

VOL. 3

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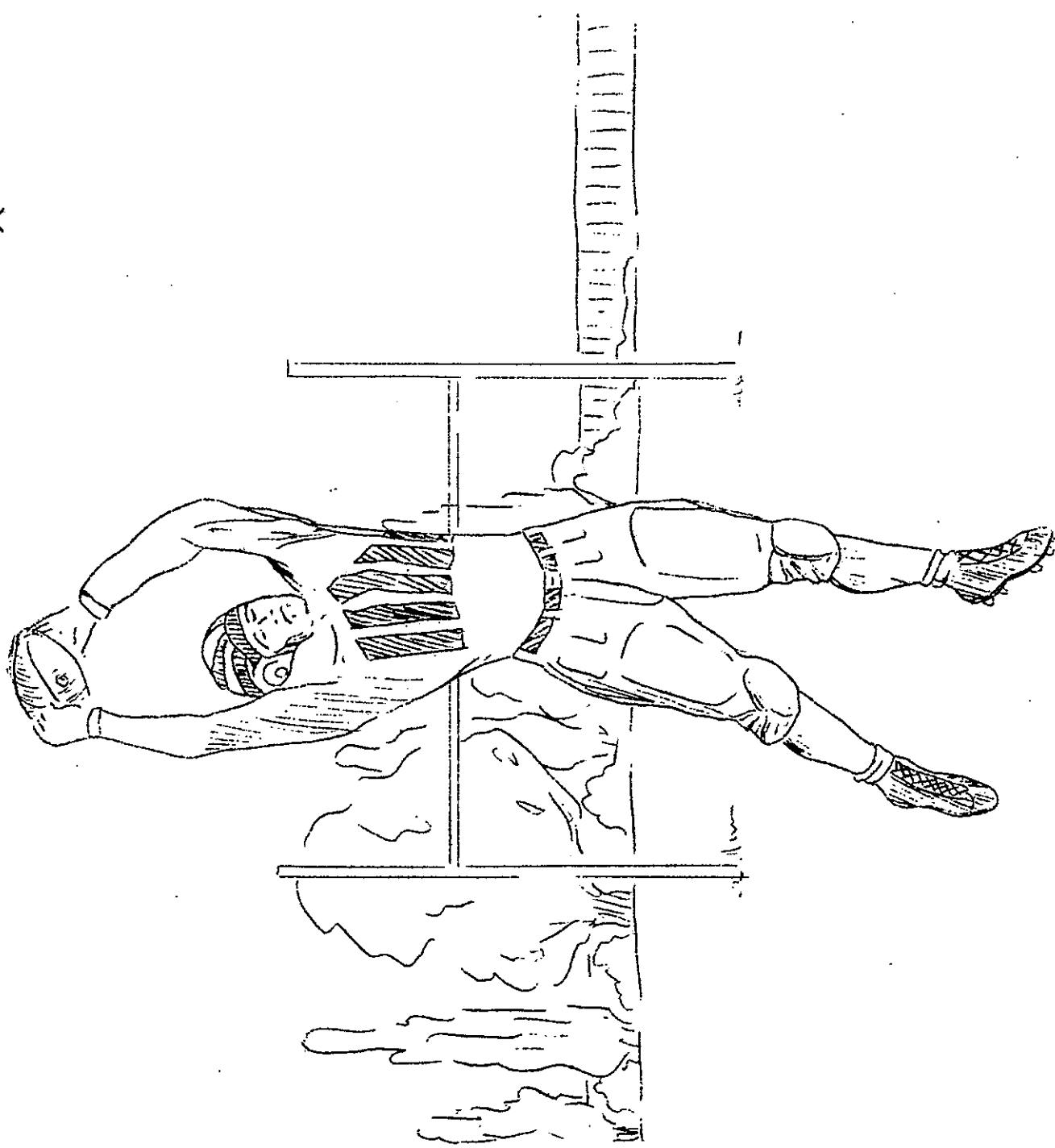
T H E

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O C T O B E R - 1 9 3 5

四十年四十二國民華中報刊美中



Published monthly at El Cerrito, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Charles R. Shepherd
 Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. Margaret G. Thomsen
 Ass't Editor Edward H. Tong
 Artists Richard Chin, Tommy Chan

EDITORIAL

EXCUSE US PLEASE

The longer we live, and the better we come to know the various peoples who make up the human race, the more we are amused that Bret Harte, when he wanted to write about "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" should have picked on the Chinese. To be sure, we know all about that poker game, and can appreciate the fact that Harte felt pretty sore when he lost so heavily to his Chinese opponent; but we feel quite certain that had he known more about the Chinese people in general, or had he realized what use future generations would make of it, he might have thought twice before handing down to posterity his lightly spoken phrase; for if there is anything that today is self-evident, it is that in this funny old world of ours no racial or national group has the monopoly on "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

Take for instance the little drama being at present enacted, in which the League of Nations undertakes to invoke sanctions against Italy. Now, we hold no brief for Il Duce, or his war machine. We maintain that the action of Italy against the Kingdom of Ethiopia is utterly unwarranted and reprehensible; and we heartily wish that it were possible for the League of Nations to halt the Italian Armies right where they are, and to preserve the integrity of Ethiopia, without the loss of another life. We cannot, however, keep our minds from wandering back a few years to the time of Japan's unwarranted invasion of Manchuria, and her wanton and inexcusable destruction of life and property at Shanghai. The League of Nations appointed a commission to investigate this matter. The commission, in a very full and unequivocal report, found Japan guilty of violating the Covenant of the League of Nations. Japan repudiated the charge and nothing more was done about it. Japan today, through the puppet emperor, Pu Yi, maintains rigid control of Manchuria.

Now, we wonder why England and France - which of course constitute the backbone of the League of Nations - did not invoke sanctions against Japan. We

wonder why their voices were not raised in indignant and fiery protest against the violation of the rights of a weaker nation. But, says somebody, why burn one's fingers pulling Chinese chestnuts out of the fire? Yes, why indeed? And Ethiopian chestnuts? Well, that's another thing again.

Perhaps it was that England and France had nothing at stake in the matter of Japan's encroachment on China; but on the contrary felt that their own position would be somewhat strengthened by a strongly entrenched Japan able to offset any ambitions on the part of Communistic Russia towards hegemony in the Far East. A strong Italy in North Africa, on the other hand, might militate against British and French domination of that territory, and might lead to unpleasant developments in the future. In other words, can it be that the action of England and France in employing sanctions against Italy is after all not so much prompted by their interest in preserving the integrity and sovereignty of a small and weak nation, or in maintaining the peace of the world, as by interests which are purely selfish? We are not pro-Italian. No indeed. Our sympathies are entirely with Ethiopia. But we were just wondering. We are really rather ignorant on such matters, and do not fully understand all the intricate points involved. Excuse us please!

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Again, speaking of "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," there is the case of that criminal lawyer - in this particular case sometimes called a "shyster" - who recently, in a nearby city, has been elevated to a seat on the Municipal Bench. Now, this lawyer has for years been lining his pockets and feathering his nest with fat fees secured for services rendered in defending, in the police courts, denizens of the underworld. In so doing he has become notorious by reason of his employment of methods which were utterly unworthy of any gentleman of the bar, and which over and over again made justice a travesty. We wonder what kind of justice will be handed out in his court; and we cannot but smile when we think of how long the nations of the world denied China the right of unconditionally abolishing extra-territoriality, on the alleged grounds that Chinese courts were not sufficiently civilized to assure the handing out of justice where white men were involved. Funny, isn't it? Excuse us please!

C. R. S.

"That the wicked have plenty to eat is no indication of the approval of heaven."
 Chinese proverb

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

A group of about fifteen Chinese students, recently arrived from China to study at the University of California, visited our home on Sunday afternoon, October 20. They were conducted on a tour of inspection of the building and told something of our work, after which tea was served.

On the 7th of October we quietly celebrated the 12th anniversary of the founding of Chung Mei Home, and gave sincere thanks for the opportunity of being in our new building.

Dr. Frank Smith, Secretary of Missions for the American Baptist Home Mission Society, recently visited us, spoke to the assembled family concerning our accomplishment, and had dinner with us. We were happy to see him again.

We have a budding young football team, doing some fine work. They have won two victories (the only two games they have played) and are looking forward to another game with an Oakland Chinese team on Saturday afternoon, November 2.

Friday evening, October 25, was rather a gala occasion at Chung Mei. A birthday party, honoring Captain, who celebrated his 50th birthday, and all boys with birthdays during the past several months, was greatly enjoyed. Decorations and party refreshments carried out the Hallowe'en motif. We wish many happy returns to all the honorees.

During the recent "Century of Commerce" celebration in San Francisco the Chung Mei Cadets took their part in the parade on Saturday night, October 19.

Perhaps some of you read in the newspaper about the group of Boy Scouts from China who were sent by the government to attend the World Boy Scout Jamboree at Washington, D. C. When this event was called off, the Chinese Scouts were authorized to make a "good will" tour of the United States. We were more than happy to have this fine group of boys as our guests for an evening before they sailed again for China. Dressed in their Scout uniforms, they arrived in a group, with their leader, and were met by the Chung Mei Cadets in uniform. A short assembly, where greetings were exchanged, was followed by an inspection of the building. Then we all had dinner together, and it was a merry meal, with one scout seated at each table with four Chung Mei boys. Names, addresses, etc. were exchanged, and friendships made. After dinner the Scouts entertained us with a program of songs, yells and stunts. We were sorry when they had to leave us for another engagement, and hope that some day we may again meet some of them.

Another happy occasion was the afternoon tea held for the Berkeley teachers. Over fifty of these friends came for tea, inspection of the building and a renewal of fellowship. We enjoyed having them with us, and hope they will come often and keep in touch with us.

