a foreign language school in Japan, so we were told. We were taught to pronounce every single letter in a word. For example, island, we pronounced as isu-dan-do and market, ma-ru-ket-to. The English teachers who followed Wong were no better. Perhaps, English was simply not considered very important for technical school students to learn. But to me, if a school offered a course in English or any other subject, then it should be effectively taught. Otherwise, why waste everyone’s time? Maybe at the time, those were the best teachers available.

To correct my English pronunciation, I had to work very hard after I came to the States. I studied English pronunciation at a few universities, and also attended a speech clinic, but the results were poor. My linguistic

ineptitude and poor language education were nearly impossible to overcome.

Two things, money and language, were most important for going to the States for graduate studies. Between the two, language was the more critical. Of course everyone needed some minimum amount of money. But once I had that, I could live. In the case of language, I always felt deficient regardless of the hours of time and effort spent practicing.

In the afternoon of September 24, 1963, I carried my mother-in-law's enjoinder (my going abroad didn't make much sense to her, even had I become an emperor, to live in a land without friends and relatives) and left Taiwan with a broken heart for leaving my family. Coincidentally, I sat next to my friend, Shia Shun-Kei on the airplane. He was a civil engineer who was two years senior to me both at Kao-Hsiung High Tech and Taiwan University. His company seemed to relax me somewhat. Shia had also left his wife and children behind. It seemed that neither of us was excited about going abroad without our families. We did not talk much; we had a tacit understanding.

On the evening of the 24th, we stayed at a Japanese Airlines hotel in Tokyo. Like most students on their way to the States, we went to Sin-Juku to buy a camera. Shia bought a Canon, and I a Yashica. I bought the Yashica because it was less expensive than the Canon, not because I liked it better. We also bought German-Japanese dictionaries since we would be attending graduate school to study science and engineering. When we got back to our hotel, it was past 9 PM. However, we were thirsty and could not find any tea or water in the room, so we went out again for a soft drink. When we came back, we found a faucet labeled "Drinking Water" in the bathroom. We laughed. We could not but admit we were "two frogs deep in a well". At the time in Taiwan, there were no drinking fountains.

Our airplane stopped in Hawaii for a few hours, and we arrived at Los Angeles Airport on the 25th. A porter helped bring my baggage to the Greyhound Station near the airport where I boarded a bus to Memphis, Tennessee. I had given the porter a ten dollar bill as tip because I did not have anything smaller. As I sat on the bus, I grew angry

at myself. Ten dollars was equivalent to 400 New Taiwanese Yens, half a month's salary in my old job. The only reason I chose a Greyhound bus over an airplane was to save money. I paid \$50 for the Greyhound bus instead of \$200 for airfare, and then was stupid enough to pay \$10 for an unbudgeted tip. It was painful for me.

Just before the bus started, the driver asked me if I wanted a pillow. I did not understand what he was asking, and so declined politely. I did not want anything, if I could save money. All the money I had was not mine; I did not want to spend even a penny that did not belong to me, if all possible.

I knew I was late for school, but I did not realize I was a week late. Of course I was worried, but my mind was on my family in Taiwan and my debts.

As I looked around the bus, all the people were strangers. The bus was different too, and so was the scenery outside. Everything was strange except me -- in fact, I felt like a stranger too. I had not shaven since leaving Taiwan and had not taken a bath since I left Tokyo.

"Do I look like a fugitive?" I wondered.

While I was deep in thought, a policeman showed up in front of me. He was very polite. I did not know what he wanted and showed him my passport. Looking through my passport, he was satisfied and left me with a smile. A policeman in a democratic country was different. This was my first impression about a free country. He didn't question anyone else on the bus. If it were today, I might accuse him of being a racist or discriminatory. However, at the time his treatment satisfied a person who had just left a police state.

Outside the bus was a desert. And the desert seemed to stretch forever.

On the bus, I was sleepy but could not sleep. Perhaps, the continued conversation from the front seats disturbed me. From their soft and intimate sounds, I guessed they were a granddaughter and grandfather, but I remembered that they also seemed to be strangers in Los Angeles. The seat next to me was empty. It seemed to me I was traveling in hell all by myself, although there were many people on the bus.

In Phoenix, Arizona, I was smart enough to send a postcard to a classmate of mine at the University of Mississippi. I informed him that I had reached Phoenix and was on my way to Oxford. I dated the card before I sent it. At the time, I thought I was being smart sending the card. But, it turned out to be a big mistake and gave me more trouble than I needed.

At Phoenix, the driver told me politely and slowly with the help of hand gestures that I had to change my bus. He also helped me to move my baggage to another bus parked behind his. I realized that I might have to change busses again during the trip. I dared not to sleep from then on, regardless of how sleepy I was.

I was on a second bus now. Every time the bus stopped at a larger station for any reason at all, I would show my cardboard with 'MEMPHIS' written on it to the driver and ask him if I needed to change busses. In the beginning, he was very polite, but after a while he grew increasingly irritated. Finally, with the help of hand gestures, he tried to tell me not to worry. When the time came, he would let me know. However, I did not quite understand him. I had lost all my confidence and wanted to take no chances. A passenger tried to help and kindly told me that I would not need to change buses for 10 hours. He asked me to relax. That did it. I started to calm down and also put the cardboard away for the moment.

The bus continued on highways and occasionally stopped at stations for the next 24 hours. It was about noon, and the bus stopped at a rather big station. It would be here for about an hour. The city was either El Paso, Texas or, Albuquerque, New Mexico; I cannot remember now. It was full of Mexican aromas, and I had not eaten since boarding the bus. My last meal was on the Japanese Airline. I stepped out from the bus with everyone else. I was thinking to have a small lunch. A Japanese song, which I knew later to be Sukiyaki, was coming from somewhere. A phrase in that song, "the tragedy is under the shadow of stars", hit me. In that absolutely isolated situation, even a Japanese song provided me a warm feeling.

I was standing in a line and planned to order two eggs and a glass of milk. When my turn came, I asked for two eggs. The lady asked me, "Scrambled, sunny side up, hard-over, boiled . . .?" Her question puzzled me. I did not understand her at all. I left the line without accomplishing my task. Then I went to pick up an apple from the counter. This apple was the only thing I ate during the entire trip.

After more than two days, my Greyhound bus came to stop in Memphis, my stop. I had hardly eaten or slept for more than fifty hours. It was about noon, September 27. I found out that I had to take a Continental Trailways bus to Oxford, Mississippi. I could have also taken a small airplane, but that was too expensive. There was no Greyhound bus service to Oxford. The driver realized that a person with two bags and didn't speak English could not get from the Greyhound bus station to Continental one by himself. After his careful and slow explanation failed, he asked another bus driver whose bus was headed toward Oxford to help me. The driver was so kind and promised to take me there. I was very lucky. Perhaps, historically, I was the first person to take a Greyhound bus from Memphis to Oxford. Two years later, when I left Oxford, there was still no Greyhound bus service. I remember well that the bus taking me to Oxford was destined for Tupelo via Holly Springs. A long time after that, when I checked a map, I found out the bus did not go near Oxford at all, according to its route. The bus driver had made a special effort to take me there. For this, I thank him from the bottom of my heart.

I arrived at Oxford at two in the afternoon. After placing my bags in front of So Chio-Ken's or Chuang Chun-Chian's apartment door, I walked to the university. I could not find Chuang (Vincent) at the Department of Chemistry. Then, I walked to the Foreign Students Advisor's Office. Nobody was there since it was Saturday. I also went to the Department of Chemical Engineering; I did not find anyone there either. I returned to the Department of Chemistry and waited for Chuang to come back.

While I was waiting, I became thirsty and reluctantly spent a dime, or NT\$4, to get a coke from a machine. However, I had no bottle opener.

Instead of quenching my thirst, the bottle of coke became a burden because I did not want to throw it away. Finally, I hid it in the bushes. Thereafter, I walked back and forth between the Department of Chemistry building and Chuang's apartment. I prayed for Chuang to appear soon. Then, the dusk arrived. It grew cold, and I could not take it anymore. I hid in an unlocked car in front of Chuang's apartment, too cold to worry that I was breaking a law.

Heaven never rejects a person completely. Before I reached a hopeless state, a savior appeared. An Indian graduate student, M. K. Sheth walked by Chuang's apartment. Understanding my situation, he helped me bring my bags to his dormitory to stay overnight. My first night in Oxford was spent on a dirty floor in a room smelling of curry. In spite of the adverse conditions and my empty stomach, I slept well that night perhaps because I had not slept for more than sixty hours.

I would find out later that the postcard I sent Chuang was the source of my troubles that day. Chuang received my postcard in the morning earlier that same day. He guessed that I would arrive at Oxford that day, and he thought that I would arrive on the Continental bus. There were only two buses a day, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Since I was not on the first one, I had to take the second one. Chuang and his wife decided to pick me up at Memphis and celebrate my arrival with a few drinks. Since Oxford was a dry county, Memphis was a logical choice. They had invited a Korean student, Kun-Pak Lee, who majored in physics, to come with them. Lee was a lush. He happily came along probably not for me but for a drink.

At the Continental Trailways bus station, they did not find me. Chuang wanted to return to Oxford immediately, thinking I might have gone there already. But Lee convinced them to stay for a drink because they had fulfilled their duty as friends. They went to a rather famous basement to have their alcohol. When they returned to Oxford, it was after midnight. They had no idea I had been wandering the campus waiting for them from the early afternoon until the sun was high in the sky the following day.

PART THIRTEEN

Pursuing My First Advanced Degree

The First Year

Mississippi is located in the southeastern part of the U. S. To its west are the Mississippi River, Louisiana and Arkansas; east, Alabama; north, Tennessee; and south, the Gulf of Mexico. Once it was prosperous, but that was long ago and before the Civil War. Mississippi was a confederate state and therefore on the losing side. Its economy and standard of living deteriorated after the war. Even today, it still holds the honor of being the poorest State in the Union. The State of Mississippi has an area of 48,000 square miles, about 3 times the size of Taiwan.

When I went to Mississippi, it was already a very poor state, although I did not seem to notice. The population was 1.2 million, only 1/20 that of Taiwan. The Chinese might consider Mississippi to be rich because it had 1/20 the population of Taiwan but was more than three times the size of Taiwan. Chinese think of China as a rich country because of her "huge land and abundant resources". However, Mississippi was in actuality behind in almost everything. It was also the most conservative and poorest state in the Union. Even recently, its per capita income was among the lowest in the country.

The University of Mississippi was located in the small southern town of Oxford, Mississippi at the northern part of the state. Soon after I arrived, the part of the town with the school was renamed "University". Oxford became its neighbor. The university had a famous nickname, "Ole Miss". Even today, I still don't know the origin of this name even though I had spent two valuable years there. Academically, the university ranked fairly low, but, I was not sorry or resentful for choosing to attend "Ole Miss". The university was simply a base to establish my confidence and provide the necessary solid foundation on which to build my life in this new continent.

I was disappointed that the Department of Chemical Engineering offered too few courses for graduate students at a time. Every semester, it was very difficult for me to find a desirable course to take. We had only three professors, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Roy, and Dr. Aven. Dr. Roy was the

Chairman of the Department and Dr. Anderson was the Assistant Dean of Engineering.

Truth be known, I did not actually choose “Ole Miss” for my graduate studies. More accurately, it was the University of Mississippi that made the choice, offering me a scholarship, albeit a partial one. I was motivated to attend graduate school for the job prospects rather than a deep interest in pursuing knowledge, as did most Taiwanese at the time.

While attending Taiwan University, I spent less time in chemical engineering classes than working to earn my living expenses and participating in extracurricular activities after my freshman year. My grades in that first year were sufficient enough to earn me an academic scholarship and a certificate. Thereafter, my grades barely passed the minimum requirements. If not for my financial assistantship that required a 70% average, my grades would have been even worse. Because of my poor undergraduate grades, I was very happy to obtain a scholarship from the University of Mississippi. To be honest, I knew nothing about Mississippi except that the Mississippi River was the longest in the U. S. The only reason for my applying was my college classmate and colleague at the Taiwan Sugar Corporation, Vincent (So Chio-Ken). Vincent was my dear friend, although we might not see the world exactly the same.

The University of Mississippi was a public school with over four thousand students at the time. It was completely segregated until 1962 when James Meredith attended classes as the first black student with the backing of the National Guard. Although the state of Mississippi was poor, Ole Miss did not give me that impression. The university was quite beautiful. I also felt that it was much larger than Taiwan University. Perhaps, they had sprayed a considerable amount of DDT since I don't recall seeing a cockroach or mouse.

The southern belles were pretty and knew how to dress and wear makeup. They were also extremely polite. They always smiled and said “hi” to us on campus. Southern boys also seemed very polite. They treated us as their guests and always asked us if we needed a ride if they saw us while driving their cars. They gave me the impression that the U.S.'s becoming the richest and strongest in the world was no accident.

The university was rich in traditional southern conservative values, producing a number of great politicians and a Nobel Prize winner, William Faulkner. There was even a memorial library for Faulkner on campus.

I woke up well rested the morning of Sunday, September 28. I had slept so well; it was an unusual non-dream night. When my eyes opened, the sun was already high in the sky. I smelled a strong curry flavor and the sunlight made me realize the floor was much dirtier than I remembered from the previous night.

Sheth was waiting for me to go to breakfast, and I was more than ready. In the past seventy some hours, I had eaten only one apple and nothing in the last sixty hours. We went to the university cafeteria. Following Sheth, I took all the food I wanted. The taste was not great, but I ate the entire plate. Aside from the two of us, I did not notice any foreign students in the cafeteria.

After the breakfast, Sheth took me to wash his clothes. I learned to operate a coin washing machine that morning. Sheth then took me to see Vincent. This time I saw both Vincent and his wife, Yang Lan-Yu or Grace. I knew her when we were back in Taiwan, however, we did not know each other very well. We spoke about the events of the previous day. Vincent recalled seeing a Greyhound bus on Interstate 55, the main highway connecting Oxford to Memphis. He still couldn't believe I was on that bus since the Greyhound doesn't go to Oxford from Memphis. To them, it was a miracle. We talked about Bunji and Chiau-Pin. I did not want to talk much about the subject because I feared that my emotion might overpower me. I told them, I would be back to Taiwan as soon as I finished my MS Degree. They did not believe I would do so.

Vincent and Grace were so kind that they invited me to join them to have meals at their place from the first day. They were afraid that I might not easily accept American food. I accepted their gracious offer and kindness immediately. I stayed overnight at their house that night.

Vincent accompanied me to school the following day for registration. They assigned me to Heleston, the dormitory for single male graduate students. My roommate was a graduate student in the Department of

Pharmacy from Hong Kong. Vincent also took me to see Dr. Anderson in the Department of Chemical Engineering. The main purpose for this initial visit was to ask for additional financial aid. Vincent knew that a student, Chen, who was one year behind us at Taiwan University, had been offered a teaching assistantship but decided not to come.

After initial pleasantries, Dr. Anderson asked me if I had received a notice of admission cancellation from the department. Since the semester had started several weeks ago, the Department had decided not to accept any new students. My presence was a surprise to him. However, since I was there, the Department decided to make an exception. Vincent then mentioned financial aid. Dr. Anderson said that when I was in Taiwan, I had accepted the offer by the department. That was a contract. The Department would honor the offer and could not change it this semester. His words were definitive and clear. Although Dr. Anderson's manner of speaking more or less carried the dignity of an educator, he seemed more like a preacher to me. He was also very powerful in the department.

At that time, Dr. Aven was still a graduate student at the University of Tennessee finishing his PhD. He was a graduate of Ole Miss and a former student of Dr. Anderson's. He also listened to Dr. Anderson. Dr. Roy did not seem interested in power. He said that he got his PhD because he could not find a good job after completing his B.S. He earned his PhD from Ohio State University. Much later, I had chance to chitchat with him. I asked Dr. Roy if he knew Thomas Lio, since Thomas also had earned a PhD in Chemical Engineering from OSU and was about the same age. Unfortunately, Dr. Roy did not recognize his name. Incidentally Dr. Lio (or Liao in Chinese) was an anti-KMT Taiwanese, and was well respected by Taiwanese when he was young. The Department only offered one or two graduate courses each semester. Even if the courses were uninteresting, you were essentially required to take them to maintain status as a full time student and finish a Master's Degree in two years. Besides, if you missed the course, you might not have another chance because they might not offer it for another two years. Sometimes, the Department would encourage its students to take a course offered by another Department in the School of Engineering.

Although they would consider it as their required course, it was not the same. For instance, the department encouraged me to take a course, Gas Dynamics, in Mechanical Engineering for Chemical Engineering Thermodynamics. Alas, they were not the same.

Everything I experienced, such as people, grass and trees, language, habits and customs, and food, was new and different, except for the music. I worked hard to fit into this new environment. It was difficult for me. The most difficult challenge was the language. Since I graduated from a technical school rather than a middle school, my English was fundamentally weak; aside from this, I had not prepared my English well enough for the States. On the top of all of this, the Mississippians spoke with a peculiar southern accent. It was very difficult for me to follow the professors' lectures, but I persevered. In fact, I surprisingly became quite proficient. Of course, I needed to invent my own methods.

As an example, when my professor wrote on the right side of the board, I would copy it down on the right side of a sheet of paper; if he wrote on the left side, I would copy on the left; when he erased his blackboard, I would turn to my next page. My note-taking was similar to taking photographs, except much harder. And my results were not picture perfect. On my notes, I also included arrows to show the sequence of the professor's writing. After the class, I figured out what the professor was saying in class with my notes and reference books which I borrowed from the library. Then, I rewrote my notes. The method was very difficult and time consuming, but it worked. Fortunately, most of the graduate students were not extremely smart; I had no problems keeping pace with the rest of the class.

A few weeks into my class on Statistics, we were given an examination that caught me by surprise. Although my professor, Dr. Bickenstuff, probably mentioned it in an earlier class, I had a terrible time understanding him. In addition to my poor English, he was quite old and spoke with deep southern accent. I went to class as usual, but saw a pretty young lady was standing on the platform instead of my old professor. At first, I thought I went to the wrong classroom and started to leave. The young lady stopped me and asked me to sit in the front

row. She then told us that she was Dr. Bickenstuff's secretary and was proctoring the test for him. For me to understand, she had to speak carefully and slowly. Finally, I understood I was being given the midterm test. During the test, I saw many of students opening their books and notebooks and thought they were cheating. I stewed for a long time until a couple weeks before the final. Dr. Bickenstuff announced that the final would also be an open book test. Luckily, I was now able to understand a little southern English.

The first semester, I took Fluid Mechanics, Gas Dynamics (chemical engineering thermodynamics), Analytical Chemistry and Statistics. I wasted my valuable time in Gas Dynamics, but it did fill a degree requirement. I did not feel like I learned anything in the course, but I somehow earned an 'A'. I did not meet any students from Taiwan in my classes during the first semester, but did meet a few from India.

I will talk about my private life now, and later return to my academic work. On the 30th of September, Monday, I moved to the third floor of Heleston after registering. The first night, Vincent let me use their blanket for my night cover "temporarily", but I did not return the blanket until I left school. From the beginning, I ate my meals with Vincent and Grace at their invitation. The very first day, Grace told me that Vincent did not like to eat chicken, which disturbed me somewhat. In Taiwan we were told that Chiang Kai-Shek drank chicken soup everyday as a male tonic, and only he could afford it. People in Taiwan envied him for consuming chicken soup. Here in the U.S., a foreign graduate student on a research assistantship could afford the chicken soup, but disliked it. The two worlds were so different and difficult to imagine.

After one month, I thanked them for their gracious hospitality and gave them back their privacy and freedom. I figured I was ready to handle the new environment on my own. Besides, I needed to learn the American way of living sooner or later. I had no reason to continue to bother them anymore.

Two weeks after I arrived at Oxford, I received a letter from Bunji. She wrote, "...Came home from Taipei. As soon as I opened the door, sadness and loneliness suddenly surfaced on my heart. Everything

remained the same, except you and your laugh. Thinking of living my days without you from today, I become tearful ... Chau-Pin wants his father ... Please don't worry about us. Put all your efforts in your study, and finish your school as soon as you can. I will stand up and fight for our family here... "

Although it was a simple and short airmail letter, I took more than an hour to read it. While I was reading it, tears filled my eyes, and my heart broke again. The suffering was caused by being Taiwanese and not wanting to join the KMT, and also refusing to have the life of Engineer Lio Bun-Ei's. By the way, Lio had been my senior at Taiwan University and was working with me at the Kaohsiung Bagasse Shaving Board Company. I swore I would never again leave my wife and child. I loved them. I missed them. I was also worried about Chiau-Pin's leg and hoped that it was getting better.

My roommate was an "Englishman" from Hong Kong. Ethnically, he was Chinese, but he did not want me to know and treat him as Chinese, therefore, he repeatedly told me that he was English. Once he even showed me his passport to prove that he really was an "Englishman." He did not like people asking him, "Are you Chinese?" It was a taboo question. The question once made him so angry that he lost his temper. With an "Englishman" like him as a roommate, I realized that I had a lot of difficulties to overcome.

He had many other habits. To start with, he enjoyed being naked in the room. I could not do anything about it except be patient. To be sure, I felt very uncomfortable most of the time, especially when I had to see him. Another of his habits was that he opened the window on his side of the room and closed the heating vent tightly in the winter. I had some opinions on this and told him about them, but he did not appreciate my suggestion. He told me that I should only take care of my side of the room.

Yes, I could keep my window closed, but the cold wind still rushed through his window. Unfortunately, the valve to the heater was on his side, which meant he had a total control over it. What could I say?

Those were not all the problems I faced, nor the worst. His alarm clock went off at 3:00 am every morning, but he simply shut off his alarm and went back to sleep. On the other hand, I awoke at three every morning. I talked to him many times, but to no avail. Did I have any more problems with him that I could not stand? Yes. One afternoon, I went to the bathroom on the other side of the hallway to take a bath with a basin, and I was in my underwear. When I tried to get back into the room, I found that he had locked the door, and I did not have my key with me. I knocked on the door repeatedly and loudly, but he chose not to answer the door. There were several American students with me and they were as furious as me. One of them screamed that unless he opened the door, he would call police. It worked; he opened the door. I reported the incident to the school and asked for a new room. They told me that there was no other room available and suggested that I rent a place off campus. I could not afford to do that or else I would have done it a long time ago.

Fortunately, I was told that the married students' apartments might have an empty room. Although my wife was not with me, I was technically a married student and therefore qualified to live there. I decided to file an application. In early December, the school approved my application. Two weeks later, I moved to the apartment with Tai, another Taiwanese student, as my roommate. The apartment had a kitchen which served us well. Although neither of us knew anything about cooking, we would learn.

The “Englishman” became the sole resident of the room again. Now, I knew why he had been living alone despite the shortage of school dorm rooms. I was quite certain that he would be a single occupant in his room until his graduation.

In early 60s, there were few students from Taiwan in the U.S. Since “Ole Miss” was a small secluded school in the poor South, it did not attract many Taiwanese students. When I joined the University, Grace and Vincent were the only two students from Taiwan. Tai Sin-Nan came several days after me. Grace and Vincent were chemical engineering majors at Taiwan University, but both had switched to chemistry; Tai was

from the Department of Zoology, and he was pursuing a degree in the Department of Biology. He was my junior at Taiwan University.

We also had two students from Taiwan who were so called "People from Foreign Province", or Chinese. Both were in the Chemistry Department. We had more students in our group: Kun-Pa Lee, a Korean physics student; Kodama, a Japanese economics student; Ciso, a female American psychology student; and two American boys majoring in physics whose names I cannot recall. Ciso was a lovely lady. She had been living in Tokyo for several years while her father was a professor at Tokyo University. Her father was now teaching in the Department of Biology at Ole Miss. I remember her as skinny, rather weak, a little nervous and friendly. She was a dreamer and quite often her mind wandered. She liked to join our parties, and it was my impression that she enjoyed all of them. Lee loved her, but it was unrequited love, I believe.

Half a year after I started at "Ole Miss", Hsu Su-Shiu arrived. He was a civil engineering major and one year my senior at Taiwan University. In the Department of Chemical Engineering, we had two newcomers, Yuan I-Chun and Liu Yan-Fu, both from Ton-Hai University in Taiwan. Both Yuan and Liu were Chinese. Another half a year later, Su Mei-Kuei and Wang Ming-Hui, pharmacology and pharmacognosy majors, respectively, also joined us. Wang was from Tainan. Through Bunji, her parents had asked me to take care of her.

There were also two professors from Taiwan University who were married to each other, Chen Ke-Chie, a civil engineering professor and Chun Chon-Tao, a chemistry professor. Chen taught at the Department of Civil Engineering. He had been chief engineer at Su-Men Dam and fairly powerful and famous in Taiwan. Chen was a humorous gentleman and liked to crack a joke occasionally. Chun was a very serious lady. I have never seen her smile.

In the morning of November 22nd, 1963, I was on my way to school when a student shouted urgently to me, "Kennedy got shot!". I waved my hand to him and thanked him for the information which I had not digested. In my mind I heard Kennedy, but the rest was unclear. Suddenly, I understood. It brought me a terrible shock. A little more than

a month earlier, I saw a huge sign with "Kick out Kennedy" near the Oxford Airport and did not understand it. Many things happened in this free country that surprised me, having just arrived from a dictatorship nation. In school, students got together in many small groups, which was so unusual. I saw and heard a coed crying on the television. News of the assassination quickly circulated throughout the entire campus. President Kennedy was not popular at 'Ole Miss'; students hated him mainly because his brother, Attorney General, Robert Kennedy had ordered the National Guard to enforce the integration of Ole Miss by accompanying James Meredith, a black student, to class the first day of October, 1962. The death of President Kennedy seemed to change many of their hearts. Regardless of their past beliefs, President Kennedy was their president and so they mourned his passing. By this time, everyone knew what had happened to their country. Some were crying, some were sobbing, and some asked, "God, what is happening? Please save America, my God!"

Tai and I went to Vincent's apartment that night. We watched the news reports the entire evening. The second and third days we did the same thing day and night. The school had closed temporarily, and there was a memorial service on the 24th. There was no entertainment programming on TV. We were as sad as Americans.

The suspect was Lee Harvey Oswald. On the 24th, Oswald was shot by Jack Ruby while under police custody. It was another shock. "How can this happen in America?" many asked.

The memory of the President's son, John, Jr., raising his hand and saluting his father's passing casket remains etched in my mind and heart forever.

Jack Ruby was to die of a cancer before facing trial for this crime. According to official reports, Oswald was the lone killer, but numerous different theories have been proposed.

During Thanksgiving, a number of religious groups organized a retreat in a Vicksburg suburb for foreign students. They extended their hands and friendship to those who had no place to go during the holidays. After the retreat, the foreign students were each invited to a home of a host family. My host family lived in Vicksburg. We talked

about the Civil War. Southerners had not forgotten the War they had lost a long time ago. I enjoyed some peaceful moments and their hospitality while my uncompleted schoolwork beckoned me. Their warmth touched the bottom of my heart, and I thanked them. This trip made me better appreciate the wealth of the States. Even in the poorest state of Mississippi, people were rich beyond my imagination. I also envied the freedom and democracy they enjoyed.

In December that year, all the students from Taiwan were invited to Professor Chen's house for a Christmas party. Tai and I had moved to a married student apartment by this time. Chen told us many jokes in the party. I still remember a few:

1) The poem was modified from Mr. Fuo 'Tsu-Tsan's Fuei Sian Ou Su. The background of the joke was that an old man left his wife to go abroad and took medicine which could rejuvenate a person. Upon his return, his wife came to the airport to meet him. A scholar there wrote the following poem:

*An old man left home, but returns as a boy;
His accent has not changed, but his hair on both temples is gone;
His wife sees him, but cannot recognize who he is, and asks, "Boy, where are you from?"*

2) An uncle from the mother's side with only one eye went to see his nephew, who was in exile at Lo-Yang. When they met, they were so excited and became tearful. Afterward, the nephew wrote a poem:

*Being in exile at Lo-Yang,
Seeing uncle as seeing mom,
Tears flow on both faces,
Three lines.*

The night of the 24th of December was peaceful for Tai and me, although there were many parties outside. We slept well. On Christmas day I woke up around seven and opened the Venetian blinds and looked

through the window. Oh, my God, I saw that white snow had covered everything, including the roofs, the ground, and the trees. The scene was exactly the same as I had seen in many Christmas cards.

The world had changed so much overnight. I woke Tai up, who was still sleeping. We were both so excited. Of course we had seen snow before on the Mount Ta-tun near Taipei in Taiwan, but the scale was much different. As described in a Chinese saying, it was "a giant running into a great giant."

In the past we had seen a dusting of snow here and there, but now, snow covered our entire world. It was all white and beautiful, beyond description. We put on our jackets and went out, forgetting breakfast. It was not snowing anymore. The cold and wet wind blew into our faces; we felt good and had strange feelings never experienced before. The temperature was still below freezing and the sky still cloudy, but the snow had stopped. We wished for the snow to return so that we could be in falling snow. However, we were disappointed. As consolation, we found thin ice pieces on the wet ground. This was a holiday, and the snow and the ice created a beautiful surrounding for us. It was too bad Bunji and Chiau-Pin were not here with me to enjoy the magnificent beauty.

The entire city of Oxford was excited about the white Christmas, which they had not experienced for quite some time. Christmas without snow seemed somewhat inadequate for a good celebration. Everyone met us that day with a pleasant Christmas greeting and mentioned the fact that this was the first white Christmas in many years.

It snowed a couple more times before New Year's. The snow actually accumulated on the ground making driving much more difficult. People started to put chains on their tires for traction.

Like most colleges, students at Ole Miss were crazy about football. Football players were their heroes, especially those good ones. It was also a great honor to be a cheerleader and therefore extremely competitive to become one. Cheerleaders were worshipped almost on par with the football players. In 1963, both AP and UPI ranked Ole Miss number one nationally in their preseason polls, but the university lost its first game and then more as the season progressed. Eventually Ole Miss dropped

completely out of the polls and was not even invited to play in a post season bowl. The excitement in September was replaced with frustration.

Lee often complained about the craziness of football on campus. He asked us to join him in picketing against football. He insisted that school should put more emphasis on producing Nobel Prize winners rather than on stupid football. Of course, he was just complaining about it. He was the last person to take an action. Surely, the University was established mainly to educate its students academically; however, the truth was that a school could not survive without football. Many people judged the quality of a school, more or less, by its football team and tradition.

Ole Miss Students were obligated to buy football admission tickets, which were included in tuition fees. This enraged Lee. Although the admission to football games was free for every student, I went to only one game, since I was too busy, and I felt that I should not entertain myself while Bunji was working so hard to support our family in Taiwan.

I was poor, but so were most students from Taiwan. Some were simply poorer than others. We had one television set that was old enough to be in a museum; we also drove an old car that belched out black smoke and made loud noises. It also overheated frequently on highways. Both luxury items belonged to Vincent. The black and white TV provided me with most of my entertainment, although the images on the screen could only be seen when we closed the curtains. The car supplied the rest of my pastime activities. Vincent occasionally drove us to the Sardis Lake to see the girls' sun bathing. They were beautiful. Vincent and Grace once took us to New Orleans to attend a Christian retreat.

Since we moved to the married student apartment in December, Tai and I started to cook ourselves. Soon Yang Nan-Loh joined us. We took turns cooking since none of us was a good cook. Because we were so busy, we typically cooked simple meals with ingredients such as eggs, tomatoes, and frozen vegetables. In the case of frozen vegetables, they needed to be thawed first. Occasionally, we would cook a big pan of pork with soy sauce which would last for several days.

Our lousy cooking ability gave some people the impression that we were poorly fed. In fact, we ate well. At least our food was better than

the meal served in the cafeteria. We usually ate meat and vegetables with rice, with a special ingredient – conversation. I was the worst cook among the three. I could only cook one dish, Tainan Rice Soup. My Tainan Rice Soup was not even close to the authentic dish. It was my own invention, created from necessity.

I cooked rice and soup separately. The soup included eggs, vegetables and meat and was poured onto the cooked rice to make the Tainan Rice Soup. The entire process would take no more than 15 minutes. It did not matter if I had undercooked or overcooked the rice; it always turned out okay. Since the others never tasted real Tainan Rice Soup, they knew no better.

The busy days passed quickly most of the time, but then thinking of my family in Taiwan always slowed the pace to a crawl. It seemed to have been a long time since I left home, but it had been only 4 months. Bunji's letters, photos, and my memories helped me emotionally during this period. My memories enabled me to hide from the present days' trouble, uneasiness, and absence of my family.

Bunji's belly was getting bigger and walking was more inconvenient. But, she still had to work to support the family. Sorry, Bunji.

A semester, finally, had passed. It went smoothly for me, academically. I had improved my survival skills somewhat. My English was only marginally better, but I had become better acclimated to the environment. My life became fairly normal after I moved away from the 'Englishman'. My new roommate, Tai, was a gentleman with a likeable personality. I was very lucky to have Tai as part of my life. He had a daughter whom he dearly missed. Many times I saw him gazing at her photo from his wallet for a long time. He was not very healthy. Salonpasses (Japanese medicine patches) were pasted all over his body, and I would hear him groan occasionally. One night when I came home from school, he was already in bed and told me he was hungry. I gave him an apple from the refrigerator. He was so tired and weak that he could not take care of himself that night. During the cold winters he often ventured to the lakes to take samples for his studies. It was hard on him.

During vacation between semesters, I worked at the Nuclear Engineering Laboratory. The hourly wage was more than twice the minimum wage. My job was cleaning radioactive fuel. There were four students, all foreign, working on the same project. I was not willing to sacrifice my life for money, but I mostly trusted the safety protocols. However, when I did not see any Americans working with us, I started to worry. We were checked before we entered and after we exited from the lab. While working, we all wore Geiger Counters. They were trying hard to make the operation safe, but I was worried about my safety during the entire vacation. I soon forgot these concerns after the new semester began.

Before the second semester, we added two students from Taiwan to our department, Yuan I-Chen and Liu Yuan-Fu. The former seemed to be more or less an academic, but the latter seemed more of a businessman. Another new Taiwanese student, Hsu Su-Shiu, joined the Department of Civil Engineering. Later Hsu would join our meal group. Hsu was not a generous person and tried too hard to save money. Before he joined us, he ate his meals at the school cafeteria. Once he lost his meal tickets for an entire week, and he did not show up at the cafeteria. No one knew how he managed that week. Someone had seen some bread in his room. That was all the information we had about the episode. At the time, cooking was not permitted in the dormitory nor was there was a refrigerator. His life must have been extremely difficult that week.

We guessed that his family in Taiwan might have been very poor. We learned that he had left a wife and children. Since he was Taiwanese, we invited him to join our group. He could save money and make some friends. Soon after he joined our eating group, we heard a surprising story from Prof. Chen, who had been Hsu's professor at Taiwan University. Chen had been the director of Hsu's graduation tour. They had gone to the City of Chia-Yi and had not been able to find a hotel to accommodate their entire group. They had stayed in Hsu's house that night. Certainly the Hsu family could not have been very poor if they

were able to accommodate the 30 to 40 students. I don't know if they all ate supper at Hsu's house or not; Chen failed to mention.

I will now return to my school work. In the second semester, I took nuclear engineering, heat transfer, and thesis research. I decided to start my thesis earlier than normal. I saw no problem with my course work, but did not know what was going to happen with my thesis. Sheth just finished his thesis, and his experience was the cause of my concern. He had been in the Department for more than three years, and had submitted his first draft of his thesis a year and half ago. In general, universities with lower academic standards tended to put more weight on their students' master thesis. Departments that did not offer a PhD degree also tended to do the same. Unfortunately, the Department of Chemical Engineering at Ole Miss was guilty on both accounts.

I went to see Sheth's thesis adviser, Dr. Anderson and spoke to him about my thesis. He took me as his student instantly. He told me he had a great thesis topic. If I succeeded, I would write a wonderful thesis. He also told me that the equipment was already constructed, so I could save valuable time. In addition, the project needed little financial support. The equipment was a Latex cylinder one foot in diameter and one and half feet high. The walls were outfitted with nozzles for injecting dyes, and the drain was a small hole at the bottom of the tank plugged with a rubber stopper.

The equipment was simple but my mission was hard and complicated. I had to induce an eddy current (vortex) by pulling out the plug and injecting dyes into the current. I developed two sets of equations to define the velocity of the fluid as a function of location and time. From the beginning, I found the equipment was not precise enough for meaningful experimental measurements. I tried everything, but I could not avoid disturbing the system when I pulled out the plug with my hand. Aside from that, injecting dye into the system to trace fluid behavior was not accurate either. Of course, the problem was not only the equipment and my limited laboratory capabilities, but also my strong desire to finish my thesis as soon as possible so that I could reunite with my family. After I spent considerable time and effort, I began thinking of

quitting as time progressed. I would then have to find another project, and possibly another advisor, which was a difficult task.

Regardless of my frustration, I continued to conduct my experiments, and hoped a miracle would occur. Meanwhile, I also found that injecting dye into the system would also perturb the system, too. At this point I realized that if I wanted to continue my project, I would have to redesign and rebuild my equipment with automatic controls. Unfortunately, I knew that the Department might not support this approach financially. Even if the Department were willing, I was not convinced I would be willing to take the time to complete the project.

By now my second child was born in Taiwan, and I was eager to see her.

February 7, 1964 was our fourth wedding anniversary. Separated from Bunji by thousands of miles, I was very anxious for important news which did not arrive until the middle of the month. She informed me in the letter that our second child was born on the 8th of February. It was a girl, and she had given her a name, Pei-Tsen. Both mother and baby were healthy. There were also a few photos of the lovely girl. At the time, there was no oversea telephone to call. Even if there had been one, we could not have afforded it. The communication between the U.S. and Taiwan was extremely difficult. My eyes were full of tears. When would I be able to see my lovely Pei-Tsen? My thesis was not going well. If the situation did not change, I might not see her forever. I was afraid of that. Gazing at the photo in which Chiau-Pin was kissing her, my heart raced, and I heard my own murmur, a pitiful pair of fatherless babies.

During spring vacation, Vincent and Grace planned to go on a Christian retreat to New Orleans, a city famous for the French Quarter and a popular tourist attraction in the South. They invited Tai and me to join them since they had room for us in their car. We thought of New Orleans as a very big city at the time. Because of their sincere and persistent request, we decided to go with them. I cannot recall the retreat itself, but I still remember its location was at a beautiful park with many "long bearded" or Spanish Moss Oaks. These majestic trees had been described in much of the Southern literature.

In the retreat, we ran into Reverend Wang, Ms. Chen and Ms. Chang. We still keep a photo at home taken with them. After the retreat, we stayed one night at a motel on Canal Street and visited the French Quarter that evening. I don't remember much from my first visit to New Orleans. I do recall the horse-drawn carriages, poor painters at Jackson Square, and the more than 40 miles of the Pont Chartrain Causeway. I was very impressed with the Causeway since I could not see from one end to the other. The next day on our way home, we returned to our motel to get our camera that we thought we had left behind. We found the camera in the car before we reached the motel. Truthfully, I was not too excited about the trip, because I had too many things in my mind.

When gentlemen get together, topics of discussion, in general, are: politics, women, sports, and business. Since we were busy, we only got together at Ole Miss for meals. During those occasions, we talked about sports and business, but rarely touched on women and politics. It was not because we were not interested in politics, but rather we were cautious about speaking in public about the subject.

I had read a magazine, Taiwan Seinen or Taiwanese Youth, which was published in Japan by an anti-KMT Taiwanese group advocating independence for Taiwan. The magazine was sent by one of Vincent's relatives and both Tai and I enjoyed reading it immensely.

I once read a note sent to the editor by a friend of mine, Lin Ko-Ki with a signature of K. H. Lin from Chicago. I admired Lin's courage. It was a significant and potentially dangerous deed at the time. I also remembered that the magazine printed a letter written by Vincent to one of his relatives, too.

Talking about politics and K. H. Lin reminds me of a curious story that I would like to mention here. Long after leaving Ole Miss, I spoke with K. H. Lin. He mentioned to me that he thought I supported the unification of China and Taiwan while I was at Ole Miss. This really puzzled me because I had supported an independent Taiwan since the 2-28 incident in 1947. Lin would not lie to me, I firmly believed. But why was Lin's recollection so different to my beliefs? I did not have the answer. Since I was not important historically, there was no need to

prove it either way. Later, Lin told me he did not say that to me, and I must have been mistaken. Thanks, Lin Ko-Ki.

Being a Professional Dishwasher

I thought about going to a big city during summer vacation to earn money, since I was still indebted to several people. Since coming to the States, I had only been able to pay back a very limited portion of my debts. I made my decision after I learned that two Iranian undergraduate students were going to Waukegan on the north side of Chicago for summer jobs. They promised to take me along and get me a job, but asked that I pay them transportation and a job commission. They told me that they had worked there the past two summers and had done very well. I paid them and took the risk.

I recall that we took Interstate Highway 55 to get there. The car was in worse condition than Vincent's. His car made noises, but the mechanics could be trusted. Their car was a piece of junk and broke down many times on the highway. I ended up pushing the car each time. Not only that, I could smell exhaust in the car and was worried about carbon monoxide poison. At night, we finally reached Waukegan.

They had promised me a job, but they did not keep their word. They took me to one restaurant after another asking if they needed a laborer. They were trying to earn their commission. After the third restaurant, I told them to stop. I was resentful and asked them to pay me back my commission. They were cunning. However, they also realized that I would not let them go unless they returned my money. At my request, they took me to the train station at Waukegan and gave me back my money.

At Waukegan I could not find a job, and so I decided to go to New York to try my luck. One of my former roommates at Taiwan University, Chio Kai-Ko, was working in New York as he'd done for the past few summers. He was a year my junior at Taiwan University, and I had contacted him before leaving Oxford. He promised to help me, and offered to let me stay with him temporarily until I found work. He was working on his graduate degree in the Department of Chemistry at Seton

Hall University. I took a train from Waukegan to Chicago, and then took a Greyhound bus to Ann Arbor where I visited a friend of mine, Wong Wen-Kuei and his wife, both of whom were working on their PhDs in Chemistry at the University of Michigan.

I was able to spend a little time in the university library during the visit. I read quite a few books on the history of Taiwan and China in both Chinese and Japanese. I learned many things about them that were quite different from what I had previously thought. Certainly, I realized I might have to overhaul my knowledge of Taiwan. My lasting impressions of the University of Michigan during that first visit were huge, tall buildings and a great academic environment, although I was not sure about the academics.

From Ann Arbor I boarded another Greyhound bus to New York. From there, I took a suburban bus to East Orange, New Jersey. I stayed with Chio and used his apartment as a base to look for a summer job.

During this period, I remember I also stayed in Liu Shin-Ten's apartment in Uptown, Manhattan for a few days. He was a graduate student at Columbia who had attended Taiwan University the same years I did, but was a mechanical engineer. I vividly recall seeing thousands of cockroaches scurrying about his apartment each night.

Chio's first mission was to teach me how to get around New York and its vicinity. The first thing he did was take me to the Port Authority at 41st Street and 7th Ave. We then took a ride on the IRT. Along the way, he pointed important places such as Tson-Mei and Hua-Mei (summer jobs agencies), Formosan Club at the west side of the 97th Street, and professional agencies in Chinatown.

If I could speak better English, I might have found a decent job in the chemical field, but my English was still poor after one year in the States. Chou-Tson Chun Agency had been able to get me interviews at several chemical factories, but none offered me a job because of my poor English.

I also went to the World's Fair in Flushing, New York to look for a job. There were many hiring signs posted, but when I got an interview, I was never asked back. Once I saw a sign for bookkeeping, I talked to the

owner. He asked me if I had any experience. I told him that I had worked in a library as a part-time student, all the time thinking that “bookkeeping” meant keeping books in good order. He did not understand me, or he would have had a big laugh.

At the end of each unsuccessful day job searching, I would visit the World's Fair since I had already paid the one-time admission fee. I still can remember vividly that I rode on a small boat at Disneyland many times, simply because I enjoyed the song, “It's a Small World after all.”

After I exhausted all possibilities for a professional job, I settled for a dishwashing job at a summer resort, landing a job at Villagio Italia through Hua-Mei Agency. Villagio Italia was a summer resort at Haines Falls in the Blackhead Mountains, New York. With directions from Hua-Mei, I took a Greyhound bus to Haines Falls via Kingston. Although it was summer, the weather was rather mild. Occasionally, it hailed. It was apple growing season at the time.

I felt that dishwashing was the lowest and dirtiest job in society, similar to a human waste carrier in old Taiwan. Anyone not believing this should give it a try. In the restaurant where I worked, a dishwasher did not only wash dishes, but was also assigned the dirtiest jobs that no one else wanted. My ranking of summer student jobs from worst to best: dishwasher, bus boy, and then waiter/waitress. All four Asians were dishwashers, and all but one were in graduate school. Although dishwashers were paid the highest official wage (dishwasher: \$55.00 weekly; waiter: \$12.00), his total income was actually the lowest, only about 1/3 that of a waiter's with tips. A waiter took care of three tables, and a busboy six.

A dishwasher had to work in the kitchen, and the chef was king there. No one, including the resort's highest boss, dared to challenge him. He could be rough. Our chef was also a drunk. He was always screaming at someone, sometimes accompanied by a menacing gesture with a knife in his hand. In addition, dishwashers were practically the chef's slaves and obediently took their orders directly from him.

For health reasons, all the workers in the kitchen had to wear white uniforms. Those who cooked also had to wear a white hat. I was told that

many students were so horrified that they cried when they saw themselves in a mirror with a uniform on for the first time. They thought of their past in Taiwan and their present in America. I did not react that way. I only felt strange about the image in the mirror.

I was most troubled emotionally when I watched guests arrive, always in pairs. Each time, I felt more miserable. Many times, I fantasized that it was Bunji and me arriving.

American students, especially my colleagues, could not pronounce my name, Mu-Sheng. They threatened that if I did not come up with an American (Christian) name, they would call me Chiang Kai-Shek. Although I thought Mu-Sheng was much easier than Chiang Kai-Shek, their threats got my attention. Certainly, I did not want to hear Chiang Kai-Shek in my working environment, especially when people were addressing me by that awful name.

I gave myself the name of Morris, although I cannot take full credit. When I was a freshman in college, my English teacher assigned me the name Morrison, which could be a direct phonetic translation of my Mu-Sheng's Chinese characters. I changed it to Morris, because I found out that Morrison was a fairly common last name. After leaving New York that summer, I did not use the name Morris again until I retired from my engineering job.

Villagio Italia was owned and operated by Italian Americans. It was open for ten weeks in the summer. I reported to work a week before the season began. Before the season started, my work was cleaning and painting. Cleaning was very much the same as anywhere else in the world. My problem was painting. My supervisor, Tony, wanted me to paint a cement floor. He gave me a broom, a small brush, and a five gallon pail of paint, and then walked away. He assumed I could handle it without further instruction. That was a mistake. I had never painted anything in my life, nor even watched anyone paint.

My only understanding of painting was through the novel *Tom Sawyer* written by Mark Twain. In it, Tom took his time to appreciate his own accomplishment while painting. I swept the floor first with the broom, and then carefully painted the clean floor with the small brush. Soon, I

was happy with my accomplishment since I had finished a fairly good portion of the floor. I started feeling pains in my back and waist, but continued working. Then, Tony reappeared. I thought he was going to pat me on the shoulder and praise me for job well done, but he didn't.

He asked me to stop working, and then showed me a proper way of doing it--pour a lot of paint on the floor and sweep it evenly on the floor with the broom. In less than two minutes, he finished an area that took me two hours. I asked him if I had to use the broom to paint the floor, why he gave me the brush. He told me the brush was to be used for painting the corners.

At Villagio Italia, in general, undergraduates served as waiters and waitresses; high school kids, as busboys or doing odd jobs; and graduate students, dishwashers--I was one among them. The four dishwashers lived with odd-job high school kids in a huge wooden house which was more or less like the houses we had in ROTC back in Taiwan.

Just before the season and during the cleaning period, an odd-job boy, Jerry, became sick. I asked him if I could do anything for him. He gave me a dollar and asked me to buy a 'hair pie' from Donna, a girl taking care of a drink stand. For his request, Jerry was fired. Fortunately, they figured out what had happened, and I wasn't punished.

Jerry played wicked acts on me many times. He once told me that a "tycoon" was a white man who went to bed with a black woman. I did not learn the real definition of tycoon until I checked my dictionary several years after the incident.

Our kitchen was basically divided into two groups, dishwashers and cooks. In the cooking group, we had a chef, associate chef and assistant chef. The assistant chef, the chef's son, was a high school kid. Among the dishwashers, our leader was John, who was a very responsible and trustworthy person. Under John were assistant leader David, pan washer Roger, professional dishwasher Earl, and four graduate students. The chef was the boss of the entire kitchen. John was under him, too. They worked as a team and their relationship was better than excellent.

The dishwashing line was made of three people: the first one wiped the leftovers from the plates into the garbage with bare hands; the

second, sprayed and sometimes hand-rubbed the plates so cleanly that even traces of lipstick vanished; and the third operated the washing machine and sorted the cleaned dishes afterward. I was named as one of the foremen and was responsible for the washing machine after only one week. At the time, I knew names of every type of plate, the first requirement of a foreman.

In the mountain resort area, the weather was nice, the scenery beautiful, and the air fresh. But, the environment was not good for reading. When I was not on duty, I walked around by myself almost everywhere. I liked the quiet moments. Quite often, I walked on a dirt road to the only town nearby. On both sides of the road were numerous pear and apple trees – mostly golden and red delicious. The town was quite small with only one rather small store. Every time I went there, I would buy a package of ten Hershey's chocolate bars. On my way back to the resort, I would consume the entire package during the 30 minute walk. I loved chocolate of any kind. Occasionally, if someone were driving to Albany, I would ask for a ride. I do not have much of an impression of Albany from those trips, but I do remember the capital building.

During that summer, two things occupied my mind and heart: my family in Taiwan and my thesis. I was determined to give up the troublesome project and find a new one. In the realm of emotion and affection, my family photos helped me persevere day after day.

At the end of July, a technician from the Kaohsiung Shaving Board Plant, Mr. Chai, wrote me and asked me for help. His wife was in hospital and he needed money desperately. I immediately sent him \$200, indicating that \$100 was to help his emergency needs and the other \$100 was for my family. I also told him that he could borrow my family's \$100, but temporarily and only for an emergency. Mr. Chai was much younger and never actually worked with me. He had been working in the Electrical Engineering Department and was not one of my close friends. In fact, I never associated with him socially and never met his family. He was merely an acquaintance. Everyone has a heart, but mine seemed bigger.

In order to clear my debts, I set aside my school work and took the job dishwashing. Although still deep in debt, I still felt compelled to lend money to an acquaintance in need. In fact, I was not in any position to do that. At the time, the needs of my both families in Taiwan might have been more urgent than his. Moreover, I needed to pay back my own debts as well.

Chai spent the entire \$200 I sent and never told me. For a while, I thought he had transferred \$100 to my family. At the end of that year, Father passed away. My family needed money and Bunji wrote Chai to ask for money. With some persistence, she eventually got the money back.

