

VOL 4 NO. 1

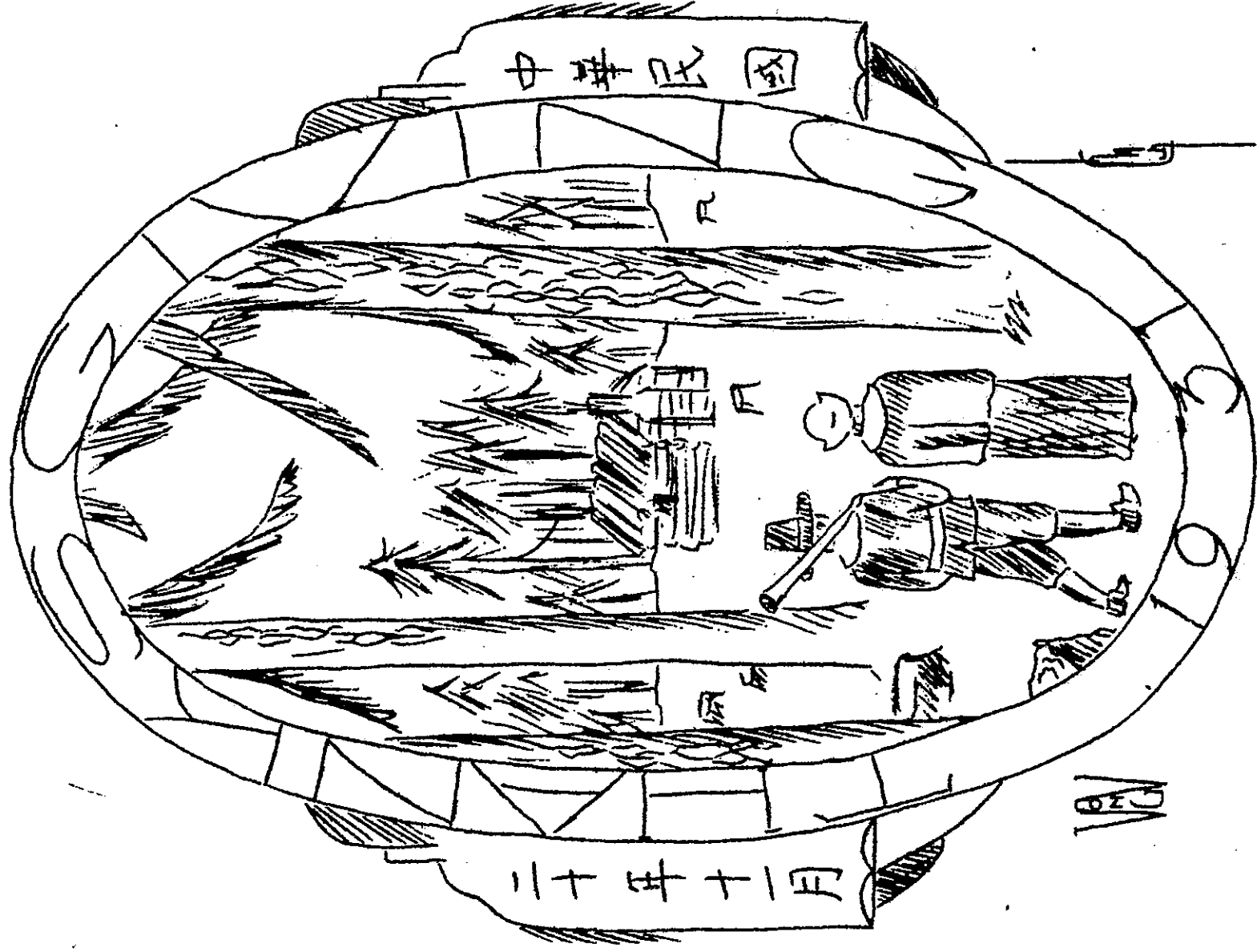
CHUNG MEI

CHRONICLE

NOVEMBER

報月

美 中



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 G. Thomsen
Ass't. Editors - Edward Tong, Willie Gee,
George Haw, Edwin Lawyow.
Artists - Johnson Chan, George Wong.

EDITORIAL

THANKSGIVING

"Thanksgiving!" snorted the sour-faced pessimist. "What is there to be thankful for? Conditions are just terrible all over the country. Business is all shot to pieces. The farmers are in an awful fix; and there is more unemployment than ever before in the history of the nation. Banks are going broke and business concerns failing every day. Yes, sir! And I am looking for it to get worse. This is going to be a terrible winter. Why I was told the other day, etc. etc." And everywhere he went he told the same story.

And among those who heard him were many who caught some of his spirit, pondered over his words and worried about them. The man who had intended buying a new suit and the woman who had planned to buy a new dress decided to wait until times were better, thereby adding to the business slump. The couple who had expected to have repairs and painting done on the old home changed their minds; and a woman decided to dismiss her maid and save her money against darker days; thus was augmented the problem of unemployment. Several timid souls withdrew all their savings from the bank and placed them for safer (?) keeping in the bottoms of their trunks; and others who heard what they had done followed suit. One man decided to materially reduce his weekly contribution to his church, and another cut in half the amount he had intended to give to the Community Chest.

Thus the seed which the pessimist sowed brought forth fruit abundantly; but it was fruit that was bitter to the taste.

"Let us be thankful!" smiled the one who had schooled himself to look upon the bright side of things. "Times are getting better the country over. Business is on the upgrade. Organized effort is creating employment for thousands. The rise in the price of grain is helping the farmers. Money is loosening up. People are beginning to spend again. Why, the other day I heard etc. etc." And with smiling assurance he repeated the same story everywhere he went.

And among those who heard him many took heart. A man who had been hesitating decided to give his outfitter a boost

by buying a new suit right away. A woman who had intended to buy a new dress, bought hat and shoes also. Several decided to give jobs to the unemployed by brightening up the house and garden. Some went to their trunks, dug out what they had buried in a day of panic and placed it for safer keeping in the savings bank.

So the seed which the optimist sowed brought forth much fruit, and it was fruit sweet to the taste.

Let us be thankful! And let us show our gratitude at this time by giving the other fellow something to be thankful for.

C. R. S.

BITS OF CHINA

From the Editor's Collection

The Chinese are expert bargainers. They can outjew the Jew. Jews do not prosper in China, and Scotchmen find it difficult to drive a bargain that leaves them with a comfortable, satisfied feeling.

The Superiority Complex, which dates back at least to the time of Confucius, is strong in all Chinese merchants; and its application embraces their wares as much as themselves. They are thoroughly convinced that what they have to sell, whether material or labor, is good, very good -- well at least a little bit better than that offered by others. Therefore it is only natural and logical, and certainly not unethical, that they should demand a higher price for it.

Once a bargain is made, however, there is no attempt made to dodge it. Business integrity is one of the foundation pillars upon which rests the whole structure of China's national life and international relationships.

I do not like the term "Chinaman," neither do my Chinese friends; but the expression "A Chinaman's word is as good as his bond" is one that is forever on the lips of those who have business dealings with the Chinese.

In trading with the Chinese one may not perhaps, make a big margin of profit, but he at least knows that he is getting what he bargained for. This is more than can be said of some other Orientals.

Furthermore, a Chinese always pays his bills. A traveling salesman for one of the largest business concerns in America once told me that in the matter of meeting their obligations the Chinese ranks first among all the nationalities with which they had dealings - not excluding the American. If there be found in this country a modicum of Chinese of the younger generation who do not measure up to the above standards it must be charged up to the fact that they have become too Americanized.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Most of our energies during the past month have been centered around the bazaar, but we have still found time for a few extra activities.

The Chung Mei Football team has played three games to date, two of which were victories. The first game with the Chinese Congregational team was won with a score of 38- 0. The return game with the same team was won with a score of 12- 7. The Fox-Campus defeated us 12- 13. We are, however, to play a return game with them also, and hope for better luck then.

Under the auspices of the Thousand Oaks Lodge of Masons, the Chung Mei Review was presented at the Masonic Home in Decoto. About three hundred people were present and enjoyed the program. The Lodge has asked that we make the visit an annual one.

A variety program was also presented at the annual meeting of the Royal Arcanum Lodge, held at the Hotel Alameda, and was enthusiastically received.

The last meeting of the Board of Directors of Chung Mei Home was turned into a painting bee. Captain, Mr. Tweedy, Mr. Davidson and Mr. Forbes all donned overalls and wielded paint brushes. As a result our dining room and back hallway are much more presentable.

The second edition of "101 Chinese Proverbs" is already off the press. The first edition of one thousand copies sold in six weeks. How's that?

On Thursday night the whole Chung Mei family enjoyed the picture, "The Spirit of Notre Dame" as guest of the manager of the Oaks Theatre, Berkeley.

OUR BAZAAR

By
Mrs. A. C. Morrice

Our Bazaar was a success in every way.

Financially? Well, we would not have minded making more money than we did, but the net profit amounted to about \$600, and in these hard times we will have to admit that was really good.

Then the friendships were heartwarming, for our friends, both Chinese and American stood by us nobly. It would be almost impossible to name all those who helped to make the bazaar a success, so many assisted in one way or another. Some worked hard for weeks before, making articles to sell. Others sent in things of beauty of other types; while the schools which the boys attend cooperated splendidly in helping the boys to make many things. Still other friends showered us with flowers and evergreens for decorative purposes. Then there were many who assisted in waiting on the crowds that came.

We are sure, too, that many new friendships formed in those days will prove lasting. It was so cheering to hear folks say as many did, "We have never been in the Home before, but we shall certainly come back to see you. We understand much better now what this work means."

The boys were fine all the way through and helped in many ways. No one would have guessed there were sixty-three of them somewhere in the building unless they already knew. They were so quiet and helpful we were very proud of them.

IN

LOVING MEMORY

Fannie D. Barton

erstwhile faithful member of our Staff

who fell asleep

Thursday, October 15, 1931

PERSONALS
Edwin Lawyow

George Haw, the boy who was vaccinated with a phonograph needle, astounded everybody the other night by remaining quiet for five minutes.

Charles Tom, small but powerful guard in the football team, has shown brilliant work in this position. Like many others he is ready to "Do or die" for dear old Chung Mei.

We were glad to have Miss Dietz back helping us during the bazaar.

Captain has just returned from a trip to Seattle where he saw two ex-Chung Mei boys, namely - John Wong and Harvey Louie.

Oliver Chin and George Wong distinguished themselves in our last football game by brilliant work in breaking up the opponent's attack.

RIB TICKLERS

Red Herring and Shrimp

Philip: (returning from a visit to the zoo) "Gee, Mrs. Morrice, who do you suppose got most fun -- us kids looking at the animals or the animals looking at us kids?"

* * * * *

An American journalist who was experiencing a rough passage across the ocean to England was asked by a steward if he would contribute something to the Atlantic Monthly. "No," he replied, "I've been contributing to the Atlantic daily."

* * * * *

Wrecked Motorist (opening his eyes): "I had the right of way, didn't I?"
Bystander: "Yeah, but that other guy had a truck."

* * * * *

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

Since our last published statement concerning this fund, the following gifts have been received, for which we are sincerely grateful.

Mrs. Lew Kay (Seattle)	\$ 20.00
A. Pang Yau	15.00
Miss Hettie Evans	15.00
Mr. & Mrs. F. S. Williams	10.00
B.Y.P.U. Lodgegrass, Mont.	6.00
Miss Susie Richert	1.00
Mrs. F. A. Hunter	1.00
A. Friend	1.00
L. Herb	1.00
	<u>70.00</u>

"LOVE DIVINE"

Our Sacred Musical Drama
Embarks Upon A New Season

Many of our readers will remember our Sacred Musical Drama, "Love Divine" which was first presented to the public in January 1930 and ran a total of fifteen performances, earning in freewill offerings a total of almost six hundred dollars for our land buying fund.

This play which portrayed in a dramatic manner the sufferings and faithfulness of the early Christians in the reign of Nero, carried a sacred religious message and was especially prepared for presentation to church audiences. It was very kindly received by all to whom it was presented. Many, however, of our friends have not seen this performance and quite a number have suggested that we revive it for further presentation.

We have acted upon this suggestion, and with a few changes in cast, "Love Divine" will be ready for presentation in the very near future.

The following dates are already arranged.

- Dec. 4 - Melrose Baptist
- Dec. 6 - Fruitvale Presbyterian
- Dec. 13 - Northbrae M. E.

We shall be glad to hear from others who would like to have us visit them with our message.

Our terms are a free-will offering.

* * * * *

ACTUALLY

More than
700
persons

are the pleased possessors
of the
Little Booklets

101 Chinese Proverbs
and
Rambling Ruminations

HAVE YOU SECURED YOURS YET?

These booklets have been purchased in quantities varying from one to twenty.

Many persons are planning to give them as presents this Christmas time.

They make attractive and practical little gifts.

We are grateful for the popularity they have attained and for the many kind words that have been said concerning them.

Your orders will receive prompt attention.
Price 25¢ each.

We thank you. The Editors.

Vol. 4

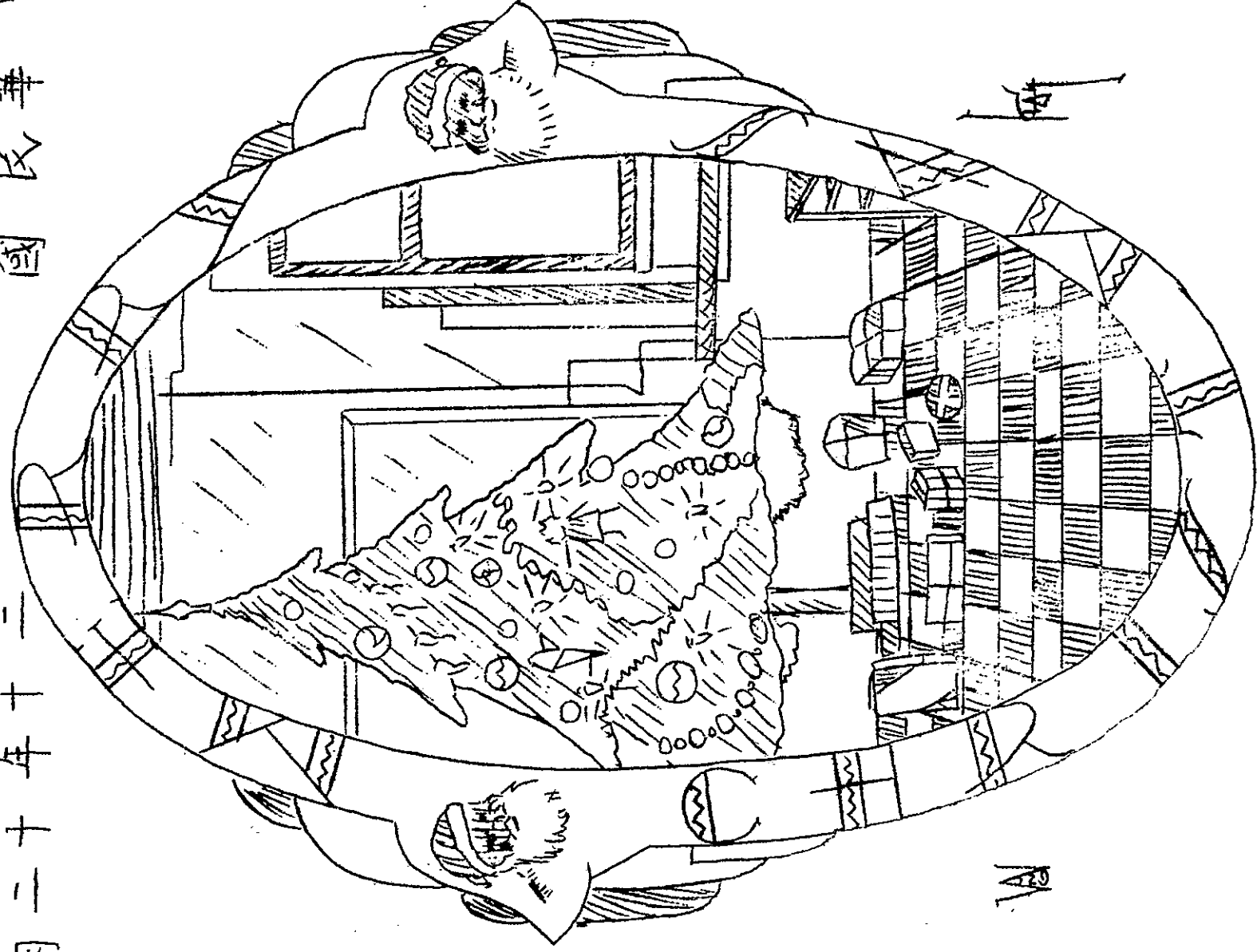
No. 2

CHUNG MEI

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DECEMBER

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EDITORIALWHY "THE GOOD EARTH?"

