

Vol 3

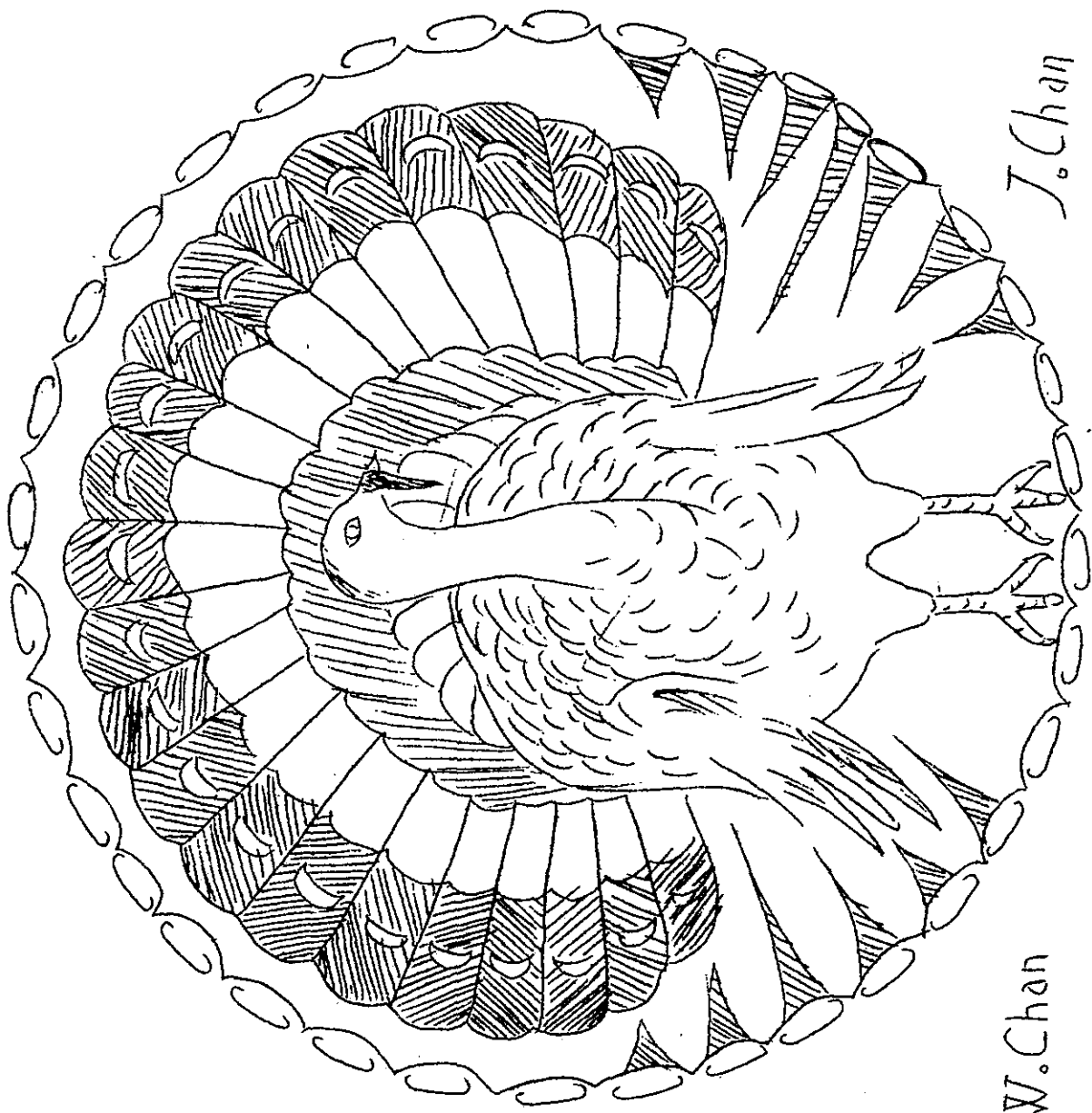
THE No. 1

CHILDING MEI  
CHRONICLE

Nov. — 1930

月一十年九十國民華中

Thanksgiving Number



W.Chan

J.Chan

Published monthly at Berkeley, California,  
by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys, a  
charitable institution caring for under-  
privileged Chinese boys of tender years.

CHEW WING GUM  
Sez

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - Charles R. Shepherd  
Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. - Margaret Thomsen  
Ass't Editors - Eddie Tong, Bennie Lai,  
Willie Gee, George Haw.  
Artists - Johnson Chan, Willie Chan.

EDITORIAL

BE THANKFUL!

Hard times are here.  
Money is scarce.  
Everybody is talking about it.  
Thousands of people are out of work.  
Many persons are having to live on  
two meals a day -- or even one.  
Some do not even know where the  
next meal is coming from.

BUT -

We are not at war --

BE THANKFUL!

We are not suffering from flood,  
famine, earthquake, fire or draught --

BE THANKFUL!

If you have a roof over your head --

BE THANKFUL!

If you have three square meals a day

BE THANKFUL!

If you are physically fit --

BE THANKFUL!

If you can still laugh, and if your  
friends still believe in you --

BE THANKFUL!

Anyhow, whatever your lot or cir-  
cumstances, remember that folks are a  
lot worse off in other countries. You  
are in America.

BE THANKFUL!

WE ARE THANKFUL

For another prosperous and happy  
year in the life of the home, for pres-  
ervation from harm and danger, for the  
blessings of good health, for the splen-  
did accomplishments of our boys, for  
the continued support of our many loyal  
and steadfast friends, for all God's  
goodness and mercy WE ARE TRULY THANKFUL.

"For our harvest safe ingathered,  
For our golden store of wheat,  
For the cornlands and the vineland,  
For the flowers upspringing sweet,  
For our coasts from want protected,  
For each inlet, river, bay,  
By thy bounty full and flowing,  
Take our praise this joyful day."

C. R. S.

The other day I went over to the  
school house to listen to a fellow make  
a speech - "give a lecture," I think  
somebody said it was. He was one of  
these here teacher fellows from up at  
the big school in Berkeley, and he was  
talking to a lot of other teachers --  
mostly women folks -- who were supposed  
not to be quite as smart as he was.

Reckon things are different from when  
I was a boy. Guess we were all pretty  
dumm those days; and I recollect our  
teacher always did her best to make us  
understand; but seemed like this fellow  
was just trying to keep those other teach-  
ers from knowing what he was talking  
about. Gosh, he used more long words!  
Why more'n half of 'em I didn't know the  
meaning of. Bet a whole lot of 'em have  
never been put in the dictionary yet.  
But there was one noise he made with his  
mouth so often that I came to recognize  
it. Maybe I don't get it just right; but  
it sounded something like "fear-e-orty  
comp-licks." Don't know what kind of  
licks those are; but as far as I could  
make out he was trying to tell those  
teachers that some children were not  
really dumm but just thought they were,  
and that some boys had been told so often  
by teachers and parents that they were  
bad that they had decided it must be true  
and so were doing their best to live up  
to the reputation.

May be I didn't get him right, but if  
I did I want to tell you he sure was on  
the right track. Way I look at it is  
this. There are not many really bad boys.  
Lots of 'em have a bit of the "Old Nick"  
in 'em and they've been bawled out so  
many times and told they were no good  
'till they come to believe it. What I  
always sez is that even the worst boy  
has in him some good that can be brought  
to the top by encouraging him; and most  
boys are much more good than bad; and  
what's more they don't really want to be  
bad. Just quit telling 'em they are bad,  
overlook some of their faults, give 'em  
a good wholesome dose of encouragement  
and you'll be surprised what fine young  
chaps they'll turn out to be.

Leastwise that's the way I figure it.

CHINESE PROVERBS

From the Captain's Scrapbook.

Even the beggar hesitates to cross  
a rotting bridge.

The speech of some is like wind in  
empty space.

As a hollow building echoes all  
sounds, so a vacant mind is open to all  
suggestions.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret G. Thomsen

On October 8 the teachers of Edison Junior High School met with us for tea. We enjoyed meeting them again.

The Juniors, on Sunday, October 26, visited the Cragmont Community Sunday School, singing several songs for them. Then their "Mother" told the assembled school about Chung Mei Home and the activities of the boys in the home.

On October 10, the anniversary of the founding of the Chinese Republic, the Chung Mei Cadets marched in the parade in San Francisco Chinatown. Their drum corps led the unit and "Kentucky Babe," specially dressed for the occasion, brought up the rear carrying a tableau representing the guarding of the flag. From reports of friends and spectators on that night and many times since then, we have reason to feel proud of the appearance our boys made.

Some of the boys have been enjoying the football games at the University of California stadium on Saturday afternoons. Others have been enjoying them over the radio.

We were given a very special treat on Saturday afternoon, October 25. Thru the kindness of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce we were privileged to hear the concert given by the United States Marine Band at the Oakland Auditorium. It was of course a splendid concert and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

Have you seen our new blue and gold sweaters? The old ones have been outgrown and outworn for a long time, so here we are with our new ones.

Last Sunday night, November 2, we visited and took charge of the service at the Golden Gate Baptist Church. When Chung Mei Home was opened seven years ago the boys attended Sunday School there, so it brought back memories to a few of the old-timers. At that time there were but eight boys and now we have sixty-three.

The boys made another trip to Calistoga, and a mighty hard trip it was too. As a result eighteen more cords of wood have been unloaded here. All wood orders will be appreciated. Call Berkeley 1240.

We very much enjoyed the service conducted for us by Rev. D. M. Dawson on Sunday night, November 9, and hope he will be able to come back soon.

Again we wish to express our appreciation of the women of our churches who come out here from month to month and do our mending for us. We do thank you from our hearts.

PERSONALS  
Bennie Lai.

We were very happy to welcome some former Chung Mei boys who came back home to visit us. Among those who came were: Robert Fong, Howard Deah, John Wong, Thomas Gee, Jack Young and Walter Lim. Our friend Theodore "Fatty" Chan also came, but now he is on his way to China. We hope he will let us know when he gets married.

We just had room to take in two more boys. Richard Wong and Otto Leo filled the places very nicely.

Twenty-six years ago today, November 3, "Captain" arrived in New York for the first time.

We were sorry to hear that Jones Lem, a former Chung Mei boy, has been ill for some time at the San Francisco Hospital. We hope he will soon be well and able to visit us again.

Eat? I'll say we ate -- meat, potatoes, peas, ice cream, cake and many other things. Why did we eat? That's simple. It was Captain's birthday. And weren't we full! Well, I pity those who were on a diet.

RIB TICKLERS  
Red Herring & Shrimp

Adam: "Some men thirst after fame, some after love and some after money."

Benjie: "I know something that all thirst after."

Adam: "What's that?"

Benjie: "Salted peanuts."

Officer: "Flag of truce, Excellency."

His Excellency: "What do the revolutionists want?"

Officer: "They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk."

Roland Moon: "Give me a sentence with the word tariff in it."

Ed. Lem: "My pants is so thin that they would tariff I bend over."

"There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;

There are thousands to prophesy failure;  
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you.  
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin;  
Just take off your coat and go to it;  
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing

That "cannot be done" -- and you'll do it."

--Edgar A. Guest.

ALUMNI BANQUET

by  
W. Earle Smith

The beginnings of great projects are always interesting, but usually they are not appreciated until after years when the project has grown, making it possible to look back upon the first efforts and comparing them with the present accomplishments.

The Chung Mei Home has been in action seven years. It has grown from a very small beginning. Today it has more than sixty boys and is probably as well known and as highly appreciated as any similar institution in California. In fact, it has a national significance, being the only Chinese Boys Home in America. Dr. Charles R. Shepherd, its founder and superintendent, and the Chung Mei Home are inseparably related. "It is impossible to think of Chung Mei Home without thinking of Shepherd, or to think of Shepherd without thinking of Chung Mei Home," says Dr. Frank A. Smith of the Home Mission Society.

On Saturday evening, October 11, the first annual alumni banquet of the Home was held at the New Republic Restaurant in Chinatown, San Francisco. There were present fourteen boys who had formerly lived in the Home. From the senior group of boys now in the Home a like number were invited.

The tables were beautifully arranged, with place cards so that an alumni boy was seated by a present member of the Home. The invited guests were limited to Mrs. Chin Toy, Miss Dietz, Miss Donaldina Cameron, superintendent of the Presbyterian Chinese Girls Home, Dr. and Mrs. Shepherd, and Secretary W. Earle Smith of the Bay Cities Baptist Union.

It was an occasion which would have delighted the hearts of all lovers of boys.

The evening was spent around the tables in fun and good fellowship. A special piano solo was played by Miss Jean Wells. The boys sang heartily the old Chung Mei songs. Words of congratulation were spoken by all the invited guests. These speeches of the evening were entertaining and helpful. The most inspiring part of the program, however, was when each alumni boy arose and told of the time when he was in the Home and of what he is doing at present. It was found that most of them were finishing their schooling, a few were working. Two were selected from the alumni group to speak on the subject. "What Chung Mei Home Has Meant to Me." They spoke with great earnestness, and brought joy to the hearts of everyone present when they told of how the Home had meant so much to them and to their friends.

It was a very happy occasion and if the first annual meeting of the alumni is any indication of what the future meetings are to be we are sure that it promises to become an honored institution throughout the years.

\*\*\*\*\*

OUR MITE BOX

In our front hall there now hangs a neatly framed blueprint of the proposed new Chung Mei Home to be erected some day at El Cerrito upon the land which our boys have purchased by their own efforts. Beneath the blueprint is an attractive mite box in the form of a miniature cedar chest made for us by our friend Mr. Harrison, manual training instructor at Edison Junior High school.

The box was first posted on September 24 and was opened October 8. It contained \$10.90.

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CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

Carried forward	\$ 226.00
Miss Blanche Short	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. F. F. Williams	10.00
Mr. Fred H. Werner	2.50
Mr. M. C. Buswell	5.00
Golden Gate Baptist Church	6.00
	<u>\$ 254.50</u>

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WE THANK YOU

During the past few months the following churches have sent in to our San Francisco office generous money contributions to assist in the general expenses of the home.

- Tabernacle, San Francisco
- Thousand Oaks, Berkeley
- First Baptist Church, Oakland
- Corning Baptist Church
- First Baptist Church, Alameda
- Graton Baptist Church
- Twenty-first Avenue, San Francisco
- Martinez B. Y. P. U.
- 23rd Avenue B. Y. P. U.
- 23rd Avenue King's Daughters
- Alameda B. Y. P. U.
- Alameda Philatheas

For these gifts we are profoundly thankful.



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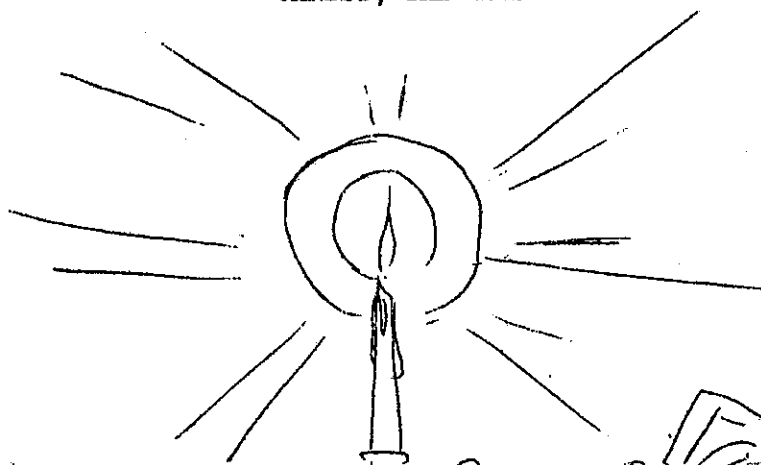


The  
CHONG MAI  
CHRONICLE  
Christmas

月二十年九十國民華中

December 1930

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL,  
JOYFUL AND TRIUMPHANT,  
O COME YE, O COME YE  
TO BETHLEHEM;  
COME AND BEHOLD HIM  
BORN THE KING OF ANGELS;  
O COME, LET US ADORE HIM,  
O COME, LET US ADORE HIM,  
O COME, LET US ADORE HIM,  
CHRIST, THE LORD.



W. Chan

J. Chan

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 Willie Gee, George Haw.  
 Artists - Johnson Chan, Willie Chan.

EDITORIALIT CERTAINLY DOES NOT PAY

The Denver Post, Denver's leading daily has a policy that we feel led to commend heartily. Over every published news item relating exposure, capture, or punishment of the perpetrators of crime they run the caption, "Crime Never Pays." Because it is the business of a newspaper to report such things and because modern youth reads the newspapers assiduously we think this an excellent policy.

To the youth whose perspective of life is not yet developed or, as in many cases, is unhappily warped, the screen, the stage, and modern fiction all too often give a portrayal of crime that is intriguing and fascinating, but grossly misleading. The criminal is seen too oft as a picturesque hero, who by mysterious cunning or super-human qualities succeeds in "getting by," "putting it over," etc. But life is not like that; and it is well to remind modern youth of the fact. The reform schools and penitentiaries of the country are well supplied with those who once labored under this delusion.

Crime never pays. The "slick guy," the "smart chap," the "wise feller," and the so called "master mind" may get away with it for a while. He may outwit justice and evade the clutches of the law for the time being. Yet even in order to do this he must hide like a rat in the muck piles of the underworld; and then sooner or later he "gets his"; and the bigger he is the harder he falls.

Two recent cases should serve as excellent examples. Jack Fleagle prided himself on being a master criminal, but eventually he paid the penalty ignominiously. Then there was Frank Smith, perpetrator of many crimes. We can imagine that he smiled when he read in the papers that the police were on his trail. He was "safe," he told himself. No cop could ever find his hiding place. But, like all the rest of them, he fooled himself; and his career came to an end the other day - a bullet in his body while he was running from the police like a scared rabbit.

What an inglorious end! Truly, CRIME NEVER PAYS.

C. R. S.

The other day while traveling in a pullman I stepped into the dressing room. There wuz a feller settin in the corner - a big fat feller smoking a big fat see-gar. He was one of them ginks as knows just how this country oughter be run, and he was shootin' off his lip to beat the band.

It happened that just then we wuz passing through a section of country where a lot of Chinese wuz at work in a field. "And," says he, "this country would be a darn sight better off if there wasn't so ---- many heathen Chinese in it."

"Oh, yeah?" says I.

"Yeah!" says he.

"And what about the heathen Americans?" says I, "seems like they's a whole lot of them ain't doin' this here country any great amount of good."

"Oh, yeah?" says he.

"Yeah!" says I.

"Well why don't the "Chinks" stay where they belong?" says he. "America for the Americans" -- "That's my idea."

"Oh, yeah?" says I.

"Yeah!" says he.

"Guess that means give it back to the Indjuns" says I. "And would you mind telling me what part of America you was born in?" I says.

"No part," says he. "But I'll have you understand I'm no dum furriner."

"Oh, yeah?" says I.

"Yeah!" says he.

But by the way he talked and by the map on his face I knowed darn well he came from some place the other side of the water.

"Anyhow," he went on, "Chinks is Chinks." "Ain't civilized. Can't never civilize 'em.