Chai later wrote me a nasty letter that included a sentence: "I heard your wife had gone to a school." He thought Bunji was too forceful, I guessed. Anyway, I could not blame anyone because I did it to myself. I could have simply refused his request. Every story that begins with good intention and ends in insult needs further examination. The problem may not entirely be from the beneficiary, but rather the benefactor. But I still firmly believe that to live beautifully, people should pay attention to each other and help one another. We need to have heart, not be heartless. I have continued to help others and, fortunately, never again experienced hurt or insult for trying to do good deeds.

I have mentioned that I worked summer jobs to pay back my debts. Was I successful? I made a total of \$600, and sent \$200 back home. My living expenses, including transportation plus miscellaneous item, were about \$200. Thus, my net income over an entire summer was \$200. In short, I did not feel financially successful; however, the experience enriched me in other ways. I was stronger and more durable, which made me more confident that I could survive in America. I also experienced more of America. Most importantly, my English had improved tremendously from living with the high school and college students. By itself, this improvement was worth the trip. On my way back to Oxford, I did not have any problems understanding the announcements at the Greyhound bus stations!

During this trip, I visited almost every corner of New York City, including Manhattan, the Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn, and Staten Island. I also visited the World's Fair, the United Nations, the Statue of Liberty, and Macy's department store. I visited some places, like the World's Fair, more than 5 times. I was not a frog in a deep well and now knew a little of urban life in the U.S. Many things were beautiful and impressive. However, my summer was mostly hard labor which didn't leave a favorable impression in my mind and heart.

On my way home, I visited the Getty Theater in Baltimore with a fellow dishwasher, a Filipino named Bernie, to see the famous strip show. The show was well known to the world especially to Japanese. In order to reward ourselves for a summer of hard work, we bought box tickets. Unfortunately, these box seats were on the second floor, far from the stage. We did not bring a telescope, so we had a terrible view. The only thing we had was a small can of Chinese "Ban-Kin-Iu" or, Ten Thousand Pounds Oil. We used the oil to stimulate our eyes and almost used the entire can. That night, we both stayed at a cheap Y.M.C.A.

When our Greyhound bus arrived in Virginia, I changed buses to see Chin Fu-Zen (Fred) and his wife in Blacksburg. Fred was working on his PhD at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. I paid back my debt of \$200 and thanked them for their help. I sincerely appreciated their help when I needed it most.

The Second Year

In September 1964, Yang Nan Loh transferred to Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and left our meal group. Mr. Kodama, a student from Japan, took over Yang's position. He was an economics major. He could cook a good Kan-Sai Sukiyaki, so he claimed. After we knew him better we sometimes called him 'Kodomo no Kintama' -- from the Chinese characters of his last name, Kodama.

For Taiwanese, who belonged to the older generation or knew a little Taiwanese modern history, Kodama was not a strange name. The famous 4th Governor-General of Taiwan under the Japanese rule was Mr. Kodama Genjirou, who had established the rules and regulations to

govern and colonize Taiwan along with the help of his Civil Bureau Chief, Mr. Gotou Shinpei. His policies assisted Taiwan modernization considerably.

I had asked our new company, Kodama, if Kodama Genjiro and he were related. He replied that it was possible but it had been so long ago. Besides, Genjiro's contributions to Japan and the rest of the world were minimal that to mention his name was simply wasting time. To me his answer seemed too casual for a fellow Japanese. I never asked again. In fact, his relation to Genjiro was simply a topic for conversation, not that I was truly interested.

Kodama was not very tall -- no taller than 5 ft. 6 in. He had bushy eyebrows and big eyes. He was from Kyoto and was a graduate of Kan-Sai University. His English was no worse than mine, but command of English was significantly more important in economics than in chemical engineering, especially for examinations. In chemical engineering, we performed calculations or derived equations, which did not require English, but not so with economics. Kodama told me that for one of his examinations, he figured he could not complete it in time in English, so he answered the questions in Japanese. Afterward, his professor asked him to explain his answers. Although the answers were correct, he received a 'B' on the test.

Since we are talking about English now, I am reminded of some incidents happened to Tai and Prof. Chen. On his first day at work, Tai ran into problems. His professor asked him to bring some specimens to place on the shelf in the hallway. Tai kept saying, "Pardon me" to his professor, because he did not understand him. His new adviser was an old man with little patience and so grew angry. He accused Tai's professor in Taiwan of lying to him. In a recommendation letter, Tai's former professor had indicated that Tai was proficient in English. His adviser told Tai that if he had to direct Tai to the shelf, then he did not need Tai's help.

Thereafter, Tai took a few courses taught by this professor. In the examinations, all the problems were essays. His adviser deducted points for mistakes in spelling, grammar, and punctuation. Because of his poor

English, he received “B” instead of “A” grades. Tai's advisor made his life miserable and almost ruined his future.

Professor Chen had earned his PhD from Germany; therefore, I don't believe his command of English was very good. Since we didn't speak English to each other, and I had never taken courses under him, I didn't know for sure. The following story was from one of his students from Hong-Kong.

This student was given an oral examination for his master degree by three examiners. One of them was Prof. Chen. Before the test, they decided to use ‘S’ for successful and ‘F’ for failure in their votes. The final vote was one ‘S’, one ‘F’ and one ‘P’. The ‘P’ was Prof. Chen's vote, and no one knew what his ‘P’ meant except himself. They tried hard to look for him but to no avail. The student was very tense, since Chen's decision would determine his fate. Fortunately, after a few days of intensive search they finally found Chen who indicated that his ‘P’ represented Pass. The student went back to Hong-Kong happy. Prof. Chen was not apologetic for what he did. Afterward, he complained that the Americans were too stupid to figure out that ‘P’ was for Pass.

During that summer, an unfortunate incident occurred at school. Kodama lost a book, so he posted a note on the Lost and Found section of a bulletin board. Someone wrote on the note: “Go Home Jap!” Americans (Mississippians) had not forgotten the evil acts Japanese committed during World War II, especially the attack of Pearl Harbor. The incident made Kodama frustrated. He had thought this had been forgotten, but it was not.

During the second year, my school work became easier and I was more relaxed. I was taking fewer courses, becoming familiar with the environment, and improving my English. For classes, I enrolled in nuclear engineering experiments, physical chemistry and thesis. Soon after the semester started, I changed the subject of my thesis from natural to forced vortex. I was going to apply various means to create vortexes to improve heat transfer. I was not seeking lofty academic research any more, but just trying to earn a degree. I also knew that as long as I worked hard, I could finish my thesis within the year. Dr. Anderson did

not seem pleased with the change, although he did not object. However, he suggested that I switch advisors to Dr. Aven who had just finished his PhD and was excellent. What I found out later was that Dr. Aven had already been assigned the responsibility. Although Dr. Aven became my advisor officially, he still received instructions from Dr. Anderson – at least from what I understood. Essentially, I had two advisors for whom I worked. This arrangement complicated my research.

Dr. Aven's nature was more introverted than Dr. Anderson's. He was a good professor and also a good person. During my years at Ole Miss, Dr. Aven only laughed once, but it was wholehearted. I felt somewhat bad because it had something to do with me.

A member of our meal group had bought a set of haircut equipment. He was nice enough to cut our hair for free. We were thankful to save money. Honestly, his technique was not very good, but he thought himself quite skilled. One day he was cutting my hair. As usual, he stood back periodically to appreciate his masterpiece. He said "Chan" time and again. "Chan" was "good" in Taiwanese. I knew he was enjoying his work. When finished, he said that even a professional barber could not have done better. When I checked with a mirror, I gazed in horror. Oh my God! It looked like a cap on my head. Surely, it was not very "Chan".

The next morning while I was working in the lab, Dr. Aven saw me on his way through the lab to his office. He cracked a big laugh and had to say, "Excuse me, Wu."

In December that year, Father died of a heart attack at 61, a Taiwanese age of 62. Father had heart problems for a while, and I had been very uneasy about it. Bunji wrote me to tell me the bad news. By the time I received her letter, Father had been dead for about a week. His death brought my spirit to its lowest level. Suddenly, I was lost in the world. Not saying 'goodbye' to him and thinking that I would never see him again was so painful. Su Mei-Kuei made a knot from a black cloth for me to wear on my sleeve for a month in memory of Father.

Father, by any standard, had not been a good father before I entered Taiwan University. In the later part of his life, he changed a lot by supporting my schooling and his family. Because he had not strived to

make more money, he let our family endure unspeakable hardships during my youth. However, his effort directly enabled me to graduate from a college. For this and simply being Father, I pay my heartfelt gratitude to him. Seriously, I had not been a son with great filial piety, and did not fulfill my obligations as a son. I regretted not doing the things I should have done. He led the last part of his life under the circumstance that "parents need support, but children are not there with them." Sorry, Papa.

When he joined the Water Irrigation Association, his boss was a Japanese, Mr. Takawada, and he had two colleagues, Lim Tong-Guan and Lee Lien-Chin. He was given some pension when he retired. Lee, who had not seen Father for ages, suddenly appeared and borrowed the pension. And then, Lee went broke. The incident might have caused Father's death.

Father liked to eat. I figured one day when I became well to do, I would let him eat to his heart's content. But, that day would never come.

A few friends of Father told me that he was a very humorous person, and also a good joke teller. I probably could find some of father's character in my own. The differences between us were that he lost his parents in his youth, and he lacked higher education and domestic discipline.

In the early January, I submitted the first draft of my thesis to Dr. Aven. Also in January, I visited a Monsanto subsidiary in Texas City, Texas for a job interview. The subsidiary interviewed me for the company's R & D in Springfield, Massachusetts. After the interview, I stopped by Houston to see George Chan, a former roommate of mine from Taiwan University, and Kuo Chian-Hai, also a classmate. At the time, George was a graduate student at Rice University and Kuo was working for Shell Oil Research. George showed me a newspaper article that accused KMT's of crimes committed in Taiwan. The article was wrote and signed by five students including George. I admired and respected them for their courage. It took guts to do that, especially at that time. I realized the time had come for a new generation of Taiwanese after the 2-28 Incident to stand up and fight for the freedom of Taiwan.

I did not get the job at Monsanto.

Almost at the same time, the Department of Chemistry granted me a research assistantship to pursue a PhD in physical chemistry. Dr. George Vaughan, my physical chemistry professor was the one to recommend me for the assistantship. Probably, I impressed him in class. I gave up the assistantship because bringing my family to the U. S. carried a higher priority. The first step was getting a job; the second was applying for the so called "First Preference"(First Preference EB-1, an employment-based, first preference visa). At the time, I had to have the "First Preference" in order to apply for their visas.

I guess it was in March when Dr. Anderson invited me for a cup of coffee at the Student Union. He gave me bad news, telling me that he was disappointed with my draft. He also indicated that my draft was still too far away from departmental standards and needed a lot more work. He even questioned if I could realistically finish my thesis. He knew I already had a job offer from Geigy Chemical, and I was planning to start work in June. He suggested that I might need to write to the company to ask for a delay for my start day. To me, it was hell. The sky fell upon me. The only consolation was that I had sufficient experimental data for my thesis according to Dr. Anderson.

Before Dr. Anderson spoke to me, Dr. Aven had not given me any feedback, since I submitted my draft in January. Why did they wait two months? Perhaps they had been too busy. But, regardless of their reason, I was very unhappy.

I told Dr. Anderson that I would try my best, neglecting sleep if needed to rewrite my thesis. I was determined not to change my start day at Geigy. I had not seen my wife and son for two years and had never seen my baby daughter. I asked him to help me reach my goal. Finally, he said, "Let's try, but don't hope too much."

Three days later, I submitted my corrections to Dr. Aven, who jotted down some comments, but asked for Dr. Anderson's opinions. Again, I corrected the returned draft with their comments and suggestions. I submitted it again and Dr. Aven and Dr. Anderson provided another round of comments. This process repeated itself again and again. In June,

Dr. Anderson finally accepted my thesis. Several days later I past my oral examination and obtained my Master of Science degree.

It was the spring of 1965 and I needed a car to get to work. So, I went to a new car dealer near the university and bought a Biscayne, a General Motors car. The car was the most inexpensive one on their lot. I did not spend a penny to purchase the car. I borrowed all the money, including the down payment, from GMAC through the dealer. I was happy to have the loan and did not even bother to find out the interest rate. My company was Geigy Chemical, a Swiss company located 50 miles from Mobile, Alabama.

I bought this standard shift white car for \$2,300, the equivalent price for 1,200 Taiwanese Pens of land in a Taipei suburb, or for a large three-story house comfortable for six people in Tainan.

After I signed the contract, I drove the car back to my apartment. My only previous driving experience was as a fork lift operator. As soon as I stopped my car, I realized that a police car had followed me with its sirens blaring. I used my broken English to try to convince the officer to let me go. He agreed under only one condition: do not move the car until I get a driver's license.

As soon as I had my learner's permit, I started to practice driving on the quiet campus before anyone was awake, typically 5 to 6 AM. During this period, I was stopped twice by police. The first time, I convinced him that I had to do this because I could not find anyone to teach me, and I would have to drive to work in a few months. The second time, I was forgiven by the court because the day and the date on the ticket did not match.

A month later, an Indian graduate student took me to take the driver's license test, and I passed with flying colors. When I got my license, my Indian friend told me in a very serious tone, "The government does not give anyone a driver's license to kill; they want every driver to perform his duty. Please be careful with your driving and follow the rules and regulations. Good luck." He then shook my hand. I can still see his face and facial expression vividly, but his name escapes

me. However, his advice is engrained in my mind. Thereafter, I drove carefully and always with his advice in mind.

PART FOURTEEN

Together Again

At the end of 1964, I started looking for a job. It was challenging. My English was so poor that people could not understand me most of the time, which really hurt my chances. I failed in several interviews. From these experiences, I concluded that a foreigner with bad English would not likely find a job. I therefore decided to concentrate on the locations where Americans had no desire to go.

One day while reading the *Chemical Engineering Progress*, I saw an advertisement for chemical process engineers. The company, Geigy Chemical, was located in rural McIntosh, Alabama, about a 50 minute drive from Mobile. I sent them my resume and application. For some inexplicable reason, I felt hopeful this time.

Their personnel office invited me for an interview, and I soon took a small airplane with propellers to Mobile. The next morning, Mr. Campbell, the assistant manager of the personnel department, picked me up and took me to the plant. There were only a few houses and a hotel, the Bamboo Inn, along the highway to McIntosh, a town with a population less than 100. We stopped by the Bamboo Inn to pick up a new employee from Monsanto, George Saul. George was very friendly and treated me well during the next two years. I'm glad George joined us because I felt like I was being taken to a concentration camp in Siberia.

I had difficulty communicating with my future boss, Bill Ever, but he seemed willing to work with me. He indicated that if I took the job and ran into problems, we could try writing rather than just talking to help bridge the communication gap.

After about a week, I received an offer to join them. They offered me a Senior Development Engineer position with a salary above the national average for graduating chemical engineers with an MS degree. They also agreed to help facilitate and pay to move my family to the U.S. I was happy with the excellent offer and excited that my family would join me soon. But, I was also worried. We would be living in a very rural area with almost no Asian culture. My family and I would have to adjust to the hardships of a new life in Alabama.

In early June, I reported to work in McIntosh. Geigy Chemical was a Swiss company whose main products were agricultural chemicals. There was another chemical company nearby, Olin Chemical, which was located here for the abundant salt deposits. Geigy built its McIntosh plant to take advantage of the chlorine produced by Olin. In fact, the chlorine was piped directly from Olin to Geigy.

My initial project was to automate the production of the herbicide, Atrazine, by using an analytical instrument to control the chemical reaction. It was a rather challenging project, and I was excited about it. But, unfortunately, I quickly ran into problems. For starters, I was not familiar with gas chromatography. But, I was confident I could quickly learn.

I then ran into a more challenging obstacle when I discovered that I was extremely allergic to these chemicals. After only few days of experiments, my fingers and hands began itching. Two weeks later, black and blue blisters appeared even though I wore protective Latex gloves during experiments.

At first, I simply ignored the blisters and continued working. I thought the blisters would eventually go away by themselves. In fact, I did not even report the incident to the company since I did not think it was important. One afternoon, at about 2 PM, I noticed that a spot of chemical on my shirt two inches above my belt. I took off my shirt and washed it with water for 5 minutes and then squeezed out the water. I repeated this three times and then wore the damp shirt for the rest of the day. About three days later, I found hundreds of black and blue blisters on my stomach area where the chemical had contacted the skin. The largest blisters were about two inches wide and the whole area was painful and itchy. I had to drain the blisters using a syringe.

According to the plant doctor's diagnosis, I was overly sensitive to the chemical, a cyanogen derivative. He advised the company and me that I should avoid additional exposure to the chemical. I was immediately removed from the project and banned from the laboratory by the company. They gave me a job in Process Design.

After a few months of medical treatments, the blisters disappeared, but I was left with a black and blue stain on my stomach area. Two to three years later, the mark was still distinctive.

Although my job at Geigy was important, it was not as important as reuniting with my family. After completing the required forms and collecting the necessary documentation, I submitted my application for the First Preference, an employment-based visa for immigrants with extraordinary ability in sciences and other fields, in June. The Immigration Office approved my application in October. Thus, I had a First Preference status and was able to immediately request visas for my family. I waited patiently, since I had done everything I could do.

On the 20th of December, I grew impatient and called the Immigration Office in Atlanta, Georgia, to check my application status. An official, Mr. Moore, politely told me that he had been waiting for a final piece of documentation from me. When the application was completed, he would then send the entrance permit to the American Consulate in Taiwan, and then my wife could start her visa application. He also informed me the Immigration Law had been changed recently. On January 1, or in twelve days, a Permanent Resident status would be required to bring one's family to the U. S. This was a big shock to me, because Bunji needed an Entrance Permit before the end of the year. If not, I would have to wait until I obtained my Permanent Residence status before I could reapply, which could be another year or longer.

I briefly explained to Mr. Moore my situation and told him the missing documentation had been sent to him quite some time ago. Perhaps the documentation had not reached him because of the Christmas holidays. Evidently, he was moved by my story and promised to immediately send the Entrance Permit to Taiwan via Express Mail without the missing documentation. This way, I would not be subjected to the new immigration law. I thanked him for his help. Kind people were everywhere, including immigration officials. This was one of the happiest moments in my life, because I was certain that I would see my family soon.

My strong desire to see my family as early as possible was fueled by emotions. However, there were also some added financial implications. If they came before the end of the year, then I could claim 3 more exemptions on my 1965 tax return. Furthermore, if they arrived before the February 8, 1966, my new child's air ticket would be half-price because she would still be under two years old.

Finally, on January 25th, 1966, my long-time dream came true. Shueh-Hui Wang and I went to the New Orleans Airport to get my family. The longing for my family had intensified in my heart during the last two years to an almost unimaginable level. And yet, the passion and emotion were suppressed by the dignity, pride, and reservation practiced by traditional Taiwanese. As soon as I saw them coming out of the airplane, my tears ran freely from my eyes, and I had no way to stop them. When Chiau-Pin called me "Pa-Pa", my emotions ran wild. In my heart, I was sorry to have left him for so long. He was only 2 years old when I last saw him, but now he was a little over four. His expression seemed delightful, surprised and strange all at the same time.

Pei-Tsen's expression was strange and bewildered. She did not know who I was. Bunji asked her to call me "Pa-Pa", and she did. But, she also gave me a strange look. It seemed that she still did not know what "Pa-Pa" really meant.

After two days of traveling with two young kids, carrying heavy luggage, trying to understand a strange language, shuttling from one airplane to another, and who knows what else, Bunji had finally reached her destination. From her facial expression, she seemed more relaxed than elated. At any rate, I was overjoyed that we were together again. Could anything be better than being together again? No, certainly not.

I had left Taiwan on September 24, 1963 and they joined me on January 25, 1966, we had been apart for two years, 4 months and one day! We would never regain those lost days, and I swore that I would not let the same thing happen again. Nor would I allow Bunji and me to be separated again.

We moved into a new rental house at Audubon Place in Mobile, Alabama. Wang Shue-Hui, a student, also moved in with us.

For a period of time Pei-Tsen called me “Uncle” instead of “Pa-Pa”. Perhaps, it was because she called all men of my age in Taiwan “Uncle”. Also, she would push me away from her mom when we sat together. Was she trying to protect her mother from a stranger? Or was she simply competing for her mother's love?

By the end of 1965, I had paid off my debts while working hard for my family's Entry Permit. Lin Kho-Ki's \$400 was last to be paid. He was preparing for his wedding at this time. I had not added any interest to the loan repayments without consulting the lenders. With that decision, I had in fact transferred the interest from the financial account into my "friendship account". I owed them dearly.

Actually, I did better than just pay off my debts. I was also able to save enough money to bring my family here, help my mother in Taiwan, and make donations to the Taiwanese Independent Movement. It was a good year financially.

The first time I read "Taiwan Seinen", I had decided to make financial contributions to the Taiwanese Independent Movement when I had money. Soon after I came to Mobile, I wanted to fulfill my promise. I had never made any donations in my life, except to churches. I would have to say I was not very generous at the time.

I could not decide whether to give \$20 or \$30. At the time, I had not paid off my debts and was also working on my family trip expenses. Both caused me to hesitate. Then, George Chan called me from California to tell me that he had made a decision on my behalf for a contribution of \$240 a year. I agreed with him without hesitation. If the financial contribution could be counted as a political activity, then I had started my political activities in North America in the summer of 1965.

On Christmas Eve of 1965, an unforgettable incident happened to me. I was living alone in a second floor apartment, one of the four in the building. I was thinking of driving around the city to see Christmas decorations. As soon as I closed my apartment door, I realized I did not have my keys with me. I went down to my car parked nearby and found the doors locked.

I was not shocked then. In my mind I figured, one way or another, I could solve my problem. I went back to my apartment building and noticed that the lights in the other apartments were off; no one else was home.

I walked to the manager's apartment that was about 30 minutes away. When I reached his place, the guard told me that my manager had gone to a party and was not expected before midnight. I checked my watch; it was 7PM. I would have to wait almost five hours, if not longer.

I started feeling uneasy and lonely. I did not know what to do other than walk around and wait for him. Christmas Eve was supposed to be bustling, noisy, delightful and happy, but my surroundings were so cold and quiet. Cars passed me on the dark streets, and stars filled the sky.

Without a destination, I wandered the streets of Mobile. I was filled with despair but had hope. I thought I might come up with something useful. My brain was intensely searching for a solution. As a popular saying goes, I was expecting to "walk to the end of the dead end only to discover another road". But, there was no miracle.

I felt tired and lonely after a while, and then I started blaming myself. In the end, I waited on a bench at a bus station until midnight. Fortunately, crime was not a problem in Mobile at that time. However, it was a cold night. I luckily wore warm clothes, although my exposed face felt a little cold.

My manager finally returned after 1AM. I had waited for six hours! Fortunately, He was in good mood and took me back to my apartment. When I finally went to bed, it was after 2 AM. I was extremely tired and slept soundly. Christmas Eve of 1965 was finally over.

In 1965, Mobile was a seaport city with a population over 300,000, the second largest in Alabama next to Birmingham. Once, it had been the largest seaport in the South, but this proud distinction was lost first to New Orleans and then to Houston. Its past glory was gone.

Alabamans shared a common mindset with Mississippians. Both seemed to be still fighting the Civil War, although their soldiers had surrendered to the Union one hundred years ago.

In 1965, Mobileans were generally racially discriminative and conservative. But, they treated Asians politely and cordially for a couple of possible reasons. First, there simply weren't too many of us. Second, we were perceived to be diligent, hard-working, and trustworthy. Once I tried to cash a check, and before I showed the lady my I.D., she told me that it was not necessary.

She added, "You laundry people are good." In their minds, probably all Asians in Mobile were "laundry people". Regardless, they treated Asians respectfully and trusted them.

In general, Southerners were very polite; they always addressed each other as "sir" or "ma'am". Adult and children were similar in that they welcomed and respected outsiders like me. Men were gentle, and children were lovely in the South.

In the middle of the 1960s, there were few Taiwanese in the U.S. , and almost none in the South. I was the only Taiwanese in Mobile, the second largest city in Alabama. Other Asians in Mobile included the Chens, who were Chinese and ran a laundry business, and a few Japanese ladies who had married American GIs when they were stationed in Japan.

One day, I ran into a couple, a white man and a Japanese lady. They were fairly young, about 30, and we became good friends. The husband, Bob, was a Baylor graduate, and she was an Okinawan. I bought most of my clothes at the department store where Bob worked as a manager, and his wife did all the alterations for me. They continued to be my friends until my family came, and then became our family friends. After we left Mobile, we kept in touch for a short time, but then fell out of touch mostly from laziness. I still vividly remember them today, 40 years later. Perhaps, it is because they were our first American friends.

In the early 1966, we ran into the Chens on the street. They invited us for dinner. We welcomed the opportunity, although communications was a challenge. The elder Chens did not speak English, and we did not understand their Cantonese. The conversation was difficult. They were extremely polite and gave us some Chinese vegetables, such as Chinese squash, to take home after the meal. Our friendship did not flourish, unfortunately.

At the end of January, my family arrived. The most important thing was to help them adapt to their new surroundings. Chiau-Pin (Ben) was sent to a kindergarten nearby. My hope was that he could learn his English as soon as he could. I distinctly remember his first day at school. We left him playing with a piece of clay. When we went to pick him up two hours later he had not moved, still playing with the same piece of clay with the same posture and in the same spot. The first days were difficult and painful for him. Everything was new and strange, and so different from what he was accustomed to. It was indeed a culture shock which only slowly disappeared. Luckily, we did not notice any post-culture-shock syndrome after he grew up, although I am not certain.

Pei-Tsen's (Jean's) experiences were a little different. It seemed to me that she did not have the same difficulties as Ben. She was adorable and had the affection of both adults and children. When they ran into her, they would try to tickle her and give her something to make her happy. In one of the Mardi Gras parades, many of the kids gave her jewelry and rubber balls. When she smiled, they smiled back. That night she happily came home with a whole bunch of trinkets and toys.

Learning English was an important focus. In order to improve learning efficiency, some Taiwanese insisted on speaking English exclusively at home. We spoke Taiwanese at home because I felt that our children: 1) could learn many languages concurrently; 2) might learn English with my strong accent; 3) could communicate with their grandparents and relatives; and 4) would benefit from knowing different languages. As a result, they speak flawless English without accent, and they also know Taiwanese to a degree. They understand conversational Taiwanese, but they have considerable challenges speaking, mostly with the intonations and syntax.

We had relatives with similar backgrounds who taught their children by speaking only English at home. Their children now speak perfect American English. This taught me that I should not have been worried that my children would pick up my accent.

Once my family, as well as my initial excitement, settled down, I started thinking about our situation. I concluded that Mobile was really

not a city where we wanted to live long-term. We were totally isolated. This was not why we came to the U. S. If so, then I had paid too much for too little.

Other than being isolated, I had other reasons for leaving. We had to move to a big city because Ben's left foot needed surgery because of his polio. In a larger city, I might have a chance to go to night school and also to become involved in Taiwanese political activities. I wanted to live in a metropolitan area offering these possibilities. The most ideal area was New York.

In the summer of 1966, I could no longer stand the isolation and the loneliness and started looking for a new job near the city of New York. I was a member of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, and so I placed an ad in their magazine, Chemical Engineering Progress. The economy was booming and chemical engineers were in great demand. With one year of process engineering experience, I received responses from more than one hundred companies. In the beginning, the post office sent responses using normal mail delivery. After a week, they delivered them by parcel delivery.

Of all the companies that wrote me, I responded to twenty. More than half of those granted me an interview. I chose two of them located in the New York area to visit. Since I did not have any vacation days left, and I did not want Geigy to know, I went on the interviews during the weekends. Fortunately, both companies gave me offers. I chose Mobil Chemical located 16 miles south of the Holland Tunnel on Highway 27 in New Jersey.

The day after Christmas, we left Mobile and Shue-Hui. Her lonely expression hurt us a lot, and I felt sorry. We had to leave and hoped that she understood.

I want to note here about looking for a professional job in the U.S. All the expenses for the interview and moving were paid by the company with few exceptions. If a person went through an agency to get his job, the commission for the agency would be paid by the company.

PART FIFTEEN

New Jersey Years

Ben's Operation

A week before Christmas, I submitted my resignation letter to Dr. Phil MacCraken, the Head of the Department of Process Development. My Immediate boss Bill Evers was on vacation. Phil asked me to stay, if all possible. And then he told me the company would match the offer from Mobil Chemical in case I was leaving because of the salary. I explained to Phil that I was joining Mobil so that I could attend night school and have an operation for my son. He told me that getting a PhD was a waste of my time because I knew enough chemical engineering to work for Geigy. He did not make any comments on the operation. Although Phil was not my immediate supervisor, he knew me well. He mentored me while I was working on the project plan for the Atrazine continuous process pilot plant with Bill Evers. Geigy used the project plan to later build a pilot plant and used the data generated from the pilot plant to build the production unit at St. Gabriel, Louisiana.

When Phil finally accepted my decision, he wished me luck and told me that I could work for Geigy anytime. Just give him a call. It was nice gesture on his part. I later learned that he had told a few of my colleagues after I left that he would love to have 10 people like me to work for him.

On the 27th of December, we left Mobile, Alabama in a car and headed north. On the road, the radio announced that it would be snowing. For safety reason, I changed all my four regular tires to snow tires. When we were in Richmond, Virginia, it began to snow. This was the first time, the rest of my family had seen snow and they were excited. Even I was excited, although I had seen it several times before. From Richmond to New Jersey the ground was completely covered by the beautiful snow.

On the 30th, we drove to New Jersey and checked into the Holiday Inn on Highway 1, south of Interstate 287. Mobil Chemical made the reservations. The next day my children built a snowman under the directions of Bunji. I took some photos, some of which are still in one of our photo albums.

My future colleague, Meng Teck Eng from Singapore, helped us find a place to live in the Kensington Garden Apartments at the intersection of Route 1 and Garden State Parkway. The apartment complex consisted of numerous two story brick buildings. Our apartment was on the “ground floor” at the far end of a building, except that only half of the apartment was above ground. The windows were just above ground level. It was difficult to find an apartment at the time, and this was only one available in the entire area. We were required to pay a two-month deposit and the first month rental; we also had to sign a two year contract, but we did not have much choice.

I thought I was going to work in the process development department in Metuchen, later called Edison, based an agreement made during the interview. But as soon as I joined, they sent me to work in the newly formed Profit Improvement Program (PIP) team in Plainfield. The PIP team consisted of several past plant managers (Powerful People of Yesterday, or PPY) and a few engineers temporarily assigned to the project. The entire team numbered a little more than ten. Our mission was to improve the profitability of the company and my job was to improve and simplify the production procedures to maximize profits.

We started our assignment by working on two production plants in Cleveland, Ohio. I had to take a plane from Newark to Cleveland every Monday morning and returned on Friday evening. I often returned so exhausted that I went to bed to rest before I had the energy to greet Bunji in the kitchen.

In the evenings, the PIP team simply ate, drank, and enjoyed ourselves. We visited many expensive restaurants for drinks and dinners, and often play poker afterward. Occasionally, we went to see a professional basketball game, or a strip-tease show. The company paid all expenses except the poker games.

Two employees, both recent business administration graduates, got along well with the PPYs especially in the entertainment department. The PPYs insisted the company was obligated to pay all entertainment expenses--if we had not been required to travel, the expenses would not have been incurred. In addition, another reason was to help manage

company revenues. The company had made excessive profits during the last two years, which was internally deemed undesirable because the company would have a difficult time explaining low revenues during the next economic downturn. Aside from this, unspent budget one year would simply cause budget cuts the following year. Their reasons seemed sound, but I was very uncomfortable with this practice.

I remembered well that when I went to Geigy for the job interview, my entire expenses were a little over \$2.00 for a hamburger and a soda--Geigy picked up the flight and hotel costs.

They were leading an "Every day is New Year's Eve" life. Perhaps, this was the last chance for them to take advantage of their company. It seemed to me they all were enjoying themselves, but not me. Although I was with them during the weekdays, I did not forget I had to arrange for Ben's operation as soon as I could. Besides, I had left a family in New Jersey and none of them could speak English.

Although the PIP socialized as a team, they performed their jobs independently. The team was divided into several groups. I was with the former Plant Manager of the Toronto plant, Marshall Blackwell, and an industrial engineer temporarily assigned to the group. Marshall was the group leader. The industrial engineer could not get along with Marshall, who was also a trained industrial engineer. They were always in hot debates. The group would have disintegrated instantly without me.

After four months in the PIP, I called the Department Head of Process Development, Gerald (or Jerry) Lessells, and explained my situation. I let him know that I wanted to go back to his Department to work, as he promised me in my job interview, or I would leave the company.

I simply told him the truth; it was not a political maneuver. Regardless, I was forcing the issue. My plan was to schedule Ben's operation by the end of August, and attend night school at the Newark College of Engineering starting in September.

Jerry relayed our conversation to Marshall. In response, Marshall wanted to rent a house for my family in Cleveland and arrange a hospital

in Cleveland for Ben's operation. He told me that the project was too important for me to leave. Needless to say, he was not in a good mood.

At the same time, the third group member moved into a separate motel, and stopped joining the group for the after work activities. He did not want Marshall to control his free time, nor did he consult with Marshall beforehand. As matter of fact, Marshall learned this information from me.

Marshall was an authoritative person whose opinions and suggestions were expected to be accepted without comments or objections. He was Canadian and an officer in the British army. When he spoke to his subordinates, he had a habit of not facing them. When he talked to me about my request to leave his group, he was facing outside.

I firmly told him that the schedule, doctor and hospital had been arranged; they could not be changed. I would not be moving to Cleveland. As far as my work on the PIP team, I would complete the current project and then leave. The conversation stopped for a while, and then he responded coldly, "Let's discuss it later,"

In May of that year, I returned to work at laboratory in Mutuchen on Highway 27. My primary responsibilities were in process analyses, troubleshooting, and design and construction of a co-polymer pilot plant.

As for Ben's operation, we decided have the operation performed at the New York University Hospital by Dr. Zimer. Dr. Shen Yon-Shiun's had introduced us to Dr. Zimer. At the time, Ben's case was exceptionally rare. Polio had been practically eliminated in the US.

Many doctors were interested in having a polio patient. But we did not ask for a second opinion since we trusted Dr. Shen's recommendation. He was a surgeon from Taiwan doing his internship at the NYU hospital, a teaching hospital. A group of people, including doctors and students, would discuss the case before and after operations and then during recovery.

The day before the operation, we sent Ben to the hospital for preparation and examination. Dr. Zimer also took time to explain to us what would be done during the tendon transfer. The operation was scheduled to be conducted at 8:00 AM the next day.

The day of the operation, we arrived at the hospital a few minutes late due to traffic. To our surprise, the surgery was over. According to Dr. Zima's personal judgment, he did not think it was necessary for us to be there. He started the operation as soon as the preparation was completed and far earlier than the scheduled time. Dr. Zima indicated that the operation was a success and he was satisfied with the process. This made us happy.

After the recovery, we saw improvements from the operation, but we did not know if that was Dr. Zima's best effort. Ben's foot had been caused by my coming to the US, but also partially corrected by the decision. Although we had tried our best, we have still regretted our negligence for causing the problem that has pained our souls and hearts for our entire lives.

Participating in Political Activities

In the year of 1967, I met many Taiwanese political activists in New York area and became one myself. In the beginning, Ng Tien-Ka and his wife, Shen Yun, came to visit us unexpectedly one evening at our apartment. We had never met, nor had we ever heard of them. Our conversation was limited to friendly and ordinary chitchat. By the time they left, I knew that he was working for Bell Lab, but nothing more. One thing I did not understand was he went by the name Ng instead of Huang. Huang was Chinese and commonly used by people from Taiwan, and Ng was the Taiwanese pronunciation of Huang. This was a subtle but important distinction.

Regardless, I was unaware of Ng Tien-Ka. If he had been strong in Taiwanese consciousness, I would have known him, or at least heard of his name.

I got the impression that Shen was a native Taiwanese and Ng was a foreign-province-born Taiwanese based on their Taiwanese accents. Afterward, I asked friends about them and found that I was totally wrong. Ng was from Lok-Kang, and his Lok-Kang accent fooled me. He was indeed a native Taiwanese. His wife turned out to be foreign-

province-born. Since she was brought up in the southern Taiwan, her Taiwanese was perfect.

After our first meeting and for the next 3 years Ng showed his Taiwanese consciousness to the world. He was one of four Taiwanese who used their houses as collateral to bail out Tseng Tsu-Chai and his brother –in-law, Peter Huang(Huang Wen-Hsiung) from jail. Tseng and Huang were in jail for their involvement in the attempted assassination of Chian Chien-Kuo (Chiang Kai-Shek's son) in New York.

In the late spring and soon after we met Ng and Shen, Tseng and Huang (Mrs. Tseng) moved to our neighborhood from Baltimore. My classmate, Chuang Chun-Chian, introduced us and they brought their daughter Jenny for the visit. Chuang was living in Baltimore at the time for his post graduate work and had just finished his PhD from Ole Miss.

Tseng and Huang were the most simple and plain couple we had met in the States. Their outfits could not be simpler. We did not know much about them, only they were devoted Taiwanese activists. We knew them well only after George Chan came to the east coast from California.

Through Tseng and Huang, we also met Huang's elder brother Huang Wen-Hsiung who was a graduate student at Cornell University. Huang was a handsome man. He was casual, elegant, romantic, and always carried a tobacco pipe. The twisting smoke from his pipe added grace to his impressive appearance. All of these constituted a piece of beautiful poem. He was also a quiet person. I can't recall hearing him speak and I don't know if I could recognize his voice.

When I first met Tseng Tsu-Chai, the Chai in Chinese character meant money. Thereafter, he changed the character to mean talent, although it still was pronounced the same way. Culturally, the new Chai (talent) was nobler than the old Chai (wealth). Aside from that, a revolutionist should be idealistic and devoted, and not care about money. However, he would in practice need a lot of money for a revolution to be successful. Somehow, many revolutionists thought they could live on only air.

Tseng was brave. Moreover, I would say he was one of the bravest individuals in Taiwanese Independent Movement. He was a revolutionist

who maintained a strong sense of justice. If he had born a little earlier, he would have fought fiercely on a battlefield for what he believed.

Although he willingly donated his money to his cause, he was not generous privately. He tried hard to keep his own money. For instance, he would only carry sufficient money to pay his tolls to New York every day. One night, Huang called me sobbingly to tell me her son, Jay was crying continuously. The baby was hungry, and they had no milk, Tseng was not home yet, and she did not have any cash. I brought her a case of milk. Then, Tseng came home.

A few people in the Taiwanese Independence Movement felt that Tseng had too much desire for power. To them, "power hungry" was not good this early stage of the movement. They thought that ideals should be more important in a leader rather than the desire for power. In other words, Taiwan should come before oneself.

In Tseng's mind, democracy did not necessarily represent truth; this I agreed. So he wanted to publish a newspaper to express his opinions and thoughts in the future.

Soon after I met with Tseng at the end of May, George Chan called me from California and asked me to pick him up at Kennedy Airport. He had accepted a teaching job in the Department of Chemical Engineering at Cooper Union University located in New York City. It had been originally built for the Jewish, and its chemical engineering department had a good reputation on the east coast. I knew of it through one of my colleagues at General Electric, Mal Kamitor, who was a graduate of that department.

At the time, I knew George Chan was involved in the independence movement, but I did not know he was a key figure. Tseng had indicated to me that if I had any opinion about the movement, I should share them with George. From Tseng's statement, I might have inferred George's stature in the movement, but I did not.

George stayed with us for two weeks, and then moved to Kearny, North Jersey. During the time he stayed with us, I was his guide and introduced him to the New York area. Although I had only been there for about five months, I had previously lived in the area in 1964 while a

student working in the summer. I was fortunately familiar with the NYC subway system. Therefore, I was qualified to be his tour guide.

One night during this orientation period, George and I went to join the Mid-Autumn Festival party held at the Formosan Club located on 97th Street. While at the party George donated \$100, a substantial amount at the time. Soon after, the Formosan Club of New York held a preparatory meeting for the election of their next President. Because of his generous donation, he was invited to attend. When George came back from the meeting, he told me an interesting but strange story.

In the meeting, Lee Mon-Ki (or Lee Men-Huei) insisted times and again that since the association was apolitical, the Presidential candidates should also be apolitical. Then, he nominated George, easily the most political person there. Why did Lee do this?

At the time, Lee was working on his PhD at Columbia University. He was neither a member of the Taiwanese Independent Movement nor a political person, although he was active in the apolitical Formosan Club. I believed his insistence on "the candidates should be apolitical" was serious and sincere, and I also believed he knew George was a political person. These two things were conflicting. As a person, he was serious and not humorous. But why did he nominate George? It still puzzles me.

After the meeting, I ran into Lee many times, but I forgot to ask him the question. He is now dead and so the puzzle will remain unsolved. Surely it is not an important issue, but it stimulated my curiosity.

I knew that George had devoted himself to the Taiwanese independence cause. Essentially, his life was planned around the movement. For instance, we had a common friend, Wong, who also lived in the greater New York area and avoided politics. I asked George if he wanted to visit him. George responded that he did not want to waste his time on anything unrelated to the movement.

Before the winter of 1967, a group of people engaged in the independence movement would gather in the greater New York area: Paul Kuo, S.T. Huang, N.S. Chiou, T.M. Lu, Jackson Chiou, C.M. Yang, C.N. Tai, T.C. Tseng, George Chang, and me. Sometimes, Peter Huang would occasionally join this group. Our main goals were to: 1) enlighten

the Taiwanese consciousness and ideologies, 2) participate in Formosan Club affairs, 3) increase membership, and 4) raise funds. That year, we sent C.N. Tai to take over T.S. Wu's position as the President of NY Formosan Club, later known as the New York Chapter of the Taiwanese American Association. Since then, the NY Formosan Club has not been apolitical.

Although we were all working under the banner of UFAI, or United Formosans in America for Independence, we were not all official members. For instance, I was not a member and did not actually know who the members were. In that period, many people thought that being a member was unimportant. We were a group dedicated to the Taiwanese independent cause.

In 1967, George held an important position at the UFAI headquarters. He was also the President of the New York Chapter. Tseng Tsu-Chai told me privately many times that George should concentrate his energy on the headquarters' affairs, and that he should assume George's role at the NY Chapter. Essentially I agreed with Tseng's proposal, but I did not take any action because I considered myself an outsider. I therefore did not feel that the leadership of the organization was my business. In retrospect, I should not have taken a position on Tseng's proposal because I was not familiar with the organization and operation of UFAI. My opinion was strictly based on my common sense understanding of the operations of a regular and sound organization.

In early December, Tseng showed me his new organization chart for the chapter. I did not express any opinion this time. In the chart, he was the President, and both George and I were under him.

On Christmas of that year, the New York Chapter of UFAI met at my apartment for a party and a meeting. The main issue of the meeting was to elect the new President of the Chapter. My understanding was that every participant had a vote and I believed that the UFAI members had prearranged to vote for Tseng as their new President. Unfortunately, Tseng was not elected.

To my surprise, I was chosen to be the next President of the Chapter. To me, it was odd that a non-member should be President and I was

therefore unwilling to become President. I believed that no one in our working group should disclose his identity, including membership status. I told the group that I would not accept the Presidency, but they persisted.

The following day, I wrote to each meeting participant telling them that I would not be their President because of my busy schedule – full-time job, night school and frequent business travel. Many members wrote back indicating that they wanted me to take the job and they would help whenever necessary. However, I remained adamant about my decision.

Meanwhile, they held another members-only meeting in my absence and elected T.M. Lu as their new President. Thereafter, the chapter grew and the members became more enthusiastic under President Lu. We sent 1967 away and greeted 1968 with hope and determination.

Private Life

Before continuing into 1968, I want to first describe my family life. Ben's operation went smoothly. In July 1967, we went to World's Fair Expo '67 in Montreal, Canada. Ben wore a cast on his leg and rode in a wheel chair. Near the border, I was caught speeding on a New York state highway and given a ticket. I had two choices: go to court during the weekdays, or immediately pay the fine at an assigned office. I chose the latter because going to court was too much of a hassle, since our apartment was far away. The office clerk was a rather old man. His hand was shaking and I could not even read his handwriting when I paid the \$70. It was more than the discounted amounts I had negotiated so hard for our hotel fees in Montreal a few days ago. I had been so excited over the discount.

Several friends joined us on the trip, C.H. Wang, M.T. Lee and L.Y. Hong. Wang and Lee were staying with us for their summer jobs. Hong had just arrived from Taiwan at Kennedy Airport where we picked her up just a few days ago. She was also staying with us.

I do not recall much about Expo '67. Since I had been to New York World's Fair ('64), I was not especially thrilled to visit another fair. From the trip to Expo '67, I remembered the fishnet-style German exhibition

and the Soviet exhibition that displayed inferior TVs. Every country showcased their culture and achievements in science and technology. In the US exhibition, the most prominent display was a spaceship probably piloted by Michael Collins. The spaceship clearly showed US leadership in science and technology. No argument was needed.

Many Taiwanese students stayed with us during their summer jobs, two of whom were Wang and Lee. Wang was from Ohio and Lee, from Missouri. Y. W. Lee came later and was also from Ohio. Several students came after Lee, but I cannot remember their names now. They were supposed to be poor students trying to make money for tuition. We treated them all well. We gave them keys to the apartment and free room and board. And they treated themselves even better. Some left without paying for their long-distance telephone bills. One even left without reimbursing us for expensive prescriptions that we had purchased for him. I assumed they just simply forgot since they were otherwise honest students.

Our apartment in New Jersey was rather small with only two bedrooms. When we had guests, they slept in my children's room and they would sleep on our bedroom floor. They never complained about the arrangement.

During the summer, I attended Rutgers University to take English at night school. I concentrated on speaking English and correcting my pronunciation. Unfortunately, I did not seem make much progress. I thought I should go to a speech clinic, but did not have a chance. My manager and future mentor, Jerry Lessells, told me several times that if I did not improve my English, I would have a dim future in the US. I responded that I would not mind being a career engineer. He commented that would be a shame, if that were the case.

I had also considered becoming a researcher. In the research field, poor English might be better tolerated, but I would need a PhD. In fact, earning a PhD was one of my two goals when I came to the US; the other was the correction of Ben's foot. Before I left Taiwan, my plan was to finish my PhD as soon as I could and then return home to teach. I

thought of being a professor. Now, I decided that I wanted to go further and get a PhD which I needed for either going to teach or research.

In September after Labor Day, Ben started kindergarten on the opposite end of the large apartment complex. It took him about 20 minutes to walk. This was one of the disadvantages of renting an apartment at the wrong end. In the beginning, we found that Ben had stomachaches during the weekdays, but not the weekends. Doctor indicated it was from the tension from being in a new environment. He also stated correctly that it would eventually go away by itself.

During our New Jersey years, Ben came out with many creative ideas. Here were two of them. When he saw toll booths on the turnpike, he announced that when he grew up, he would build booths on the Interstate Highways so that he could collect money. Once he visited a dentist and discovered that dentists charged whatever they wanted, Ben changed his mind. Now he wanted to be a dentist. Now that he has grown up, I am sad to report that he is neither dentist nor toll booth owner.

Soon after Ben went to kindergarten, I started attending night school at the Newark College of Engineering. I only had time to take one course each semester. Although the school was only 16 miles from our apartment, the commute time was one hour because Highway 1 usually resembled a parking lot. The stop-and-go traffic Highway 1 during that one hour was much more stressful than driving on the freeway. It always made me very tired.

I selected Mathematics Methods for Chemical Engineers for my first course, as suggested by George Chan. My foundation in mathematics was fairly weak. I had only taken Calculus and Differential Equations from my previous school. To prepare for a PhD, I needed to significantly improve my mathematics foundation, which was so poor that I once thought of transferring to Chemistry.

After I had been in night school for a while, I estimated that I would need eight years to complete a PhD. I assumed that I could count the 24 credit hours from my master degree and then take one 3-credit course for

8 semesters for the required 48 credit hours. To this, I added time for my dissertation.

Because I was on business travel so often, taking more than one course a semester was impossible. Realistically speaking, finishing my degree this way was nearly impossible. I started thinking that I might have to become a full-time student again, if I were serious about my degree. However, this was the worst stage of life to become a full-time student. I had meager savings and needed to support a family of four.

At the end of September, Ben and Jean were playing in the back yard with a couple of white kids. I went by and was surprised by their English, which seemed perfect. How was it so easy for them to pick up the language?

At the end of October, I started applying to graduate schools. At the same time, Bunji became pregnant and returning to school immediately became considerably more difficult.

On the road to a PhD, I overcame many more obstacles than others, just because I was poor and got married too early. When we saw an old student in Taiwan, we called him a "Lau Iou Tiau" or, Fried Stick Made in Used Oil. I would become a "Lau Iou Tiau", if I were lucky. By the way, calling someone "Lau Iou Tiau" was not flattering.

At this time, a strange thing happened to me in Newark. To this day I still don't know exactly what happened. I was walking to the parking lot after the class one evening when I saw two men standing nearby my car and chitchatting. One carried a tool box. I said "hi" to them, got into my car, and tried to start the engine. Nothing happened. I opened the hood and found both battery cables had been disconnected.

The two men came and helped me reconnect the cables to the battery. They told me their battery had been stolen and didn't know what to do. I thanked them for their help and offered them a ride. They accepted and I took them to a nearby gas station.

As they left my car, I thanked them one more time and drove away. On my way home I felt lucky. My battery was almost stolen, but these two gentlemen were fortunately nearby with a tool box and a flashlight.

A few days later, a strange thought came to mind--were these two men trying to steal my battery? It was absolutely possible. Regardless, I prefer to think that they were good and helpful people. To accuse a person wrongly is a crime. In this world, good people are rare and these gentlemen added two to the group. Isn't that more beautiful?

That Christmas, we put up our first Christmas tree, a real one, in our living room. We hosted a party on Christmas Day and many people came and a few stayed overnight. Children slept in one room, ladies in another, and men on the floor in the living room. There was scarcely space between two sleeping individuals.

We sent off 1967 with sweet memories and we treasured the year so much. It was a great year for my family and me.

Half of our apartment was underground and the windows opened to just above the ground level. During Christmas holidays, Bunji opened a window and scooped some clean snow into a bowl. She added some sweet water and we all enjoyed the treat. It was like the shredded ice we had in Taiwan.

Even with my background in the chemical industry, I did not hesitate to eat the snow. In New Jersey the air pollution was infamous in the region of Elizabeth and Linden. We were "brave" enough to eat the fresh snow. In fact, most people did not seem overly concerned with pollution in 60s. We thought that the lowest layer of the snow on the ground was full of pollutants, the top layer filled with dusts, but the middle section was clean. Although the snow we took was from the middle layer, it was still not a smart idea.

There was one other questionable act involving pollution. When I was a student at the University of Texas, we used to catch blue crabs from Dow Chemical's contaminated wastewater pond in Freeport, Texas. They were delicious, but we shouldn't have eaten them in retrospect. Fortunately, we did not become sick.

Becoming a Member of UFAI

With some hesitation I joined the UFAI in 1968 and George Chan introduced me during my induction. There were many reasons for me to

use the word "hesitation". Quite some time back, George invited me to join UFAI, and I did not immediately respond. I seriously considered his invitation. I agreed that without a well-organized group, our movement could not succeed. But when I honestly considered my own qualifications, I felt I was not qualified to join a revolutionary group, such as UFAI, to topple a government.