We have just finished reading "The Good Earth," a novel by Pearl S. Buck, who was born in China and has lived there most of her life. While reading the book we continually asked ourselves the question -- "Why write such a book?" As we finished the last page and laid it aside we were still asking the same question.

It is true that the book is well written, that it is realistic, daring and revealing; but the same could be said of a treatise on sewers and sewage. Under the guise of describing the joys, sorrows and vicissitudes of one, Wang Lung, the author treats her readers to a long series of minute descriptions of all the most intimate relations of man and woman, which run the gamut of marriage, marital relationship, childbirth, concubinage and profligacy. These descriptions at times become almost nauseating, even to one who is not unfamiliar with that type of literature. If a missionary had written such a book one might have excused her on the grounds of seeking to show the need for Christian missions. If a reformer had written it it would be classified as propaganda; but when offered as art and literature -- well, we just can't see it that way.

As a picture of Chinese life, it is about as fair as if one should write an intimate description of life in the Ghetto or the back woods and present it as a picture of American life.

Since forming our own opinion of this book we have read as many as a dozen reviews published in journals of the highest reputation, including such as The Boston Transcript, Christian Century, The Nation, New York Times and The Outlook. Every one of these reviews speaks of the book in the most glowing terms. And yet, at the risk of being considered out of date, prudish, and lacking in artistic appreciation, we still feel as we did, and find ourselves asking "Why write such a book?"

We wonder what will be the reaction of our Chinese friends to this novel.

C. R. S.

In China the delightful practice of talking price prevails.

When you go to shop you find what you want. It is not marked, so you ask the price. The merchant starts with a price that is away high and you follow with an offer that is away low. Then for the ensuing fifteen or thirty minutes you engage in the charming pastime of trying to get the better of each other. You argue. He argues. He extols his wares, you belittle them. You are shocked at his exorbitant price. He is appalled at your audacity and penuriousness. You badger him. He badgers you. Finally you meet somewhere near half way -- usually closer to his price than your offer -- and the deal is closed. Both you and the merchant are satisfied, though he takes your money with a sacrificial sigh and you are probably paying more than you should have done.

If one were seeking a point at which to criticize the Chinese merchant he would perhaps find it in his lack of aggressiveness. The Chinese merchant displays his wares attractively and intriguingly - and there they are. You can take them or leave them. You enter his store and he seldom hurries when advancing to meet you -- many times he does not advance at all. You tell him what you want. If he has it he shows you. He does not tell you the price until you ask him. He does not press it upon you or urge you to buy. If he does not have what you want he almost never offers you "something just as good."

It has been said that when England entered the world market she sent her salesmen to induce the nations to buy the products of her factories; but that when Germany set out in competition she sent her agents to find out what the world wanted and then proceeded to manufacture those articles. The case is somewhat the same with China and Japan. China entered the market with her excellent and costly wares, and with much dignity offered them for sale. Japan, sensing the Westerner's desire for something inexpensive, proceeded to manufacture a multiplicity of cheap nicknacks, and in a most aggressive manner made tremendous inroads on the market.

Today Japan is actually flooding the market with cheap imitations of Czecho-Slovakian wares. Can you imagine China doing that? Hardly! One hopes she never will; and yet one cannot but feel that if China hopes to capture the world market she will have to be more aggressive.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

The Chung Mei family has been a very busy one these last few weeks. With the woodyard going strong, a bazaar in San Francisco, several performances of "Love Divine," etc., there have not been many idle moments.

Our San Francisco bazaar, held at the Chinese Baptist Church, was not the success our Berkeley bazaar was; but nevertheless we added a few dollars to our Building Fund.

The Chung Mei Woodyard, a popular enterprise from the beginning, has been steadily increasing in business. This, too, helps swell our Building Fund.

Several months ago, through this column, we asked for a new rug for our staff living room. Thanks to Mrs. O'Brien of Berkeley, our room is now much brighter and warmer with the addition of her gift.

We asked also that some patriotic organization would present us with a new American flag. Today we are the proud possessors of a beautiful silk flag presented by the Berkeley chapter of American War Veteran Mothers. Mrs. E. M. Elliott, Mrs. Carrie Hoyt, Mrs. Cleland and Mrs. Florence Ripley made the presentation.

On Sunday morning, November 22, we paid our annual visit to the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church. The usual bountiful harvest ingathering for Chung Mei was displayed at the front of the auditorium. We wish to express our thanks to the many kind friends who contributed to our work in this way.

On Sunday evening of this same day, November 22, the Chung Mei Cadets participated in the Vesper service at the Thousand Oaks Baptist Church, where we also received a Thanksgiving harvest of good things. Many thanks, also, to these good friends.

And what about Thanksgiving day at Chung Mei? ~~Mmmmm!~~ Turkey and the usual fixings -- thanks to our friends of the First Baptist Church of Berkeley. Many belts had to be loosened during the course of the dinner, and I wish you might have seen the satisfied expressions and heard the sounds of approval following that dinner.

Friday night, December 4, "Love Divine" was presented at the Melrose Baptist Church. The drama was enthusiastically received and an offering of \$26.70 given us. The Senior W. W. G. of the church sponsored the performance.

The following Sunday night, December 6, "Love Divine" was again presented at the High St. Presbyterian Church where it was also well received and very greatly enjoyed.

On Sunday night, December 13, the drama will be presented at the Northbrae Methodist Church in Berkeley, and on December 20 at the Santa Rosa Baptist Church. Next please!

The little booklets, "Chinese Proverbs" and "Rambling Ruminations" continue to be "best sellers." The Chinese young people in Seattle sold seventy-five copies in a few days and sent an eager request for more. The Baptist Church at Gonzales, California, recently sent an order for sixty copies, and a friend from Burlingame purchased thirty copies. Another friend from Oakland bought twelve copies, and so it goes. Have you got yours yet?

PERSONALS

Edwin Lawyow

Our "Smiling Lieutenant" went to Palo Alto to see the big game. Was he dolled up? And how!

George Gee, who is president of the Special Class at Edison school, represented his class in presenting a book to the school library. He also made a speech, and some say they understood it.

Our latest arrivals are Kenneth Tong, --he is also our smallest, smaller than baby Edward - Leonard Chow and his little brother, Raymond. George Fong has gone back to his mother.

Bennie Lai, who has won a place in the Scholarship Society every one of the six semesters he has been in Edison, will graduate on December 18. He is to make one of the graduating addresses. We are proud of his record. (See special item).

Edward Lem also will be graduated from Edison on Dec. 18 and will enter Berkeley High after Christmas. That will make seven Chung Mei boys in High School.

Oliver Chin and George Haw would make very nice looking girls. While dressing for "Love Divine" the other night, they got hold of some lipstick and "painted up." It's a shame they have to take the part of cruel Roman soldiers.

Dewey Wong has had his tonsils taken out. When he returned from the hospital the first question he was asked was, "Did you have lots of ice cream to eat?"

We were glad to have a visit from Jimmy Woon who is up here from Los Angeles.

The latest accomplishment of Lieutenant Tong is the organizing and training of a girls' drum corps. For further particulars ask Eddie.

Football has become such an obsession in Chung Mei that even little Edward has learned to tackle. You should see him tackle Miss Thomsen.

* * * * *
* SPECIAL MENTION *
* * * * *

CHIPS AND CHUNKS FROM THE WOODYARD
Edward H. Tong

The following is quoted from the "Spotlight," a student publication of the Edison Jr. High School.

Bennie Lai
Edison Honor Student

"Bennie Lai has made an outstanding record at Edison. He has won a place in the Scholarship Society every one of the six semesters he has been in this school. He graduates this December and goes to Berkeley High where he will continue to make a splendid record.

"Bennie is sixteen years of age. However, he never went to school before he was ten. He was born in Nevada, but has lived in Berkeley the last six years where he has made this brilliant school record.

"Edison is proud of this boy's accomplishment and desires more of its students to emulate Bennie's example."

It is needless to say that we are proud of this record, for Bennie has been a Chung Mei boy for more than six years.

Part of the honor for Bennie's record must also go to Hawthorne School, for he attended that school for three years before entering Edison, and there received the splendid foundation that made his record at Edison possible.

RIB TICKLERS

Red Herring and Shrimp

Benjie Wu: "I lost my girl!"
Bennie Lai: "How come?"
Benjie Wu: "I told her that her face would stop a clock."
Bennie Lai: "Poor technique, Benjie, poor technique. You should have told her that time just stops when you look into her eyes."
Lieut. Tong (to a group of cadets)
"What would you do if the enemy were as thick as peas?"
Pte. Harry Lee: "Shell 'em, sir, shell 'em."
George Gee: (to Dr. Hahn) "Doctor, what time you fix'm tooth for me?"
Dr. Hahn: "Two-thirty, all right?"
George Gee: "Sure, tooth hurty all right, but what time you fix'm?"
Harry Lee: "Last night I dreamed I was married to the most beautiful girl in the world,"
Masiko: "How thrilling. Were we happy?"

It occurs to the writer that perhaps some of our readers would be interested in a brief history of our woodyard.

During the summer of 1928 our "Captain" was faced with the problem of what to do to keep forty healthy boys busy and happy. While seeking a solution he noticed a pile of discarded lumber that was rapidly growing in size as the H. J. Heinz new pickle factory neared completion. Why not get this wood, cut it up and sell it? This idea, followed by negotiations with the foreman soon had us busy carrying the wood. All types of conveyances were devised by the boys -- stretchers, carts, wheelbarrows -- and used to transport this wood to our own yard.

We next pitched whole-heartedly into the task of sawing this wood into blocks and kindling. In six weeks the job was completed and we had 800 sacks ready for Fall consumption.

Demand for our wood soon made it necessary to seek new supplies. We temporarily supplied this need with ties which the S. P. railroad kindly donated us. Need for even more wood led us into the Berkeley hills to cut down trees.

Then in the summer of 1930 a bigger and more extensive project was undertaken. For two months sixty husky lads camped in Calistoga, felled trees and lived the lives of lumberjacks. What a time it was! Dust, dirt, poison oak, rattlesnakes, mosquitos and cold, cold mornings and blazing hot days, tried and proved our mettle. But every one played the game manfully, even to the tiniest boys, each of whom had his own particular job. We cut over one hundred cords of wood, a mighty task for little giants.

Today our woodyard has grown into a regular business, upon which fact we look with pride and satisfaction.

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

The following gifts have been received during the last four weeks.

Gonzales Baptist S. S.	\$ 10.00
Mr. Fred Stripp	10.00
Mr. Fred Parks	5.00
Mr. S. L. Towle	2.00
Seattle Chinese B. Y. P. U.	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wallis	1.00
Miss Martha Hall	.50

We also gratefully record the following special gifts from other sources.

Thousand Oaks Ch. offering	11.38
Mrs. John Barr	10.00
Mrs. J. Waterman, Santa Cruz	2.50
Mrs. Emily Rae	3.00
Miss Gertrude Howell	5.00
1st Bap. Ch. Erk. Mens' B.C.	2.00

Vol. 4

No. 3

CHUNG ME

CHRONICLE

月一年一十二國民華中
報及月美中

JANUARY 1932

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST,
OUR HOPE FOR YEARS TO COME,
OUR SHELTER FROM THE STORMY BLAST,
AND OUR ETERNAL HOME!

BEFORE THE HILLS IN ORDER STOOD,
OR EARTH RECEIVED HER FRAME,
FROM EVERLASTING THOU ART GOD,
TO ENDLESS YEARS THE SAME.

A THOUSAND AGES IN THY SIGHT
ARE LIKE AN EVENING GONE;
SHORT AS THE WATCH THAT ENDS THE NIGHT
BEFORE THE RISING SUN.

TIME, LIKE AN EVER-ROLLING STREAM,
BEARS ALL ITS SONGS AWAY;
THEY FLY, FORGOTTEN, AS A DREAM
DIES AT THE OPENING DAY.

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST,
OUR HOPE FOR YEARS TO COME,
BE THOU OUR GUARD WHILE LIFE SHALL LAST,
AND OUR ETERNAL HOME.

G. Wong

J. Chan

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EDITORIAL

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

History repeats itself -- that's a truism. Human events move in cycles -- that's another. But listen to this!

A certain professor of sociology writing in the year nineteen hundred and nine and describing conditions existing in California in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-seven had this to say.

"The stock market was nearly paralyzed and it was said that where there had been a hundred millionaires there were now only half as many. The estimated shrinkage in the valuation of two mines alone was one hundred and fifty millions. Land values had been highly inflated and there followed a terrible slump in real estate. The passion for gambling, highly developed by the speculative type of many enterprises, had spread even to clerks, laborers and even washer-women.

"Everybody had dabbled in stocks -- everybody hoped to strike it rich in larger or smaller measure. When, therefore, the highly inflated stock fell all other values went down -- down -- into an apparently bottomless pit. The savings of the greater part of the common people were buried. Nobody escaped -- everybody was directly or indirectly affected. Miners and farmers, thrown out of work, drifted into the cities where the shrinkage of capital, failure of large business houses and continued stagnation of industry had thrown other thousands out of employment; and the problem was thus highly intensified."

How familiar it all sounds! The merry-go-round continues to revolve and that mean-looking black horse with the evil eyes and the vicious mouth is passing by again.

C. R. S.

Speaking of Chinese merchants, the system which they employ in naming their stores is quite interesting. For instance,

Who is Mr. Sing Fat and where is he? Thereby hangs a tale.

The names of Chinese stores and business houses seldom bear any relation at all to the names of the proprietors. The matter of choosing names for such purposes is usually the occasion for much careful consideration and prolonged discussion, and names are selected which are euphonious or of propitious meaning. Thus, for instance, one sees an undertaking establishment bearing the significant title of Wing Shaang Company - Wing Shaang meaning Everlasting Life, or a native drug store labeled Chaan Ning Hong, which means the Place of Abounding Longevity. Then there is the Wing Cheong, or Everlastingly Popular, grocery and the Man Tung Woh Company which means the Company of Ten Thousand Blessings and Peace.

Innocent Americans habitually speak of the proprietors of such establishments as Mr. Wing Shaang or Mr. Hong instead of, say, Mr. Wong and Mr. Lee, or whatever the proprietor's real name might be.