"Civilized," says I. "Say, feller, don't you never read nothin'? True enough the Chinese today are backward, but that's only because they sorta lived by themselves for a coupla thousand of years. But if you take the trouble to find out you'll discover they wuz civilized when your ancestors wuz wild men. Why, gosh sakes, don't you know the Chinese lived in houses and wore silks when your folks lived in caves and wore the skins of wild animals? Don't you know the Chinese invented gunpowder and printing?" "Civilized?" says I. "Heck, theirs is the oldest civilization in the world."

"Oh, yeah?" says he.

"Yeah!" says I.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret G. Thomsen

The holiday season is upon us, and preparations for the "Great Day" are under way at Chung Mei Home.

Are you feeling the bitterness of these winter nights? The Chung Mei Woodyard is ready to serve you with the best wood in the East Bay. Elsewhere in this issue you will find a list of our prices.

On Sunday morning, November 23, a few of the Juniors and Intermediates visited the Westbrae Baptist Sunday School, singing some of their songs. The people of Westbrae had also brought gifts of food for us, for which we thank them most heartily.

Thanksgiving day has come and gone, but we are still remembering the fine donations received from the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church and from the Thousand Oaks Baptist Church. The boys sang several numbers at the morning service, November 30, at the Tenth Avenue Church and took charge of the evening service at Thousand Oaks.

"Captain" and a few of the boys made another trip to Calistoga last week. They did not go to bring down wood, however, but to burn the dry brush which could not be burned during the hot summer season. It was a very cold day, but they had plenty of heat to keep them warm.

We want to thank the First Baptist Church of Berkeley for their part in our Thanksgiving dinner. A splendid dinner was prepared by Mrs. Chin Toy and Mrs. Young, and every boy had all he could eat of turkey, mashed potatoes and gravy and all the other "fixings" of a real, honest-to-goodness Thanksgiving dinner.

On Sunday evening, December 7, "Captain" and the boys took charge of the services at the 23rd Avenue Baptist Church.

You won't find it in the personal column because Bennie Lai writes that, so we will say right here that we are all very proud of Bennie Lai who has won the Edison scholarship pin four times in succession.

CHINESE PROVERBS

From the Captain's Scrapbook

Be patient! Given time grass becomes milk.

Falling hurts least those who fly low.

Dark clouds are things that pass. The blue heavens always abide.

PERSONALS  
Bennie Lai

Our basket ball team, representing the First Baptist Church of Berkeley, won all their games in the Berkeley Sunday School Basket Ball League. They will be presented with a banner from the League.

Willie Gee, one of our star scholars, graduates from Edison Junior High School to Berkeley High School. He also won the scholarship pin for the third time. We are surely proud of him.

Robert Fong, otherwise known as "Ramona" has gone to China. We hope to hear from him soon.

Again we are proud of the work done by our young artist, Johnson Chan. See the cover page of this issue. We regret that at the present time there are no funds available for him to continue his art lessons.

After an absence of nearly a month, "Captain" has returned from a trip to New York and other places.

While in the "Big City" he conferred with various members of the Home Mission Society concerning plans for our new home. He also wrote a four thousand word article on Chung Mei Home which will appear in an early number of "Missions," and spent some time visiting Chinese friends.

On Sunday November 9, he spoke twice in Chinese to Chinese audiences in Philadelphia. On Sunday the 16th he spoke at Yonkers, N. Y. in the morning and at Elizabeth, N. J. at night, each time telling the story of Chung Mei Home. On Sunday, the 23rd, he repeated the performance at Minonk, Illinois.

The latest addition to our family is David Chew, who comes from Menlo Park and is in first year high school. He is a good truck driver and so will be a great help to Captain and Eddie.

\*\*\*\*\*

YOUR TOWN

"if you want to live in the kind  
of a town  
Like the kind of a town you like,  
You needn't slip your clothes in  
a grip  
And start on a long, long hike.  
You'll only find what you left  
behind,  
For there's nothing that's really  
new;  
It's a knock at yourself when you  
knock the town --  
It isn't your town, it's you."

RIB TICKLERS  
Red Herring and Shrimp

Waiting Game.

Mother: "How much do you charge for taking children's photographs?"  
Photographer: "Five dollars a dozen."  
Mother: "You'll have to give me time, I only have ten now."

He Got Plenty

Ike: (to Mike at a football game) "You'll see more excitement for two dollars than you ever saw before."  
Mike: "I'm not so sure. That's what my marriage license cost me."

Mutual Admiration

An American tourist, upon entering the cabin assigned to him on board the ship, discovered that his traveling partner was a Chinese, and was thereby greatly perturbed. After due deliberation he went to the purser and said, "I don't like the looks of that foreigner who is sharing the cabin with me, so have brought you all my valuables to care for."  
"That's quite all right," replied the purser, "the Chinese gentleman brought his half an hour ago."

100% American

A Chinese, a Hindu and an American stood together beholding the wonders of Niagara.  
Inspired by the magnificent spectacle, the Chinese gave utterance to a classic quotation expressing the glory of antiquity. The Hindu, in language equally lofty, spoke of the majesty of the Creator. "Gee!" said the American, "what a waste of power!"

Cleaning Up

Benjie cleans the kitchen,  
Jack does the stairs;  
George scrubs the basement,  
Frank dusts the chairs.  
We wash our hands and faces  
As well as we are able,  
And when it comes to eating-time  
We ALL help clean the table.

\*\*\*\*\*

CHRISTMAS

It isn't the thought we are sending,  
It isn't the words we say,  
But it is the spirit of Christmas  
That makes it the happiest day.  
And the spirit of Christmas is perfect  
When we know, as our thoughts uplift,  
That God alone is the giver,  
And love is His greatest gift!

CHIPS AND CHUNKS FROM THE WOODYARD  
Edward H. Tong

Our woodyard is a busy place these days. Last month we broke all past records and sold one-hundred and fifty dollars worth of wood. This month promises to be even better. At the time of going to press, (Dec. 10) our sales amount to seventy-five dollars. We hope our readers will send us some good orders after reading this. We want to make this month the best yet. Nothing short of two hundred dollars will satisfy us.

Several of our customers have asked us to publish a list of prices in the Chronicle, which request we are complying with at this time.

Lengths	Cord	FIR	
		$\frac{1}{2}$ Cord	Tier
4'	\$13.00	\$ 7.00	
2'	14.50	7.75	
16"	16.00	8.50	6.00 (1/3 cord)
12"	17.50	9.50	5.00 (1/4 "
		OAK	
4'	18.50	10.00	
2'	20.00	11.00	
16"	21.25	11.50	8.00 (1/3)
12"	22.00	11.75	6.00 (1/4)

These prices are for fireplace, chunks, or stove wood.

Kindling and Mill Blocks .45 per sack,  
3 sacks \$1.20, 13 sacks \$5.00.

OUR MITE BOX  
(Posted Sept. 24)

Opened October 8, contained	\$ 10.90
" December 8 "	11.54
Total to date	\$ 22.44

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

Carried forward	\$ 254.50
Mrs. Amanda Egli	2.00
Mrs. Eva M. Storer	5.00
Total to date	\$ 261.50

MANY THANKS

The following gifts from other friends have been received during the past month, for which we are truly thankful.

Cragmont Community S. S.	\$ 10.00
Miss Rose H. Haley	5.00
Mrs. E. Ray	3.00
Mrs. J. B. Wallis	1.00
Mr. W. H. Dietz	1.00
Anonymous	5.00
Mrs. Phoebe Kruger	1.00



Vol. 3

No 3

Happy New Year

CHUNG - MEI

CHRONICLE

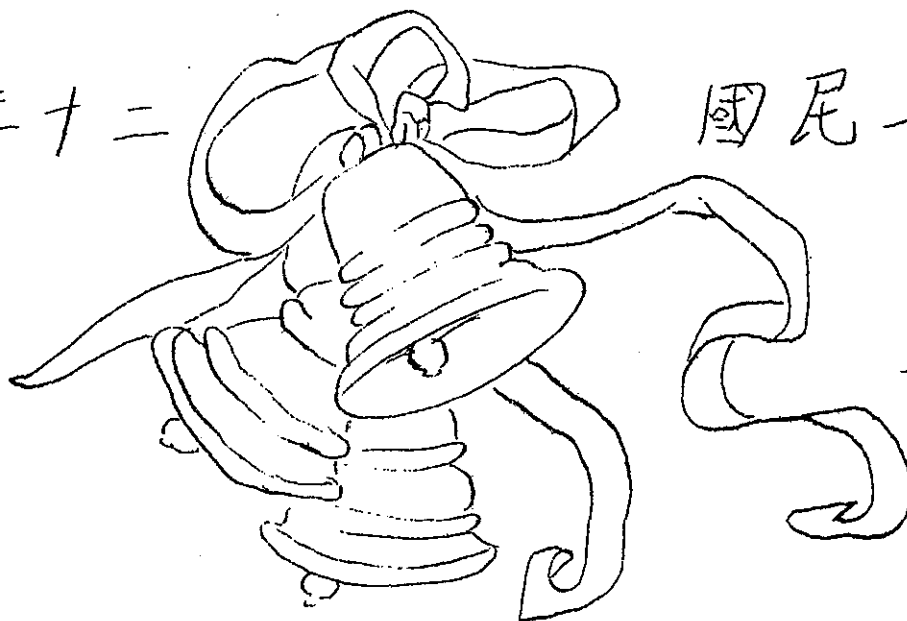
報 月 美 中

月一年十二

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Jan.

1931



RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

RING OUT THE FALSE, RING IN THE TRUE.

RING OUT THE GRIEF THAT SAPS THE MIND.

RING IN REDRESS TO ALL MANKIND.

RING OUT FALSE PRIDE IN PLACE AND BLOOD.

RING IN THE COMMON LOVE OF GOOD.

--Alfred Lord Tennyson

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CHEW WING GUM

They's something I just can't figure  
out. Been turnin' it over in my mind for  
years and years, but never have been able  
to quite make up my mind about it.

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EDITORIAL

THE YEAR AHEAD

What man is there who has not at some time  
or other expressed the wish that he might  
be able to lift the veil of the future and  
see, though but for a moment, the events  
that lie ahead.

In the political and financial worlds  
there are those who would be willing to  
pay large premiums for certain knowledge  
concerning future development in the  
fields wherein their interests lie. And  
perhaps there are many of us who feel that  
we could gain advantages that would enable  
us to function more wisely and with great-  
er benefit to ourselves did we but know  
certain things concerning the future.

Such knowledge might be an advantage, it  
is true, and yet perhaps it might be out-  
weighed by the disadvantages. Think of the  
sadness, worry, dread and even terror that  
would burden our minds did we but know  
what the future had in store for us. Im-  
agine one marking off on the calendar the  
days that remain to him, or calculating  
the amount of time that is to elapse be-  
fore some loved one is taken, or pondering  
with dread some dire calamity that he  
knows is to befall him upon a certain date.  
No, after all, Providence is wiser and more  
kind; and we bow gratefully to Providence  
and are glad that we do not know.

As we face the New Year, however, our de-  
sire is for courage and common sense that  
we may meet serenely and adequately what-  
ever may be waiting behind that veil. We  
pray that whatever blessings come we may  
receive them gratefully, humbly, and may  
prove worthy of them; that whatever sor-  
row awaits us we may possess fortitude  
adequate to meet it; that whatever misfor-  
tunes befall us we may be able to rise a-  
bove them; that whatever obstacles con-  
front us we may be able to surmount them;  
that whatever difficulties present them-  
selves we may be strong enough and wise  
enough to overcome them, that whatever  
loss, whatever gain we may be ready, that  
whatever victory we may receive it humbly,  
that whatever defeat we may "take it stand-  
ing up."

Thus would we meet the year that lies a-  
head of us.

C. R. S.

What I want to know is, how come some  
folks always talk loud in public places,  
like on trains and street cars f'rinst-  
ance? You know the kind of folks I mean.  
They's most usually one of 'em in every  
public place or conveyance, the kind as  
comes in and sits down and starts in to  
talk loud and important like, just as tho  
they want everybody around to know what  
they's talkin' 'bout.

Wife sez it's cose they like to hear  
themselves talk. But geewhillikins, you'd  
think they'd get tired of that after hear-  
in' it for so many years. Now daughter,  
her idea is dâfferent. She sez it must be  
cose they figger what they talk about is  
so doggone important that everyone will be  
glad to hear it. But I can't see as how  
that can be the case cose t'other day I  
heard a woman talkin' on the train, talk-  
in' so loud that everybody in the car  
could hear her. Now, what do you s'pose  
that woman was talkin' about? She was  
talkin' about an argument she had with  
the butcher over whether what he sent her  
was rib steak or sirloin. Surely she did-  
n't think that anybody ridin' in that car  
gave a whoop about what kind of steak the  
butcher sent her. No, don't think daugh-  
ter can be right.

Well, there's grandson, Jimmy. He's a  
right smart little feller, if he is only  
nine years old. He sez, "Grandpap," sez  
he, "I think it's this way. These here  
loud talkin' guys they don't mean no harm,  
they just think they're the "big cheese"  
and figger that everybody would like some  
of the smell.

Well, perhaps he's right. Gosh, maybe  
you know, I don't.

\*\*\*\*\*

CHINESE PROVERBS

From the Captain's Scrapbook

Hurry is the wind that destroys the  
scaffolding.

One bowl of rice well digested is  
better than a banquet of rich indi-  
gestible food; so one paragraph clear-  
ly understood is more profitable than  
ten thousand unfathomable books.

For one word a man may be judged wise,  
or he may be judged foolish.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret Thomsen

On the night of December 9 the Chung Mei Cadets marched in the Pagoda Festival parade for the benefit of the Chinese Hospital. The line of march was from the Civic Center down Market Street to Grand Avenue, up Grand Avenue and around Chinatown. It was quite a walk for our smallest cadets, but everyone kept up until the end.

On the anniversary of Rev. George Derbyshire's pastorate at the First Baptist Church of Berkeley, a recognition service was held in his honor. All the Chung Mei boys attended, and our own Eddie, representing Chung Mei Home, gave a short talk.

The holiday festivities have kept us all busy these last few weeks. On Monday afternoon, December 22nd, the younger departments of the Berkeley First Baptist Sunday school had their Christmas party at the church. Our boys who are in those departments attended. There were recitations and songs, a pageant and other forms of entertainment. Ice cream and cookies were served, and Santa himself appeared and gave each child a box of candy.

Then, too, on the night of December 22 our two Intermediate groups attended a party at the Chinese Congregational Church in Berkeley. Everybody had a fine time, and lots of good things to eat.

Miss Porter had the boys of her Sunday school class at her house for a little party. They made scrap books to send to the Chinese Mission at Locke.

But the "day before Christmas" was our big day. Dinner was served about four o'clock, and, as usual, each boy had as much as he could take care of. We want to thank the Oakland First Baptist Church for this bountiful dinner.

Early in the evening we all gathered together around the beautifully decorated tree whose base was entirely surrounded by interesting looking boxes and packages of all descriptions. Santa Claus sent a message saying that he was on his way, but that we were to sing a bit while he was getting there. In the midst of our singing Santa appeared with bells jingling and a pack on his back. And then the fun began. Everyone received something he had been needing or wanting, and also a large stocking filled with the good things a Christmas stocking should contain.

At the close of this part of our program a treat of ice cream and cookies appeared. And here, too, we want to pause and thank the Nettie May Ice Cream Company for this splendid treat.

We were glad to have Rev. Derbyshire and his small son and Dr. Bratcher participate in our festivities of the evening.

I think everybody went to bed with a great feeling of happiness and contentment.

At last Christmas morning dawned. The little fellows were awake very early to see if Santa had left anything in the stockings they had so confidently hung on the end of their beds the night before. They were not disappointed.

And then we were pleasantly surprised with the singing of the beautiful Christmas carols by the young people of the San Pablo Park Presbyterian Church. It was a fitting beginning for our Christmas day. Thank you, young people, we appreciate your thoughtfulness.

CHIPS & CHUNKS FROM THE WOODYARD

Edward H. Tong

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good! Many people have been shivering with cold these days, but we have had the most successful month in the history of our woodyard. \$257.00 worth of wood has been sold, and we wish to thank each and all of our customers for their patronage which has made this high mark possible.

While making a delivery one day, we were asked by a customer if we had sold all our wood. No, we have not sold it all. There is still plenty left. At last we have succeeded in getting the remainder of our Fir and Oak out of the Calistoga hills. Our final trip was made the week before Christmas. One hundred cords in all have been safely brought down to Berkeley, at a cost of about three hundred dollars in freight charges. And now we would like to see the high piles of wood that are in our yard steadily disappear.

On these frosty and bitter cold mornings, why not burn Chung Mei wood -- the wood that makes a hot fire and burns clear to ashes -- wood that is hot in cold weather and dry in wet weather. Place your orders now. Call Berkeley 1240.

PERSONALS

Bennie Lai

Four boys have left us recently to go to their homes; namely - Arthur Deah, Frank Seid, Wilfred Jue and James Low. Harry Lee from San Francisco came to fill one of the beds vacated.

Howard Deah, the star trombonist of the Edison Jr. High School band, has left us for China. We wish him luck.

Lincoln Chan, he of the sunny smile, was a recent visitor at the home. We are always glad to see his beaming face.

On Christmas morning "Captain" took fifteen of our boys to visit their sisters at Ming Quong Home.

We had a new Santa Claus this Christmas Mr. Wilbur, who has been our Santa Claus for many years, was very ill. We hope he will recover soon.

Life in the  
United States

Also for more  
language  
Photo what kind  
E. O.

My little nephew's sunday school teacher evidently believes in realism and is apparently endowed with no inconsiderable imagination. Of course it is possible that Billie's own imagination was a contributing factor. At any rate here is the story as we heard it at the dinner table.

## RIB TICKLERS

By Gazooks

(Red Herring & Shrimp having eaten too much Christmas)

### Very Literal

We fear our little nephew's Sunday school teacher must have a very "realistic" streak about her. One Sunday the boy returned to tell his mother the following story.

"Gee, mother, I heard a swell story in Sunday school today."

"You did, Billy? Tell me about it."

"Well, mother, there was a guy named Adam and a woman named Eve. God gave them a big garden to live in. This garden was full of all kinds of fruit, and God said to them, 'Now you can eat as much of the other fruit as you want to, but don't touch the grapefruit.' But one day Eve took a notion she wanted some grapefruit, and after she ate some she said to Adam, 'Gee this is good. Why don't you have some?' And so Adam ate some. Then God came down and He called to Adam. Adam said, 'Here I am.' And God said, 'Didn't I tell you to leave the grapefruit alone?' And Adam said, 'Well, Eve told me to eat it.' Then God said 'All right, then you two get out of here and STAY out.'"

### Not So Bad.

Jane had been a naughty little girl, and her mother shut her up in the bedroom, saying as she closed the door, "Now you stay there until God forgives you."

In a little more than a jiffy Jane was out.

"Jane," said her mother, "I thought I told you to stay in there until God forgave you."

"Well He forgave me mother."

"How do you know He forgave you?"

"He told me so."

"Told you so? Well what did He say?"

"He said, 'Oh don't mention it, Miss Jones, you're not so worse.'"