We also had an afternoon with the teachers from Stege Elementary School, where about forty of our boys now attend. We were glad to welcome them and tell them something of our work.

On August 30 General Chang Chih Kiang of China visited us and spoke in an assembly. He is in this country for the purpose of studying American educational institutions.

We are still hoping to hear from folks who took pictures on the day of our dedication. We are very anxious to have some, and would appreciate hearing from anyone who has them.

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

We are the proud possessors of a pair of twins - the first since the home was established. Fortunately for us these twins, Jack and Frank Lee, are sufficiently different in appearance and behavior to enable us easily to distinguish the one from the other.

Besides the twins the following new boys have entered since our last publication: Allan Tong, George Lee and Peter Sam.

Harry Wong, Julio Wong and Billy Lee have left us, and we wish them goodbye and good luck.

We have heard from Wayland Chan recently. He informs us that he is studying in a Salt Lake school, and that he is doing well there. Guess he must be right, and it must be some school, for his letter abounds with the most flowery language.

Mrs. Young has returned to us after a month's well-earned vacation, which she spent almost entirely in Southern California.

Rev. and Mrs. Earl Rounds, formerly associated with Chung Mei Home, visited us last week. Mr. Rounds spoke and Mrs. Rounds sang at our Sunday night service. They, with their two children, are now on furlough after serving six years in the Philippine Islands.

If you should see the Cathay Band of San Francisco on parade, look for the handsome Drum Major. He is none other than Winston Wong, a former Chung Mei boy.

MAE LEE'S SACRIFICE

A True Story

A Sequel to "Five Little Pennies and How They Grew"

At the Chinese Baptist Sunday School in San Francisco's Chinatown seven year old Mae Lee listened to her teacher, Miss Chan, read the story of "Five Little Pennies and How They Grew" and explain more fully the great need of the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys.

"And now," said Miss Chan as she concluded the story, "we are all going downstairs and listen to Dr. Shepherd tell us more about Chung Mei Home."

In the meantime Mae Lee had been fumbling in her little purse. The morning offering had already been taken, and Mae had put in her usual contribution; but now, retrieving from among her other odds and ends a little brown penny she presented it to her teacher, saying, "Miss Chan, I think I like to give this to Chung Mei Home."

Miss Chan thanked her and said she would give it to Dr. Shepherd when she saw him.

Mae started for the door, in the rear of the rest of the class, who were already on their way down to the auditorium. She stopped suddenly, dug her hand into her little purse again, pulled out another penny, and turning to Miss Chan said, "I think I give you another penny for Chung Mei Home." Again Miss Chan thanked her, and proceeded to gather up her things, while Mae left the room.

Miss Chan, her books in her arms, was about to leave the room when the door opened again, and Mae came trotting in with another little brown penny in her outstretched fingers. "I think maybe I give another penny to Chung Mei Home."

Miss Chan patted her on the head, thanked her, and added the penny to the other two, and then together, hand in hand, they went down to the auditorium where they listened to Dr. Shepherd retell the story of the "Five Little Pennies."

The story related how one, Bobbie Langford, came to Sunday School with a nickel for collection and five pennies for himself, which he intended to spend after Sunday School. But his teacher told the story of Chung Mei Home, of their very great need for a new building, and how, unless sufficient money could be secured, half of that large family of sixty-five boys would have no place to go. The story touched Bobbie deeply, and although he had big plans for the use of his five little pennies, he drew them from his pocket and banged them down on the table, saying, "Will these help any, Miss Wilkins?" "Five little pennies couldn't do much along," said Miss Wilkins, "but, if there were thousands and thousands of other boys and girls in our Sunday Schools who would do the same thing as you are doing, think what that would mean." And so Bobbie's five little pennies became the beginning of a fund which grew and grew and grew until it was able to build a dormitory to care for fifteen of the little boys who would otherwise have been without shelter.

As he told the story, Dr. Shepherd first jingled five little pennies in his pocket, and finally, at the end of the story, planked down all five on the table in imitation of Bobbie's surrender. And then he told the boys and girls that he hoped they would bring an offering of some kind to help provide a dormitory in the new home.

Mae Lee listened intently to everything that was said, and then as the speaker sat down she again plunged her hand into the little purse and brought forth two more little brown pennies. "There," she said to Miss Chan who was seated beside her, "I give you two more pennies. My mother tell me, after Sunday School, buy candy. But I think more better I give all five pennies to Chung Mei Home."

BUILDING FUND

The following gifts have been received since the last issue of our Chronicle.

Dr. & Mrs. E. J. Evans (3rd)	\$ 100.00
Rev. O. L. Martin & Mrs. Martin	100.00
Mrs. Wallace M. Alexander (2nd)	100.00
Wom. Miss. Societies of N. Calif.	60.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. W. Everett (2nd)	25.00
Mrs. Lynn Mapstone	25.00
Columbia Asso. of Churches	25.00
Wom. Soc. 1st Bapt., Sacto.	25.00
Mrs. A. F. Hockenbeamer (2nd)	25.00
Mr. Robert B. Gaylord (2nd)	25.00
Wom. Soc. Asylum Ave. Bapt. Ch. Hartford, Conn.	20.69
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. M. Curtner	20.00
Mrs. Lillie D. Carter (2nd)	20.00
Mrs. Lew Kay	20.00
Misses Mary & Ewa Storer (2nd)	20.00
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Hunt (2nd)	15.00
Mrs. L. S. Milliken (2nd)	15.00
Mr. F. E. Forbes (2nd)	15.00
Nat. Bapt. Mem. S. S., Wash., D.C.	13.05
Dr. & Mrs. F. P. Batchelder	10.00
Chung Wa Circle Kings Daughters, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. Irene Carlson	10.00
Miss Hetty Evans & mother (2nd)	10.00
Miss Ruth Finwall	10.00
Mrs. Jm. D. Holt	10.00
Miss Helen Lillis	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. W. Holt	50.00
Miss Sarah Y. Raymond	10.00
Miss Margaret Taylor	10.00
Jr. Dept. S.S. 1st Bapt. Eugene, Oregon	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. S. S. Linn	10.00
Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher	10.00
Anonymous	6.75
1st Bapt. Ch., Salamanca, N.Y.	5.75
Miss Adela Ballard (add.) MTM	5.00
Miss Anna Dietz (add.)	5.00
Mrs. Bertha E. Wood	5.00
Dr. H. L. Dietz (2nd)	5.00
Rev. C. S. Detweiler	5.00
Miss Clara Hamilton	5.00
1st Bapt., Big Springs, S.D.	5.00
Miss Anna C. Judd	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. Fardee Lowe	5.00
Mr. Earl W. Rumsey	5.00
Missy Society, Brookville, Pa.	5.00
Miss Henrietta Burroughs MTM	5.00
Miss Nelle Boston (2nd)	5.00
Mrs. Robt. A. Hilton (3rd)	5.00
Mrs. A. B. Martin	5.00
Corning Bapt. S. S. (add.)	5.00
Jr. C.E., United Bapt. Church, Augusta, Maine	5.00
Mrs. Caroline Bowler	5.00
Chinese S.S., Pittsfield, Mass.	5.00
Miss Elsie Larson	5.00
Mr. Ching Lee Wang; Peiping, China	4.00
S.S. First Ch., Chehalis, Wash.	3.23
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Dunsmore (2nd)	3.00
1st Bapt., Alcester, S. D.	3.00
Judge Curtis Wilbur	3.00
S.S., Rio Vista Bapt. (add.)	2.50
Jr. Dept. S.S. 6th Ave. Bapt. Ch. Tacoma, Wash.	2.44
Byron McCrary	2.00

Amoma Cl., 1st Bapt., Stockton	2.00
"Good Will"	2.00
Rev. Fred Werner (add.)	2.00
S.S. Chinese Bapt., Seattle	2.00
S.S. Primary dept., Roseville	1.25
W. W. G., Alledo, Ill.	1.00
Jr. B. Y. P. U., Salina, Kansas	1.00
Mrs. Manford Wagener	1.00
Mrs. F. A. Hunter	1.00
Miss Cecile Booth MTM (2nd)	1.00
Mrs. Bruno	1.00

NOTES

There are still 95 unpaid pledges to our building fund amounting to a total of \$3,319.15.

* * *

When these pledges are all paid we shall have met all our indebtedness.

* * *

Forty-eight of these pledges, amounting to \$2,656.00 in all, are, however, not yet due.

* * *

Once again we wish to express our sincere gratitude to all who have in any way assisted in this great achievement.

* * *

For we feel it is a great achievement. Land, valued at \$10,500, buildings valued at \$79,500 - and no indebtedness.

* * *

We wish it were possible for every one who has made any contribution toward this work to come and visit our beautiful new home.

* * *

We are full up. There are a number of boys waiting to come to us as soon as we have room for them.

* * *

Now that we have this beautiful new building it will be our earnest endeavor to render better service than ever in the interests of Chinese youth in America.

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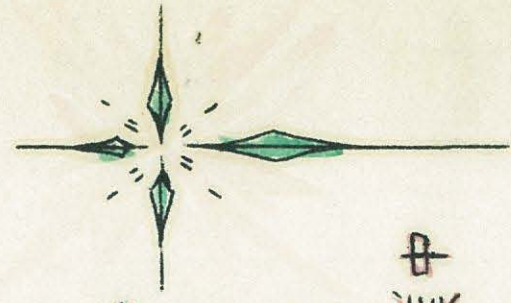
It is our earnest hope and most sincere desire that Chung Mei Home may come to make a very definite contribution in preparing Chinese boys for lives of outstanding usefulness among their own people, either on this side of the Pacific or the other. This is our task.

Mal. S.

Ed. S.