A revolution was not an ordinary task. Rather, it was deadly serious. Overthrowing the Chiang Kai-Shek regime was a revolution, regardless if violent or not. To become a member of such a group, one should be determined to sacrifice one's life and possessions for the cause. Without such revolutionary spirit, the group lacked substance. Its essence was more fantasy than reality.

In struggling with this question, I critically examined myself and discovered that I did not have the courage and determination to sacrifice myself for the revolution.

Cheating others was easier than cheating oneself. When I declared that I would use all possible means and sacrifice everything I had to topple Chiang's regime, a feeling from the bottom of my heart objected.

In short, I was not ready. Of course, I was willing to give a significant portion of my life and possessions. I could easily contribute more than merely entertaining friends and colleagues. But strictly speaking, my level of dedication was insufficient for a revolution. In conclusion, I hesitated to join UFAI because of my qualifications rather than willingness.

The initiation was actually quite straight forward. I submitted the completed application and signed my name on a sworn paper. Thus, I became a UFAI member. I had chosen to finally join the UFAI because I had reached a stage where I would either become a comrade or leave them. I became a comrade because I did not want harm the group's morale--I had overestimated myself in hindsight.

Soon after New Year, F.C. Lo from Pennsylvania, C.S. Wang from California, and W.C. Chan from Kansas came to join us. Chan looked for a job for a while, and then decided to become a full-time worker for the UFAI. Subsequently, UFAI established an office in Manhattan and began to take shape. Chan worked and slept at the office.

There was a required monthly meeting for all members. A penalty of \$10 was assessed for a missed meeting; \$1 for every minute that one was late. Although the rules might have been too strict, no one objected since the fines went to the group as contributions. When Bunji delivered our baby, I happily paid \$10 penalty for missing the monthly meeting.

In early April, we went to Washington DC to demonstrate the Liu Wen-Chien incident. Liu was a Taiwanese who was forcefully deported by Japanese government to Taiwan in collaboration with KMT government. Our main locations for picketing were the KMT Embassy and Japanese Embassy. The US Capital was very beautiful with cherry blossoms, but we did not come to enjoy the blossoms or the scenery; we were clearly not tourists.

There were about 100 demonstrators. Most of us were unmasked, a decision made beforehand. Demonstrators in the past had worn masks. We had finally thrown away our fears with the garbage. This was the first time I had joined a demonstration. I was a little excited and angry. I hated the Japanese government for unjustly surrendering Liu for such a small benefit; and KMT for insulting Taiwanese, again.

The demonstration started at DuPont Circle, went through many streets, passed the KMT Embassy, and finally ended at Japanese Embassy where we submitted a written protest. We chanted together occasionally, but we were peaceful and orderly. When we were on the streets, there were many strangers taking our pictures. In the beginning, I thought they were reporters from various newspapers and so raised my protest sign high for better visibility. I wanted everyone in the world to know the purpose of our demonstration, the cruelty of KMT, and the Japanese injustice. At the end of the demonstration, we realized that most of the photographers were probably from the FBI and KMT. I realized that my photos would forever be in their files.

In front of the KMT Embassy, we yelled aloud, "Down with Chian Kai-Shek" and "Long Live in the World, Taiwanese Independence". Among us there was one voice that was louder and noisier than others. That man had a bearded face, looked like a preacher, and possessed a heart that burned with anger. He was famous Lin Tetsuo from Toronto,

Canada. Although it was the first time I saw him in person, I had actually known him for many years. He had been bravely engaged in the Independence Movement for a long time in Canada. Lin was a dedicated and most respected activist.

Unfortunately, the same day we demonstrated, Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated and riots broke out all over the country. That afternoon martial law was imposed in DC and we had to stay there overnight.

The next day, all the newspapers were full of the news covering the assassination and riots. We did not read any news, nary a single word, on our demonstration. I expected a little blurb at a minimum, but there was nothing. I was disappointed.

This was the first time, but definitely not last, that I would participate in Taiwanese demonstrations in DC. There would be numerous subsequent demonstrations, the last of which was held in October 1997 when the Party General Secretary from China, C.M. Jian, visited DC. I traveled from Houston.

Every time I went to DC for a demonstration, I had the same strong feeling about the relatively minor support from the DC area Taiwanese. Hundreds of Taiwanese came to DC from all over the country to participate in the demonstration, yet disappointedly only a few came from the DC area.

Jennifer Was Born

At 10 AM of May 4th, 1968 our 3rd child, Jennifer Chiau-Ching Wu, was born at J.F.K. Hospital in New Jersey. Ben and Jean had been wishing for a baby brother. When they found out the baby was a girl, they were disappointed and asked us to leave her at the hospital.

One night soon after returning from the hospital, Bunji started bleeding seriously. I took her back to the hospital and asked Teck Eng to watch our children for us at our apartment. The next day, our good friends Wong Wen-Kuei and Sun Siau-Wen came to take our children to their apartment in Wayne, New Jersey. At the time, they had two children of their own. Three more children were certainly difficult for them, but

they did not say a word. Wong had been my roommate at Taiwan University. Both he and his wife had just finished their schooling and moved from Ann Arbor, Michigan to Wayne where they rented a two-bedroom apartment.

It was one of the busiest periods in my life. I had to write reports for work and study for finals, all while Bunji was in the hospital. I was very thankful that the Wong family took care of my children; otherwise, I would not have made it through. A week later, I brought Bunji back home from the hospital and our children from the Wong's.

The "population" of my family has increased by one, from four to five. I started worrying about taking a family of five back to school with me. Could I make it? I always thought I could—where there is a will, there is a way. To me, the goal of attaining a PhD was not for the prestige of the title. Rather, it was a test of my will and a necessary stepping stone in my career progression. I was determined to make it.

I was busy, in fact, so busy that I hardly had time for my family. Political activities, schooling, socializing, and frequent business trips took all my time. Bunji took care of the family. It was very challenging since she did not speak much English, could not drive, and was still adjusting to the new culture. Under such adverse environments, she performed admirably. Someone said, "Behind a successful man, there is a great woman." Here, I liked to modify the saying to say, "Behind a man who can hardly handle a family, there must be a most capable woman."

Leaving Was Emotionally Difficult

Gerald Lessells, or "Jerry", was my manager at Mobil Chemical and a graduate of MIT's Department of Chemical Engineering. He was also an expert in chemical reaction kinetics. Jerry was a capable person with a strong social conscience. Both technicians in our laboratory had criminal records. Jerry hired them through a special organization. He wanted to give them opportunities to correct themselves and become good citizens.

Jerry treated me very well, and always supported me when needed. He would become my mentor and often served as a personal reference after I left Mobil. Perhaps, this had something to do with being an

immigrant himself. He came from England with his parents when he was two years old.

Prior to attending the demonstration in DC, I spoke with Jerry. I had used all my vacation time, but I thought I should go regardless and he agreed with me. He told me I could just take the day off and advised that I should be particularly careful to stay out of the newspapers. If that really happened, it would create problems for him. He asked that I tell him as soon as practical when the demonstration was scheduled.

Jerry later became a Director of American Institute of Chemical Engineers (AIChE). He tried to form a union for chemical engineers to protect their rights. For this, he ran into problems with his company. He eventually retired at 55, and toured the country in a trailer. He and his wife were in the South Africa the last time we had contact. My own early retirement at 56 was somewhat influenced by him.

According to company regulations, I needed to inform Mobil two weeks in advance before terminating my employment. I informed Jerry, because he was such a gentleman, three months in advance. By June, Jerry knew that I was matriculating at the University of Texas (UT) in the fall to pursue a PhD. To his credit, Jerry supported my decision and gave me encouragement. He also advised me to work in research after finishing my degree. Finally, he told me he would be happy to introduce me to the Dean of Engineering at UT, Dr. John Maketta, if I would like. I thanked him for the offer, but didn't take him up on it.

Jerry soon began interviewing engineers to replace me. I was assigned to be a member of the hiring committee. One day I hosted an excellent Taiwanese interviewee. He left an excellent impression on every interviewer. They gave him high marks on his knowledge in chemical engineering and people skills. Jerry especially liked him and wanted to offer him a job.

After the interview, the two of us went for coffee since his flight was still a couple of hours away. During our conversation he started with "We are all Taiwanese" and then told me that he was only looking for a summer job, nothing permanent. It was difficult to find a summer job, so he pretended to look for a permanent job. He had already decided on

going to Yale University for his PhD in the fall and asked that I kept this secret.

I wished he did not share his intention. I struggled between protecting a fellow Taiwanese and being loyal to Jerry and the company. I did not sleep that night. On one hand, my beloved boss, Jerry, had done so much for me; on the other, a fellow Taiwanese would have a job for three months but leave the company at the same time as me.

I wanted to stand by Jerry's side, but I would have to betray "We are all Taiwanese". The interviewee trusted me with his secret only because "We are all Taiwanese". After serious consideration I told Jerry with great pain. I loved each individual Taiwanese, yes, but, I loved the collective Taiwanese more. If he had been hired, worked for three months and then quit, he would have tarnished the Taiwanese reputation. This was not fair to the Taiwanese or Jerry, who had supported the Taiwanese. I also did not agree with people who deceived others in order to achieve their own goals. In the end, he was not offered the job.

Jerry held a small farewell party for me. He certainly made a significant and positive impact on my life. He removed many obstacles for me and my life would have been very different without him. I remember him well, and thank him respectfully from the bottom of my heart. He was a fellow immigrant, an excellent engineer, and a wonderful boss.

When I was leaving New Jersey, UFAI was trying hard to increase their financial resources. George Chan was putting in great effort. At the time, I had saved \$3,500 for my education. George tried to convince me to let UFAI use the money for their investment. Of course he knew that I needed the savings for my education. He promised that if I gave him the money, he would send me money when I needed it. Certainly, I trusted George's words, but without the savings I did not dare go back to school as a full time student with a wife and three children. In the end, I respectfully declined his request. I had proven that I was not a revolutionist.

In August, a group of wonderful Taiwanese engaged in independence movement held a farewell picnic party for me at Roosevelt Park in New

Jersey. Although the conversations were mostly filled with laughter, it was an emotional experience for me. W. C. Chan presented me with an orange vase as a memento from the group. The vase was later accidentally broken while we were entertaining a group of students for the independence movement in Austin.

Before I left the group, it was as strong as steel. They were like brothers and sisters. Later, T.Z. Tsai and W.H. Lai joined them and made the group even stronger and healthier.

PART SIXTEEN

A Cheap Laborer: Going for a PhD

Austin, Here We Come

We sold all our furniture for a few hundred dollars in September of 1968; we had purchased it a few years earlier for more than one thousand dollars. Having loaded all possessions into the Chevrolet Biscayne, we headed south with two kids and a baby. We drove slowly and planned to visit many places. We left footprints in Washington DC, Richmond (Virginia), Williamsburg (Virginia), Appomattox (Virginia), and Hot Springs (Arkansas).

I knew going to school at my age with three children and less than four thousand dollars in savings was going to be mighty difficult. I did not think we could have another trip like this until I had finished school. With this in mind, I tried to enjoy every part of our "last" trip.

Austin was short of rental houses when we arrived. The number of students had increased faster than the area's housing. In the beginning, we stayed in a hotel and carefully scanned the home rental section of the daily newspapers every morning. Luckily, we ran into Dr. Lee Swei-Long and his wife, Iku, after only one week. Lee had finished his degree from the University of Missouri not too long ago, and had just started his post doctorate work at UT. He introduced us to his apartment manager who rented us an old two-bedroom house. He had been using this house for storage. The rent was \$190 a month, considerably higher than our budget of \$100. With a monthly stipend from the University of \$240, or a net income of \$210, this house was not a long-term solution. We would have to eat into our meager savings and desperately needed to get into the more modestly priced university's married student apartment as soon as possible. For the time being, I was merely thankful to have a place to stay. Money was one of our problems, but having a place to stay was more important.

Our rental was not just a two bedroom house, but really much bigger. Part of the house was used for motel storage and there was a lot of junk. Lee's manager also operated a motel nearby our house. I think he was also the owner. Regardless, the house was barely livable and the rent was

considerably higher than the market. However, I could not find anything for less than \$200 monthly.

My selfishness in New Jersey had played a key role in solving my housing problem in Austin. If I had spent my savings to purchase a gift shop in New York, then my family would not have a roof over their heads. Without the savings, I could not have rented the house. And what would I have done in that case?

Texas claimed its independence from Mexico in 1836. It joined the Union in 1845, but reserved the right to separate at its discretion. Texas was the second largest state, smaller only than Alaska; its population was the third largest, next to New York and California. Texas was world famous for its oil, ranches and humility. In fact, Texas had been the largest state for more than 100 years until the tragic year, 1959, when Alaska joined the Union and took away that honor. Creative Texans didn't stop boasting, however. For examples, they would tell you that they had several ranches bigger than other States; they had more oil than New York had running water. They further claimed that their state capital was the largest in the country. If none of this impressed you, they would share their ace in the hole: Texas did not join the Union, but the Union joined Texas.

Texans were not overly friendly as a rule. They were as conservative as Mississippians or Alabamans, but lacked their warmth and generosity. As far as friendliness, they seemed as aloof as the people on the east coast of the US. In addition, they were the most egotistic people in the country.

Austin is the capital of Texas. When we moved to the city, the population was about 200,000. In 1968, the city was mostly composed of the state government and the University of Texas. Austin would have been a village or a small town without these two institutions. Its other industries were still in their infancy.

Austin was a beautiful city. It had rivers, lakes, hills, and evergreen trees, and plenty of southern oaks. In the springtime, beautiful bluebonnets and wild flowers bloomed in the countryside beautifying the city.

The university was located north of the state building. Most of the university buildings were Spanish style with red shingles and stucco walls. The university was wealthy with an endowment second only to Harvard University in 1968. Construction continued year around and they aspired to become the best university in the country. The Graduate School of Engineering was nationally known and the Department of Chemical Engineering was considered one of the best in the nation. This was the primary reason for coming to UT. I was also attracted by the excellent football program and the area's low cost of living. The last item was important for a family of five living on a meager research assistantship.

Becoming a Student Again

My first year at Austin was difficult and humbling. We had to survive on \$20 after paying rent. A family of five could not survive on that, and I watched as our savings evaporated away. Aside from the expensive rental, I was also adjusting to a new environment, busy schoolwork, and a tough advisor.

I also suffered the injury to my dignity. I had been a professional engineer and was now a student. My status changed from man to slave. My advisor could ask me to go anywhere, left or right. If he was a mean person, he could insult me anytime he wanted unless I chose to leave the school. But, being a foreigner with three kids to support, my choices were very limited. In fact, I did not have the option of quitting because I was unwilling to accept the consequences. What I did was bite my teeth and scream, "A gentleman should be able to bend and extend himself depending on the occasion," or "When heaven gives an important mission to a person, it gives him hardship first." I could only become an Ah Q. (Ah Q is a person who always claims a false spiritual victory although he is in a failed and miserable situation in reality; please read "The True Story of Ah Q" by Lu Xun.)

The first semester, I took classes in Advanced Thermodynamics, Transport Operations, Integral Transforms and Research. In addition, I went to a speech clinic for English. The entire load was heavy. However, nothing compared to the research discussions with my advisor every

afternoon for one hour. Since I was paid by a research assistantship and taking a research course, this discussion was a requirement. One hour was not so difficult, but the discussion was rough.

Preparation for the discussion was the toughest because my advisor knew so much and made the assignments extremely challenging. In general, after finishing one discussion I had to start preparing for the next. The preparation included reading a lot of references and discussing with experts, mostly other professors. The most relaxing time was after Friday's discussion because I did not need to see him over the weekend.

After a month of classes, I had my first test in Advanced Thermodynamics and was uneasy about it. At the time, I was insomniac, although not very serious. The night before, I thought I needed a good rest so I took Sominex. Since this was the first time I ever took medicine to help me sleep, I did it carefully. According to the direction, I should take two, but I only took one. I thought if one would not work, then I would take another one. I took the first one right after 9 PM, and it was not effective. So, I took another one at 2 AM. I did not fall asleep that night. Sominex did not work at all.

When I got up in the morning, my head was heavy and unclear. The test started at 9 AM and I did badly. I began considering my options in case I failed. Emotionally, I was down for next three days until Dr. Gunn announced the results. Unexpectedly, my grade was above class average. In general, one would expect to get 'A', if his test score was above the class average. Dr. Gunn announcement almost cured my insomnia.

My adviser, Dr. James Brock received his PhD from the University of Wisconsin and was only two years older than me. He was an English-American and an expert in aerosol science. He was also a full time professor in the Department of Chemical Engineering and taught plasma physics in the Physics Department. I was his second PhD student. The first one, Gene Gentry, graduated soon after I arrived. He became a professor at the University of Maryland.

Dr. Brock was the type of professors who could publish his high standard papers when his office door was closed to keep out the distractions. His papers were all highly theoretical. My experimental

works were expected to match his theoretical calculations. Therefore, the design of my equipment needed to be detailed and precise, and the instruments had to be able to generate highly accurate data. Although he was better funded than most professors, his grants would only allow me to purchase and install relatively rough equipment and instruments.

My first research assignment with Dr. Brock was to study the reaction rate of the photochemical reaction by measuring the electrochemical potential.



In the reaction, Zn particle had been charged and was suspended in CO and air mixture. The charged Zn particle was illuminated from above and the reaction took place only on the upper half sphere. The Zn catalyst particles moved because of the difference in the momentum created by the reaction. Since the chemical reaction occurred in an electric field, a different voltage was applied to stop the motion of the zinc particle. The variation of the voltages was related to the rate of the chemical reaction.

Two circular copper plates, used as electrical plates, were placed on the top and bottom of the setup. CO, air and zinc particles filled the space between the plates which was completely dark. In the center of the top plate was a pinhole where photons were introduced to the system. Different voltages could be applied to the plates.

The problem was the pinhole. Regardless of the size of the pinhole, the distortion of the electrical field had detrimental effect on the experimental results. The data collected would become meaningless. I used mathematics with the help of a computer to show this was true. I convinced my adviser to discontinue our efforts on the project. We finally decided to change our research subject. Although we failed, I learned a lot about research methods from the project.

In the first semester of 1968, four Asian graduate students joined the department. Another Asian student, Mr. Lin, was about to finish his PhD work and start working for DuPont. Five Asian students in one department were very rare in those days. It may have been because of the

Vietnam War that taken many of the American students. The four new Asians were: Virah Mavichak from Thailand, his major was polymers; Kado Tadashi, Japan, control theory; Chin Yan-Hou, Taiwan, process control; and me, Taiwan, aerosol science. We were all very close, except for Chin whose relationship with the others could be described as "united in appearance, but divided at heart". He was only with us when he needed help with homework or take-home examinations.

On the other hand, Virah, Kado and I became good friends. We frequently went out bowling at the Student Union, eating Pizza Hut, or drinking beer at the German Garden. We frequented German Garden quite often to ease our tension, often staying past 10PM.

Our major courses, Thermodynamics and Transport Operations, were taught by Dr. Gunn, and Dr. Brock, respectively. They were close in age. Dr. Gunn had worked in industry for several years before earning a PhD degree from the University of California at Berkeley a year or so ago. Dr. Brock may have been a much better chemical engineer, but Dr. Gunn was a far better teacher. I understood most of what he said in the class, although his pop tests bothered me a lot. They also troubled my stomach.

Almost everyone agreed that Dr. Brock was very intelligent and knowledgeable, but he was a terrible teacher in my opinion—as he probably was to most students. I never understood his lectures. Everything he talked was way over my head. Although he was a poor teacher in the class, I never had difficulty understanding him in private conversations. He always answered my question clearly and to the point.

One of the challenges of being a student in his class was that he often tested us on problems that were not covered in his lectures. Both his lecture and examinations were extremely difficult.

One of his idiosyncrasies was that he let students choose the duration of the test. In the beginning, we chose a relatively lengthy one week. Soon, we found the shorter, the better. Regardless of short or long, no student could complete his examination and therefore time was not really a factor. The longer tests provided students more time to "waste" and therefore suffer. Tests that lasted longer than a day were take-home.

A couple of months before the end of the semester, my adviser asked me to take the written qualification test in the spring. I told him I would not be ready because I did not have time to prepare; however, I would do it in the coming fall. He argued but finally disagreeably agreed with me.

I could think of two reasons for my advisor pushing me. First, each student could only take the test twice; if he failed both times, he would be asked to leave. If this happened to me, my adviser would have wasted one year of my assistantship. Second, I would have more time to do research if I finished my test earlier. In the department of chemical engineering, there was no minimum requirement for coursework. As long as your adviser thought you had sufficient knowledge to conduct your research, you had completed your course work.

The long first semester was over. I made it okay. There were four South American students who had entered with my class and none survived past the first semester.

A new graduate student from Taiwan, Lu Chau-Chi, joined us in between semesters. He was one of my colleagues from Taiwan. I knew his wife, Wang Ming-Huei, from the University of Mississippi. In fact, I was their matchmaker.

During the second semester, I took transport operations, process rates, numerical analysis and research. Dr. Brock thought that would be enough for my coursework, so I did not take another class after that semester. Altogether, I took 18 credit hours at the University of Texas. I had earned a combined total of 48 credit hours in graduate schools at Ole Miss, Newark College of Engineering and UT.

The numerical analysis course helped me a lot in my research. In addition to learning computer programming, I also become capable of solving complicated equations numerically rather than analytically.

I was bored, really bored, with transport operations. The material was way over my head. The problem was that Dr. Brock could not teach and the students were insufficiently prepared, so there was little learning. He wasted both his and our time. Somehow, I managed to get A in the course. I did not know why, but I was not going to complain.

Dr. Rase taught process rates. Like Dr. Brock, Dr. Rase also earned his PhD from the University of Wisconsin, a top-ranked chemical engineering school. There were a lot of Texans who attended top schools in other states only to return to teach in Texas. It was what we called "Keep fertile water from going to others' paddy." Both Dr. Rase and Dr. Brock were Texans.

Taiwanese should do the same, too. Many foreign students, who first knew Dr. Rase, called him Dr. Reiz. In fact, Rase should be pronounced Ro-Zei. It is a French last name.

Dr. Rase gave a very strange test, which I still feel was unfair. Instead of giving a test to his students, he asked students to give him a test. He graded based on the questions his students asked him. In truth, how could he judge how much a student understood based simply on his questions? To me, when a student asked a question, he had two things in his mind. If he was honest, he would ask problems that he could not answer but wanted to know. If a student was asking for a good grade, he would ask difficult problems only to impress Dr. Rase. I thought he had to be the smartest teacher in the world to be able to accurately judge his students by his method. I did enjoy his class, however. I was quite relaxed when I attending his class.

The experimental work for my new thesis was very challenging, like every assignment given by Dr. Brock. I had to design and build a high-vacuum reactor where reacting gases flowed uniformly in one direction (plug flow). The setup was instrumented so I could study the particle distributions and reaction conversion at different reaction times. Secondly and separately, I also designed and constructed equipment to study the change of the air composition before and after lightning. Thirdly, I had to build an ozone producer and detector. In addition to all this work, I was also doing computer calculations for Dr. Brock's theoretical work, which consumed much of my time.

I had to say I was a cheap laborer. I worked from early morning until late into the night every day, seven days a week. I had more work than I could handle and my pay was a mere \$240 monthly.

Most students planning to take the qualification test in the fall started preparing one semester in advance. Almost all of them were single and not under Dr. Brock. They were luckier than me in this respect. In general, according to an unofficial record, students spent about six months on average to prepare for the test. But, Dr. Brock thought one should be able to pass the test with little preparation. To him, this was an easy test. I sincerely believed he could easily pass, but I was no Brock. During the semester, the qualification test crossed my mind many times, but I had no spare time to prepare. I always told myself not to worry too much since I had the summer to prepare.

The second semester passed quickly. I started to design my experimental equipment. I also helped Dr. Brock publish several papers. And lastly, I completed my coursework.

During the summer, I worked on computer calculations for Dr. Brock. I used the rest of my time preparing for the qualification test. From early morning to late afternoon, I studied at the main library. I would return home for supper, and then back to the library for the rest of the evening. It became my routine for the entire summer. I used most of my time reviewing notes from transport phenomena (Dr. Brock), reaction kinetics (Dr. Rase), and thermodynamics (Dr. Gunn). The latter two subjects were combined for the test. Another test subject was equipment design. I did not take a design course at Texas, but I was told Professor Van Winkle was the one giving the test. Therefore, I also studied his book on distillation.

The qualification test was supposed to last one week, but in fact it really 3-1/2 days with one subject covered on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Each student had two opportunities to take the qualification test. If one passed two out of three subjects, one would only retake the failed subject the next time. Anything less and one should take tests on all three subjects again.

I failed my test. Of course, it was a blow but not a knockout punch. Dr. Brock informed me that I had essentially passed two subjects, but officially I passed only one, which meant I had to re-take the entire test. Privately, I was told that I had only passed transport phenomena, but I

was on the borderline for passing kinetics and thermodynamics. While any professor could push for borderline cases in the review meeting, none did. I guess that Dr. Brock decided not to help me after all, possibly with a good reason.

In retrospect, my preparation did not focus on the right areas. The qualification test covered only undergraduate curriculum, but I prepared for a graduate level test. I was therefore unprepared for the undergraduate topics.

My undergraduate chemical engineering at Taiwan University was insufficient and too long ago. The graduate school put more weight on theory and mathematics, whereas undergraduate focused on physical concepts. My conclusion was that I needed to review the undergraduate textbooks. This conclusion was close to what Dr. Brock had been saying to me.

By the first semester of the second year, I was not taking any more courses and could concentrate on constructing my experimental equipment. I also continued to do the computer work for Dr. Brock. During my spare time, I prepared for my second and final qualification test.

My Family

My family, luckily, moved to Colorado Apartments, the married student apartments, in September of 1969. The apartments were built of red bricks, very solid. They were only two years old and looked new. My apartment was a small two-bedroom apartment and well furnished. It was adequate for our use. Our baby slept with us in her crib. The rent was only \$78 monthly. At this time, I still had savings of about \$1000. With the low rent, we could survive financially. My fortune had been good so far in my life. Because of the move, Ben had transferred to a new school and Jean started Head-Start, a program at same school as Ben's.

Their school was a public elementary school. The student composition was evenly divided between white, black, and Mexicans. Most Asian parents sent their kids to all-white schools, perhaps so their kids could learn more. The reason I sent my kids to the mixed school was

very simple, I wanted them to have an opportunity to associate with different races. I wanted them to understand the different cultures when they were young.

The relationship between the black and the white was still quite tense in America in 1969 because of the Civil Rights Movement. Most Asians thought themselves as colorblind. They saw their skin color white instead of yellow and identified themselves with white people. In fact, they were more racially-conscious than whites. On issues between the white and black, they mostly sided with the whites.

Such attitude really could have been detrimental. The blacks might not like, or even hate them, for what they were doing. If we really gave serious thought to the racial issue, we would realize the Civil Right Movement had helped promote the Asian status in American society. We were better now, because of the movement. I sent my kids to an integrated school in hopes that they would treat everyone fairly regardless of skin-color.

Shortly after Ben entered school, he was given an IQ test. Ben did not score well. This might have something to do with his background. Every time we went to see his teacher, she always commented that Ben was doing well based on his IQ. We knew very well that an IQ test does not accurately measure a person's true intelligence if his English was poor and he had come from entirely different surroundings.

When we met with his teacher for the very first time, we were surprised at the wonderful relationship between Ben and his teacher, which seemed so warm. He was very casual and even placed one hand on her shoulder. This would not have happened in Taiwan.

Ben was a good student and strictly followed school regulations. We have never seen one of his teachers because of his bad behavior. As a kid, he was not very bold. I remember those children in the married student apartments, once decided to form a "Mafia" type group. In the initiation ceremony, they mixed everyone's blood together. Ben did not join because he did not want to draw blood from his finger.

Forming a Taiwanese Association of Austin

I have not yet mentioned one of the activities that had become an integral part of my life. During the past year I had been very busy, but I did not neglect this activity.

When I left New Jersey for Texas, I felt guilty because I had deserted my comrades fighting in the battlefield for our ideals. Therefore, I had been determined to spread those ideals to Austin, Texas as repent. The first year we were in Texas (September 1968 to June 1969) there was no Taiwanese organization in Austin. Almost all the Taiwanese were members of the Chinese Students' Association to socialize and party, except L. S. Wong.

I went to the Association a couple times just wanted to know what was going on. The Association was controlled by the Austin Chapter of KMT; and the Austin Chapter was controlled by K.C. Chan at KMT's Tennessee Office. In their correspondences, they called each other Huei-Iou (Friend of Association) instead of Tuon-Tsu (Comrade), the name used in Taiwan. I think they were afraid of being identified as KMT members by outsiders.

L. S. Wong had graduated from Kansas State University a year earlier. As soon as he arrived at Austin, he tried hard to sow the seeds of the Taiwanese Independence Movement on campus. His progress was rough because the Taiwanese consciousness among its students was extremely weak, and the KMT was so strong. At the time, KMT spies were everywhere on campus. It was a "white terror" era. Austin was very secluded and a KMT stronghold and Wong was a publicly known member of UFAL. Most students, if not all, were afraid of being too close to him. His public political stance unfortunately worked against his efforts.

Wong had already made significant contributions to the Taiwan independent movement. He was respected for his devotion and sacrifices. Wong came from Nan-Tsu, Kaohsiung and was a graduate of the Department of Political Science, Taiwan University. He became a graduate student at the Kansas State University and fought fearlessly against KMT people from the Chicago Consulate on numerous

occasions. Thus, he became one of KMT's hated enemies. He persistently applied for permission to bring his family here many times, but the KMT always denied his application. He missed his family very much. He was polite and gentle person who loved Taiwan. He published many articles on the Taiwan independent issue in US newspapers.

I actively started my political activities in Austin on September 1969. A revolution certainly requires a core group of devoted people to fulfill its mission. First, I needed to get to know and develop potential candidates. Feeding them a meal was a start. I invited many students to a dinner party. From the attendees, several potential candidates surfaced.

Gradually a group of students started gathering periodically at our apartment to discuss the future of Taiwan. This group included C.N. Chiou, C.S. Lee, C.Y. Yang, S.C. Wu, K.K. Chen, Y.P. Hong, C.C. Chian, C.W. Yu, F.S. Lin and C.C. Lu. S. W. Hsiao was a supporter behind the scenes. It was too bad that he moved to Houston when his wife came to join him, and we lost a great supporter. Fortunately, Hsiao became active in Houston.

Whenever anyone from this group visited my house for small talk, Bunji would serve drinks, some snacks or even a meal. We began meeting regularly. For the activities to continue smoothly, I did not disclose my political orientation and status. I wanted them to search for the best future for Taiwan and how to get there. Of course, those students were very concerned about Taiwan, but a few had Chinese loyalties. Deep in their minds, they thought they were Taiwanese, of course, but they felt that they were Chinese, too. I expected that they would eventually come to the conclusion that Taiwan should be independent. However, if they concluded differently, I wanted them to know the dedicated people in the movement, who loved their country with unselfish passion.

At the end of February the weather was still cold and windy, but we grew tired of indoor activities and had our first picnic. Although I met with Wong privately quite often, he had not been invited to any activities so far. And he was also not invited to the first picnic. My core friends feared that his participation would stop many students from attending. In the planning meeting for the picnic, everyone agreed to bar Wong from

the picnic, although they expressed their respect of him. I told Wong about the resolution of the meeting, he agreed with the decision instantly.

After several picnics, we established Austin Taiwanese Association at the end of the March of 1970 with about 60 members and I was elected the first President. I accepted the position because I feared that the association might not otherwise survive--Here, I might have overestimated myself, but I was extremely cautious. I realized the consequences and dangers of accepting the role because of the KMT. In order to protect the dignity of Taiwanese in Austin and in general, I became President. (Austin Taiwanese Association or Formosan Club of Austin was established with the purposes of 1) promoting friendship among the members; 2) understanding the Taiwan political situations; and 3) discussing Taiwan future. It has become a chapter of Taiwanese Association of America or Formosan Club of America since July 1st, 1970.)

A week or so later, I received a registered mail with a return request from Mr. Chu Chin-Kang, the Consul General of KMT regime from Houston. Chu had asked me to dissolve the association and become their spy. He included forms asking for the telephone numbers and addresses of my close relatives, and two editorials on sedition from the Central and United Newspapers in Taiwan. Of course, I had emotionally prepared for this response from KMT, but I was still troubled because I was certainly on their black list. However, I was more determined than ever to fight the KMT. I decided to refuse their requests by not responding to the mail. Thereafter, whenever students from Austin went to the Consulate for requests like passport extension, they would be asked about my activities.

I want to mention one important story here. A Taiwanese student, Wang, once told me that a professor in the Department of History asked him to analyze "the political situation in Taiwan" in a meeting of Asian Studies. He presented the facts as he saw them. The professor seemed neutral but he followed up by asking a few students from Taiwan about Wang's perspective. Some students responded that they were apolitical, while others claimed ignorance. The professor was confused. He asked

Wang after the meeting, why none seemed to support his analysis. Wang replied, "They are afraid to have their passports suspended and create trouble for their parents and relatives in Taiwan." The professor concluded that KMT could not have been too bad, if the Taiwanese students avoided those insignificant penalties for telling the truth. If Wang's analysis of the KMT was true, it should be a life or death matter. The professor forgot one thing that so many Taiwanese became so coward under the KMT's oppressive rule for so long.

In short, we established the Taiwanese Association in March 1970 in the KMT stronghold of Austin, Texas. Our purpose was not to fight against the Chinese Association. We simply wanted to enjoy our friendship born out of a shared homeland, cultivate the Taiwanese consciousness, and dedicate ourselves to Taiwan. (Please read the Appendix 18, The Establishment of Austin Taiwanese Association.)

Qualification Test

March was a month for celebration for another reason; I passed my PhD qualification test. The chemical engineering graduate school sent me a letter congratulating me on passing Transport Phenomena and Reaction Kinetics with high honors, and successfully passing Thermodynamics as well. My next step was the Preliminary Oral. I had to form a committee and then present to them my dissertation proposal. Of course, my presentation had to meet their requirements. I went through the Preliminary smoothly like every candidate.

At this point, I had finished building my experimental equipment to examine the change of the composition of CO in the air after lightning and conducted several experimental runs. Unfortunately, the most sensitive gas chromatograph in the University could not detect the small changes in the air composition and so the project was discontinued. During this period, I also continued to perform computer calculations to support Dr. Brock's theoretical work. He published several articles based on my calculations.

Dr. Brock also took on a new graduate student, Don, who shared the rather big laboratory with me. I was no longer alone. Although I would

have preferred not sharing the laboratory, I was not bothered by Don since he was an extremely nice person. He wore a beard and looked more like an artist than a chemical engineer who had just finished his undergraduate work at the University of Texas.

By day he was a student. But at night, he played trumpet at a nightclub. He was also a semi-professional music composer. His music band also played his music at a bar.

Two months after he started, Don left Dr. Brock and the Department of Chemical Engineering to join the Mechanical Engineering Department. We had a fairly detailed discussion about the challenges with working for Dr. Brock. He had notified Dr. Brock before he spoke to me about his decision.

About two years later, he finished his degree and returned to the laboratory to show me his dissertation. The first page of his dissertation was one of his musical compositions, which had been played in one of the nightclubs in Austin. He told me that I was very brave to work for Dr. Brock. At the time, I was still deep in the forest and could not find the light to see the end of my experimental work.

Huan-Cheng Incident

When I was waiting for experimental material at the department stockroom on the 24th of April, the stockroom clerk, Mr. Fairlee, told me he heard on the radio that two Taiwanese shot Chian Chien-Kuo in New York. The attempt failed he had added. I was really shocked by the news. Before getting my materials, I ran back to my laboratory. I wanted first to be alone to digest the shocking news. The first person surfaced on my mind was Cheng Tsu-Chai. I figured he would do this. However, I was unable to figure out the second person. I murmured, "*yattana*," "*yattana*," or "we did it, we did it" in Japanese and then in a weaker voice, "oshii", or "regretfully" in Japanese. Later I found the second person was Huang Wen-Hsiung. At the time, Huang was living in Ithaca, not New York City, which is why I had not thought of him. In retrospect, I also was not surprised Huang was one of the two.

To collect the donations for the bail of Huang and Cheng, I approached almost every Taiwanese with a tragic, regretful and moved heart. In general, it went through smoothly, although it did take a lot of my time. Everyone approved of their actions and applauded their conduct and courage. Taiwanese students made their contributions enthusiastically. Although their incomes were minimal, their contributions were substantial.

I also went to see the only Taiwanese professor at the University. I expected a lot from him because of the encouragement I got from the students. When I visited his office the first day, he told me to come back the next day since he did not have money with him. So, I went back as I was told. He gave me a ten dollar bill from his pocket and asked, "Why would Huang and Cheng do such stupid thing. After Chiang returns to Taiwan, he will oppress Taiwanese much more because of this."

Some students individually donated over one hundred dollars, but I had to go to the professor's office twice to get ten. Moreover, he was a professor. I was a little disappointed. However, at least he had made a contribution to the Taiwanese independence movement, although minimally.

I remember at that time, the highest contribution from a student was \$200. Many students pledged to make \$10 monthly contributions, which surprisingly continued for about a year and a half. A few years later, I ran into the Chairman who was in charge for the fund. He told me that although Austin did not contribute the most, they continued to contribute for the longest time.

I was not in New York during the assassination attempt. Many versions of the incident were recounted and reported. I do not want to repeat many of them here because I suspect a number of them may not be true.

However, one consequence was genuine --UFAI was seriously hurt. The incident was too much for its officers to take care of. Their commitments were not sufficient and their responses disappointed many of its members. The trust of its members suffered. Although their ideals were unchanged, some members made public statements on their

opinions and unwittingly hurting the movement. To me, UFAI was not the same anymore. However, if we view the entire incident from another perspective, then UFAI was merely performing its duty, therefore they would create trouble. Nothing could happen, if they did nothing. However, it was regretful that some excellent colleagues left the organization, and stayed outside forever. The UT campus was filled with unrest during my second year. The anti-Vietnam War activities were a daily occurrence, especially during the summer and fall. I was not affected by the movement, but occasionally I went to see what they were doing. Also, once I went to hear a speech made by the respected economist John Kenneth Galbraith.

Ecology

One night after we had gone to bed, someone knocked on our door. It had to be something important I thought. Outside were two of our regular family guests, Y. P. Hong and H. Chau. They held in their hands two big carp about 4 feet long. We were pleasingly surprised by their effort, especially we had not seen a carp for so long. Carp are precious fish in Taiwan. I can remember catching a 2 foot-long carp once when my mother and I were fishing in the Lake Tua-Pi. I was so excited to bring it home and show everyone, especially Father of course. He took the fish as a gift and sent it to someone, probably his supervisor. His response hurt me terribly for a long time. Now, here were two big carp, twice as big as the one I caught. From their eyes we could see both were still alive.

Hong and Chau had caught the fish from Lake Travis. Americans do not eat carp because they don't like the taste and the excessive number of bones. Although Americans do not like carp, they like the sport of fishing for them. Carp are strong and fight hard in the water. Hong and Chau told us, most fishermen were more than willing to give up their carp as long as they asked.

Not too long after that, the government found too many carp and buffalo fish in Lake Travis, which affected the lake ecology after careful inspection. They killed the carp and buffalo fish with poison. The dead

bodies of carp and buffalo lay were left floating on the water near the floodgates. After a while, they restocked the lake with catfish and trout. Eventually, the proportion of different fish reached an ideal equilibrium again.

Enjoying Temporary Freedom

The first semester of 1970, Dr. Brock took a sabbatical leave in Europe. Before he left, he told me that he appreciated what I had done so far for him. Furthermore, he mentioned that he had discussed with Chairman of the Department giving me a supplemental teaching assistantship in addition to my research assistantship. He also gave me 20 pre-approved purchase orders and told me I could freely purchase items up to \$200 each for my research while he was in Europe. I thanked him for his trust.

I want to describe my assistantships a little bit. From the beginning, I had a research assistantship from Dr. Brock. In the semester I passed my qualification test, the Chairman of the Department asked me how much financial aid I needed for my basic living and I told him \$450 a month. The department thereafter provided a teaching assistantship on the top of the research assistantship. At the time, Chairman gave me the impression that I was going to have both until I finished my degree. However, my conversation with Dr. Brock gave me an uneasy feeling that the supplemental assistantship may have been temporary.

At the beginning of the semester when Dr. Brock left, I went to ask the Chairman about my teaching assistantship. He told me that although Dr. Brock did not mention anything about it to him, the Department would continue to provide me with a teaching assistantship. He asked me not to worry about it. His statement made me feel better about the rest of my years at the university.

In general, a professor's students suffered from lack of guidance when he left for sabbatical. In my case, Dr. Brock's absence did not affect my work at all. I knew what I supposed to do. The equipment had been designed and was still being constructed. The experimental work would have to wait until the construction was complete, so I didn't need

the professor's assistance. This was my first taste of precious freedom since coming to Austin.

In early 1971, without any hesitation, Drun-Sun Lee assumed leadership of the Austin Chapter of the Taiwanese Association of America (TAA). The nationwide Taiwanese Association of America was formed during my tenure as President. Austin was one of the founding chapters of the association. (TAA was established with almost the same purposes as Taiwanese Association of Austin plus coordination of all its member chapters.) The Taiwan Consulate at Houston sent an official to visit Lee at his apartment. At the time the "visit" really meant harassing and menacing. Lee did not yield an inch during the "visit". He did not disappoint the Taiwanese. For their dignity, he stood up. He has been on KMT blacklist ever since.

The second semester, Dr. Brock was back. He hired an undergraduate student, Jim, as my technician to assist me using National Science Foundation grants. Jim was slim and tall, and his face was narrow and long. He also had long and naturally wavy hair, looking very much like a hippie. In fact, he was not a hippie at all. His thoughts and acts were quite moderate--possibly even a little to the left, but typical of an engineering student at the time. He explained to me that he grew his hair long to cover his ugly face, nothing more. He was also smart and talented.

Jim was very effective getting things done over the telephone, as long as he did not show his face. But in person, he was a dismal failure. For sure, Austin was very conservative town and people did not like hippies. It was even worse in small towns. He told me that he once pulled into a gas station about 30 miles outside of Austin. A redneck aimed a gun directly at him and asked him to leave immediately. The situation was only slightly better on campus. However, there were still a lot of people called him a lot of unkind names behind his back, especially those working in the Department, excluding professors and students.

Jim had his own special life style. He took risks to achieve his goal. For example, he sold his motorbike one summer and traveled in Europe for fun. However, the money was only sufficient for a one-way airplane

ticket. He had no idea how he was going to purchase a return ticket or pay for the rest of the expenses while he was in Europe. When he talked to me about taking the trip, he did not know, nor care, what he would do after he landed in Europe. It was too far away to bother him. No doubt, he took life one step at a time.

I was willing to lend him some money, if he wanted. He told me not to bother. He did not think the French government liked seeing an American beggar running around their streets. In the worst case, they would send him home for free.

That fall, Jim happily came back from Europe. He told me he had worked in a restaurant for a while. An employee in the department had been saving five years for a European trip and had not made it yet. Having heard Jim's adventures in Europe, he shook his head in disbelief.

UFAI Activities

In early 1971, I received a call from Houston. On the phone was a member of UFAI, C. Z. Lin. He asked me to attend a meeting at Houston for UFAI members in Texas. He was then a complete stranger to me. I was not only upset, but I was especially angry at Lin for passing closely guarded information so casually. UFAI was a secret organization for the overthrow of the KMT regime. UFAI should have first informed me that a stranger was going to call me. Otherwise, how could I be sure that Lin was who he claimed to be?

At any rate, Lin came to organize the Texas Chapter at Houston for UFAI. The chapter had more than ten members including Lin, Wu, Li, Kuo, Yu, Kuo, Hsiau, Chu and Chu of Houston; M.S. Wu of Austin; T.L. Liau of College Station; and Chen and Kuo of Dallas. Our mission was to: 1) promote Taiwanese consciousness, including the publication of a magazine *Tai-Fon-Chuei* (Taiwanese Wind Is Blowing); 2) raise funds; and 3) increase membership.

After a while, K.S. Yeh took over the chairmanship from Lin. Yeh had moved from the East Coast to Houston not too long ago. He had been the Chairman of Huang-Cheng Fund in New York.

During 1971, we met Rev. Hsieh and his wife, Jin-Fang at Austin and became good friends. Later when I was the President of the Taiwanese Association of America, I asked him to take care of the "Happy Family " project which was to help solve members' family problems, since he was an expert in the field. He managed the project well, considering the adverse political environment. Reverend Hsieh was from Nan-Tsu, Kaohsiung. His father was a preacher, too. Having been a preacher's son, he received more rigid discipline than an ordinary kid. One could regularly hear the expression "A preacher's son should not do this, and should not do that". There were a lot of things many ordinary kids could do, but not a preacher's son. Reverend Hsieh resented that. He often said that an ordinary kid was a human being, he was too. He was a liberal. His thoughts were not very traditional, but he was a principled person.

The very first time he came to my apartment for a dinner with his wife, he wore a canvas belt with red, green and blue horizontal bands and a pair of sandals. He carried a bottle of wine in his right hand. Did he look like a preacher? Certainly not. So, I was insensitive enough to say some religious jokes in front of him. If I had known that he was a preacher, I would not have done that. He took them comfortably and without offense. In fact, he loved the jokes.

A few years later, he and Jin-Fang came to visit us in Columbus, Ohio. At the time, C.H. Chuang's mother was also a guest at our house. Chuang's mother told Rev. Hsieh she had heard the word "preacher" before, but she still did not understand what a preacher did. Reverend Hsieh answered, "He is in charge of a church, preaches Christianity, prays for brothers and sisters, and works for God." She still did not understand.

Reverend Hsieh continued, "He also plays a principal role in a funeral service."

She suddenly screamed, "Yes, I know now. You are a Sai-Kong (a person in charge of funeral services in Taoism). Why you did not say so before instead of some many irrelevant things."

Reverend Hsieh responded quickly with a smile, "Yes, yes, you are right." He was well-mannered and possessed a good sense of humor.

The summer of this year, I recommended that Rev. Hsieh apply for membership in the UFAl. More than a month after sending in his application, he still had not received a response from UFAl. He became impatient and angry, and decided to cancel his application. He said he had seriously reconsidered joining UFAl, and had gone through two or three sleepless nights before reaffirming his interest in joining.

From Reverend Hsieh's perspective, the UFAl had seemingly forgotten him since he heard nothing for more than a month. In fact, UFAl was hard at work investigating his past background and experiences. My experience was that they sometimes did that, but not very often. I thought a better solution was for UFAl to immediately respond to an application with a thank you note and words of encouragement.

Because of Reverend Hsieh's experience and my unhappiness toward UFAl's handling of the Huang-Cheng Incident, I wrote a long letter entitled "Dumping My Heart". I originally intended to send the letter to every member whom I knew and get consensus. I would then write a proposal to UFAl for their consideration.

After I finished my letter, I changed my mind. I was afraid that the KMT might get a copy and use it for their benefit. Therefore, I waited until early 1972 when Professor M. M. Peng became the president of UFAl and then I submitted a copy to him.

Like the others I had submitted in the past, I received neither response nor acknowledgement that my letter, "Dumping My Heart", was received. A long time later, I met Professor Peng in Ohio for the first time. He told me my letter was well written and he was surprised that I never received a response from UFAl. He was sure that he had given the letter to UFAl and asked them to respond.

During this time, an interesting thing happened that I would like to recount before I forget. We had good friends, C.C. Chiang and his wife, P.S. Su. Chian was doing his post-doctorate work at the Department of Physics. Su's father was a respected president of the Tainan First Middle School. Her family was Chinese or people from the foreign provinces in Taiwan.

That summer, Su's parents came to visit from Taiwan and she brought them to see us. Her father told us that the alumni of Tainan First Middle School gave him many welcome parties wherever they traveled. Among them were big and important parties in Tokyo, Los Angeles, and New York. Those alumni all held important positions in UFAI. I congratulated him for his success in the educating future Taiwanese leaders. He answered, "Na-Li, Na-Li," which means "You are being too polite."

Dissertation

My experimental work for my dissertation was toilsome and difficult, simply because I used crude equipment to obtain precise measurements. Dr. Brock's approach was to use the crude equipment to collect sufficient data that could be used to apply for a grant. Once we had the grant, then we could afford to build the necessary precision equipment to get the appropriate data.

With great hardship, I managed to collect sufficient data to satisfy Dr. Brock's demand. In the early 1972, Dr. Brock finally decided to let me go. Before I left, he had asked me to continue conducting some additional experiments. His decision was for me to leave Austin at the end of June, and then write my dissertation, finishing my degree 2 to 3 years later, if I were lucky. I hated that, but what could I do? His mercy had kept me alive during those days. Thankfully and luckily, fate interceded.

My destiny had always been "When I walked to the end of mountains and streams, I thought I ran into a dead end. But then, I discovered another road taking me to a village with beautiful willow trees and flowers."

In March of 1972, General Electric offered me a job in Worthington, Ohio, a suburb of Columbus. They wanted me to develop a non-polluting manufacturing process for their diamond manufacturing. Their only condition was for me to complete my PhD degree. In fact, their condition was from a misunderstanding during my interview. I told them I would finish the experimental part of my dissertation by the end of May, and they mistakenly thought I would have my degree at that time.

When Dr. Brock saw my offer, he asked me to stop my experiments and start writing my dissertation immediately. The job market was very tight at the time and jobs were scarce. Dr. Brock started helping me finish my PhD.

I had only two months to write my dissertation, a seemingly impossible task. Whenever I finished a chapter, I submitted it to Dr. Brock. He would read whatever I gave him that evening and returned it the next day with comments, chapter by chapter until I was finished. In May, I had corrected the entire draft from the first to the last chapter many times. Finally, I had finished writing my dissertation in June and also passed the final PhD qualification test. The title of my dissertation was, " Studies in Aerosol Science: Nucleation in Ozone-propylene Reactions and Electrical Charging of Aerosols," a very long title.

I accepted the GE offer in March, one week after receiving their formal offer. I had spent four years finishing my degree. If I had known it would have taken that many years, I would have not gone back to school. My savings had only been expected to last 2 years. When I was applying to graduate schools, I had only two requirements: 1) a low cost of living; and 2) ability to complete my studies within two years. Among several universities I considered, only two met these requirements: the University of Texas and Notre Dame. I chose UT because it was better academically in chemical engineering.

I had spoken with Dr. Brock about my situation before accepting his research assistantship. He said that it was possible to finish it in two years. But after my first conversation with him as his student, I realized it was impossible dream. I had to build my equipment from scratch and, due to limited funds; the equipment had to be constructed by the shop which was shared by everyone in the department.

Design took time, but construction took even longer. I did not have priority in the shop and had to stand in a line like everyone else. All of this made it impossible for me to finish my degree in two years. However, I was lucky to have chosen the University of Texas. They helped me solve my financial problem by granting me with an additional support in the form of a teaching assistant. I truly thank them for their

assistance. But it was not free, of course. I did more than I was paid for, without doubt.

My Talented Better-Half

While I am thankful to the university and Dr. Brock, I extend my heartfelt gratitude to Bunji, my talented and better half. Without her I could not have completed my PhD. She took care of almost everything for me. Truth be told, her contributions were invaluable because I worked on much more than my degree.