### Improving the Time

"Mother," said John near the close of the meal, "Please may I be excused?"

"No dear," replied Mother, "You must wait until we all get through."

"Then, if you don't mind," replied John sweetly, "I'll have another piece of cake while I am waiting."

### Frozen Beauty

Frank Kwok: "What is an iceberg?"

Lincoln Chan: "Oh, that's sort of a permanent wave."

## CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

Carried forward	\$ 261.50
Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Shepherd	5.00
Mrs. A. C. Hale	2.00
Mr. J. Y. Yee	5.00
Mr. David Glick	1.00
Rev. T. M. Atkinson	5.00
	<u>\$ 279.50</u>

### MANY THANKS

The following gifts have been received during the past month, for which we are truly thankful.

Primary Dept. 1st Bapt. Ch.Oak.	\$ 10.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Hansel	1.00
Mr. F. E. Forbes	25.00
Palo Alto B. Y. P. U.	5.00
	<u>\$ 41.00</u>

To our many friends we wish to extend our heartiest thanks for the greetings and gifts received. Should we happen to "slip up" on a personal "thank you" we hope you will accept this as such. There were far too many gifts and greetings to mention them here individually.

And, also, to all our readers we wish to extend our best wishes for the New Year. And we hope to bring to all of you more interest and help in our little paper than we have during the past year. We appreciate the kind things you have written and said of our Chung Mei Chronicle.

### S. O. S.

Several of our boys have asked us to notify our readers that they would be very grateful for radio parts, used or unused. George Wong and Bennie Lai are especially anxious to have something that they can tinker with. They are our two star "radio hounds" at present.

### THE YEAR BEFORE US

"Standing at the portal of the opening year,

Words of comfort meet us, hushing every fear,

I the Lord am with thee, be thou not afraid;

I will help and strengthen, be thou not dismayed.

Yea, I will uphold thee, with My own Right Hand;

Thou art called and chosen in my sight to stand.

Onward then, and fear not, children of the day,

For His Word shall never, never pass away."

Vol. 3

No 4

CHUNG & MEI

CHRONICLE

一報一月一美一中

一月二年十三國民華中

February 1951

DEDICATED TO



WORTH  
T. Chan

Here They Are!

Published monthly at Berkeley, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys, a charitable institution caring for under-privileged Chinese boys of tender years.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - Charles R. Shepherd  
Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. - Margaret Thomsen  
Ass't Editors - Edward Tong, Bennie Lai,  
Willie Gee, George Haw.  
Artists - Johnson Chan, Willie Chan.

EDITORIAL

CLEAN FUN

We dedicate this issue of the Chung Mei Chronicle to those two famous Americans, Amos Jones and Andrew Brown.

And why?

Because we desire to honor them. To honor them, because we find in them two exceedingly clever funsters who nightly provide entertainment, laughter and relaxation to many thousands of men, women, and children in America: whose quaint expressions are fast becoming a part of America's everyday parlance: whose names are already echoed in many other lands besides our own: and yet withal, two comedians whose fun is ALWAYS CLEAN. We say ALWAYS because that has been our experience, and we listen to them just as often as we are able. We have never heard Amos and Andy descend to the level of coarseness, vulgarity or saliciousness. Such also seems to be the testimony of all with whom we have discussed the matter.

As we travel over the country we find that it is not only boys and girls and simple folk like ourselves who watch the hands of the clock and wait eagerly for the moment when that bewitching strain from "The Perfect Song" commences to float out upon the air, signifying that those two quaint and celebrated Harlemites are about to permit us to listen in upon their private affairs for the space of about ten minutes. We find keen, calculating business men, hard-boiled captains of industry, highly sophisticated members of the smarter sets among those who wait for the ethereal curtain to rise upon this nightly "short turn" of fun and philosophy. In hotels and clubs we have seen them lay aside their evening papers and magazines and move their chairs up closer to the loud speaker. And what frowns greet any thoughtless individual who, arriving late upon the scene, causes any undue disturbance.

The popularity of these two comedians simply goes to prove that there is still a large place - a very large place - in American life for clean, wholesome, uncontaminated fun; that an entertainer does not have to be vulgar in order to be funny,

or stoop to coarseness in order to tickle the risibility of the American public. To be sure, it probably requires more thought and preparation to produce clean fun, and one cannot but deplore the fact that too many of our stage comedians choose the short cut of vulgarity in order to, as they express it, "go over big" with the crowd.

Oh, yes, the crowd "falls for it" and yet most decent people even after they have laughed at the stuff feel a bit ashamed of having done so. But, as the final strains of "The Perfect Song" fade away and the announcer tells us that Amos and Andy will be on the air again tomorrow night, nobody feels ashamed of having listened, or of having permitted their children to listen, to the wholesome entertainment provided by these two humorous gentlemen from Harlem -- may their tribe increase.

C. R. S.

CHEW WING GUM  
Sez

'Taint so much the number of years a feller lives, as counts; it's the way he lives - the things he does, the way he uses his time, the way he makes other folks feel and act.

'Quality, not quantity,' that's what I used to hear my father say so often; and I reckon he wuz right.

Now, lookit! A feller might live to be a ripe old age and yet not do a blame thing to make the world any better or folks any happier. 'Tother hand, he might live but a few years, but years packed with good deeds and acts of kindness to his fellowmen. Contrarywise a man might finish out his three score years and ten without doin' much harm to anyone, or he might crowd a right smart of meanness into a mighty short span. Anyways I heard it said that most of the fellers behind bars got there whilst they wuz still pretty young.

I aint never had much eddicashun, but I likes to read a little, and it shore is interestin' to read how many of the men who have done big things in the world hav cashed in their checks early in life.

Then o' course there wuz the man of Nazareth. Think how young he wuz when he died, but what a whale of a lot of good deeds, kind words, and wise teachin' he packed into those few years. Today He is remembered and talked about by more people than any other person who ever lived.

Well, I reckon all of us would like to live to a good ripe old age; but we don't know when we may be called upon to pass over; that's why we ought to pack into every day all we possibly can of good deeds, kind words, and sunny smiles. When the end comes it won't be the number of years we have lived, it'll be the way we have spent them, that will give us satisfaction.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret G. Thomsen

We all enjoyed seeing the picture, "The Big Trail." It was a special treat for us from "Captain" and Mrs. Shepherd.

On Wednesday, January 28, "Captain" and six boys made the final trip to Camp Chung Mei at Calistoga. They took advantage of this beautiful weather to get the tents and other belongings down. It was a memorable trip in more ways than one.

We had a sort of special birthday party this month for those who have had birthdays within the last three months. It was combined with a treat for everyone, given by the members of the staff. The birthday boys were seated at a decorated table graced with a huge birthday cake. The extra features of the meal were some delicious Chinese buns, ice-cream, birthday cake and candy.

On the night of January 10, "The Chung Mei Review of 1931" was presented at the Chinese Baptist Church, San Francisco. The occasion was the presentation to the church by the Chung Mei boys, of a beautiful blue velour curtain for the stage of their new social hall. This curtain was paid for out of the Woodyard earnings. In addition to the curtain, the proceeds from the evening's entertainment were also to be used for the furnishing of the social hall. The people of the church have a right to be proud of their remodeled building, and we are glad and proud to have a share in furnishing it.

The 'Chung Mei Review of 1931' consisted of numbers from our various productions, and a few new ones. There were solos and choruses from the "Minstrel Show," jokes, a song by Topsy and Eva, Gallagher and Shean, solos and choruses from "Nancy Lee," and a new skit entitled "Memories." We were also delighted with the solos sung by two of the "Winsome Wah Mei Girls," Anna Chan and Anabel Lee. The program closed with the singing of a group of Chung Mei Home songs by the entire sixty-three boys.

We had the great pleasure, last Sunday, January 25, of attending the evening service of the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church. We always enjoy visiting our friends there, and this time was no exception. The boys sang a number of their songs, after which we enjoyed several solo and choir numbers of the splendid Negro Spirituals.

Mr. Hon Wai Tam, secretary of the International House, and a teacher at the Naam Kiu School, San Francisco, was a visitor at Chung Mei Home last Sunday afternoon. We were very glad to show Mr. Tam our home and to have him speak to us. The boys also sang several songs for him. We are hoping to return Mr. Tam's visit by a visit to the International House.

CHIPS AND CHUNKS FROM THE WOODYARD  
Edward H. Tong

We love to see the huge piles of wood in our back yard; they bring back fond memories of our last camp. The sight of so much wood fills us with the pride of achievement. But no matter how inspiring the wood may be to us, we would much rather see it diminish, thereby accomplishing two things. First, giving you the best firewood you have ever had the pleasure of burning; for the fir wood seems to have the peculiar combination of a fast and a slow burning wood, thus making it a hybrid or a wood that burns at a medium rate with the maximum amount of heat, besides providing you with choice wood. Second, enabling us to increase our building fund considerably.

In closing, heed the wise words of our "Captain": "Money in the bank is better than wood in the woodyard."

PERSONALS  
Bennie Lai

Since the last issue of our Chronicle two more of our boys have left us. Harvey Louie has gone back to Seattle, and Norman Leong to San Francisco.

Our new boys are Albert and Dewey Wong and George Jung. We are glad to welcome them.

Among our many recent visitors were: Lincoln Chan, Walter Lim, Willie Hall, Wilfred Jue, Arthur Deah and Frank Seid. They are all former Chung Mei boys.

"Captain" was called upon to speak at a citizenship assembly at Edison Junior High School. He gave a very good talk on "Citizenship." At that assembly Edward Lem was the only Chung Mei boy to receive a citizenship pin. We are proud of him, and we hope that there will be more of our boys next term.

Eddie has bought a "tin Lizzie" to take him to the University. He has named it "Leapin' Lulu."

At the invitation of Mr. H. H. Glesner, principal of the Edison Junior High School, "Captain" spoke at the Berkeley Rotary Club on "Boys' Work." His message was much enjoyed by the men who were present.

On Tuesday evening, January 20, Benjie Wu, Willie Chan and Eddie Tong attended the banquet of the Berkeley Sunday School Athletic Association at the Y. M. C. A. They represented the First Baptist Church of Berkeley and received the banner for the 115 lb. basketball championship. The speech of acceptance was written by Willie Gee and delivered by Benjie Wu.



## CHINESE PROVERBS

From the Captain's Scrapbook

Poverty in the home is the test of filial piety. Trouble in the State is the test of true loyalty.

Water seeks the lower level; the superior man seeks the higher.

A flea can hop but a short distance, but in the tail of a horse he can travel a thousand miles.

## WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY

If George Haw lost his appetite.

If Philip Lum stopped talking.

If Warren Young smiled.

If Eddie Tong didn't.

If Miss Dietz, Mrs. Chin Toy and Mrs. Young were thin.

If Milton grew.

If Ernest Wong got tired of basketball.

If Benjie didn't like the movies.

If Oliver didn't giggle.

If we never worked in the woodyard.

If Miss Thomsen had a beau.

If Henry Ding sang in tune.

If George Gee had sense.

If Frank Kwok had a girl.

If Mrs. Morrice spoke Yiddish.

If Willie Chan used lipstick.

If Richard Wong's face were clean.

If Bennie didn't like to read.

If Willie Gee talked like a girl.

If Roland Moon, Thomas Jong and Stanley Tom liked to work.

If Adam stood up straight.

If Captain wasn't busy.

If Wayland Chan had no gold teeth.

If Benson Wong couldn't blush.

If Eugene Sum didn't have dimples.

If Jack Wong, Stanley Tom, Raymond Wong and George Chan never --- --- ---.

Yes, WOULDN'T it be funny!

## RIB TICKLERS

Red Herring and Shrimp

Teacher: "When the farmer has garnered his corn, got the cattle in for the winter and covered his haystacks --- what does he do?"

Pupil: "Complains about the weather."

George Wong: "The clock fell off the shelf and if it had been a minute sooner it would have hit me on the beam."

Willie Chan: "I always said that clock was slow."

Liza: "We hadn't been married but two weeks, Judge, when this here Rastus began to throw sponge cake at me."

Judge: "Disorderly conduct. Five dollars and costs, Rastus."

Liza: (Still indignant) "And I made that sponge cake with my own hands, Judge."

Judge: "Ah, that's different. Assault with deadly weapon. One year, Rastus."

## SACRIFICIAL GIVING

The following letter, received just after going to press last time, brought much joy to our hearts, not so much because of the check for seven dollars and five cents which accompanied it, but because of the spirit of loyalty and sacrifice which it revealed on the part of eight little Sacramento Chinese girls.

"Dear Mr. Shepherd:

"We belong to Miss Cora Mc Gill's class. Since you told the story about your work we girls have been saving our pennies to help you.

"Wishing you and the boys a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year."

"Laura Dong  
Lillian Kong  
Ruby Fong  
Frances Woo  
Lilly Fong  
Minnie Yuke  
Jennie Leong  
Georgianna Chow"

## HERE'S AN IDEA!

Remember Chung Mei Home in your will!

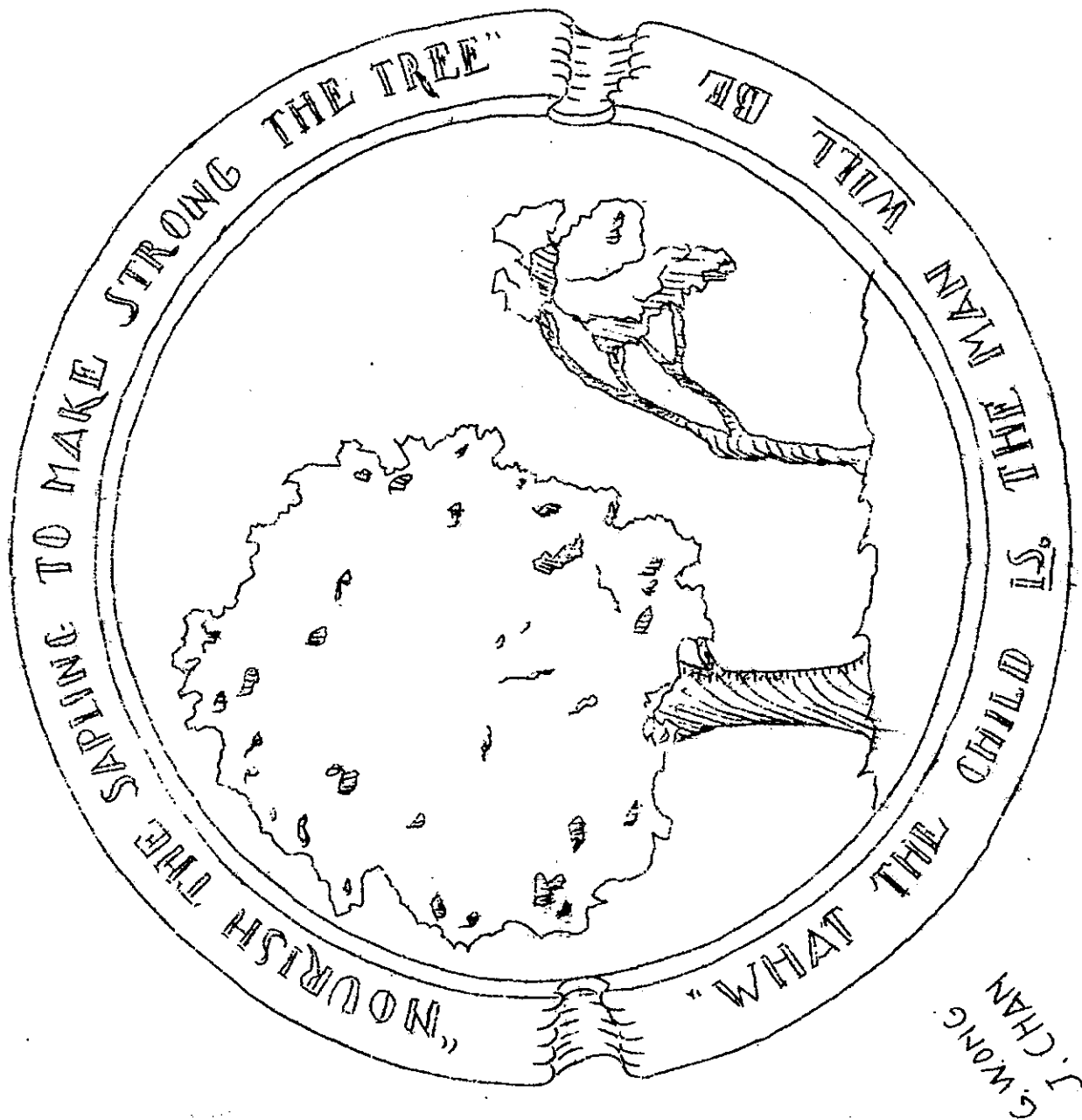
How could you better make a gilt-edged investment of part of your means, and leave behind you a memorial that time cannot destroy?

Vol. 10

# CHUNG MEI CHRONICLE

報一月美中  
三月三年十二國民華中

March ~ 1931



G. MONG  
J. CHAN

Published monthly at Berkeley, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys, a charitable institution caring for under-privileged Chinese boys of tender years.

#### STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - Charles R. Shepherd  
Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. - Margaret G. Thomsen  
Ass't. Editors - Edward Tong, Bennie Lai,  
Willie Gee, George Haw.  
Artists - Johnson Chan, George Wong.

In the Chung Mei Home it is our task to take boys as we find them; to seek to understand them; to endeavor to surround them with right conditions; and to nurture them in such a way as to promote the kind of development that will produce Chinese "men of tomorrow" that will be a credit to the institution, an honor to their native land and the land of their adoption, and an asset to the Kingdom of God and the World Brotherhood of Man.  
C. R. S.

#### EDITORIAL

##### MEN OF TOMORROW

This month our young artist has given us, on the cover page, something to provoke serious thought. Beside the sturdy majestic oak stands a frail, rather unpromising appearing sapling. Encircling the whole is the famous quotation:

'Nourish the sapling to make strong the tree.

What the child is the man will be."

This young sapling is "not much to look at;" but it is represented as being alive, which means that except one kills it he cannot stop its growth and development. The question is, how will it grow and after what manner will it develop?

In Chinese and Japanese tea gardens we have seen and been interested in the quaint little dwarfed and twisted trees, made so by unnatural processes and forcible means deliberately employed by human beings. In such trees and in such instances such distortion may be quaint, artistic and intriguing; but for the sapling in our cover design one cannot but wish for something better. At any rate, something much better and very different must be done for it if it is to grow into anything like its serene and majestic partner.

As with the tree, so with the boy. No matter how poor his start in life, no matter how unpromising the conditions in which we find him, growth is inevitable, and development, in some direction or other, a certainty. That wonderful invisible process has him in its grasp. Without consulting our wishes, or his, this strange power which cannot be resisted hurries him on through successive stages of life.

We could not stop this onward march if we would; and we would not if we could. The question, however, which confronts us, and the problem to which we address ourselves is - how will he grow, and after what manner will he develop. Growth is, we know, the normal manifestation of life. All our experiences and our every observation tells us that growth cannot be right growth and development cannot be satisfactory unless right conditions exist and unless there is proper nurture. "Nourish the sapling to make strong the tree, What the child is the man will be."