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December, 1935

中華民國二十四年四月二十日



Published monthly at El Cerrito, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Charles R. Shepherd
 Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. Margaret G. Thomsen
 Ass't Editor Edward H. Tong
 Artists Tommy Chan, Richard Chin

EDITORIALS

JOYOUS THANKSGIVING

The last week in November, that season of the year when it is our custom as a nation to take note of our many blessings and benefits, and to express our gratitude and thanksgiving for them all, came to us this year at Chung Mei with a special significance. So often mortal man asks and entreats most importunately for those things which he feels he has a real need of; but alas, after he receives, too often he forgets to give thanks. Chung Mei for long had a very real need, literally a crying need; for it made us cry out to God and our fellow men to give us assistance in order that we might obtain that new home of which we were so sorely in need. Our appeals were answered in a most generous manner, and this year as Thanksgiving Day rolled around we were not unmindful of the great blessings that had come to us. Each heart was aglow with Thanksgiving, and many were the expressions of gratitude throughout that happy day. Indeed we are truly thankful for our beautiful new home, and for all the other many blessings of health and happiness that have come to us. Yes, more than ever this year, the last Thursday in November was a day of joyous Thanksgiving.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

And now here we are at the very threshold of Christmas. Already there are evidences of it on every hand. Seventy-four letters have been written to Santa Claus. Packages are already beginning to arrive. The festive spirit is in the air. But there is one thing that concerns us. We are exceedingly anxious to retain in our own hearts, and to cultivate in the hearts of those who are committed to our care, the real and original spirit of Christmas. We cannot but regret, somewhat, that in this modern age the birthday of the Man of Nazareth has become so commercialized, and in many cases, so utterly unlike what He would want it to be; and that the whole thing is rushed and thrust upon us before we wish it. We cannot help longing sometimes for the joyous spontaneity that in

our childhood used to burst upon us with a thrill, a week or so before Christmas. In those days there was always uppermost in the hearts of the majority of us the thought of the coming of the Son of Man, and of all that His coming meant to a world in distress. So may we still, in the midst of all our festivities, our giving and receiving, keep ever in our hearts and minds the real significance of the season, the real meaning of the Christ Festival; and may the love of God and the gentle spirit of Jesus of Nazareth shed its halo about us and permeate and actuate our lives so that that corner of the world into which we have come may be some better for our coming.

To all our many friends who may read these lines we wish a very merry Christmas.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

And before the next copy of our little paper goes out from us to our readers we shall have left behind this old year, and crossed the threshold of a new. We shall leave behind our sorrows and our joys, our successes and our failures, and - significant thought - our lost opportunities. For our failures let us be humbly penitent; for our sorrows let us not be ungrateful; and for our joys and successes let us be profoundly thankful, but withal humble. If we are forced to admit that we have lost, through indifference or inability, golden opportunities that have come to us, let us seek forgiveness. And now with the New Year, let us gird our loins afresh, ready to face new sorrows with fortitude, to embrace new joys with gratitude, to tackle new tasks with determination, and to continue in our old tasks with perseverance. Let us strive to be a little more faithful, a little kinder, a little more long-suffering, patient and unselfish - in a word, more worthy of the place in life which God has given us.

C. R. S.

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Ring out the old, ring in the new.

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind.

Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood.

Ring in the common love of good.

-- Alfred Lord Tennyson

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A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

We were glad to see "The Eucalyptus" come to life again after a long absence. Congratulations, Ming Quong, on this fine edition. We hope to see one more often.

On November 9th and 10th we were happy to have a part in celebrating the 20th anniversary of the founding of the Presbyterian Chinese Girls' Home, and the 10th anniversary of the completion of the present building, the Ming Quong Home. The Chung Mei Cadets were present on both days, in uniform, and took part on the program.

The Chung Mei Cadets participated in the Armistice Day parade at Richmond. Many gratifying comments were heard as to their appearance and exhibition.

On November 13th about thirty of the faculty members of Longfellow Junior High School came for tea and an inspection of the building; also to get acquainted with our staff and our work. We were delighted to have this visit from them.

The Senior boys of Chung Mei were among the guests of Ming Quong for a Halloween party. Although it was a terrifically stormy night the party was a huge success. Jack Wong, as Haile Selassie, took first prize for the best costume.

On Sunday morning, November 24, we made our annual Thanksgiving visit to the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church. It was our first service with these friends in their new auditorium, and we rejoiced with them in the beauty and dignity of their place of worship. The music and the sermon were truly inspiring, and we were glad to have been there. As in the twelve years past, these friends had again brought gifts of food supplies, fruit, etc. to aid in our work. For these, and for the gracious spirit of our friends, we are most grateful.

In the evening of this same Sunday we participated in the service of the Thousand Oaks Baptist Church, also an annual affair. These friends, too, always remember us at the Thanksgiving season, and make us welcome among them.

It was a happy Thanksgiving for all of us - our first Thanksgiving in our new home. Before the dinner the last football game of our season was played, an account of which will be found on the following page. It was as exciting and beautiful a game of football as anyone could want to see. And to add to the thrill of the occasion the Ming Quong girls, as well as many of our neighbors, were present to encourage our team. After the game we were of course good

and ready for dinner - and such a dinner! - turkey and all the fixin's - largely provided by money sent us annually by the Women's League of the First Baptist Church of Berkeley. Amidst the serious business of eating much merriment was heard, and lusty yells for the team and individuals led by our new cheer leader, Tommy Chan. It was indeed one of the happiest Thanksgivings we can remember.

Another unexpected Thanksgiving offering came to us through the joint Thanksgiving services of the Albany and Westbrao Baptist churches and the Albany Community and Methodist churches. We appreciate this additional help from old and new friends.

Twenty-eight boys contributed one whole day's labor, and nineteen boys a half day, toward cleaning up their church, the First Baptist of Berkeley, after recent alterations.

On November 28, 29 and 30 Captain took the Senior boys on a camping trip into the "forty-niner" country around Colfax. It was a pretty cold trip, and the boys decided they would rather go camping in the summer.

Our Chung Mei Drum Corps put on a short exhibition as a Curtain-Raiser at performances given at the Campus Theatre in Berkeley on December 4th and 5th. These performances were given by the Berkeley Campanile Post American Legion as a benefit for their Christmas tree fund.

We were happy to have a visit from about seventy children and teachers of the Harding and Fairmont schools of El Cerrito on the afternoon of December 12.

At the invitation of Officer Fraser of the Berkeley Police Department, Mr. Waterson brought us some sound pictures on Thursday evening, December 12. They dealt with volcano formations, habits of some forms of deep sea life, and sound production. All of them were very interesting, and we appreciate the time and interest given by these friends.

We congratulate the staff of the "Chinese Digest," a new Chinese weekly, in English, published in San Francisco, and wish for it a long and prosperous life.

There is still time to purchase a copy of "Lim Yik Choy" for that last-minute Christmas gift, or for the friend who likes good stimulating reading. Price \$1.50. Write to Chung Mei Home, El Cerrito, California, or call Richmond 478.

CHUNG MEI'S BIG GAME
Coach Warren Young

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

Our biggest game, and the last of the season, was played on the day before Thanksgiving against the Willard Rotary Team, on our own field. The Rotary boys are considered to be one of the best Junior High School teams in the East Bay area; but we succeeded in defeating them by a score of 31-6.

The Rotarians were first to score, and made their touchdown during the first few minutes of the game as the result of a series of passes which rather took our men by surprise.

Then Chung Mei got down to business. Philip Lum crashed through the center and ran for a touchdown. He also made the conversion. Our boys were greatly encouraged. "Capt." Dick Chin, receiving a fine lateral pass from his brother George, "Chinnie", dashed through for our second touchdown. He unfortunately failed to make the extra point, as the second quarter ended.

We started off the third quarter by sending in our second string. They were mostly very little men, but Willie Choye went in as full-back to "daddy" them. They did not meet with any success in their plays, but they kept the Rotary team in the latter's own territory as long as they were on the field. We were certainly proud of them. About three minutes before the end of the third quarter the first string went back into the fray, and George Chin immediately intercepted a pass from one of the Willard men and raced sixty yards for a touchdown. He failed to convert.

Our fourth touchdown was made by "Capt." Dick Chin, who caught the ball which a Rotarian had punted and ran through a broken field for about seventy yards to the goal line. His effort to convert was not successful. But Dick was not through. A few minutes later he got possession of the ball again, and by a run around right end was again in the open and scampered for our fifth touchdown.

It was a great game, and we were certainly proud of our team. We also greatly appreciated the presence of the Ming Quong girls who came to root for us.

This is the first year we have had a full-fledged football team in Chung Mei Home that has played throughout the season with accredited teams. We played five games, won them all, with a total score of 117 to 42.

We hope to have an even better team next year. Perhaps we will be able to get somebody to sponsor us, so that we may have uniforms and helmets like some of the teams we played this year. Our uniforms were home made, and only about half the team had helmets. Well, here's hoping!

Five of our boys, Philip Lum, Richard Chin, Harry Chan, Raymond Wong and Robert Choy will be graduated from the Longfellow Junior High at the close of the present semester, and will attend Richmond High School the following term. This will make nine Chung Mei boys in Richmond High. Gilbert Louie and Warren Fong will pass on up from Stege Grammar School to Longfellow Junior High.

We received a surprise visit from Johnson Chan (1926-33) on December 15th. Johnson will be remembered by our readers for the fine service he rendered in art work for our cover while he was in the home - his place is now well taken by his younger brother, Tommy. Johnson is now a Senior at Sacramento High School, and expects to take up engineering in Sacramento Jr. College when he graduates.

We were glad to have a visit from Mr. Pon Q. Jee, our former teacher of Chinese. He has recovered sufficiently from his long illness to take up a teaching position in one of the San Francisco Chinese Schools.