The attractive and alluring emporium of the famous Sing Fat Company, which has recently passed out of existence, was for many, many years, to residents and tourists alike, the best known spot in San Francisco's Chinatown. In every part of the United States one meets persons who at some time or other visited this store. Sing Fat means Expanding Prosperity, a very appropriate name for such an establishment. For more than half a century the proprietor of this famed store was spoken of and addressed by thousands as Mr. Sing Fat. Doubtless he was a good example of the meaning of this name, i. e. Expanding Prosperity, but although he was always polite enough to answer to that name, it caused him many a smile up his sleeve; for his real name was Mr. B. Tong. Since retiring from business Mr. Tong has gone back to the land of his fathers, where he will live upon the fruits of his "Sing Fat" until time comes to mount the dragon and ascend to his fragrant state on high.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Christmas has come and gone again, but its happy memories still linger with us. On Christmas Eve we enjoyed a bountiful dinner, the annual gift of our friends at the Oakland First Baptist Church, and then retired to the living room beautifully decorated with cypress branches and the gaily trimmed and lighted tree. In the midst of our carol-singing jolly old Santa Claus arrived with a jingle of sleigh bells and a bag full of gifts. Then a merry time ensued while packages were opened and their contents admired. After the gifts had been duly inspected and the contents of the large stockings sampled, ice-cream and cookies were served. After all the excitement it was rather difficult to settle down to the prosaic business of going to bed, but it was finally accomplished and the silence of "the night before Christmas" reigned.

Our sacred drama "Love Divine" was presented on December 13th at the Northbrae Methodist Church, but due to the exceedingly stormy weather our Santa Rosa engagement for December 20th had to be postponed. The storms also prevented our participation in the morning service at the Burlingame Baptist Church on December 27th.

We were again the guests of the manager of the Oaks Theatre for the picture "Penrod and Sam." We certainly appreciated his kindness in giving us these treats.

We had another treat on Christmas day. Mrs. Celeste Morse and her two children made candy and put it up in attractive little packages, one for each boy in the home. We appreciate their thoughtfulness and the sweets.

Our staff living room has been attractively papered, varnished, gilded and the ceiling tinted, making it more cheerful and homelike.

We didn't stay up to welcome the New Year -- but -- we did get up. Who could have helped it? Drums, bugles, cymbals, alarm clocks and what-not contributed to the general pandemonium. One boy, fearing they would not awaken on time, set his alarm clock for 11:50 -- but it really didn't take the alarm clock to do the trick.

"Love Divine" will be presented on Sunday, January 17th, at the Elmhurst Baptist Church and on the 24th at Westbrae.

Another very special addition to our living room is the lovely radio presented to us for Christmas by "Captain" and Mrs. Shepherd. It is needless to say that we have enjoyed it immensely and are looking forward to the many hours of enjoyment yet ahead of us.

The little booklets, "Chinese Proverbs" and "Rambling Ruminations," after paying all expenses of publication, have contributed about one hundred dollars to our Building Fund and there is an additional hundred dollars worth of books out, but as yet unpaid for.

PERSONALS
Edwin Lawyow

Harry Lee left us recently to live with his brother in San Francisco, and our little friend, Jimmy Wong, has gone to live with some relatives in Vacaville.

We have two new boys this month -- Edward Leung and James Low. James is a "come-back." We are glad to welcome him home.

Eddie Tong has adopted a cute little orange cat which goes with him on the wood truck as mascot.

Willie Gee received a chess set for Christmas. Now George Wong thinks he can beat Willie Gee and Benjie Wu says he can beat George; but Willie just gives them all the silent ha-ha.

Miss Richert was kept very busy during the recent rainy spell caring for boys with wet feet and colds.

Roland Chew was one of the sick boys, being confined to his bed for a week.

Edward Lam, being too bashful to wear his class colors -- green -- at the Berkeley High rally, thereby promoted himself a few grades for half a day by wearing blue, the low 11 color.

Bennie Lai and George Haw made such a racket on New Year's Eve that they frightened the Juniors stiff, even Bobbie Kwok was awakened.

Wayland Chan has been trying to ride a bicycle, but he claims it will not go where he steers it - for instance last week, intending to ride down Ashby Avenue he rode up a telephone pole.

Henry and Johnson Chan have also been trying their skill with bicycles, with the result that Johnson has "kissed the earth" several times and Henry has a sprained ankle.

Mrs. Chin Toy has had a touch of the flu, but is better now.

THE CHUNG MEI ALPHABET

A one-hundred per cent Chung Mei Boy

Always does his best.
Bears burdens cheerfully.
Can do whatever he makes up his mind
to do.
Dares to do right.
Endures hardness like a good soldier.
Fights the good fight.
Gives to those who are in need. Is
Honorable.
Inspires others to do right. Is
Just. Is
Loyal. Is
Manly at all times.
Never gives up.
Obey orders promptly and cheerfully. Is
Polite.
Quarrels never.
Runs the straight race.
Shuns evil companions. Is
Trustworthy. Is
Unselfish. Is
Valiant. Is a
Willing Worker. Is
Xemplary in character.
Yields not to temptation -- but is full
of
ZIPP.

A FRIEND

A friend is one who stands to share
Your every touch of grief and care.
He comes by chance, but stays by
choice;
Your praises he is quick to voice.

There is no wish your tongue can tell
But what it is your friend's as well.
The life of him who has a friend
Is double-guarded to the end.

- Edgar Guest -

RIB TICKLERS

Red Herring and Shrimp

Wayland Chan: (riding on a bicycle)
"Why don't you look where you're
going?"
Oliver Chin: (dodging) "Why don't
you go where you're looking?"

George Wong: "I want a motor-bike."
Dealer: "Yes, sir. Now here is a
type of motor-bike that is a
great climber."
George Wong: "Well that's the kind
I don't want. The last one I had
tried to climb a tree."

George Haw: "When Mr. Biedenbach was
making a speech today he asked us
to lend him our ears."
Frank Kwok: "That's nothing. Captain
is always asking us to lend him a
hand."

Warren Young: (looking out the window)
"Boy, we've got the heaviest rain-
fall in the country."
Johnson Chan: "How you mean, heavy?"
Warren Young: "Well it's raining
pitchforks, ain't it?"

Mrs. Morrice: (to baby Kenneth)
"Now Kenneth, you must never pick
any flowers in the garden without
leave."
Kenneth: "That's all right, Miss Moss,
I always pick 'em with leaves."

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

The following gifts have been re-
ceived since our last issue.

Mrs. Amanda Farrall	\$ 50.00
Mr. Frank Tucker	5.00
Miss Hannah Rowell	4.50
Mrs. H. H. Harris	5.00

SONGS OF THE CHUNG MEI HOME

Pull for Chung Mei
Sung to the tune of "Anchors Aweigh."

Pull for Chung Mei, my lads,
Pull for Chung Mei.
Forever faithful be, serving her in
loyalty.
Pull for Chung Mei, my lads,
Pull for Chung Mei.
Loud let the chorus ring and altogeth-
er pull for old Chung Mei.

Vol. 4.

No. 4

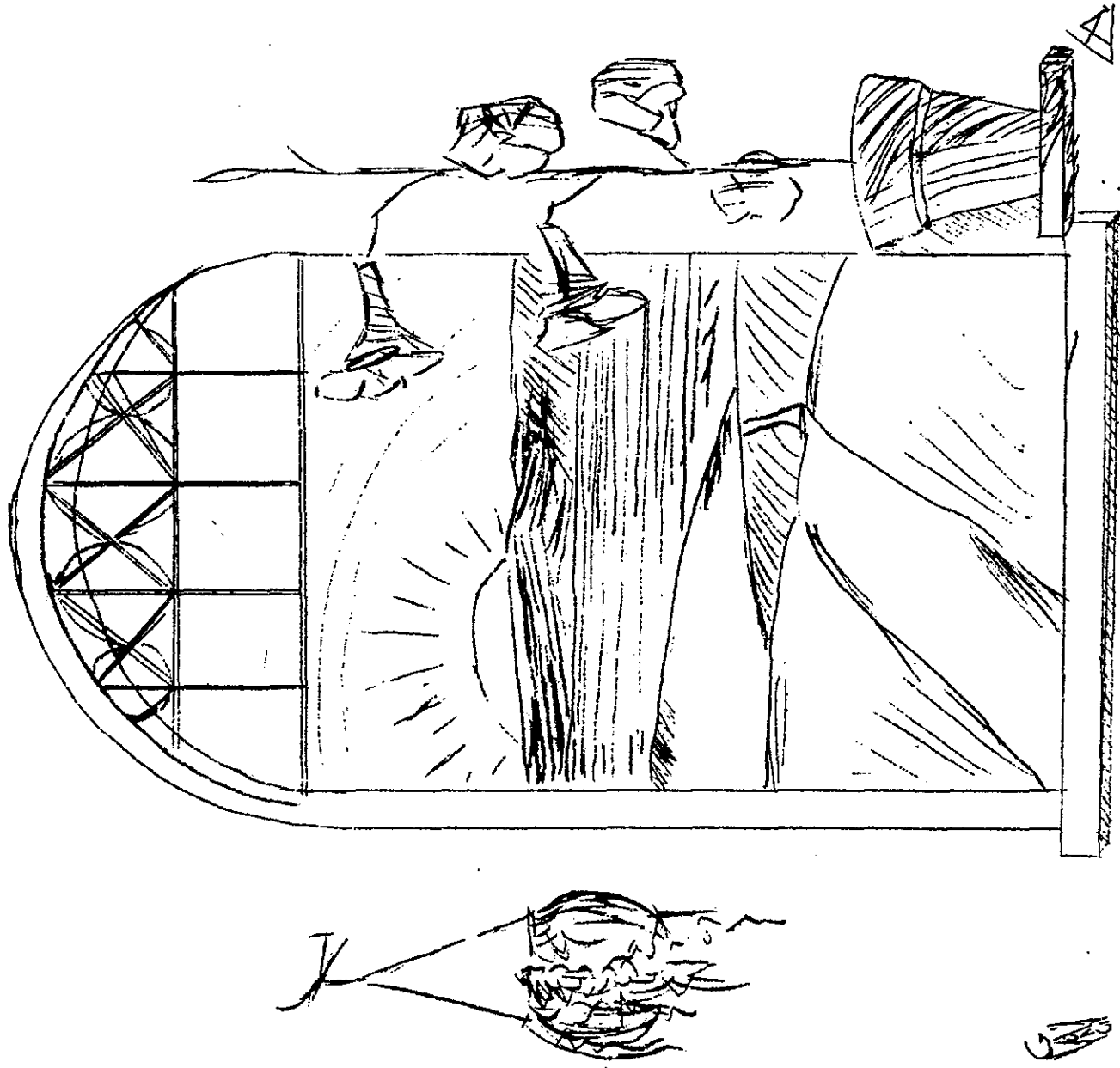
CHUNGMEI

CHRONICLE

月三年一十二國民華中

報月美中

MARCH - 1932



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

STAFF

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

EDITORIAL

CHINA

China has never been so much in the thoughts of the world as it is today, and if we might venture to prophesy, we would make bold to say that there is small likelihood that this great nation will cease to be conspicuous at any time during the present century.

The "status quo" of China is no longer merely an Asiatic question. It is a matter of intense international importance and interest. One cannot be said to be world-intelligent unless he possesses adequate information concerning the great Republic of China, and when we speak of adequate information we have in mind a combination of a knowledge and understanding of the inherent character of the Chinese people together with a clear perspective of their social and historic background.

He who seeks to understand China, to interpret her present and forecast her future, must approach his task historically minded. It will not be sufficient for him merely to make a study of Chinese civilization during the past two or three centuries. Neither will his knowledge be adequate for the purpose should he be thoroughly conversant with the political, social, moral and religious conditions which have existed in China, say, since Columbus discovered America, or even since William the Conqueror first set foot in England. To truly understand modern China one must go from "effect" to "cause," and if he would discover "cause" he must revert to pre-Christian times.

Chinese history is rightly divided into three periods, namely, the Formative Period, the Period of Stagnation or Arrested Development and the Period of Change and Progress. Space will permit only of the briefest survey of these three periods.

I. The Formative Period. We first hear of the Chinese about 2000 B. C. as a small tribe inhabiting territory now known as the Province of Shan-si and moving from the Northwest down the valley of the Yellow River. In Shan-si they were surrounded by other tribes which were naturally

hostile. Conflict over territory, source of supplies and for military supremacy ensued, in which the Chinese, on account of their superiority, were usually victorious, and as a result ultimately survived. With conquest the nation grew in population, territory and organization. The more she conquered the more she desired to conquer, until finally she had subdued all within her reach and was stopped by insurmountable natural barriers, namely the jungles of Burma and Siam, the wilds of Tibet backed by the impassable Himalayas, the Desert of Gobi and the rugged steeps of Mongolia.

She arrived at this stage about 200 B. C. By this time her civilization had reached a point of excellence that was certainly equal, if not superior, to that of any contemporary nation. But here her career of formative conquest came to a close.

II. Period of Arrested Development.

China is a typical example of arrested development. About the second century B. C. we find that her triumphs and achievements of the past began to give rise to an intense feeling of self-complacency. She had no longer any rival, no neighboring competitor in civilization. She clothed herself with the idea that other nations were negligible quantities. Having no longer any motive for strife the science of warfare received no further attention. Feeling that she had nothing further to learn or otherwise gain from the wild wandering tribes of the North, and therefore desiring no further intercourse with them, she built the Great Wall from the Western frontier of Kiang-Si to Shan-Hai-Kwan in Chihli, and being cut off on all other sides by the aforementioned natural barriers she now settled down to a life of practical seclusion from the rest of the world, with the result that, as tribal assimilation and inter-communication had formed the nation, so this isolation arrested its development. Thus, for a period of 2000 years China was practically at a stand-still.

III. Period of Change and Progress. This period was ushered in by the opium war of 1840. Change, at first slow, became gradually more rapid. Upheaval followed upheaval, until today we look upon a nation of 400,000,000 that has crossed the threshold of a new era. Endowed from of old with unique and marvelous possibilities, she has at length changed from a condition of inertia to one of vigorous activity, and is now stepping forward to make use of her unlimited potentialities. She has thrown aside such of her systems, customs and institutions as are antiquated and inadequate, and, in the face of tremendous odds, is making heroic efforts to catch up in the onward march of civilization.

Who can tell what the next fifty years may bring forth?

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Owing to a combination of circumstances that demanded the time and attention of the Editorial Staff, it was found advisable to dispense with a February issue of our publication!

Our performances of "Love Divine" at the Elmhurst Baptist Church and the Westbrae Baptist Church were enthusiastically received by capacity audiences. We are to present the drama at the United Presbyterian Church in Oakland on March 13.

We have had several interesting Sunday evening services within the last two months. Rev. Lee Hong of the Chinese Presbyterian Church in Oakland, Miss Daesie Lawyow of the Chinese Baptist Mission in San Francisco, Mr. Gordon Forbes and Mr. Jevons of the First Baptist Church in Berkeley all gave us fine messages.

Another intensely interesting evening was spent with Mr. C. S. Lee, Chinese Vice-Consul of San Francisco. He spoke of the present situation in China and also presented to the boys the challenge of and opportunities for service in China. We hope we may have the privilege of hearing him again soon.

The "Chung Mei Review" was presented at the Woman's City Club in Oakland on the evening of January 21. The audience was generous in its applause and gave us a free-will offering amounting to fourteen dollars. Chinese tea, cakes and candy were served at the close of the entertainment.

The Chung Mei Cadets, fifty-eight strong, comprising color party, drum corps and two platoons, participated in the Washington Bi-Centennial parade in Berkeley. Modesty forbids our repeating the many congratulatory expressions that have come to us both directly and indirectly concerning the appearance our boys made on that occasion.