When we arrived in Austin, I was 34 years and 8 months, or more than ten years older than the average graduate student. Moreover, they were usually single. My responsibilities included 1) feeding a family of five; 2) teaching undergraduate students; 3) conducting experiments; 4) taking classes; and 5) participating in Taiwanese students' activities, both political and apolitical. It would have been a heavy burden on anyone and more than I could shoulder alone. I not only needed physical support, but I needed emotional support, too. Luckily, I received both from Bunji. She gave me strength and stability. I also found consolation and solace in her when I was frustrated and disappointed. I had a happy family, three good kids and a wife who supported me 100 percent.

I am deeply indebted to Bunji. I owe her too much to repay in this lifetime. From the first day of our marriage, every single day has been difficult for her. I was not a good husband and was difficult to get along with. Maybe my expectation of married life was too high. Financially, we struggled almost every day. Although we realized it before we got married, it was still hard. Regardless, she never complained. With smile and vitality, she helped me finish my PhD, participate in Taiwanese activities, and successfully educate my three children. Her only financial source was from my assistantships. I was really lucky.

Our children, Ben, Jean and Jennifer were all good children who were well behaved. They never burdened me. In fact, they were too good. They understood our situation and hardly asked for anything. They accepted whatever their parents gave them. Whenever they asked for something, they took our reply, yes or no. They lived through the

difficult times with us. Perhaps, their hardships were more than their parent's. I still remember a couple of things vividly.

1) One day when I came home from school, I saw Ben was throwing small rocks at a parking lot alone. From his expression, I could see he was lonely and unhappy. I asked him, "Why don't you find some friends to play?" He answered that all his friends were riding their bikes. Inside, I started to sob and bleed. We were too poor to buy him a bike. Yes, it was true. But, if I hadn't spent money on the Taiwanese activities, we could afford to purchase him a bike. There was heartfelt regret. I had placed the Taiwanese Independence Movement on the top of the welfare of our children. (See Attachment 7, "Some Unforgettable Memories.")

2) Since our income was below poverty level, we qualified for a social medical program for disadvantaged family. One day Jean had a bad stomatitis. We made an appointment to see a doctor at our assigned hospital at 9:00 AM, but waited until 2:00 PM before seeing a doctor. Jean suffered in the waiting room all that time, groaning continuously. Worse yet, we sat next to other patients who were also groaning and sometimes crying. The experience was difficult, and our hearts were even worse. It was so unlucky to be a poor child. I swore I would never again take one of my children to such a medical facility. This happened in the early 70s in Austin, Texas.

I have mentioned my Taiwanese activities several times. Every activity was related to a Taiwanese political movement such as Taiwanese Association and Taiwanese Independence. As matter of fact, we did much more than that. We helped new students settle down and provided a place for them to stay during the transition. We also helped other students with their problems or be their matchmakers. We even arranged their wedding ceremonies. During our Austin years, we were involved in the matchmaking and wedding ceremonies of C.N. Chiou/Y.S. Lee, T.W. Yu/M.Y. Wong, S.C. Wu/S. P. Nian, and Y.P. Hong/H. Chau. Their ceremonies were all performed by a preacher.

I always had a big question about the Christian wedding ceremony, since almost all Taiwanese weddings in America were conducted this

way. What did it mean for a person, who was not a Christian, to take Christian vows in a church? Was it just for convenience? Probably yes.

Taiwanese in Taiwan have a saying that if you were not involved in matchmaking of at least three couples, you would have the job of "bringing a male pig to match a female one" or Khan-Thi-Ko (a Taiwanese old profession) in the next life. I am sure I will not be matchmaking pigs in my next life.

In early July 1972, I finished my oral examination and finally received my PhD. I reached another milestone in my life. After the examination, Dr. Brock had a party at the German Garden. It was both a celebration and farewell party and I was exhausted. Early the next day, our family left Austin. Little emotion or sentiment was involved when we left. In fact, I was so happy for reclaiming the freedom I had lost for during these past four years. My heart and mind were so fresh and free.

During my years of graduate studies at the University of Texas, I was homesick quite often, especially during the fall. I wrote a poem, "My Thoughts at Fall", which well represented my emotions one peaceful evening and night.

My Thoughts at Fall

*Again, another fall has come
It is so foggy
The yellow leaves are falling
A few pounds of coldness, with
Ten thousand tons of nostalgia
Recall friends at my youth
Think of those coconut trees in the University campus
Long for my dear mother with three thousand white hairs
Tears are pouring down and wetting my collar
It becomes even chillier
The encouragement of "accomplishing your will anywhere" is still fresh
Having endured his life of 60 years, my father's bones are cold
The grass on his tomb grows over my shoulder high, I fancy
My regret is tremendously deep*

*My breathing is becoming shorter and shorter
The night fog is getting thicker
The fall is becoming more nostalgic
My sight is dim
I cannot tell
If it is because of tears or fog*

PART SEVENTEEN

My Years in the Midwest

General Electric

Some people are talented and some are lucky, but I am neither. I am just a commoner with a common fate. The life of a commoner is subject to the restrictions of common rules, which are very real and sometimes callous.

A commoner cannot go abroad for graduate studies unless he has financial aid. Good financial aid will not be given to a commoner who is also a foreigner; it will be taken away by an American student. A foreigner can only hope to get the financial aid undesirable to Americans. For example, foreign students can only get teaching assistantship in difficult or unpopular subjects, or research assistantships under weird advisors. This is the first common rule.

A commoner from a foreign country can find a job, of course. But, only ones that have been rejected by Americans. Therefore, a foreign commoner can only find a second-rate job in an undesirable and rural location where most chemical companies are located, or a third-rate job in a popular place. This is the second common rule. Aside from this, if a foreigner's research area is atypical, which is very likely, it will be much more difficult to find job using that expertise.

In general, connections are the most important factor in finding a job. A foreign student has no connection, except perhaps his professors. This is the third common rule.

I was a foreign student and also a commoner; therefore, my fate was dictated by these three common rules when I was looking for a job. In addition, many professors took the position that a foreign student should go home after earning a degree--Although at the time I had an American citizenship, I was still considered a foreigner.

I placed an advertisement in the Chemical Engineering Progress, again. Since I was an AIChE member, it was free. I was searching for a job on the east coast or in the Midwest. Of the companies that responded, only two met my requirements. One was General Electric Company in Ohio and the other was Food and Drug Administration in

Washington D. C. , both of which were interested in my past work experience. I went to interview for the FDA job, but I was too biased against government jobs and I gave up after the interview. The GE offer was not perfect, but I had to take it because I had to support my big family. In the back of my mind, I thought I might be able to transfer to another GE location after my first project. GE was a big corporation with half a million employees. Relocating should not be so hard once I successfully completed my first assignment. My new boss, Mr. Fred Foshag, agreed with me and told me so.

Dr. Brock had also mentioned Rockwell International to me. One of his friends was in charge of a research center there. At the time I was not interested in pure research and also I felt that Dr. Brock would only recommend me to his friend as a last resort.

All of these reminded me of my children's job hunting experiences. Of course, they were much different from mine. One of my daughters' recent job-hunting (1998) seemed too unreal. The first thing she did was to define her desired job, and then she asked certain companies to meet her requirements. By the way, she had an MBA degree. A few years back, my son's method of job hunting was to first talk to some established companies about their openings, and then accepting the one he considered to be best. He was a chemical engineer. I was willing to take any job to support my family.

My new company was located in Worthington, Ohio, a northern suburb of Columbus. It was a short drive from Ohio State University by High Street, or Highway 23. This GE subsidiary was responsible for manufacturing industrial diamonds using a patented process. It had been relocated from Detroit to avoid labor unions. Without unions, the laborers paid no dues and did not participate in strikes. However, the company promised them the same wages and benefits as those enjoyed by the union laborers. Of course, this was not fair at all. Our workers benefited from the union laborers' blood and sweat without the sacrifices.

Frankly speaking, it was much better to work in a non-unionized than unionized company. In non-unionized companies, the laborers were friends and not enemies. Of course, this was the best arrangement.

However, if a company intended to cheat and exploit its laborers, the laborers had no choice but to form or join a union. For the same reason, many engineers thought of forming engineering unions. My manager at Mobil Chemical, Gerald Lessells, was one of many who championed an engineering union. Although he was not successful, I knew he had a good intention. He did this while he was Director of AIChE.

Columbus was located in the heart of Ohio, similar to Austin's location in Texas. Both were state capitals and supported a large state university. Ohio State University though seemed more prosperous than University of Texas. The population of Columbus was about 600,000 at the time, which was three times that of Austin. The Ohio State University shared the same fanaticism with football as the University of Texas. Football was in the blood of their students, alumni, and faculty. In fact, OSU football was nationally ranked number one in both AP and UPI in 1969 until they were beaten by the University of Michigan in November. The number one position was then captured by the University of Texas later that season. Many people teased that OSU was built for football, not academics. Their only expectation was to send an OSU team to the prestigious Rose Bowl in California every year to represent the Big Ten.

In the Columbus area, there were few recreational outlets. For walking, hiking or scenery, one could go to the Old Man's Cave, Hoover Dam and the Scioto River. For gambling, one visited Scioto Downs. For fishing, there were two small creeks. And for foreign students, there was an additional pastime of picking apples in the fall. There was another activity, which I almost forgot, was playing with snow. Although Columbus was out of the Snow Belt, it still had enough snow for students from the tropics to enjoy. My favorite activity was taking walks along the Scioto River in the fall when the leaves were changing colors. The beauties of the fall always made me sentimental and forget myself.

A few years earlier, I had spent 6 months in Ohio when I worked for Mobil Chemical and "lived" in the Holiday Inn, Cleveland West. I often

saw the sign to Columbus on the Interstate Highway while driving. Many times I had felt like going, but never had time. Finally, I arrived in Columbus on June 13, 1972 with a free spirit. Columbus, we're here!

I had read a few articles on Columbus written by Ai-Tai and Ai-Kok Hag-Zin in a Taiwanese magazine, Bon-Chun-Fong, or Looking for Spring Wind. But really, Columbus was an entirely strange city to me. Both Ai-Tai and Ai-Kok Hag-Zin were living in Columbus, Ohio and were from Taiwan. They debated their positions on Taiwan. Later, I knew Ai-Tai was Henry Tseng teaching at the Catholic University, and Ai-Kok Hag-Zin was a professor teaching at Ohio State University. I cannot remember Ai-Kok Hag-Zin's real name now.

Yap Kok-Sei, a friend of mine in Houston, knew I was coming to Columbus; he introduced me to Professor Liu, one of his classmates from Chun-Ta who taught at Ohio State University, and Professor Henry Tseng, one of his friends from New York, who taught at Catholic University. As soon as we finished checking into the Holiday Inn on Highway 161, I called Professor Liu and he came to the motel. With a city map he showed me the area, both good and bad. During our conversation, he was sitting inside his car and I was standing outside. At the end, he asked me how long I had been in the States, and then told me he had come a few years before me. Then, he left and I have never seen him again. A week later, I sent him back his city map and thanked him for his help. That was the last time I asked for help from this a friend's friend. By the way, Professor is not Ai-Kok Hag-Zin mentioned above.

Right after Professor Liu left, I called Professor Tseng who quickly came over. With the help of the Sunday paper he brought, we rented a house on Karl Road. Professor Tseng spent 2 to 3 hours helping us with our house hunt. I thanked Professor Tseng for his help and realized that not every Taiwanese was cold.

I spent most of my savings buying a refrigerator and a Yamaha piano as soon as we moved into our three-bedroom rental house. The piano was one of my promises to Bunji before our wedding. With a piano in my house, I had fulfilled both of my childhood wishes: growing up to be an engineer and having a piano. When I was young, I was not ambitious.

My expectation toward my life was very little, as the stomach of a sparrow. Everyone has his wishes, but the wishes are different for everyone.

Even before I settled down in the new house, Professor Tseng asked me several times to be a candidate for the Executive Committee of the Columbus Taiwanese Association. I rejected his suggestion each time. I did not know anyone except Liu and Tseng and I wanted to take some time to rest.

I was also asked, more accurately begged, to be a candidate by a PhD student in Pharmacy, Tang Chien-Lam. He was soon to be leaving for California when he finished his degree. From his past experiences with Tseng, Tang felt strongly that Tseng would take the Association in a wrong direction. He firmly believed that to continue smoothly and correctly, the association needed me. Of those willing to be a candidate, none could stop Tseng's maneuvering. Although Tseng himself had decided not to be a candidate, he could still control the association behind the scenes.

Aside from Tseng and Tang, other Ohio State University students also advised me to run. They were afraid of the KMT and felt that the Executive Committee of the Columbus Taiwanese Association could not fight KMT's interferences if they were composed only of students. If that were the case, the association would be controlled by KMT.

Based on my own experiences, their concern was not groundless. While it was being established, a Taiwanese Association needed a leader willing to stand up and fight against the KMT challenge. That was the minimum requirement for the survival of the association. My own experience also told me that the KMT would only fight a "soft-shelled shrimp" that they could destroy; they were afraid of shrimps with hard shells.

At the time, most students were aware that the Columbus Taiwan Association's President was Tseng and the Vice President was Tan, although the association had yet to be established. The association's inauguration was planned for the coming September.

Knowing the environment we were in, I ran for office. In fact, it was not a question of running or not; it was my mission and so I accepted the challenge. So, I was elected as a member of the Executive Committee (EC).

We had the first gathering of Taiwanese Association at the historical Buckeye Village of Ohio State University. The main program included the singing of Taiwanese folk songs and a comedy, "A Fight between a Monk of Rion-San Temple and a Shoe Repairman." The comedy was one of the four I wrote and directed in my Columbus years. Professor Tseng skillfully acted as the monk. He was truly a wonderful actor. The comedy earned hearty laughs from audience and seemed to be greatly appreciated by all. Soon after that event, the Buckeye Village was burned down by fire without a trace left.

During that gathering in September of 1972, the association was formally established. Y. C. Jau, D. W. Chen, W. C. Chiou, C. D. Liu, C. C. Hong and I were elected as members of the EC without a campaign. Soon the Association was registered as a student club of Ohio State University and we were permitted to use university facilities for our activities. In the application form, C.D. Liu signed as President and Dr. C.Z. Lee as Faculty Adviser. At the time, Columbus was a KMT stronghold. C. D. Liu was brave to take on the leadership role. A few years later, when we were fighting against KMT people at the Little League Baseball Championship Game at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, he displayed courage. He sat next to those KMT's rascals who had been hired by the KMT from N.Y. Chinatown, and challenged them. And was ready to fight.

We started a newsletter that has endured and flourished in Columbus. It may be the oldest among magazines published by Taiwanese Associations in the States. If someone asked me the three most important things in OSU's history, I would answer: 1) NCAA Football Championship, 2) Thomas Liao having earned his PhD from the chemical engineering department, and 3) publication of the Taiwanese Association newsletter. Regretfully, Dr. Liao was forced to change his political stand at his old age. I like to make a statement here. During my

tenure as a member of the Columbus Taiwanese Association EC, Professor Tseng never tried to control or manipulate the association, contrary to Tan's concern. In fact, he never meddled in the association. If we voted for the most important contributor to the establishment of the Columbus Taiwanese Association, my vote would undoubtedly go to Professor Tseng.

While I was working as a member of EC of the Columbus Taiwanese Association, I also worked very hard at General Electric. I was determined to build my reputation within 6 months. I wanted GE to know that I was an indispensable employee. GE would realize that they needed me more than I needed them. In other words, I wanted to become a core employee at GE in 6 months. This was similar to getting tenure in academia. I needed this status to get job stability so that I could support my family. This would also provide me with more time to be engaged in the Taiwanese political activities.

My experimental work took much of my time. During experiments, I needed to take samples every two hours for several consecutive days. I was not given any help in the beginning. My mission was to invent a pollution-free process for diamond recovery. In more detail, my work was to recover diamonds from a mixture including graphite and metal catalysts (Ni, Co, Mn and Fe), the product of a high temperature (1200° C) and pressure (10^6 lbs/in²) process. At the time, the recovery process used nitric, sulfuric, hydrochloric and fluoric acid and generated a lot of both air and water pollution.

Within six months, I invented a new approach to solving the pollution problem and demonstrated the viability of the concept in a laboratory using Pyrex glassware. For this, I was given the Managerial Award. Furthermore, GE submitted an application to the Federal Patent Office for this invention entitled "Using Bromine to Exfoliate Graphite and then Applying Electrolysis Principle to Recover Diamond from Diamond/Graphite/Catalysts Mix". The exfoliation was a physical process, and the liquid bromine could be recovered by evaporation and condensation. In the electrolysis process, the catalyst was ionized in the

anode and collected as metal in the cathode. The beauty was that no pollution was generated.

I also invented a simpler method by chlorinating the diamond mixture at a temperature above 800° C. The metal catalysts were converted to metal chloride, which exfoliated the graphite. The chlorination process could have been called a "One Stone for Two Birds" method. However, since the application temperature was so high, a reactor with a special material was required. There was also a question that diamond quality might be degraded.

I used the data from my experimental work and my postulated theory to publish a paper, "Exfoliation of Graphite." During this period, I also wrote "The History of Diamond." Included in this article were natural and synthetic diamonds and the Hope Diamond with its sorrow, heartbreaking and affectionate story. The Hope was exhibited at the Smithsonian in D. C.

In April of 1973, I achieved an important milestone -- I bought my first house for \$48,000, without a penny to my name. I had borrowed \$10,000 from friends of mine for the down payment. The house was in Worthington, Ohio and two blocks from High Street. This was the first time in my life that I owned a piece of property. Although I borrowed money to pay for it, I was the owner of the house. From the day I was born, I had "not owned a piece of shingle over me, and also not owned a piece of tiny land beneath me". The house was two-story English Colonial with a brown roof and beige stucco wall.

Soon after we moved in, I cultivated a small area in the backyard for a vegetable garden. When I touched a piece of soil, I had a strange feeling. It was a mixture of satisfaction, warmth and heartiness. I felt my tears on my eyes. I had read somewhere that the soil had its own aroma. I smelled it that day from my own soil.

Now, I was \$50,000 in debt. To purchase the house I borrowed \$10,000 from my friends and \$40,000 from a bank. This placed enormous pressure on me. I had never borrowed that much money in my life. In addition to supporting a family of five, I now had to repay a

\$50,000 debt. If something happened to me, what would happen? A tremendous pressure!

I was fortunate to earn the reputation I wanted within six months. The GE Headquarters also awarded me an inventor plaque. I knew I had a steady job. I became a "permanent employee", if I wanted.

Not long after the Taiwanese Association was established, we started working on enlightening the Taiwanese consciousness and fund raising. We also published an underground magazine, *Lighting Taiwan*. The core people involved in all those activities were: Mr. and Mrs. K.S. Chu, Mr. and Mrs. D.W. Chen, Mr. and Mrs. C.D. Liu, and us (Bunji and me). Occasionally, C.Y. Shieh, C.Z. Hsu, Z.C. Shieh and C.M. Yang also participated. Later, C.N. Shi and C.H. Liu also joined our activities. The Taiwanese circle in Columbus became politicized.

In the fall of 1973, we heard that the City of Columbus decided to hold a United Nations Festival. A few members of the Taiwanese Association decided to participate. The decision was not final because we knew we would face immense resistance from the KMT. Few Taiwanese hearts and minds were bothered by the KMT, but the association needed money to operate. Some members thought this was a good opportunity for us to challenge the KMT. We would no longer allow them to interfere in our activities. Mr. and Mrs. D.W. Chen insisted we participate.

As a result, his apartment became the kitchen for cooking egg rolls. We hosted the preparation of fried rice in our house. The members of the association took turns staffing the booth. I was pleasantly surprised to see so many members openly and enthusiastically supporting in the event. Financially, our operations were quite successful. It took nearly all night to count the cash that we earned from the egg rolls and fried rice. Although we made a lot of money, we decided that we should stress Taiwanese culture more next time.

On the February 28 of 1974, we spent some money to put an ad on Ohio students' newspaper. In the ad we indicated that KMT had killed more than 30,000 Taiwanese people on the 2-28 Incident (Please Google '2-28 Incident Taiwan' to read the incident or read "Taiwan Betrayed" by

George H. Kerr for details). The number was mistakenly reported as 3,000 in the newspaper. Although the paper corrected the mistake later after our protest, the effect was not the same. We were not happy with the entire episode.

In the early summer, when we were out of town for a vacation, Professor S.K. Wu and Professor C.Y. Lin from Taiwanese Self-Determination group (This group was established by four Taiwanese Reverences for self-determination for Taiwanese.) visited Columbus and established a chapter for the organization. Professor C.Z. Lee became the chapter head.

President of Taiwanese Association of America, 1974 to 1976

One of the weekends at the end of June, I received a call from Chicago. The key members of UFAI had a meeting in Chicago. They were having difficulty finding a suitable candidate for the President of the Taiwanese Association of America (TAA). Finally, Mr. C.H. Chuang recommended me for the job. He thought I did very good grassroots work both at Austin and Columbus. TAA was established to fight the KMT as one of its primary purposes; regardless of what, it needed to endure. But someone needed to be the President.

According to the TAA charter, a candidate had to first serve as President of a local chapter. This limited the pool of candidates considerably and became a major problem in finding a qualified candidate. In addition to this requirement, the candidate once elected would have to fight the KMT in public. On the other side of the line were George Chan and T.C. Young. Chan and Young were president and vice-president of UFAI, respectively. At the time, UFAI had controlled over TAA and I was one of their members. For me, it was a mission to be a candidate especially there was none. Without a candidate there would not have the president and the TAA also would not continue to exist. So, I became a candidate and was elected to be the president of TAA. (Please see Attachment 19)

Teh(n) Him and Tan Kim-Fong of Europe visited me in August to discuss the establishment of the World Federation of Taiwanese Associations(WFTA). They told me that the preparation work was nearly completed. I agreed with them on almost everything. The organization of WFTA would be similar to the United Nation. The relationship between WFTA and TAA would be analogous to that of the United Nation and the US.

WFTA was established at Austria, Vienna on the 7th of September. C. H. Fang represented the TAA at the meeting. Dr. E.K. Kue of Taiwanese Association of Japan was elected President. (Please read The Establishment of WFTA in my book, “The Second Life”)

Before winter that year, Dr. E.K. Kue and Professor C.T. Ng from Japan came to visit. I called a group of Taiwanese at Columbus to listen to Dr. Kue's speech. No one understood his speech, including me. Afterward, we wondered why we didn't understand him. There were several possibilities: 1) he had been in Japan for too long and forgot Taiwanese, 2) he spoke over everyone's heads, or 3) his speech was too philosophical. Thereafter, I listened to his speech a few more times and still didn't understand most of it.

We had actually worked together for two years as President of WFTA and TAA, respectively. Perhaps I did not understand him because we had not interacted directly. During my tenure (2 years) as TAA President, we worked together only during his visit at the end of 1974 and twice at the WFTA annual meetings. During this period, he visited the US a few times but never contacted me. My impression was he had the ambition to consolidate all the anti-KMT Taiwanese organizations outside of Taiwan under him, but never realized his dream. He passed away several years ago.

Dr. Kue was a kind and elderly gentleman. He was passionately devoted to the Taiwanese independence activities and contributed generously with money, time and effort. I was told he had been a successful businessman and built his wealth on hard work. In the business cards he had given me, all of them were filled with titles, which indicated his success somewhat. Although he was generous in public

donations, personally he was frugal. In the beginning years of WFTA, he spent considerable amount of his personal money. Two examples were the expensive welcome parties held by the President of WFTA before the WFTA annual meetings, and hiring a full-time special agent for the WFTA stationed in the US and another in Japan.

The position was established by Dr. Kue, himself. I do not know if he had consulted with any other TAA presidents. Certainly, he did not ask for my opinion. Since there was no such position established in the WFTA constitution or bylaws, I was unclear what the agent's role. Dr. Kue told me that the agent in the States, Tan Kim-Fong, was hired to help me run the TAA business, but this was not so. The agent had his own agenda. However, we also knew we were all working for a common mission. He and I had a tacit understanding of our goals and never had problems.

Since he was stationed in DC and my home was in Columbus, Ohio, I did not know the details of his job. He published a handwritten monthly, Ai-Hion or Love Homeland, and the WFTA's annual magazine. He also supported the annual meeting. As the TAA liaison, he visited almost every TAA Chapter by Greyhound Bus. He called it "A Ten Thousand Miles Expedition". Theoretically, his widespread expedition was not appropriate. An official from the U.N. does not visit every nation to inspect or discuss their affairs. WFTA was based on the UN system. Yes, we knew. However, we were not bothered by the theoretical consideration. As long as the act was good for our cause, it could and should be done. The TAA appreciated Tan's contributions on his expedition.

Dr. Kue paid the special agent's salary from his own pocket. This was not a good practice and set a bad precedence. Would future Presidents also be expected to pay for this agent? If so, would otherwise well-qualified candidates decide against serving if they could not afford to pay? A better solution would be for all individuals to contribute directly to the organization or through a foundation which, in turn, would foot the bill. This is just my opinion, but then we appreciated contributions in any form.

There were also several important events in 1974. One of them was the support for the Taiwanese Little League baseball team at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. A small group of us went from Columbus to join people from all over the country, but mainly from the east coast. One of our friends from New York, T.S. Hung, wore a helmet for safety since he was afraid of being attacked by KMT people. Most of the Taiwanese sat in one section, and were flanked on both sides by hired hooligans from the KMT. Many of them were half-naked.

When we chanted, "Go, Go, Taiwan," they answered, "Taiwan Independence Bitches!" We were told that most of them were from Chinatown, New York. Since there had been a fight last year, the police were on guard. We were also extremely cautious. Nothing happened that year between the Taiwanese and KMT. We did not think it was worth fighting them, although they kept challenging us. C.D. Liu, who went there with us, was only about 5 feet from KMT people. He kept fearlessly shouting out. He gave us an impression he was ready to fight, although they outnumbered us and looked much stronger.

A famous anti-KMT politician from Taiwan, N.S. Kang, visited us in Columbus in 1974. He was giving speeches in key locations in the US. He was our hero and mentioned in an important magazine as one of world's brightest political stars of tomorrow. I was his host while he was in Columbus. I have forgotten the subject of his lecture, but I remembered two things from his visit. First, he said that lives of anti-KMT people were very lonely under KMT rule. People were afraid of the KMT and therefore distanced themselves, even if they were relatives. This also created problems for the politicians' children. Who would dare marry into an anti-KMT family? Second, an anti-KMT activist's wife should thank KMT, because her husband could not have affairs with other women because of KMT's constant surveillance.

Ironically, Kang was later discovered to have fathered an illegitimate child. I am guessing the KMT may have relaxed their controls by then.

I would also like to mention an interesting but later story about Kang -- sometime in the early eighties. N.S. Kang, Cheng Iu, H.H. Huang and T. M. Chan came to visit the US from Taiwan. At the time I lived in

Rhode Island, near Boston, MA. I met the four gentlemen at a picnic hosted by the Boston Chapter of the TAA. Kang insisted that I had lived in Houston, despite my steadfast denials. It was absolutely hilarious that he debated me on this issue. I guess he knew better than me if I had lived in Houston.

If 1974 was a busy year for my political activities, 1975 was even busier. In 1975, KMT confiscated Bibles written in Taiwanese, and shut down “Taiwan Chun-Lun”, or “Taiwan Forums”. For these actions, Taiwanese held large-scale demonstrations in Chicago, Washington DC, Houston and Los Angeles.

I gave a speech at the demonstration in Chicago on the 5th of April. My talk was entitled, “Every Person Should Be Involved in Politics.” I told the audience that they did not need to pay attention to chemistry or physics, but they were required to participate in the political process. I also indicated in my speech that politics was special because it would always follow you no matter how hard you tried to escape. It would sneak into everything you did, even if you tried to ignore it. Usually I felt tense when giving a speech, but not this time.

C.D. Liu, his wife, H.I. Tsai, Bunji and I went to Chicago for the demonstration together. My host at Chicago and friends told me that my speech was not the worst among all the speakers. These kind words encouraged me. It was my first public speech for Taiwanese.

During the speeches, the President of the Chicago TAA, M.H. Lee, went up on stage and announced that dictator Chang Kai-Shek had passed away. Everyone in the speech hall stood up and applauded. I was so happy to hear the news; however, I felt in my heart that he should not have died so peacefully and normally after he had done so many terrible things to the Taiwanese people.

My host at Chicago was P.P. Wu. He and his wife performed their duty graciously, which I appreciate whole heartily. They might have forgotten me, but I will never forget them. Thank you, Mr. & Mrs. Wu, for your hospitality.

I also attended the large-scale demonstration in DC, soon after Chicago. I gave a speech where I used the Vietnam War as an example

why Taiwanese should overthrow the KMT before Chinese could invade Taiwan. The Taiwanese would be able to establish an independent nation and were willing to pay the necessary price to defend the country, unlike the KMT. In my mind, I imagined South Vietnam government as KMT and North Vietnam as China.

The second annual WFTA meeting was held in New York in early July. The New York Chapter of TAA was in charge of the program. The President of that chapter was L. H. Chen, who worked very hard to prepare for the event. Several Taiwanese came with an intention of disrupting the meeting, if possible. Their political agenda was to unify China with Taiwan, and their presence did not worry me. I saw that their actions would backfire at best. Other Taiwanese would see the China-Taiwan unification group in a different light, and motivate them even more to our cause. (Please read the article The Second Annual WFTA Meeting in my book, “Second Life” published by Vanguard Publishing Company, Taipei, Taiwan.)

Those fighting for an independent Taiwan agreed that the main battlefield was on Taiwan. However, because of the strict entry and exit rules and KMT spies everywhere, bridging the Taiwanese between the US and Taiwan was almost impossible. Regardless of the long odds, we had to try. The priority of having a bridge was higher than doing nothing.

There were two approaches to fighting the KMT: lawfully in public, or unlawfully and under cover. Our opinion was for TAA to do the former, and UFAL, the latter. Although we carried out our mission separately, we collaborated closely.

TAA tackled the following projects:

- Establish scholarships in Taiwan
- Encourage Taiwanese expatriates to participate in Taiwan elections
- Donate to candidates who supported Taiwanese independence
- Purchase ads in the Taiwan Forums

- Utilize travelers to build ties between 'our friends' in Taiwan and TAA
- Request KMT to give a portion of their quota of oversea congressman seats to favored people

As expected, not much was accomplished regardless of our efforts.

Among these, I would like to further discuss Item 6, which was very controversial. The idea originated from my colleagues in both Taiwan and US. It was also agreed by all six regional representatives of TAA, with only one objection. TAA insisted that KMT allot us a number, and we would choose our representatives. TAA knew the KMT would not agree with our proposal, but the TAA felt that there were two possible outcomes. In the good case, we could start building our bridge. In the bad case, we could write articles to newspapers attacking them.

Some TAA members objected to the project. I understood their position that TAA's mission was to overthrow the KMT, so why negotiate with the enemy? Were the officials of TAA only looking for their own interest?

My impression is that after I personally spoke with them, they began to accept the idea. It seemed to me the problem had been solved, but not entirely. To begin with, I wrote to the Secretary of the Department of Interior as President of TAA. In a democratic society, an elected leader of an organization might have to betray his own principles to serve his people. Because of this project, I decided not to seek another leadership position after finishing my TAA responsibilities, except possibly head of a household. I would not put myself in a position to compromise my principles.

In 1975, I was working on both TAA and the Columbus chapter affairs. Besides, I also spent considerable time helping to enlighten the consciousness of the Taiwanese in Taiwan. We collected Taiwanese names and addresses in Taiwan -- mostly from telephone and schoolmate directories. Then, we prepared and sent out "propaganda" by mail.

Our busiest time was Christmas and New Year's. During this period, the Taiwan mail inspectors might not be able to keep up with the massive

quantity of mail and therefore mail would more likely be delivered to the targets. Our general practice was to send individual letters stuffed into a larger envelope to various places in the States. In turn, the individual letters would then be mailed separately and incrementally to Taiwan over a short time span. We also sent many directly from Columbus, too. We never determined how successful we were in getting the letters to the recipients, although we occasionally heard someone had received the materials. In general, I believe our success was very limited.

I return to the reason for coming to Columbus in the first place, my job with General Electric. In 1975, my laboratory work and pilot plant trials had proven my invention could be commercialized. Thus, I had accomplished my initial goal and so started my next phase of studies-- The Electroless Plating of Non-conductors. I was also responsible for the quality control of diamond manufacturing.

Although I had developed several processes in the electroless plating, I was not interested in this work. Strictly speaking, this was not chemical engineering. At this stage of my career, I still wanted to practice traditional chemical engineering. I asked my bosses to find me a job that made better use of my background at another GE division. But after a few years, I knew the chances were not good because of the "Selfish Culture". There were so many subsidiaries or divisions within General Electric Company that every unit operated autonomously and independently. Finding a job at another G.E. unit was akin to finding a job at another company. I knew that my performance was too good for my boss to lose me to another division.

I was aware of one case where one of my colleagues was able to get a transfer by talking to his boss so many times that the boss essentially surrendered. Of course, his boss had to say a few good words for him so the other side would accept.

I had decided to quit, if they could not find me another job in G. E. Meanwhile, I was also looking for a way out myself.

Other than my job at G. E., I kept busy with Taiwanese affairs. But I did not forget my children's education. I strongly believe that one should take care of educating their children or not have them at all. Just like any

Taiwanese parent, I also wanted "our children to become Dragons". The only difference was the definition of the Dragon. My definition for dragon is a common person who: 1) is healthy, 2) never burdens society, and 3) possesses survival skills. In order to provide them with those qualities, our family education stressed: 1) leaving them alone, 2) letting them learn from their environment, which included serving as their role model, 3) giving them the opportunity for a quality education. I believed their lives were theirs and they were their own masters.

In Texas, we sent them to a school with black, white and Mexican students. We hoped they could learn to work with different races of people. In Ohio, we lived in Worthington due to my job. Worthington schools were almost all white schools and I regretted that.

I was very sensitive to the racial issue. My impression was that racially discrimination persisted long after the Civil Right Movement. I also found that the Asians were more racially discriminating than the whites. One could easily find examples from Asians' daily conversations and behaviors. For instance, Chinese called the black, "black devil"; they sent their kids to all white schools; and lived in all white residential area.

Here's another example. When I just arrived in the States, Rev. Chan was a preacher who traveled throughout the south. His answer to our difficulty in the language always was, "Don't worry about your English for now, if blacks could learn to speak that well, then why not us? We only needed more time." At least subconsciously, he was a racist.

At the time when my son, Ben, was a sophomore in high school, he took a national mathematics test and scored very well. Some universities awarded him scholarships--I remember well, the University of Michigan was one of them. Of course, we did not agree for him to go to a college at that age.

We had also had another experience with Ben. As Ben was going from a sophomore to junior, he was skipped a year and became a senior. We encouraged him to return as a junior because we wanted him to graduate with his entering class. Actually, it turned out this was a big mistake. A year later, we moved to Rhode Island because of my job. If we had not done that, he would have graduated from Worthington High

School. Instead, he transferred to a new school for his senior year. Since he was a new student, it was quite hard for him to adjust to a new environment. He was very lonely. The last year of high school was supposed to be the most memorable year. But, we stripped this from his life. For this I was regretful.

Ben was a good and wonderful kid--In fact, all of our children were. I recall an episode, which happened in one extremely cold winter. The temperature dropped to minus 40 degree F, with 2 feet deep snow on the ground for an extended period. He was a paperboy and around 5 in the morning, he had to get up to deliver newspapers. Quite often, it was also snowing. After finishing, he went to school. This was very much routine, but it was extremely hard work.

He had applied for the paperboy job for quite some time, but he was not very lucky. The opportunity did not come until the winter when he was a tenth grader. It was cold enough for a first paperboy to quit. However, Ben was glad to get the job.

His mother did not want him to continue. She could not stand to see her boy go through such hardship for just a few dollars. However, he continued his work with my support and without complaint. I wanted him to learn perseverance early in life. As matter of fact, one of my primary principles of life is that once one starts a task, one should either finish it or not bother at all. Many times, a little more endurance could change the final result entirely.

Our children suffered considerably because of the times, and their parents' generosity to others and engagement in Taiwanese activities. They led many difficult years and suffered for their parent's choices.

Let first talk about the times. Our children were considerably older than the other kids at Taiwanese Association activities. In fact, there were few Taiwanese kids of any age. Taiwanese culture does not value children. To most Taiwanese, children were very low priority. At gatherings, we always stood behind everyone else for food. When we played softball, the children batted last regardless how good they were; on defense, they only would play there was an empty spot. Worse yet, they would have to relinquish their position on the field when an adult

arrived. Because of this, they did not respect elder Taiwanese much. They said it was not their fault; the elder Taiwanese did not respect them first.

Another thing is we often had overnight guests but had no guest room. They would instead stay in one of our children's room. As a consequence, our children had to sleep on the floor every time we had a guest. Privacy here in America is rather important and the children sacrificed each time we had a guest. Our dear Taiwanese friends often forgot to thank them for using their bedroom and the children never complained. I think they realized this was the way a Taiwanese treated their friends.

In addition to what I have described so far, they also suffered from our financial situation. We could only afford to provide them with food, shelter, and clothing. During many of their childhood years, I was a student.

In general, homes in middle class communities in the US are similarly priced and shared a common standard of living. The tendency is that one's standard of living improves as one gets older. This implies that the ages of the kids in the same community should be quite close. With this in mind, a person should know he is behind financially or not.

Before we moved to Worthington, Ohio, our children were always the oldest in the community. Certainly, we were behind financially comparing with people of similar age. We moved to Worthington, although we could not afford it. We made up the difference by borrowing from friends. The ages of most of the kids in our neighborhood were almost the same as ours now. Our children now had playmates. It seemed to me they were much happier as a result.

When we moved to Worthington in 1972, I was still driving the Biscayne I bought in 1965. This was the most economical car when purchased and the years of driving had left its mark. The car did not fit in our nice neighborhood. One day I was walking from my office to my car with my manager's boss, I pointed to my car and said with a smile, "Russ, this is the car a GE senior engineer is driving."

He answered me, also with a smile, "Yes, you need a new car."

The following month, I received a raise. Russ called me and informed me that the additional pay was to replace my aging car. I thanked him for his help. Soon I bought a used Buick Electra 225. Although it was not a fancy car, it was sufficient for my financial situation at the time.

This compatibility problem reminds me of my interview with G. E in 1972. Bunji bought a new tie for me, because all my ties were out of style. Then, she noticed that my shirt needed to be replaced. The problem did not stop there. I had to have a new suit, too. The fashion had changed during my four years as a student.

I was also very busy in Taiwanese political activities during 1976. To start with, I wrote two articles, one in Chinese and the other in English. The title of the first one was, "People Should Be the One to Decided Whether to Build a Nuclear Reactor or Not." The second article was entitled, "A Potential Hazard--Six Nuclear Reactors May Prove to be too Much for Taiwan." Taiwan Electric Company had started building six nuclear reactors at the time.

The articles were written to express my concern. I felt that: 1) nuclear reactors were inherently risky to build, 2) there was no effective method to dispose of the waste, 3) Taiwan was too small for six reactors, and 4) Taiwan was unsafe for nuclear reactors because of earthquakes.

Soon after the articles on reactors were published, I received a call from two Congressmen from Taiwan. They called me from Chicago and had gotten my telephone number from a Taiwanese in D. C. One of them politely asked me for suggestions on Taiwan. I told them that Taiwan needed independence to survive and prosper in the long term, and I was concerned with the Taiwan Electric Company's project on the nuclear reactors. They did not argue with me and only expressed their gratitude for my suggestions.

In May, the Taiwan Consul General in Chicago, Ou-Yang Heng, contacted me. He told me his brother-in-law, S. C. Chon, a reporter for Shin-Tau Daily, gave him my contact information. I had met Chon at the WFTA annual meeting in New York the previous year. Ou-Yang traveled to Columbus and we met. He said, since I was a leader of the oversea "Chinese", the government was willing to invite me to go back to visit

Taiwan to see the progress of the government and people in the expansion of the businesses. I immediately refused his invitation and told him I could not waste Taiwanese people's tax money to make the trip.

The third annual meeting of WFTA was held at Malibu nearby Los Angeles in early July. The Los Angeles Chapter of TAA was the host. At the time the President of the Chapter was Z.S. Wu. He was also from my hometown, Siau-Kang. I gave a speech entitled "Solidarity". I used Native Americans, African-Americans and Japanese-Americans as examples to illustrate the endurance of racial discrimination in the US. We had to unite together to fight for our rights. I also used as example, the Japanese-Americans rescue of Ms. Yoshimura in the Patricia Hearst case to stress the importance of "Solidarity".

KMT hired a bus to transport their people to the meeting, including three congressmen, T. C. Shiau, C.F. Huang, and W.S. Chan. They made many attempts to shut down the WFTA meeting. They also drafted a meeting declaration insisting we support the free and democratic government of Chiang Kai-Shek. A well-known novelist from Taiwan, C.M. Huang, was furious at KMT's behaviors.

He said, "Everyone knows KMT insults Taiwanese in Taiwan. Does anyone know they came all the way to America to bully us?"

He asked me to give him their room numbers. (We assigned each participant a student dormitory room at registration.) He was planning to beat them up. Of course, I did not give him the numbers. He was going back to Taiwan in a few days and I did not want him to get into trouble. (Please read the articles on The Third Annual Meeting of WFTA and My Speech on the Third Annual Meeting of WFTA in my book, "Second Life".)

At the end of the year, I went to New York to attend the "Chemical Engineering Annual Equipment Show". One evening during the visit, I went to help the publication of an UFAI magazine with several colleagues in George Chan's basement. I received an unexpected telephone from Bunji in Ohio. She told me that Mr. Cheng in Dayton and Professor Peng had run into a serious problem. Mr. Cheng wanted me to go home as soon as possible, and I returned the next day.

Professor Peng was the respected Professor M. M. Peng, the greatest oversea Taiwanese and our leader.

I will take some time here briefly talking about how I knew and associated with Professor Peng. Before September of 1964, Professor Peng was a quiet and intelligent Taiwanese professor. He had been a member of KMT's U.N. Delegation, and also chosen to be one of the 10 best youths in Taiwan. I also knew his uncle, C.L. Peng, a pediatrician in Fong-San. He was my doctor when I was a kid. When I had pneumonia, he treated me, but I cannot remember his face now. I also cannot remember his clinic except that the floor was made of marbles. While my mother was registering me, I laid on the floor to make myself comfortable.

In September 1964, Professor Peng became my hero. I saw the Taiwanese savior suffering for the Taiwanese. He and two of his students, T.T. Wei and C.M. Shieh, were arrested for issuing the Declaration of Taiwanese Self-Salvation.

Under tight KMT house arrest, he escaped from Taiwan and showed up in Sweden. This earned his position in my heart. At the time, every oversea Taiwanese political group, regardless of its ideology, supported him as their leader. He was next to God in Taiwanese minds and hearts.

When I met him for the first time, I considered myself fortunate. The location was Springfield, Ohio and the time was the end of July 1974. C.F. Chen or K.F. Tang was the one to make it happened. He had a secret channel.

Tang and Teh Him came from Europe to discuss the establishment of WFTA that summer. After we finished with WFTA affairs, Teh left and Tang stayed. He had another mission--to report the political movement of Taiwanese in Europe to Professor Peng.

When the appointment day came, Bunji and I drove Tang in my car to the Greyhound Bus Station in Springfield, Ohio. Tang treated the meeting very seriously. He wore a neat suit with a tie. Just before he met Peng, he went to the bathroom to make sure he was presentable. He respected Professor Peng as much as anyone at the time. Professor Peng arrived on bike. He was plain, peaceful and polite with a long-sleeve

white shirt and a pair of beige short trousers. He appeared easy and relaxed.

The contrast between Tang and Peng was like that of black and white, one extremely serious and the other quite at ease. Professor Peng took us to the restaurant, Chop Suey, owned by Mr. Cheng and him. In order not to interfere with their conversation, Bunji and I took a walk outside of the restaurant. They talked for more than an hour. We were tired and bored when they finished. Tang offered to draw a sketch of Professor Peng, but was declined. We were relieved because we were really tired and ready to go home. This was the first time I met Professor Peng and he looked like one of us. He impressed me, and I respected him more from the meeting. His image lives in a very special place in my heart.

Life is very interesting. When one is in a strange city and hungry, one often cannot find a place to eat. But after one has eaten, restaurants suddenly appear everywhere. The same happens when you are looking for a place to stay. About a month after we met in Springfield, we met again in Columbus, Ohio. Professor Peng was invited to give a speech by the Columbus Chapter of TAA and I was the person to introduce him to the audience in the speech. A lot of people came to the meeting from all over the Midwest. They came not only for his speech, but to see him and pay their respects. All of them appreciated his sacrifice for Taiwan.

At the end of the year, the President of WFTA (Dr. E.K. Kuo) and C.T. Ng came to visit me. Professor Peng also joined them. He spent much of the time discussing with Ng their book, "The Lawful Position of Taiwan," which was to be published soon. That night, E.S. Tang of Louisiana also came to my house to see Professor Peng. He advised Professor Peng to form another organization to perform the same mission more effectively and he was willing to serve him in that organization. Professor Peng did not say yes or no.

I now return to the episode that I started describing on the emergency phone call I received in New York. I find it difficult for me to write about that episode as it still hurts me. I have sighed twice before I started and I feel pressure.

As soon as I got back to Columbus, I drove to another restaurant Mr. Cheng owned in Dayton, Ohio. In Cheng's hand was Professor Peng's diary, written in Japanese. It may very well have been a copy. I knew that to read someone else's diary was immoral, but for the Taiwanese cause and for my colleagues and also due to the environment, I chose to commit a guilty.

I read only the portions Cheng wanted me to read. Several minutes later, I felt the heavens had fallen. I was so sad, in shock, and felt cheated. I had elevated Peng to sainthood simply because of my stupidity. In sex, he was sick. He was over the limit for a Saint, which I had defined.

Thereafter, he no longer owned that special place in my heart, although I still respected him for his sacrifice for Taiwanese and his devotion to the course. Cheng told me just before I left that he did not read any words relating to Taiwanese politics in Professor Peng's diary.

The distance between Dayton and Columbus seemed endless. I did not know how I got home. I was like a broken balloon and had run out of energy.

I reminded myself the truth "No human being is God, everyone has faults," which I seemed to have forgotten since I had elevated Professor Peng higher than a common man. If I had to blame someone, I should blame myself.

After completing the TAA job, I never again took a position as head of an organization, as I promised myself. Many Presidents of local Chapters had asked me continue serving, but I did not change my mind. Thereafter, I would be asked periodically to serve as a President of WFTA, but my answer remained negative.

As I have indicated before, I requested G.E. to transfer me to another location. They did not seriously explore other options for me since they wanted me to stay. However, my heart was not there anymore. I started looking for a job outside. I wanted to go back to chemical engineering.

Early 1978, one of my former colleagues at Geigy in Mobile, Alabama was requested by Ciba-Geigy to form a process engineering

group in Cranston, Rhode Island. He invited me to join him and I accepted on the spot without much consideration.

G.E. threw me a large farewell party. Most of my colleagues attended, including supervisors and managers. They gave some thoughtful and creative gifts, 1) a longhorn head with a broken horn made of a wood board, with 37:10--Texas had been defeated by Notre Dame in the Cotton Bowl that year; 2) yellow underwear briefs with a GE trade mark--they teased me for being a yellow power; 3) an abacus with an electric wire and plug--they said it was an Asian computer; and 4) a poem with a title of MIT, and the last line was "You are Most Impressive Taiwanese."

My General Manager gave a speech and at the end of his speech added, "Anytime you want to come back to work for us, just give me a call." There was a lot of laughing in the party, also included was some heartfelt emotions for my departure.

During my stay in Ohio, many well-known people gave speeches at local chapters of TAA through the arrangement of the TAA. The most noticeable were Professor C. T. Suu (1973); N. S. Khang (1974); S.L. Lu, (1975); C.M. Huang (1976), and Professor I.T. Wong (I.T. Oh, or I.T. Wang, 1977). All of them came from Taiwan except Professor Wong who was from Japan.

Professor Suu was a professor in the Department of Geography at Taiwan Normal University. In his speech, he taught us about the geography of Taiwan. He used slides to help his speech, which left a tremendous impact on his audience. He also sent a poem to the TAA, "My Home." The poem started with "Looking at my home from far away, it is magnificently beautiful...", and ended with "You think, when peace and happiness will come to my home?" In between he described the beautiful geographic features of Taiwan. He was a very emotional individual and cried when I told him about the stories of my youth. He was also one of Bunji's relatives.

Khang was a congressman at the time and was widely considered a political star of tomorrow. He was a good speaker and could stir the emotions of his audience only with sound of his voice. But, his speeches were normally always rich in content as well.

Lu's visits to various chapters of TAA were not very successful. It was mainly because she had conflicts with some Taiwanese in the Eastern Taiwanese Summer Camp. They suspected her loyalty in Taiwanese cause. Later, several chapters decided to boycott her visits and cancelled her trips. In spite of that, she still visited all the local chapters that welcomed her. In the end, she gave wonderful speeches. (Please read an article titled The Speeches by People from Taiwan in my book, "Second Life".)

Huang was a well-known novelist in Taiwan. Many of his novels have been translated into other languages. He not only wrote good novels, but was also a good speaker. Every speech was entertaining and received with enthusiasm. He usually showed three self-produced films as part of his speeches. Among them were 1) Procession and Festival Held in Honor of Ma-Tso; 2) Scenery of Tam-Chui River; and 3) The Beginning of Thoughts. TAA eventually purchased all three films. The President of TWTA, Dr. E.K. Kue paid them from his own pocket.

Huang kept encouraging me to write stories about Taiwanese in US. In his letters, he had never failed to ask me to write. I am publishing some of his notes here for my readers.

July 20, 1976

One thing I know I can trust you, which is you can write a book containing lively stories of Taiwanese here. You have promised me to do it, please don't chicken out. Although your major is chemistry, I know you write well.

October 7, 1976

You have told me your struggling life here for more than ten years; you also mentioned various lives of many Taiwanese here. I was moved by your stories, and asked you to write down all of these. I am writing to hasten the birth of the book. Truthfully you write well. You should worry only about your writing, let me worry about the publication.

He visited the US again in 1997. After he read some of my prose, he called me from California, I was in Houston at the time, and advised me

to write a novel. When I was young, my parents told me to be careful in choosing a friend. I knew then what they meant. With Huang as a friend, I had to sweat and bleed continuously. I had published four Taiwanese American books so far, he asked me write a novel. Wow!

The last of the speakers, Professor Wong, came to the US in 1997 to raise funds for WUFI (World United Formosans for Independence) in Japan. After giving a speech at Columbus, Bunji and I took him to Dayton to see Mr. Cheng and thank him for his long time contributions to the cause and taking care of Professor Peng.

Cheng gave a handsome donation to Professor Wong. Afterward, we went to C.S. Tsai's home in Cincinnati to meet Professor Edward Chen or I. T. Tang, and then we all went to see Professor Chen's young brother, Professor I.W. Chen, who taught at the University of Cincinnati.

This was the first and also last time I saw the respected Professor Wong. He was not only a significant contributor to the advancement of Taiwanese politics, but also an important figure in Taiwanese literature. He was, to me, an elder gentleman, scholar and a revolutionist.