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##### CHEW WING GUM

Sez

I like my dog.

He's not so much to look at.

He can't talk, sing or play the piano.

He hasn't very good table manners.

He is not educated.

He doesn't claim to be religious.

He can't get into any church.

Folks say he's got no soul.

To tell the truth, I'm afraid he don't know much about God.

But:

He's got a good disposition.

He never snarls, snaps or bites.

He seldom complains.

He is not two-faced.

He doesn't gossip.

He doesn't tell lies -- black or white.

He is not sarcastic, envious or jealous.

He is very grateful for small favors.

He is just a real pal.

I like my dog.

##### CHINESE PROVERBS

From the Captain's Scrapbook.

He who is convinced of the propriety of his actions needs not to fear the disapproval of others.

What is near vermillion becomes stained red; what is near ink becomes stained black.

Only a fool drinks tea with a fork.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret Thomsen

About twenty-five of the younger boys sang at the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley at a meeting of their Woman's Society. About two hundred women were present and enjoyed seeing and hearing the boys and hearing the story of Chung Mei Home as told by "Captain."

On Washington's birthday "Captain" took a group of the boys for a ride in "Nancy Lee." They visited the Chung Mei Acres in El Cerrito, Chung Mei Rock, International House, the Stadium, the "Camp-needle," etc. Everybody enjoyed the holiday treat.

The whole Chung Mei group attended church in a body on March 1 to witness the baptismal service when nineteen of our boys took this important step. The boys also attended the evening service to hear the men's chorus in the cantata, "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

We now have some new song books. We have needed them badly for some time, and are very glad to get them.

On the evening of February 16, a small committee met at the Tientsin Cafe in Oakland to discuss plans for a financial campaign, looking toward the erection of our new home. It was decided, among other things, to call another meeting on March 20th at the Yuen Tung Low, to which would be invited a large number of representative Chinese friends.

On Friday, February 27, the staff gave a little farewell dinner party for Miss Dietz, and presented her with that for which she has long had a desire -- no, not a husband -- something better, a beautiful Chinese jade ring.

PERSONALS  
Bernie Lai

Willie Chan, who in the past has done such fine work in lettering the front page of the Chronicle, has left us to live with his brother in Sacramento.

Among our many recent visitors were Lincoln Chan, Frank Seid, Thomas and Joseph Gee and Paul Leong, all former Chung Mei boys.

We have three boys on Edison basketball teams, Benjie Wu on the 105 lb. team and Harry Lee and Ernest Wong on the 115 lb. team. Captain Ernest Wong of the 115's has been in bed for more than a week with a sore leg. We know he is missed at school, and we hope he will soon be on his feet again.

Miss Dietz, one of our group mothers, has found it necessary to leave her work at Chung Mei Home on account of her health. We are sorry to see her go, and wish her the best of luck.

Mrs. Morrice has taken over the work of "mother" to the Senior group, and Miss Rickert, who was for a number of years a missionary in China, has come to take Mrs. Morrice's place as a "mother" of the High Intermediates. Miss Rickert is also a nurse, so now we have two nurses. "Ain't that sumpin'?"

Eddie Tong, our lieutenant and college student, has been sick with the flu. We are glad that he is now able to go back to school again.

George Wong has taken Willie Chan's place on the staff of the Chung Mei Chronicle. He will do the front page lettering.

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YE ARE MY WITNESSES  
By Fannie D. Barton

A silence and awe settled over the audience in the First Baptist church, Berkeley, California on the first Sunday morning in March. Dr. Shepherd, followed by forty-odd Chung Mei boys, came quietly down the aisle and took seats in the front pews to the right. Something beautiful and unusual was to happen. Nineteen other Chung Mei boys were to be baptized, to go down into the water even as Jesus did and arise born again to a new life.

It was a beautiful scene as the Rev. George Derbyshire took his place, and Dr. Shepherd stood at the foot of the steps and presented each boy to the pastor. They came eagerly, and each one looked up into Mr. Derbyshire's face with a smile and made his answer in a clear, confident tone. There was no fear or hesitation, for they had not been over-urged into taking this step. Dr. Shepherd, or "Captain," as they all call him, had explained it to them many times. Months and years of training at the home and in Sunday school had helped prepare them. Down in front the staff and the other boys sat in quiet, eager interest. As the boys returned and took their places quietly there was a happy satisfied, even radiant smile on each face. Being the first Sunday in the month they partook of the Lord's supper in an orderly and reverent way.

Do they really understand what they are doing, you may ask? If you could hear some of their answers and their plans as to the difference it will make in their lives you would not doubt. One little fellow said in Sunday school class, "Now, I won't cheat in school. Jesus would not like that. I'm going to be His boy now."

Does the work pay? Yes, an hundred fold. Any church is blessed who helps and rears God's children of other nations and in turn is helped by them.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Being a stenographic report of an interview given by a Chinese gentlemen to an inquiring American reporter.)

- Q. Why do all Chinese look so much alike?
- A. Because they are a pure race and not a conglomeration of a hundred and one ethnological groups.
- Q. Why do Chinese mount a horse from the wrong side?
- A. They do not. They mount from the right side; Americans mount from the left.
- Q. Why do Chinese eat with chop sticks?
- A. Because they consider it much more refined than the practice of bringing food to the table in large chunks, then slashing at it with knives and sticking forks into it.
- Q. When do the spirits of Chinese ancestors arise from their graves to eat the food that dutiful sons place there for them?
- A. At the same time that the spirits of American ancestors arise to smell the flowers.
- Q. Why did the old fashioned Chinese men keep their hands in their sleeves so much of the time?
- A. Because they had no pockets in their trousers.
- Q. Why was it that the old fashioned Chinese bridegroom did not see his bride until the day of the wedding?
- A. He figured he would see her often enough afterwards.
- Q. Why do Chinese have such weird music at their funerals?
- A. Because they prefer it to the whine of the pipe organ and the shrill voices of singers.
- Q. Why do not the Chinese in America give up their funny language and speak American?
- A. For the same reason that Americans in China do not give up their awful language and speak Chinese.
- Q. Why do the eaves of Chinese houses turn up rather than down?
- A. According to an old superstition it is in order to prevent evil spirits from hiding under them; but actually it is because we prefer them that way.

RIB TICKLERS

Red Herring and Shrimp

Page Madam Queen

Bennie Lai: "I notice you study your Bible a lot these days."  
George Wong: "I'm looking for something"  
Bennie Lai: "What are you looking for?"  
George Wong: "Well, Amos was easy enough, but I can't find Andy anywhere."

Oh Yeah!

Miss Burnham: "Why are you late this morning?"  
George Gee: "School started before I got here."

Wearever.

Miss Sweet: "Do you know what the well dressed woman will have on this season when she goes out driving?"

Mr. Sour: "Sure, the emergency brake."

Ouch!

Young Wife: "I must apologize for the cake I made, dear. I think I left out something."  
Husband: "Nothing you left out could make it taste like this. It must be something you put in!"

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

Carried forward	\$ 279.50
Sacramento Chinese Girls	7.05
Mrs. H. H. Harris	
(Credit Johnson & Willie Chan)	5.00
Mrs. George Jeffrey	1.50
	<u>\$ 293.05</u>

OUR MITE BOX

In our front hall there hangs a neatly framed blueprint of the proposed new Chung Mei Home to be erected some day at El Cerrito upon the land which our boys purchased by their own efforts. Beneath the blueprint is an attractive mite box in the form of a miniature cedar chest made for us by our friend Mr. Harrison, manual training instructor at Edison Junior High School.

History:

Posted September 24	
Opened October 8 - contained	\$ 10.90
December 8	11.54
February 27	2.75
	<u>      </u>
Total	\$ 25.19

Vol. 3

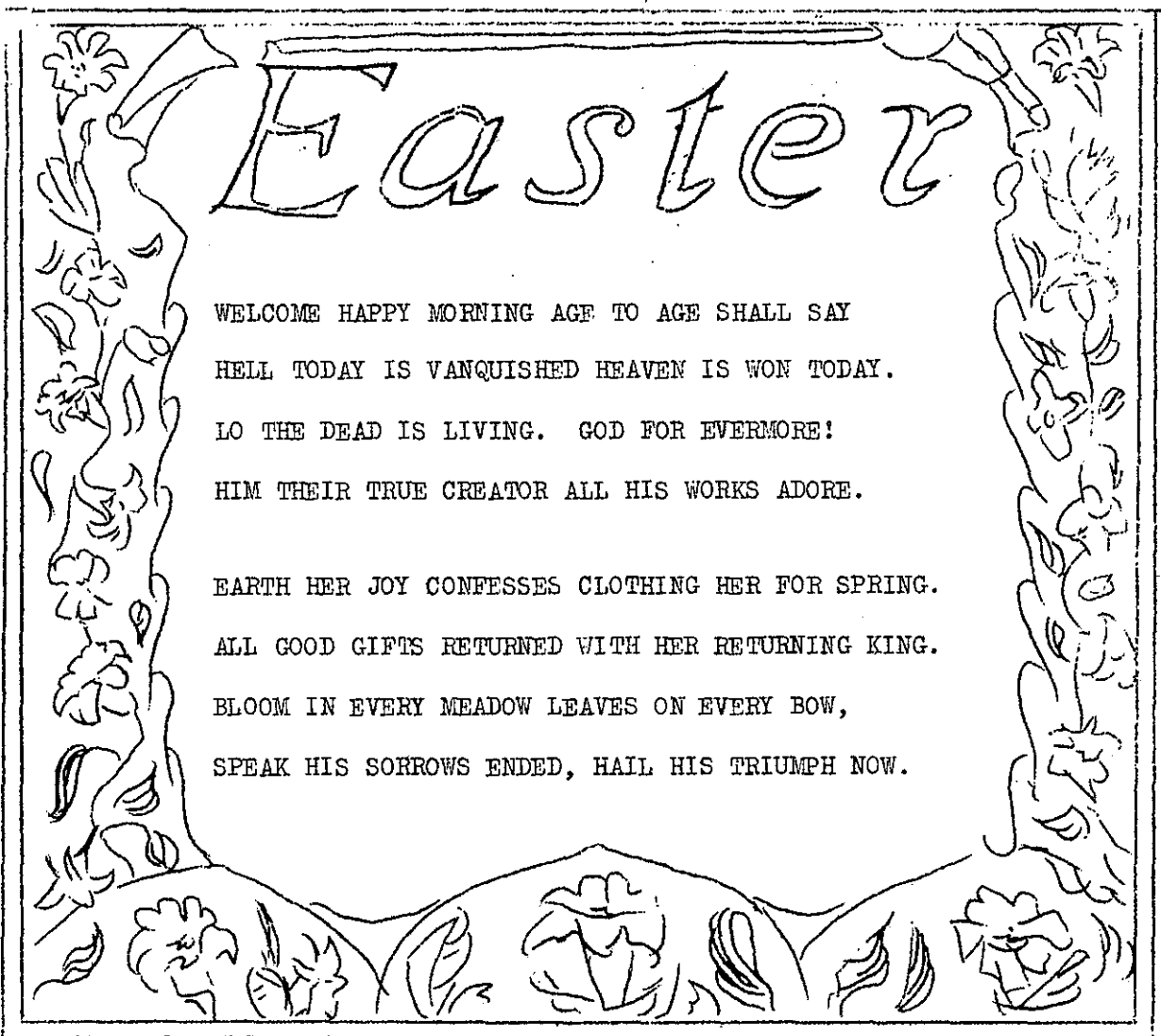
No. 6

THE  
 CHUNG HWA  
 CHRONICLE

報 華 中

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April 4 1931



George N. ...

J. Chen

Published monthly at Berkeley, California,  
by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys, a  
charitable institution caring for under-  
privileged Chinese boys of tender years.

CHEW WING GUM  
Sez

Ain't human nature funny?

F'rinstance I was sittin' at a lunch  
counter the other day when in comes a  
young feller all of a hurry.

"Coffee and sinkers!" says he, flopping  
down on a stool and pushin' his hat to  
the back of his head.

The waitress looks at him real pleasant  
like - she was a real purty little thing,  
one of these here blonds you hear tell  
about. "Sorry sir," says she, "but we  
got no doughnuts left. We have all kinds  
of pies, cake, and pastry."

"No sinkers!" says he, getting up from  
his seat, "what the heck of a joint is  
this - just thataway. Ane he turned on  
his heels and was gone before you could  
say "geewhillikens."

Can you beat that? Pies, cakes, and pas-  
try; but just because there was no sink-  
ers he up and goes off in a huff.

Some folks are funny that way. They want  
certain things in life and they want them  
a certain way. If they can't get what  
they want in the way they want it they  
get all fussed up; and sometimes I figger  
it's not the best things in life they're  
after. Sometimes they turn down a whole  
lot that's "good" just cause they can't  
get what's "not so good." Take this here  
feller with the doughnuts. I'm not say-  
in' as doughnuts is so bad, they're not  
so good neither. They's no denying . . .  
they's lots of other things that's "bet-  
ter. It's that way in life. They's  
lots of things that's "not so bad" and  
"not so good," and they's lots of things  
that's "better." Can't see's they's any  
use in gettin' all het up. If we can't  
get some little thing we think we want;  
seem's like we might as well take some  
of the other things that's just as good  
or better and be happy about it. But  
human nature's funny that way.

CHINESE PROVERBS

From the Captain's Scrapbook

Though the peony is beautiful it must  
be supported by a plain stem.

Eggs are closed things, but chicks  
come out at last.

Though the turtle comes in at the back  
gate it comes at last to the head of the  
table.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - Charles R. Shepherd.  
Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. - Margaret G. Thomsen  
Ass't Editors - Edward Tong, Bennie Lai,  
Willie Gee, George Haw.  
Artists - Johnson Chan, George Wong.

EDITORIAL

KNOWLEDGE

President Coolidge has well said that  
a sure way to success in any undertaking  
is to know a little more about it than  
anybody else. "Knowledge is power."  
This is an old axiom, and we know it is  
true. To know is splendid. To know that  
we know is still better; even though it  
may not always be desirable or advantag-  
eous to advertise the fact that we know.

On the other hand, there are those  
who possess a little knowledge about  
many things and who have unfortunately  
allowed themselves to become enamored of  
the delusion that they know a little  
more about everything than anybody else.  
While in reality they have never taken  
the trouble to find out how little they  
really do know.

We have known a number of these pleas-  
ant personages and have observed that,  
unlike the men who know that they know  
or the humbler individuals who do not  
know and know that they do not know,  
these superior beings who think they know  
a little more about everything than any-  
body else seem to have a most insatiable  
appetite for advertising the fact of  
their alleged knowledge. We do not think  
that is what Mr. Coolidge meant.

In these days of keen competition, of  
specialization and high efficiency it is  
practically essential to have expert knowl-  
edge concerning at least one thing - and  
that one thing the task that we have under-  
taken, the calling we have chosen. We can  
not know all about everything. We can  
know very little about some things; but  
we ought at least to strive very hard and  
to labor most painstakingly to know, about  
our own job, a little bit more than the  
other fellow knows. This requires hard  
work, but it is worth it.

To know is splendid. To know that we  
know is better. To not know is "just too  
bad," but to not know that we do not know  
is "just terrible!"

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret Thomsen

We congratulate our sister publication, "Eucalyptus," on her resurrection. We have missed her during her months of dormancy and wish her the best of success and long life -- without any lapses -- in the future.

On Sunday night, March 15th, we visited our friends of the Palo Alto Baptist Church. We went early enough to have a light supper at the church before taking charge of the service. We always enjoy our visits to Palo Alto, and this was no exception.

The following week, March 22nd, we presented our service, "Chung Mei Home in Song and Story," at the Knox Presbyterian Church in Berkeley. We had a fine time, and hope the folks of the church enjoyed it as much as we did. We were also given the offering of the evening.

Note: At the front of the church is an electric sign, KNOX. The next day George Gee was heard telling a girl at Edison that he had sung over Station KNOX the night before.

On Thursday, March 26th, our cat had kittens in the cab of the "Nancy Lee." Later she transferred them to "Kentucky Babe." Still later she transferred them again, this time we know not where, for Eddie has searched every nook and corner of "Limping Lulu" and cannot find them.

On account of our wonderful weather the wood business is small; but we want our readers to know that the Chung Mei Woodyard is still in operation and ready to serve you.

RIB TICKLERS

Red Herring and Shrimp

Mrs. Morrice: (to George Haw sliding down the bannister) "Young man, I wouldn't do that."  
George Haw: "No ma'am, I don't believe you would."

Captain (to Roland Moon): "Roland, can you give me any reason why I should not punish you?"

Roland: "Yes, sir. I heard your wife say you should not take any violent exercise."

Teacher: "Can any of you children tell me the name of the mountains that separate California from Nevada?"

Harry (son of the village druggist): "Yes, teacher, I know. Cascara Sagrada."

PERSONALS  
Bennie Lai

Willie Gee, alias Hot Dog, alias Red Herring, has gone to the San Francisco Hospital for rest and treatment. The length of time he will be there is not certain, but we hope it will not be long.

George R. Haw, alias Shrimp, is taking Red Herring's job for the time being.

Mrs. Young, our cook, left us on March 28 for a two-weeks' vacation in Los Angeles. George Gee is acting cook.

The new members of our home are Peter Wong, Donald Hall and Leonard Chow.

Among recent visitors were Willie Hall, Arthur Deah and Lincoln Chan, all former Chung Mei Boys.

There were many kite contests held near here, and our boys got most of the prizes. Some prize winners were: Geo. Wong, Dick Chin, Benson Wong, Roland Chew, George Chin. Several of these boys won more than one prize.

Our "Captain" spoke at the luncheon of the Seroptomist Club of Oakland on Monday, March 30.

We were glad to hear that Howard Deah had arrived safely in China.

Jones Lem, a former Chung Mei boy, has been in the San Francisco Hospital for some time. We are very glad to hear that he is much improved and is to leave the hospital this week.

Ernest Wong, is leaving us to return to his home in Los Angeles, and we wish him success. He will be missed at Edison Jr. High School where he has been active in the Bank and in Basketball.

Several of our boys are very busy with their gardens these days, chief among them being David Chew, Henry Chan, Roland Moon, Percy Low, Robert E. Lee, and Jack Wong.

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND  
(See how it grows)

Carried Forward	\$ 293.05
Mrs. R. E. Olds	50.00
1st Bapt. Ch, Pittsburg, Pa.	25.00
Circle 5, 1st Bapt. Ch. L. A.	11.00
Miss Lillian T. Larrabee	5.00
Miss Eleanor Winship	5.00
Mrs. W. T. Beck	5.00
Mrs. Ehlers	5.00
Mrs. Oehrli	1.00
Mrs. Adda S. Chappell	1.00
	<u>\$ 401.05</u>



## IT HAPPENED IN LOS ANGELES

James Montague bowed respectfully while his mother returned thanks for the appetizing lunch that was spread upon the table between them, and then slowly lifted his head and methodically shook out his napkin.

"Well, mother," he said, with a sheepish little grin, "I sure had the surprise of my life today."