Through the good services of Mr. Tweedy, Mrs. Morrice's room has been papered and now looks very fresh and attractive.

The Senior World Wide Guild girls of the Melrose Baptist Church held their February meeting at Chung Mei. We were glad to have them come and hope that they enjoyed it enough to come again. After the meeting, Chinese food was served and a battle with chopsticks ensued.

The two little booklets "101 Chinese Proverbs" and "Rambling Ruminations" are still selling. The second edition of the former is already half gone. Surely every reader of the Chronicle should have a copy of these booklets. Have you yours yet?

PERSONALS
Edwin Lawyow

Bennie Lai is now on the Berkeley High School tennis squad. He won two matches in the preliminaries.

We were sorry to have Gordon Wong, George Jung and Richard Wong leave us recently. However, three new boys, namely, Jim Lee, Edward Leong and Fred Fong have come to take their places - hence the saying "Chung Mei beds never get cold."

Fred (Pansy) Fong had a brainstorm the other day and had to see the doctor. Look out, Fred, it'll get you some day.

Eddie Tong, unable to endure any longer the cruel comments made concerning his delapidated "Limping Lulu," has traded her in on a Chevrolet Coupe of more recent vintage.

Captain went to Chicago recently on a business trip. He is back with us again now.

We were glad to have a visit recently from Willie Chan ('26 - '30) who is now living in Sacramento. You are getting to be quite a handsome boy, Willie.

Mrs. Chin Toy has been very busy the past few weeks in work for the China Relief Fund.

Georgie Chan and Raymond Wong sold the most tickets for this fund. They sold thirty-six dollars worth between them. Albert Young came second, selling \$13.50 worth.

The Chung Mei Boys were pretty lucky at the movies last month and carried off a lot of premiums. Among those who had winning numbers were Fred Fong, Eddie Tong and Georgie Chan. All received gifts of groceries.

Kite season is here again, with Otto Lee having the largest kite. Dick Chin is quite contented to have the smallest. His kite measures only 2 x 2½ inches.

Charles Tom, Winston Wong, George Chan, Hubert Leong, Billy Low, Edward Leong all participated in Hawthorne School's very colorful pageant commemorating the birthday of George Washington.

Charles Loh Wong, an ex-Chung Mei boy is awaiting orders to proceed to Portland, Oregon, to complete his training for the Chinese air force.

Captain often says he expects Chung Mei Boys to occupy important positions in the future. We hope he will not be disappointed. At any rate, an enlarged picture of Howard Deah ('23 - '30) now occupies a conspicuous position in the display window of a photographic studio on Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

Truly the name for our recent adventure was well chosen. What other name could possibly have fitted as well? Days of Mercy! How significantly expressive of the thing we had undertaken to do.

For the benefit of our distant readers let me explain what this is all about. We of the Chung Mei Home were anxious to do something to help and comfort the millions of Chinese non-combatants left homeless, destitute and starving by the outrageous and unwarranted attack of the Japanese armed forces in Manchuria and Shanghai. We were not able to give any large sum of money ourselves; so we conceived the idea of turning our home into an oriental cafe, so to speak, for two days, serving meals to whomever we could induce to come, and giving the proceeds to the Shanghai Refugee Relief Fund.

Our Chinese and American friends responded most loyally to our announcement. Contributions came in from American sympathizers, while our Chinese merchant friends made generous donations of such things as bamboo sprouts, water-chestnuts, bean sprouts, rice, ginger, tea and other ingredients which were later converted into those delectable dishes which only Chinese cooks know how to prepare. So much in the way of provisions was donated by our Chinese friends that practically the entire proceeds of the meals was profit. We are sure our friends will be surprised, and we think they will be delighted, to know that in these two short days we raised the sum of five hundred dollars which is being immediately forwarded to the Shanghai Relief Committee.

This would not have been possible had it not been for the cooperation of our many friends who for two days kept our dining rooms filled and our cooks and waiters on the jump. So many are these friends that we cannot write to each one of them personally expressing our thanks, so ask each one to accept our sincerest gratitude through this medium.

Have you ever thought how we all come to accept the comforts of life and yet seldom give a thought to the matter of what it costs others to bring these comforts to us? For instance, when we sit down to eat our fish at lunch time, how rarely do we ever give a thought to the perils of the deep which must be encountered by those who procure this fish for us. Again, we sit before our fireside gazing at the glowing coals without ever thinking of those courageous miners who tunnel into the earth in order to bring up to us these warmth-producing diamonds. In like manner we are inclined to think that many of our friends who are kind enough to patronize the Chung Mei Woodyard seldom consider the hard work and adventure endured by the Chung Mei boys in their efforts to secure this wood for them.

Men of less calibre would, we think, sometimes groan if called upon to meet some of the situations that we from time to time encounter. For instance, last week our good old "Nancy Lee" stalled on a narrow, dangerous fire trail way back in the Strawberry Canyon. There were eight of us, besides Captain, with the truck. We had to leave the poor old girl there all night, and having on our work clothes and no carfare were forced to walk all the way home.

Next morning at four-thirty we were routed out of bed. To be sure, we had a good warm breakfast, and after that we started off to the hills again. We arrived on the scene of action before it was light, and had to make our way along the dark winding trail by means of flashlights. Beneath us, like a sparkling fairyland, lay Berkeley and Oakland, for the street lights were still burning. Came the dawn, and we were then able to go to work. It was a Herculean task getting that truck out, but we finally succeeded and brought home our load of wood. This is but one of our many experiences; but this and all others are gladly endured if we have your assurance that our wood is up to your expectations as well as ours.

RIB TICKLERS

Red Herring & Shrimp

Voice (over phone) "Quick, there are two mice fighting up here in my room!"

Hotel Clerk: "How much are you paying for your room, lady?"

Voice: "One dollar."

Clerk: "Well, what do you expect for a dollar, a bull fight?"

Enquiring Child: "Daddy, who was Hamlet?"

Wise Father: "Aren't you ashamed of such ignorance? Bring me the Bible and I will show you."

Willie Gee: "Mrs. Morrice, can you tell me who established the law of diminishing returns?"

Mrs. Morrice (thoughtfully): "I am not quite sure, Willie, but I think it must have been our laundryman."

Lieutenant (roaring at orderly) "Who told you to put those flowers on the table?"

Orderly: "Commanding officer, sir."

Lieutenant: "Oh, pretty aren't they?"

VOL. 4 NO. 5

CHUNG MING

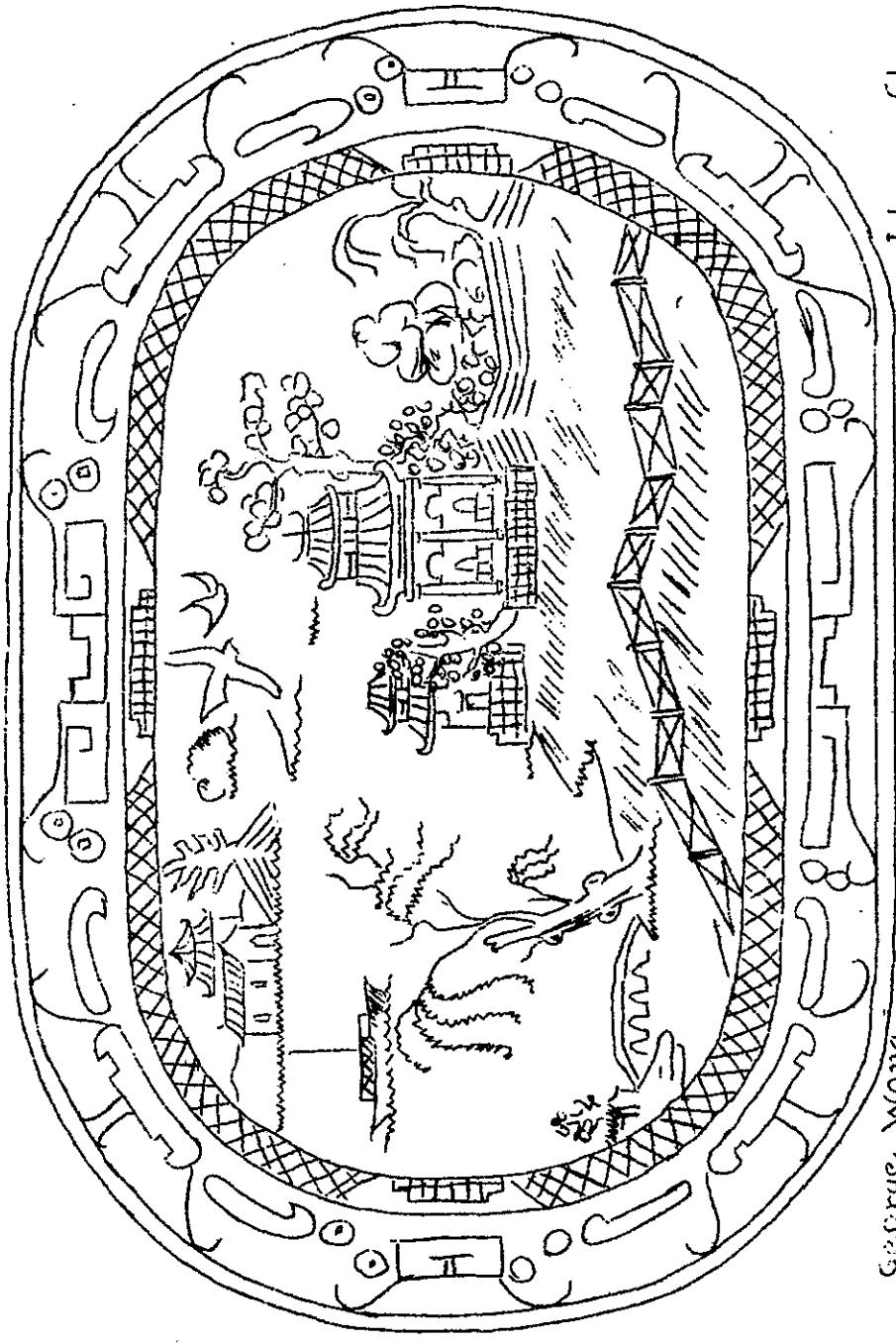
CHRONICLE

華民日報

中華民國二十一年一月四日

APRIL

1932



George Wong

Johnson Chan

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

BITS OF CHINA

From the Editor's Collection

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EDITORIALPARTNERSHIP WITH GOD

We realize that there are still many good people, who for conscientious reasons, never patronize the stage and seldom attend the "movies," and we respect their convictions. We cannot, however, understand how anyone could fail to be at least a little better person after seeing George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God."

Here is a truly beautiful story superbly acted. Montgomery Royle, a world famous and intensely popular musician, at the height of his career, receives a shock that renders him stone deaf and unable even to hear himself play. He shuts himself up from the world and his friends, becomes morose, bitter of soul, violent in his denunciations of God, and is on the verge of suicide. Then he obtains a vivid glimpse of the trials and sorrows of others. Through his remarkable proficiency in lip reading he discovers a young man praying, and learns that this young man and his lover are in a terrible predicament from which money alone can extricate them. Royle who, with all his physical misfortune, is quite wealthy, conceives the idea of answering this young man's prayer and, as he expresses it, "playing a joke on God." His act is the beginning of a series of such acts of mercy; and before he realizes it he is again finding joy in life, and to the astonishment of his friends, speaks of himself as being in partnership with God.

It is a beautiful idea, this being in partnership with God. If we believe in God we must believe that He is the author of everything that is good and beautiful, tender, loving and merciful. Our position in life may be lowly, our lot a hard one, our road a rough and rugged one; but along the way there come countless opportunities to do good by being kind, loving and merciful, by rendering some little service that will make some other's burden lighter or some heart happier; and when such moments come, if we avail ourselves of the opportunity, we become elevated to that sublime condition of being "in partnership with God."

There are those who are accustomed to think of the use of opium as indigenous to the Chinese. Such a view is utterly incorrect. As China counts time, this vice is of modern acquisition. Actually it was introduced into China by Europeans not more than three hundred years ago. Although the peculiar properties of opium were well known in China before that time, it was not used except for medicinal purposes before the beginning of the Manchu rule (A. D. 1644). Even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century the habit still did not exist to any appreciable extent; but during the first two decades of that century small quantities were imported from Java. The Chinese took readily to it, and it quickly became a widespread vice.

In 1729 an edict was issued by the Emperor forbidding its sale and the maintenance of places where it might be smoked; and from that time on the vice was the subject of continuous official hostility and prohibition.

However, in 1773 the British East India Company, looking for a larger market, made a small shipment to China as an experiment. The speculation proved profitable and the trade grew rapidly. In spite of repeated edicts the British continued to ship opium to China through the port of Canton. The Emperor appointed an exceedingly energetic official and gave him instructions to put a stop to this smuggling. This official did his work so thoroughly and uncompromisingly that he was brought into serious conflict with powerful British trade interests. The result was the Opium War - (1840 - 1842) - one of the blackest chapters in all British history, China was of course defeated, and there was imposed upon her the nefarious Treaty of Nanking, by which she was forced to pay indemnity of \$21,000,000.00 to Great Britain, \$6,000,000.00 of which was for opium which the Chinese Government had destroyed, but which was worth only about a third of that amount. Furthermore, she was compelled to cede Hongkong outright to the British and to open to foreign trade the ports of Canton, Amoy, Fuchow, Ningpo and Shanghai.

From that time on the British East India Company flooded China with opium. The Chinese became an opium-smoking people, and the government, unwilling to allow a foreign nation to reap all the financial profits from this vice, permitted the growth of the poppy and the manufacture of opium.

(continued next month)

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

At a luncheon of the High Twelve Club held at the Hotel Whitecotton in Berkeley on March 4, about twenty-five Chung Mei boys entertained with songs, under the direction of their "Captain."

On March 9, Mr. Sha of the Chung Sai Yat Po, a Chinese daily paper, spoke on the Sinc-Japanese situation. The Chung Mei boys occupied the platform and sang several selections which were well received by the audience.

"Love Divine," our sacred musical drama, was presented on Sunday night, March 13, at the United Presbyterian Church in Oakland.

Our hearts were all saddened at the news of our Captain's bereavement when his father passed away in England on March 7. We are more glad than ever now, that it was possible for Captain to make the trip to England last year to visit his father.

During the Easter vacation we enjoyed several good times. One afternoon we all went to the Berkeley hills where we hiked, picked wild flowers and enjoyed the beauty of the hills. It was a glorious day and we were sorry when it ended.

Then on Thursday came the big event of the week - the Easter Egg Hunt. We went out to our own acres in El Cerrito, and each boy found a nest of eggs hidden in the tall grass. We even saw one of the rabbits which might have helped put the eggs there.

On Saturday night, March 26, the Chung Mei Boys filled the choir loft of the San Francisco Chinese Presbyterian church, where union services of all the Chinese churches were being held, and sang several times during the evening.

They also attended the Easter Sunday morning service at the First Baptist Church of Berkeley.

On Sunday evening Mr. Fletcher, who was born in China and has been a missionary in Burma, spoke to us on "It isn't where you are, but what you do that counts." We thoroughly enjoyed his talk, and also seeing Eddie, George Haw and George Gee dressed in Burmese clothes.

Now that the good weather is with us again and we are expecting to make better provision for transportation, we will be open for dates to put on programs for any church within a radius of a hundred miles. We can present either our sacred musical drama "Love Divine" or an informal program call "Chung Mei Home in Song and Story."

PERSONALS
Edwin Lawyow

Eddie Tong, having successfully passed his ten weeks course in Life Saving, is now a member of the American Red Cross Life Saving Service and the University of California Life Saving Corps. He has two very beautiful badges to wear on his swimming suit.