By the summer of 1990, Professor Wong had passed away. I met Mrs. Wong at the annual WFTA meeting in Tokyo, Japan and paid my sincerest respects to her. I also told her that my sister-in-law had performed an act in Professor Wong's play under his direction in Taiwan. Mrs. Wong still remembered her.

Although his visit was not directly arranged by TAA as the case with most important dignitaries, S. C. Huang also visited Columbus. Huang and Khan were two of the most respected Taiwanese heroes by oversea Taiwanese. However, we treated them differently. Khan was one of us, but not Huang. Although Huang was one of the most important leaders in the anti-KMT movement, we did not trust him completely. Friends of the TAA, who informed TAA of the political activities in Taiwan, told the TAA that although Huang could be trusted on his Taiwanese consciousness and ideology, we should be careful when dealing with secret information.

Huang spoke his opinions on oversea Taiwanese affairs frankly and without diplomatic bias. He insisted that Taiwanese in the States should

tend to Taiwanese affairs in the States, and they, Taiwanese in Taiwan, would do everything in Taiwan. In another words, each group should operate independently. We could cooperate, but should not interfere in each other's affairs. To this assessment, many Taiwanese in America only agreed partially. They thought Taiwan was the main battlefield; everyone had to eventually fight there.

In general, talks with Huang were positive and non-combative, with the exception of the discussions in New York. Some Taiwanese New Yorkers hotly debated with Huang, although the talks in Columbus were very warm, enjoyable, and positive.

In the summer of 1977, two mysterious people, C. C. Chan and M. H. Wu, showed up in Columbus. They had secretly escaped from Taiwan via WUFI's channel--taking a fishing boat from Taiwan to Okinawa, and then getting help from WUFI of Japan. I arranged for a television station in Columbus come to interview them and I served as interpreter. They accused the KMT of crimes on Taiwan in front of American audience.

Chan was about my size and so Bunji lent him some of my clothes. Since then, we never saw him wearing my clothes, although we saw him several times.

The last six years were constructive years. We had a good quality of life, and I knew I had achieved some important accomplishments. I had become an independent again and my progress in politics, society, economy, and private life was satisfying. During this period, I had tried hard to live the life I wanted. I consumed a major part of my life in Taiwanese affairs. Financially, I paid off all my personal debts including the \$10,000 for the house. My only regret was not spending much time with my family. I had neglected Bunji and all my children.

In my Midwest years, life proceeded smoothly and beautifully. I enjoyed my work and life, and felt most fortunate. My good fortune also shined on my yard at home. When we moved in, my lawn was the worst in the neighborhood. It was green, yes, but with weeds. I did not have time and also did not know how to take care of them.

An agent at the Scott Chemical appeared one day from nowhere. He asked me to sign a contract with him. They would fix our yard and in

return only asked that they be permitted to show our yard, before and after, in their promotional ads. I signed the contract.

Their initial inspection had uncovered more than 100 different weeds in our yard, mixed with some good grass, the Kentucky Blue Grass. Scott's supplied us with all the necessary tools and chemicals including fertilizers and weeds killers, which I used. After less than two years, we had killed almost all the weeds, and our yard had improved tremendously.

In April 1978, I started working in Rhode Island at my new job. I went by myself initially, and returned to Ohio once a month. I lived in motels during weekdays and stayed with the Director of the Development Department during the weekends. I was reimbursed for my expenses once a month. They would pay me to stay in a hotel for a maximum of 30 days. My plan was to relocate the family in June after the children's school year was over. I did not want to pay my living expenses out of pocket while I was alone in Rhode Island, if all possible. I felt confident that I would not need more than 30 days of hotel expenses.

During my back and forth between Columbus and Rhode Island, K.S. Ju, D.W. Chen and C.D. Liu families all moved away from Columbus. This was so called: "A feast has to come to an end, regardless of its degree of luxuriousness."

When I left Columbus, I did not take everything with me. I left many friends, my footsteps for the past six years, and a funny episode. The episode was about Mr. Wu who was a graduate student at the Department of Mathematics. When he was asked to join a Taiwanese Association party, he said, "Mr. Wu, please call me when you need someone to carry a bomb, I am not interested in eating and playing." He was telling me that eating and playing is not a revolution; I could call him whenever I needed a person in a real one. But, as far as I knew, he was a coward fellow Taiwanese.

PART EIGHTEEN

Returning to the East Coast

Moving to Rhode Island

I love the east coast for several reasons. First, the American culture originated on that coast. Second, the large Asian population provided a rich Asian culture. Finally, I really enjoyed visiting the numerous museums. Moving east should have been very exciting, but it wasn't. We were too busy preparing for the move. We should have been experts since we had moved so often, but we had not own a home before. We also moved during the summer to minimize school disruptions. This time I needed to start my new job in April 1978. In order for our children to complete their school year, we decided to wait until summer before moving so I go alone initially to Rhode Island. Living alone was not easy for me. I didn't like it, but I endured because I had little choice.

In order, we needed to first sell our house in Ohio and then buy a new one in Rhode Island. Timing was important to minimize costs from extended stays in hotels or avoiding two mortgages payments at the same time. Unfortunately, we could not control the house market, but we were very fortunate. At the time we were selling our Ohio home, the neighboring city of Columbus announced it was starting a bussing program for its schools. Worthington suddenly became a sellers' market. And on the top of that, Rhode Island was still mired in a depressed economy so houses were still affordable. Everything worked well for us.

Even before our house was on the market, an unsolicited buyer knocked on our door and we had sold our home in the next two hours. Yes, we made a little money, but we also knew we could have negotiated better or waited a little longer. The housing market in Worthington was just getting hot, and the prime housing season was still 2-3 months away. However, peace of mind was worth more to me.

As the next step, Wendy and I took a house hunting trip at the end of April. RI was just recovering from a late season snowstorm. The entire state was still very messy and seemed backward economically. I could tell that Wendy was rather disappointed with her first impression. Once she returned to Ohio, she started to prepare for the move, including

purchasing two dozen pairs of underwear. I asked her jokingly if all Rhode Islanders were naked.

My new company, Ciba-Geigy, was located in Cranston about five miles south of Providence, the capital. We bought a house in North Kingstown, 15 miles south of Cranston. The English colonial home was a little larger than our Ohio home.

Fifteen miles farther south from North Kingstown was the city of Kingston, RI. I did not initially notice the difference between Kingstown and Kingston. The University of Rhode Island (URI) was in Kingston, and this was one of the reasons we bought a house in North Kingstown. Since North Kingstown was midpoint between Kingston and Cranston, we could commute to either location conveniently. We were planning to send our children to the state college but none of our children would later attend URI. If we had known then, we would have moved to one of the suburbs in Boston. The educational system was better and we have been closer to more of our friends, although property taxes were higher.

We planned to move in July; however, the snowstorm in February forced the RI schools to extend the semester by two weeks to compensate for the snow days. Our children in Ohio were released from school on time and so we stayed with Dr. Yeh in Framingham, Massachusetts for two weeks. They had graciously and generously extended their courtesy to our family. They were not rich, but we were still treated with wonderful hospitality. Yeh had recently finished his PhD. Earlier, I had written an article entitled "The Red Bomb," that described their family's financial hardship. At this writing, The Yeh family is in Cape Cod and doing well. It was their generosity that largely brought them success. We knew them while Yeh was a graduate student at Texas A&M. His wife, Judy, attended a nearby university for her nursing degree.

It would take about two hours to commute roundtrip from Framingham to Cranston. I managed, but Yeh's suffered the most. Suddenly, five people were added to their family of four.

When we left Ohio, Ben had finished his eleventh grade, Jean, eighth and Jennifer, fourth. They left good friends and had to adjust to the new

environment. Ben and Jean were the most affected and although they made new friends they did not seem as happy as before. Assimilating into a new school culture with existing cliques was quite a challenge. As parents, we watched the painful beginnings and felt so sad, especially me. I had moved the family. I was very sorry whenever I saw their loneliness, although they did not complain. I would not again change my job, if at all possible.

Some of Ben's friends visited from Ohio. They stayed for one week during that summer and then returned home. One of the friends, Scott Williams, would later attend MIT with Ben. The other two would be educated in computer science and materials science. They spent the week visiting New England and took trips to Boston and Cape Cod.

At the time, I found no Taiwanese organization in Rhode Island. We had to travel to Boston to participate in Taiwanese activities. There were three types of organizations. First, the Taiwanese Association was a group open to the public. Taiwanese Meeting was the one that was semi-open. Finally, the Taiwanese Independent Movement was a strictly private group and a chapter of the World United Formosans for Independence (WUFI). One could join the Taiwanese Association by paying an annual due.

To join the Taiwanese Meeting, one had to be invited and recognized as "loving Taiwan in one's heart", or a patriot. The members of the Taiwanese Meeting voted on new members with majority of the votes required for membership. I became a member of the Taiwanese Association and a Chapter member of Taiwanese Independence Movement immediately. And soon I was invited to and joined the Taiwanese Meeting but only attended one meeting. For some unknown reason, they closed the Meeting thereafter. Even today, I still do not know the function of the Taiwanese Meeting, but I would guess its purpose was to assist the Taiwanese Independent Movement.

When I first joined the Taiwanese Independence Movement, Mr. C.S. Chen had just moved from Boston to New York. Dr. C.S. Hung had returned from the University of Colorado where he completed his PhD. Dr. Hung was a socialist and firmly believed a second revolution would

follow the first one that would overthrow Chiang government. He used K.Y. Lee's revolution in Singapore to illustrate the need for a second revolution. When Lee had finished his revolution at Singapore, all his socialist colleagues had been either killed or exiled. At this time, the morale of the Movement was extremely low in Boston. It seemed to me that our only activity was attending meetings. Even at the meetings, members were not overly enthusiastic. After about two years, I decided to quit attending. My membership was then transferred from Boston to New York without my consent.

I had become a member of the New York Chapter. But, in reality, I was alone and spent time writing for Columbus Taiwanese Letter, Looking for Spring Wind to Come, and Taiwan Tribune. I also attended several Taiwanese Association events and summer camps, and also participated in numerous demonstrations. The only title I held was an Advisor to the Taiwan Tribune, and was appointed by its Publisher Dr. F.C. Lo.

Dr. W.H. Su was our first Taiwanese friend in RI and a physician. He was also a classmate of my third brother at Kaohsiung Middle School. Dr. Su lived on the east side of the bay and we on the west. His house was only 20 minutes away, by boat. However, driving would take about 40 minutes. He and his family were very warm to us.

One day, he arranged to have a meeting with Senator C. Pell of Rhode Island who was a member of the Foreign Committee. I liked him because he strongly supported our cause. During his campaign, I made donations to his office and was one of his constituents. He sent us a Christmas card every year for a long time.

About 20 Taiwanese attended the meeting at Senator Pell's Providence office. He was delighted to talk with us initially until he realized that only Dr. Su and I lived in RI. The rest were from Massachusetts. Senator Pell quit talking and said, "Since most of you are from Massachusetts, you should see Senator Kennedy. He is your Senator." The meeting was over. Senator Pell only wanted to talk to his constituents and certainly more than two at a time. A politician needs money and votes. He would only talk to you if you could provide one or

the other. He was not interested in justice or principles. Senator Pell, whom I'd admired for a long time, suddenly became just another politician.

"Formosan Isle Incident" or "Kaohsiung Incident" (The result of pro-democracy demonstrations commemorating Human Rights Day; The main leaders of the political opposition arrested. Please Google for the details) occurred in December 1979. Many friends and colleagues called me. I could not do much for them other than sigh. The KMT was still an animal with modern weapons and they could do whatever they wanted. However, Taiwan was changing and the Taiwanese people were beginning to stand up and fight for their rights.

Many hundreds were jailed in that incident. One of the eight suspects charged with sedition was Ms. Anita Lu and she came to stay at our RI home in 1978. She told us she would return to Taiwan to run for a Legislator seat. I suggested she contact WUFI in New York who might be able to help her in Taiwan. With some difficulty, she met with George Chan and C.C. Chan of WUFI. I never learned what they discussed but they treated her coldly.

Anita eventually wrote me that WUFI would not assist her. In fact, they intentionally hurt her campaign in Taiwan. They did not trust her and she fought with several Taiwanese during the east coast Taiwanese summer camp in 1975. Ms. Lu and WUFI should be friends and not enemies. It was certainly a mistake for them to fight.

I had invited her to the 1975 summer camp and arranged for her to give speeches at various Taiwanese meetings that year. WUFI had introduced her to me and I trusted her. Taiwanese Americans had doubts about Anita for several reasons, I believe. She was clever, analytical, and courageous. She was also a visionary and a liberal. As a result, she could not be confined in her thinking and declined becoming a member of WUFI. I would like to mention that she was extremely nice. She treated us respectfully before she held important positions in Taiwan politics. We have not crossed paths with her since then.

The Formosan Isle Incident affected the Taiwanese movement in Taiwan and the US. At that time, Mr. S. L. Hsu, a political activist from

Taiwan was on travel in the US. The Incident prevented him from returning to Taiwan for a long time. A fish needs water to survive. He was a politician who needed politics to breathe. WUFI was the only Taiwanese political organization, which he initially joined but he also organized a competing political group, eventually quitting the WUFI. The Taiwanese movement was thus divided and created conflict among Taiwanese. Mr. C.S. Hung and a group of WUFI's members teamed with Mr. Hsu. The division didn't affect me much, since I was alone in the isolated place, R.I.

Ben Leaves for College

The 1979 Taiwanese political movement dramatic changed in both Taiwan and the US. Changes also came to my family. The oldest of our children would graduate from high school.

Because we moved from Ohio, Ben started at North Kingstown High School for his senior year. The grade system was different between Worthington and North Kingstown. Worthington gave letter grades: A, B, C, D, and F, whereas NK issued percentages. They translated "A" to 95% and "B" to 85%. Ben was ranked first using this translation, which stunned the entire city, because he wasn't even part of the school. Both citizens and newspapers' editorials were arguing and debating about the subject. The majority of the opinions sympathized with the unfairness for the second ranked student. To me, it was not fair to Ben either. Ben did not ask to be number one but had the honor bestowed on him based on the existing rules. This did not imply he was the best student. The rules had been unchanged for years but this was the first problem. If rules were not fair, then they should be changed. Finally, school made the decision for Ben to be graduated the first in his class, but not be named the valedictorian. We accepted the decision without complaint.

Our feeling on education was that a public college provides as good an education as a private college. Under our guidance, Ben sent his applications to Ohio State University, and The University of Rhode Island. He also applied to M.I.T himself. All of them gave him an admission. Since we were not in Ohio any more, he dropped OSU from

his consideration. MIT was a private college whose tuition was more expensive than we thought we could afford. The University of Rhode Island was really the only college to consider.

We knew the most logical and practical college Ben should go was URI, but there were other things we could not ignore. Historically MIT only accepted one applicant each year or two from North Kingstown High. The performances at MIT of North Kingstown alumni would influence the evaluation of future applicants. We figured the North Kingstown High wanted us to send Ben to MIT.

An MIT student also came to my house to talk to us. He tried hard to convince us of sending Ben to MIT. He even told us that MIT was the only college in the world that taught students to think. He forgot I was present and was not a graduate of his school.

Most importantly, Ben had very much wanted to go to MIT. Our children have always been very considerate, and rarely ask much from us. We would always try our best to accommodate their requests.

To allow Ben to attend a private school, we would also need to consider paying for his sisters also to attend private universities if they desired.

Whatever our considerations were, we decided that we would try our best to send Ben to MIT since he really wanted to attend. I sat down with Ben one evening, and we had a 'man to man' talk. First, I told him that all the students attending MIT were very smart and talented. To go to school with them, one had to work extremely hard. He had to make his mind that he was determined to make it, and also make it well. Second, I let him know that financially I could not support him one hundred percent. We agreed he would come up with his own living expenses, and I took care of the rest. I remember the total expense for a year was about \$16,000; he was responsible for about \$3,000 plus. His money would come from summer jobs, low-interest student loans, and his savings. At this time, Ben had some savings from his jobs. Coming up with \$3,000 plus a year was not easy for him, but I thought if he needed help, I would be there. To me, responsibility to pay for his living expenses was good education in itself.

During that summer, I did a terrible thing. To this date, I still do not have the correct answer for what I did. Did I make a mistake, or not? I think I did, more or less.

The family next door was a good neighbor. The father was Captain in the Coast Guard. I believe his wife served in the Board of Directors at Brown University and they were about our age. Unfortunately, all their children were drug users. John, one of their kids was a couple years younger than Ben. He helped Ben to find a summer job in a sewing company where he had been working. Before Ben started to work, John would hitchhike every day to work. Theoretically Ben could have taken him since he drove to work every day in our old car. But I told Ben that he could not to drive John. I tried hard to separate them because I was afraid of Ben being associated with a drug user. I was not reasonable, because John was our next-door neighbor. Should neighbors help each other? In addition, he helped Ben get the job in the first place. They worked the same hours and would not have been any additional inconvenience. On the other hand, he was on drugs, and had been with a group of his friends drinking, smoking and possibly using other drugs in the woods behind our home. I was afraid that they might burn down the woods and our home. Could Ben become a member of his group? I was very much afraid of that. I was scared for Ben since I had no experience with drugs. I wanted Ben to stay as far away from him and his group as possible.

We had a family friend, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Chen from Cherry Hill, New Jersey, whose son, John Chen, was also going to attend MIT. They visited us in September that year and asked us to take John to MIT with Ben. We promised we would.

John took a Greyhound Bus from Cherry Hill to our home the day before MIT started. John seemed very different this time and moved slower than before. His change was noticeable, but we did not know why. John's mother grew up with Wendy (Bunji) and had been friends since childhood. Mr. and Mrs. Chen, in fact, were the best man and maid of honor at our wedding. We had maintained a very good and close

relation. We also knew John. He was handsome, smart, active, amiable, and much more. He had accumulated all the good in him.

Ben and John joined different fraternities but located coincidentally next door to each other. A week later, Mr. and Mrs. Chen went to school with us to visit them. We brought a lot of food. Just before we left, Mr. and Mrs. Chen spoke with John in private. Their expressions concerned us.

Soon after school started, Ben ran into John. Ben joked with John about his new hair style, not knowing he was wearing a wig. Sometime around Thanksgiving, Ben heard from John's fraternity brothers that John had a cancer. Almost at the same time, we heard of John being in hospital. When we went to General Hospital in Boston to visit him, he was so excited and happy to see us. He was like old John, except being hairless and carrying a device for an intravenous injection.

Soon after New Year, our friends lost their beloved John. Although John left us, we still treasure the wonderful and warm memories. Heaven had given John so much good, but it also took everything away from him. It envied what he had in the end.

We went to Cherry Hill to attend his funeral service. We sent him away. He was the first young man whom I sent away. I questioned life and its purpose once more.

Looking for Outside Opportunities

It was in the winter of 1980, two former Vice Presidents from General Electric visited me twice in Rhode Island to recruit me. They had signed a contract with a company in Ann Arbor, Michigan to manufacture industrial diamonds. Their offer was very generous:

- Double my present salary
- Unlimited vacation, as long as my work was unaffected
- Company car with all expenses paid
- Bonuses based on the company's annual profit
- Title of either Technical Director or Vice President

They wanted me to join them immediately and they would convert my basement to a temporary office where I would work until the end of the semester and then move to Ann Arbor. The opportunity seemed too good to be true, but they were in writing. Wendy and I went to Ann Arbor for a visit and saw some houses. They recommended that I consider the community where the Michigan Football coach Bo Schembechler lived. During the daytime, we discussed the planning and construction phases of the project and my job responsibilities. In the evening, they entertained us at their homes. We thanked them for their hospitality and generosity. In the end, I did not accept their offer. They were simply too aggressive for my taste.

I had asked if they were concerned GE would sue them for using their proprietary information. They responded that GE was more scared of them since they knew too much of GE's illegal operations.

Wendy did not like the rudeness that one of them treated his wife.

I made the right decision and have never regretted declining their offer. I recall the mantra repeated to me several times during the trip, "No guts, no glory. No glory, no money."

Two to three years later, GE bought and shut down the company. GE was afraid of oversupplying the industrial diamond market. From what I knew, the two former GE Vice Presidents made considerable money from the transaction.

At the end of 1980s, GE Diamond Company had recruited Dr. Song from MIT. He was as aggressive as the two former Vice Presidents, but was not as lucky. He made diamonds with GE's technology in Korea but got caught and was sent to jail.

I have strayed away from my story and so returning to the main subject.

When I was considering the job opening, a friend of mine, Dr. Henry Hong asked us to take over their cubic zirconia business here in the States. He had decided to go home to manage his new Taiwan crystals company and be a professor. Because the "monkey business" of 1976 was still fresh in my mind, I refused his offer in the beginning, but changed my mind later.

As for the “monkey business”, I was asked to join a jewel company as partner in 1976 by Dr. T.L. Liao. I had recently retired as President of the Formosan Club of America or TAA. He told me the company had a great potential to grow and would be profitable in very near future. At the time, I did not have money to invest in the business and I was also not personally interested in such a venture. I also firmly believed that I would not be involved in the business unless I was directly involved. I passed on Dr. Liao message to Mr. Edward Liu because I thought he would probably be interested. Liu briefly investigated the operations and felt it was sound. He decided to join, but hesitated because he didn't know any of the partners personally. He asked me to join with him and he would lend me the money for the initial investment. At the time a share was \$10,000 which we split. So I was now a business owner, although I was not directly involved. About a year and a half after that, the company was shut down for good. I learned later that Liao had invited me to join to replace Professor M.M. Peng and W.N. Cheng who had quit the company.

Although I did not agree with Henry's proposal, Wendy wanted to try. With some persuasion from Henry, I also decided to try. The reasons Wendy wanted to invest: 1) business was guaranteed to make money, which is extremely rare in this world; and 2) no one, unless he was stupid, would pass up an opportunity like this, especially since we needed extra money for our children's education.

Wendy (Bunji changed her name to Wendy) ran a successful business for more than ten years. Most importantly, she enjoyed it. She started with both import and export, and at the end only import. She obtained her raw materials from different countries, including Taiwan, South Korea, and Thailand. Most of her customers were in the States. She closed her operations in 1992 at my request. I was retired in 1990. The business improved our financial strength considerably.

Dr. Henry Hong was from Chanfua, Taiwan. He earned an MS at the University of New Hampshire before coming to University of Texas, where we met in 1969. He was an excellent scholar, but also a creative inventor. He started his PhD work in crystallography and ended up

completing his PhD in chemical engineering in two years, which was quite unusual. He was also a gentleman. When he left the University, he left with his PhD and a wife, Chao-Hong, who had been a graduate student. Henry went to work for Lincoln Laboratory in Boston, and returned to Taiwan in 1980.

Visitors from Many Thousand Miles Away

While we were taking care of the new business, my in-laws from Taiwan organized a trip to visit us in RI. There were nine in the group, including one person from each of her sibling's family along with her parents. Based on their English, they were courageous to attempt this and they had surprisingly no problems. Wendy's sister and brother-in-law in Kansas City also joined the group. I rented a full-sized van for the group to visit the east coast. I was a tour coordinator and guide. The travel expenses were huge. Going to McDonalds was relatively cheap and still cost us more than forty dollars. One night at a motel would easily cost \$300 to \$400. Wendy's parents decided to pick up the tab. At that time, they were the only ones who could afford to do so.

According to the private conversation between my father in-law and me, the main purpose of the trip was to personally see me one more time in his life. I had not been able to visit Taiwan since being added to the KMT blacklist. I took them everywhere for sightseeing, but my father-in-law often refused to leave the van. He told me time and again that he came to see us and not the beautiful country.

The first time I was permitted to return to Taiwan was in 1989. By then he was in a nursing home, and my mother in-law had already passed away. Although I had never been their favorite son in-law, they bathed me with their love and affection throughout most of my life and I owe them immensely.

Life by the Ocean

We grew to enjoy the natural beauty of New England, especially Rhode Island. By the end, we really loved it. Our favorite activities included:

- Walking on the beaches in the summer
- Walking in the red maple forest behind our house in the fall
- Appreciating the new green leaves, red buds, and beautiful flowers everywhere in the spring

The only shortcoming was that the winters were too long.

Rhode Island is a state in New England with Massachusetts to the north and Connecticut to the east. It is the smallest state in the US with 950,000 square miles and population of one million. Although small, RI has many scenic spots worth visiting. Since we loved sightseeing, we left footprints almost over the entire State. There are many places that still deeply embedded in my memory:

Our Backyard

Behind our backyard, there was a forest that was so deep that we did not know where it ended. It was so beautiful, especially in the fall. Each window from the back of the house was like a beautiful painting of red, yellow and green colors and we lived in the painting.

Wickford

Wickford was an old fisherman's village in downtown North Kingstown. Our community beach was located in Wickford. Many famous novelists had written their novels using Wickford as the backdrop. There was a famous side walk painting exhibition, once a year, which attracted many people from New England and the east coast. We walked through the exhibition nearly every year. We enjoyed taking walks at dusk and bathing in the charming sun rays at the community beach during sunset.

The Birth Place of Gilbert Stuart

Stuart had been the most famous painter in Rhode Island, known mostly for his portrait of George Washington. There was a small creek nearby the Stuart birth place. One could see thousands of herring swimming in the creek. They had come from the Atlantic Ocean to lay

their eggs in the spring. The herrings were too bony for eating. Many people came to catch them for fertilizer or pickling. During the spring, we always brought our friends there to see one of the natural wonders.

Jamestown

In the southern tip of Jamestown Island, there was a lighthouse. The rocky shoreline was so beautiful; it attracted so many tourists and painters when we were there. We often took guests there. We also went there to collect seaweed and mussels occasionally.

Newport

Newport mainly was famous for its mansions and, of course, its natural beauty. Our favorite was the Breaker's built by Vanderbilts.

Others

Narragansett Bay, Watch Hill and Block Island were all our favorite spots. We visited them countless times.

When we did not have visitors, we often visited the shore during weekends. We enjoyed the cool wind blowing into our face in the morning and dusk. Our routine after dinner was to take a walk on the community beach. Occasionally, we would pick or dig for clams, such as mussels, quahogs, cherrystones and little necks. We also collected seaweed to eat.

We often went fishing at numerous places, including Wickford and Jamestown. Most fish I caught were scups, black fish or tautog, baby blue fish or Jack Skipper (local name), Flounder, etc. I bought either tiny crabs or worms for bait.

I remember well, during one very cold winter, I went deep-sea fishing with my colleagues, Andy Ferreira and Bob Stahlbush. Although I took seasickness medicine before we boarded, I started to vomit soon after the boat left shore. I grabbed a 55-gallon waste metal garbage can and kept throwing things from my stomach into it. I must have screamed like a cow. I was really miserable for the next 9 hours. Of course, I did not fish. As soon as the boat returned to dock, I felt better.

After that trip, I stayed away from boats until we took a cruise to the Caribbean Islands with Dr. and Mrs. K.H. Lin in December 1991. I felt fine for some reason.

After we left Rhode Island, I continued fishing for 2 to 3 years then I quit. I took the advice from a couple of my readers, Dr. and Mrs. K.F. Lin from DC who were Buddhists and didn't believe in killing fish. From I started fishing in 1944 until I stopped in 1981, I had fished for over 37 years.

Universities Take Away All My Children

Our second child, Jean went to Boston University to pursue a medical career. After she worked in a hospital for two summers, she changed her mind. She realized that her heart was not in medicine so she changed to studying mathematics.

Before her senior year, she decided to study abroad at Oxford for her senior year. Three months before she left, she had a bad fall while ice skating and broke her right ankle. Her doctor temporarily fixed it with two stainless plates on the sides of her leg and a pair of long bolts and nuts. When Wendy and I saw her walking with a cane and wearing a backpack at Logan Airport in Boston, we cried. England was a strange country for her, and she knew no one. But, she was courageous. She was so peaceful and not nervous at all. Later, she told us she was very uneasy, but to calm us down, she controlled her emotion. Suddenly, we realized she was not a child any more. (Please read Attachment 8)

In September 1986, we finally realized one of our important goals. The universities had taken away all our children. We were free, easier and more relaxed now, since we did not have children to bother us anymore. We had waited for this day for so long. Our life would be more glorious and days brighter. In fact, they were not. As soon as Jennifer left, we started to think about them and really missed them immensely. Loneliness started to fill our hearts. I would choose the old days than the new ones, if I had a choice. I wanted those days with limited freedom to come back.

One day at dusk, we went to take a walk at our community beach; there were two young children and their mother playing. The mother told us that she admired us for taking a romantic walk along such a beautiful place. In our hearts, we envied her with the two children to play with. It had been too long since we played with our children. I wrote my emotion down in an essay entitled Another Chapter. (Please read Attachment 9)

Social Life

Rhode Island is a small place. There were only a few Taiwanese in RI and we had an unofficial dinner party every few months. If my memory serves me, Dr. and Mrs. W.H. Su always arranged for those parties. The other couples attending included Dr. and Mrs. Z.M. Kao, Dr. and Mrs. F.P. Su, and Dr. and Mrs. P.J. Fang. Both Dr. Su's were physicians; Dr. Kao was a professor at Brown University and Dr. Fang taught at University of Rhode Island and somewhere else. Professor Fang later started his own business and seemed to have done extremely well. They lived across the street from us.

The two largest schools in RI were Brown University and URI. Several graduate students from Taiwan attended Brown, and I can't recall any attending URI. We did not have much opportunity to serve our fellow Taiwanese in RI with the following exceptions.

Dr. C.Z. Chang

Dr. Chang just finished his Ph.D. degree at Purdue University and landed a teaching job at URI as an assistant professor. His family of three stayed at our home as guests for a month

Eileen Wang

Eileen was our niece and Wendy's third sister's daughter. She stayed with us for about two years. We treated her as our own child.

C.Y. Wang

He was a cousin of Eileen's, and was a graduate student at Brown University. He came to our house quite often. Although we did not help him much, he expressed his gratitude in his Dissertation.

We have helped many Taiwanese over last 40 years. We ask for nothing in return but hope that they will, in turn, extend their hands to others needing help. Society will certainly improve as a result.

Political Activities

Now, I am going back to talk about my involvement in the Taiwanese politics in the States.

In 1978 Mr. M.D. Tsai advised me that we needed to change the name of the Formosan Club of America as soon as possible. He had done so many good things for Taiwanese so I listened. The Formosan Club of America had been official name since the organization was registered in District of Columbia. "Formosa" was a historical name and rarely used. "Taiwan" was popular and used exclusively among the international community. Mr. Tsai argued that if we did not use "Taiwan" then others might, especially our enemies. We would therefore be inviting problems for ourselves. We might lose the rights to "Taiwan" in the future, or forever. I knew it well that "Formosa" had a special meaning; however, Taiwan was more practical and real. For this, I called Acting President, C. Y. Chuang, to suggest the name change. He took it well and we changed the name from the Formosan Club of America to the Taiwanese Association of America. (Later, in one of Chuang's writings, he indicated that Dr. T.S. Chen, his successor changed its name in 1979.)

In the following year, Mr. Tsai suggested that the publication of the magazine, "Looking for Spring Wind," be moved from Houston to Boston. Mr. S. W. Kuo agreed to be the new Chief Editor in Boston. I called Houston and they were agreeable to the move. As a result, the magazine had a new home in New England. People in Boston worked

extremely hard. The magazine improved significantly. The most noticeable change was from hand written to type set. Unfortunately, they closed the publication several years later. C.S. Hung had started the magazine earlier in Colorado. It was an official magazine of the Taiwanese Association of America. Thus, TAA did not have a publication for many years, until President M.T. Hong started "Tai-Chiau Monthly".

One day in the early 80s, I received notice to attend a WUFI meeting. I drove to New York City with Dr. C.S. Hung of Boston. At that meeting, I was appointed head of the Financial Department. The former head, Mr. Huang (actually Wang), gave me two notebooks and I became a person in charge of the most important department at WUFI. After I went back to Rhode Island, I tried hard to understand the books but to no avail. I thought they would contact me in a few days, but became one year. I thought if WUFI wanted me to know the books, they would send someone to help me. Of course, I could also ask but I thought WUFI was involved in too much top secret things. I only needed to know what I was supposed to know. This assumption was a big mistake. If I only knew then what I know now, I would have asked some important questions. However, I was too naive at the time. In the end, I was given an extremely important job, and I did not perform. It might be better that way. After a period of time (I cannot remember for how long now), Mr. Huang asked me to send the books back to him for the coming Central Committee Meeting. Very soon my term was expired and I was removed from the 'duty'.

Mr. Chin C. Chan was probably the only reason I was appointed for the position, although he did not discuss the matter with me before and after.

I automatically became a member of the Executive Committee when I was in charge of the Financial Department. I vaguely remember I had been a member once before, when I served as the President of the Formosan Club of America, which automatically occupied one of the committee seats. Those were the only official positions I had held when I was a WUFI's member.

Professor W.C. Chen, a mathematics professor, went back to Taiwan in July 1981. During his stay in Taiwan, his corpse was found on the Taiwan University campus. KMT insisted Chen committed suicide because of the crime he had committed in the States. KMT did it again. As an individual Taiwanese, what could I do? I felt powerless.

Soon, Chen's widow came back to the States, and visited us with her sister in-law (P. Chen), son (Eric Chen), Susan Lee, and C.D. Liu and his wife in Rhode Island. Su-Cheng Chen had still not recovered from the tragedy. Liu, who was also a mathematician, occasionally hummed Taiwanese folk songs. Su-Cheng would cry since Professor Chen also had similar habit. Liu knew it at heart, but sometimes he forgot.

I advised Mrs. Chen to publicly accuse KMT of killing her husband. We should let Americans and the international communities recognize what KMT did. She should not be silent. She had an obligation to herself, her husband, and the Taiwanese people. She accepted my donation and publicly accused the KMT. Whether or not she heeded my words specifically was unimportant. As a Taiwanese I thanked her for her bravery.

Chian Nan was murdered in 1984. According to the newspaper reports Chen Chi-Li led a team of 'gang members' to murder Chain Nan in Daly City, California. The killing was sanctioned by Chiang Siau-Wen, Chiang Ching-Kuo's son, through the Intelligence Section of the Taiwan Defense Department. The following year, Chiang Ching-Kuo proclaimed that none from Chian's family would assume his power and also indicated that he was Taiwanese. I have always believed there was a tie between the two incidents. I have guessed that there was a tacit agreement between Reagan administration and Chiang. On one hand, Chiang agreed to give up the assumption of the power by one of his family members (This was to mean the end of "Chian Dynasty"), and on the other, Reagan administration agreed not to extradite the criminals, Chiang Siau-Wen and Chen Chi-Li. To me, for a foreign government to send someone to the U.S. to kill its citizen was a dead serious matter. It just could not be so easily resolved. If my guess is correct, the effect of

the Chian Nan Incident could not easily be neglected. It could be much more important than most people thought.

Wendy and I went to visit the Taiwan Tribune in New York to show our concerns as Taiwanese, writers and friends, several days after the incident. Realizing the devotion and working conditions of the Tribune people, we felt both gratitude and sorry for them. Mrs. Lo Chen-Fun cried when she saw us. I couldn't tell if she was excited to see old friends or frustrated from overwork. There was a lot of news in various Chinese newspapers, but most of them were on the incident. The Taiwan Tribune could only use a small part of them, because most of them were pro-Chiang's or pro-Chinese news. The Tribune had to be published on time and there were still so many big spaces left in every single page to be filled! We wanted to help, but we did not have the talent to do so. We were sorry, Chen-Fun. Chen-Fun was our longtime friend.

I think I am going to continue my writing on politics, bits and pieces.

That year, for "Chon-Kuan", meaning to get into Taiwan from the U.S. without legal papers, Mr. S.L. Hsu and T.M. Hsieh visited Taiwanese all over the US to brief them on Hsu's Chon Kuan and collect donations. One night about 11 PM, I received a telephone call from Mr. S.W. Kuo from Boston who requested that I hold a press conference at 9 AM next morning. I thought the call was a mistake, and asked to talk to one of them directly. Hsieh talked to me to confirm that this was not a mistake.

I knew it was a joke to have a press conference the next morning. I was not a famous person and held no important position. This was a most difficult request for me. I would have to hold the conference in my house. But, how would I engage the reporters? I did not know any of them. I could try to call some of the newspapers, but I was so sure no one would come.

After a careful consideration, I called them back to tell them that holding a press conference in the morning simply was not feasible. It was too short of a notice. In fact, I knew that even one week to prepare would not be sufficient. I never socialized with the media and did not have the necessary skills. This was a possible reason why I was not a

member of FAPA (Formosan Association of Public Affairs, established by Taiwanese Americans mainly to conduct foreign affairs).

It was not an easy night for me. I did not want to disappoint them and did not sleep that night. In the morning I received a call from Dr. W.H. Su who asked me to lunch with Hsu and Hsieh. I accepted the invitation. We talked over lunch and I was certainly not impressed.

In 1986, I faced one of the most difficult decisions in my life. WUFI (World United Formosans for Independence) requested all members to re-register if they wanted to continue their membership. I had been in WUFI for 20 years and they were no closer to reaching their goal. If the center of a circle were the target, WUFI was going around and around, but never getting closer. WUFI needed to change. Members would need extraordinary determination and courage, which I was lacking. At this time, my family life became my first priority. Therefore, I was not qualified to be a member of any revolutionary group including WUFI.

In truth, I was not a revolutionary. I respected justice, knew right from wrong, and possessed a strong Taiwanese consciousness. I was not willing to sacrifice everything for this cause, but could accept a certain degree of risk. A revolutionary group, consisted of thousands of Mu-Sheng Wu's would not defeat KMT.

In conclusion, the difference between what I should do and what I was willing to do was substantial. It would be painful for me to stay in WUFI. Geographically, I was very isolated. This could also be a contributing factor for me to decide against re-registering.

I painfully decided against re-registering. In fact, I was simply replacing one pain with another.

I took some time to review WUFI, more critically.

Most WUFI's members were either scientists or engineers whose approaches were very scientific, and ideologies and values were also the same and would never change. Using a scientific method to study political theories and establish ideologies could be proper; however, it was rather difficult to use the approach to real politics. The deceased Senator from Illinois, Everett Dirksen said, "I am a man of principle, and

my principle is flexibility." In other words, flexibility is a part of the real politics.

Some people say that politics in practice is an art. In fact, to me, practical politics is not even an art. In arts, one of its important factors is beauty. In politics, in many cases, one could not even see beauty. It was dirty, tricky and honest with cunning at best. WUFI was too honest to fight with the real politics.

Most WUFI members were people with principles, and they were not very practical. They could not and were not willing to change with the political reality. There were a lot of things that were not logical but really practical. And also, some logical things were not practical. In many cases, members extended their principles so much that they tightened themselves and plugged their narrow road to success. Principles, many times, provided unnecessary obstacles in the practical politics.

If all the doctors in the world were surgeons, then, to cure a common cold, they might operate their patients. Although it is only an unreal example, we can find some true meaning from it.

Another problem with WUFI was its members' devotions to their cause. They were not sufficient enough to accomplish their goal, although theirs were considerably higher than those of the other Taiwanese organizations in the US. To achieve a goal had nothing to do with the comparison with the other institutes; basically it was the strength of its own organization. Of course, there were still more deficiencies such as: the weakness of the leadership, the loose of the organization, too many generals and no soldiers, no ethics of following the leaders, and most members being scholars etc. for WUFI to solve. Those special qualities of WUFI were attributed to the special environment at the time in the States.

I found myself having most of the WUFI's characters. I was one of them.

International Environment Protection Association

In the early 1986, Dr. C.M. Lee and a group of people began to establish an environment group called International Environment

Protection Association in D.C. In their draft, I wrote down some of my comments. And because of the comments, Dr. Lee recommended me to be the President of the organization. In order to let them know I was not qualified for the position, I went to DC to meet them. I wanted them to know that although my PhD dissertation was on Aerosol Science, my knowledge in the environment protection was quite limited. In addition, I was alone in Rhode Island. I could not contribute much by myself. In fact, there was another rather strong reason for me to refuse the position. After my term as the President of the Formosan Club of America was expired, I had concluded that I should and would not take any official position, because I was not good for any of them.

After the meeting, I thought I had solved the problem and went home. But, since then, my name was on every piece of official letters issued by the Association. For not providing any resistance to Lee and his group, I decided not continuing to protest, and so reluctantly I became the President. Frankly, I did not do a thing during my President tenure. Lee did all the Association affairs.

Dr. Lee was an effective manager. He contributed the most and never complained. He devoted to the cause deeply and also was knowledgeable. He was from Ilan.

The Association held its first Symposium at San Diego, California. Dr. C.M. Lee and the Vice President Dr. W.N. Lin did most of the work. Professor Raymond Lee at San Diego State did all the infrastructure service. Attendees included those from Hawaii and Taiwan: Dr. C.Y. Lin, Professor and Mrs. S.M. Shih, Congressman L.F. Chiou and his wife, Congressman P.C. Chian, and Congresswoman C.C. Wong. Professor Shih was my junior at both Taiwan University and the University of Texas. He was the one, who wrote the recommendation letter for me when I was "interested" in becoming a candidate for the President of the Formosan Club of America.

I did not do much (perhaps, I should say 'anything'), which brought me great pain since I hated others who did that, but I became one, unfortunately. I did not stay in the Association because of some difficulty in personal relationship.

My Health

Before I went to D. C. to discuss the presidency of the Environmental Protection Association, I had had a fairly thorough annual physical examination. My nurse left a message for me to call her on my answering machine. I realized it could be an unpleasant message so I left without returning the call.

Personally, I think I did the right thing. In DC I ate and drank as I pleased. As soon as I returned, I was given a "glucose test" that showed I was in the preliminary stage of Type II Diabetes. I needed to go through a diet and exercise program. The very first thing I had to do was reduce my weight from 170 pounds to 145 pounds. It was no big deal for me. I did it in about 3 months. And at Wendy's request, I increased my weight back for 5 pounds. I have maintained my weight of 150 pounds since then. My method has been eating more fish and vegetables, reducing meats, and exercising. Self-discipline is most important. After my weight was in control, I had a feeling of flying in the very beginning. (After 16 years of diet and exercise, I am taking medicines now. My system is getting worse slowly.)

Ciba-Geigy Closes its Doors in Rhode Island

While I was focusing on my health, my company, Ciba-Geigy, ran into problems. One night, an environment activist knocked on my door. She told me that her group was working to close a chemical company in Rhode Island. I gave her a donation as I always have for environmental groups. I was an environmentalist myself. Soon, I should have realized they were targeting Ciba-Geigy, the only chemical company in Rhode Island. They worked really hard. After demonstrations, hearings, and even tying themselves to a pipe, they successfully shut down the plant. The company's decision was to move productions unit to Alabama and the development group to Toms River, New Jersey.

Ciba-Geigy had a huge production plant and a research center in Toms River at the time. We converted part of the facility for our department and I was responsible for the move. The environmentalists

now set their sights on the Toms River plant and succeeded in shutting down operations within two years through vigorous protests.

After we had spent about two million dollars to move to Toms River, the company decided to cancel the project. Our new destination was Alabama, the location I left two decades earlier. I was horrified to hear the news. I could not live there, but I was still two years from retirement. I considered quitting, but I was unwilling to give up my benefits. I had to stay in the hell for two years.

I was given the responsibility for the new move. I spent half of my time in R.I. and the other in Alabama. I went to work in Alabama once a week. The move was scheduled for 1987.

We moved to Alabama during the summer of 1987. Luckily, North Kingstown home prices were at their highest. Ciba-Geigy purchased our home. They asked estimates from three real estate companies and bought the home for the average of the two closest estimates. Our sale price was twice as much as the purchase price.

I wrote an article, which was in my book, “the Fourth Movement”, with a title of The Summer of 1987.

While we were preparing to move to Alabama, we read in a newspaper that Taiwanese in New York were going to give a huge demonstration to commemorate 228, which occurred February 28, 1947. Wendy and I drove 180 miles to New York for the demonstration. There were less than two hundred participants. We were disappointed at the size. But that was not all. After the demonstration, we saw a large group of Taiwanese, who did not join the demonstration, gather in the Taiwanese Meeting Hall to commemorate the day. I wondered why Taiwanese could not unite for a common cause. Even when we united, our forces were not that strong. If we had the same goals, we should unite and fight to the end.

Of all the places in the US, we stayed in Rhode Island the longest, about 10 years. Rhode Islanders seemed friendly on the surface. They would greet you when they met you on the street, but that was about it. Most had lived in Rhode Island for so long that they had their own social circles. They did not have time for an outsider or a newcomer. Since we

were both outsiders and "foreigners", we only socialized with my work colleagues. After 10 years, we only knew our neighbors enough to say 'hi', when we ran into each other. This situation was not a problem for us. When we needed friends, we could always go to Boston where we had a lot of friends. Even so, we did not go to Boston very often.

In general, people think that Yankees were not prejudice, especially those in the East Coast. But, in my experience, people in the North and the South were similar on this subject, only those Northerners were more diplomatic. I wrote an essay on prejudice. Please read Attachment 10.

PART NINETEEN

Good-bye Chemical Engineering

Going Back to the South

I went to the South by myself and stayed in a motel in May 1987. As routine, I returned to Rhode Island once a week. During this period, I dieted and exercised religiously to maintain my weight. Dieting was not difficult since I could carefully select my food and eat only half of my order at restaurants. But exercising was difficult. At that time, motels were not equipped with an exercise room. I jogged, but the weather was already hot and humid in May even during the early morning or evening. Although sometimes I jogged in the hallway, the air was stale. I found out the best time for me to exercise was between 1 AM to 3 AM, otherwise it was too hot and humid.

Although customarily, I woke up at 4AM, so I arose one and a half hours earlier at 2:30 AM and ran around the motel for 45 minutes. I then took a cold shower and went to work.

My new schedule forced me to go to bed at 9 PM and I have done so ever since. For partially this reason, I do not have much social life. I also try to avoid it as much as I can.

Three months later, we purchased an excessively large house about the same price to our RI house so that we would avoid paying excessive capital gains tax. The house was a brand new brick house, with a living space of more than 4,000 square feet. It was really too big for the two of us. This house never quite became a home.

I remember when I was a child we shared one bathroom between eight people. We had to wait in a line every morning. But now, the bathrooms waited for us, although not in a line. Living in such a house did bother me since I was an environmentalist and wasting resources was contrary to my nature.

I was 53 and half years old. After one and a half more years, I would be 55 and eligible to pocket \$125,000 capital gains from selling my house without paying tax. I would sell my current house. That was my plan.

We had neither desire nor plans to stay long in Alabama. With that in mind, we purchased no new furniture for the house. In spite of so many

rooms, we only used three, the kitchen, family room, and one of the bedrooms. Since we lived in area remote region, we did not expect many visitors. We realized that we were not going to use any of the other bedrooms or the living room.

Wendy was even busier with her business. She also spent a lot of time gardening since the yard was so big. She loved to plant flowers and bushes, too.

The Gray Days

That year, Ciba-Geigy decided to build a production facility in Taiwan. At the end of the year, I was assigned to manage the project. Without any hesitation, I took the job which was a great opportunity to return home. I was excited. In order to travel to Taiwan for the first meeting, I submitted my visa application to KMT Atlanta Office. I heard nothing for two weeks and then I called them. They told me that mine was a very special situation and I should submit a "Three No's" note to facilitate KMT's approval of my visa. I asked them why I was special. Their only answer was you had problem with the Security. They did not go beyond that. No further explanation was given.

I wrote and submitted the following "Three No's" note:

While in Taiwan, I would not:

- Not participate in any political activities,
- Not encourage Taiwan Independence, and
- Not participate in anti-government demonstration.

Intentionally, I left myself a little room with the double negatives. But I didn't really need to play with grammar or logic. To the cruel KMT, I didn't feel like I needed to keep my word.

KMT refused to grant me a visa after I submitted my "Three No's" note. This happened in the spring of 1988 and I wrote an essay expressing my frustration that was published in the Capital Newspaper,

Taiwan with a title of "Leaving Home Was Hard and Returning Home Is Even Harder". (Please read Attachment 11)

At the end of August 1987, my department's move to Alabama was complete. We still needed to hire some technical people to fill vacancies created by the move. My job was routine and boring. Worse than that, there were few Taiwanese in Mobile, Alabama, and I had little to do outside of work. I was still bothered by KMT's refusal to grant a visa.

At work, the inventing, developing, piloting, and plant trials continued; however, nothing excited me anymore. "A repetitive life, day after day, is similar to chronic suicide," I kept telling myself. Life was very uneasy for me. I had to change my environment, one way or another. I was going to ruin my life, if I continued down the same path. I should resign, but I could not leave without considering factors affecting my financial situation:

- My youngest child would graduate from college in May 1990
- I would be eligible for early retirement at the end of 1989
- I could sell our house after September 1989 without paying taxes

My plan was to retire immediately after my youngest child graduated from college. Meanwhile I would put my house on the market earlier and complete the transaction after September 1989. I could have my new life in 1990.

Truth be told, Mobile was really not that bad. The cost of living was so inexpensive, and the scenery was beautiful. In addition, people were extremely friendly and polite. Important to our lives and absent was the Taiwanese organization. At that time, we were still members of Columbus Taiwanese Association, which was more than 500 miles from us. We paid our dues every year partially because we had a lot of friends in the organization. More importantly, I had to belong to a Taiwanese Association to live. One year, we also became members of New Orleans Taiwanese Association, although New Orleans was 150 miles away from Mobile.

During my Mobile years, I participated in only two Taiwanese activities; both in New Orleans. One was for the Thomas Young fund raising sponsored by the Taiwan Tribune, and the other was for P.H. Kuo's report on his illegal entry into and exit from Taiwan. I went there with Mr. M.H. Cheng of Pensacola both times.

When we were in Mobile, we were so isolated from the Taiwanese community in the US that we sometimes read the news occasionally came from old newspapers and magazines. We did not know much about the activities of Taiwanese in America.

Becoming an Arbitrator

In the early winter of 1988, a friend of mine, M.D. Tsai called from New Jersey. During the conversation, we started talking about the current dispute of the election for the Presidency of the Taiwanese Association of America. I had not been closely following the election prior to the dispute. Mr. Tsai thought that I might be a good arbitrator since I had previously served as President. At this time, the Association had problems finding a third arbitrator. When we finished our conversation, he called the Association to recommend me for the position.

The dispute really bothered me. When were we going to know the unification of all Taiwanese was so important? To me, it was the most important thing in fighting for our freedom. Both sides, involved in the dispute, were established to overthrow KMT regime. Both were fighting to destroy KMT dictatorship as their main goal and the only goal. But, both sides were fighting to destroy themselves. What were they doing? If they were not stupid, they were not serious about their mission. Or, probably, they were fighting to grab the limited Taiwanese resources for their own interest, and forgot about Taiwanese interest. Their guns should face their common enemy instead of facing each other.

The next evening after Tsai talked to me, I received a telephone call from the President of the Association, Ms. Huang, indicating they had found the third candidate for the arbitration. She also thanked me for my good intention, although I had not made my mind to serve the

Association yet. I was happy for the Association to establish the arbitration committee finally. I deeply believed that Taiwanese had sufficient wisdom to solve their own problem whatever it was.