"Yes, Jim," said Mrs. Montague softly as she passed a plate of delicious hot biscuits to her son. "Going to tell me about it?"

"I'll have to tell you," laughed James, "though the joke is certainly on me, and I guess I'll never hear the last of it from Charlie Symonds and Billy Westover. But then," he added teasingly, "it will make a good story for you to tell at your dear Missionary Society."

Mrs. Montague regarded her boy with amused interest. It was not like him to be wanting to contribute to the work of the Missionary Society, even to the extent of a story. In fact, her main sorrow in life was that this fine, clean young chap who was her only child and who had become such a companion to her since his father's death, was not interested in the affairs of her church; but on the contrary was in the habit of making fun of religion and all that pertains to it. She waited for him to continue.

"I went down to Charlie's produce company today, hoping to sell him an adding machine. Billy Westover was there trying to get Charlie interested in some men's club up at his church; and as soon as I came in he started on all six trying to rope me in."

"Well, of course I told Billy I wasn't interested, but you know Bill. That fellow never can take 'no' for an answer, and he rode me so hard he finally got my goat."

"Anyhow, one thing led to another, and I told him I was through with church and everything connected with it. Guess I did lay it on a little thick. Pulled a lot of stuff about church people being hypocrites and the churches all the bunk and so on; and that's when I got my big surprise."

Mrs. Montague evinced intense interest in her son's story, and he went on.

"There was a little China boy working around there in Charlie's place, sorting over vegetables. I hadn't noticed him before, but just as I was paying my respects to the churches this little fellow straightened up from behind some crates of celery. 'Say,' he called to me, 'where did you get all that stuff about the churches being no good? You don't know what you are talking about. Bet you never went inside of a church or you would know better.'"

"Gee, mother, you could have knocked me over. Of course we all laughed; but I reckon Billy and Charlie laughed a whole lot harder than I did."

"Attaboy," says Bill, "that's the way to hand it to him. But say, Buddy, how do you come to know so much about the church?"

"Oh," says Charlie, "<sup>Sing</sup>Wing's quite a Christian. Comes from some school up there in Berkeley. Chow Mein Home he calls it, something like that."

"Gee, mother, you ought to have seen the little kid straighten up." "No," he says, "it's not Chow Mein Home, it's Chung Mei Home. That's where I learned about God. And that's where I became a Christian. Too bad you never went to some place like that."

"<sup>h</sup>Say, you should have heard the boys give me the ha, ha. Did you ever hear of Chung Mei Home<sup>gah</sup>, or whatever its name is?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Montague smiling, "That's one of our leading Baptist institutions."

Vol. 3

No. 7

THE

HUNGARIAN CHRONICLE

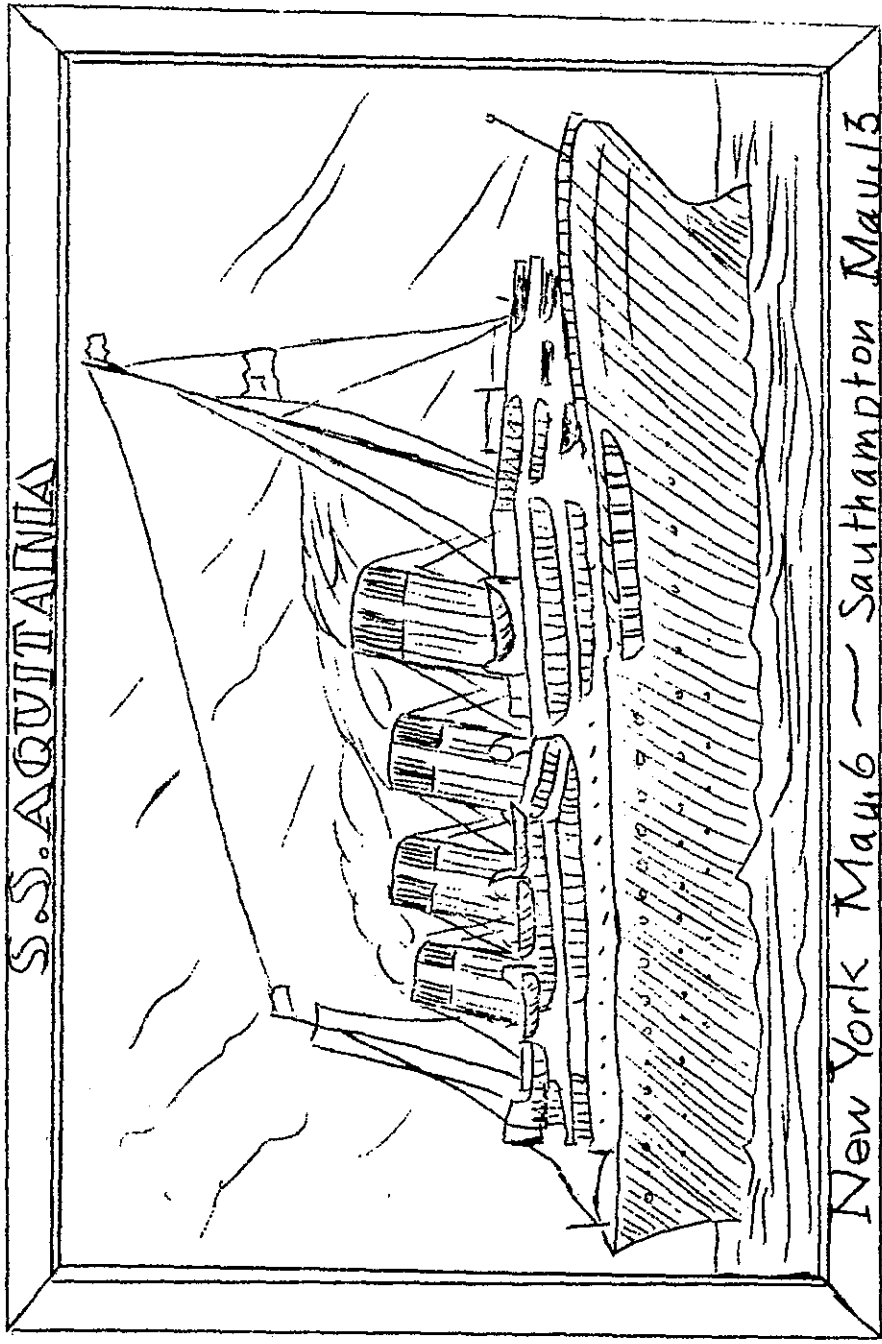
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IN A 31

S.S. AQUITANIA



New York May, 6 — Southampton May, 13

Geo. Hoy

J. Day

Published monthly at Berkeley, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys, a charitable institution caring for under-privileged Chinese boys of tender years.

#### STAFF

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 Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. - Margaret G. Thomsen  
 Ass't Editors - Edward Tong, Bennie Lai,  
 Willie Gee, George Haw.  
 Artists - Johnson Chan, George Wong.

#### EDITORIAL

##### A PURPOSE IN LIFE

By the time this edition of the Chung Mei Chronicle reaches its readers the writer, with his family, will be on board the "Aquitania," somewhere on the Atlantic Ocean enroute for England to visit his parents.

This beautiful and majestic ship "The Aristocrat of the Seas," is 902 feet long, 97 feet wide and weighs 45,647 tons. She is equipped with everything conceivable in the way of modern and up to date appointments -- spacious decks, commodious dining rooms, luxurious lounges, and apartments, which for sumptuousness equal anything on Fifth Avenue or Pall Mall -- though the writer is not among the favored who occupy these sumptuous apartments, being constrained by reason of a limited purse to content himself with a humble cabin in the tourist quarters of the ship. But, at that, it is no small privilege to be even numbered among the passengers on this superb vessel.

It is true that the "Aquitania" possesses many qualities that are not really essential for a safe and comfortable passage across the ocean. Thousands of ships have safely crossed and recrossed this broad expanse of water with less powerful engines, fewer comforts, more modest living quarters, less accomplished chefs, inferior table service, coarser food and what-not. But no ship has ever made it that was minus a rudder.

A ship without a rudder, what a travesty! Tossed hither and thither, at the mercy of the winds and the waves, storm beaten and buffeted, with no means of directing its course or guiding it safely to its destination, doomed only to shipwreck from the moment it leaves port.

Yet the sight of such a ship is hardly more pitiful than the spectacle of a LIFE WITHOUT A PURPOSE -- a human soul destitute of purpose, adrift upon the open angry sea of life, with no ambitions, ideals or ultimate objectives to serve as steadying forces or guiding principles -- tempest-tossed and buffeted, at the mercy of every wind of chance, every current of evil and every wave of iniquity.

"This one thing I do," said the Apostle of old. Blessed is the soul who, like Paul, has found for himself some high, noble, worthy purpose in life to which he can devote all the best that is within him, and for the sake of accomplishing which he counts it not loss to cast overboard all that is base, trifling or unworthy that he may strive more assiduously, and undividedly press forward to the mark of the prize of the high calling -- the satisfaction of a life well lived, the joyous realization of something worth-while attempted, something accomplished that may live and bless humanity long after he has passed on.

C. R. S.

#### CHEW WING GUM

##### Sez

May be I'm not very bright but they's some folks I can't understand.

'Frinstance:

Persons who try to use street car transfers long after the time has elapsed

Jewish people who eat in fish shops on Friday.

Fat people who have penchants for milk shakes.

Scotchmen who buy stamps from a slot machine.

Folks who blame the conductor when the train is late.

Motorists who toot their horns in a traffic jam.

People who occupy the best part of two seats in a street car.

And

Persons who go to the theatre with bad colds.

Can't understand them a tall; but then may be I'm not very bright.

#### CHINESE PROVERBS

##### From the Captain's Scrapbook

Of ten bald men nine are deceitful and the tenth is dumb.

Water that is distant is no good to put out fire that is near.

A great army may be robbed of its leader but nothing can rob one man of his will.

The melon seller always declares his melons sweet.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret G. Thomsen

PERSONALS  
Bennie Lai

Friday night, April 10, the "Chung Mei Review of 1931" was presented at the First Baptist Church of Berkeley. It was a benefit performance for the organ fund of the church and for the Chung Mei Building Fund. Each fund was enriched by a little over thirty-six dollars. Much credit for the success of the performance belongs to Miss Myrtle Miller who worked untiringly in the selling of souvenir programs and tickets.

Another Sunday night program - "Chung Mei Home in Song and Story," was presented at the Redwood City Baptist Church on the night of April 19. We had quite a time locating the new church, but after arriving we enjoyed the service with our friends there. Evidently they enjoyed it also, judging by the offering given us. They also served us with delicious sandwiches and chocolate at the close of the service.

The Chung Mei Boys have been busy the past month. A group of them presented a portion of the "Chung Mei Review" at the Westbrae Church as part of a benefit program for their church.

Eight of the Chung Mei Cadets, in full uniform, ushered at the annual meeting of the Bay Cities Baptist Union held at the Hamilton Square Baptist Church on the night of May 8.

We have had some interesting Sunday evening services the past few weeks. On the night of April 27 Miss Fannie Barton took charge. She brought with her a group of young people from the Thousand Oaks Baptist Church who favored us with musical selections - quartet and violin numbers - which were much appreciated.

The following Sunday evening Mr. Jevons and his daughter, Winifred, were with us.

On the 10th of May, Dr. B. C. Wong, a professor of Mathematics at the University of California, spoke to us in Chinese. We were also happy to have with us on that night, Rev. W. A. Petzoldt of the Crow Indian Mission, Montana. He told us a little bit about our Indian friends and sang an Indian song.

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

Carried Forward	\$ 401.05
Miss S. Rickert	1.00
Miss E. J. Sherman	5.00
Gonzales Baptist S. S.	10.00
Santa Cruz Baptist S. S.	10.00
	<u>\$ 427.05</u>

MANY THANKS

Palo Alto Bap. Ch. (offering)	\$ 10.00
Knox Presbyterian Ch. "	10.00
Alameda	5.00
Redwood City Bap. Ch.	
"	15.63
First Bap. Ch., Berk. (Review)	36.00
	<u>\$ 76.63</u>

Dr. Shepherd has left us for awhile to visit his parents in England.

Officer Fraser of Berkeley will be our "pop" for the time being, while "Captain" is away. He'll have a big job learning our names.

David Chew and John Gee have left us to go back to their parents. Kenneth and Bobby Choy have come to take their places.

Wayland Chan, Roland Chew and Johnson Chan have been promoted to the Senior Dormitory. Wayland is the new snoring champion since John Gee left.

Oliver Chin can do wonders with a piece of Ivory soap and a knife.

Mr. Louis Phelps, our study hour teacher, has left for Arizona. Mr. Lester Pugh has taken his place for the rest of the term.

George Wong and Benjie Wu have become officers on the Edison School Traffic Squad, and Dick and George Chin on the Hawthorne Squad.

Willie Gee is back from the hospital. The doctors "couldn't get anything on him." Anyway, we're glad he's back.

Our Lieutenant, Edward Tong, took a leading part in the one-act play "The Color Line," presented by the young people of the First Baptist Church of Berkeley. It has been presented three times with great success.

We are proud of the Band at Edison Jr. High. For the third consecutive year they have won first place in their division in the State Band Contest held at Sacramento. George Haw is a member of the band, and of course we rejoice with him in this success.

Willie Gee is hoping that "Captain" will bring back Alphonso's old crown for him to wear as King of Zandavia.

\* \* \* \* \*

WANTED -- Jobs of all kinds for our boys for Saturday and vacation time, in Berkeley or North Oakland. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask the woman who has hired one. Call Berkeley 1240.

\* \* \* \* \*

Roland Moon: "I've added those figures up ten times, Captain."

Captain: "Good boy."

Roland Moon: "And here are the ten answers, sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

"To God, thy country, and thy friend be true."

EXTRACTS FROM OUR CAPTAIN'S DIARY  
By Edward Tong and Margaret Thomsen

April 24th - On board "The Pacific Limited" crossing the Great Salt Lake. On the whole train there is only one crying baby. Of course it had to be in our car. The conductor said he thought I'd be lonesome if there was not some noise in the car. The sweet little dear slept all afternoon and stayed awake all night. We had such a nice time. There is an "All Day Lunch Car" on the train. John was very happy when he saw this, as he thought he could eat all day. We have lots of candy, fruit, etc. with us; yet the train "candy and peanut man" keeps poking his tray at us -- like trying to sell firewood to Chung Mei.

April 25th - On board "The Ak-Sar-Ben" De luxe Burlington Flyer. At the table where I am writing this there is a telephone, and if I could afford the price I could sit right here and talk to you at Chung Mei. I would tell you that I miss you very much.

April 26th - Arrived early morning at Minonk, Mrs. Shepherd's home. Preached at Baptist Church on "Paul Picking Up Sticks."

April 28th - Chicago - Windy and dusty. 'Nuff said.

April 29th to May 1st - Akron Ohio - At Mrs. Shepherd's brother's home. Visited Oberlin College. Went to see the giant airship "Akron" being built by the Goodyear Rubber Company for the United States Navy. Largest and fastest in the world. Attended Communistic outdoor meeting on May 1st. First experience with tear gas.

May 2nd - Washington D. C. - National Capitol. Smithsonian Institute - a world of interesting things depicting the history of the United States - governmental, military, industrial, economic - Lindbergh's plane, "Spirit of St. Louis;" a collection of vehicles showing the evolution of transportation; the flag which inspired the writing of the Star Spangled Banner; many war trophies; the uniform of the United States Army from the beginning until now; dresses of the wives of all the United States Presidents.

White House, Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial.

Mt. Vernon - home and tomb of George Washington.

Georgetown - University and site of General Washington's headquarters.

Arlington - Grave of Unknown United States Soldier. Mast of United States Battleship "Maine;" grave of General Leonard Wood, General Sheridan, World War soldiers. Residence of General Robert E. Lee.

May 3rd - Philadelphia - preached twice in Chinese. Saw a small parade of American Legion. Margaret said, "Gee, Daddy, this is the first time in my life I've seen a parade and didn't have to march in it." Evening - supper with Chinese friends in Germantown where Washington suffered defeat at the hands of the British before retreating to Valley Forge. Across the Delaware River on the longest one-span bridge in the world, to Camden, New Jersey, and back. Night - at Robert Morris Hotel which was named for Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Only hotel in the world having radio reception in every room.

May 4th - Philadelphia - Visited Congress Hall, at one time Capitol of the United States, and Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed and Washington made his inaugural address. New York - Delighted to get mail from Berkeley friends. With Dr. Smith visited the Empire State Building, tallest building in the world - 86 stories in main building, 16 in tower. Exactly one minute and a half to travel 102 stories. Dinner and evening with Dr. and Mrs. Smith.

May 5th - Attending to business and seeing something of New York. This is our last night in America until we return. Tomorrow night we shall steam out of the Hudson for the Old Country. We have all kept well so far, but that isn't saying anything about how we shall be thirty-six hours from now. The weather here is glorious. Here's hoping we shall find it the same on the Atlantic.

May 6th - More business, shopping. 8:30 boarded S. S. Aquitania. 10:00 P. M. In five minutes they are going to serve a meal. We are all going to eat so as to be sure of getting one meal. We shall be thinking very tenderly of you all as the boat pulls out and the shores of our dear America fade away.