Apparently Jim Lee would rather walk than ride in "Nancy Lee." He became detached from the "gang" in the Berkeley hills and walked all the way home.

Albert Young, seeking to outdo Jim Lee, strayed from the Easter Egg hunt, and had to walk all the way home from El Cerrito. Too bad, Albert.

Donald Hall made good use of his Easter vacation by having his tonsils removed. After he gets back his pep he will, we think, be more handsome than ever.

Captain does not like to take Warren Young to deliver wood. He spends too much time telling his life story to our lady customers.

Frank Seid, Jones Lem, Walter Lim and Jack Young, all old Chung Mei Boys, have been to visit us lately. We were delighted to see them.

Johnson Chan and Eugene Soo Hoo both earned places on the Edison Honon Roll.

Eugene Soo Hoo has now returned to China with his parents.

Frank Kwok is getting ready to sail for Honolulu where he will live with his uncle.

Mrs. Chin Toy is back with us after a brief vacation.

We feel that our young artist, Johnson Chan, has done a particularly fine piece of work this month. With a magnifying glass in one hand and a pencil in the other, he produced the picture on the cover of this issue from a small print about an inch and a half by one inch in size.

In the Hawthorne School kite-flying contest Chung Mei boys won the following distinctions.

Benson Wong - 2 second prizes, one third.

Otto Lee - 2 second prizes
Dick Chin - 1 second prize.

Charles Tom won first place in two rope-jumping contests.

Two new boys have come to the home this month - Herbert Jue, age 8, and Stanley Chan, age 6.

RIB TICKLERS

The young son of a prominent New York family who had spent most of his years in the great city or at some summer resort, recently paid his first visit to a real farm house. He was anxious to show that he was not altogether ignorant of rural conditions, and when a dish of honey was set upon the breakfast table he saw his opportunity.

"Ah!" he said carelessly, "I see you keep a bee."

* * * * *

Al: My brother is taking up French, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, German and Greek.

Jim: Goodness, when does he find time to do all his studying.

Al: He doesn't study. He runs the elevator at the City Hall.

* * * * *

Excited Showman: "The prize leopard has escaped. Take this rifle and shoot him on the spot."

Green Employee: "Which s---pot, s--ir?"

* * * * *

He: "At least one time in my life I was glad to be down and out."

She: "When was that?"

He: "After my first trip in an aeroplane."

* * * * *

Mistress: (to cook from the country) "What do you think of our gas stoves, Jane?"

Jane: "Why, I think they're wonderful, Mam, the one in the kitchen hasn't gone out since I came."

* * * * *

George Gee: "Will you please tell me where is railroad depot?"

Officer Bert Frazer: "What's the matter, George? You lost?"

George Gee: "No, me here. Depot lost?"

* * * * *

Mary: "Mamma, why hasn't papa any hair?"

Mamma: "Because he thinks so much, darling."

Mary: "Why have you so much hair, mamma?"

Mamma: "Now run along and play, my dear."

* * * * *

Housewife: "Aren't you the same man I gave some biscuits to last week?"

Tramp: "No ma'am, the doctor says I never will be the same man again."

BOOKS

Not yet off the press

My Life Story - - - -Warren K. Young
The Last Chapter - - - - -Wm. M. Gee
Raising Chickens for Profit - -

George Gee

Angling and Angleworms - Edwin Lawyow
Smile and the Girls Smile With You -

Donald Hall

Playing Marbles for Profit - -

George Wong

Social Correspondence - - Bennie Lai

Pansies & Other Flowers - - Fred Fong

The Severing of Sino-Japanese

Relationships - - - - Oliver Chin

Johnson Chan

With a brief introduction by -

Benjamin T. Wu

Bicycle Breaking Made Easy - - -

Henry Chan

Why I Like to Work - - - Wayland Chan

Loud Speaker - - - - - George Haw

Meanderings in a Meat Shop - - -

Frank Kwok

The Rise & Fall of a Skyscraper - -

Roland Chew

Hints for the Bashful - - Eugene Sum

For particulars concerning date of publication, price, autographed copies, etc., address authors personally.

* * * * *

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

The following donations to this fund have been received since our last statement was published.

Mr. & Mrs. R. L. Thomsen	\$ 5.00
Miss Elizabeth J. Sherman	5.00
Mrs. John E. Scott	5.00
Miss Veva P. Carr	3.00
Miss Minnie Dye	1.00

* * * * *

So live that when the summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. B.

VOL. 4

NO. 6

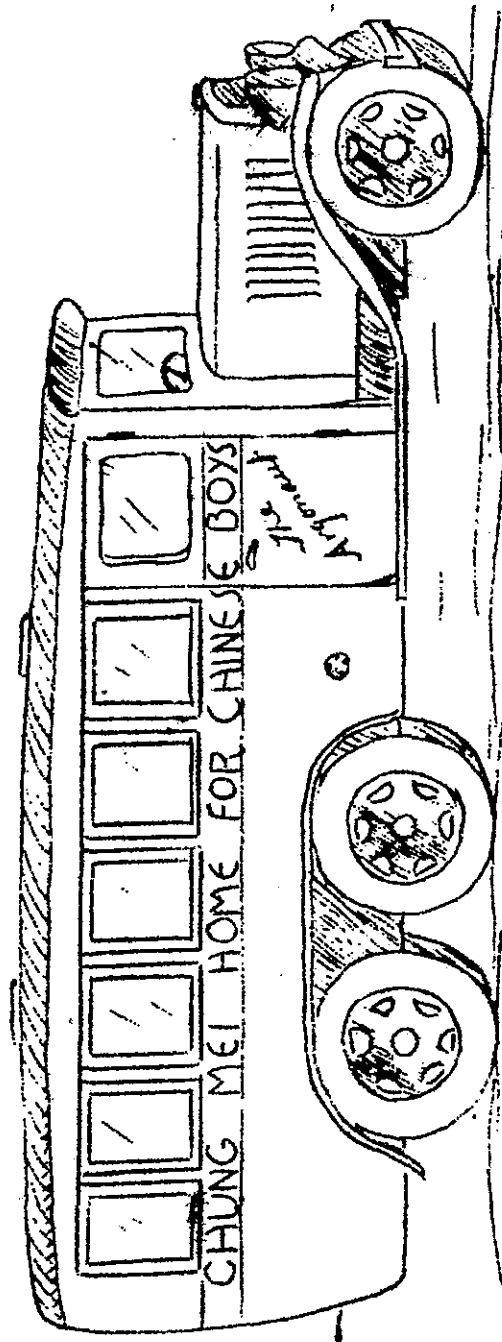
CHUNG MEI

CHRONICLE

報 月 美 中
月 五 年 一 十 二 國 民 華 中

MAY

1932



Handwritten signature or initials.

Published monthly at 3000 Ninth Street,
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BITS OF CHINA

From the Editor's Collection
(Opium, continued)

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EDITORIALMOTHER

The beautiful idea of setting aside one day of the year to be designated as Mother's Day originated with Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, in the year 1908. Miss Jarvis was asked by the superintendent of the Sunday school in a Virginia town where her mother had for years been a moving spirit, to arrange a memorial service.

As she went about making arrangements for this service there came to her a realization of the lack of tender consideration for absent mothers by busy grown-up children, of the neglect of home ties engendered by the pressure of modern life and of the need of a reminder of the loving unselfish mothers, living or dead. Instead, therefore, of a service of memorial for her mother only, Miss Jarvis expanded the idea to include all mothers.

The idea spread throughout the country, and in May 1914 Mother's Day came to be included among our American holidays by a bill passed by Congress and signed by President Woodrow Wilson, directing "government officials to display the United States flag on all government buildings," and inviting the people of the United States "to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places on the second Sunday in May as a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country."

Of the many annual observances which we have in these United States, there is none more beautiful as this one; and as long as our nation shall exist, may this custom never die.

"Over my heart in the days that
are flown
No love like mother love ever has
shown.
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient like
yours."

C. R. S.

From the time of the signing of the treaty of Nanking, referred to in our last issue, until the early part of the twentieth century, the vice of opium smoking did more to impair the moral and economic well-being of the Chinese people than all other forces put together.

During the next seventy years the consumption of opium in China increased almost seventy times. Annually about twenty-two thousand tons were disposed of, and the number of opium smokers grew to at least fifteen million. In some sections, it was said, whole populations gave themselves up to the seductive pipe, and sank into a state of lethargy, misery and degradation.

At length it became evident that this vice was sapping the life blood out of the nation, plunging it into social, moral and financial ruin, and that unless the people speedily renounced it and made a determined effort to recover its resisting power there would be no hope for China among the nations of the earth.

In 1906 the Chinese Government, realizing that the use of opium was the most acute moral and economic question which the nation had to face, and determining to make an effort to save the country, issued an edict by which they sought to put an end to the use of the drug within ten years.

This decree provided: that the area of land used for cultivation of the poppy should be cut down by one ninth part each year, so that at the end of nine years there should be no more land used for this purpose; that all smokers should go to the nearest authorities and secure certificates; that the amount of opium supplied to each smoker should be decreased by one third each year; that all smokers under sixty years of age should get cured before arriving at sixty; that all opium dens and all restaurants, hotels, wine shops which provided couches and pipes should be closed and that no more lamps or pipes should be made or sold.

In the face of terrific obstacles which space will not permit to discuss here, China has made great progress in her fight against this monster. She has gone far but has still far to go. She is struggling manfully, hoping that she may ultimately free herself entirely from this diabolical yoke which was forced upon her by so-called Christian nations.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

PERSONALS
Edwin Lawyow

On Wednesday night, April 13th, "Love Divine" was presented at the Central Baptist Church, San Francisco.

We were happy to have a little visit with three of our Wah Mei friends, Anna Chan, Anabel Lee and Helen Fong -- also David Sum of San Francisco. They assisted Captain in entertaining the Thousand Oaks Masonic Lodge early in April.

The Annual Spring Festival of Music under the auspices of the Potrero Hill Neighborhood House, was held at the First Presbyterian Church in San Francisco on Friday evening, April 15th. The Chung Mei Cadets in full dress uniform took part in the program, together with Russian, Swedish, Spanish, and other Chinese groups. Many enthusiastic comments were received concerning their performance and appearance.

We were glad to be of assistance to our friends of the Twenty-first Avenue Baptist Church in San Francisco on the night of April 22nd, when we presented a part of our Chung Mei Review at their monthly church social gathering. We had a good time and hope they did.

The boys, again in uniform, sang at the Havenscourt Lutheran Church in East Oakland on Saturday afternoon, April 23rd, at a meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the California Conference of Lutheran Women. As a reward for their services they received fifteen dollars for their Building Fund.

Because we realize that it will be some time before we can hope to have our new building, we are trying to make the old one look a little more presentable in the meantime. Just now, as I am writing this, eight of our largest boys are busily engaged in scraping the old paint from the building -- after which it will be painted buff and green.

We have thanked them personally, but desire to give recognition through this column to Mrs. Elizabeth East and Mrs. Harriet Williams for their splendid services as accompanists for our various performances.

On the Sunday following Easter ten of our boys were baptized at the First Baptist Church of Berkeley.

We are adding very slowly to our Building Fund, but each bit counts. If you are interested in having "Love Divine," "The Chung Mei Home in Song and Story" or "The Chung Mei Review" presented at your church or other organization we shall be glad to hear from you.

George Gee is endeavoring to raise a brood of chickens. Recently he tried to help the mother hen by breaking some of the eggs to release the chicks. Needless to say, the little chicks did not appreciate being hastened into the world before their time, and manifested their disapproval by refusing to chirp.

Edward Lem, Willie Gee and Bonnie Lai were on the honor roll in their class at Berkeley High last report period. They are keeping up the high standard which they made at Edison.

Captain has been teaching Miss Thomsen to drive a car. Strange as it seems telephone poles hold no attraction for her.

Henry Chan is keeping up his record as a bicycle-breaker by accomplishing one wreck a month. We are considering bestowing upon him the title -- M. B. W., Master Bicycle Wrecker.

Benjie Ju claims that the book, "The Severing of Sino-Japanese Relationships" was written entirely by himself. He offered Johnson Chan and Oliver Chin some space to say what they wanted to, but after careful consideration they decided to stay out of it, for reasons best known to themselves -- and two certain little brown-eyed, black-haired damsels.

Another phrase goes down in Chung Mei history. This one is coined by George Gee. "Not me, Captain, 's George Wong."

Willie Gee is trying to edit a paper which he has named "The Silent Yodeller." He owns it, finances it, has no reporters other than himself, prints it at the expense of great labor, and distributes the only copy that comes off the press. It is a weekly paper and comes out once a month.

Wayland Chan has developed a new method of fighting which he calls the "hair grip," but other observers call it good old-fashioned hair pulling.

Willie Gee and Bonnie Lai have been learning to drive the big truck.

Harry Chan has been teaching his small brother, Stanley, the ins and outs of life in Chung Mei Home.

We have heard from Frank Kwok that he has safely arrived in Honolulu and is attending Kalakaua Junior High School. He is enjoying the mild climate and sends "Aloha" to the gang.

OUR NEW BUS
The Why and the How of It.

Prior to 1928 we traveled by any means that happened to be available at the time; to Sunday school on the street car, to San Francisco on train and boat, to churches in street cars or conveyances provided by the church. When we went to the San Joaquin Valley for a series of entertainments, we traveled in a dilapidated truck, both truck and driver being hired; and the cost of it ate up nearly all the profits. When we went to the berry fields we were transported in an antiquated conveyance owned by the rancher and nicknamed "Asthmatic Ann," which sometimes got to its destination.

In June 1928 with the beginnings of the woodyard, it was found necessary to have a truck. A second-hand Ford of ancient vintage was purchased for \$150, the boys paying half out of their earnings, the other half being paid by the S. F. B. C. Baptist Union. She was named "Kentucky Babe," and used to take the boys to camp, to convey them to Sunday school and to other places to put on programs and to haul wood. Although only a 1½ ton truck she sometimes hauled as many as 35 boys as far as San Francisco.

When plans were made to visit the Valley, Christmas 1928, to put on several performances, a bigger conveyance was deemed absolutely necessary. For the sum of \$335 a second-hand Bethlehem truck was purchased and put into condition (including canvas top). Of this sum the City Union paid \$100. We paid the rest. This truck was called the "Covered Wagon," and some of the adventures had in her were surpassed only by those who, in the original covered wagons, crossed the American continent in search of fortune. We too went in search of fortune, but did not find much. In seven performances we took in only \$618, and of this \$125 was eaten up in repairs on the "Covered Wagon," which, it developed, was in such a condition that we should never have been sent out in it; but we didn't know as much about trucks then as we do now, and we trusted the judgment of one who, if he had any, didn't exercise it.

In July 1929 came "Nancy Lee," named after our operetta "Nancy Lee" which helped earn the money to pay for her. "Nancy" was a six-wheel Model A Ford, built with a large broad body to accommodate the whole gang. She cost \$1,350 and not a cent came out of missionary funds. It was secured by the boys through the co-operation of their Chinese and American friends. All who have seen the Chung Mei Boys during the last three years have seen "Nancy Lee." She has been a faithful servant, has traveled 17,000 miles, and besides hauling the boys here, there and everywhere, has earned several thousand dollars for the woodyard.