Henry (Hank) Chan comes to visit us almost every Sunday. We are always delighted to see him. George Haw and Frank Kwok have also visited us recently.

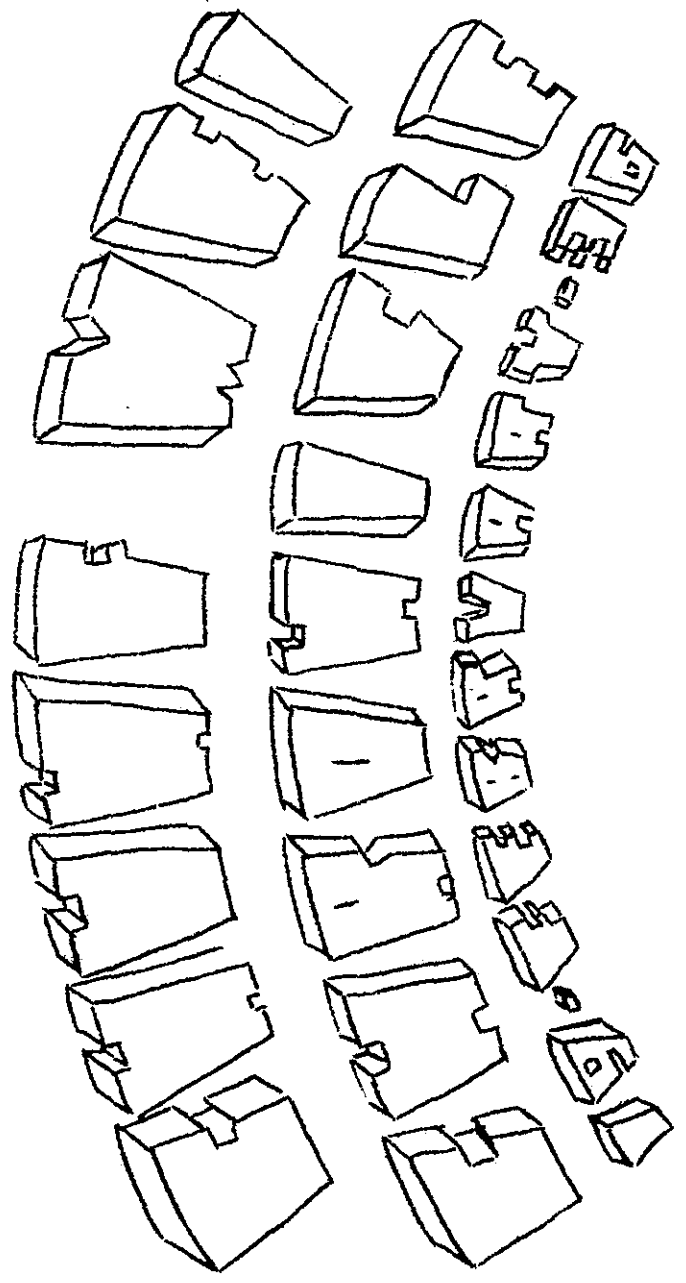
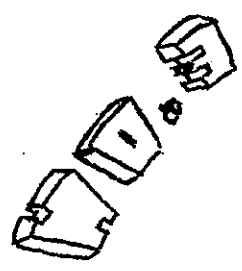
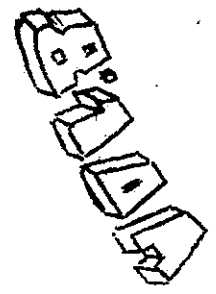
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The following gifts towards our building fund have not been published hitherto.

Anonymous	\$ 5,000.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. W. Holt	50.00
Oak. Chin. Mothers' Club (add.)	32.64
Mr. P. F. Scammon	25.00
Mr. & Mrs. Alfred W. Stone	20.00
Westbrae Baptist Church	20.00
Hanford Baptist Church	7.19
C.V.S. Twin Lakes, Calif.	5.00
Jr. Hi. Dept. 10th Ave. Bapt.	5.00
Mrs. Hal F. Orme	5.00
Mrs. Caroline Bowler	5.00
S.S. Calvary Bapt., Pasadena	5.00
Graton Baptist Church	3.37
S.S. 1st Bapt. Chchalis, Wash.	3.23
Jr. Soc. 1st Bapt. Meriden, Conn.	3.00
Jr. B.Y.P.U. Roseville, Calif.	3.00
A Friend (add.)	2.00
Mrs. J. C. Wu	2.00
Jr. & Int. boys, Redwood City	2.00
C.V.S. James St. Bapt. Mission, Kansas City	1.40
S.S. University Bapt., Seattle	1.35
C.W.C. Morrisonville, N. Y.	1.00

We are glad to report that these last gifts put us over the top. We have sufficient in cash and pledges to meet all indebtedness, and a trifle over.

* * * * *



民國二十二年四月二十日 中華中板訂美中



Published monthly at El Cerrito, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Charles R. Shepherd
 Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. Margaret G. Thomsen
 Ass't Editor Edward H. Tong
 Artists Richard Chin, Tommy Chan

EDITORIALS

According to those who know him best, England's new King, Edward VIII, has decidedly a mind of his own, and is not disposed to let others manage his life for him. The same might be said of some other monarchs who have sat upon the throne of England, notably King John and Henry VIII. But England's new King is not only strong minded; he is socially minded and just minded. Even as a Prince he did not fear or hesitate to call attention to unjust or undesirable social conditions which he found to exist. We recall that at one time he rebuked a large gathering of prominent English industrialists and landlords for the conditions which he found among the working classes, and in the slums. He upbraided them for their holdings in slum dwellings that were "relics of a bygone idea of what was tolerable for workmen." "We cannot afford to perpetuate such slums;" he said, "they are a disgrace to our national life." He told them that such homes must be demolished, that they were not fit for the coming generation. He declared that it was possible to build homes within the reach of working men's incomes, provided the landlords were not looking for too large returns from their investments.

Even earlier in his life he found common cause with the humbler citizens when, during the world war, he hobnobbed with the mud-caked, itching Tommies, and experienced war from their angle. Then later, during the great miners' strike in England, he again showed his intense interest in the well-fare of the British workmen by visiting the affected districts, talking personally to the workers, and visiting their families in their cottages. It is further said of him that during the years of dreadful depression he kept a stiff upper lip and a cheerful spirit, was daily in contact with the people, inspiring them to carry on, and that he personally assisted numerous young men to get a start in life.

England's King cannot be a dictator. The English people cannot be driven; but they can be led. The influence of their King must be largely by precept and persuasion. The nation that is favored with a pilot, be he King of President, who has the well-being of the people at heart, and is a fearless champion of their cause, has good reason to thank God and take courage.

* * * * *

While not approving all the past actions or policies of Alfred E. Smith, and while not endorsing all that he stands for at present, particularly his attitude on the liquor question, we find ourselves most heartily in accord with the ideas expressed in the closing paragraphs of his recent speech, to-wit:

"There can be the clear, pure, fresh air of free America, or the foul breath of Communistic Russia.

"There can be only one flag, the Stars and Stripes, or the red flag of the godless nation of the Soviet.

"There can be only one national anthem, the Star Spangled Banner or the Internationale.

"There can be only one victor. If the Constitution wins, we win. But if the Constitution - Stop!

"Stop there. The Constitution can't lose. The fact is, it has already won, but the news has not reached certain ears."

* * * * *

We have advertisements galore extolling the alleged virtues of the various brands of cigarettes. We are told that "they satisfy," that there is "not a cough in a carload," that they are worth walking a mile for, that they "do not affect your wind," that they are productive of "young ideas."

From flamboyant billboards we are informed of the supposed food values of beer, and of the social and convivial qualities of wines and spirits.

Now we wonder how long it will be before we shall see an ad, attractively illustrated and giving us complete assurance that one can use intoxicating liquor without being a menace on the public highway.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

The beginning of a new school term has made a number of changes for our boys. We now have nine in Senior High School - the largest number we have had in High - twenty-four in Junior High, thirty-nine in Elementary, and five in Kindergarten, leaving only little Billy Woo not in school at all. All are making good records, and are finding their places in the life of the various schools.

Gardens are the order of the day just now, including the landscaping of our grounds, and individual boys' gardens. The Chung Mei family believes in the axiom, "Money saved is money earned." It would take a great deal of money to properly landscape our grounds, and have them as beautiful and attractive as we would like to have them. We are therefore doing it ourselves. Every boy, from the oldest to the youngest, has some part in it, and all work loyally, inspired by the conviction that they are just as truly earning money to help Chung Mei Home as when they sawed and chopped wood in the old woodyard. Our front lawn is coming along nicely, and we have a large number of plants, shrubs, flowers and trees in also. The grounds are beginning to take shape, and in a few months ought to look very lovely. A number of boys have planned artistic small vegetable and flower gardens of their own and are looking forward to their development.

A number of friends have contributed shrubs and plants for our grounds, but we have a lot of ground to cover, and there are still some things we would like to have if you have them to spare, and if you live near enough for us to get them. We would like to have some lilac, heather, laurel, small pine, fir and eucalyptus (must be small), calla lilies, daffodils and other bulbs, except gladiolus. Call Richmond 478, Thornwall 5819, or drop us a post card -- Chung Mei Home, El Cerrito, California.

Rev. George Holt, formerly of Burlingame, brought us some of his very interesting moving pictures, including some of our own activities. We appreciated his coming and hope he'll bring us some more another time.

On the evening of January 2nd a group of Ming Quong girls came out for party given by the Chung Mei Seniors. A happy evening was spent playing games, climaxed by delicious and attractive refreshments prepared and served by Mrs. Morrice. We wish we might get together more often.

A number of the boys went to their homes in San Francisco this last week-end to celebrate the old Chinese New Year with their parents and friends.