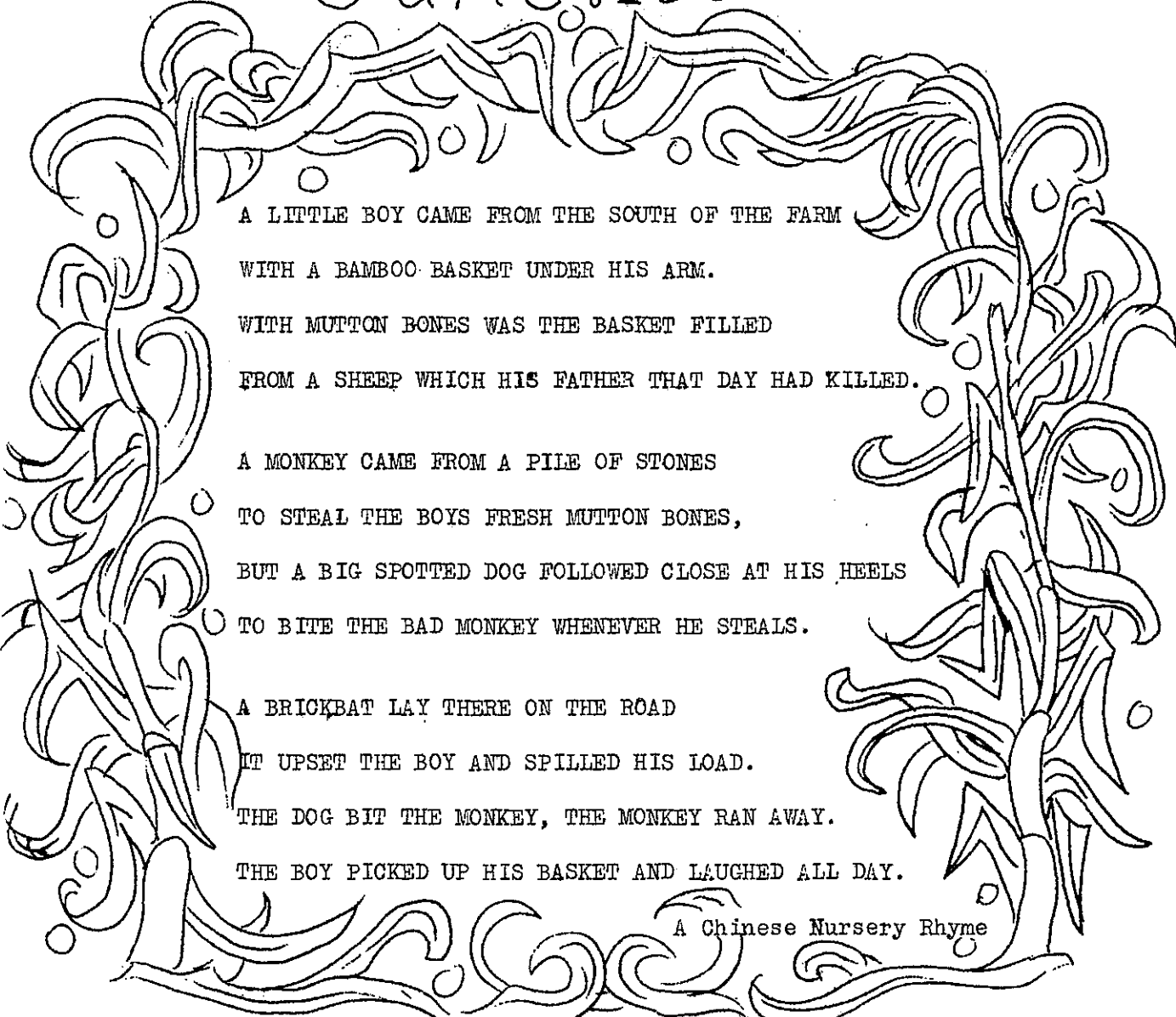
May 13th - Southampton (cable night letter) - Arrived safe and well after pleasant voyage. Thinking of you and hoping all are well and happy. Love. Captain.

# THE CHUNG MEI CHRONICLE

報月美中

月六年十二 國民華中

June, 1931



A LITTLE BOY CAME FROM THE SOUTH OF THE FARM  
WITH A BAMBOO BASKET UNDER HIS ARM.  
WITH MUTTON BONES WAS THE BASKET FILLED  
FROM A SHEEP WHICH HIS FATHER THAT DAY HAD KILLED.

A MONKEY CAME FROM A PILE OF STONES  
TO STEAL THE BOYS FRESH MUTTON BONES,  
BUT A BIG SPOTTED DOG FOLLOWED CLOSE AT HIS HEELS  
TO BITE THE BAD MONKEY WHENEVER HE STEALS.

A BRICKBAT LAY THERE ON THE ROAD  
IT UPSET THE BOY AND SPILLED HIS LOAD.

THE DOG BIT THE MONKEY, THE MONKEY RAN AWAY.

THE BOY PICKED UP HIS BASKET AND LAUGHED ALL DAY.

A Chinese Nursery Rhyme

George Young

J. Chan

Published monthly at Berkeley, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys, a charitable institution caring for under-privileged Chinese boys of tender years.

#### STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - Charles R. Shepherd  
Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. - Margaret Thomsen  
Ass't Editors - Edward Tong, Bennie Lai,  
Willie Gee, George Haw.  
Artists - Johnson Chan, George Wong.

#### EDITORIAL

##### SAY IT WITH DEEDS

"Gee," said the girl with the blond hair and the pink cheeks as she passed a glass of orange juice to the man in a brown suit. "Gee," but I wish I could of went to that funeral this afternoon."

Though the remark was not addressed to him, but to the girl's co-worker at the orange drink stand, the man in the brown suit smiled inwardly, thinking that perhaps here was one of those queer individuals who enjoy funerals.

"Why didn't ya go?" asked the girl's companion. "Couldn't get off," was the reply. Then, regretfully, "and I didn't even send her any flowers."

There was a brief pause, during which neither girl spoke, and the man in the brown suit quietly sipped his orange juice.

"But, gee, Mary," continued the pink-faced blonde, "I just couldn't afford it. You know Dad's out of work, and Ma's sick, and I have to count every nickle these days.

"You should worry," shrugged her companion, "ya did enough for her when she was alive. Ya spent plenty on her then, didn't ya?"

"Guess I did at that," murmured the blonde with the pink cheeks. "Reckon I took her riding every Sunday for about three months when she was sick, and many's the time I had hardly enough money to pay for the gas."

The man in the brown suit put down his glass. "Well," he said, "I don't know who you're talking about, but I'm quite sure the Sunday afternoon rides brought her more joy than all the flowers on her casket today."

Yes indeed. The man in the brown suit was right. Flowers at a funeral are sweet and comforting, but such deeds of ministrations as those performed by this working girl are priceless. "Say it with flowers," tho' a great national slogan, is after all but an expression of commercialism. To say

it with deeds is what we all need to learn more to do. Little deeds of kindness and thoughtfulness, a cheery word here, a helping hand there -- these are the things that count. A dollar spent to help lighten the load or cheer the heart during life is better than ten dollars worth of flowers on the bier.

A certain man was instructed to meet a certain other man when a ship arrived in port. "But how shall I know Mr. So and So," inquired the man who was receiving his instructions. "Look for a tall man doing a kindness for somebody else," was the reply.

What a tribute! We remember it was said of our Master, "He went about doing good." And what more could we wish, than that after we are gone some such thing may be said of us. C. R. S.

#### CHEW WING GUM Sez

Sittin' under the old pear tree t'other day I fell asleep and got to dreamin'. Dreamed I was watchin' a butterfly, one of them real purty little ladies with gorjus wings and slender-like bodies. She was just a flittin' and a flittin' from one flower to another. Didn't seem to be doin' nothin' speshel. Just havin' a good time like.

Not far off there was a little bee. Nothin' beautiful about her -- ornery lookin' little critter -- but she sure was busy, just a buzzin' and a buzzin' around them flowers for a fare-thee-well.

Then, seems like it was gettin' along towards evening, and I heard the butterfly talking. "Boy," she was a-sayin', "I shore had a good time today, just jazzin' around all over this garden."

And then the next thing I knowed I was talkin' to her myself. "Little butterfly," I sez, "What you got to show for all your jazzin'?" And believe it or not that little butterfly just didn't have a blessed thing to say.

'Bout that time I turns and sees the little old bee close by. "Say," sez I to the bee, "what you been doin' all day?"

"Busy?" sez I, I'll say you have. But what you got to show for all your buzzin'?"

"What I got to show?" sez the little bee. "I'll tell you. Way over there in that hive is a nice little store of honey that's going to taste mighty good on hot cakes one of these mornings -- but 'scuse me, I'll have to be going. Got quite a bit more to do before bedtime." And away she went.

Shore, I was only dreamin' but it set me thinkin'. Seems like we humans are sort of divided up -- they's bees among us; and they's butterflies.

Vacation days are here again, but the Chung Mei Boys are still busy. They are working a part of each day getting wood cut and stacked for next winter's sale. They are also spending a part of each day drilling as Chung Mei Cadets in order that they may have a snappy company when the time for camp arrives.

We have had some interesting letters from "Captain." We wish we might share more of them with our readers, but can only give you the few extracts found on the last page of this issue.

Officer Fraser has given us two treats during the last month. One night he showed a film depicting the city government of Berkeley. It was very interesting and instructive. Another night he brought a film of China - and also an extra treat, lots and lots of big cakes, delicious ones too. We are always glad to see him, whether he brings anything or not.

Of course Bennie couldn't write about himself in the Personals column, but we want you to know that he received his scholarship pin for the fifth consecutive term from Edison Jr. High School. We are mighty proud of his record.

Mr. Albert Tweedy, Mr. and Mrs. Leland, Mr. W. C. Granlund and Mr. Jevons have each given us an interesting Sunday evening service. We appreciate their coming.

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#### OUR MERIT SYSTEM

During the absence of the Superintendent, the Group Mothers are keeping a careful record of their boys' deportment. Every misdemeanor is recorded, likewise every meritorious act. Upon the return of the Superintendent there will be a balancing of accounts, and the following awards will be made:

1. For 80% good deportment - a 3" gold star to be worn on left pocket of uniform during period of camp.
2. For 85% good deportment - star as above plus exemption from all extra sentry work during period of camp.
3. For 90% good deportment - above two awards plus exemption from all regular woodyard during the month of August.
4. For 95% good deportment - the above three awards plus one-hundred percent liberty during period of camp.
5. For 100% good deportment - the above four awards plus complete exemption from K. P. during period of camp. (including making of own bed.)

Happy birthday to Mrs. Morrice! A wonderful dinner was prepared by Mrs. Young and Mrs. Chin Toy. Miss Dietz and Miss Barton were guests for dinner.

George and Dick Chin, Raymond Wong and Harry Chan took part in a violin recital at the Thousand Oaks school, in which five schools participated. They formed the "Chung Mei Quartet." It was a success and everybody enjoyed it.

Henry Chan has gone to Lake Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morley. He is working and having a good time. Let's hope he will tell us all about it when he comes back.

At the semi-annual scholarship assembly at Edison, George Wong was awarded a scholarship pin and certificate. Henry Chan also received a certificate.

Among recent visitors were: Lincoln Chan, Walter Lim, Joseph Gee, Willie Hall and Harry Fong. Hope they will come again.

Two boys have left us, Adam Wu and Roland Moon. Charles Tom and Hubert Yee have come to take their places.

Many of our boys graduated at the end of the term. Donald Hall, Eugene Som, Wayland Chan, George Chin, Oliver Chin, Milton Tom and Albert Young from Hawthorne, George Wong, Benjie Wu and George Haw from Edison, and Adam Wu from Berkeley High.

"Captain" sent us his diary of his trips over land and sea. It was read to us by Miss Thomsen during our morning service. We find it quite amusing.

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WANTED - Jobs of all kinds for our boys for Saturday and vacation time in Berkeley or North Oakland. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask the woman who has hired one. Call Berkeley 1240.

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#### WHAT IS SUCCESS?

It's doing your job the best you can,  
And being just to your fellow-man.  
It's figuring how, and learning why,  
And looking forward and thinking high,  
And dreaming little, and doing much.  
It's keeping always in closest touch  
With what is finest in word and deed.  
It's being clean and playing fair,  
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair  
It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth,  
And making better this good old earth,  
It's serving and striving thru strain  
and stress  
It's doing your noblest - that's success.

--Anonymous--



EXTRACTS FROM OUR CAPTAIN'S DIARY  
By Margaret Thomsen and Edward Tong

May 5th - 13th - On board Cunard Liner Aquitania en route to England.

First Day - Wakened to find sunshine and calm sea. Almost impossible to be seasick under such circumstances. All go to breakfast, but John and Margaret soon retreat to deck. Fellow passengers okeh. One man walking deck furiously. Now comes an athletic-looking woman -- walking is not enough for her, she insists on running. Looks like this deck will turn into a track meet before long. Mrs. Shepherd and I still feel fine. A few turns on the deck -- and thus ends a glorious day.

Second Day - Sea calmer than ever. All eat good breakfasts. Franklin Roosevelt, Governor of New York, a passenger. Also several famous opera stars. Ate good lunch, then came the calamity. One after another the Shepherd family went down in defeat. Ship tearing like mad to avoid icebergs and arrive on time.

Third Day - Spent by the entire family in disgrace and seclusion.

Fourth Day - Gradual improvement of entire family. Ate lunch on deck, but dared not attempt dining room. I ate cold roast beef sandwich loaded with mustard. The combination of bread and mustard makes an admirable mustard plaster, which inwardly administered is just as effective as outwardly.

Fifth Day - Feeling fine again. Sea still rough, but gradually getting calmer. The Captain of our vessel is a K. C. B. (Knight Commander of the Bath) -- not bathtub; and the first officer is a D. S. O. (Distinguished Service Order). Fine band concert this morning. After dinner a splendid concert in First Class, to which all were invited. Governor Roosevelt presided. Rosa Ponselle, Beniamino Gigli, Marek Windheim and Fausto Clewa, all opera stars, gave us a gorgeous evening.

Sixth Day - Now only 600 miles from England. We are now enjoying the trip and making friends. 5 P. M. Reception committee arrives, namely -- two seagulls, whereby we know that land is not far distant. 8 P. M. Flashes from Bishop's Lighthouse, which means that behind the mist on our left lies England. Another concert, and thus closes our last day at sea.

Wed. May 13th - Ship anchored in Cherbourg Harbor. To our right the hills of France. All passengers for the Continent leave us here. 7 A. M. Off again. 8 A. M. Breakfast. 10 A. M. Delayed by dense fog. Ship barely creeping along. San Francisco has nothing worse than this. I am disappointed at not seeing the Isle of Wight, one of my boyhood haunts. 2 P. M. Delayed in fog three hours. Again on the move. The Isle of Wight on our left, main coast of England on right. Hard bye is Southsea, where as a boy of twelve I first saw the ocean; which means that we are passing through almost the same spot where I first experienced seasickness. What a long way I am from you all! 2:30 Isle of Wight viewed in all her beauty. Crowning a grassy hill is Osborne Castle where Queen Victoria spent so much of her time. Just ahead, Cowes, where the King comes so often in his royal yacht, and where the world famous regatta is held. 3:30 Docked at Southampton. 4:30 Ashore. 5:00 Through customs, and we are IN ENGLAND.

Thurs. May 14th - Bought car in Southampton on repurchase plan and started for Devonshire. Car cost \$300 and the dealer signs agreement to buy it back after six weeks for \$180. There are a few other expenses such as insurance, licenses, etc., but they are not high. If I have no mishaps, net cost will be \$165 for use of car for six weeks. This of course does not include gasoline which is 32¢ a gallon. But that is not so bad as it sounds, because these light cars get more miles out of a gallon. At first it was strange driving on the wrong side of the road and shifting gears with the left hand. More over the roads are so narrow and winding. However, by the time I reached here I was quite used to it. We cannot travel so fast as at home owing to the nature of the roads. Furthermore, the pedestrians in England still have the right of way and make good use of it. They take their own good time in crossing the streets at any point they please; and of course nobody dares to run over them. It is not an unusual thing to have to almost stop your car while two persons finish a conversation which they are holding in the middle of the road. Arrived here nine o'clock night, of the 14th. Found my father better than I had expected. He is very feeble and hard of hearing, but he keeps up a good spirit. Each morning I take him for a short ride in the car, and for another ride in the afternoon.

Mon. May 18th - Took Father and the children to the little historic village of Duscham near here, where in 1688 William of Orange (afterwards William III) landed with 32,000 men to make secure the liberties of England and the Protestant religion. Later in the day Mrs. Shepherd, John, Margaret, and I drove over to Plymouth - 95 miles away. Saw the spot where the pilgrims embarked on the "Mayflower", and other historic spots. The English countryside is wonderful. Primroses and bluebells are blooming on every hand, the grass is so green, the air so bracing; but ever in my heart is that longing to be back at my job, to be with those with whom my life is so inseparably bound up.

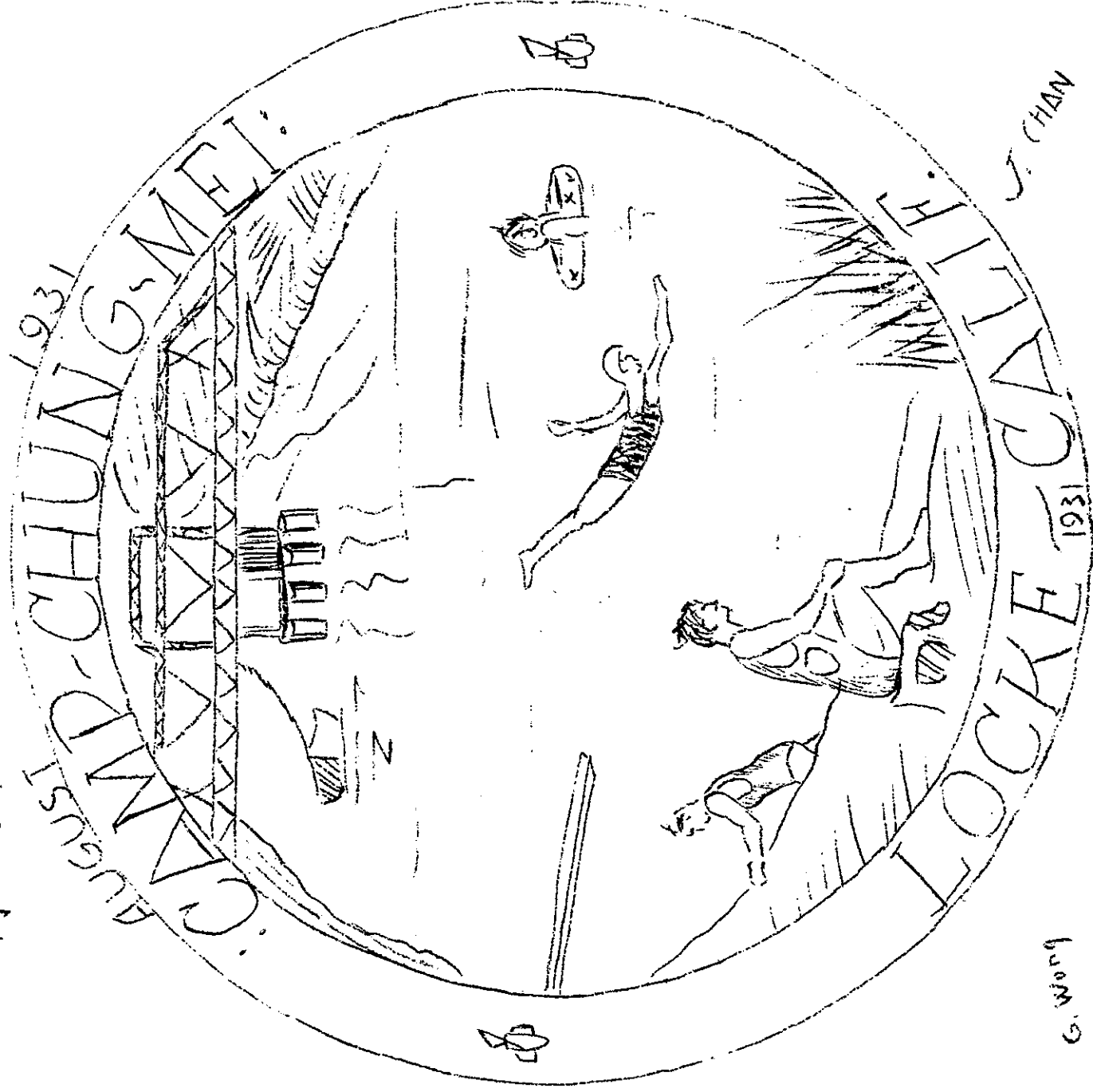
Vol. 3

No. 9

THE

*Chung Mei  
Chronicle*

報 月 美 中  
月 八 年 二 十 三 國 民 華 中



G. Wong

Published monthly at Berkeley, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys, a charitable institution caring for under-privileged Chinese boys of tender years.