But "Nancy" is now somewhat the worse for wear. She was built to carry 45 boys. Today there are more than 60 in the home. Traveling in "Nancy" is neither safe nor comfortable for so many. We have long felt that we have been tempting Providence, and have frequently emphasized the necessity of a school bus. But with hard times upon us, and with our denomination cutting at every conceivable point, it seemed useless to ask for money for such a purpose. So we talked the matter over with the boys and decided to borrow money from ourselves. As the result of hard work in the woodyard and numerous small-pay musical programs, we had in the bank about \$2,800. We realized that without better transportation we were almost helpless to earn much more money, and that to continue to travel in our old truck might lead to a very expensive accident. We therefore decided that money used to purchase a bus would prove a good investment, and it would help us tremendously in our campaign for our building fund. After several weeks of careful study we gave the order for the new bus. It will be a six-cylinder Federal chassis, with a body to seat 70 - boys and Staff. The interior will be plain but comfortable. There will be hydraulic brakes on every wheel, in fact it will be a first class piece of transportation that should last for ten or twelve years, and it is going to cost us about \$2,500.

And now for its name. We are going to call it the "Argonaut," because in it we are going to sally forth like the Argonauts of old adventuring and prospecting in search of gold.

The bus will be finished about the middle of May. It will be our purpose to use her in every possible way to earn money for our building fund. We want to visit churches far and near and put on programs. We will rent our bus with driver for Sunday school and Church picnics, etc. We shall be glad to hear from those who would like to assist us in our enterprise.

A few days ago our friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. Joseph Evans of Burlingame, came to see us. They asked us what was the latest development in our building enterprise. We told them the story of the bus, and they delighted our hearts exceedingly by presenting us with a check for \$1,000, to help us in this project. Perhaps there are others who would like to assist us. Anything, from one to one thousand, will be very gratefully received.

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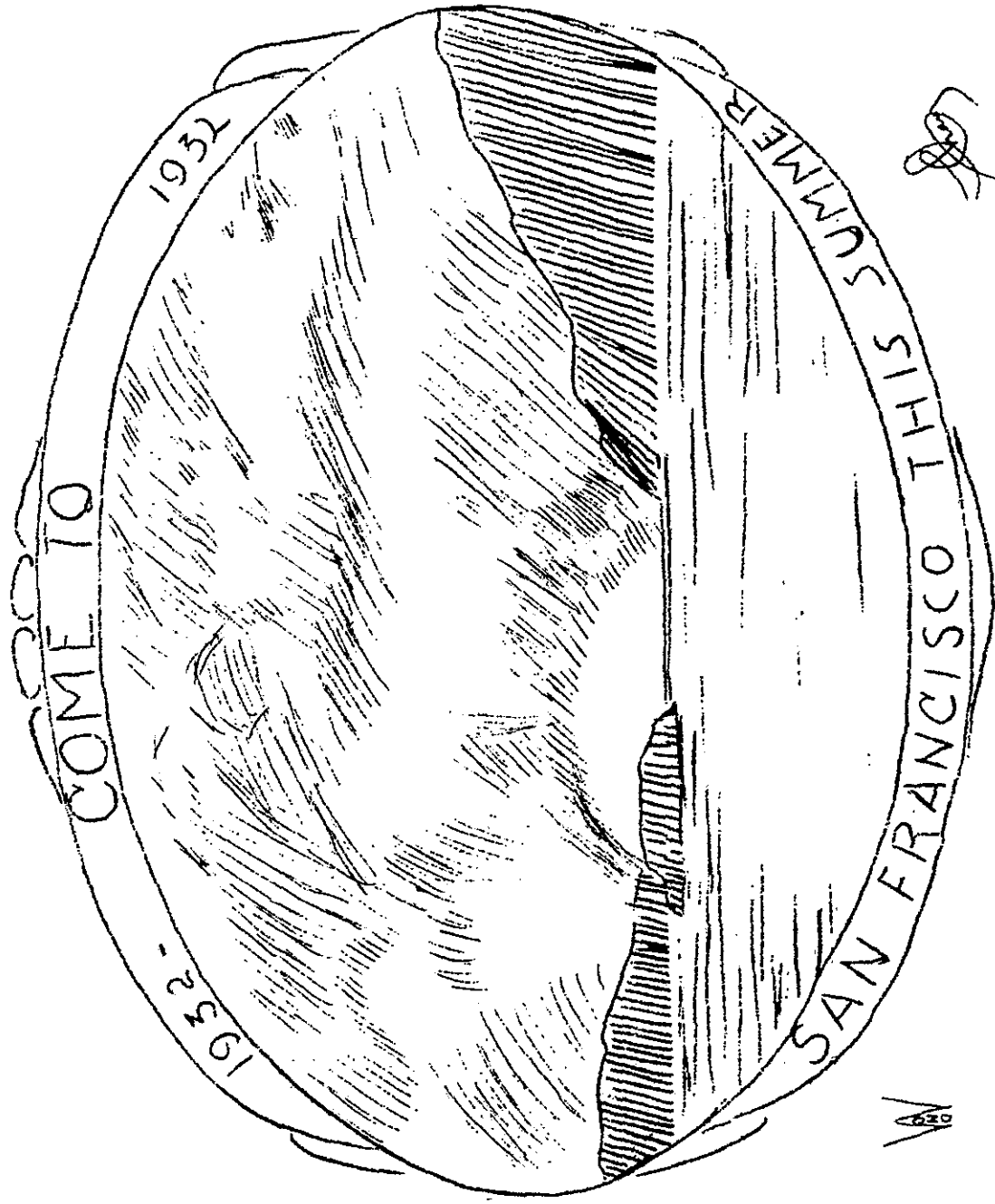
CHUNG MEE

CHRONICLE

報月美中
月六年一十二國民華中

JUNIE

1932



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

BITS OF CHINA

From the Editor's Collection

STAFF

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 George Haw, Edwin Lawyow.
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EDITORIALFear God and Do Your Own Thinking

The form of this caption is borrowed from Theodore Roosevelt who in turn borrowed it from Borrow.

"Fear God; and take your own part," said the great American quoting from the heroine Lavengro. Obey the great and immutable law of righteousness; let honesty, justice, mercy and truth guide you in your dealings with your fellow men. Then take a stand for what you believe to be right, and be prepared to defend your position.

Why not apply the same principle to our thinking?

We once asked a young devotee of a certain branch of Christendom what he would do if he ever found himself unable to give intellectual assent to the teachings of his order. "Such a thing is unthinkable," he replied, "we accept without question the teachings of our Church. How pathetic!

We once knew a group of students who idolized a certain preacher who was inordinately foppish and egotistical. They idolized him because it was the fashion so to do. They seemed to feel that they were not quite up to snuff if they did not rave over Dr. Soandso. New students caught the spirit immediately upon arriving at school, rushed off to hear him, and returned to rave. How silly!

Sometimes it becomes the fashion to rave about a certain writer or lecturer or entertainer, and out of the thousands who rave there are but few who can tell you why they do so.

To be sure independent, unguided, unsteadied thinking is dangerous; but if God did not intend us to think why did He give us minds?

So long as we keep uppermost in our hearts the great immutable law of righteousness, so long as we allow our thinking to be tempered by honesty, justice, mercy and truth we cannot go far wrong. So in the fear of God let us do our own thinking.

A certain missionary once said that the Chinese language was the devil's device for keeping the gospel out of China.

That of course was a rather silly thing to say, and did scant credit to the gospel; but the fact remains that it is an exceedingly difficult language - some say the most difficult of all.

It is monosyllabic, each word being uttered by a single movement of the vocal organs and expressing a complete idea. There is very little syntax. The relation of a word is recognized by its position in the sentence. The same word may serve as noun, adjective, verb or adverb. Gender, number, person and case are signified not by the form of the word but by related additional words.

The main difficulty lies in the fact that while the written language is practically the same in all parts of the country, the spoken language is broken up into at least eight distinct dialects which are to the ear as different from one another as English is from German, etc.; and furthermore there are to be found countless corrupt forms of these eight dialects. The result is that one who is a thoroughly proficient conversationalist in one part of China may be utterly unable to make himself understood in some other part of the country.

Another tremendous difficulty with the spoken language lies in the "tones" or intonations that may be given to one and the same sound, thereby entirely changing the meaning. In the Cantonese dialect there are eight tones; which means that a sound may be uttered in from one to eight different tones of voice and each time mean something different. In English the words "home," "book," "chicken," "lord" and "teach" may be uttered in whatever tone of voice one pleases and always mean the same thing; but in Cantonese, by slight inflection of the voice, "home" becomes "devil," "book" becomes "tree," "lord" becomes "pig," "chicken" becomes "street" and "teach" becomes "strangle." One can readily understand what grave misunderstanding may result from an incorrect inflection of the voice.

The study of the Chinese language is, however, an intensely fascinating one. While there is no alphabet such as we Westerners have, there are 214 main signs called "radicals." Out of these radicals are built up, by a system of combinations, the thousands of "characters" which constitute the language. These are combinations of ideas but not of sounds. Words thus built up have en-

tirely new sounds which usually have no relation to the sounds of the component parts.

Most of these combinations are rich in meaning. Thus the character for "man" standing beside the character for "words" i. e. man standing by his words, means "trust" or "faith." The character for "mouth" combined with the character for "shut" makes the word for "bite." Two "mouth" characters with a "dog" makes "bark." The "wood" radical combined with the one for "ability" becomes "material." A "woman" placed under a "roof" becomes "happiness" - very nice; but a "pig" beneath the same "roof" signifies "home" - not so good. The radical "ten" with the addition of three "help" radicals becomes "cooperation" - quite meaningful. And so we might go on and on, but space will not permit.

Better start studying Chinese. It's most fascinating and lots of fun.

PERSONALS

Edwin Lawyow

Charles Tom, Winston Wong and Dick Chin are among those who are expecting to graduate from Hawthorne School at the end of this semester.

Bobby Kwok is now a Low Intermediate, Robert E. Lee a High Intermediate and Edward Lem a Senior.

Henry Chan, Benjie Wu and the writer were elected as a committee to report all unnecessary disturbances in No. 1 Dormitory.

Norman Leong who left us about a year ago has returned.

The latest arrivals are Harold Ong, age six, and Douglas Eng, age four and a half.

Mrs. Young has left for her vacation, and Mrs. Wong is substituting as cook.

Eugene Som and George Gee of Edison Jr. High Tennis Team won a match against a Burbank team.

Eddie Tong has successfully concluded his Sophomore year at the University of California.

Donald Hall expects to be a big-game hunter some day. He says that if one would be successful he must start from the bottom up, and so he is shooting flies with rubber bands. The result is that "flit" and fly-swatters are becoming obsolete in Chung Mei Home.

The Wong brothers and Arthur Chan were pleasantly surprised recently when their sisters from Ming Quong came to visit them.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY

Margaret G. Thomsen

On May 1st the Chung Mei Cadets, with their drum corps, headed the First Baptist Church division in the parade of Oakland Protestant Churches held in connection with the Union Evangelistic Services.

On Tuesday night, May the 10th, at a very beautiful ceremony, Dorothy Shepherd was married to Donald Fibush. Her father, our own Captain, performed the ceremony. We all wish Mr. and Mrs. Fibush every happiness.

Captain's very worth-while new book, "Lim Yik Choy," has been accepted for publication by the Fleming H. Revell Co. Those of you who know Captain's ability in this line through his Editorials and other features in the Chronicle will surely want to own a copy of this new book.

At the annual meeting of the San Francisco Bay Cities Baptist Union we were, as usual, represented. Captain spoke in the afternoon and the boys sang at the evening session.

On Saturday, May 14, we traveled to Locke. Our new bus was not ready for the occasion, so we rode in a huge truck kindly loaned to us by Mr. W. C. Morse of the Federal Motors Co. Mr. Morris of the same company drove for us. The trip was for the purpose of presenting "The Chung Mei Review" as a fifty-fifty benefit for our Building Fund and for our Chinese Christian Center at Locke. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and the proceeds for each fund was sixty-one dollars.

Our first trip in "The Argonaut," our new bus, was made on Sunday, May 22, when we visited the Burlingame Baptist Church, taking charge of the morning service. It was quite a trip in more ways than one, and we enjoyed our visit and the lunch provided for us.

The "Argonaut" was not completely finished when we took her out on this first trip; but she has been back to the shop and has now returned to us, a thing of beauty and a joy to all. She is painted in our colors, navy and orange, and has our name on the sides. All we have to do now is to earn back the money we borrowed from our Building Fund to pay for her. Two gifts, one of ten dollars and one of two dollars, came to us last week for this purpose.

The painting of our building has been completed and we are proud of its appearance. You will be pleasantly surprised when you come to see us again. Some of the boys are now at work painting the garages and woodshed.

(cont'd on next page)

The boys sang several numbers at a meeting of the Oakland Chinese churches held at the Chinese Baptist Church on the night of May 26. The churches have been uniting for Evangelistic services.

We are planning a Chinese Bazaar, Restaurant and Tea Room during the Northern Baptist Convention days in San Francisco. Dinner reservations for large groups may be made at any time now.

We are grateful for two gifts recently received for our Building Fund. One gift of one hundred dollars came from the Adult Department of the Berkeley First Baptist Sunday school, and the other gift of fifteen dollars from the Chinese Baptist Mission of Sacramento.

* * * * *

RIB TICKLERS

Red Herring and Shrimp

Warren Young: "When I look into your eyes it sets my brain on fire."

Sarah Lee: "Oh, I thought I smelled wood burning."

Mrs. Fitch: "Who can name something of great importance which we have today which did not exist in the 18th century?"

Otto Lee: "Me, Mrs. Fitch, me."

Mrs. Morrice: "George Chin, how did you come to break that glass?"

George Chin: "I didn't come to break the glass. I came to get a drink."

Toshiko: "You remind me of the ocean."

Benjie: (ardently) "You mean because I'm wild, romantic and restless?"

Toshiko: "No, because you make me sick."

On the first day of school, the little boys took their seats and waited until the teacher came down among them to get their names. The first one to whom she came replied that his name was Si.

"No," the teacher corrected, "you must not say Si. Say Silas."

Next she came to one who said his name was Tom.

"No," the teacher said impressively, "it's Thomas."

"And now, little boy," she inquired of a lad in the end row, "what is your name?"

The lad's name was Jack -- well he didn't know what to say.

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, just laugh at the age of the jokes.

ADVANCE NOTICE

of

A New Book

LIM YIK CHOY

The Story of a Chinese Orphan

By Charles R. Shepherd

This is a story of a little Chinese orphan boy in America who, through no fault of his own, drifts among evil companions and falls into the hands of the law, but by the assistance of loving hearts and ready hands is given a new start in life, makes good, completes his education and returns to China to render service in an orphans home in the great city of Canton.

It is a boy story, a study in child psychology and race relations, a tale of college life, football and romance all rolled into one. It is equally suited for adults and young folks.

You must not fail to read it.

Being published by Fleming H. Revell, New York. Will be off the press about July first.

Order through the Chung Mei Chronicle. Price \$1.50. Copies autographed by request.

The Editors.

* * * * *

CHRONICLE READERS' BUILDING FUND

The following donations to this fund have been received since our last statement was published.