A few nights later, after I went to bed, I received a telephone call from one of the two candidates who were in the heart of dispute, Dr. C.C. Shieh. He asked me to be one of the three candidates for the arbitration. I knew that the arbitration was a difficult task, in this case. The result would only please one side, at best. However, the situation was so bad, that someone had to get in to help solve the problem. I told Dr. Shieh I would only serve as an arbitrator, if he could not find other person.

I became one of the three arbitrators, the other: Mr. F.M. Chen and Professor L.S. Fan. They chose me to be a person to call and hold meetings and also a spoke person. Chen and I were recommended by Dr. Shieh to be candidates for the arbitration, and agreed by the other presidential candidate Mr. M. L. Tsai; and Professor Fan was recommended by Mr. Tsai and agreed by Dr. Shieh.

Before we started the arbitration, we set up the following important guidelines:

- Our judgment would only be based on the will of the voters.
- Our decision was final. Both sides agreed.

During the arbitration, every decision was made by a vote of 3 to 0 without exception, luckily. Both sides accepted our final decision, although there were some different opinions and objections. We did not respond to any of them. We knew we did our best. I wrote my feeling and frustration in my book *The Fourth Movement*, with a title “My Bits and Pieces of Memory on the Election of the President of TAA, 1988. (Please read Attachment 20)

A Dream Becoming Reality

While the arbitration was happening, I submitted a new application for visa to the KMT Atlanta Office with the purpose to see my sick

mother. This time, they granted me a one-time visa for a week. I had made arrangements for my travel in advance, and had received the visa only a few days before my departure. Wendy and I went back to Taiwan in February 1989. When we arrived at Taipei, it was 2-28, or February 28. I had finally returned to Taiwan for the first time since leaving in 1963. During those 26 years, Taiwan had changed so much. We had left four healthy parents and now my father and her mother had passed away, my mother was sick, and her father was now in nursing home.

At the customs of Taipei International Airport, Wendy followed me in a line to enter the country. When I gave the officer in the booth my passport, he looked for my information on his computer, and then he phoned. Suddenly, I saw many officers quickly dashing from the offices on the other side of the building. I was then asked to sit on a bench next to the booth, which I did. Wendy then showed her passport to the officer who asked if I were her husband. When she said yes, he shook his head. I waited for about 20 minutes. Several Japanese tourists were tired and sat on the bench next to me. Because of this, I did not feel I was a prisoner. They fortunately let us go.

I went to see my mother in a nursing home at Sulim. A warm stream flew through my heart. I tried hard to control my emotion in front of a group of people, and was only partially successful. My eyes grew moist. When we finally saw each other, I worried that she did not recognize the person standing in front of her. She had been longing to see me for the last 26 years. I could not forget what KMT had done, although all its crimes had been forgotten and forgiven by most Taiwanese.

I also went to visit my father-in-law. He was in a nursing home operated by Yeh Clinic in Tainan. The nursing home was on the second floor. On our way to the second floor, we could smell a rather strong and disgusting urine odor. We were told this was one of the best nursing homes in the city. My father-in-law was very alert. When he saw me, he was more surprised than joyful, because he had told me in the States not to come home until the situation had improved dramatically. I told him, the situation really had changed. Soon thereafter, he died. I wrote a prose entitled An Old Man in my book, “the Fourth Movement”.

Good-bye Chemical Engineering

I cannot remember when we started to go to Pensacola, Florida, but we found ourselves frequently driving those 60 miles from Mobile. The first time we saw Pensacola was years earlier when we visited from our home in Ohio. We had stayed with Joel Wang's family and enjoyed the location immensely. The white sandy beaches were so surprisingly beautiful.

We heard that my WUFI colleague Cheng had moved to Pensacola from Maryland and was operating a motel. One day I visited him. Since he had a motel, staying overnight was easy. The Cheng's were very generous. They provided us with a room and fed us. They would not allow us to stay in the motel and so we stayed with them in their beautiful home overlooking the ocean.

Pensacola was certainly a beautiful place. With the fringe benefits provided by Cheng's, it became our weekend paradise.

To us, Pensacola not only had the most beautiful white sand beach, the city also provided a few out-of-service old bridges for fishing. There were a lot of fish, but we were only interested in the white trout. The white trout were really good to eat and the water was so clean that the meat could be used for sashimi. During the summer and fall seasons, we enjoyed Pensacola so much that we almost forgot our hometown was Mobile.

The typical weekend's schedule was:

- Drive to Pensacola on Saturday morning
- Fish in the afternoon
- Eat fish for dinner
- Stay at the Chen's house for the night
- Go to beach in the morning to swim or take a walk
- Play tennis
- Fish again
- Dine at Chen's house
- Return home

At this time, our old friend, Joel Wang, and his family still lived in Pensacola. We also made new friends: Wu, Lin, Chau and Chao. We enjoyed their companies.

But, I was still not happy. I was eager to do something really meaningful. I did not want to finish and waste my life in the current fashion.

One great day in the early December 1989, Jennifer told me she was going to graduate one quarter early. I would be paying her last tuition bill on December 18. I submitted my request for early retirement on the 20th. I told my company that my last day would be January 31, 1990. I was finally eligible for early retirement.

My boss and his wife hated me for my decision. She would not talk to me when she ran into me. They were our neighbors. I did not understand their reaction but whatever the reasons I did not care that much anymore. I was leaving soon.

At the company request, I agreed to stay until March 15 and they would pay me until July 15. My last official working day on paper was June 1, 1990.

I had described my feelings and encountering in my book “the Fourth Movement”, entitled A Dignity of a Human Being. Please read Attachment 12 and 13.

It was raining on my last day. I was unhappy with the attitude changes of some colleagues, especially those working for me.

Preparing for Another Move

The next 10 days after I retired, we took a trip to Orlando, Florida and New Orleans, and then Houston for another 10 days. By the time I came back from the trip, I had almost recovered from the sadness of leaving the company. I also had three interesting messages from:

- A new company in New Jersey interested in speaking with me
- The Taiwan Tribune offering me the Editor position
- Professor Lee of San Diego asking me to work in the San Diego Training Center

Returning to Taiwan was my first priority. Therefore, I did not yet want to consider any other options. Regardless, I had to first sell the house, our most important asset. If we could not sell the house, we were stuck.

Our house was on the market for several months without selling. Some people had come to see the house, but I doubt they were serious buyers. Most of them were real estate agents if I would have to guess. Each one would leave saying, "It's a beautiful house."

What we really needed was not a beautiful compliment, but rather, a buyer. It was bothersome to show the house, because we had to clean and put everything away in advance.

This was the third time we were selling a house but the first time we had problems. In Worthington, Ohio the new busing policy in nearby Columbus stimulated the housing market and we sold our house before it was on the market. We tried to sell the second house in North Kingstown, Rhode Island by ourselves, but sold it to Ciba-Geigy after a few months and so no headaches. This third house was nightmare to sell.

Theoretically, a house is like any other product that needs to be sold. One could find a buyer if the price were right. I was willing to take certain loss but could not take unreasonable one. We did not have a buyer at the initial listed price and no one seemed to be interested.

After a few more months, the house was still on the market. Potential buyers had come to see the house, but no offers. The situation was getting worse. The house across the street also put up a For Sale sign. This house was almost exactly the same as ours: same style, structure, size and builder, only older--six years versus two. But their listed price was much lower and the owner had added many features. We were resigned that we would not sell ours until they sold theirs. My days grew darker.

The house situation also affected one of my very meaningful projects.

Just before my retirement, I heard indirectly that Dr. Samuel Chou and his wife, Siu-Hui, were planning to build a retirement village called "Formosan Village". We felt it was so meaningful, and joined the plan. At the end of 1989 or early 1990, a group of us, including Dr. and Mrs. Chou, Mr. Edward Liu, Ms.. C.Z. Lin, Wendy and I went to Seattle,

Washington. The trip was to evaluate Seattle as our Formosan Village site. Dr. and Mrs. S.C. Chen who resided at Seattle also joined us. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chen served as guides. At the time, the housing price at Seattle was reasonable unlike the hot housing market in California.

Our impression toward Seattle was very good. Seattle had beautiful scenery with mountains and the sea nearby. There was also three National Parks. In addition, sweet Asian pears were grown in the region. The only handicap was too much rain in the winter.

Since we still could not sell our house we had to seriously consider our financial situation. Our investment in the house was too important. Unless we could sell the house, we could not proceed. We could only afford to own one home. We would only be able to join the Formosan Village project after we sold the house. After our careful consideration, we withdrew from the project.

Since our house just sat on the market, I could not just sit there doing nothing. I decided to talk to the company who had contacted me earlier with a job opportunity.. The company was in New Jersey and was under construction. The CEO was a lawyer, and he gave me an offer as a consultant. The terms were so good that I could not refuse. I signed a one-year contract to work for this company starting in August. The consulting time was no more than six hours per week on average. I would travel to the east coast once a week, which was not too bad. To me, this would be a much needed change of scenery. I could energize my mind once a week. I had signed a one-year contract because I felt it would be almost a miracle to sell the house any sooner.

June, I went back to Taiwan to visit my sick mother. Again, I was granted a one-trip visa that allowed me to stay in Taiwan for no more than two weeks. While there, I visited writer C.M. Huang whom I knew when I was the President of TAA in the States. I also attended the wedding of my niece, Eileen.

On the trip, I also talked to several friends on the topic of returning to work in Taiwan. There were three feasible options: 1) working as a visiting professor, 2) serving as a consultant, and 3) finding a new job.

The first thing for me was to get a permission to stay in Taiwan without which nothing would work.

An officer at KMT Atlanta Office explained that my visa was approved by the Head of the Atlanta Office. To the Security Office in Taiwan, he guaranteed that I would not cause problems in Taiwan. I did not know how true this was, but I still had problems traveling to Taiwan. A long stay would be out of the question.

My visa was again single entry for 2 weeks maximum. To remove the limitation, I had to confess everything I had done in the past in writing and also talk to someone in the office. Even then, KMT in Taiwan might still not grant the type of visa I requested. I refused the KMT Atlanta Office request, because going home was everyone's fundamental right. Their request was against one's fundamental right. It's simply wrong!

When I was leaving Taiwan, they stamped "Used" on my passport again. They must have been afraid that I would reuse the same visa to reenter Taiwan.

Our Alabama home had been in the market for six months, and had not sold which really made me miserable. I lost my freedom of course, but there was more. Four Ciba-Geigy families lived within a five minute walk and I often ran into them. Taking an early retirement was really to obtain a peaceful mind. But this was impossible if I had to meet them many times a day. We could choose to go out of the town, but not be for too long because of missed opportunities to sell the house. We really needed to stay to sell our house.

We went to Pensacola more often now. Since I was not working anymore, we could go anytime we liked. For a change, we took care of Cheng's motel for a week. Meanwhile, they went for a vacation. Afterward, we figured that this experience was not worth much, because we were not concerned with the income or motel's success.

In the early December after the house had been in the market for more than a year, a serious buyer surfaced. They had just sold their house in Arizona and wanted ours because it had a bedroom and a bath on the first floor. He had a mother in-law who had trouble walking. We tried hard not to raise our hopes because of the potential that the sale would

fall through. We also did not want our potential buyer to see our excitement so we concealed our emotions as much as we could. The couple asked us a lot of questions. Every one of them was a very practical.

Their real estate agent was also ours, which was quite convenient. At the end of the conversation, our agent let us know they were dead serious about our house. She told us we should expect an offer very soon. Since I had to go to New Jersey, I could not wait for their offer.

As soon as I got into the motel, Wendy left a message and let me know that they made an offer 25 % less than the list price. The offer was disappointing; however, we were happy. Although the offer would have been insulting under normal market conditions, we were excited to receive an offer in a depressed market. I felt like a fish on the chopping board and they could almost cut me any way they wanted.

I could regain my freedom by accepting their offer. We kept our cool, and made a counter offer. And then, we went back and forth for two days. Finally, my agent called me, "Congratulations, Dr. Wu, you have just sold your house." It was so sweet. I had been waiting for this moment for a year! We lost significant amount of money in this house, more than we would have saved from paying capital gains tax and not bought the house at all. But, we were excited and happy for long period of time after the sale.

Finally, we were free. We were so happy to lose money. Now, we needed to decide where we were going to move. Wendy wanted Texas, but I said no. I had been there for four years as student, and that was more than enough.

At the end of the bargaining, we compromised and moved to Houston temporarily and would then decide later. It was a bad mistake for me.

We left Mobile on January 12, 1991. Our destination was Houston.

From now on, I could do whatever I liked. If this was the definition of success, then I was successful. I was happy even we were moving to Houston.

I wrote about an incident very important in my life during the frustrating time when we were selling the house. At the end of 1990, I lost a friend, Mr. K.S. Wang who had been fighting for Taiwanese freedom for so long. I wrote an essay "My Memory Forever" in my book "The Fourth Movement".

PART TWENTY

Another Spring Time

Life in Houston

We moved into a rental house in Houston on January 12, 1991 and became temporary Houstonians. It is easy to say ‘moved into a rental house’, but in actuality the move was difficult and bothersome. We asked our friend, Ms. I.S. Lee, to help us find a rental house in December 1990 and she found one immediately. We thought everything was set for us to move in. However, we were then told the owner had rejected our application. We had already signed a contract with a truck company to move our furniture. I called another friend in Houston, Mr. S.W. Hsiao for help. I told him that we had to move to Houston in a few days and we needed a rental house. I also asked him to treat this as an emergency. We were extremely lucky that he was able to find a rental house in 24 hours. The house was in excellent conditions and the rental period was a year. S.W. saved us. I just had to inform the truck company of our new address and cancel the water supply at the old address. Although Ms. Lee did find another house, we were set and thanked her for her effort.

When we had left Texas in 1972, I had been determined not to come back to Texas, but here we were after 19 years. It seems to me, my life was predetermined and out of my control. I remember that when I had left Mobile the very first time, I also swore never to return but was wrong. Some unknown character arranged it, I guess.

The decision to return to Texas was ours, Wendy's and mine. In the past, all move decisions were mine. She said she would be the one to determine the destination this time. Since this was her first request in our married life, I accepted it although not gracefully.

In my life, I cycled back to an earlier part of my life without intent:

- I was born in Siaukang and left for 12 years, and then returned.
- I worked in Mobile, left, and returned after 21 years.
- I finished my PhD in Texas and returned after 19 years.

We both agreed that our stay in Houston was temporary, but the word "temporary" was vague. It could be one or ten years. Since we were in Houston now, I might as well enjoy it and do what I had had in my mind when I retired. I should be positive, I told myself.

Although I was very unhappy with the move, I was still excited to leave our miserable life in Mobile. I kept telling myself we would be in Houston for only a while, and I would often be out of town. Besides, Wendy had many friends here. When I was not home, she would not be too lonely. I tried hard to find reasons to justify living in Houston.

In the beginning, all what I asked was a peaceful environment for me to prepare for the next step. Meanwhile, I also wanted to clarify my thoughts and historical events. I hoped to set a good foundation for making sound contributions to Taiwan affairs.

I should have told my friends in Houston that I had changed my job instead of taking retirement. They approached me differently because they thought I was retired. Most likely, they thought retirement came with an abundance of leisure time. They tried to see if I could use my time to serve the Houston Taiwanese community. In fact, the only reason for me to take the early retirement was my hunger for extra time to accomplish what I had in my mind. I did not mind offering a portion of my time to serve the Houston Taiwanese Community, but I could not allow them to impact my plan. I retired with a purpose and not for a leisure life. I was planning to do something meaningful in my life and I was running out of time.

Soon after we moved to Houston, Dr. Ya-Yen Lee invited me to lunch. He told me in detail of the planned Taiwanese Activity Center in Missouri City. He was the project leader and he showed me a couple of drawings for the location and the plan. He did not ask me to join him for that lunch. I felt he simply wanted me to understand what he and a group of Taiwanese were doing in Houston.

A few days later, I ran into Dr. T.C. Tsai who asked if I was the person from Alabama who would be in charge of the Activity Center project. Suddenly, I realized what Dr. Lee had in his mind.

The position could be a full time job, or almost. I was not interested. I did not give up chemical engineering for the Activity Center project. My mind was somewhere else. Like other Taiwanese Houstonian, I did not come to serve the Taiwanese community, but rather for my job. Serving the community was secondary.

To start with, I was asked to be an advisor for the Taiwanese Association, which I accepted. Next, I was asked to serve as a member of the Board of the Taiwan Heritage Foundation, which I also accepted. Later, I resigned from the latter. Although I was a Board member, I was not just performing traditional board member work and I knew it was going to affect my own plan.

During this period my only son, Ben, married a lady from Detroit, Jody. They were both working for Dow Chemical. The bride was an analytical chemist. Before they decided to get married, Ben had been transferred to Northern California. In order to force the issue, they got married right away. Jody was also transferred to Northern California. Soon after their wedding, they moved to Concord, California.

Jody and Ben had been friends for a while before their engagement. We knew her well. The marriage did not surprise us at all. Their marriage was interracial but not an issue in our family. We all accepted her as a member of our family.

Searching for a Way to Pay Back

The August of that year we settled down in Houston, I flew to Tokyo, Japan to attend the annual meeting of the World Federation of Taiwanese Association (WFTA). After the meeting, I traveled to Taiwan. I started to search for the possibility of serving Taiwan in Taiwan. The first thing I had to do was establish proper connections with the necessary people in Taiwan. I had left Taiwan for so long and lost necessary connections.

I did not consider joining a political organization. I knew it would be easier to develop connections through one. But I would lose my freedom. I was looking for a job that fit my personality and capabilities. I

liked to work alone, although I knew working with an organization would be more effective and influential.

I met Dr. George Chan in the annual meeting. He was engaged in moving the entire WUFI organization back to Taiwan. I admired his good intention and firm determination. We had been friends for a long time since my junior year at Taiwan University. He was much stronger than I was on devotion to our course. It separated him from me. I was just an average person, but he was not. He influenced me much on Taiwanese affairs in the States.

At the Annual Meeting, I luckily ran into the respected publisher, Mr. Wen-Chin Lin. It was the first time I met him in person, although I had known him for a while. He was a young man engaged in promoting Taiwanese culture for so long. Under KMT's tight control, his road had been extremely difficult and dangerous, and would be more so in the future. We promised to see each other in Taiwan.

While at the Annual Meeting, Congressman Mr. H.T. Huang told me that I was selected as a representative from oversea for the scheduled People Meeting to write the Taiwanese Constitution. He asked me to come for the Meeting to be held on August 24 in Taipei. I promised him I would attend the meeting.

That year, the Annual Meeting of WFTA was held in Hachioh Shi, Tokyo. As a stranger to Japan, my impressions of Hachioh Shi were as follows:

- The city was quiet and clean
- The cattle pens did not smell bad
- The road signs were easily read, and workers cleaned them with their hands and cloth
- Children's music was played publicly late in the afternoon to remind kids to go home
- Before the trip I thought "endangered species" only referred to animals, but since then, I've known that trees could also be endangered

After Japan, I went to Taiwan for about a month and a half. I accomplished quite a bit during this period. On the literature front, I talked with W.C. Lin, a publisher, about my first book, "The Fourth Movement." Although the book was eventually published in 1993, we signed the contract then. I also traveled all the way to Bilong to visit the Chon Li-Ho Museum. My original intent was to pay my respects to the honorable writer. However, the trip made me realize the difficulty of establishing a Taiwanese Culture Museum. The individuals joining the project would need tremendous courage and be prepared to pay the price. The museum was quiet and we did not see anyone else while there, which seemed odd to me. This may have been a consequence of KMT's control. But to me, Taiwanese either did not respect Taiwanese culture or were not brave enough. Sorry to say that there were no workers in the museum.

Bilong had beautiful mountains, lakes, betel palms, coconut trees, Naichi trees and mango trees. There were also sugar canes and paddy fields. It surely was a beautiful village town. Add in buffaloes, ochiu (black birds) and shepherd boys, Bilong was a perfect village I had envisioned for so long as a nice place to live in Taiwan.

During the trip, I participated in two meaningful political activities, I visited a political jail cell and attended a demonstration.

I went to Thuchun Prison with Ms. Chio-Man Lin (from Taipei) on October 1 to see two friends, P. H. Kuo and I.Y. Lee. They greeted us with their big smiles. Both Kuo and Lee had been living in the States. They had returned to Taiwan knowing they would be thrown into jail. Someone had to break the illegally imposed immigration rules keep out Taiwanese expatriates by the KMT. Their fight for justice and dignity, and sacrifice for our cause deeply earned my respect. The Taiwanese people thank them for their unselfish acts. When we left the jail, it was raining. The political situation in Taiwan was worse than the weather. It would become sunny one day as would the political situation in Taiwan, hopefully.

It was raining hard when I went to a demonstration in Taipei with a brother in-law from Tainan. The purpose of the demonstration was to

promote Taiwan joining the United Nation. We boarded a bus in Tainan at 7 AM. There were so many people in the Taipei stadium, the meeting place, in spite of the heavy rain.

A foreign reporter wanted to interview us. I was one there to speak English. So, he interviewed me. The following is the exchange:

"What are your requests?"

"We are urging to use plebiscite for Taiwan to enter the United Nation."

"Then, it is Taiwan Independence."

"You can say so."

"Who started this?"

"He is a professor teaching at the New York University, Dr. Tsai."

"You are not afraid of China attacking Taiwan by force?"

"China is not capable of doing that."

"There are thousands of policemen outside. They are forming a body wall. What do you think the results will be?"

"It is a peaceful demonstration. We want peace. If the policemen will not create problem, the demonstration will start and end in peace."

This was my first demonstration in Taiwan. I saw thousands of bystanders watching us from the sides of the street, and also people in expensive restaurants enjoying their meals while we stood against thousands of policemen at the intersection of Nanchin West Road and Chonsan North Road. My emotions at this demonstration in Taiwan and at those in the States were quite different. In the States, the bystanders were Americans and I appreciated that most of them were indifferent to our cause. However, I did not understand the bystanders in Taiwan. Were they not concerned with the future of their homeland? Many bystanders loudly applauded, when we passed by them. It puzzled me. If they agreed with what we were doing, why didn't they join us? We needed them to be more than bystanders.

On this trip I also signed a contract to consult with a chemical company. Finally, I found an open door to assist Taiwan in chemical engineering. I was able to bring back the technical knowledge I gained from the last 30 years.

I was a person with free spirit. My thoughts were free without restriction or control. Because of my character, the best thing for me was not to join a group, or I might have to do something I was unwilling to do. I was so happy that I had found a way to serve my homeland personally. I could contribute in both technology and culture. Based on my age, my personality, and my status of mind, these two areas were the best fit. Temporarily, I found how I could make contributions to my homeland. As far as politics, I would select issues individually where I would participate.

The following three things on this trip made me quite unhappy.

1) People Constitution Meeting

This was the meeting attempted to write a draft for the future Taiwan Constitution. Before I had left the States, I had been told that Dr. Fu-Mei Chan had been looking for me. Unfortunately, I had not had the opportunity to contact her before I had left for Taiwan. Then, Congressman Huei-Hsiung Huang had contacted me and talked to me in Tokyo. He told me that I had been chosen as an Overseas Representative for the meeting and requested that I join. I promised that I would. I returned to Taiwan at the midnight on 23rd, and went to bed at 2 AM. I was so worried about getting up in a few hours, that I was not able to sleep well. I arose at 6 AM, excited and energetic. I went to the meeting but could not find my name on the Representative list. Mr. Huang was so busy that he was unable to speak with me, so I left.

2) A Political Rally

KMT political opposition illegally held a rally to support WUFT's return to Taiwan. A series of speeches were given at the rally. Without my knowledge, I was listed as a speaker. A friend of mine first informed me and the People Daily later confirmed my inclusion. I was surprised that they even knew I was in Taiwan at that time. And I was more surprised I was scheduled to speak. The way these Taiwanese conducted business was different than I do. Perhaps, I was a Taiwanese American and not a Taiwanese any more.

3) My Contact with Taiwan's EPA

I intended to assist Taiwan on its environment protection using my background in this area. I had sent a copy of my "Protection Plan" and my resume to the Taiwan EPA before leaving the States. I received a polite reply from then Head of EPA, Dr. Io-Sin Chian, who asked that I contact Mr. Chi-Han Yang of EPA when I was in Taiwan. Yang had arranged for me to meet with two Department Heads. Both had received my Protection Plan but neither had read it. I felt they were not interested in my services. When the government prioritizes economic growth, the environmental suffers.

Those Days in Houston

At the end of the year, I went back to Houston. I planned to take time to clarify my thoughts, do some soul-searching, and write some essays to enlighten Taiwanese consciousness. My objective was to contribute to Taiwanese Independence.

It seemed to me that Houston had only two seasons, summer and winter. Although we had screen windows, we never had a chance to use them. I will like to write a few words on Houston when we lived there.

Houston was a city with a population of about 2 millions. The racial distribution was half Whites and a fourth each of African-Americans and Mexican-American. There were about 100,000 Asian Americans and of these, 10,000 were Taiwanese Americans.

The whites in Houston were as conservative as the Southerners, and as cold as the Northerners. In addition, they were proud of being Texans and they also were excellent at boasting. Perhaps, my impression was too far away from the truth. There were many native Houstonians telling me that Houston was a liberal city and much different than Dallas and Corpus Christi. People in Dallas and Corpus Christi might not agree with that statement and offer me differing opinions.

There were many Taiwanese in Houston. Therefore, living in Houston was very easy for a Taiwanese. There were banks, accounting offices, law offices, insurance companies, real estate companies, medical clinics, and motels, which were operated by Taiwanese. There were also

many Taiwanese handymen who could fix things from the roof of a house to its foundation. No doubt, a non-English speaking Taiwanese could live a fairly comfortable life in Houston.

I believe that the Taiwanese in Houston were the most united Taiwanese among all the cities in the States. Due to their unselfish dedications, they built three world largest organizations: 1) Taiwanese Activity Center paid with donations, 2) Taiwanese Credit Union and 3) Taiwanese Association. When a new Taiwanese came to Houston, he would become very busy if interested in serving the community because of the numerous Taiwanese organizations. Among them were Taiwanese Association, Taiwanese Chamber of Commerce, Taiwanese Heritage Foundation, Taiwanese Activity Center, Taiwanese School, Taiwanese Professor Association, Taiwanese American Civil Association, Taiwanese Women Club and Taiwanese Association for Senior Citizens etc. There were at least 100 people regularly contributing their times and efforts in Taiwanese public affairs.

Houston did not have a lot of natural beauty. The summers were rather long, hot and humid. There were a lot of insects, especially mosquitoes. Good thing was that we did not stay in Houston for too long. We were out of town most of the time.

A Speech Year, 1992

I became a semi-professional speaker in 1992.

First, I was invited by the President of the Taiwanese Women Club of North America, Ms. M.H. Huang to give a speech in New Orleans on “time management” in April. Ms. Huang told me that she decided to invite me after the speech I made on a bus during the annual meeting of WFTA in 1991. I cannot remember the topic of that speech.

Their solidarity and concern for each other was the essence of the group’s success. This was the second time I attended the club's annual meeting. The first time was in Dallas, when Dr. S.H. Wu was the President. I would attend their annual meeting two more times, once in Cleveland, where H.I. Fang was President, and the other time in Houston, where C.Z. Yeh was the President. The Club had become so

large and strong that they did not need help any more, and so I have not attended their annual meeting since. I am a male anyway.

I ran into the famous writer, Ms. Huang Chuan in New Orleans. Her husband was my old friend from college. When I was a senior, he was in ROTC. Once we pretended we were military personnel and went to a movie where we received 50% discount for the 'military'. I wore his ROTC clothes, and he used his ID card to get into the theater. We were too young to know better and would have been in serious trouble if caught.

Again, I traveled to the Midwest Summer Camp in Minnesota in September to give a speech on "An Introspection of a Taiwanese American." I also gave a speech at the same camp a year ago in Detroit (1991). The title was My Life's Experience. I remember the speech was very well received.

At that camp, I ran into a colleague from the Arbitration of the TAA, Mr. F.M. Chen. I remember after our speeches, so many ladies asked him for his telephone number. None came to me although I was sitting next to him.

The hostess who introduced me to the audience was Ms. Akemi Wu. She was an architect and seemed to be good in music.

It was the first time I heard Professor H.S. Li's speak and was impressed by his content, delivery and the use of Taiwanese proverbs which were so interesting and always hit the nail on the head. Because of that, his audience often overlooked the excellent content of the speech itself. People would talk forever about his proverbs instead of the content of his speech, which I thought regretful. He was invited for the content not for the proverbs, which were only used to make the speech more interesting and effective.

I was also invited to be the keynote speaker at the annual meeting of the World Federation of Taiwanese Associations, held in Germany that August. My subject was "The Taiwanese Association, Her Past, Present and Future." A group of young graduate students in Germany organized the meeting and they worked so hard to make it a success. In fact, they succeeded except the tour following the meeting.

To attract more people to join the annual meeting, they tried to arrange a tour after the meeting. They tried to keep expenses down to make the tour more affordable. The graduate students who served as tourist guides held Taiwan passports. When we were entering Italy, the Customs denied them entry, and we became a tourist group without a guide. Volunteers from our group became the guides and I was the guide for our bus. My performance was extremely poor, although I tried my best. In fact, I did not know much about Europe at the time.

Wendy and I performed an act at a theater, which had been renovated from Roman ruins. One night, our entire tour group visited the ruins to see *Aida* by Verdi. Our seats were more than 100 feet from the ground. There were steel frames under our seats to support the entire structure. Other than the frames, there was nothing but empty space down to the weed-covered ground. There was also a narrow gap beneath our seats where a shoe could easily slip through and dropped down to the ground below either intentionally or unintentionally.

Soon after the opera started, Wendy dropped one of her shoes. There were no more taxis in operation and our motel was at least 40 minutes away by foot. Therefore, to retrieve her shoe became our highest priority work. This was an emergency and the opera was not in my mind any more. I waited until the intermission, and then ran to the office and reported our accident to them.

They dropped a light with a long electric cord from our seats. And at the same time, they sent people below to search for the shoe and found it. Ours was not an isolated case. They had a permanent staff with proper equipment to look for those lost items beneath the seats.

At the end of the year, I went back to Taiwan to help the candidates running for Congressional seats who supported Taiwanese Independence. I gave speeches for three of them: Mr. Tsai-Teng Tian at Honguan, Mr. Tai-Lim Liau at Lunpue and Hobeh, and Mr. Tiam-Tsai Kue in Tailam.

I intended to campaign for my candidates with all my energy, but my mother's death stopped me short.

In retrospect, I don't believe that my speeches affected the outcome, although two out of my three candidates were elected. I could not deny the activity gave some encouragement to the candidates and their supporters.

Eight speeches a year might not make a person a professional speaker, but perhaps a semi-professional speaker.

In addition to speaking at political rallies that year, I also participated in Dr. George Chan's "Going Home Campaign and Demonstration" in Tainan. We rode a train in Taipei and went down to Tainan. I wore a casual outfit while others dressed in formal suits. I attended numerous demonstrations in the States and always wore casual clothes as did everyone else. But this was not the case in Taiwan. We rode in Jeeps during the demonstration and expatriates who had returned home came to shake my hand. Some of them wanted to fight for the future of Taiwan, but not all. Regardless, they were contributing to their homeland.

A significant thing happened to me that year politically. On September 22, KMT granted me a multiple entry visa to Taiwan, the same one granted most people but the first time for me. I had been on KMT's black list for 29 years and had not been allowed to go home for 26 years. They issued me a first visa, a single entry visa, on 1/31/1989 and then subsequently granted me the same visa on 5/19/89, 5/8/90 and 6/22/91. Before 1/31/89, they had refused me any visa without explanation (Please read Attachment 14)

On May 9, 1992, my first grandson, Kyle, was born. I took another big step in my life. Based on age alone, I had been qualified to be a grandfather for a long time but that's quite different than being a grandfather. From this day, I had not only my children to succeed me, but they also had Kyle to succeed them. The world would never run out of people. I was at the edge of the world now. Modern science had enlarged the realm of this edge considerably.

Kyle's parents had chosen his first name and asked us to give him a middle name. We gave him a Taiwanese name of Sim-An. "Sim" means heart in Taiwanese and "An", easiness or peace. We did not expect him to become a great person; we just wanted him to lead his life with

easiness and peace. To lead a life with a peaceful heart, at least he has to accomplish two things: 1) He should not fight against his heart, and 2) He should follow his heart. (Please read Attachment 15)

The worst thing that year was my mother's passing away. Since her mind was not clear at the time of her death, she did not leave a single word. She worked so hard in her life, which had been extremely miserable. Her hardship started from the day she was born. At the time of her death, I was preparing to go back to Taiwan to see her. I left the States on November 20, my nephew met me at the airport in Taipei and informed me that my mother had died a few days earlier. They had not told me because they did not want to add extra burden during my trip home. I felt so bad that I was not there with her. Fortunately, many of her good sons attended her at the end.

I told no one about my mother's death in Taiwan, except Dr. K.L. Wang. I asked him to cancel my participation in the WUFI's "One China, One Taiwan" demonstration around Taiwan. On the day of my mother's funeral service at Taipei Funeral Parlor, I was surprised to see Wang, Dr. and Mrs. George Chan, Pearl Tang and C.T. Lai. When the M.C. announced, "WUFI's representatives, Dr. Wang and four others, please enter." I became tearful. In fact, my tears flowed continuously. At that time, George was theoretically in jail and was free because of his illness. WUFI finally returned to Taiwan, although Taiwan's independence was still a long way off.

Changing Times: 1993 and 1994

I wrote and also published a lot in 1993 and 1994. My writings were published in Taiwan Tribune, Taiwan Pacific Journal, Houston Taiwanese Association Monthly, Overseas Literature, People Daily, Independent Evening News, Independent Weekly, Taiwan Literature and Literary Taiwan. I also became a Columnist in the Taiwan Tribune and was solely in charge of the Column, Green Grass Tea. Wendy came up with the name and I liked it. Green Grass Tea was a beverage in Taiwan similar to Coke in the States, and it touched many Taiwanese hearts, especially mine. I started writing that column in June 1992 and finished in

June 1994. During those two years, I did not miss one issue. To me, I was proud of this achievement although it was a quite small one. In the end, I compiled all the articles into a book. The name of the book was called “Green Grass Tea” which was published in 1994.

I also wrote a column in the People Daily in Taiwan. I included many of those articles in the Green Grass Tea book too.

Although my articles appeared in many newspapers and magazines, I chose them very carefully and purposefully, avoiding publications against Taiwan Independence.

Occasionally, I learned from friends that some newspapers printed my articles without my consents. Of course, I got angry. Reprinting someone's articles without their approval is illegal. But I was not going to waste my valuable time with those despicable newspapers and people, if I could.

One day after we finished our telephone conversation on official business, Kirk Chen of Taiwan Tribune mentioned one of my articles, “The Parents' Heart under the Sun,” appeared on the International Daily. I had published the article in Taiwanese newspaper, People Daily.. Since I knew the International Daily was KMT-oriented mass medium, I wrote them to protest and accused them of stealing my work. They responded by repeatedly apologizing for their mistakes and asked my forgiveness. They also indicated they had good intentions. They wanted to make friend with me by printing my article. I could not understand their logic. They said they wanted to pay me for printing the article. I wasted no more time with them.

My first book, “The Fourth Movement,” was off the press in May 1993. I was happy with the publication which sold well in the States, unexpectedly. I had 700 books imported from Taiwan, and they sold within two months. Many of my friends helped me. My column in Taiwan Tribune, Green Grass Tea, also helped somewhat. Surprisingly, I sold 160 copies on the east coast summer camp that year. The publication of the Fourth Movement was a small accomplishment for me which had not been part of my life-time plan.

One of the main issues of Taiwanese expatriates was “If we do not take it, we will lose it.” Plainly speaking, should expatriated Taiwanese organizations, especially Taiwanese Association of America, accept financial assistance from the Overseas Chinese Affairs Commission which had an annual budget of about \$40 millions operated by KMT? Before Taiwanese immigrated to the US, all the money had gone to those Chinese Americans. Most TAA members wanted to abolish OCAC. It was a principal matter. They thought that OCAC was merely a KMT agent.

The commission spent tremendous amounts of money every year on overseas Chinese, and most of them favored China over Taiwan which was exactly opposite to what OCAC intended to do. There is a Taiwanese proverb: “Feed the mice to tear off your rice bag.” In English, this is equivalent to: “Bring up a raven and he will peck out your eyes.” Some Taiwanese Congressmen pressed hard for KMT to grant a portion of the fund to the organizations really loyal to their country, Taiwan. Under duress, the KMT gave only a small portion of the funds to the Taiwanese organizations.

In general, Taiwanese agreed that the commission should be abolished. If it was not an illegal organization, it certainly had no purpose. Moreover they were against Taiwanese interest.

What should we do before the commission was abolished? We had different opinions. Should we take the money or not? One argument for taking the money was that the money would otherwise go to Chinese expatriates. The counter argument was that the money had been taken illegally from Taiwanese in Taiwan. Since we did not pay tax, we should not take the money.

On this issue, I wrote an article “We Should Not Take Stolen Money.” My argument was the following:

- Money from taxes should only be used on people who paid the taxes.

- If the government taxed people more than needed, then they were stealing; when the government used tax money unnecessarily, then they overtaxed the people.
- We should not take money that did not belong to us.

Most members of Taiwanese Associations were US citizens. They paid their taxes to the US government. If they needed aid, they should ask the US government.

The Overseas Chinese Affairs Commission received their money from taxes, but did not use the money on taxpayers. It was an illegal organization. Taiwanese Associations should not accept assistance from the commission.

When I addressed a Taiwanese summer camp in 1992, I called Taiwanese Americans who were graduate students years ago, an endangered species. In fact, their fate was worse than real endangered species that could survive with proper protection. Former graduate students would eventually disappear from the world.

Due to their similar backgrounds, they formed a unique cultural group. They were mostly engineers and scientists. To them, human behavior followed scientific rules. Also, they considered their thinking and logic to be the truth. In the morality and ethics, they held both American views and old Taiwanese values. Their unique culture and values separated them from other people. Their decisions were based on the question, “Is it right or wrong?” In making decisions, they distinguished black from white, and excluded selfishness. They embraced the intellectual’s integrity.

I was one of them, and my opinion of the Overseas Chinese Affairs Commission was supported by most of them.

One day, several graduate students from Taiwan had a car accident here in the States. KMT government sent their officials to assist them financially at the request of a Congressman. They refused to accept the KMT's support. The Congressman did not understand the position those students took. He thought they applied their pride wrongly. But to me, they stood for their principles, nothing else.

I made three speeches at the east coast summer camp in 1993. The titles were “The Second Life”, “Taiwanese Culture,” and “The Overseas Taiwanese Should Restart Their Engine.” I also set up a bookstand to sell my book, “The Fourth Movement.” The sales were extremely good. And many readers of the Green Grass Column came to say "Hi" to me and encourage me.

I ran into Mr. Ming-Yon Lee and Dr. Chen-Ming Cheng at the camp. Both of them were working in Taiwanese culture circles in Taiwan.

One of the unfortunate events this year was the death of my former colleague Dr. Kang-Lu Wang. He was run over by a car in Taiwan. He was, to me, the best staff WUFI ever. He was hard working, excellent in human relation, brave, and uncommon. He was also persistent in pursuing his passions. I was so sure that he had already forgiven his murder (although KMT still maintained it was an accident) before he went away from this world. I wrote an article in memory of my great colleague, Kan-Lu. Rest Peacefully, Please.

This year, I did not travel abroad as much as the previous years. I started realizing I had lived in Houston for too long. I was getting so bored and tired, especially during summer. I had to work hard to control my diabetics. In the early morning, as soon as there was light to see the tennis ball, I was out playing tennis with Wendy. Even in the early morning, the temperature was already 80 degree F. I could only play for 45 minutes and no longer. I was unable to endure the outdoor heat longer than that. I wrote about my hardship in Houston on an article, “The Summer Time in Houston” in 1993, which was published in the Pacific Journal.

In my mind, I have wanted to move from our first day in town. I knew none of my friends who had moved to Houston for retirement, and I was so regretful that we did. My challenge was that Wendy loved Houston. She had so many friends that she did not want to move. In fact, we had as many friends in Northern California as Houston when we first moved there. After 2-3 years in Houston, , we had more friends in Houston understandably. If we continued living in Houston, we would

make more friends. This would make our move more difficult, which made me uneasy and worried.

Another problem is that we could not move back to Taiwan for personal reasons. Wendy would not live in Taiwan unless I had a meaningful work there. My position, of course, was different and I insisted that we move back and then I could look for a meaningful job. To me, moving back itself was meaningful. I worked so hard to find consulting work, and unfortunately that job I landed did not require me to stay in Taiwan. Wendy was tough on this.

I was not willing to live in Taiwan without Wendy. I had decided a long time ago that I would not leave her. At my age, I was thankful to be with her. Honestly, we could not afford to live separately in two locations.

While I was on the KMT's black list, I was so enthusiastic about going home. The black list was history after 1992 and I could easily go home thereafter. But then, I hesitated. I really did not have much revolutionary passion, although I loved Taiwan. I seriously considered my present situation. I had lived in the States for more than 30 years, and I had a family here with children and a grandson. In Taiwan, I had no family anymore as both parents had passed away. None of my family in the States wanted to move back to Taiwan. Wendy was adamant that I had to have a meaningful job before we could move back. In fact, she was saying absolutely NO.

Today, Taiwan had changed so much over the past 30 years, and the people had been KMTed. I had also changed. More or less I had been Americanized. Taiwanese in Taiwan had been ruled by KMT for 50 years. If this was the definition of Taiwanese, I was not Taiwanese anymore. In addition, I did not share their values. Although I was not 100% compatible with the American society, it was much easier for me to live here than Taiwan or any other place. I had lived in the US longer than in Taiwan. As a result, I chose to stay in the States. Being on the KMT blacklist had kept me from Taiwan too long and now my country was a stranger to me. I still loved Taiwan more than the US, but I was more Taiwanese American than Taiwanese. I would say that I was

Taiwanese, I had been a US citizen for last 26 years, and I had sworn to be loyal to the States. However, I was not an American. And if there had been a war between the US and Taiwan, I would have fought on the Taiwanese side. (My offsprings would probably have fought for the US)

I had read a book, "Two Motherlands," by Yamazaki Toyoko. It was a novel and described Japanese in the US who fought for two motherlands in the World War II. The main character, an American officer, ran into his brother, a Japanese soldier, on the battlefield. At the end of the War, he became a translator for the Criminal Trial Court in Tokyo that prosecuted Japanese War criminals. Finally, he committed suicide because could not live with what he had done.

Luckily, Taiwan and the US are allies. Today, many Taiwanese Americans are still loyal to Taiwan over the US. Truthfully, they had paid little attention to the land under their feet. Perhaps, it was not because they did not love the US, but rather that US was sufficiently strong that it did not need their help. In every election of the President of Taiwanese Association of America, the critical issue was Taiwan independence and the US was not mentioned. The candidates did not even talk about the welfare of their members, or how they could contribute to their new society and country. Taiwan consumed their hearts entirely. On this subject, I wrote an article with a title "Some Soul Searching" and published it in Taiwan Tribune, and later in my book, "The Second Life." I wrote about my feelings and quoted a paragraph from Henry David Thoreau who wrote that if he didn't feel the land under his feet were sweeter than any other lands, he was a hopeless person.

Since WUFI moved its main operation to Taiwan, Taiwanese political activities in the States became secondary. Should Taiwanese in the States continue to focus on Taiwan affairs? We should seriously reconsider whether we were the last generation of Taiwanese or the first generation of Americans. It seemed to me that Taiwanese had chosen the former.

After my speech, "The Second Life after Retirement" at the Midwest summer camp in 1994, I thought I would stop giving speeches. However, when Ms. Mei-Fun Wu invited me to talk at the 1997 East Coast Summer Camp, I accepted. I gave a relatively good speech "The Pleasant

Second Life.” Luckily, I met Mrs. S.P. Lim and Mr. Nan-Heng Lee during the camp. Lee sent me seven books as Christmas gifts, five on Taiwanese literature under Japanese rule and another two on humor. I read every book, but unfortunately forgot to write down my thoughts. Lee had written and edited all seven books.

After 1997, I again thought I was finished giving speeches. I managed to decline an invitation to talk at the east coast summer camp in 1998.

I want to share my thoughts on giving public speeches. I started to really learn my public speech while I was the President of the Taiwanese Association. In the beginning, I would have butterflies in my stomach when facing an audience of thousands. I did not enjoy the experience and tried hard to avoid public speaking at all cost. But at the end, many times I came to enjoy it. When engaged in public service, I learned many valuable skills and so my efforts there were not entirely wasted.

After publishing “The Fourth Movement” in 1993, Vanguard Publishing Company continued to publish “Green Grass Tea” in 1994, “The Second Life” in 1996 and “Interesting Things about Taiwanese Americans” in 1997. The former three books were my memories and my love of Taiwan and the fourth was funny stories of Taiwanese Americans. “The Second Life,” is the depiction of the successful life after my “retirement” and how to lead a meaningful life after retirement. I defined the purpose of one’s life as: doing things that are meaningful to you. Therefore, the meaning of life is different for everyone. After retirement, you have to prepare yourself not to surrender to the world, and also not to be surrendered by the world.

The Chian-Tau Fu Incident occurred in Chechian Province, China on March 31, 1994. A group of Taiwanese tourists were killed and burned. On April 8, Taiwanese President Lee called Chinese, bandits in desperation. I think he did it out of his frustration. Later in Asahi Weekly he talked with Shiba Riotarou and said that being a Taiwanese itself was a tragedy (The ‘country’ had been colonized for many hundred years and it was too weak to even protect its citizens.) All Taiwanese were together to accuse the killings of their brothers and sisters on the Chian-Tau Fu incident, and they also decided to boycott tourism to China to protest the

incident. Three months later, China tours were restarted and the tragedy was inexplicably forgotten. Taiwanese were forgetful people. History confirms Taiwanese suffer from amnesia. For example, Taiwan was subject to Japanese colonial rule from 1895 to 1945 and Taiwanese were second class citizens during those years. But, Taiwanese never blamed the Japanese for their subjugation. They only have fond memories of the Japanese rule.

After the long Japanese rule, KMT used its iron and blood hands to rule Taiwan for the next 50 years. Taiwanese went through 2-28 Incident, White Terror, Formosa Ilha Incident, Wen-Chen Chen Incident, Lin's Mother and Daughters Incident etc. , but they have almost forgotten all those crimes committed by KMT.

I thought the Chian-Tau Fu Incident would wake up Taiwanese, but it did not, regretfully. A Taiwanese proverb says, "The boat passed, left no trace on the water."

Wisdom comes from experience. A nation that forgets its past cannot have much wisdom. The Chian-Tau Fu Incident also reminded me of Tian-An Gate Incident. While most countries in this world boycotted business with China because of its cruel acts, Taiwan actually increased its business with China.

Soon after the Chian-Tau Fu Incident, Taiwanese also elected C.Y. Song, one of the KMT key members and a person who strongly favored 'unification with China' to be their Chairman of the "Taiwan Province".

Also, most Taiwanese were happy with and wanted to maintain their status quo, based on public polls.

What I wanted for Taiwan was quite different from what the Taiwanese people wanted. I wanted Taiwan remained its status quo, separating from China, forever plus dignity and this could be only achieved when Taiwan became independent. But, Taiwanese chose not to value its dignity. They had been colonized for many hundred years, dignity or to be their own masters was not important in their lives any more.

To solve the difficult problem facing Taiwan, some people advocated using plebiscite as a mean. It was not a bad idea, but the advocates had to

be careful. They had to realize that the plebiscite might not result in dignity. They should not forget people had elected Song to be their Chairman and Ma, City Mayor. Both strongly favored 'unification with China'.

I was useless in this respect. I could not deal with the problem and only got frustrated. I could not even find a point to apply my force at it.

I have mentioned that President Lee called Chinese bandits, and also talked about "tragedy of being born as a Taiwanese". Many people believed Lee supports Taiwanese independence, including some key WUFI staff. His public stand has been anti-Taiwanese Independence, but his hand was forced and therefore deservedly earned him sympathy from many Taiwanese. However, his public stands have done considerable damage to the Taiwanese cause. Recently President Clinton announced "Three No's" policy for Taiwan in China²⁵. Essentially, this was the same as Lee's own Three No's policy, but why did Clinton's version bring so much uneasiness to Taiwanese but not Lee's? Was it just because Lee was forced to take that stand? I don't agree with Lee's public position on Taiwan and China issue.

In August 1992, KMT was forced to amend the National Security Act. Their blacklist was abolished, and the political activities of Taiwanese in America changed, since they no longer worried about potential repercussions to themselves and their family in Taiwan. The number of political activists increased immensely. Many were driving Mercedes and BMW instead of Toyota and Honda. At this time, the Democratic Progressive Party (DPP) was gaining power. A few past political activists in the States were getting into the power center at DPP in Taiwan. When the new DPP members with power came to visit the States, they were no longer welcomed by their old supporters. Most of

²⁵ In the late 1990's, under President Bill Clinton, the United States developed a policy called "The Three No's." They are: (1) No seat in the U.N. for Taiwan, (2) No two-China policy; and (3) No independence for Taiwan.

the new supporters were personally wealthy. Many of them had been inactive politically, while the blacklist was still in effective.

The new VIP's no longer associated with their old friends who could only offer time and effort, which served little purpose to them. Rather, they were interested in money and votes. Their old friends could not help here. They were so frustrated and many of them, therefore, quietly dropped out from Taiwanese politics.

My situation was a little better but I also felt so powerless with no place to turn.

Mourning

In our lives, too many things can happen suddenly beyond our expectations. The most painful to our hearts is the sudden death of a dear friend or relative. The hurt runs deep and lasts too long.

Wendy's third sister and her husband, who were recently retired and living in Taichung, were killed by a drunk driver. It happened early one morning in May 1995 while they were taking a walk. In addition to being family, we were very close to them. I wrote my emotion, feelings and sadness in an essay, "My Soul Is Crying" which was published in my book, "The Second Life."

One of my best friends, Dr. Chen-Lion Chua or Tsai was passed away in October that year from an illness. He was 51 years old and one of those people who loved life so much, but it was cut short. He had been fighting for Taiwan Independence all his life until his last breath. "Taiwan Independence" and his family occupied his heart and mind during his entire life. I wrote a prose in Taiwanese in memory of Dr. Chua. It described as "Bits and Pieces of Dr. Chen-Lion Chua in My Memory" and was published on Taiwan Tribune. Chen-Lion was the one to inspire me to write in Taiwanese.

Another good friend of mine, Dr. Ya-Yan Lee passed away in December 1997. He was even younger than Dr. Chua. Today, we can see his blood and sweat in many Taiwanese organizations. Among them, Taiwanese Heritage Foundation in Houston is his legacy. To remember

him with sorrow and regret, I wrote the “Person Who Lives in My Heart Forever” that was published in Houston Taiwanese Association Monthly.

Their death broke my heart and filled me with a deep enduring sorrow. Please rest in peace forever, relatives and friends on the other side of the Nai-Ho River.

Finally, It's Time to Say Good-bye to Houston

Wendy consistently held that she loved Houston and did not want to move away from her friends. However, I saw some light however dim. Since early 1994, she started realizing my sadness living in Houston and occasionally indicated that she did not mind moving to California. However, after I thoroughly explored her heart and mind, I did not see a green light. At best, the color was faint. I was not willing to betray her and I began feeling in my heart that Houston could be my last home. The idea of moving to California or Taiwan became only a fantasy.