CHEW WING GUM

Sez

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EDITORIALA JOYOUS HOMECOMING

It has been said that the best part of a trip to foreign shores is the joy of getting back home again, and we are inclined to think that that is correct.

When the last copy of our little paper reached our readers we were in Europe. It was good to be back there, to see again the loved ones from whom we had been separated so long, to visit once more the haunts of our childhood, to ramble around the old historic spots of England and France. There was, in all this, joy that cannot be estimated and satisfaction that cannot be gainsaid. But the greatest joy and satisfaction was, after all, in coming back home again. To see once more the coast line of America, the Statue of Liberty, the Hudson River, the skyscrapers of New York, and to breathe once more that intangible but real something which we are pleased to speak of as the "Spirit of America," to feel one's "heart within him burn" -- who could ask for a greater thrill than this?

But to us, homecoming was made unusually happy because of the splendid way in which our large and loyal family had carried on. A more faithful and efficient Staff it would be difficult to find. A more loyal and sportsmanlike group of boys it would be difficult to gather together. The spirit in which they welcomed us back was in itself indicative of the splendid way in which they had carried on during our absence. Their record had been magnificent and they knew it, and they could meet us with open, frank faces and merry smiles.

It will be recalled that in our last issue there was published an account of the merit system that would be employed during our absence, and it is with pride that we announce that more than forty of the boys made a grade of eighty per cent or over in deportment, and this in spite of the fact that the grading was quite strict. Of this forty, quite a number made ninety and ninety-five, while thirteen of them made the full one hundred per cent. Of such a record the Chung Mei Boys and the Chung Mei Staff may be justly proud.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. Reckon that's why the good Lord made us all different.

Gosh, did you ever figger what a big job it must be to make this world and keep it going -- every tree, every flower, every blade of grass different from all the rest; and every living soul different from all the rest? Some folks believe one way, some another; some like this, some that.

Good thing it is that way, 'cause it shore would be just terrible if everybody wanted the same thing. It's mighty lucky, f'rinstance that that thing about gentlemen preferring blondes ain't true, else what would become of all those good-looking brunettes?

Well, as I wuz saying, it takes all kinds of people to make a world, which means that if a feller wants to be happy, he must learn to get along with all kinds of people.

What's that? You don't like some people? That's nothing. Most probably they don't like you either, and that makes it fifty-fifty, don't it?

One thing sure, we can't make folks over again, so we better learn to take them as they are and make the best of them, I reckon. Matter of fact, 'taint so hard if we just halfway try.

\*\*\*\*\*

CHINESE PROVERBSFrom the Captain's Scrap Book

If you walk on snow you cannot hide your footprints.

Though living near forests, do not waste firewood.

A man cannot become perfect in a hundred years. He may become corrupt in less than a day.

Rats know the ways of rats.

That the wicked have plenty to eat is no indication of the approval of Heaven.

Look not at thieves eating fish, but look at them suffering punishment.

Virtue cannot live in solitude; neighbors are sure to grow up around it.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret G. Thomsen

Vacation days are over, and everybody is back at school again. We now have five boys in High School, seventeen in Jr. High and forty in the Elementary grades.

Some of you have seen our renovated living room, but only those who saw it before can appreciate the change in it now. Mr. Albert Tweedy, a member of our Chung Mei Board, is responsible for it. He secured all the paints and materials for us (donated by several companies), and with the assistance of the boys and Eddie made a beautiful room of it.

Captain says that we have sixty-two boys in the home, and sixty-three of them play jacks. You'd be surprised what a noisy game it is.

We have had several nice visits lately with the girls of Ming Quong. Two Sunday evening sing-songs were pleasant interludes -- we hope for both groups.

We now have our own traffic officers, Leslie Wu and Otto Lee. They are part of the Berkeley Junior Traffic Reserve and wear the uniform of that organization.

On Tuesday evening, August 18, thirty-five delegates to the Chinese Christian Convention in San Francisco visited us. We greatly enjoyed their visit and the talk given by Dr. Cheng of China.

We are now reviving our sacred musical drama, "Love Divine," with the hope that we may be invited to present it at the churches that have not as yet had it.

CHIPS AND CHUNKS FROM THE WOODYARD  
Edward H. Tong

During the summer we cut up large quantities of the Fir wood which we brought last year from Calistoga.

We are now ready to supply the demand, however large.

Our nice clean mill blocks and kindling from Pinedale, California, are a joy to handle. --.45 a sack, 3 for \$1.20.

We make prompt delivery. Our prices are the lowest in town.

We need your support in our efforts to help ourselves.

Try our Calistoga Fir, the best firewood buy in the East Bay district. We get many repeat orders on this.

We also have a fine supply of Eucalyptus wood.

Phone Berkeley 1240. ORDER NOW

PERSONALS  
Bennie Lai

Mrs. Merrige and Miss Thomsen are back from the first part of their vacations, and Miss Richert and Mrs. Chin Toy are now enjoying theirs.

Daniel and Percy Low and Henry Ding have left us. Edwin Lawyow, George Fong, Edward Chew and Barney Chan have come to take their places.

Miss Barton is with us, doing her bit to help out while other members of the staff are on vacation. We are glad to have her.

Benjie Wu received from his "sister" in Locke, a song called "Broken-hearted." We wonder why.

We were glad to have Mr. Tweedy spend several days with us in camp.

George Haw has had an operation on his leg, but is able to be about again.

Donald Hall, though very bashful, is not too bashful to draw pretty faces on his cords.

After camp Eddie Tong had a week's vacation. He spent it in Locke. Well, well!

Wayland Chan, not being satisfied with his other disfigurements, fell off the apparatus at school and broke his arm.

Miss Thomsen had a birthday this month, and sixteen of her girl friends from Melrose came out and gave her a surprise party.

The following boys made 100% in deportment during Captain's absence: Willie Gee, Benjie Wu, Frank Kwok, Henry Chan, Donald Hall, George Gee, Milton Tom, Harry Chan, Billy Wong, Jack Wong, George Chan, Arthur Chan and the writer of this column.

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

Mrs. Minnie Riegel	\$ 10.00
Judge Jesse W. Curtis	25.00
Miss Lillian T. Larrabee	5.00
Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Riggs	5.00

\* \* \* \* \*

Don't worry if your job is small  
And your rewards are few.  
Remember that the mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE CAMP DIARY OF A CHUNG MEI CADET

By Lieutenant Edward H. Tong

July 18. Arrived safely at Camp Chung Mei, Locke, California, 7 p. m. No more serious trouble than boiling of our engines due to terrific heat. "Nancy Lee" hauled the gang, and faithful old "Kentucky Babe," as usual, carried the baggage. By 10 p. m. we all had hit the hay for a much deserved rest.

July 19 Mrs. Young, our plump culinary artist, found that her army cot was so narrow that she was obliged to get out of bed every time she wanted to turn over. Cadet George Haw, for his generous offer to feed starving mosquitos, rewarded with a startling plumpness of face, thus becoming known as "Round Steak."

July 20 Mr. Tweedy parked Captain's car in an alley. Traffic officer, mistaking it for a stolen car, had it towed to a distant garage. Cost Captain \$3.00 to get it back.

July 21 Route march in morning. Swimming in afternoon. Evening sing-song was made more enjoyable by the addition of new verses to the famous "Song of the Cadets."

July 22 A delightful excursion to Sacramento. We were treated to a splendid seven course Chinese dinner by the proprietor of Hang King Restaurant.

July 23 Drill in morning. Swimming in afternoon. Our shy but handsome cadet, Donald Hall, is puzzled by the strange attraction he holds for the belles of this town. He might easily become the sheik of the town, were it not for his odd propensity for running in the wrong direction. "Professor" Harry Lee always has a record-breaking audience to admire his skillful "frog" diving.

July 24 Route march in morning. Swimming in afternoon. Mrs. Morrice, Miss Barton, Miss Thomsen and her family visited us.

July 25 Our first sham battle, known as "capture the town." The company was divided into two equal armies. The object was to capture the town by means of the number of men crossing the boundary without being tagged. Each army takes its turn at attacking and defending. The army having most men enter the town safely wins. The first army, commanded by Second Lieut. Bennie Lai, attacked the town and won the battle from the second army, commanded by First Lieut. Edward Tong. Much skill was displayed by the winning army when it outmaneuvered the defenders. The contest was played in a clean and sportsmanly manner, and for that reason was all the more enjoyable to the participants. "To the winner goes the spoils," so, following that tradition, the defeated army, after being marched through town as prisoners of war, had to treat the winning army.

July 26 Church parade in Rio Vista. Afterwards we were served a delicious lunch.

July 27 The second battle for Locke was a well fought contest won by the second army commanded by Lieut. Tong. A good-natured razzing followed the victory.

July 28 The Court-Martial decided that two men should face the firing squad, one for neglect of duty that allowed several of the enemy to pass his post unmolested, the other for disobeying orders which exposed his army to danger. These cadets were stripped of their shirts, blindfolded and made to face an imitation firing squad. Then at the right moment Lieut. Bennie Lai burst a paper bag and Captain hit them both in the head with a ripe juicy tomato. Thus the Company learned the lesson that a man must be true to his trust.

July 29 Party at S. P. wharf. All the town invited, and many came to join in the evening's foolishness. After the party we were given a Chow Mein feed by the citizens of the town.

July 30 Through the efforts of our Captain we have a new song, "Pull for Chung Mei," sung to the tune of "Anchors Aweigh."

July 31 Another treat from the town, a chicken dinner. Did we eat? 'Nuff sed.

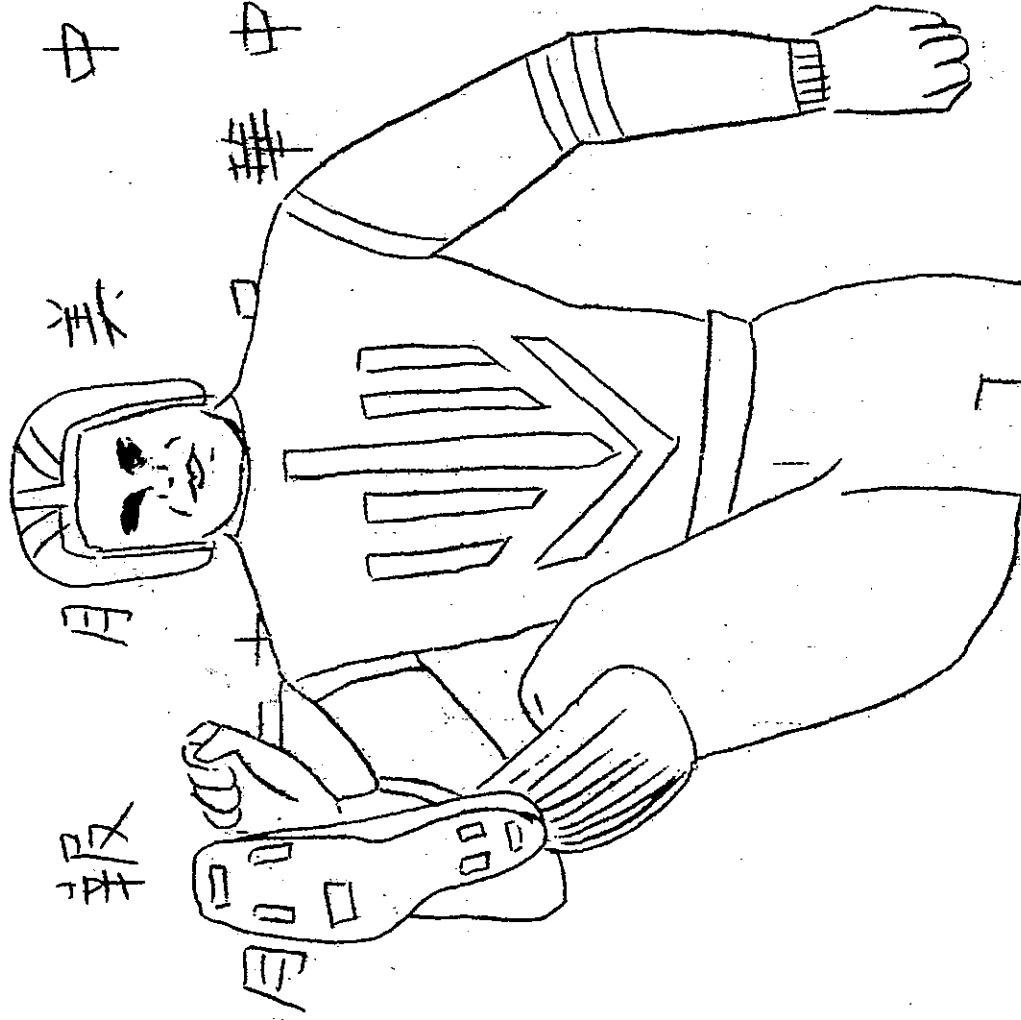
Aug. 1 Serenaded the town in a truck, with piano on board. Following this came the great event -- the pajama parade, this time made unique by use of false noses and beards. The people of the town took to the idea and joined in the celebration by shooting off firecrackers.

Aug. 2 Church parade in Sacramento (First Baptist). Delicious lunch served by the ladies. In evening, closing service of camp. Captain spoke on "Having a Purpose in Life." Taps; and thus ended the finest camp in the history of Chung Mei Home.

WOLFE NO 10

CHINESE

CHRONICLE



G. Wong

1933  
3/19  
WOLFE

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#### EDITORIAL

##### PUNCTUALITY

A certain fiction writer gives us an entertaining picture of an interesting European count who never failed to keep an appointment and was always on time.

Precisely on the stroke of the clock - never one moment before, or a second after - this picturesque individual would appear at his appointed rendezvous calm, cool, and smiling, immaculately groomed and faultlessly dressed. Just a little whim of his, the writer informs us, but a very charming one, and one thoroughly pleasing to those who had business dealings or social contacts with him.

We have often thought that we would like to be able to emulate the example of this debonair count, but have found it exceedingly difficult to do so.

Whatever may have been true of the times in which he is supposed to have lived we are of the opinion that in these days when life is a thing so complex it is quite doubtful whether any ordinary individual could so govern his life as to maintain such standards of promptness and punctuality. However sincerely one may wish to be prompt and punctual in keeping appointments with others there are so many chances for interruption and so many unforeseen intrusions upon one's time, that no matter how well one may plan his day it is almost impossible to carry out one's plans entirely, or to be always on time in keeping one's appointments.

That such is the case, however, should not serve as an alibi, for carelessness or indifference in fulfilling one's obligations or in keeping one's word. A promise made to another to be at a certain place at a given time should be regarded as an obligation, release from which may come only through the rise of circumstances over which one has no control. To wantonly make another conflicting appointment or to just simply fail to turn up is, it seems to us, decidedly unethical.

And yet, how many there are who are habitually guilty of just such breach of

ethics. To such it is a matter of small moment that they turn up a half hour late for an appointment or even in some cases fail to appear at all.

Perhaps they do not realize that in the long run they are hurting themselves more than those with whom they fail to keep faith. A man comes to be known for his punctuality or his lack of it, and by that knowledge others judge him; and it is well for all to remember that a man seldom becomes so important that he can afford to be a trifler in this respect.

We were personally acquainted with a preacher in the Southland who became notorious for his habitual failure to keep appointments; and we recall how, upon one occasion, we were at his side when instead of being greeted as he had expected by an audience of more than a thousand persons he arose to face nine.

Let us reiterate that failure to keep appointments punctually may sometimes be excused on account of the complexity of the times in which we live, but carelessness and indifference in this respect may easily become a vice.

C. R. S.

#### BITS OF CHINA

From the Editor's Collection

There are four hundred million Chinese in the world.

That means that every fourth person in the world is Chinese - don't say Chinaman.

Strange as it may seem, they all speak the Chinese language fluently and seem to experience no more difficulty in learning it than we do in learning English.

They all have black hair, brown eyes, spatulate noses,

The reason they dubbed Westerners "Foreign Devils" is to be found in the above fact and following explanation.

Before the white man invaded the shores of China, the Chinese had never seen a man with blue eyes, fair hair, pointed nose, and ruddy complexion. Obviously, such a being could not be a man, therefore he must be a devil.

Nothing funny about that. There are lots of Americans today who think that because a man does not believe as they do he must be a heathen.

"All Chinese look alike to me," says somebody. Why shouldn't they? They are a pure race. Their blood has never been tainted nor their features distorted by the intermingling of a myriad different types.

TWO BOOKLETS YOU WILL WANT  
TO GET

Our readers will observe that with this issue of our paper the columns "Chew Wing Gum Sez" and "Chinese Proverbs" are discontinued, and their places filled by "Bits of China."

Acting upon the suggestion of some of those who have enjoyed these two columns, Superintendent Charles R. Shephard has brought together the material which appeared therein and is now publishing it in attractive booklet form.

The Proverbs appear as "101 Chinese Proverbs," bound in scarlet and lettered in gold. Chew Wing Gum's philosophy appears as "Rambling Ruminations," bound in purple and lettered in gold. The price is twenty-five cents each.

This work is part of the Superintendent's personal contribution to the Chung Mei Building Fund, and all profits derived therefrom go to that purpose. Every reader of the Chronicle is therefore urged to send for a copy of each of these booklets right away. (Stamps okeh). They will make an attractive addition to your own collection, and we think they will serve as charming little Christmas gifts. Send for one and see. We are sure you will agree with us.

The Editors.

P. S. If you wish to have your copy autographed, kindly say so.

CHIPS AND CHUNKS FROM THE WOODYARD  
Edward H. Tong

Now is the time for the wise to lay in a good supply of firewood in preparation for a cold winter.

Chung Mei wood is just the thing. It builds a warm, cozy fire. It burns with sparkling vivacity, providing dancing flames and fine glowing embers. Invest in the warmth and comfort which our wood provides.

We are proud of the fact that every boy in Chung Mei Home recently made a personal contribution toward famine relief in China. The money which they have pledged they are now earning by doing extra work in the woodyard. It will mean many hours of hard labor for them, for they were very generous in their response to this great need.

The woodyard will advance this money, but that will mean that we will have to sell more wood. In order to do this we are offering our celebrated Calistoga Fir and Pinedale kindling blocks at 10% discount for the next six weeks only. Here's a chance to help yourself and help us to help others.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret G. Thomsen

During our three-day school holiday we had both work and play. The rest of our fine Eucalyptus wood was brought down from the hills and a good part of it sawed up. You'll enjoy this wood in your fireplace during the winter months.

On Admission Day our good old "Nancy Lee" transported us to the hills back of Leona Heights where we enjoyed a picnic and hike.

Those of you who have enjoyed the philosophies of "Chew Wing Gum" and the wisdom of the "Chinese Proverbs" in our Chronicle will be interested in knowing that they will soon be available in booklet form. The covers will be in purple and gold and scarlet and gold. They will make attractive and inexpensive gifts for your friends, and all profit goes to our Building Fund.

On Sunday evening, September 13, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, on furlough from their field in the Congo, spoke to us at our service. We thoroughly enjoyed their stories, and hope they will come back very soon.