We were glad to see "Uncle Bob," otherwise known as Robert L. Shepherd, Captain's brother, and his young son Michael, at Christmas time; also Donny, Captain's little grandson.

A group of women from the Missionary Society of the Central Baptist Church of San Francisco, of which Mrs. Morrice is a member, held their monthly meeting here on January 9th. It was the first time many of them had seen our new place.

Through the kindness of Dr. H. L. Dietz a large group of our boys attended the Scot's Circus on Saturday evening, January 18.

We have been glad to receive callers from the East Bay district, and various parts of the United States, during the past several weeks. We are always happy to receive visitors whenever they are in this section of the country.

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

Our Chinese School teacher, Mr. C. M. Li, graduate student of the University of California, and candidate for the degree of Ph. D., is now taking his examinations to obtain this degree. We are all interested, and wish Mr. Li success in the outcome of his examinations.

Since the last issue of the Chronicle John Lee, George and Charlie Lum have left us, while Henry Wong, Chester and Willard Lee have come in to take over the beds vacated by them.

When we spoke of the promotions and graduations of some of our boys in the December issue of the Chronicle we were three weeks ahead of time, as they have just gone into effect. Harry Chan, Richard Chin, Robert Choy, Philip Lum and Raymond Wong join the Senior High School group. Gilbert Louie, Douglas Fong, Warren Fong, Edward Lee, Bobby Kwok, Fred Hall, Donald Chiu, and Alfred Woo graduated to the Junior High.

Speaking of promotions and graduations of the big boys, we mustn't forget to mention the little fellows, for Herbie Wong and Allan Tong have been launched on their careers in education with their enrollment in Kindergarten.

We appreciate the frequent visits paid us by George Hall and Henry Chan. We would, of course, like to see more of the old familiar faces; therefore we would like to urge more of our alumni to make a special effort to see us in our new surroundings.

Our high school boys were guests at a graduation party given in honor of their classmate, Peter Arcelle. They

enjoyed the party, and reported that they had so much to eat that they were unable to finish with dessert.

It was our pleasure to have Ah Laan, Milton Tom's sister, stay with us for a few days during the school vacation. Her visit has left us with impressions of a quiet and gracious personality.

Mr. Graves deserves a vote of thanks for his part in playing Santa Claus for us, and thus making Christmas at Chung Mei a happier and merrier one.

Harry Chan, Dick Chin and Frank Wong won for themselves the award of a block "L" for taking some of the highest scores in their respective class and weight groups, during a recent decathlon meet held at the Longfellow Jr. High School.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS IN
OUR NEW HOME
Mrs. A. C. Morrice

The many friends who have followed our every step since the new home was first spoken of, and planned for, who have visited and rejoiced with us in the realization of those plans, especially if at all intimate with our old home, have some idea of what our first Christmas here would mean to the Chung Mei family.

We had such a happy contented sort of Christmas, for all, from the oldest to the youngest almost, had a sense of gratitude and pride in all that has transpired during this past year. And too, staff and boys alike were grateful for the opportunity of showing greater efficiency than was ever possible in our old home because of the crowded conditions there. But - just the same - it was home indeed to many a boy.

Santa Claus, that dear and eagerly looked for friend, had everything here to make him especially jolly; a huge attic in which to store his promised gifts, for even our capacious chimneys would have been far too cramped for all that he would require of them. Then our baby outdoor Christmas tree, gaily lit to guide him to us, added its note of cheer. And the spacious rooms and halls must have delighted him.

Shortly before he came we had all enjoyed our usual family Christmas dinner together, the greater part of which had been donated to us, as in former years, by the women of the First Baptist Church of Oakland. Everybody then set to cheerfully to get everything in order for the guest of the evening.

Our tree was placed in the center of the boys' beautiful dining room with

its frescoes of Chinese scenes on the walls a lovely Oriental setting for the occasion. Packages were piled all around the tree, and two tables beside it groaned with their weight of the biggest and best Christmas stockings we have ever had, all sent in for the boys by their various friends.

Every boy received a gift and stocking, and rejoiced not only in their own, but also with their pals over their new riches, for the spirit of comradeship is fine here.

It can be readily understood that with so large a family to prepare for, considerable assistance is needed. This year new friends arose to meet the added responsibility of the increased family, for in addition to the churches and other organizations and individuals who have helped us in the past, a group of El Cerrito business men assumed the responsibility of caring for six of our boys. Furthermore, our good friend, Mr. de Martini, assistant Fire Chief, brought to us on Christmas morning numerous toys such as scooters and wagons which he himself had repaired and made to look like new. We are surely grateful for all that our many friends have done for us.

Many thanks to you, one and all, who helped to bring the Spirit of the Master into the lives of our lads by your kindness at this time. In years to come, when perhaps far from here, they will remember the Christian friends who cared for them while in Chung Mei Home.

* * * * *

MY PURPOSE
By Henrietta Heron

To be a little kindlier
With the passing of each day;
To leave but happy memories
As I go along my way;
To use possessions that are mine
In service full and free
To sacrifice the trivial things
For larger good to be;
To give of love in lavish way
That friendships true may live,
To be less quick to criticise,
More ready to forgive;
To use such talents as I have
That happiness may grow,
To take the bitter with the sweet,
Assured 'tis better so;
To be quite free from self-intent
Whate'er the task I do,
To help the world's faith stronger
grow
In all that's good and true;
To keep my faith in God and right
No matter how things run,
To work and play and pray and trust
Until the journey's done.

* * * * *

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NO. 4

THE
CHUNG MEE
CHRONICLE
19 - MARCH - 36

月三年五廿國民華中報月美中



PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Roots up through fibres blindly
grows;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never
cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy
tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

-- Lucy Larcom --

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EDITORIALS

THE MESSAGE OF SPRING

"Spring is here!" we said. "Oh no," said the confirmed stickler for chronological exactness, "Spring begins with the vernal equinox, about March 21st." So we turned to friend Webster, and he assured us that "Spring is that season of the year when plants begin to vegetate and grow." Then closing our dictionary and walking to our window we gazed out upon the landscape. Fresh lush grass was all about; shrubs that had been dormant were bursting into leaf; fruit trees were laden with pink and white blossoms. We opened the window to let in the warm morning sunshine, and with the sunshine entered the happy, dulcet notes of a meadow lark that was perched on a branch nearby. So we decided that after all we were right. Spring is here.

Once more there has come to pass the miracle of life, that miracle which has happened a million times each year, for how many years only the Creator Himself knows; and from this miracle mankind may learn a lesson of inestimable worth and sublime inspiration. Who among us has not, at some time or other, come to that pass in life where all seems dead about us, where hope of anything new or better arising from the ashes of our despair seems almost nil. And yet, if we are in tune and in touch with Him who doeth all things well, faith lives anew and courage blooms again. The tree, stripped naked of the foliage which had given it such fresh loveliness in Spring, and such gorgeous beauty in the Autumn, is not discouraged when thus denuded; for, were it able to reason with itself, it would speak of life which, temporarily seeming to be dormant, still lives to burst forth anew. The little seed, buried deep in the dark earth, and trampled under foot of man, might well despair of ever again seeing the light of day; but within that seed is the germ of life which is irresistible, and which, pushing all obstacles aside, forces its way to light and sunshine.

If then there comes into our lives periods of discouragement, darkness and despair, if circumstances seem to crush us, and burdens weigh us down so that at times to rise seems impossible, let us take courage; for within the heart of each one of us is that germ of life divine which, cultivated, breaks forth in new faith, fresh zeal, courage and determination that will lead us on to victory.

* * * * *

UNCERTAIN SIGNALS

There are certain drivers of automobiles - may their tribe decrease - who, when about to make a turn on the highway, have a most annoyingly uncertain way of signaling their intention. For instance, instead of a clear perpendicular, or an unmistakable horizontal, they indulge in a graceful angle of forty-five degrees, by which they might mean anything. But how is the driver behind to tell what they mean? The result is, the latter is often misled, inconvenienced, and sometimes his life and the lives of others endangered.

We may not all own automobiles, or even be capable of driving such; but on the highway of life we are all travelers; and as we journey we are constantly, by our speech and our actions, signaling to others. How important it is that our signals be clear cut and unmistakable, and how disastrous if those who follow us, or take their cue from us, should be led astray.

There are many dangers on life's highway. Some of us are more able to discern them than others. Some of us are better able to avoid them than others. Great is the responsibility of those who lead the way, for the eyes of those who follow are continually upon them.

The other night we stood on the hills of Berkeley and looked out across the Pacific Ocean where, ever and anon, out of the darkness there flashed the steady, unfaltering signal of the beacon on the Farallon Islands. Beside us stood one, an amateur yachtsman of no mean experience. Said he, "Do you know, I would rather sail those waters by night than by day. For in the day time other craft may lead me astray, but at night I can depend absolutely upon that beacon."

We are travelers all on the highway and the high seas of life. Let our course be unmistakable and our signals certain, lest those who follow in our wake be led astray.

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

The heavy rains have of course prevented us from doing much gardening for several weeks, but we are now beginning to see the results of the earlier planting, the rain and the sunshine.

How we are enjoying these beautiful Spring days on our hillside - the green grass everywhere, the poppies and other wild flowers making splashes of color against the green, the shrubs and trees sending out tender new shoots, and tiny plants poking thro' the black soil! It makes us glad to be alive.

Our garage is now in process of construction. We did not have sufficient funds, at the time of finishing our building, to do this piece of work. The bus and truck have had to be out in all these heavy rains, and it hasn't improved their appearance any, so we are glad we can now have this shelter for them.

We have had a number of fine Sunday evening services this month. On February 9th Mr. A. J. Tweedy spoke to us, and Sheila Chandler sang several selections. We enjoyed them both, and hope they will come again.