Mr. & Mrs. E. J. Evans	\$ 1,000.00
Mr. F. E. Forbes	10.00
Mrs. Lillie D. Carter	10.00
Mrs. Celeste Morse	5.00
Miss Edith Tapper	2.00

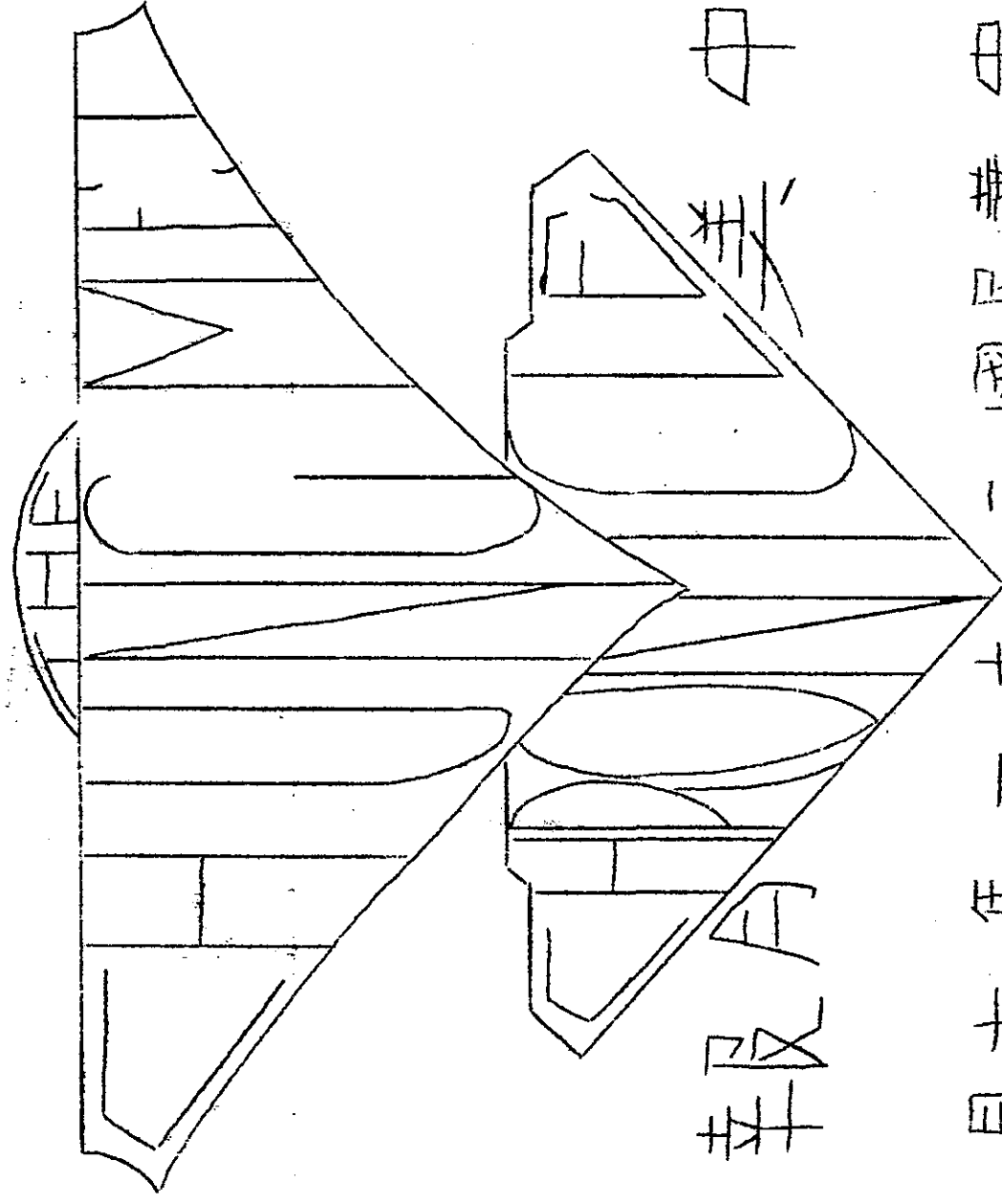
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A BUSY MAN'S PRAYER

"Let me die working,
Still tackling plans unfinished,
tasks undone!
Clean to its end, swift may my
race be run.
No laggard steps, no faltering,
no shirking;
Let me die working."

108

108

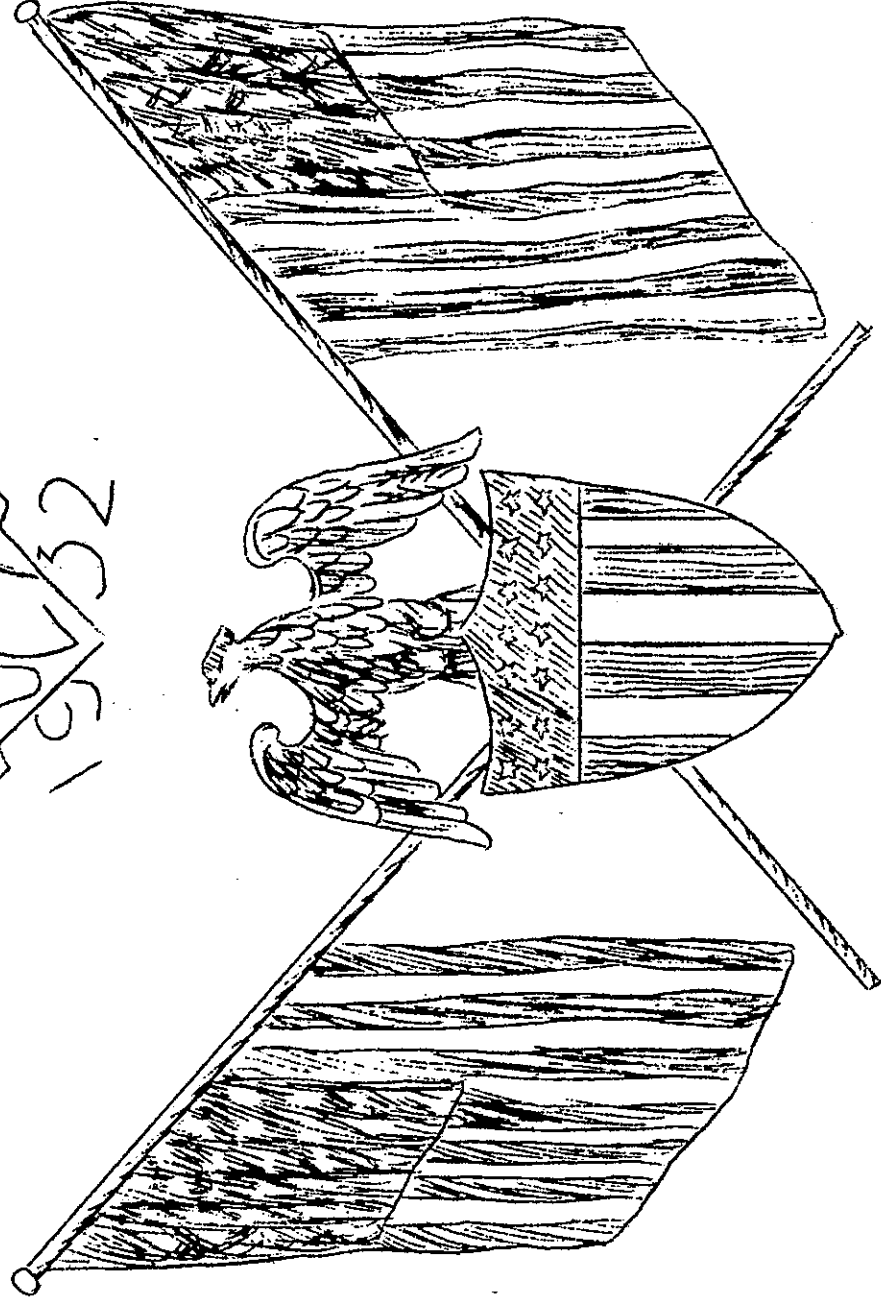


辛報月

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中華民國二十一年七月

1932



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 Artists - Johnson Chan, George Wong.

which, while not in itself a qualification for domestic servitude, is withal such a characteristic as independence, individuality and aggressiveness, we are not going to worry about it, but rather rejoice, because these are the characteristics which, if developed and directed aright, are going to qualify these boys for positions of leadership and useful service among their own people.

C. R. S.

EDITORIAL

NOT A RACE OF SERVANTS

We sometimes get a little out of patience with those who so constantly emphasize the fact that Chinese make good servants. To hear some Westerners talk one would think that that were the only thing the Chinese are good for.

It is true that Chinese servants are good servants. They are good servants because their whole cultural and social background has taught them to be faithful, industrious and painstaking. But the Chinese are by no means a race of servants - though there may be those who would like to have it so. There are among them millions who can and do fill, in a highly satisfactory manner, most any calling in life -- farmers, merchants, mechanics, artificers, poets, artists, teachers, philosophers, statesmen and what-not.

We have several boys in Chung Mei Home who help support themselves or provide their own pocket money by working part time in American homes. They have, as a rule, rendered excellent account of themselves. Recently, however, one employer complained that the boy who worked for her was "too Americanized." Pressed for explanation she said that he was too glib of speech and had an air about him too much like an American boy. Finally she made it clear that he did not sufficiently display that quiet, docile, servile spirit that certain American people so much appreciate in Oriental servants.

Too bad! If the boy in question talked too much and was a little too free and easy at times he did not quite live up to his training, because Chung Mei boys are taught to go quietly about their work, to be painstaking in their efforts and to be respectful to those who are employing them. But, Chung Mei Home is not a training school for Chinese house-boys. The housework which Chung Mei boys do is a means to an end, just as the many kinds of labor which the writer did in his school days were a means to an end, a means of obtaining a livelihood while securing an education and preparation for a life of usefulness. And if these boys occasionally display some trait of character

BITS OF CHINA

From the Editor's Collection

Speculative philosophy is given a large place in the writings of the ancient Chinese. It covers a very large field and volumes could be written about it.

Concerning man's moral nature there seem to have been numerous schools.

Confucius (5th century B. C.), and later Mencius, taught that man is born good and becomes evil only by contact with evil.

The philosopher Kao, about the same time, contended that at birth man is neither good nor bad, but may become either according to the influences that are brought to bear upon him. "As water will run from East to West according to the presence or absence of obstacles, so," said Kao, "man's nature will become good or evil according to the forces it encounters."

Hsu A Tzu insisted that man is at birth entirely evil, from his earliest days being actuated by selfish motives and readily becoming a slave of envy, hate and other passions, and that only by the restraint of law and the influence and guidance of good teachers can he become a benefit to society. "Just as wood must be subjected to pressure to make it straight, and metal must be subjected to a grindstone in order to make it sharp, so must the nature of man be subjected to training and education in order to obtain from it the virtues of justice and self-sacrifice." He maintained stoutly that God has no favorites, and asked, "How then is it that some men are evil while others are good?" "The answer," he said, "is that the former follow their natural dispositions while the latter submit to restraints and follow the guidance of their teachers."

Yang Hsiung, born fifty-three years before Christ, took still another position. He maintained that man is at birth neither wholly good nor wholly bad, but a mixture of both, (note the difference between this and the position of Kao) and that development in either direction depends entirely upon environment.

As to man's mission in life, Mo Ti, contemporary to Mencius, taught that mutual and universal love was the cure for

all ills. While Yang Chu, about the same time, propounded a diametrically opposite doctrine which has been summed up by subsequent scholars as "Every man for himself."

Very much more could be written about Chinese speculative philosophy if space permitted, but the foregoing statements are sufficient to show that while our ancestors were still in the state of barbarism, the Chinese were already wrestling with the deep intellectual problems that our best minds have not yet solved.

PERSONALS

Edwin Lawyow

George Gee and Peter Hoh have left us, but the brothers of Donald Hall and Fred Fong are coming right away to fill their places.

Willie Gee has his driver's license now and is already making himself useful as second assistant truck driver.

Wayland Chan is now second cook, taking the place of George Gee.

Edward Tong has been promoted to the rank of Sergeant in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, U. S. Army.

Seen at Stinson's Beach - George Haw trying to stagger to the shore with several mouthfuls of the Pacific Ocean slopping around inside him; Eugene Som patiently trying to entice a crab from its rocky lair; George Chin faithfully digging bait for cousin Oliver; Fred Fong pacing around at night wondering why there has to be so many rocks on the ground and so many mosquitos in the air.

Billy Wong, George Chan and Hubert Leong returned from an overnight trip to Los Gatos with a delightful dose of poison oak.

Hubert Yee and Warren Fong had a great time chasing frogs and pollywogs all over Congress Springs.

Since Captain's new book, "Lim Yik Choy," has been accepted for publication the literary spirit seems to be in the air. Willie Gee, for a short time editor and publisher of "The Silent Yodeler," author of "The Last Chapter" is now at work on a novel, but nobody knows what it's about. Albert Young who won first prize for an original composition in his class at Edison is also writing a story.

During the month the following old boys have been to see us: Walter Lim, Joseph Gee, David Chew, Harry Fong, David Gee, Charles Mar, Peter Yee. Come again, fellows, we're always glad to see you.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY

Margaret G. Thomsen

Early in June the Chung Mei Cadets, with drum corps and color party, took part in a benefit for the unemployed, held at the Emeryville Ball Park.

Our new bus, "The Argonaut," has taken us on several pleasure excursions during the last few weeks.

The Seniors started out one morning, not knowing where they were going, but finally landed at Stinson's Beach. In spite of the cold night the trip was enjoyed, especially the swimming.

The following week the Intermediates' started off on their exploring expedition. They spent the day at Congress Springs, slept at San Mateo, and went on down to Los Gatos the next day, coming home in the evening. They had a grand time.

Last week was the Juniors' turn. And what a wonderful time they did have at Congress Springs. They played in the creek (some fell in and had to be dried out on the bank); they hiked to the Springs and drank of the "sour" water; they caught water bugs, etc; they ate hot dogs and other good things and came home at the end of the day tired and dirty, but happy and ready for a good sleep.

Don't forget our Chinese bazaar and restaurant to be held at Headquarters, 228 McAllister Street, during the days of the Northern Baptist Convention -- July 12-17. We will serve meals all during the day. If you plan to bring a party, make your reservations as soon as possible.

George Chow, one of the original eight and the first boy to leave Chung Mei Home, is now manager of a store in Chinatown. Good boy, George.

Frank Louie, another former Chung Mei boy, has done some wonderful poster work advertising the Chinatown tours in connection with the Convention.

Our splendid Dr. Armstrong has had a very serious breakdown and will not be able to practice for some time. We are sorry and will miss her very much. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

Captain's new book, "Lim Yik Choy," will soon be off the press. You will want to have a copy of it. Price \$1.50. Order yours now.

"The Argonaut" will also be used during the Convention for tours to various points of interest in and around San Francisco. Watch for announcements.

WHY DID METHUSELAH LIVE TO
BE 969 YEARS OLD?

Because he ate a lot of vegetables.

Because he never had to run to catch a train or street car.

Because he did not have to worry about his income tax.

Because he did not have to look both ways when crossing the street.

Because he did not have to worry about germs and microbes.

Because he did not have to listen to wild people screeching bloody murder over squawky radios.

Because he did not have to fear that his children would be kidnapped.

Because he did not know that he had tonsils or appendix.

Margaret E. Shepherd
Age 10.

WHAT ABOUT THE BOYS?

It has come to our knowledge that some folks are under the impression that our new bus was a gift to us, but the fact of the matter is it was only partially a gift -- about one-third.

Then in the June number of the Northern California Baptist Bulletin we read a news item concerning this bus. The article makes no mention of the boys' part and closes with the words "thanks to the good friends who helped to make it possible."

We do thank the good friends who helped make it possible to the extent of one thousand dollars, but let us not forget that the boys, out of their own earnings, provided nearly two thousand dollars of the required amount.

RIB TICKLERS

Red Herring and Shrimp

Eddie: "I hear Willie made a 98-yard run in the game the other day."

Captain: "That's true enough, but did you also hear that he failed to catch the man he was after?"

Large Woman (to small man in elevator): "Stop pushing me."

Small Man: "I'm sorry, madam, but I'm being pushed myself. In fact I never intended to get into this elevator."

Ike: "Got away, did he? Did you guard all the entrances?"