We want to let you know in plenty of time (so that you can be saving your nickles and dimes) about the bazaar we are planning for November. Many of the boys are already making articles to be sold at that time, and are eagerly planning to help in various ways. You will hear more details later, but keep it in mind when you are thinking of Christmas gifts. (See the following page.)

Besides learning to help themselves, our boys learn to help others. Last year they contributed out of their own earnings one-hundred dollars to the Chinese Mission in San Francisco. They are now hard at work in the woodyard trying to earn fifty dollars to send toward the famine relief in China.

On Saturday, September 19, the Chung Mei Cadets, sixty strong, took part in the Berkeley Music Festival, and thus did their part to help the Berkeley Public Schools raise their fund for musical instruments.

We are badly in need of a rug (9 x 12) for our Staff living room.

Also, we wish that some patriotic organization would present us with a new American flag. The silk one given to us seven years ago is almost in shreds.

We were delighted to have a visit from a group of girls from Ming Quong Home last Sunday afternoon. If they would come more often our boys would soon get over their shyness.



# GIGANTIC BAZAAR AND FESTIVAL CHUNG MEI TO HAVE 3 GALA DAYS

## ALL FORMER EVENTS TO BE SURPASSED

On November 5, 6, and 7 there will be held at Chung Mei Home one of the greatest events in its history. There have been other great occasions and outstanding events, but these will pale into insignificance in the light of the elaborate festivities which are being planned for these three days, and to which hundreds of people are expected to flock from many miles around.

## EVERY ONE OUT TO DO HIS BIT

Imbued with their characteristic spirit of loyalty, and impelled by an intense determination to do their utmost to usher in a day when Chung Mei Home will no longer have to exist in an industrial community surrounded by all manner of unlovely environment, every boy and each member of the staff are stoutly united in one great purpose; namely, to do his bit to help raise the large sum of money needed for a new building. To this end there is being prepared for the friends of Chung Mei a bazaar of striking magnitude.

## CHINESE ART AND FANCY GOODS

The merchants of Chinatown, and other Chinese friends, have most generously responded to our appeal. As a result there will be at your disposal a gorgeous display of Chinese art and fancy goods transported from the Oriental bazaars. Prices will not be exorbitant. In no case will they be above store prices - in many cases they will be lower. Furthermore, there will be a preponderance of inexpensive articles suitable to the purse of all. What an opportunity to buy Christmas presents.

## USEFUL AND ATTRACTIVE ARTICLES MADE BY THE CHUNG MEI BOYS

In addition to the above there will be one whole room devoted to a remarkable display of articles made by our own boys who have been untiring in their efforts to prepare for this occasion. There will be book racks, magazine stands, book ends, telephone book covers, Christmas cards, etc.

## YOUR PICTURE HAND-DRAWN IN 15 MIN.

Our young Chinese artist who has distinguished himself by his drawings of George Washington, Sun Yat Sen and others,

will be on hand to draw for you a picture of yourself that you can give to your friends.

And then of course you must not fail to visit the weird

## GROTTO OF SMELLS

There, in the pale green light and cavernous silence you will be introduced to twenty-five distinct odors, and given an opportunity to name them.

To each and every one naming them correctly will be awarded an attractive prize.

Last but not least there will be the

## ORIENTAL RESTAURANT AND TEA GARDEN

Where, amidst the exotic settings of the Far East you may sip the fragrant Jasmine tea, nibble delectable Almond Cakes or feast upon the more elaborate dishes for which the land of Old Cathay is so justly noted.

Or, if your taste does not incline toward the delicacies of the Flowery Kingdom, you may satisfy your appetites with such commonplace dishes as ham and eggs, hamburger or hot dogs, with coffee and sinkers to boot.

Do not waste time by going home from your work. Plan to meet your family in the delightful confines of the Chung Mei Tea Garden, there together eat your evening meal and there will be no dishes to wash at home.

Why not come in groups - Sunday school classes, clubs, and guilds? Let us provide you a table or a nook where together you may feast and frolic.

## THOSE WHO CANNOT COME

We realize that there will be many who read this page who are so far removed from us that they cannot possibly come. We regret that such is the case. We shall miss you, and we are sure you will regret your inability to help us in this great undertaking.

But hold on a minute! Do not be so sure you cannot help us. Though you cannot come, perhaps you can send us something that we can sell. Anything will be acceptable - fancy goods, candy, fruit; and, if you wish to have a part in this and have no articles to send us, a small sum of money with which we can purchase something will be very greatly appreciated.

VOLS

NO 11

CHUNG MEI

CHRONICLE

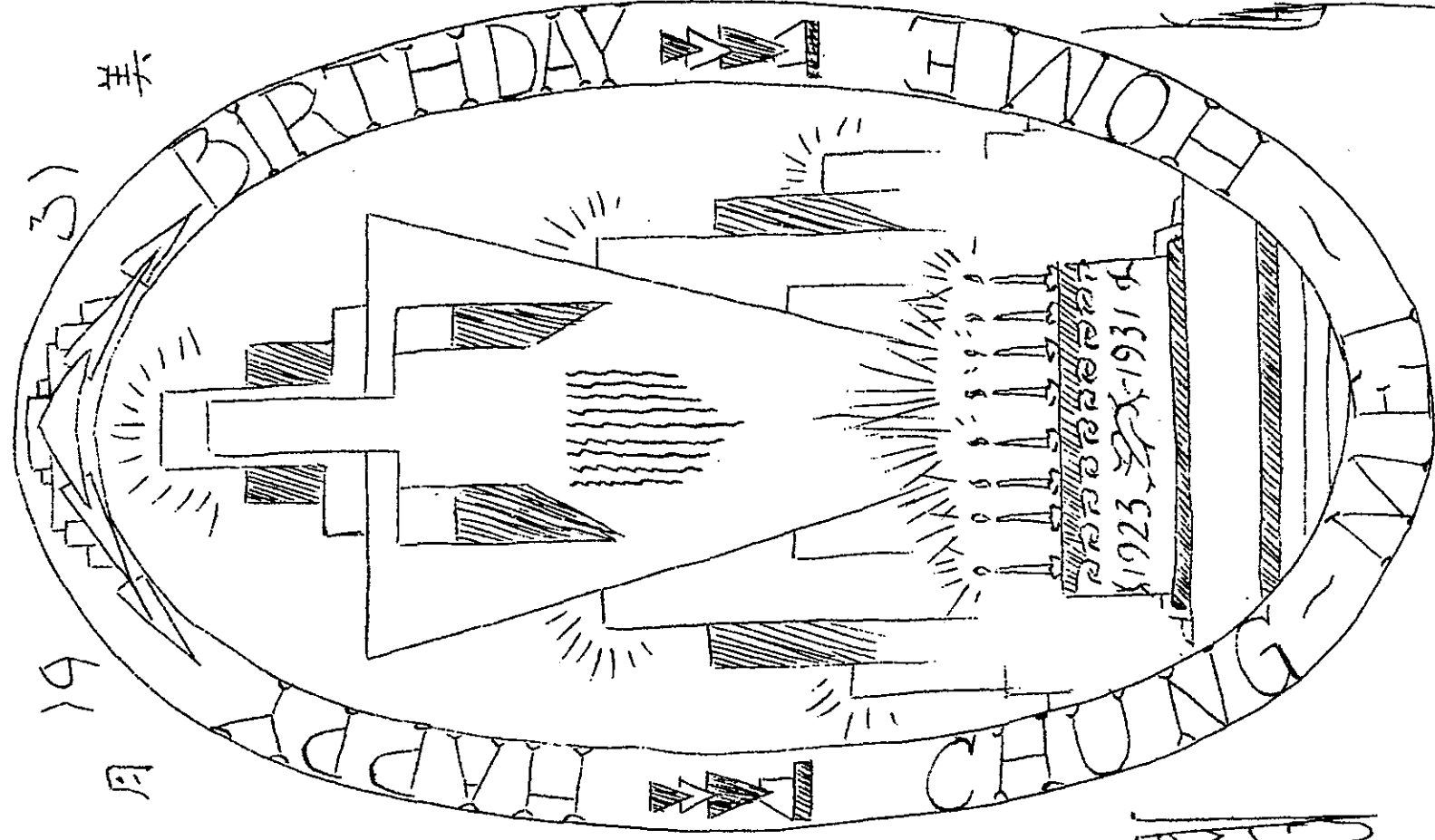
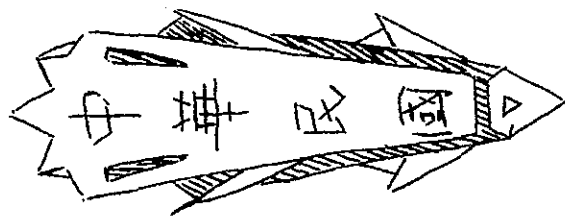
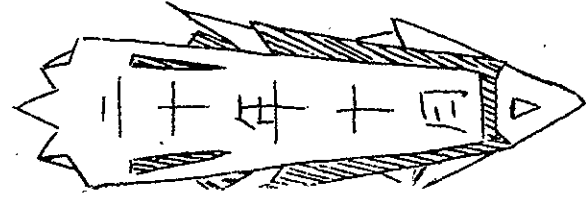
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Published monthly at 3000 Ninth Street, Berkeley, California, by the Chung Mei Home, an institution caring for underprivileged Chinese boys of tender years.

#### STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - Charles R. Shepherd  
Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. - Margaret Thomsen  
Ass't. Editors - Edward Tong, Bennie Lai,  
Willie Gee, George Haw.  
Artists - Johnson Chan, George Wong.

#### EDITORIAL

##### THE FLAG

A little more than fourteen years ago we returned to this country after a sojourn of nearly four years in the Orient.

The United States had but a few months before entered into the world conflict by declaring war on Germany. Everywhere an intense feeling of patriotism prevailed, a fervent spirit of loyalty was dominant. Our national flag was to be found flying from a million poles that a short time before had not existed. The nation was hearing and responding nobly to the call to service and sacrifice. Everybody was obsessed of the idea of doing his "bit." Parades and patriotic demonstrations were the order of the day; and to fail to properly reverence the flag, to uncover and stand at attention or to salute as it was carried into a church or other meeting place was sufficient to draw upon one the anger, or even violence, of the crowd. We recall seeing men have their hats knocked off and other indignities inflicted upon them for failing to render proper reverence and respect to the Flag.

How things have changed. On countless occasions during the past few years we have seen the flag of our country carried in parades while throngs lined either side of the street, and we have been pained and incensed to note that but few men uncovered or made any manifestation of respect for the Flag. Many times we have seen the colors carried in state into a church well filled with supposedly patriotic Americans, and not a soul has risen to his feet.

To say that we are at peace and to contend that such manifestations are for war time only is absurd. The Flag of the United States of America stands as a representative of our great Republic, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all; and as such it should at all times and in all places receive due consideration and respect. The salute and reverence to the Flag had its origin in a definite purpose on the part of our forefathers to cultivate

a feeling of patriotism among the people of the nation, and we are strongly of the opinion that love of country and of the principles for which we as a nation claim to stand are in danger of diminishing as respect for the flag is weakened.

We have under our care and protection sixty-odd Chinese boys whom we are endeavoring to teach, among other things, love and respect for the country and flag of their adoption; and we sometimes find it rather embarrassing when so many American citizens fall short in this respect.

C. R. S.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### BITS OF CHINA

From the Editor's Collection

The Chinese are great copyists - consummate imitators. They are past masters in the art of acting. Take that any way you please.

Give a village carpenter a Sears Roebuck catalogue, show him a picture of what you want and he will produce it. He will take his time about it, but it will probably be a more durable article than one you would ship from America.

Sometimes, however, their imitative propensity is unaccompanied by mental astuteness and the result is somewhat ludicrous. A certain missionary once went out into the kitchen as the cook was preparing to make a cake. He noticed that the cook broke an egg, threw it out the window, broke another and proceeded to mix the ingredients. On being asked why he threw the perfectly good egg away, he replied that that was the way the missionary's wife had taught him to do. Upon further investigation the missionary found that when his wife had taught this cook to make a cake the first egg had been had and she had thrown it away. Ever since then this painstaking cook had always broken one egg and thrown it away before proceeding to make a cake.

Americans as a rule do not like Chinese drama. That is because they do not understand it. On the Chinese stage there is little or no scenery, for the simple reason that the Chinese have sufficient imagination to get along without the assistance of such props. The fact that the dead villain may, after the close of the play, get up and walk off the stage does not bother anybody because all sensible people know that the play is over, and anyhow nobody believes that villains are really killed on the stage, so why bother with the secrecy of the curtain.

BOOKLETS SELLING  
FAST

In the last issue of our paper we announced the forthcoming appearance of two little booklets by Superintendent Charles R. Shepherd -- namely "One-Hundred and One Chinese Proverbs" and "Rambling Ruminations," and urged our readers to secure copies of them and help our Building Fund.

These two little books are now off the press and are selling fast. The "Chinese Proverbs" appeared two weeks ahead of the "Rambling Ruminations" and already more than five hundred copies have been sold, and plans are on foot for a second edition.

Only a few of these sales, however, were made to readers of the Chronicle. If every one of the eight hundred persons who receive a copy of the Chronicle this month send us an order for one copy of each booklet, think how that would help our Building Fund.

We are sure that you will be delighted with these little books. They are just the thing for attractive and inexpensive Christmas presents, and many people are buying them for that purpose, and urging their friends to do the same.

Won't you send in your order right away and join the ranks of those who are helping Chung Mei Home to help herself?

The Editors.

P. S. Be sure to say if you want them autographed.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHIPS AND CHUNKS FROM THE WOODYARD  
Edward H. Tong

We are particularly pleased when we get repeat orders from old customers, for it is a true indication to us that our wood and our prices are satisfactory, and we have had many such repeat orders lately.

We are also pleased when we are called upon to serve new customers, for we know from past experience that our wood will satisfy.

If you, the reader, have never ventured to try the Chung Mei brand of fuel, we urge you to lose no time in becoming acquainted with our enterprise, and we are sure that you also will become one of our steady customers.

Telephone your orders to Berkeley 1240 and lay in a supply of nature's best heat producer -- Chung Mei wood.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY  
Margaret G. Thomsen

The seventh of this month marked the eighth anniversary of the founding of Chung Mei Home. On Sunday morning, October eleventh, an anniversary service was held at the First Baptist Church of Berkeley. Our whole Chung Mei family, boys and staff, were present -- the boys in full dress uniform. Rev. George Derbyshire, pastor of the church, spoke very appropriately on "What about Faith?"

Another very important event was the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Republic of China. On that day, October 10th, the Chung Mei Cadets participated in full dress uniform, with color bearers and drum corps, in the San Francisco parade in which every Chinese organization in San Francisco took part. From the comments of spectators, as well as from our own observation, we have every right to be proud of the showing the Chung Mei Cadets made.

A short variety program was presented before the Berkeley Elks on Wednesday night, October 7.

Plans for the coming bazaar are progressing rapidly. Be sure to remember the dates, November 5, 6, and 7, and of course the bazaar is to be held right here at Chung Mei Home.

The Chung Mei brothers of Ming Quong girls enjoyed a visit with their sisters at Ming Quong on Sunday afternoon, October 11th.

Our additional room in which are housed the six boys who formerly slept in the tent is now completed and its occupants happy.

Several of our readers have sent us attractive articles to be sold at our bazaar. For these we are exceedingly thankful. We shall be delighted to receive any others.

We are still badly in need of that rug (9 x 12) for our staff living room.

Also, we are still wishing for some patriotic organization or person to present us with a new American flag. The silk one given to us seven years ago is almost in shreds.

We very much enjoyed a visit from Dr. R. E. Chambers of China who spoke to us in Chinese at one of our Sunday evening services.

We are glad to have Mrs. Morrice back with us after her very happy vacation spent in Sonoma County.

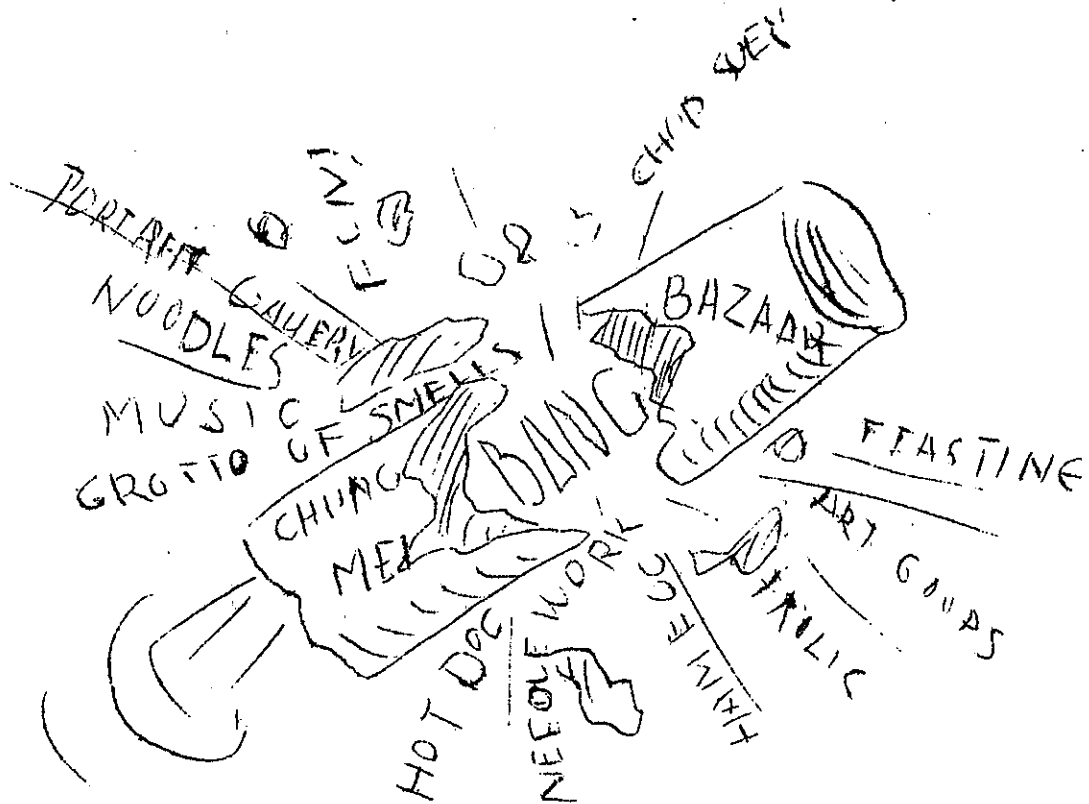
THERE-ISNT-ANY



ABOUT-IT  
OUR BAZAAR IS BOUND

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---GO ~ OFF ~ WITH ~ A ---



YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT.

ANYHOW, WE KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO.

COME JOIN WITH THE FROLICSOME CROWD OF GAY MERRYMAKERS.

LISTEN TO THE SWEET VOICES OF THE CHARMING DAUGHTERS OF NEW CATHAY.

AVAIL YOURSELVES OF THE UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE

BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL THINGS AT PRICES THAT WILL PLEASE YOU

AND

REGALE YOURSELVES TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT IN THE CHUNG MEI TEA GARDEN

COME!

COME!

COME!