Mr. Graves of the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School spoke on the evening of February 16th, and Mrs. Graves played for us. We were glad to have these friends with us, and extend a cordial invitation to come another time.

Sunday afternoon, February 23rd, a group of young people from the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley presented a devotional service.

The Crusader's Club from the Chinese Presbyterian Church of Oakland came out in a body and presented us with two fine berry bushes, which they planted themselves. We appreciate their interest and cooperation, and hope they will make many opportunities to visit us.

On Saturday, February 22, a group of young folks from the Young People's Convention, then being held at the 10th Avenue Baptist Church, came out and spent a part of the afternoon with us, seeing our new building and visiting with the boys. Chinese tea and cakes were served in our dining room.

Last Friday night, February 28, our quarterly birthday party was held, the birthday boys presenting a clever pantomime stunt which evoked much merriment.

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

Albert Wong and Warren Fong are probably the envy of our less studious boys, for they have contracted measles, and will be unable to attend school for some days to come.

We rejoice with Mr. C. M. Li, our instructor in Chinese, for he has successfully passed all the examinations necessary to obtain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. We bespeak for Mr. Li a career of much usefulness in the service of his country.

Robert and Kenneth Choy, two "regular fellows," who have been with us since the summer of 1931, have taken leave of us and returned to live with their mother. At a farewell assembly we wished these two Godspeed and good luck; and would like to take this opportunity to repeat it again. We surely miss them.

Clarence Chan, alias Cowboy, and Stanley Lowe have had their tonsils removed. As a result of the operation Cowboy's voice has changed quite a bit, so that now when he cries it is definitely more pleasant to hear.

Gordon Fong, a new boy from Boise, Idaho, arrived without an American name. He was given the name of Gordon because of his marked resemblance to the other Gordon Wong who was with us in the past.

Arthur Deah is making a great success of the job of cook, which he holds in Martinez. It is said that in being "master of the situation" Arthur can not be surpassed.

We enjoyed a visit from our former artist, Johnson Chan, last Sunday.

On the evening of Saturday, February 15th, Captain participated in the dedication of the new club house for the Chinese Youth Circle at Oakland. The following ex-Chung Mei boys were present: Oliver Chin, Arthur Deah, David Chew, Ancil Won, Ankeen Won and Willie Dong.

Our good friend and former pianist, Rosalind White, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. She is home again now, and we wish for her a speedy and complete recovery.

Kite-flying is the order of the day. Many of our boys are making kites of all shapes and sizes, from the large box kite to the small ones no bigger than a baby's hand. The hill back of our home makes an ideal spot for such pastime.

RIB TICKLERS
By Smellfungus

Miss Dickie: "What is raised mostly
in damp climates?"
Jack Woo: "I know. Umbrellas."

* * * *

Geo. Chin: "Hello Willfie, what's the
matter?"
Willie Douie: (blinking) "I just swal-
lowed three cents."
Geo. Chin: "So that's what caused the
change in you!"

* * * *

Miss Bell: "Name two Indian tribes of
the Mississippi, and tell something
of their costumes and habits."
George Lee: "The Coca-Colas and the
Semi-colons. They wore feathers and
their habits were bad."

* * * *

Raymond Wong: "Did you hear about
Harold Cheung's girl being hurt in
an explosion?"
Peter Chung: "How come?"
Raymond: "A smile lit up her face,
and the powder went off."

* * * *

Usher: (to cold, dignified lady at
wedding) "Are you a friend of the
groom, Madam?"
Lady: "No indeed, I'm the bride's
mother."

* * * *

"Animals," said Warren Young, as he
helped himself to another bowl of
rice, "don't know how lucky they are.
For instance, does a family of rab-
bits realize that they are running
about in a beautiful sealskin coat?"

* * * *

Miss Huff: "Peter, what is a
cannibal?"
Peter Wang: (sniff) "I don't know,
Miss Huff."
Miss Huff: "Well, if you ate your
father and your mother, what would
you be?"
Peter: (sniff, sniff) "An orphan."

* * * *

Leonard Chow: "I feel carsickness
coming on. What shall I do?"
Lieutenant: "Don't worry about it.
When the time comes you'll do it."

* * * *

Passerby, to
Scissors-grinder: "How's business,
Tony?"
Tony: "Fine! I never saw things so
dull in my life."

MISCELLANY

"A friend is worth all the hazards we
can run."

* * *

"Take heed of thy friends. A faith-
ful friend is a strong defense;
and he that hath found such an one
hath found a treasure."

* * *

"Those who have not suffered them-
selves know not how to be sympa-
thetic."

* * *

"We behold all round about us one
vast union, in which no man can
labor for himself, without labor-
ing at the same time for all
others."

* * *

"Some people do not seem to grasp why
they are given two ears and only one
tongue."

* * *

"No person is so bad as he is said to
be, nor half so good as he could be."

* * *

"The best portion of a good man's
life are his little nameless unre-
membered acts of kindness and of love."

* * *

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise."

* * * *

"The people on the billboards,
They have a lot of fun;
They purchase certain merchandise
And all their goals are won.
The people on the billboards
Wear everlasting smiles,
They always pick a tire that lasts
Some twenty thousand miles."

"I'm glad that on the billboards
Life is thus full and free,
Because along the public roads
There's little else to see.
And how it gives one courage
'Mid punctures, sand and rocks,
To find one may achieve success,
By careful choice of socks."

* * * *

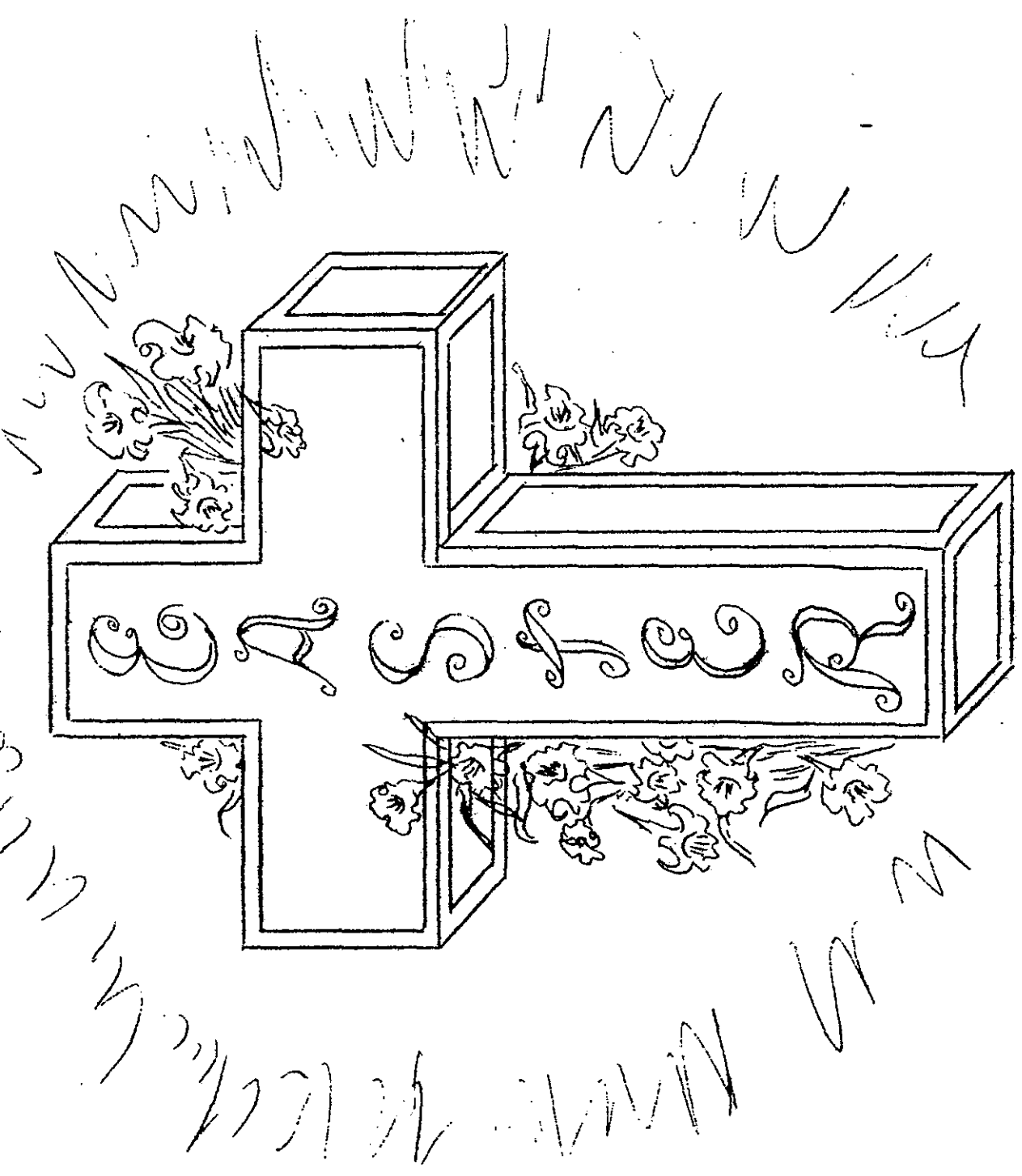
VOL 3

NO 5

THE

CHINA
HARBOR

月四年五廿國民華中報月美中



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human heart, perhaps it is a spark of divinity, which holds and carries on until the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

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 Raymond Wong
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Humanity has been, and still is, passing through days that are dark indeed. To many it seems that whatever light there may be is sadly dim; while others who had believed that humanity was actually on the upgrade, and that there was at hand a new day in which men would deal righteously with their fellows, have come almost to the point of despair. To them it seems that strife, selfishness, greed and oppression have crowded to the wall all the finer sensibilities and higher aspirations of mankind, that what men call justice is, after all, on the side of the strongest battalions, and that, in spite of the vain boastings of our civilization, right is constantly subordinate to might, with "truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne."