Mike: "Yes, but I think he must have gotten away by one of the exits."

S. S. Teacher: "Now, Oliver, give me one of the scripture quotations you were to learn."

Oliver: "Judas went out into the garden and hanged himself."

Teacher: "Good, now give me another."

Oliver: "Go thou and do likewise."

Doctor Hahn: "Just a minute, Edward, I must have a drill."

Edward Lem: "Gee whiz, can't I have a tooth pulled without a rehearsal?"

Call Me Joe: "Why these shirts simply laugh at the laundry."

Captain: "Yeah, I notice that. Some come back with their sides split."

Book Agent: (to farmer) "Now that your children are going to school you will need to get an encyclopedia."

Farmer: "Not on your life. Let them walk like I did."

In

Loving Memory

of

Charles E. Tingley, D. D.

who passed to his reward
June 3, 1932

Among the many good deeds which he performed while here on earth was the assistance he rendered in the founding of Chung Mei Home, and the sympathetic guidance he gave during its early infancy.

Vol. 4

No. 9

THE

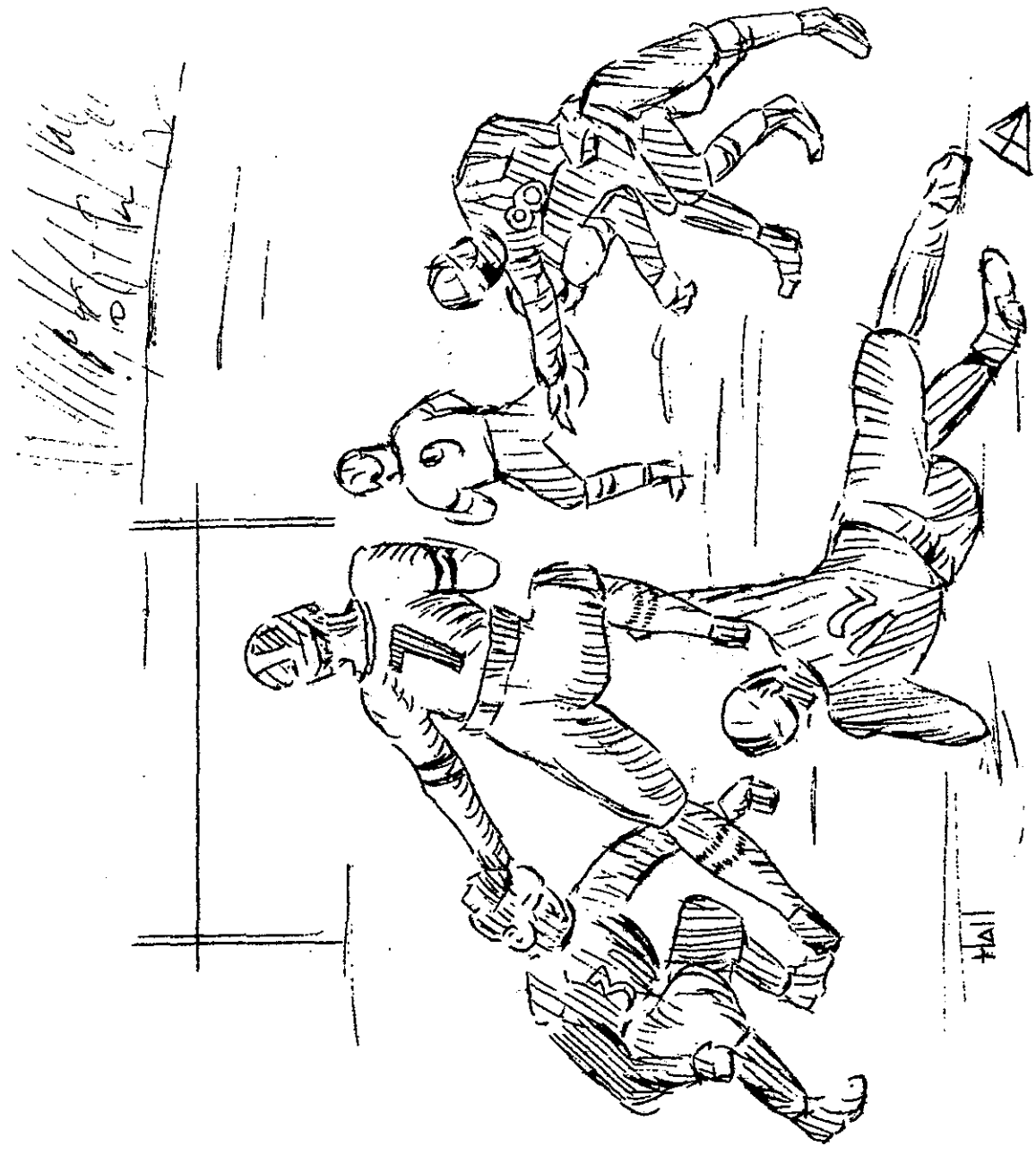
Atlantic

CHRONICLE

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月十年一十二國民華中

OCTOBER~1932



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

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - Charles R. Shepherd
 Asso. Ed. & Mgr. - Margaret G. Thomsen
 Ass't Editors - Edward Tong, Willie Gee,
 George Haw, Edward Lem
 Artists - Johnson Chan, Donald Hall

EDITORIAL
CHINA

In our March issue, under the caption "China" we said among other things, "China has never been so much in the thoughts of the world as it is today."

Since that writing the affairs of China have been forced more than ever upon the minds of thinking people the world over. In fact the situation in China has come to constitute the world's most serious and at the same time most interesting and fascinating international problem.

Such being the case we are in this issue again combining our "Editorial" with our "Bits of China" and devoting an entire page to this absorbing subject.

To minds schooled to think of China as "different," "inscrutable," "up-side-down," the events of recent years may indeed seem, as some are wont to describe them, "inexplicable," "a riddle," "a hopeless mess." As a matter of fact few if any, even among the truest friends of China, will deny that contemporary Chinese affairs are most difficult to understand, and at times extremely bewildering. And yet it is no less true that if one is disposed to devote both time and pains to the study of China and the Chinese, historically, socially, economically and politically, he will almost certainly come to the conclusion that in the many-sided and continuous upheavals which have taken place during the past twenty-one years there is after all a logic of events rather than a hopeless confusion; and that what may seem to the outsider to be "inscrutable happenings" are actually logical developments, both understandable and inevitable under existing circumstances.

One often hears it remarked that inasmuch as it is now twenty-one years since the Chinese Revolution, things ought by this time to be getting pretty well settled down. The idea, however, that the Chinese Revolution was an event which occurred in 1911 would seem to us to be erroneous. The events of 1911 were but a beginning, the initial stage so to speak, which ushered in a period of Revolution which is still going on. China has been,

and is, going through a revolutionary process in which the various upheavals which have occurred may be regarded as stages -- successive acts in a great human drama. Furthermore, and this cannot be too highly stressed, China's terrific experience is more than a political revolution. It is at the same time a social, economic, and cultural revolution, a prolonged and agonizing struggle for a fuller, richer content in every phase of the life of this great nation of four hundred million souls.

Let us compare China's revolution with two other outstanding revolutions of history.

Our own American Revolution lasted eight years, to say the least. The population and territory of the Colonies were but small, the populace was comparatively well educated and the spirit of revolt against oppression was inherent in the people. In fact, it was this spirit that had prompted them to leave the old country; and in the last analysis it was not actually a revolution, but a rebellion.

With China matters are very different. The country is vast, the population is enormous, the masses are ignorant, and it is a complete revolution, a turning-over, and a turning away from the past in every phase of life.

As to the French Revolution. It lasted eighty years. In that period of time the monarchy was twice restored, and over and over again the streets of Paris were deluged with blood as no Chinese city has ever been deluged.

China is "carrying on" in the face of obstacles such as no other people ever encountered in their struggle for self-determination and a place in the family of nations. Briefly stated, these obstacles are: the vastness of the country, the enormity of the population, the ignorance of the masses, the rivalry of avaricious war lords and self-seeking politicians, lack of finance and the ever embarrassing Foreign relationships with their attendant staggering debts, annoying spheres of influence and responsibility for alien lives and property.

In the light of these facts one need not give way to undue pessimism with regard to China; but rather one may find good ground for hope and faith in the future of this great nation.

Sun Yat Sen used to say that the movement for democracy was like the waters of the Yangtze which makes crooks and turns, sometimes flowing north, sometimes south, but in the end flowing eastward in spite of all obstacles.

May the spirit of Sun Yat Sen lead on!
 C. R. S.

CAMP CHUNG MEI

1932

Margaret G. Thomsen

The eighth summer camp of the Chung Mei Cadets has passed into history. A most successful camp it was in point of discipline, health, weather conditions and good times. For many it was an entirely new experience, for others a delightful old one. Past friendships were renewed and new ones formed. Old friends and new combined in making our two weeks pass all too quickly.

The sound of the bugle each morning was the call to activity on the part of all. Before breakfast came Reveille and announcements for the day. Breakfast over, camp tasks were speedily dispatched. Then came the rigid camp inspection, after which the real activities of the day commenced. At five o'clock each day the imposing Retreat ceremony took place.

During the first week a route march or drill occupied a part of each morning. On one of these route marches Captain Charles R. Shepherd and Lieuts. Tong and Lai became spectators while Sergts. Gee and Wu and Corp. Haw carried on in their places in a very acceptable manner. Corps. Tom, Chin and Wong deserve credit for their special drilling of squads seven and eight.

The special feature of the second week was the memorable battles for the possession of the town of Locke. During the first of these contests, Sergts. Gee and Wu were the Commanding Officers for the two contending armies. The first army, commanded by Sergt. Wm. Gee, attacked, while the second army under Sergt. Benj. Wu defended the town. A surprise attack via the Embarcadero brought many of the attackers safely in. The second day the armies were reversed, the attackers becoming the defenders. The attack was not as successful as the previous one, and to the first army went the honors in this first contest.

The two armies in the second contest were commanded by Corps. Geo. Haw and Oliver Chin. The attack by the army under Corp. Haw was not so good, most of his men being captured. Corp. Chin's attack on the next day won his army the laurels in the second contest.

Now, just a word about these battles. There wasn't really any fighting you know. It was just a glorified game of tag, the attackers attempting to get into the town without being tagged by the defenders.

But battles and marches did not occupy all the time. Soon after lunch each day came rest hour when each cadet lay quietly upon his cot and rested or slept to quiet music. And after that -- THE SWIMMING HOLE! And oh, how good the cool water felt on those hot days. It was the high spot of each day. Even the tiniest fellows enjoyed it to the full, and everyone went home from one to ten shades darker than when he came.

Mealtimes were always welcome, for so much out-of-door life and exercise created ravenous appetites. Mrs. Young, our cook, was certainly a vital part of camp.

One of the last days of camp was observed as Cadet Day, cadets taking entire charge of the camp. Sergt. Wm. Gee became Commanding Officer for the day, Sergt. Benj. Wu First Lieut. and Corp. George Haw Second Lieut. The camp was well managed and all considered it a very successful experiment.

The last Saturday night of camp was the grand fun night. After a march to Walnut Grove and a drill on the Embarcadero, every cadet and officer dressed for the annual pajama parade. And what a spectacle! With drums and bugles, costumes of every sort and description, the motley throng sallied forth. All Locke was out 100% to join in the fun. After the grand procession we were invited to the restaurant where we were given a bountiful and satisfying Chow Mein feed.

The people of Locke were all very good to us. Quantities of fruit were brought to us from time to time, and one night we were given a chicken soup and Chop Suey dinner which was delicious. We were also given a treat all around by the Lim Kee Ice Cream Parlor.

As for the spiritual side of camp, it was not neglected. The first Sunday we held a morning service at the Iwok Mun Tong headquarters. Some of our friends attended the service with us. In the evening our own service was conducted at the Barracks. The second Sunday the entire Company attended church at Rio Vista in the morning. The evening service at the Barracks was conducted by Lieut. Edward Tong, with Mr. Albert Tweedy as the speaker. The last inspiring Sunday evening service was led by our Captain, and was a fitting climax to our camp.

And so endeth the chronicle of these days of fun, recreation and inspiration.

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LIM YIK CHOY

by

Charles R. Shepherd

HAVE YOU SECURED YOUR COPY YET?

EVERYONE WHO HAS READ IT IS MOST ENTHUSIASTIC IN ITS PRAISE. HERE ARE SOME OF THEIR COMMENTS

"This story is fascinating, well-written and altogether educational. I believe it will help both Americans and Chinese to a better mutual understanding and a closer friendship."
Pon Quai Jee, Berkeley, Calif.

"An interesting and delightfully told story of a Chinese lad whose unfolding life is vividly and truly depicted through all the struggles, vicissitudes, defeats and victories incident to the life of a Chinese boy transplanted from the quiet hills and rice fields of his own land to the bewildering confusion of our Western civilization. For thoughtful Americans the story has a potent message, pointing to the too-frequent stupid blunders, the tragic sin of race prejudice and our failure to apply Christian principles in our daily contacts with Chinese and other Orientals with whom we have such rare opportunities for helping to establish right race relations."
Donaldine Cameron, San Francisco, Calif.

"This book is written in a most interesting style and holds one's interest from beginning to end. The moral of the story is well thought out, clear cut, true to life and high type in character. I am hoping that our boys and girls, as well as the members of the faculty, will find time to read it."
H. H. Glessner, Principal Edison Jr. High School, Berkeley

"Social workers, world-minded young people, true Christians and Chinese youth will find valuable hints and great inspiration, as well as absorbing interest and delightful pleasure, from this book."
Alice Fong, Secretary Commodore Stockton School, S. F.

"A fine book for boys, girls, and older folks. It is not just another conventional Chinese story, for the author knows boys, and especially Chinese boys. He has known them in China, and lives with them in America. So Lim Yik Choy is a real, honest-to-goodness boy. The romance that develops gives all that one could desire. But this is a novel with a purpose. In the experiences of Lim Yik Choy we see graphically portrayed the difficulties and problems that Chinese youth in California and the United States are meeting. The prejudice, the slights, the wrongs -- some of it intentional, much of it unthinking, but all a hard and often bitter experience -- the author has brought them in very frankly and at the same time very naturally. Anyone who starts to read it will want to read it straight through, it is so interesting."
Prof. Stacy R. Warburton, Berkeley Bap. Divinity School

"A delightfully wholesome story, the kind one does not want to give up until he has finished it. The author's portrayal of Chinese people is exceedingly interesting. No one can possibly follow the trail of Ah Choy from his early childhood to manhood without receiving a real thrill and a noble challenge. Young people particularly will enjoy it."
W. Earle Smith, Executive Sec. S. F. B. C. Bapt. U.

"An absorbing story, filled with actual incidents, splendidly written, and not a dull moment in it."
A. J. Tweedy, Berkeley, Calif.

"A tremendously big and a valuable message, and a rattling good story. It holds one's fascinated interest completely. I have seldom read anything more thrilling than the description of the foot ball game. The love interest is charming."
Beatrice Wilmans, Dept. Public Schools, Berkeley, Calif.

"A fascinating story into which is woven a wealth of experience in 'boyology.' A fine handling of the race question and a keen insight into the heart of the Christian spirit."
George M. Derbyshire, Pastor First Bap. Ch, Berk.

DO-NOT FAIL TO GET THIS BOOK AND READ IT
YOU WILL ENJOY IT YOURSELF AND WILL WANT TO PASS IT ON TO OTHERS.
IT MAKES AN ADMIRABLE GIFT FOR YOUNG AND OLD.
ORDER YOUR COPY NOW THROUGH THE CHUNG MEI CHRONICLE--Price \$1.50