One day we went to visit our son, Ben, who lived in the suburbs of Boston. I found a magazine on my end table. It was open and the title on that page was “How to Be Good Grandparents.” My daughter-in-law had placed it there for me to read. In short, it said that grandparents’ actions during their grandchildren's childhood affected their personalities and characters in the future. That was to say that grandparents, to some extent, were responsible for their grandchildren's personal growth. Before, our grandchildren had functioned as our toys or pets. We saw them only two to three times a year since we lived so far away. We had not considered moving closer, so we could participate in their lives.

We did not take any action after that, although the article affected our thinking considerably. At that time, we had three grandchildren: two from my son and one from my daughter. One of my daughters, Jean, had married in October 1992 and they had a lovely boy. (Please read Attachment 16) Ben was living at Northborough, Massachusetts, and Jean in D. C. Our other daughter, Jennifer, was in Menlo Park, California. None of them had decided where to settle down yet. We were very much determined to live near one or more of them.

In the spring of 1997, Ben and his wife became tired of moving around, and were determined to settle down somewhere. Ben's plan was that if we would move to California, then he would take a National Laboratory job at Livermore. Of course, he knew that I liked Northern California and he did, too. His idea was to make California as our home state. He planned to move to California first, and we then would follow. Our youngest daughter, Jennifer was already there, so two out of three of our children would be there. Jean was the missing one. They would not settle down in a place for a while because of his profession. The relocation plan made everyone excited including Wendy.

The fall of that year, Ben took the job at Sandia National Laboratories and moved to San Ramon, California.

The following year, we went to visit Ben in February 1998. We fell in love with San Ramon. The housing prices were going up every day, or every hour more accurately. We decided to buy a house immediately and we did. We returned to Houston and sold our house in April. We left Houston by the end of the month after living there for seven long years.

We will thank the following Houstonians for their friendships and sending us away:

Wen-Yin Ho, Shon-Son Chian, Min-Tsu Wu, Chau-Hui Chen, Pi-Hua Chen, John Chiu, I-Shiu Lee, Tin-fon Hsu, Huei-Sun Yu, Wei-Yon Huang, Li-Chau San, Tsu-Sun Huang, Wen-Hsiung Ku, Fong-Tsu Chen, Kuan-Fong Kuan, Mu-Lan Chou, Min-Hsiung Lee, Chiu-Yin Chen, Chin-Zu Yeh, Chong-Kuang Lin, Su-Sian Wang, Madam Lin, Huei-Nan Lin, Huei-Su Kuo, Ken Lu, Suo-Po Lin, Lian-Chuang Peng, Wen-Fong Kuo, Son-Mao Su, Li-Tsu Chen, Ming-Sia Yeh, Chun-Fang Lin, Sun-Chie Wu, Sio-Pen Nian, Marlowe Yang, Li-Ya Hou, Sian-Yeh Yeh, Shiou-Tsu Yang, Sien-Wen Siau, Su-chun Tsai.

We will never forget the tearful Ming-Sia and Chun-Fang when they said their good-byes to us. Your images will remain deep in our hearts forever. We will also thank the many friends not mentioned above for their friendship and their kindness during the Houston years.

I will like to describe the surroundings of the house we have in San Ramon. We can see mountains from our back windows. The mountains

appear one right after another. On the left is Mt. Diablo, the tallest mountain in the area. Between the mountains and my house are hills, lakes and a golf course. The beautiful Canyon Lakes Golf Course is down a steep hill from our house, with a slope of about 30 degrees and a distance of 50 yards.

I am writing this book in a study room in my new house facing this beautiful scenery.

The sunrise is so beautiful this morning. I want someone to share this beautiful scenery with me. Should I wake up my dear wife, Wendy?

EPILOGUE

I had finished writing My Memoir in the spring of 1998, the year we moved to northern California. Since then, Taiwan politics has change substantially. In 2000, the opposition party, Democratic Progressive Party, won the presidential election for the first time in history. They would repeat in 2004. No doubt, Taiwan has been “democratized” but the democracy in Taiwan is different from the one in America. The problem arises from the confusion in national identity among the Taiwanese people and the contamination by the KMT long-term rule.

Presently, People in Taiwan are divided into two irreconcilable groups, pro-China and pro-Taiwan. Ironically, the pro-China group consists mostly of KMT members, who used to fight against Chinese Communist Bandits. They have changed their view 180-degree and now want to shake hands with China. Some might say ‘surrender’. And most Taiwanese want to establish an independent country. Politically, these two groups are at odds and fought endlessly. Although Taiwanese are majority group in Taiwan, the national elections are split fifty-fifty between pro-China and pro-Taiwan candidates. Most people in Taiwan are pro-Taiwan independence but do not vote their views because they are afraid China might invade.

Is Taiwan an independent country? The answer is arguably yes. In one way, Taiwan is a sovereign country with its territory, people and government. Unfortunately, the world powers including the US, England, France, Soviet Union, China and even the United Nations refuse to recognize Taiwan as a country. And One of them, China, claims Taiwan as one of her providences. So, Taiwan is a pseudo-country for now. Taiwanese are still working hard to attain their goal.

Regardless of the problems mentioned earlier, Taiwanese have their ballots in their hands. I believe they are able to manage Taiwanese affairs and dictate their future. As a Taiwanese American, I do not have the right. Rather, I should be concerned with the US. In fact, I am adjusting to do so.

A while ago, I did some soul-searching. And I shared my thoughts in speeches at the Taiwanese American Conference on July 17, 2004 and local Taiwanese Associations on July 20, 2004 and September 11, 2004. The following is the speech translated from Taiwanese.

Soul-searching of a Taiwanese American

Hundreds after hundreds of Taiwanese students came to the US to continue their education in graduate school during sixties and seventies. It was very difficult if not impossible to pay for education expenses without financial aid, like research and teaching assistantships. According to my memory, students needed \$3,200 to come to this country, which included \$2,400 security deposit for a year's living expenses, \$ 600 for airline ticket, and \$ 200 of pocket money.

The value of \$3,200 at the time is illustrated in these two examples. The parents of a friend had to sell land in the suburb of Taipei to pay for the \$3,200. The tract of land was about 1500 peh (n). (Peh (n) is a Taiwanese unit, equivalent to 6 ft x 6 ft). At the time the price per peh (n) was NT\$ 80, or \$2. My friend returned to Taiwan in 1993 to find the land was now worth NT\$400,000/peh (n). The tract price was now astronomical.

In the second example a distant relative from Tainan sold a huge house for him to study abroad.

I originally worked in Taiwan for a few years before deciding to come to the US. My objective was to earn a PhD. and then return home to teach. My family was poor as were my grades in college. I did not pay attention to my grades in college except to a 70 average to keep my assistantship. Fortunately, I obtained a partial scholarship from a university. I still had to borrow the balance from several friends who were already in the States.

In September 1963, my mother in-law told me tearfully at Taipei's Son-San Airport, "Bok-Sheng, Even if you are an emperor in the US, as long as you don't have relatives then it doesn't make sense for you to stay. Please come home as quickly as you can. We are waiting for you." She had come to the airport to send me off.

I replied, “Don’t worry; I will be back in less than six years.” I was so confident that I could finish my degrees in less than 6 years and come home. Now, she has passed away for long time and I am a Taiwanese American in the US. Life is unpredictable.

My English was extremely poor. I did not know why the American consulate in Taiwan had let me go to the US, especially to a university in the Deep South. In the beginning, I did not understand a single word, especially with the southern accents. Of course, I went through an extremely difficult time. However, I was very good at taking examinations like every student from Taiwan. After two struggling years, I somehow managed to earn my first advanced degree with flying colors. One summer when I was working for my master degree, I worked as a dishwasher at Haines Falls near the Catskill Mountains in New York. This was the dirtiest job in the States and on par with transporting excrement in Taiwan long time back. When I used Dishwasher Wu to write to friends, one of them addressed me with Dr. Wu in his reply. Instantly, I knew Dr. Wu was an abbreviation of Dishwasher Wu.

I am reminded of a rather interesting but sad Taiwanese story. When I was born, Japan ruled Taiwan. The Japanese pronunciation of my name was Bok-Sei and Taiwanese, Bok-Sheng. Automatically I obtained my first degree, BS to begin with my life. Chinese took over the island in 1945; my name was pronounced Mu-Sheng in Chinese. I got my second degree MS, also automatically. Now, doing my summer job I obtained my PhD. To some, the history may be rather interesting; but to me it’s sad because of the awful Taiwan history and my rather hard dish washing job.

As soon as I got my MS degree and landed a job, I pledged \$ 240 annual donation to the Head Quarter of Taiwanese Independent Movement at Los Angeles. At this time I was still deeply in debt.

In order to bring my family from Taiwan I didn’t continue for PhD although I was given financial aid. I deeply missed them.

I chose to work in the vicinity of New York City because of: 1) my son’s operation, 2) finishing my schooling at night school and 3) participating in Taiwanese political activities. Although the operation was

successful, it was not entirely satisfactory. Politically, I was happy although not particularly proud of my achievements. I help United Formosans of America for Independence (UFAI) to politicize the Taiwanese Association of New York, although its bylaws still stated it was apolitical organization. I was also elected President of the New York Chapter, although I declined the job because I was not one of their members. I would later join the UFAI as a member. I also participated in a 1968 demonstration in D.C.. We protested against the Japanese and KMT governments for sending a Taiwanese student, Wen-Chien Liu, from Japan back to Taiwan. It was my first demonstration. The number of the participants was a little over 100 which was quite significant at the time.

I did not forget my ambition of going back to Taiwan to teach. To that end, I attended night school. Since I spent so much time on political activities and my full-time job that frequently required me to travel, I only finished 6 credit hours in one year. This made me realize that I could not finish my PhD by going to night school. If I was serious, I had to be a full-time student again.

For my Ph.D., I went to the University of Texas at Austin. My resolution was simultaneously working for my degree and disseminating Taiwanese independent ideology. At this time, there were about 10 excellent young students who had just arrived from Taiwan. They all loved Taiwan and were enthusiastic with Taiwanese affairs, but their ideologies were unclear. For example, one day my Thai friend, Virah, ran into a student, Y, from Taiwan that morning.

“Where are you from?” Virah asked.

“China.” Y replied with a pride.

“Which China?” Virah asked.

“Great China, don’t you know the Great China?” Y was not happy and a little resentful.

“Which is the one, Chiang or Mao?”

“Chiang.”

“That’s Formosa or Taiwan not China.”

To start my activity, I invited many students to my apartment for dinners or drinks. Eating and drinking were all free. Of course, there were no free lunches. Many years later, many became strong supporters of Taiwanese Independent Movement including the above-mentioned Y. Some even got on to the KMT blacklist.

We became close friends. We organized outdoor picnics once a month. Then, we decided to form the Taiwanese Association of Austin. The group asked me to serve as the first president of the association. I knew if I did not accept, then the activity might die. But, if I accepted, then I had to also accept the consequence of being on the KMT black list and also becoming its public enemy which was very clear. Recently, former President Lee Tou-Ki said in one of his books that the fundamental meaning of Bushidou is, "Knowing the consequence of one's action but not retreating." I accepted the principle of Bushidou and their request.

In less than three weeks, I received a registered and reply required letter from the Consulate General of KMT's Houston office, Chu Chin-Kang. He instructed me to 1) dissolve the association, 2) serve as his spy and 3) identify my close relatives and friends. I did not respond and told no one that I received such a letter. I was afraid that some students might be scared from the association and we might really have to quit.

The Formosan Club of America, later became The Taiwanese Association of America, was found soon thereafter the Formosan Club of Austin was established. (The former was for the Taiwanese in the entire States and latter, for those in Austin area only.) Austin became one of the 28 founding Chapters of the Formosan Club of America.

Soon, the magazine, Bon-Chun-Fong or Looking for the Spring Wind, would enlighten the Taiwanese independence ideology, and published in Colorado. I wrote a short letter with a donation of \$30 to the editor. In the letter I wrote, "...When you learn the donation was from a student, whose only income is from an assistantship and who also has to support a family of five, you will know how much your work is appreciated...."

Recently, I was in Boston and ran into the editor of “Looking for the Spring Wind,” T.S. Ang (T.S. Hong). He and I were reminiscing about our past. He mentioned my donation and my letter. He said he would never forget since it had given him tremendous encouragement.

The assassination of Chian Chen-Kuo affected the peace in Austin. To pay the bail for the two heroes who committed the act, I went to every student in Austin to ask for donations with tears in my eyes. They were very generous, in general. The amounts of donations varied, from \$5 to \$200. Some students pledged monthly donations. A few years later, I ran into the person in charge of the donations, Yeh. He told me that although Austin did not donate the most, the period of donations was the longest.

Taiwanese said that given enough time, even a pig or a dog from Taiwan could earn a PhD. I did not know if I was a pig, dog or something else, but I completed my PhD and left Texas.

We moved to Columbus, Ohio where the Taiwanese were in the process of founding the Taiwanese Association of Columbus. A student came to see me as soon as I arrived and asked me consider running for a member of the Executive Committee which would govern the association. He was so afraid someone might take the association in the wrong direction. Again, the Bushidou principle beckoned me and I accepted. I was elected a member of the Executive Committee but not a President since there was no President under the Bylaws.

Working for Taiwanese Association, I would sometimes run into some funny things that I would remember forever. As one example, there was a mathematics student at Ohio State University with a last name of Wu. I invited him to an association party. At the time, KMT treated any Taiwanese organization as a seditious institution and so attending an association party required courage. Therefore, students would use many different excuses. Wu answered, “Please don’t ask me to attend these parties. If you need someone to carry a bomb, then come to see me.” Wow! He was such a brave person. Unfortunately the association was not involved in anything like that. Later, I discovered that

he was an extremely cowardly person. He boasted his bravery and yet refused my invitation. It was a good tactic.

One weekend in June of 1974, I received a call from George Chang in Chicago; at one end of the telephone was C.C. Young. We were in a three-way-conference call. At the time George was the President of UFAI and he told me that they were looking for a candidate to be the next President of the Formosan Club of America, since the existing President would step down at the end of June. If they could not find a candidate, the club would be shut down. It was difficult to find a candidate for two reasons. First, the individual would have to be President of a local chapter and the second, the individual had to be willing to reveal their identity in public during the “White Color Terror” period under KMT’s brutal control. The Formosan Club of America should continue to exist; that was a mission for every Taiwanese who were devoted to Taiwan Independent. I embraced the mission; another Bushidou sprit inspired me to take the challenge. So, I became the President of the Formosan Club of America on September 1, 1974.

Later that month, the World Federation of Taiwanese Association (WFTA) was founded in Vienna, Austria. The Formosan Club of America was one of the five founding associations.

During my tenure as President, we held the second and third annual conventions of WFTA and a few People Conferences in US. In the second convention, several China-supporting Taiwanese came to disturb our convention and were chased out by New York police. In the third convention, a KMT thug, a bus-full of KMT students, and three Taiwanese Congressmen attempted to derail the convention. They enraged one of the convention participants, who were famous Taiwanese writers, Ng Chun-Bien. He asked me for their room numbers but I did not give him. By the way, we gave each participant a room to stay during the registration. I was afraid that he might get himself into trouble and never be allowed home. Or he might lose his freedom after returning home.

One day, KMT Consulate General of Chicago, Ouyang Heng wrote me that Mr. Chang Sian-Chon, a journalist working for Sin-Tao Daily,

had referred me to him. I had known Chang from the Second Annual Convention of WFTA in New York City during 1975. Ouyang came to see me in Columbus Ohio. He invited me to Taiwan to see the results of the KMT's and "Chinese" people's hard work in Taiwan and Kimoy. I declined his invitation because I refused to spend a penny of Taiwanese taxpayer money. I believe that when a government wasted tax payer money, then the people were over-taxed. In other words, government had stolen people's money.

During my tenure, we also arranged Taiwanese speakers from Taiwan to talk to our US chapters and exchange ideas. The current Taiwanese Vice-President, Anita Lu, was one of the speakers. She got into trouble at the east coast summer camp in 1975. The conflict started when she was selling her books and asking donations. At the time, many campers thought she was working for KMT. I knew she was an employee of the Executive Yuan, and did not believe she was a spy for KMT.

Many from Taiwan immigrated to the US in the 80s. Most of them were wealthy and many were good businessmen and women. A large portion of them were anti-KMT. This cohort fought against KMT much differently than the earlier immigrants because they had money. The Taiwanese community is diverse. Slowly, we find some of their political activities are self-serving.

The election of the President of the Taiwanese Association of America, formerly the Formosan Club of America, ran into a conflict at the end of 1988. As a result, there were two Presidents at the beginning of 1989. To solve the problem, an arbitration committee was established and I was chosen as one of the three arbitrators. Knowing that I would offend half of Taiwanese Americans at the end, I took the job again because of the Bushidou principle.

In order to devote my full effort to the Taiwanese cause, I gave up my chemical engineering job in 1990. At the time, I did not have a definite idea what I should do, although I set my priority in politics. In my mind, Taiwan urgently needed an improved political system. The truth is that Taiwan was still under KMT control. However, I did not

forget I was an engineer. How much could an engineer do in politics? I was not sure.

I had decided against holding any official position long time ago, because my character was ill-suited for the role. However, I could campaign for other anti-KMT candidates which I did enthusiastically during the first year after retirement. After a year, I realized my efforts had limited impact so I quit.

After careful soul-searching, I found that the best thing for me was to write and work as an engineer.

Without connections or willingness to look for connections, I relied on telephone directories. Luckily I found companies that could use my engineering expertise. As a writer, I published many hundreds of articles in the magazines and newspapers to promote Taiwanese independence ideology. I also published five books during the same period. Besides, I also gave many speeches for Taiwanese organizations.

At this time, after dedicating years to Taiwanese affairs, I found that Taiwanese Americans had changed considerably. Many had somewhat lost their precious self-respect and dignity, particularly after World United Formosans for Independence moved to Taiwan. Now they could only perform a secondary role in the Taiwanese independence movement. Meanwhile, I had been in the US for more than 30 years. I found I had also changed so much personally. I had developed a strong attachment, and feelings of duty and loyalty toward the land I had considered a temporarily living place. For example, whenever I saw an American flag or heard the national anthem outside the US, I felt moved.

Three things always emerge strongly in my mind whenever I do some soul-searching: 1) my grandchildren were born and grew up in the US, 2) Taiwanese were not happy with the “Foreign Provincial People” in Taiwan, who still called themselves Chinese after living in Taiwan for so long; and 3) Litterateur and Philosopher Henry Thoreau wrote that if you did not feel the land under your feet was sweeter than any other land in the world, you were hopeless.

After being a US citizen for 32 years (I was naturalized in 1972), I have become a Taiwanese American in my heart. I am no longer

Taiwanese in America. I am a Taiwanese America logically and emotionally.

Yes, I have become an American. I have changed my national identity. However, I still love Taiwan and remain concerned with my country and its people. I firmly believe that Taiwan independence benefits American interest, too. America is my home now, but Taiwan is my motherland. I will continuously work for and will never give up Taiwanese welfare. But in order to protect my dignity, I will only support issues that are just, right or good for Taiwan. I am not going to say yes or no based on who asks, whether individual or party. For example, today I support writing a new constitution and abolishing the Overseas Chinese Affairs Commission, and I am against spending taxpayer money to relocate two of Chiang's tombs regardless what the Democratic Progressive Party government decide. The DPP is in "power" now. I support DPP and her government or not, will be determined by my own assessment of the DPP and her government deeds.

I will also continue to maintain my personal principles:

- The Overseas Taiwanese Congressmen should not exist. James Otis said that taxation without representation is tyrannical; he was correct of course, but only 50%. He forgot to include the other part: representation without taxation is also tyrannical. (I believed paying taxes is a necessary condition to be a citizen.) I will never be an Overseas Congressman.
- I insist that the Overseas Chinese Affairs Commission should be abolished; therefore, I will never be a Representative of the Commission.
- One should not take something that does not belong to them. I will not agree with the fashionable Taiwanese saying, "If one doesn't take it, one will not have it." The saying encourages immorality and corruption.

From today on, I will be loyal to the US, honestly and sincerely. For self-congruence and practicality, I have reversed my priorities in life. I no

longer place the peace of the world as my priority. I will try to be more humble and start with myself. My new priorities in order of importance are myself, my home, my country and then the world. Taking care of me is top priority. When I take care of myself, I will not become the burden to my family or society. Next, I will take care of my family, including my wife, children and grandchildren, and then, Taiwanese society here in the US and the US society. I hope that the Taiwanese community can take care of Taiwanese Americans. They have neglected themselves for way too long. We should also work hard on passing our culture heritage to the future generations of Taiwanese Americans. Since we are the first generation, our effort is important our legacy is a sound foundation for our future generations. Right now, I am translating my own books from Chinese and Taiwanese to English.

On the devotion to the US, we should distinctly divide it into political and apolitical items. On the apolitical issues such as charity, we should separate them from political issues. We don't want political motivation to contaminate our pure devotion to charity.

Most of the first generation Taiwanese American struggled through poverty and worked hard for our degrees and careers. We also have put our much effort, time and money into Taiwanese affairs particularly in the Taiwanese independence. We have engaged in Taiwanese politics. Yes, we have. However, strictly speaking, our engagement has not been in politics, but in justice. Not many of us are true politicians. The motivation for our working on the Taiwanese independence movement has been to maintain our dignity and to love our homeland. We, as Taiwanese Americans, have led a high standard of moral lives due to our commitment to established principles. My hope is for our children and future generations of Taiwanese Americans to remember that ours was a generation of love, dignity and principle. We fought hard for justice and worked hard to improve our lives. We should proudly pass a torch with our qualities to the next generation. Our hope for Taiwanese Americans in the future is not necessary for them to be doctors, lawyers or scientists, but simply good Americans.

On the question of “Where the Taiwanese Americans will go?” I predict they will become part of the main-stream Americans in the future, although it will not be tomorrow.

ATTACHMENTS

Attachment 1

Fishing

An old story told that Kiam-Chai Kon always fished with his hook suspended three inches above the water so he would only catch fish willing to be hooked. Although I do not have his morality, fishing is spiritually close to a holy work. I am passionate about fishing and singularly focused when engaged. I enjoy every part of fishing, including the time waiting for the fish to bite when my mind is full of hope and dream. At this time, most likely I am watching the beautiful scenery around me, especially where the sky meets the ocean. I dream that I am a tiny point in the ocean and drunk with the beauty of nature.

It is said that you can see a person's character by watching the way he fishes. When I hold a fishing pole in my hand, I instantly forget myself. I can sit for hours, whether or not the fish are biting. Normally, I have to go to a restroom every hour or so. Wendy is entirely different. Before she casts her line, she does two things. First, she counts the number of people who are fishing and second, she walks around to see if they have caught anything. She will then decide whether or not she will cast her line. When she goes fishing, she brings a comfortable chair, some magazines, a pot of hot tea, and a few fishing poles. She appears to be fishing, but she is there to read her magazine and drink her tea. Occasionally, she buys fish from the real fishermen.

During the World War II, I started fishing accidentally. At that time, Taiwan was under constant air raids and we had moved to Chiau-Chen-Kha in Taiwanese, or Torimatsu in Japanese. Now it is called Niasong officially. At the time, there were refugees in Chiau-Chen-Kha, people who had evacuated the cities to be safe. Our situation was different in that Father had been transferred. One morning when I went to Lake Tah-Pi, I found a hook on the ground. I searched hard and found a rather short line. I now needed a fishing pole and a float. I used a piece of broken pole that had been used for hanging clothes as the fishing pole and a piece of duckweed as a float. I was almost ready to fish. I found a small rock as a weight, dug some worms for bait, and started my fishing

career. In the beginning, I fished for enjoyment but it became a survival skill. Our family could not survive without my fishing.

My fishing companion was my mother. At that time, women were not supposed to fish although there were no laws or regulations against it. However, we were in no position to follow social protocol. We went fishing every day regardless of weather or air raids. Quite often we fished under skies filled with Lockheed P-38s, Grumman fighters, and B24 and B29 bombers. Although we were frightened that we might get killed by the planes, our daily survival required the risk.

At that time, Lake Tah-Pi was a water reservoir used for irrigation. Although it was stocked with fish, few permits were available for fishing. We obtained our special permit through Father's company, the Agricultural Water Association that owned the water rights. Since there were few permits, there were not too many fishermen who usually came from nearby big cities such as Fongsan or Kaohsiung. They had much better equipment and fished for bigger fish such as carps and buffaloes. We caught smaller fish such as 'funa' (carassius) and smelts. On rare occasion, we would also catch carp. Their fishing poles were equipped with a rail, Kurumazao in Japanese, and their bait was Taiwanese potato or, a mixture of Taiwan potato and rice bran. Their poles allowed them to cast their lines farther from shore and into much deeper water. We fished with a simple bamboo pole, a plastic line, and used worm as bait which we got from pigpens. Japanese call our bait, En-Chun, and we call it An-To-Kun, which means Red Worm. En-Chun is a worm with red on the top part and white on the bottom. Sometimes, we used rice bran too. Since we had to buy it, we could not afford to use it too often. When we used it, we did not put it on the hooks; rather spread it over the water surface to attract fish. Normally, we did not use potato because small fish did not like potato and few big fish were in the shallow parts of the lake.

We had an oral contract with people who raised the fish in the Lake. We were not supposed to take home big fish such as carps. They were the one put in the carp fry. During our fishing years there, we caught only two carps. We did not return them to the Lake as we had promised but brought them home.

We ate funas every meal and quickly grew tired of their taste. In fact, after a while we felt sick when we saw them on the table. We were “allergic” to the fish. We were fortunate that we had a neighbor, Mr. Tayoda, who was a veterinarian and could easily get pork from side doors. They ate pork every meal. We exchanged our fish for their pork and both families ate pork and fish.

During wartime, I was very lonely. The schools were closed because of the air raids. I did not enjoy the scenery of the Lake, but I fished full-time to support my family. There was a kid a few years older who joined me at the lake to tell me stories. His name was Tian-San-Ah, and his house was not too far away. I knew his father was a farmer named O-Im-Ah, which means cloudiness in Taiwanese. I guess his father named him expecting rain.

Many of Tian-San-Ah’s stories were about the liar, Chit-Ah. He also told me a strange story about the lake needed a new ghost each year to replace the old one. The ghosts came from people who died for unknown reason in the lake. He described to me the story about the death of Mayor of Torimatsu, Ng An-Sim. His life was taken away by the ghost in the lake so the old ghost could leave. Among Tian-San-Ah’s stories, the most memorable was Liau Tai-Khan and was as follows:

Once upon a time, Liau Tai-Khian and his sister lived on the Mountain Ta (n)-Kau. One day, a God told Liau that his fate was so honorable that he could be Emperor. All that Liau needed to do was to shoot an arrow at Peking when the rooster crowed one special morning. Emperor Kian-Lion’s window to his office would be open that morning and Liau’s arrow would kill Kian-Lion. Liau would then replace Kian-Lion as Emperor. Unfortunately, the morning he was supposed to shoot his arrow, his dog chased one of the roosters making him crow too early. The arrow reached Kian-Lion’s chair too early. When the Emperor saw the arrow, he quickly identified the owner of the arrow. He was angry. Liau realized he was in trouble, and tried to escape. He asked his sister to go with him, but his sister wanted to stay for the 18 baskets of silver they owned. He knew the people from Peking would probably assault his sister so he killed her before he left. He ran to Ki-Au, or Chi-Chin as it

would be called later. On his way there, he was afraid the Emperor's soldiers might catch him, so he used his treasured sword to split the Mountain Ta (n)-Kau into two. The treasured sword fell into the crack and ended in the ocean. From that time, people could hear the pitiful crying of Liau sister during the May festival from the Mountain each year. They also occasionally saw the treasured sword in the water nearby Kaohsiung Port. The Ta (n)-Kau Khia thus came into being.

As the war ended, Father was transferred again. It ended my fishing, but I still kept my passion for the sport. I was crazy about fishing. Every cell in my body was infused with fishing. I fish whenever possible, in Mobile, Dauphine Island, and Pensacola, where I fish with Mr. Cheng, a good fishing companion. He not only has the skills of a good fisherman, he also cleans our fish voluntarily. In addition, he can make the best quality of fish-balls, and most importantly I can eat and stay for free in his motel or house.

I only do rock fishing from shore, and do not dare go deep-sea fishing. A severe 8-hr sea-sickness episode during a deep-sea fishing trip in Rhode Island still lingers in my memory.

No doubt in my mind, I am addicted to fishing now. I am wondering if I will outlive my passion for fishing.

(Note: This prose was written in 1990 and I stopped fishing in 1991 when one of my readers in DC, a Buddhist, advised me not to fish to avoid the unnecessary suffering and death of the fish.)

Attachment 2

Rubber Shoes

Taiwan was extremely poor during the late 1940s. The resources for simply living were limited and expensive. The population was generally poor and low ranking officials, like Father, were even poorer. These officials did not even have enough food to eat. At that time, I had a pair of shoes made from used automobile tires. The rubber shoes were the first pair I ever owned and my only pair at the time. They were the least expensive and the only kind my family could afford them.

It was very hard to wear a pair of rubber shoes especially in the hot summer without socks. The toes were submerged in a soup of sweat and rubber black. The black shoes also absorbed all the heat from the midsummer sun. When one took off the shoes after only a few hours, the smell was so bad that it was almost impossible to wash off. At that time, I enjoyed going out after dinner and listening to storytellers tell tales in the evening. I did not dare sit too close to the others because of my feet smell. My daily hardships were difficult enough but still bearable. The social hardships were much more difficult to endure.

Quite often, a naïve classmate or friend of mine would ask me, often in a group setting, why I was wearing rubber shoes on a perfectly sunny day since they were intended for rainy days. The question hurt my dignity more than my young soul could bear, especially in front of the girls. If there were a hole somewhere to hide, I would jump in.

I therefore did not like sunny days. I also despised rainy days, since my family could not afford an umbrella or raincoat. The best days were cloudy which were rare in the southern part of Taiwan. In short, the weather provided constant opportunities for others to insult me either intentionally or unintentionally.

As I had described above, I liked cloudy days and hated sunny days. Even misty days were not so bad. If I had to choose between rain or sun, I would take the rain since I would rather be wet than questioned about my shoes.

My rubber shoes were black and came up to just above my ankles. Since I wore a pair of short pants and no socks, my rubber shoes were very noticeable and became my trademark.

I never complained to my parents about my physical or emotional hardships, since I knew they tried their best. I was mature enough to know these things when I was very young.

In retrospect, my childhood was very difficult. In order to console myself, I reminded myself, “When Heaven gives a person an important mission, it also challenges his heart and will, and labors his muscles and bones.”

Fairly speaking, I am not qualified to complain about my difficult childhood. There were a lot of kids whose situations were even worse. Some classmates who were smarter than me could not attend middle school because of poverty. The French writer, Romain Rolland said that if we had collected all the misery in this world and then redistributed it evenly, most of us would receive more than we gave.

Yes, I should be happy with my youth.

Attachment 3

Tears of the Poor

Mr. Wu's salary was inadequate to support his family. In addition, he was paying tuition for three children. Mrs. Wu had to borrow money from friends or relatives to get by. Paying school tuition was impossible without extra income, so she started raising pigs. When registration time arrived, she would sell her pigs to pay them. She had no schooling and so she raised pigs to make extra money. Truth be told, she had little experience in this profession. Raising pigs was not very profitable, but it forced her to save. Our finances improved somewhat, since she started her business. However, she still had to borrow money since the pig plague of the previous year had killed all her pigs.

Mrs. Tsai was one of her neighbors and sympathetic to her bad luck. She was in charge of Fat-Su-Kong Temple and operated a fish stand in the market. Mrs. Wu had become one of Mrs. Tsai's good customers, since moving to the neighborhood. In the beginning, Mrs. Tsai would inform Mrs. Wu what foods she received in morning. But, she stopped when Mrs. Wu started buying on credit.

One morning, Mrs. Tsai asked Mrs. Wu to come to the stand after 3 PM every time she wanted to buy fish. "I have more time and we can talk after 3 PM," she said politely.

Mrs. Wu knew well what Mrs. Tsai meant, although she was uneducated. She knew that Mrs. Tsai was asking her to buy the leftovers. In fact, Mrs. Tsai could both sell stale fish and help her neighbor. Mrs. Wu did not have much choice. She had to prepare three lunches for her children to take to school. In addition, she still owed so much to Mrs. Tsai that she dared not buy fish from other stands since this would be morally wrong and invite Mrs. Tsai's displeasure.

Mrs. Tsai did not only ask Mrs. Wu to go to the stand after 3 PM, she also asked Mrs. Wu to buy the most expensive kind, such as swordfish. She said that children were growing and needed nourishment. Mrs. Tsai's words were so sweet and kind. Mrs. Wu realized she did not have any

choice but to buy swordfish. She knew it was better business for Mrs. Tsai to sell expensive leftover fish than inexpensive ones.

Mr. Wu brought home his salary one evening. Mrs. Wu went to her neighbor to pay a part of her debt that she could afford. Mrs. Tsai was very polite and asked her to stay for a cup of tea, but Mrs. Wu declined her offer. She knew Mrs. Tsai was not completely sincere. She also had no time to socialize either. In addition, she could not find subjects interesting enough to discuss.

Mrs. Wu thanked Mrs. Tsai profusely. She had not paid all her debt completely for more than half a year. Mrs. Tsai had never asked her to pay the debt or even mentioned it. She always let Mrs. Wu pay whatever she could afford every month. Also, Mrs. Tsai was always so friendly and forgiving.

In the morning, Mrs. Wu went to the fish market with a little cash to buy fresh milk-fish to cook with sesame oil for her children. It was nourishment for the winter months and she had planned this for a while.

Since was asked by Mrs. Tsai not go there before 3 PM, she walked to another fish stand far away from Mrs. Tsai's. She knew she had to be quick while Mrs. Tsai was busy with her customers. She knew she should not let Mrs. Tsai see what she was doing at the other stand.

Having finished her business, she was so happy and went home quickly. On her way home, she saw Mrs. Tsai were busy with several of her customers. "Thank Heavens!" she said with a sigh as soon as she reached home.

Unexpectedly, Mrs. Tsai appeared at Mrs. Wu's home after 3PM. She was still wearing an apron stained with fish blood and scales. Her usual smile was gone. She was very serious and walked up to Mrs. Wu where she was cooking a pig dish. With eyes wide open, she spoke with a slightly high-pitched voice while biting her teeth, "Mrs. Wu, you bought fish with cash from someone else's fish stand rather than buy from mine on credit? What's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Wu was startled by Mrs. Tsai's angry voice. She had not seen Mrs. Tsai's come in and she realized instantly her predicament. She was ashamed and started crying. She knew that she had committed a terrible

mistake. Since she had returned in the morning, her conscience had been bothering her.

In front of Mrs. Tsai, she did not know how to make Mrs. Tsai understand and forgive her. She did not know what to say to protect her own self-respect. She only continued to sob and wished for a hole to hide from the embarrassment.

Mrs. Wu waited for what felt like a century before Mrs. Tsai continued, "If you really wanted milk fish, we had live ones still flopping. You could pick the size and whatever number of fish you wanted."

Mrs. Wu lowered her head more, and her tears continued flowing. She kept stirring her pig food quietly and breathed with great difficulty.

Mrs. Wu wanted to apologize to Mrs. Tsai and ask her forgiveness from the bottom of her heart, but she did not have the words to express her feelings. She was very emotional and could only sob.

(Note: Mrs. Wu is the writer's mother.)

Attachment 4

Unforgettable Memory

The story is more than forty years old, but it is so clear in my mind as if it happened yesterday. When the incident surfaces from my memory, tears would fill my eyes and I would think of Father although he had passed away 30 years ago.

When I was a senior at high school, one of my teachers told me that the poor could be divided into “Very Poor” and “A Little Poor.” People who were “Very Poor” could not afford to go to college and the others could. The “Very Poor” had to work to support their family and “A Little Poor” did not. Based on this definition, I evaluated my situation and concluded that I could go to college. As a result, I decided that I would and inadvertently created pressure for my family, especially my parents. Although my family was very supportive, none could guarantee I would go. No one had gone to college from my family so we did not know what was required.

One month before the college entrance examinations, I still did not have money for the trip to Taipei where the entrance examinations were held by each college or university. My parents were struggling to pay my trip expenses. I heard their nightly discussions about their worries. After hearing them, I would give up my dream but I’d change my mind next morning.

The day before my Taipei trip, Father came to me with a stack of bills in his hand. Standing in front of me, he started with a sigh and solemnly told me that the money was for my trip. He had calculated the trip cost with great precision and detail, including a cold drink a day but excluded emergencies.

He told me that the money was half a month’s living expenses for our family, so please do your best. And then gave me the stack of money after he counted it once more. I noticed his hands were shaking.

I was tearful but also disturbed. I thanked him for having gone through so much trouble to come up with the trip expenses so that I would become a “Dragon.” At the same time, I could not take the

tremendous pressure he put on me. I was not confident that I could pass the examination. The likelihood that a vocational school graduate getting into college was extremely small. I wanted deeply to let him know that I would succeed, but I could not.

When I considered my whole family's struggle and suffering because of my dream, Father's high expectation, and my lack of confidence, I should have been ashamed. But, I did not. I simply accepted the money and told him I would work hard and try my best.

"A Little Poor" family's willingness to accept the unknown hardship and my own will thus change my life.

Attachment 5

Going to College in Taipei

Luckily I was accepted to Taiwan University. I had graduated from a vocational school and there was usually not much chance to go this route.

At the time, there was only one Taiwan University and three colleges, Tainan Engineering College, Taichon Agricultural College and Taipei Normal College. This was before the United College Entrance Examinations and those of us from the rural area still called Taiwan University, Taipak Empirical University or Taihoku Teidai.

Forty years ago, it was rare that a kid from rural southern Taiwan to go to Taipei alone. It seemed more difficult than going to the US from Taiwan today because of both the transportation challenges and costs. For a person like me, it was even harder. Taipei was an entirely strange city and I did not have a friend or a relative to help.

I had gone to Taipei a few times before. The visits did not leave much impression in my mind. I only vaguely remembered Taipei was a city with a lot of neon signs, a Presidential Building used as the Exposition site, and Khai-Nan Commercial and Engineering School, which is where we stayed during the visit. Fortunately, one of Father's colleagues helped me find a place at his friend's house to stay temporarily.

We had an old suitcase for travel, which Japanese call Yanagi Kori that translated as travelling case made of willow, I guess. The case had been somewhere in my house since I was a kid. I would use it to carry my things to Taipei which included two long trousers, two shirts, two sets of underwear, two sets of socks, a pair of cloth shoes and another pair of wooden 'sandals'. Since I wore half the clothes during my trip, I did not have much to pack. I had packed everything in a small corner of the Yanagi Kori. I filled the rest with books and newspapers.

Father accompanied me from Shiaukang to Fonsan by a small train operated by the Sugar Corporation. From our home to the Shiaukang train station, we met some people we knew. Father did not forget to tell

them proudly that he was sending me to study at Taipak Empirical University. He was very happy.

When we arrived at Fonsan, it was drizzling. There was a 10 minutes' walk between the small train station to the large station. He told me I should run with empty hands and he would take care of the luggage for me. Perhaps he did not want me to catch cold. When I reached the large train station, I watched Father in the rain with my luggage and my tears flowed from my eyes. "The Parents' Hearts under the Heaven", which means parents' love moved me. This was the first time I noticed his appearance. He was wearing a short sleeve white shirt, a pair of light green riding breeches, and a pair of black Japanese *tabi* or shoes; he also carried a piece of towel, or tenugui, at his waist.

While waiting for the train to arrive, he gave me the luggage and a few unforgettable words in Japanese, "Work hard and persistently, please." I was surprised. Normally, he did not speak to me in Japanese, only when he was very serious. Suddenly, the pressure was on me. I realized I was his only hope. I cannot remember what my answer was exactly. It seemed to me, I had only one answer, "I will." Then, I got on the train.

Seeing my totally drenched father on the platform, I recalled Chu Chu-Chin, a Chinese writer's prose, "Pei-Yen" or "Back Image". A small part of the writing went through my mind.

It has been 40 years since that day, and Father has been gone for 29 years, but the incident still remains vividly in my heart and mind.

Attachment 6

One Story from the Struggling Days

I should know “this thing” would eventually come; the only problem was when. Of course I was not prepared emotionally. Truthfully, I wanted to prepare but did not know how because of the lack of resources. I had never been in love and a real relationship before meeting Bunji. Life was so unpredictable.

My fiancée, Bunji, her sisters and a brother-in-law had decided to visit my home the following Sunday. This was the first time that she or any of her family had visited my home. I should have been very happy, but I was not. I was afraid that she would be disappointed to see our Japanese style rundown house.

In front of our house was a paved road for the people of Shiaukang to go to Kaohsiung. It was our only ‘highway.’ On the other side of the highway were the houses for military officers in the middle of rice paddies. To the left of our house were the sugar factory houses for employees and to the right was a rice paddy. During that time telephones were rare so our home was quiet. The rural surroundings were beautiful. Our house was built shabbily after the war. There were three bedrooms, separated by paper sliding doors. We slept on Japanese tatamis, with four in one room and six in the other two. The tatamis were very old, uneven, and filled with small holes. My worry was really from the condition of the tatamis. Although the house was not presentable, somehow it was not my concern.

The Water Irrigation Association, where Father worked, owned the house. From the day the house was built, they had not spent a penny on it. At least they should have changed the tatamis long time ago, but they had not. We fixed everything ourselves. Replacing the old tatamis was and would never be a priority.

I talked to my friend, Chau-Khuan, about my difficulty. His suggestion was to use their Tatamis temporarily. At the time they lived in one of the Sugar Plant’s houses and their tatamis looked new. As soon as

Chau-Khuan got his father's permission, we swapped 16 tatamis, one by one.

Their house and ours were on the same side of the highway. To go from his house to mine, we walked for about 10 minutes along the highway. Since there were 16 tatamis, the two of us needed to take 8 round trips. The entire operation should have taken 160 minutes, theoretically, but in practice was three hours. When we finished, our palms were swollen and bloody and we were totally exhausted. We talked about how we would have to return the tatamis after their visit and we forced smiles to each other.

It was Sunday and not yet 5AM. Father went out to buy seafood from the other side of the bay. He really covered a lot of territory in order to buy seafood he was looking for. At the end, he spent about a third of his monthly salary. To see his daughter in-law the first time, he was happy to splurge. He was excited.

With the new tatamis and some cleaning, our house actually looked nice and presentable. I really felt good and thanked Chau-Khuan and every person in my family for their time and efforts.

By noon, we had completed the preparations. Everyone in my family wore their best clothes and waited for our honorable guests to arrive. My mother also had finished cooking. There were dainties of seafood on the table. The bus came every hour from Kaohsiung. I was so sure they would come at noon. I waited at the bus stop, but they did not show. I figured they were late to catch the bus, so they would come at 1 PM. Again, I was disappointed. I went home to tell everyone. The table remained untouched as I left. My brothers must have been hungry, but they did not say a word. My parents suggested me to make a call. There was no private telephone among our friends and relatives at the time. To make a call, I had to go to the Telephone and Telegram Company. It took me twenty minutes to walk there. It was also very expensive to make a long distance call in those days. However, it made more sense to call than wait for the 2PM bus.

I called my brother in-law in Tainan, since he was our contact person. He told me they were playing cards. Everyone forgot they had promised

to visit us. I was surprised and disappointed. I did not know how to tell my family members, who had worked several days to prepare and had not eaten their lunch yet.

On the telephone, we decided to postpone the visit for one week. This meant we had to do everything again, including the purchase of seafood.

After a simple lunch, Chau-Khuan and I started to move the tatamis back to their original locations. He promised to help me do it again the following Sunday.

Before 8PM, our house was quiet except for the sounds frogs, crickets, and snoring. People were exhausted from their busy day and disappointment. They needed the rest and their sleepiness seemed contagious. They gave in to their surroundings.

Attachment 7

A Bit of Unforgettable Memory

Perhaps, it is because I am getting old. There have been always some bits and pieces of memories that surface periodically. Most of them were from the part of my life when I was struggling to survive. These recollections were always the most regrettable and unforgettable. For time, they were also so painful, but they are not so any more.

I resigned my job at Mobil Chemical to become a full-time student again in 1968, because I needed a PhD to do my research work. After many years of consideration, I had reached a conclusion that it would be better for me to be in research with my character and my language.

Right after I submitted my resignation, we learned that Bunji was pregnant. When I left my job for school, I drove my family of five from New Jersey to Texas in a four-year-old Chevrolet Biscayne. I knew I had a rough road ahead of me.

It was mighty difficult to support the family on a research assistantship. In addition, I still had expenses from the activities in Taiwanese Association, donations to Taiwanese groups, and supporting new students. My income was not sufficient for me to make ends meet. The school gave me an additional teaching assistantship after my first year, which marginally improved our financial situation. It was still very difficult, especially after the Huang-Cheng Incident. (A failed assassination of Chiaan Chin-Ko incident in New York City on 04/24/1990.)

It was one afternoon after the Incident when I went out to collect donations. I was disappointed and stunned by a professor's donation of ten dollars after I went to his office twice. (He was expected to donate \$200 to \$500.) He also gave me a lecture, which was discouraging. Rather than to continue I decided to go home to rest and then go back to my laboratory. At the parking lot of our apartments, I saw my son was standing there alone. His expression told me he was lonely.

"Ben, why don't you go to play with your friends?" I asked him.

"I don't have a bike," he was about to cry.

When I raised my head and looked straight ahead, I saw a group of kids riding their bikes and chasing each other around.

An uncomfortable feeling filled my heart. I was sorry and regretful.

“Son, I am sorry,” I wanted to say but I could not. A lot of my money went to Taiwanese Association and other Taiwanese groups. In fact, Taiwanese Association of Austin was established when I had only the financial support from a research assistantship.

During the Southern Summer Camp of 1991, a campus representative was questioned why there wasn't a Taiwanese Association on campus. Surprisingly he responded that there was no money. His answer really puzzled me. I just could not understand. The students dressed so well and some were driving new cars. If I could have started a Taiwanese Association while having problems making ends meet, certainly they could manage. The problem was not money; it was will.

Attachment 8

Parents' Love

In life, there must be some moving stories buried deep in one's heart that cannot be removed even by operation. Many stories are so common and similar that they happen to almost everyone. This is one such story and it broke our hearts into so many fragments that traces of some were lost.

It happened in 1985. My elder daughter decided to go to Oxford, England. Going to any strange place is a challenge, but also exciting and normally fun. We were so happy that our daughter had the opportunity to go to England and explore without too much risk.

Unfortunately, one month before the trip she broke her right ankle while ice skating. Her doctor stabilized her ankle bone with two temporary stainless steel splints attached with four bolts. She carried those stainless steel pieces with her and a cane to the airport.

We drove her to Logan Airport in Boston, and checked in her two suitcases. To carry the luggage, I had to use every ounce of muscle I had. How would a girl with a broken ankle handle her luggage at the Heathrow Airport in London? The question troubled me. But how could I help? In the States, I always could ask friends to help, but I knew no one in London.

She was so calm and did not hesitate when she got into the inspection room at Logan Airport. She was so determined, which made us easier. However, I grew a little nervous when I thought of those stainless steel pieces and potential problems getting through inspection. I knew my wife had been uneasy. In order not to worry her more, I tried hard to control my emotions.

My daughter disappeared for a while in the inspection room. We waited and waited. Finally we saw a little girl with a backpack and a cane slowly getting on the airplane. My tears started to flow. Not only were my eyes wet, but so were my cheeks. My wife was stronger, but her eyes were full of tears too. When I thought that my lovely daughter would be alone

in a completely strange city in a few hours with the stainless steel, a cane and two heavy suitcases, my heart dropped. Whose would not?

My heart had been racing so uneasily, and I had started missing her since her plane was on the air. The emotion continued until I learned she had arrived safely. But when I heard that it would take her thirty minutes to walk from her dormitory to school, my heart started beating fiercely again. In my mind, I saw an Asian girl biting her lip and bravely walking slowly toward her classroom with the help of a cane, one step at a time.

Attachment 9

A New Chapter

We sent off our youngest daughter this morning at Newark Airport. Colleges finally took away all our children. We had longed for our children to grow up, leave, and give us back our peaceful days. That day had arrived finally.

Late in the afternoon, I went home from my office. As soon as I entered my home, loneliness overwhelmed my heart. Everything was so different and quiet. It was the same house, but not the same home anymore.

My wife was tearful. She said she had been crying since our daughter left. Although she had already experienced two children leaving for school, she still could not take it and the situation seemed to be getting worse. This time hurt her even more. Quietly I went up to the second floor. All three bedroom doors were shut. She clearly did not want to be reminded that all our children had left her. She did not want her emotion to overtake her.

As I walked to my youngest daughter's bedroom, some strange and unfamiliar feelings overwhelmed me, and stopped me from opening the door. I waited a moment to prepare myself and then slowly opened the door. Her room was there as before, but its former master had moved a few thousand miles away to the west coast. The room was strangely clean and everything was in order. Nothing was on the floor, which was quite unusual. Before, there were books, balls, shoes, socks etc. strewn everywhere. Walking on the floor would have been difficult, if not impossible, but today was different. I realized that my daughter was no longer the master of this bedroom anymore. She had removed herself entirely and given us back her bedroom.

In the corner of the bedroom were trophies and awards representing her victories. There were also crutches and a leg cast covered with friends' signatures that showed the road included hardships as well. The crutches reminded me of too many things. All our children were experts on them. The first one needed them from a volleyball injury; the second,

skating; and the third, doing gymnastics. The second one even had needed crutches to go to Oxford University, across the Atlantic Ocean. Whenever one of our children had been hurt, we felt their pains in our heart.

I opened up a scrapbook and the memories, one after another, vividly resurfaced in my mind. I fell into the deep trance in those memories until my wife roused me back to the present. She was calling me for supper. The house was still so quiet, but not peaceful.

At supper, we sat across from each other and did not say a word. We did not want to disturb each other's loneliness and sadness.

In this huge house, there are only two living souls, husband and wife. Finally, we have reached the 'Empty Nest' phase. The home started from two, crept to five through several struggling years, and now reduced to two quickly at the end. Time had passed so quickly. In a few blinks, a quarter was gone. I see thousands of gray hair and hundreds of wrinkles in the mirror today. From now on, expectations would be in the past, and memories would be everywhere.

Attachment 10

Prejudice

Gleason and I had been colleagues for 10 years. We worked for a chemical company on the east coast. He was in charge of chemical section and I, chemical engineering. He was a handsome caucasian and also a gentleman. He was about five feet and ten inches tall, 200 pounds, and light complexion with a little pink in color. He also grew orderly small well-trimmed mustache under his nose, and dressed in typical business clothes, but without a tie. From the first day I met him, his hair had been entirely gray, or more accurately silver white. He looked like George Washington, only more friendly, handsome and intelligent, but with the same degree of seriousness. Of course, those were only my impression. You have to understand that I have never run into George Washington during my life.

To describe Gleason, one could not ignore one of his very special characteristics. Any description Gleason would be grossly incomplete without this element of his soul. He respected his wife more than anyone else.