EDITORIAL

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL!*

They were dark dread hours, those which followed immediately upon the ghastly tragedy of Calvary. For those who had placed their faith in the Man of Nazareth they were hours filled with poignant grief, bitter disappointment, cruel disillusionment and unmitigated gloom - hours in which were reached the nadir of faith, hope and courage. The once vibrant hopes of a new nationalism lay shattered in the dust. He whom they had expected to be their king had been crucified upon a cross of shame - a companion of malefactors. The voice that had comforted them in sorrow, guided them in perplexities, revealed to them the deep spiritual mysteries of life, fearlessly rebuked evil and championed the cause of righteousness was stilled in silent death. He whom they loved, and who had loved them as never man loved, lay lifeless and enshrouded in a sealed tomb.

But these are days which call for unlimited courage, strong faith and undying hope. Let us take heart, and buoyed up by that hope which "springs eternal in the human breast" take our stand with those who look beyond the present gloom, and whose faith and courage are sufficient to enable them to envision beyond the horizon a new day, that has already begun.

C. R. S.

* * * * *

Throughout two days and two nights the hearts of those who loved Him had been bowed down with grief, their souls filled with dismay. But on the morning of the third day, to use the words of the faithful historian, "as it began to dawn" there came to that tomb certain of those depressed, disillusioned and heartsore disciples, intent upon rendering one last act of tender ministrations. To them was awarded an astounding experience which banished their sorrow, turned disappointment into hope and cheer, replaced disillusionment by visions bright and glorious, which sent them and their fellows out into the world with a vibrant throbbing evangel of a new life and a new day. Thus was set in motion the greatest and most dynamic spiritual force ever brought to bear upon the heart of mankind.

The little boy who played upon the shores of Galilee
 Learned secrets from each swaying vine,
 Held converse with each tree.
 The flowers bent their gracious heads -
 they smiled to see him pass,
 His footsteps scarcely stirred the dew
 upon the meadow grass.

The man who walked with steady tread
 along life's lonely way,
 Found wonderment in every dawn, and
 perfume in each day;
 Bright blossoms laughed into his face
 and palms were cast before him,
 They lightened for a slender space the
 shadow that lay o'er him.

How often in human history, in a measure great or small, has this tremendous experience been reenacted! It is said that the darkest hour comes just before the dawn. When hope fades, when faith grows dim, when courage wavers and seems almost gone there is something in the

The one who hung upon a cross when
 skies were rent asunder,
 Could see beyond the bitterness, the
 tumult and the thunder --
 Could know, with the unclouded peace
 of Galilee's glad child
 That, waiting in the springtime sun,
 an Easter garden smiled.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

On Thursday, March 12, we were privileged to have a visit from General Fong Chen-wu of China. After inspecting the building and having tea the General gave a very interesting talk to an assembly of the boys and staff.

On this same afternoon we were glad to have Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Rhoades of Toledo, Ohio, visit us. We wish we might have had more time with them, but hope they will come this way again.

Friday, March 13, in no way daunted the enthusiasm of a group of students from the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School who spent part of that afternoon with us.

A group of young people from the Christian Endeavor Society of the Martinez Congregational Church paid us a visit on the afternoon of Sunday, March 29. They stayed for our evening service, and Miss Linda Townsend gave a short talk. We enjoyed their visit and hope they will come again. They also left a donation of five dollars for our building fund.

Everybody is busily preparing for our Field Day to be held in May. There are to be many events in different classes, and from the youngest to the oldest the boys are training for the events they are entering. On the two Saturdays preceding Field Day will be held cross-country marathons, one for the Seniors and one for the Intermediates. The date for our Field Day will be announced later, and we shall be happy to have as many of our friends present as can come.

Our annual Easter Egg Hunt was held last Saturday afternoon. Of course the eggs were greatly enjoyed, though the day was almost too hot for comfort out in the open fields, to say nothing of the ants who attacked the eggs almost before the boys had time to get them.

Our friends, Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Forbes, took charge of our evening service on March 8. We enjoyed Mr. Forbes' talk on the life of Russell Conwell, and Mrs. Forbes' musical numbers. We trust that in their busy lives they may find time to come to us again.

On April 4 Captain and Billy Woo visited the Palo Alto Baptist Church. Billy has been sort of "adopted" by the Roger Williams Club there. Captain spoke to the folks at a combined young people's and evening service, while Billy captivated all hearts, and finally went to sleep in Mr. Offenhisser's arms.

IN MEMORIAM

MILTON TOM

The afternoon of Palm Sunday was given to memorial services for our late comrade, Milton Tom, who departed from our midst just one year ago from that date.

Preceding the visit to the grave the Chung Mei family gathered together in the quiet reverence of our attractive chapel in a short service that was full of meaning and memories. The service was conducted by our Captain. Intimate glimpses of the life of Milton were revealed, giving a more complete picture of this beautiful character whose entire life was lived in harmony with his comrades about him. Describing the manly qualities that exemplified Milton's character, it was made clear by the Captain that the purpose of this service was not to praise or unduly enlarge upon the goodness which was Milton's, but first to give thanks that we had been privileged to have in our midst so sterling a character, who had so unmistakably demonstrated what it was possible for a boy, by God's grace, to be; and secondly that this life might serve to inspire those whom he had left behind to nobler and better lives.

Following the service we were all transported to the cemetery in the Chung Mei bus, and there each boy and each member of the staff filed by and laid a handful of flowers upon Milton's grave as a tender tribute to his memory.

Edward H. Tong

BAPTISMAL SERVICE

On the morning of Easter Sunday the hearts of many who are interested in Chung Mei Home were made exceedingly glad when eleven of our family confessed Jesus as their Lord and Saviour by following him in baptism at the First Baptist Church, Berkeley.

Though young in years these lads of ours were very thoughtful as they took this step; and their pastor, Dr. George Derbyshire, and their faithful Sunday School teachers must have rejoiced in the part God had permitted them to have in helping to bring these promising boys to a knowledge of the truth. We pray that they may be led indeed to lives of great blessing and usefulness to their own race, and may their own prayer ever be, as they sang so earnestly in our own chapel that evening:

"Keep me ever by Thy spirit
Pure and strong and true."

Mrs. A. C. Morrice

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

It was a pleasure to have a visit from Ah Laan Tom, Milton's sister, who stayed with us a few days during the Easter vacation and attended the memorial services held for her brother.

Albert Wong, commonly known as "Fatty," has contracted a beautiful case of Poison Oak. We wonder if it would have been possible for him to get it worse, even if he had rubbed the stuff on his face. As it is his physiognomy resembles a toy balloon about ready to burst.

Four new boys have entered the home since our last publication: Edwin Ow, Raymond Quon, Danny and Harry Chew. Richard and Warren Fong have left us to go to their mother in Fresno.

Vacations for members of the staff have commenced. Mrs. Chin Toy has been away for a week, and since her return Miss Richert has gone to visit her family in Reedley. She will be away three weeks.

We were very happy to have George Haw and Henry Chan with us at the Easter morning service at the Berkeley Baptist Church. They also spent the rest of the day with us at Chung Mei Home.

Warren Young, Allan Chan and Richard Chin are members of the track team at Richmond Union High School.

During the Easter vacation we were very glad to have a visit from Eva Chin, Mavis Lee, Anna Chan, Ruby and Cecelia Chow, sisters of George and Richard Chin, Stanley Lee, Harry and Stanley Chan and the three Chow brothers.

On Saturday evening, March 14, May Foon Wong, sister of Raymond, Jack, Billy and Chester Wong, was married to Mr. Lum Sing of Bakersfield at a very pretty ceremony at Ming Quong, where May made her home for a number of years. Captain officiated. We all wish Mr. and Mrs. Lum many years of happiness in their marriage.

In connection with the current traffic safety campaign being conducted by the Oakland Tribune, Leonard Chow and Edward Leong won a prize with the following slogan:

"Quick decisions
Save collisions."

* * * *

We regret that, owing to a number of circumstances, our Easter number is somewhat belated in its appearance.

RIB TICKLERS
By Smellfungus

McPherson was to be married:
"Ye'll be givin' us a send-off?" he inquired of his best man.
"We will."
"With rice and ribbons?"
"Aye."
"And old shoes thrown after us?"
"Oh aye, of course."
"Well - I wear tens, and Janet takes sixes."

* * * *

1st Clerk: "I'd like to sell you a set of encyclopedias that I got as a gift. I've no use for them."
2nd Clerk: "No sale. I know more than any encyclopedia."
1st Clerk: "I admit that. But I thought you'd get a thrill going through it and picking out all the errors."

* * * *

An itinerant musician was stranded in a village one Sunday morning, and as he was playing the cornet in the street he was approached by the clergyman of the parish who said: "Do you know the Fourth Commandment, my good man?"
"No," the man replied, "but if you'll just whistle it over I'll do my best."

* * * *

Orchestra Conductor: "Yes, old fellow, I'm the fastest man in the world."
Violinist: "How come?"
O. C.: "Time flies, doesn't it? Well, I beat time."

* * * *

A lady motorist was driving along a country road when she spied a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles.
"Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion, "they must think I never drove a car before."

* * * *

Warren Young: "They say broadcasting has passed the infant stage."
Allan Chan: "I wish the infants upstairs had passed the broadcasting stage."

* * * *

Philip Lum: "What's the matter?"
George Chin: "I wrote an article on milk, and Captain condensed it."

* * * *

Usually a horse doesn't care whether his meals are served a la carte, or table d'ot, just so he gets his baled hay a la mowed.