During those ten years, his most important personal project was to lose weight. He was very conscientious about the subject. Every Monday, he seldom forgot to tell me how many pounds he had lost during the previous week. One year out of curiosity, I kept track of all the pounds that he'd told me he lost. In less than a year, the total had reached two hundred thirty pounds. Ironically with all that lost weight, he actually looked fatter to me.

During his diet, we went to restaurants quite often. His orders always quite complete, including cocktail, bread, appetizer, salad with dressing, prime rib, dessert, and coffee. He added sugar-substitute to his coffee to reduce his calorie intake. He finished his meal with an after-dinner drink.

Gleason was a very nervous person. A little thing to him would be like the Heavens crashing down. Due to my diabetes, I always kept different cookies in one of my drawers. Gleason had to walk by my office to get out of the "Manage Center" of the Department. When he was

nervous, he walked in and out of his office all the time. He would come in my office to grab some of my cookies unconsciously whenever he passed by. I could easily guess how nervous he was by the disappearance of my cookies.

Gleason and I collaborated well from the beginning, although our management styles with people were quite different. I respected his knowledge in chemistry, especially analytical chemistry, and he likewise respected my knowledge of chemical engineering. Whenever we had problems, we would visit each other to find solutions. I would say our partnership was excellent.

Slowly, we had become good colleagues, although I could not say good friends. I found it very difficult in the States to convert a good colleague to a good friend.

Gleason told me all the time that he loved Asian culture, also loved Asian family ethics. He seemed sincere and honest when telling me. He also told me that he went to school with a few Jews and was surprised to find they were extremely smart; later he had opportunities to work with Asians and he had observed that Asians were as smart as Jews if not smarter.

After we had been colleagues for 3 to 4 years, one Monday morning he visited my office. He was excited and told me with joy that his daughter brought her new Chinese friend to visit them during the weekend. The man was as tall, humble, refined, handsome and considerate. In addition, he was an excellent golfer. According to Gleason, he was a perfect person and he liked him. Gleason indicated that he was so happy for his daughter to know such an Asian. His wife also felt the same way.

Thereafter, for a short period of time, he continued to talk about this Asian to me. I could also detect his admiration of him and his Asian culture was sincere and honest.

Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year came and went. During the holiday season, we tried to use up our vacation days for the year and so we were often home. We would occasionally run into each other, although we only had time to greet each other.

In January, we resumed our normal work schedule. Suddenly, I found that the disappearance rate of my cookies increased substantially. I had to supply new cookies almost every day. Gleason was quieter and only talked with me on technical subjects. After a couple of rather silent weeks, he announced that his daughter was engaged to the Chinese. To my congratulating words, his reception was cold. Afterward, I found out from one of my Caucasian colleagues that Gleason and his wife were extremely unhappy with the engagement. I was surprised to know that they were against their daughter's marrying a Chinese. It was incredible, at least to me.

Soon after the engagement, the young couple declared the woman was pregnant. The disappearance of my cookies again increased. Gleason's pleasant expressions were no more. He became cold and resentful.

This reminded me of a beautiful story that Gleason told me. One of his friend's sons had married to an Asian. Both Gleason and his wife had attended the wedding and they had loved and admired the ceremony which took place not long ago. After all, he had not been Gleason's own son. A Caucasian, who proclaimed that he was not a racist, showed his real self when he faced the reality.

Gleason had led many unpleasant days. His weight increased significantly and his stomach inflated. His temper also became irritable and most importantly he lost his smile.

Time was friendly with Gleason. It brought Gleason a series of good news. Their daughter had a miscarriage, her engagement had terminated, and then she became engaged to a college professor.

Soon, we were invited to the wedding. The complexion of the groom was as light as that of Gleason.

After the wedding, Gleason became old Gleason. He was friendly and merciful again, but never talked about Asian culture.

Attachment 11

Leaving Home Was Hard; Returning Was Even Harder

I hung up the phone and was very excited. The opportunity had come finally, only a little too early. Two years later would have been ideal. In eleven months, I could take early retirement and in two years my youngest child would graduate from college relieving my economic burden considerably. None were important when compared with going back to that old home with a six Tatami bedroom. I was longing to return.

I had just finished talking to my company's New York headquarter. They wanted me to consider an assignment to lead the construction and operations of a new plant in Taiwan. Since it was still in the planning phase, the information was to be kept secret. Before I called my wife, I wanted to have some time to digest the news. I closed my office door and asked the secretary not take any visitors or telephones for a while.

Thirty minutes later, I called my wife. She was as happy and excited as I was. We had been in the States for more than a quarter of century. Our passion to return home had grown stronger every year. When we left Taiwan, our plan had been only to stay in the US a short time. I also had kept telling myself that I should go home as soon as I could. However, I continued to stay, year after year. My wife said we should accept the offer and go home. She wanted to bring her parents to our future home to stay with us, which was her heart's desire. Of course, I also had plans to bring my own mother to stay with us. She had suffered so much for our family. In the past, we were so far from home that we couldn't easily show our love to our parents.

We had just moved from Rhode Island to Alabama. In reality, our move was not complete. There were so many things we still had to do, but the new opportunity changed our plans. We delayed the purchase of furniture, drapes and blinds. We also stopped work on decorations and landscaping. My company was headquartered in Switzerland. The new plant in Taiwan was under the management of the company's International Division which operated independently from the US

Division, my new assignment would be a job change rather than a transfer. Therefore, I would have to resign my position with the US Division first which would significantly affect my retirement and pension. Besides, there were other considerations too.

I had few accomplishments, but I had established a job position that enabled my family to live comfortably. I had also left my mark on almost every corner of the States, although my footprints were not terribly important, they were my life. I could not emotionally forget my past twenty-five years. I could also not change reality to memory in an instant. To me it was emotional to leave this familiar country. Besides, we would also be leaving our three children and so many good friends who had shared many difficult times and events.

But regardless, we had happily decided to go home. I would contribute whatever I could with my expertise in pollution control technologies to my homeland. I was so happy for having the opportunity.

Three months after I emotionally prepared myself to take the new job, the real preparation started. My first step was to visit the marketing department in Hong Kong who were responsible for the Southeast Asia region to coordinate production with them. I would then go to Taiwan to tour the production site and finally travel to Switzerland to review the entire project.

I submitted my visa application to KMT's Atlanta Office. Two weeks went by and I heard nothing. I called them and learned the Investigation Bureau of the Ministry of Justice in Taiwan had refused my application. One of the officials in charge of the visa application in the Atlanta Office told me that the Investigation Bureau was concerned with the safety of Taiwanese society. He advised me to guarantee in writing that I would not make any trouble while in Taiwan, and he would be willing to talk to people in Taiwan once more. According to his instructions I submitted a letter stating I would be visiting Taiwan strictly for business and not politics. In the letter I also mentioned that I had not contacted any institution other than my company and I would not participate in any political activities in Taiwan. Again, Taiwan refused to grant me a visa. In

the entire process of the application, all the officials were polite, although Taiwan had rejected my application.

In retrospect, our home had been a temporary shelter for new Taiwanese students who were either new to this country or working summer jobs. We also helped them find houses, go through registration, get engagement and married, and look for jobs. In order to reduce their homesickness and provide assistance support network, we helped establish the Taiwanese Association. I had served twice as the local President and once as national President. I was also in charge of the International Environmental Protection Association once with the goal to improve the environment in Taiwan.

I was not interested in politics although I was aware of its importance. While you could choose to learn about chemistry or physics, you could not avoid politics regardless of your interest. Paying attention to politics was not only your right but also your obligation.

During the last ten years, we lived in a small town in a rural area. We had little opportunity to participate in Taiwanese activities, but our love for our homeland never diminished but rather gotten stronger. My company's construction of a new plant in Taiwan provided me with a good opportunity to serve my homeland. We had decided to give up a comfortable life and a good job, leave our children behind, sacrifice my pension, and contribute my technical expertise to Taiwan - the country that had nourished and educated me. We would also try to do our best on the long neglected filial piety. But, KMT refused our request.

Soon after the KMT Atlanta Office returned our application, I saw a list of people's names on KMT Blacklist in a newspaper. I did not find my name after an exhaustive search.

The news of the KMT's rejection of my visa application soon spread in the company. One of our officials from the Headquarter said resentfully that it was ridiculous; one of my colleagues said, "I thought KMT has changed, but it is still the old KMT." In addition, many colleagues also came out with supportive words.

Attachment 12

Dignity of a Man

Two days after I paid the last tuition bill for my youngest child on December 18, 1989, I submitted my early retirement request. My boss reacted as if he had an electrical shock which he told me was how he felt a few days later. After the initial impact, he asked if I could wait for the next Golden Handshake before retiring. He told me that by retiring immediately, I would lose: 1) 30% from my pension because I was not 65, or 3% per year from 55 years, 2) severance pay, and 3) unemployment compensation. I answered him firmly that I had already considered all of those factors. When I left his office, it appeared that he had calmed down, but only a little bit.

In America everything seems to be free, except an employee's behavior toward his bosses and company. I had never seen anyone, including people I managed, fight with his supervisor in my 30 years working. Someone unhappy with the company or his boss would resign usually very politely. They would not explain the reason because they might need recommendations from the company in the future.

After a few decades of industrial experience, although I could accept and tolerate the bosses' selfishness, I was still not happy with it. My bosses were still very polite and treated me nicely, but I was excluded from their inner circle and advancement regardless of my contributions. Perhaps, they have thought I was over 50 and would not easily find a new job; also, I was approaching the retirement age of 65, and concluded that my fate would be in their hands. Of course, I was just guessing but I may not have been too far off. In the past, the company would encourage unwanted supervisors to quit by transferring them to night shift, or to an undesirable location.

My direct boss for the last three years was a chemist with a doctorate degree in organic chemistry. His technical knowledge and capability was above average at best. When he started as the Head of the Chemical Development Department, I was assigned to a job with responsibility for budgeting, general administration, infrastructure service, safety, and

chemicals and waste treatment. I was also responsible for process scale-up from laboratory to commercial production. He was in charge of the overall process development projects to meet short and long range goals. In fact, he should have been doing a lot of things that I was doing. But, he was not interested. He did not understand and did not care to understand the budgeting and control systems. Before taking over his current position, he worked as a chemist.

I had maintained a good relationship with him prior to submitting my resignation. He knew very well that he needed me more than I needed him. He respected my ability as manager and engineer, and I was involved in most of the important decisions of the department. He was a gentleman and scientist. I respected him because of his position, but I disdained him as a person for two reasons: 1) he enjoyed flattery from his people and often promoted them; and 2) he was somewhat a racist. Although his wife was a Filipino, to some extent he did not like Asian Indians, Asians and Black. His wife was even worse.

Three days after I submitted my request at the office Christmas party, he and his wife sat together with my wife and me. She was unusually cold toward us. She was as talkative as always but not to us. If this had happened in the past, we may have taken offense, but not this time. I was laughing in my heart at her ignorance. My wife and I kept quiet during the entire party. I knew her coldness had come from my leave, but I did not know why she was unpleasant about it. Shouldn't she have been civil and pleasant to the person who had worked so hard helping her husband for the past three years, although leaving soon? I did not understand.

My boss was uneasy from his: 1) inability to find someone to replace me, 2) inexperience in budgeting and controls, and 3) failure to tell that I was leaving before my official request. Number 3 troubled him the most, I think.

One of the most important responsibilities of being a boss was to understand if any employee was unhappy with his work. To create a great working environment is an important, if not the most critical criterion to judge the effectiveness of a boss. A good boss would know his subordinate's intention of leaving long in advance. My boss was caught

by surprised and the reason he was so surprised. As a subordinate, I hid my intentions until I submitted my request. If possible, I would leave the company immediately because it would be very difficult thereafter. According to the company regulation, an employee should give two weeks' notice before leaving. To help out, I submitted my request on December 20 to work through January 31. My company should have been happy for what I did, but they were not because they were caught surprised.

The next day after New Year's, my boss came to my office to chitchat with me as usual. Our offices were separated by a wall and he would often bring a cup of tea to my office to take a break. We talked for a while and then he brought up again if I could change my mind. I said I could not, because my future plan was waiting for me.

In fact, my "slavery" years had last far too long. My life was getting short. I did not want to consume any more of my valuable life as a slave any more. I had too many things waiting for me to do.

After hearing my firm reply, my boss asked me if I could consider staying until March 15. I did not answer immediately but gave myself a little time to think. I told myself, I did not need to play their game anymore. They were asking me to do something for them, and I would only promise to do whatever I wanted to do.

"If the price is right, I might consider it." I answered him with a smile.

"Let me see what I can do." Then, he walked out my office.

I did not try to make things difficult for him. I was only challenging the system he represented. Also, I was not expressing my past unhappiness; I only wanted my first step be firm as a freeman. I was trying to eliminate my slave status for 30 years.

As I waited for the answer from my boss, he was busy preparing for an important meeting in Switzerland. He rarely showed up in my office and when I ran into him, he did not forget to smile although I did not detect any changes in his expression. But there were some noticeable changes in the department, the most important were from my own department.

A few of my engineers who were good at flattery disappeared after learning I was retiring. In the past, some of them even let me know that the only reason they were with the company was because they had a good boss, as I was.

My boss lived near us. To be exact, our houses were separated by one house. We would pass by his house to go anywhere. During the negotiations, his wife would usually pretend she did not see us and quickly disappeared into their house. She would sometimes wave her hand with a blank expression. I did not know how my wife responded, but I always shared a gentlemanly gesture although not most sincere.

It was about January 20, and again, my boss came to my office with a cup of tea. This time he was even more serious. As soon as entered, he closed the door and then took a chair. He told me that the company decided to pay me until July 15, if I would agree to stay till March 15. That was to say that if I worked for 1-1/2 months, they would give me four months of vacation.

I wasted a little time to understand the offer. Then I walked to him to shake hand with him. I told him, it's a deal. But I needed the agreement in writing. He agreed.

His next step was to find a replacement. He went through every department and still no luck. At the end of February, he was very frustrated. Understanding his difficulty, I suggested handing over my technical responsibilities to four supervisors and administration duty to him. It was supposed to be a temporary arrangement. He agreed and I immediately started to transfer my responsibilities.

In February, I started to write in a notebook the details of the status, plan and schedule of all the projects. For each project, I also recommended appropriate candidates and wrote down the responsible engineers. Also, in the same notebook I wrote the procedure to prepare the monthly, quarterly and annual expense reports, and explained the budgeting, its control, and the company accounting method. The notebook was a compilation of everything my boss needed to know. When I handed over the notebook to him with a few explanations, he accepted it without any comment.

After the department farewell party on March 15 in the department conference room, I left the site where I worked for three years. I also left the company, which I had been enslaved for 12 years. Several female colleagues from the Personnel and Accounting saw me to the gate and gave me a emotional good-bye kisses.

It was raining. Walking from the gate to my car, I got drenched because I did not bring an umbrella or raincoat. But, my heart was bright and clear. I felt a little sentimental when I drove my car away.

Attachment 13

The Fourth Movement

After I paid the last tuition bill for my youngest daughter on December 18, 1989, I submitted my request for early retirement two days later. Perhaps, you are admiring me for what I did or thinking that I was a simple and intelligent person. But, you are wrong. I was in trouble because I was now unemployed.

I remember well not too long ago when college stole my children. In the process, we not only paid a lot of money for their expensive education, we also had broken hearts from their departure. For this, we were sad for a long time. It seems as if everything happened yesterday; time has gone by so fast. Our youngest daughter is going to graduate soon.

In front of a mirror, I see my own image with thousands of gray hairs and hundreds of wrinkles. I am really old. That man in the mirror looks much older than my father did when I left Taiwan 26 years ago. A birth is always followed by a death; they come hand in hand. I am sure I will follow the natural rule too.

Many people, in general, have short and long-term goals. Every time I consider goals, I get headache because I always confuse goal with objective. I have checked my dictionary and a 'goal' can be interpreted as 'objective,' so the two are interchangeable. Be that as it may, I still feel they are different. For instance, to me the 'goal' to attend college is to obtain a degree, while the 'objective' is to gain knowledge or to socialize. Am I right? I have confused myself more now.

Before I entered primary school, I did not have a goal. I just wanted to have enough to eat. I also had a romantic dream to be a Japanese lieutenant when I grew up. I don't know why I did not want to be a corporal, general, or even second lieutenant. It might have had something to do with seeing a brave Japanese lieutenant riding a horse with a long Japanese sword during the 'picking cigarette butts years' in my youth.

Primary school did nothing for discovering a goal either. I went through those air raid years without a meaningful progress. However, I

did admire the engineers working at the sugar factory. Although I thought it would be nice to be one of them, I lacked the determination to become one. To me at the time, “determination” was still a foreign word without meaning.

Honestly speaking, I was just like every other kid in our neighborhood. We played as much as we could. In my case, I played until just before my father came home. Unfortunately none of us had a watch and sometimes I got home after my father. I was scolded for playing too much and studying too little.

I never became a leader in a war game (Chiaang Kai-Sek’s story), broke a water-storage-pottery jug to rescue a kid’s life (Su Ma-Kuang’s), or chopped down a cherry tree in my backyard (George Washington). Anyway, I was simply an ordinary kid.

After the War, I entered a technical vocational school. I mistakenly thought the school was preparatory for the Technical Institute or High Technical School in Tainan. No one in my family knew enough to tell me differently. As a result, I was seriously handicapped in getting admission to college. A vocational school graduate rarely passed the college entrance examination. When I went to Kaohsiung Technical Vocational School, the High Technical School in Tainan changed its name to Tainan Engineering College.

There were seven Departments in the Kaohsiung Technical Vocational School at the time, Mechanical, Aeronautical, Metallurgical, Chemical, Electrical, Civil and Architectural. I chose the Metallurgical Department. It was not because I was terribly interested in the subject, but rather the department was the easiest to get into. Soon, the school combined Metallurgical and Chemical to become Chemistry, and before I graduated, it was further changed to Chemical Engineering. Since I graduated from the chemical engineering department, I could only apply to chemical engineering when I took the college entrance examinations.

Pursuing an engineering degree really was not my intent, but I did not have an option. When I was a kid, engineers working for the sugar plant had a good standard of living. It affected my choice of profession. My neighborhood therefore influenced my majoring in chemical engineering.

Later, I listened to classmates explaining their choice of chemical engineering was to promote the standard of living for mankind, I was stunned and ashamed.

It was nearly impossible for a technical school graduate to pass the college entrance examination. To prepare for the examination, I woke at 5AM and studied continuously until midnight every day for one year. Fortunately, I passed the examination and was accepted Department of Chemical Engineering at Taiwan University. At that time, I was the only graduate from Kaohsiung Technical Vocational School who was admitted into that department. For this, I paid the price with my health.

I decided to go to a college, when I was a senior at the Technical School. Once I got into a college, I wanted only to get a college degree. Then, I went to graduate school where the sole purpose was to earn an MS and a PhD. Subsequently I took a job, which provided me with bread and butter and an opportunity to educate our kids, nothing more. Many decades later on December 18, 1989, I realized the purpose of my work was reduced to providing my wife and me bread and butter. I also realized that my remaining life was getting short. I needed to move on.

Of course, a job is more than earning a living and educating his kids. Professional satisfaction and contribution to the welfare of human beings were also important. But, after a person has published a few scores of papers or successfully developed numerous chemical processes, his professional needs would have been satisfied. A few more papers or processes will only incrementally increase his satisfaction, unless the accomplishments take a quantum jump.

As far as contributing to human welfare, taking on other endeavors may do more. Besides, continuing my job may not make much improvement to society, especially for a person working in the chemical industry. Today, chemical production is affecting our environment quality and may be a menace to our culture which we have worked proudly and so hard to establish.

When I was a graduate student, I read a thermodynamics book. I cannot remember the title or author now. Its Epilogue disturbed me for many years afterwards. The author wrote that you should not worry

about whether you had finished reading this book or not, and whether you had understood the entire concepts in this book, because your contributions to the society would not be necessarily determined by them. To illustrate this, he used Haber and Bosch as an example. They commercialized their ammonia synthetic method in 1913. During the World War I, Germany applied the Haber-Bosch process to manufacture ammonia and explosives to fight the war, and treated Haber and Bosch as heroes. The war lasted longer because of them and as the consequence, Germany was almost destroyed. Soon, their process was used to produce fertilizer which provided much needed food to feed the world's population and saved countless people from starvation. Haber and Bosch were praised again. But, the increased production at the end resulted in overproduction. Haber and Bosch's contributions to the science were well recognized. Both were awarded Nobel Prizes in Chemistry in 1918 and 1931 respectively, but it was not clear their net contributions to mankind were positive or negative.

When my mind is calm and at peace, I often ask myself: Do human beings have a mission? If the answer is yes, then does it come before or after birth? One more thing, do we define our own mission? My life is approaching its dusk without much time left. If I continue to be busy for only three meals a day, I will greet the end of life with bread, butter and cash. At the end, it does not make any difference if one has fifty or five hundred dollars in the bank.

I talked about my retirement plan to my wife. She said she did not have any problem as long as I left before 7 AM with my brown bag and return at 5 PM. Of course, she was joking but there was an interesting story behind the joke. I remember we had so many things to talk about when we were dating. We started from Gregory Peck to Jennifer Jones, Tolstoy to Bernard Shaw, A Tale of Two Cities to Anna Karenina, and Handel to Tchaikovsky. It was more than 30 years ago. Today, we are often wordless, although we are the only two in a huge house and have so much time. Perhaps, we have exhausted all the subjects in the last 35 years or we have no more romance. Or, we have become one

emotionally and know each other so well that talk is unnecessary. Also, we no longer need to make a good impression on the other.

In fact, getting her agreement with my retirement plan was difficult although not as difficult as I had feared. Things changed when she ran into a friend who expressed her concern and said that she was go insane if under the same circumstance. Naturally, she became nervous.

Most of my American friends congratulated me and expressed their admiration when they heard. My Taiwanese friends told me I was too healthy to retire. To my American friends, I thanked them. And to my Taiwanese friends I explained that I was retiring because I was healthy. If not, I would let my company take care of me for the rest of my life.

Leaving a profession for thirty years was not easy. However, there was an emotion I cannot describe. Some of my American friends mentioned I was bold in my decision.

What was I going to do after retirement? The answer to the question was more important than the decision itself. To answer the question, I want to first clarify that I was not retiring from life, only my old job. I have called it 'retirement' which is my old company's description of my action. More accurately, it was simply changing jobs. Truthfully, I am trying to make my life more meaningful and satisfying. I did not want to continue working on my current job until the gloomy end of my life.

Martin Luther King said he had a dream. I also have one. I am planning to use the rest of my life to realize my dream.

Attachment 14

My Passport

I carry a US passport, my second US passport issued at the Boston Office of the State Department on October 3, 1984. It is valid for 10 years and will expire in 1994. The first one had been valid for 5 years and was also issued by the Boston Office. I needed a passport to travel outside the US for company business since my company was multinational. Having a US passport was a requirement for employment and so the company paid all passport expenses, including photographs.

I have carried one and then the other US passport for the past eight years. The cover page of both passports is Navy Blue, probably related to the color of the Navy uniform, I guess. The words 'Passport' and the 'United States of America' are printed on the hard cover. The passport number are "printed" on the passport using pinholes to discourage tampering or counterfeiting.

Inside the passport, everything is accurate and acceptable except 'Place of Birth' and 'Visa.' These two need further discussion here.

The 'Place of Birth' is listed as 'China,' although I specifically wrote down Taiwan on the application. I strongly object to 'China.' We only need to examine history to explain my feelings. When I was born, Taiwan was a Japanese territory and I was therefore 'Japanese' and so 'Japan' would be appropriate in that context. If 'Place of Birth' is based on the issue date, then 'China Taipei', 'Chinese Taipei', 'TPKM' etc. would be appropriate. If any one of those names appeared on my passport, I would feel much more comfortable than 'China,' although still objectionable. It is so clear to me that I had been and always was born in Taiwan, so I don't understand why Taiwan isn't my 'Place of Birth.' The politicians including Americans still resist using Taiwan as my place of birth. There has been a "rumor" recently that Americans are willing to allow Taiwan as birthplace, if the applicant insists. I hope it is not just a rumor, but I will feel much better when official.

With the current passport, I have gone to about twenty countries, but I have only needed a visa to visit Taiwan, my birthplace. KMT has given

me five visas, all in the past three years. Every visa was a different type. The first four were for single entry. The validations for the first and fourth visa were three months and for the second and third were one month. Each time, I was permitted to stay in Taiwan for no more than two months and it took me at least three weeks to get the visas, except for the second one. That time, I received visa in one week because my father-in-law was very ill. One of the officials in the Atlanta KMT Office told me that the head of the office guaranteed I would not create problems in order to grant my visa in such a short time.

My experience with the third visa application was rather strange. I had just published an article entitled "Those Years We Were Hand-in-Hand," my memoir of my running the Formosan Club of America. This article could be the cause for the problems, I guess. I did not hear back about the visa application for more than a month. Two days before my scheduled departure, my wife called the Atlanta Office and told them if they kept delayed granting my visa application, they would be accountable if I were not able to see my gravely ill mother, in case she passed away. Promptly, they approved my application. If my guess is right, the Head of the Office approved it this time.

On September 22, 1992, my visa was approved after only three days after the application had been submitted. My visa was like any other ordinary person's with multiple entries and valid for five years, although my passport was only good for two more years. At last, I was not on their Black List any more.

In fact, I had submitted one additional application that's not mentioned here because there is no record of it on my visa pages. This was really important application and I failed. KMT had completely defeated me. I have often lamented that I was so feeble and to be born a Taiwanese. I was even sadder that I did not more strongly protest my encounters except writing a few articles to accuse their treatments. I should not let KMT go so easily, but what else could I do?

Like many people, I did not know exactly how I got on the Black List. My best guess was my role in establishing the Taiwanese Association of Austin in 1969 was the reason. There were a lot of KMT's spies in

every campus throughout the US, and Austin was no exception. About a week after the establishment of the Association, I received a registered and return required mail from the KMT's Houston Office. In that letter they told me: 1) the Taiwanese Association was a seditious organization and therefore to shut it down, 2) to provide information about my relatives and friends, and 3) to be their spy. I did not reply to the threatening letter and my name may have appeared on their list as a result. From then on, every student who went to the KMT office for anything, would be asked about my activities.

From the day I left Taiwan in September 1963 to September 22, 1992 I was under the "benevolent treatments" of KMT and not allowed to go home. This was my life on the KMT blacklist and my passport clearly has recorded this history. I hope mine and other similar passports will one day be displayed in a Taiwanese historical museum to remind the world of the ill-treatment of Taiwanese under the KMT.

Attachment 15

Playing with Our Grandson

We are surely in the age of “Tasting Sweets in our Mouth and Playing with our Grandchildren”. In fact, we have had a grandson for a year now.

One morning last year, our only son called us from the West Coast and informed us with a tired but excited voice that we were now grandparents. Although we had been old enough to be grandparents for quite some time, but we felt both happy and sad when we received the news. The reason we were happy is obvious, but the sadness was from our transition to the next stage of our life. We may have also been uneasy memories when we were kids of old people with difficulty eating soft foods such as bean cake, although not exactly true.

Our son and daughter-in-law asked us to give the baby a Taiwanese name. For this, we were so happy and felt our children’s upbringing was successful to a degree and not a total waste. Our challenge was to come up with a meaningful name, which could easily be translated into English and also easy to pronounce. After some intensive search and effort, we decided to call the baby Sim-An, which means peaceful mind. Our son and daughter-in-law both accepted the name happily. She said it was wonderful. Today, a year later, she is still struggling to pronounce the wonderful Taiwanese name. By the way, she is a Caucasian.

They also named the baby, Kyle. We are also struggling to pronounce this Irish name today. We pronounce Kayo instead of Kyle. Kayo is much easy for us to pronounce, in fact, Kayo is a Japanese name. Some of our relatives called him Kayo Chian.

We went to see our grandson when he was a month old. Before that our daughter-in-law’s mother from Michigan came to help them. Our grandson was very adorable or Ko-Chui in Taiwanese. He was a typical “interracial product” or, Ai-no-ko.

Perhaps, I felt guilty from not taking care of my son very well when he was a child. I loved my grandson so much. I never failed to hold him whenever I had a chance. Surprisingly, he only accepted me when I wore my glasses.

Two weeks ago, we visited them after attending the annual meeting of the North American Taiwanese Women's Association. While we were playing with Sim-an, our son and daughter in-law asked us if we would adopt Sim-An in case something happened to them. If we agreed, they would set up the paperwork. While we appreciated their trust, we also felt the burden from this honor, although the likelihood that something would happen was minimal. I started appreciating that parenting never seems to end.

For giving us a chance to spend time alone with Sim-an, they brought him to our home for one-week and went on vacation during that time. We got baby furniture ready and my wife prepared my son's favorite dish, "Ba-Chan," late into the night.

Right now, I have a cup of warm sake in my hand while I wait for them to arrive. As the first drink of sake wets my throat, I recall a simple exchange between my son and me some time back.

"Son, if I could do it over again, what would you want me to do for you?" I asked.

"I only wish that you could have taken me to ballgames like my friends' fathers." he replied.

During the seventies, while he was growing up, I was too busy taking care of the Taiwanese affairs.

Attachment 16

A Short Stay at Monterey

A few days after coming home from a funeral service in Taiwan, we flew to Monterey on May 20, 1995 for the birth of my elder daughter's first child.

The expected day of Tyler's arrival was May 26, but no one knew exactly. Although science had advanced so much, accuracy in this area was still lacking. According to my daughter, since only women were involved in the birth process, the science of birth has been essentially neglected and so birthdates were still unpredictable. If men were involved, everything would be different. Of course, this is her bias, but I cannot say she is totally wrong.

We thought we might have to wait one to two weeks since the first one always comes late, but Tyler arrived one day early and we became grandparents, again.

Tyler was born at the Community Hospital of Monterey Peninsula, which was a clean and peaceful place surrounded by extremely beautiful scenery. Every employee was so polite, kind and warm. To them, every new born was as wonderful as the every one before. They seemed happy delivering babies, which is quite different from those in Taiwan. We would have to give a "red envelope" as incentive to provide good service. What was a pity.

Although we were mainly there to help my daughter with the baby, we, especially me, also wanted to take this opportunity to tour Monterey again. This was our third time in Monterey and the longest stay with almost a month.

Monterey is on the Highway One and about 110 miles south of San Francisco. Although the population is only about 130,000, more than 8 million tourists visit each year. They spent \$12 billion here annually and come from all over the world. Imagine you are working on a painting and you put the following objects into it:

- A road winding among rocks next to the Pacific Ocean

- Beaches with fine white sands
- Wild flowers on the bank
- Tranquil and beautiful cypresses
- Carefree sea lions and sea otters playing in the shadowed waters
- Endless Pacific Ocean
- Endless mountains on the other side
- Beautiful sunny weather
- Relaxed tourists

This describes beautiful Monterey, but it is much more. The soul and works of John Steinbeck, the beautiful flowers that are carefully cultivated by the residents, the countless painters, and numerous art galleries all enrich Monterey.

Nearby are also many beautiful places to visit including Carmel, Santa Cruz, Seventeen Mile Drive, Point Lobos, and Big Sur. Carmel is noted for its attractive streets, a beautiful beach, and countless galleries. Also, the city of Salinas is situated 20 miles east of Monterey. The Nobel Prize winner John Steinbeck, who wrote *East of Eden* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, was born in Salinas. In fact, Steinbeck lived in Monterey for such a long time that he's remembered as its most famous resident. To respect and in memory of him, City of Monterey changed the beautiful Ocean View Avenue to Cannery Row, which was the name of one of his famous books.

I am sure that any Steinbeck reader would not be a stranger to Monterey, because it appeared in many of his writings such as *Cannery Row*, *Tortilla Flat* and *Sweet Thursday*. Steinbeck also used Monterey as backdrop to other works, such as *The Pastures of Heaven*, *In Dubious Battle*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Red Pony*, *The Long Valley*, and *East of Eden*.

In order to know a little more about John Steinbeck, my wife and I went to Salinas one day. We discovered that the valley, which was described as very poor and hard in Steinbeck's writings, was unexpectedly rich, green and beautiful. The beauty of Goblin Mountains, Santa Lucia

Mountains and Salinas River, the spirit of immigrants and the talent of Steinbeck helped create a great culture. We drove the entire valley and walked in the green vegetable fields near the mountains. We also visited John Steinbeck Library, which included the Steinbeck Room, Archives and Collection, Steinbeck Center Foundation, and his cemetery. His ashes were partly spread at Point Lobos and the rest was buried at Salinas with his family. We also tried to visit his birthplace but we didn't have lunch reservations to the restaurant onsite, which was required to enter. Many years ago, the owner of the house, Salinas Valley Guild, decided to open a restaurant at the location and called it John Steinbeck's Birthplace and Restaurant. I did not like the idea of mixing culture with business.

My grandson Tyler was born in Steinbeck Country with its own unique beautiful surroundings and culture. However, I don't expect him to be Steinbeck II; I still hope he will become a happy and good person as his parents are expecting.

We enjoyed every moment while we were in Monterey. We climbed mountains, hiked, toured, walked, visited galleries, and also saw beautiful sunsets at the beach.

Monterey remains deep in my memory and heart, and often appears time and again in my mind and will for a long time to come.

Attachment 17

A Little Soul Searching

Hundreds after hundreds of Taiwanese students came to the States to pursue their graduate studies from 50's to 70's. Their initial intent was to stay until they finished their studies. However, most changed their minds because of various reasons and have either become Taiwanese Americans or in the process. They have lived here longer than in Taiwan. Regardless of how long, they still think about Taiwan all the time. It is not difficult to understand this sentiment, which is not a special to Taiwanese immigrants.

Taiwanese in the States have organized and established Taiwanese Associations and Summer Camps everywhere, not only to strengthen their friendships but also work hard for the improvement of their homeland. This year, the annual meetings of the World Federation of Taiwanese Associations and Summer Camps were still focused on the affairs on the island nation rather than Taiwanese American affairs. All the Keynote Speakers were from Taiwan and not the States. Very rarely, we see Taiwanese American Speakers, they surprisingly also talk about the island nation.

Frankly speaking, we still love Taiwan more than the US, where we have lived for last 30 years. If we look deeper, the country that we miss is really the old Taiwan where we grew up, but not the current one. Our sentiments are romantic but unrealistic. We know little about the new Taiwan where we are strangers and can hardly find much of our past any more. After 30 years, many of us are tearful when we take our first steps back on our homeland, but then we realize we are strangers. Some find they don't have a house to visit anymore and some do not have a place where they can stay other than hotels or motels.

We have been unhappy with the people from China, who have stayed in Taiwan for so long and still have their hearts in China. The situations of Chinese in Taiwan and Taiwanese in America are not exactly the same, but are really no different. We unwittingly have applied inconsistent standards to two groups of people, which I don't think is fair.

It is rather natural for an immigrant becoming a citizen of his host country to miss and be concerned with his homeland. However, we should not forget the land under our feet. We have long been in this land, which has served us so well. It is becoming or has become the homeland to our children and their children.

An American author and philosopher of 19th century, Henry Thoreau said that if you did not think the land under your feet was sweeter than any other land in the world, then you were hopeless. In the eyes of Thoreau, we were then hopeless.

The stage of Taiwanese politics has moved from the US to Taiwan. Our role has become secondary. Should we continue to place priority on the Taiwanese affairs of the island nation and keep ignoring America?

Attachment 18

Founding of Taiwanese Association of Austin

We had left New Jersey with the best wishes from friends at a farewell party at the Roosevelt Park, New Jersey, and drove to Austin, Texas where it never snows.

At the time, Austin was a small city with a population of no more than 200,000. The University of Texas with 50, 000 students and the State Capital were the two largest employers in the city, which had few other economic drivers. At the University of Texas, there was a Taiwanese professor and 50 Taiwanese students.

When we arrived, there was no Taiwanese organization, although we had a Chinese Association controlled by the KMT. Many Taiwanese, who did not have much Taiwanese allegiance, were scared by “White Color Terror,” or wanted to see their “countrymen” (relatives and friends in Taiwan) in the future joined Chinese Association.

During the 1968 academic year, I was busy getting acquainted with the new surroundings and Taiwanese students. I also worked hard at enlightening Taiwanese moral consciousness and preparing for a good fight with KMT.

We had about 10 new students from Taiwan in the fall of 1969. All of them were excellent, liberal and concerned with Taiwanese future, although some did not have much Taiwanese consciousness and several even had loyalty toward China.

Soon after the semester started, I invited many of them for supper. I welcomed them to Austin and tried to befriend them. The Taiwanese group activity at Austin thus began. Those young men organized Taiwanese picnics every other month, even in the winter. They were so active that I could not keep up with them. My role was to join their activities, and provide them a place to meet, drink, and eat. My wife was always busy preparing food.

Their Taiwanese consciousness increased with every passing day. In less than half a year, they decided to establish a Taiwanese Organization in the spring of 1970. They asked for my opinion and also requested that

I be the President of the to-be established organization. At the time, they had sufficient courage to establish an organization, but none could stand up to challenge KMT face-to-face yet. I thought it was the time for a Taiwanese Organization, and accepted their request.

We founded the Taiwanese Organization at a church and I became its first President. About forty students participated in the event. At the time, KMT had many spies and had a strong hold of Austin, which was an isolated location. The 40 Taiwanese students banding together to form the Taiwanese Organization was extraordinary and required extra courage from each individual.

KMT's spies were really everywhere. Soon after the Association was established, I received a registered and return-required mail from the General Consulate of Houston, the Republic of China, Chu Chin-Kang. He requested that I: 1) dissolve the organization, 2) be their spy, and 3) report the telephone numbers and addresses of my relatives and friends. It was a threatening letter, although politely written. Based on my own experience, they were always polite in writing and very harsh in oral communication, because the former would leave records. At that time, receiving such a letter was quite scary. To protect the dignity of Taiwanese, I did not have much choice so I ignored his letter and continued to fight on.

I kept the letter private until a couple of decades later when the matter would not affect our efforts. I did not wish to share it at the time because I was afraid that the letter might scare away members.

In retrospect, I think those young men, who are no longer young, should be proud of themselves to join the fight against KMT. In the future, some of their names were found their way on the black list and they could not go home for a long time. They had paid the price for being a Taiwanese with dignity.

Right now, their young images appear vividly in my mind, and their laughs will remain in my ears forever.

Attachment 19

I Was Elected the President of the Formosan Club of America

On Saturday morning in June 1974, I received a call from Chicago. On the other end was George Chang and he told me Thomas Young was also on the line. They asked me to run for the Presidency of the Formosan Club of America. They told me that they were struggling to find the right candidate. The current president was going to shut down the club if no candidate could be found. They gave me an hour to consider their request.

The current term would be expired on June 30, only weeks away. I think one difficulty finding a candidate was because of “KMT’s White Terror” and the President would have to stand in the front line to fight KMT. Additionally, the candidate needed to have been President of a local chapter, according to the Charter of the Formosan Club of America, and few qualified.

Although I had been a President of a local chapter when the Club had been founded, I was not aware of the President’s responsibilities for the national organization. Without knowing, I could not run for the president since I would not know what I should do once I was elected. However, I could not imagine the Club disappearing that had been established to fight KMT. I told myself that I could not be a bystander at this critical moment. I knew that once I became the President, KMT would apply a lot of pressure on my family and relatives in Taiwan and me. However, I chose to fight KMT long ago and I could not easily ignore them. I only hesitated because I didn’t know the duties of the President. I put considerable thought and time to the challenge. Could I make any valuable contributions if I become the President? I solemnly discussed this question with my wife and the conclusion was positively, “Yes.” I should come up with some important plans, and try my best to accomplish them. My mission was to save and re-energize the Formosan Club. Finally, I became a candidate.

In early July, President Hsu received a recommendation letter from Austin Chapter and sent a letter to each Chapter requesting a vote for the

new President. Since I was the only candidate, I became the President of the Formosan Club of America. At the time, there were only twelve acting chapters, and among them 10 voted Yes, 0 No and 2 did not vote.

In August, the Formosan Club of America announced the election results and declared that Mu-Sheng Wu was elected the third Club President on September 1, 1974. When I took the office, I thought I would serve for one year, but two years was the term according to the Charter. The discovery extended my duty one year longer than I expected.

My term was from September 1, 1974 to August 31, 1976.

Attachment 20

Bits and Pieces Memories on the Election of the President of TAA in 1988

Mobile is a seaport on the Gulf of Mexico and the second largest city in Alabama with a population of 200,000. To me, Mobile was an isolated city. All our Taiwanese news was from magazines and newspapers, which came occasionally and not usually current. There was no Taiwanese Association in Mobil, although we had been members of the Taiwanese Association of America (TAA) from the day the organization was founded. At the time, we were still members of the Columbus Chapter, which was about 800 miles away.

The election of the President of TAA was held while we were in Mobile. I decided not participate in the election because we were so far away. Although I knew only C. H. Fang among the candidates, I believed that any of them was well qualified to be President or Vice President.

Two days after I informed a few friends I would not be participating in the election, I was surprised to find my name on a leaflet promoting Tsai-Fang for President and Vice President. I was not happy. I did not like my name used without my consent. I also saw my name on Tsai's propaganda sheet in the Taiwan Tribune that same day. That night, I wrote the following letter to Tsai-Fang' Office to protest against their behavior.

November 19, 1988

Mr. Tsai and Mr. Fang Election Committee:

I saw my name on the list endorsing you for the President and Vice President of TAA. I resent that you did not ask my consent beforehand.

Although I don't know Mr. Tsai, I don't doubt Mr. Tsai and Mr. Fang's dedication and capabilities would make great contributions to the Taiwanese cause. I know this is true; however, I believe it does not give you the right to do what you have done.

Sincerely,

Mu-Sheng Wu

After I finished writing, I was not that agitated anymore. I thought it over carefully and decided not to send the letter because I really did not want to get involved, which was my original intent. Instead, I decided to call them. I got their telephone number from Taiwan Tribune. Ms. Eileen Lin of the Committee picked up the telephone at the other end and I let her know my unhappiness. About ten minutes later, Fang called me back and said sorry for the mistake. I thought that would be the end of my involvement, but it was only the beginning.

After the voting, there was an unexpected and troubling dispute. The election was not decided. Both candidates, the Official Election Committee at St. Louis and the TAA itself were all involved in the dispute. (The election itself seemed to have gone through according to scheduled. But as soon as the OEC announced candidate Shieh was elected, the other candidate Tsai protested it and established his own TAA office. As a result, there were two 'temporary' TAA offices simultaneously.) My heart was in pain and I did not have any way to help. I wrote the following poem to release my emotion.

I Did Not Reject the World, but the World Rejected Me

*I have not bothered the world affairs for so long
As if I have given up the world
But, in fact the world has given me up
Incidents after Incidents have gone through
Some have excited me
But, most have let me sigh
Unfortunately an incident has even broken my heart*

* * *

Isolation

*Bits and pieces information has come and gone
I have been absolutely isolated and lonesome
With a heart not knowing what to do
I am still overly concerned with the fate of Taiwanese*

* * *

They Have Been Broken Again

*Once again
I see Taiwanese being cracked into pieces
But I am not surprised
The blood on both sides of a sword is Taiwanese
Different people in different stages at different time
Repeatedly performing the tragedy
The plays have been written by foreign rulers
With the twisted national character
They have killed each other, time and again
Era has been extended from Japanese to Chinese*

* * *

Dissolution and Unification

*Unification and dissolution
They have not learnt to stop at unification
And while my heart is hurt
The world affairs have speeded up their steps
I have been fallen so much behind
They have left me only with bewildering
None has left the world alive, I know
But then, when the world has left me
Am I still alive?*

* * *

I still love them deeply

*Although they are fighting each other
But I love them more
If they are hands in hands*

Just before I went to bed on January 20, 1989, one of the candidates Mr. Shieh Chen-Chi called me. He was somewhat tired and asked me if I was willing to serve as an arbitrator. He told me sincerely that it was not important if he would be the President or not, the only thing important was for TAA to complete its election as soon as possible. His sincerity moved me and if I had had another opportunity to vote I would have voted for him without hesitation.

I knew the arbitration would be difficult to reach a satisfactory and just decision, especially since the dispute was over the Presidential election. Some arbitration can result in win-win situations, but not in elections where there is only one winner. To me I was not going to win this war although it had to be fought regardless of my decision.

Texans said, "In the middle of a highway, there is only yellow lines and dead armadillos."

The former British Premier Margaret Thatcher said, "Standing in the middle of a road is dangerous, he can be hit by the automobiles from both directions."

Both Texans' and Thatcher's statements are good guidelines for arbitration. I promised Mr. Shieh that I would serve only if he could not find a more appropriate person. The dispute had to be resolved quickly. Every Taiwanese knew this, including me.

After Chen Fan-Ming, Fan Lian-Sin and I were chosen for the arbitration committee, Shieh called me a second time. In this telephone conversation, he told me that he would represent himself and handle his own affairs. He also hoped that the arbitration conclude without any outside interference. From that day until the end of the arbitration, he did not call me. He was a gentleman and his two telephone calls earned my trust.

I was chosen as the Spokesman for the arbitration committee. Chen, Fan and I established an important principle in the beginning and used it throughout our entire task: our judgment would be entirely based on TAA's members' will, or their votes. During the entire process, every resolution had been passed by a 3 to 0 vote. Many difficulties occurred and I had many sleepless nights. In the end, we announced that Mr. Tsai

was officially elected as the President. We decided not to answer any questions, criticisms, or accusations of our decision and asked both sides to accept them sincerely.

The Acting President, C.K. Chiang, supplied us with many important official materials to help our arbitration. He also arranged our trip to St. Louis. During the entire arbitration process, Chiang served TAA and us well and fairly, and his behavior was undoubtedly honorable. C.K. Chang and M.C. Wu served as our liaison for both sides and they performed their duties well. It was truly regretful that the St. Louis Election Committee had been attacked, although not physically. It had been formed by a group of unselfish Taiwanese who had devoted themselves to Taiwanese affairs. This was our first general election and there were many things which remained to be solved and resolved. The Election Committee had tried their best, although some of their acts might not be approved by part of TAA's members, they were fair and honest. Any doubts of their behavior and fairness were unwarranted.

There was an unforgettable memory that remains with me to this day. The image was that of Dr. Shieh Chau-Yean continued to work despite a nose bleed during our reopening the voting boxes in St. Louis.

Afterword

by Wen-Tsu Wu

An Ordinary Couple

Last year, I went to the east coast to help my daughter when she had a second baby. My husband stayed in our California home, mostly in his study room, to write his memoir, which took several months. Just before we went on an Eastern Europe trip, he told me that he had just finished a 400,000-word draft. I always admire his vigorous spirit, strong work ethic, persistence, and fight-to-the-end spirit. On the trip, he was so happy just like a kid who just finishes his final examination. He also cracked jokes one after another to entertain our tour companions. A friend, Shieh Kang-Ming said that my husband reminded him of a live Buddha, always laughing heartily. Of course, I always enjoyed his jokes. Many people tell me that I am so lucky to have a husband like him and fortunate to be with him all the time. But, just like actors, politicians and clowns, he is entirely a different person without a public audience and their applause.

He has a dual nature. He likes to be with people and also likes to be alone. While he likes to talk, he also likes to be silent. Sometimes, he enjoys bustling crowds and other times peaceful privacy. He relishes working in teams, but also likes working alone. Normally, he can be very passionate, but he is occasionally cold as ice. While he is quite talented in giving speeches, he sometimes cannot find the words when he is uncomfortable with his surroundings. He works enthusiastically on things he is interested in, but doesn't touch things he dislikes, such as housework. It is difficult to live with a person with such an inconsistent nature, and also difficult to perform a wife's duty under such circumstances. His character is difficult to grasp, like waves in the ocean or clouds in the sky.

After being his wife for so long, I have found that the secret to living with him is not to pay much attention and let him go as he pleases.

Honestly speaking, he treats me this way too, but only I don't know how to use this privilege. When I was a kid, I always followed my sisters and never tried to step out anywhere alone. Unfortunately, this has become my lifetime habit. I don't like the outside world very much because I don't like to wear a mask, or speak anything which is not straight from the heart. I feel it is much safer to stay at home. I get a little frustrated being with a husband who doesn't want me to be concerned or pay any attention to him. Many times, I feel like running away from him, but his kind and warm nature always stops me. After 40 years, I am still learning how to live with him.

In my heart, I always feel lucky to have a husband who shares the same values and enjoys the same activities. We both love nature, outside activities, sports, reading and music. The only difference is I am a traditional and typical woman and he is mostly interested in spiritual fulfillment and not particularly interested in material wealth and fame. He holds fast to his principles and fights for justice. I have a wonderful niece who chose a fairly unspectacular classmate as her husband. She now holds an important position in a fairly big company in Taiwan. I thought she could have a much better choice and asked her why she chose her husband. She responded that they have the same value and he can tolerate her strong will. She convinced me instantly, although I had not thought of that.

From the first day I met him, I have continued to listen to his stories to this day. We are from totally different backgrounds and it would seem totally different worlds. His stories are often so depressing to me, but he seems very happy and excited to tell them one after another. I cannot understand why he can describe his sad and painful past with such appreciation and cheerfulness.

On his memoir, I didn't totally agree with his writing it in the beginning. His life seemed so plain with nothing worth writing about, except being poor. One day I read "Angela's Ashes" and "'Tis" by Frank McCourt, both were gifts from Dr. Siau-Wen Sun. I also watched the movie "Angela's Ashes." I was finally convinced about the value of the memoir and stopped saying anything negative thereafter.

Not too long after being with him, I learned how to be an ordinary person and “send coal to people who are in the snow,” which means helping those who are in urgent need. I have also learned the true meaning of not “hailing the heroes” and “sending flowers to the glorified people.” Once we went to a flower garden. While I enjoyed the unusually beautiful and unique flowers, he gazed upon the tiny flowers that grew wild in the field. He told me that he loved the plain, unattractive and mute living things.

On handling people, I always think we have been too nice. However, he once said that we enthusiastically help people, in a way, because we are selfish. If we don't help, we will feel uneasy, and our hearts will not be at peace. If we help, we will be happy. In other words, we pay for our charity with our time and money, but at the same time we are paid for it with gratification. Perhaps, we will never see the true benefits in our lifetime, but we have already been repaid. We should appreciate the opportunities to contribute.

Another time, we saw a painting of a victorious hero being honored and celebrated by thousands of people. My husband said that a thousand people needed sacrifice their lives to produce a victorious hero. If he had been in that battle, he would have been one of the dead. There were so many people who cheered and hailed the rich and famous. However, they didn't need us to “add flowers to the brocades,” meaning adding extra splendor to a beautiful jewel.

On his memoir, I have not been able to help much with editing his writing. I have tried hard to not interrupt his work and keep quiet. I also have trained our grandchildren not to make noise and walk quietly when they visit. For publishing this book, the President of Vanguard Publishing Company, Mr. Wen-Chin Lin, asked for photos, which has become my responsibility. I welcomed the opportunity to revisit our lives that have been captured through more than ten photo albums. In fact, I have looked at them several times already and chosen those photos which represent each phase. There are so many important friends' and relatives' photos that I could not include them all, which I deeply regret.

But if you read the book, you will understand that you are always in our hearts. In fact, your enduring friendship is an integral part of our lives.