YOUTHFUL

THE

CHILDREN

THE MOTHERS

月五年五廿國民華中報月美中

DEDICATED TO

ALL MOTHERS



Published monthly at El Cerrito, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Charles R. Shepherd
 Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. Margaret G. Thomsen
 Ass't Editors Edward H. Tong
 Raymond Wong
 Artists Richard Chin, Tommy Chan

EDITORIAL

FOLLOW THE WHITE LINE

We live in a day of speed, of rapid travel on the highway, of an ever-increasing number of high-powered automobiles, and, unfortunately, of altogether too much carelessness and selfishness on the part of many who operate these vehicles. Consequently necessity, that mother of invention, in the interests of public safety, and for the protection of human life, has been compelled to produce numerous devices such as stop signs, colored lights, speed laws, safety zones and the thin white line.

What autoist is there who has not many times been grateful, particularly at night, for the thin white line which shows him which is his side of the road, and protects him from rapidly moving vehicles coming in the other direction? To obey it means safety and comfort to the driver. To cross it puts him on the wrong side of the road, and endangers him and the lives of those who are with him. In other words, the thin white line is the delineator between right and wrong, between safety and danger, between life and death.

From time immemorial, long before the coming of the automobile, or even the horse and buggy, man has been traveling along the highway of life, a highway beset by many vicissitudes, dangers and pitfalls; but a kind Providence seeking to protect and preserve him has provided him with something of the nature of the thin white line. We call that something conscience. Actually it is our sense of the difference between right and wrong, and comes to us partly by inheritance and partly through the instructions of those who have sought to mold our characters. It shows us which is the right side of the road, and if we follow it it keeps us on the right side, and from the dangers involved in traveling on the wrong.

Sometimes it happens that the traveler finds it difficult to discern the white line. Perhaps it is foggy; perhaps it

has been partly erased; or perhaps in some districts economy or the shortage of funds has led to the line being discontinued over some distances. At such times the driver must exercise his best judgment, and often he must proceed by faith alone. So in life, there may be times when it is difficult to hear the voice of conscience, when that voice may become unclear, confused, faint, or even seem to cease entirely. Then it is that we must live by faith, we must draw upon the experiences of the past and take no chances by crossing the white line.

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY

Margaret G. Thomsen

We are happy to have two special contributors to our paper this month. Mr. C. M. Li, our Chinese School teacher, is a graduate student in economics of the University of California, and has recently successfully passed his examinations for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He is at present working on his thesis. We are glad to have his contribution, and hope to have more later. The short article entitled "March of Time" was written by one of our Senior boys, Edward Lem, a student at Richmond High School.

During the past week we were delighted to have a visit from Rev. and Mrs. Merrill Brininstool, who have recently returned from China where they served under the American Baptist Home Mission Society in Szechuan Province for five years. On the same day Dr. J. R. Saunders of China also visited us.

A group of young people from the Chinese Youth Circle of Oakland visited us last Sunday. We were very glad to have them.

We have been busily engaged in getting our athletic field ready for Field Day, and greatly appreciate the assistance of some of our neighbors in cutting the long grass. They want the grass, and we want the field cleared, so it's a fair exchange and everybody satisfied.

Our Field Day is to be held on Saturday, June 20, and we cordially invite all our friends who can be with us at that time to attend. The preliminaries will be run in the morning from 10 to 12, and the finals will be in the afternoon, starting at 2:30. There will be a number of trophies awarded at that time. Trophies have already been received from the following: Mr. Joe Shoong, Mrs. Alice P. Evans, the Golden State Company and Remar Company. Mark the date, June 20, on your calendar, and plan to be with us for our first Annual Field Day.

UNDERSTANDING CHINA

C. M. Li

Although I came to this country to study only five and a half years ago, I have had a good number of American friends. Most of them are highly educated; in fact some of them are teaching in the University. In general, however, whenever they meet any Chinese (or, in this matter, any Oriental), they seem unconsciously to feel that this man from the other part of the world is DIFFERENT and hence should be dealt with in a very DIFFERENT manner. As this attitude of "DIFFERENCE" is prevailing even in the minds of the so-called unprejudiced, and as this attitude certainly impedes the full development of friendship, let us inquire why it has persisted.

For more than four thousand years China had been isolated from the West on account of natural barriers. It is only since 1842 that China has come into real contact with the Western civilization. That China should have remained a mystery to the Western people is well within expectation. But the effect of this isolation does not stop there; it may be best illustrated by an imaginary case. Let us suppose that none of us has ever seen and never will see a stream-lined train; but of course all of us know what an ordinary train looks like. Those who are fortunate enough to have seen a stream-lined train would surely come back to tell us, not the similarities between a stream-lined train and an ordinary one, but of their chief differences. The similarities being uninteresting, why do they have to bother with them? Suppose, again, that our children, grand-children, etc. should never see a stream-lined train. Then, as time goes on, after a few generations, the people will come to believe that the difference between a stream-lined train and an ordinary train is as much as that between, say, a cow and a horse.

Now, it was only since Marco Polo went to China in the latter part of the thirteenth century that Cathay had become widely known to the Western world. The subsequent travellers, who went to China, returned and described the peculiarities of the people of the East, emphasized them and dramatized them. The long-run effect under these circumstances accounts in large part, therefore, for the persistent and prevailing unconscious attitude of "DIFFERENCE" in the minds of the Western people. But is it true that the difference between a stream-lined train and an ordinary train is as much as that between a horse and a cow?

We have heard so much about the saying, "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Should we take this statement seriously? Is it not true that mathematically speaking East and West do meet? When they meet, however, they are no longer East or West, for they become North and South. This is to say, the East and the West will meet; but when they meet, they no longer remain an Easterner as such or a Westerner as such, for they meet at the place of international understanding and become thereby more or less the products of two cultures. What could be a more interesting and valuable experience than the experience of witnessing the contact, in one's own self, of two cultures?

Personal friendships between two peoples constitute the real foundation of international understanding. With an attitude, unconscious as it is, that the other is greatly different, sincere friendship can hardly be established. Realizing that this attitude comes from historical circumstances and should have no existence at all, we will go a long way toward bringing the twain together in the one family of nations.

MARCH OF TIME

Edward Lem

Whether past, present, or future, the measure of duration is time. We measure time by measuring a successive phenomena which recurs at regular intervals. One singular astronomical phenomena which fulfills this condition is the apparent daily revolution of a fiery orb that was worshipped by our ancient ancestors; but which we know is caused by the rotation of the earth. From the remotest of times this has been the means of measuring time.

In music, time is the division of a measure into fractional parts of a whole note. In philosophy, time is considered by some to be an illusion; by some to be a confused idea; and by others to be some form of phenomena.

We may compare time to a piece of coin which we can spend or waste. It is also something to be despised, for at times we beat it and even kill it. Therefore we arrive at a conclusion that time is sometimes nothing, but is never something at no time. TIME MARCHES ON!

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

Victor Young, a former Chung Mei boy, having taken a prominent part in the campus activities among the Chinese students, has been elected president of that organization for the following semester. Congratulations, Victor!

Warren Young took part in the Martinez relay on the Richmond High School track team. He also took part for Richmond in the Alameda County Athletic League annual meet at Edwards Field, and made a fine effort. We are sorry that Warren is now confined to his bed with a slight indisposition, and hope he will be ready when again called upon to represent his school.

John Shepherd is developing into a splendid high hurdler. In various meets in which he has represented Berkeley Hi. he has never failed to place.

There is arranged in Longfellow Junior High School a schedule of indoor baseball played during the lunch hour, whereby the alumni of the various grammar schools form the teams that meet in competition. One team is composed almost entirely of Chung Mei boys, and it has done some fine work. The team now holds third place, and is working hard to win a higher position. It is composed of Leonard Chow, Peter Chung, George Lee, Robert E. Lee, Edward Leong, Gilbert Louie, Jerry Lum, Albert Wong, Frank Wong, Billie Wong.

We enjoyed a visit from Benjie Wu recently, also Willie Gee.

The latest arrival in our family is George Pon from San Francisco.

AM I WORTH TWENTY-FIVE CENTS?

I do not know how long I have been coming to you. To some readers I have been coming quite a while, to others not so long; but I expect to continue to come to you as long as you wish to receive me. I go now to about eight hundred addresses every month, which means that I cost Chung Mei Home, for postage alone, at least \$12.00 a month. As a matter of fact last year I cost the home over \$200.00. That says nothing about the time and pains that are spent in making me. I am sure the home is glad to stand the expense, and to make the effort involved in bringing me to you, and from what I have frequently heard the editors say, I think they rate me a good investment; but I was just figuring it over in my mind that it would be quite a saving to the home if everybody should pay just a little toward my expense. Am I worth twenty-five cents? I guess nobody would miss that much. - The Chung Mei Chronicle-

RIB-TICKLERS
By Smellfungus

Mrs. Morrice: "Now boys, don't quarrel. What's the matter?"
Harold Cheung: "We're playing shipwreck, an' Peter Chung won't go in the bathroom an' drown himself."

* * * * *

Harry Chan: "For the last time I ask you for that nickel you owe me."
George Chin: "Thank goodness that's over with."

* * * * *

Tommy Chan was just home from school. "Well, Tommy," asked Mrs. Morrice, "what did they teach you today?" "Not much, replied Tommy sadly, "I've got to go back tomorrow."

* * * * *

Teacher: "What four words do pupils use most?"
Jerry Lum: "I don't know, sir."
Teacher: "Correct."

* * * * *

Philip Lum: "Hey, Peter, shut the door. Were you raised in a barn?"
Peter Wang: (in tears) "Boo-hoo, hoo."
Philip: (taken aback) "Come now, Pete, don't be like that. I know you weren't really brought up in a barn."
Peter: "That's just the trouble. I was brought up in a barn, and it makes me homesick every time I hear a donkey bray."

* * * * *

Billy Wong: "My handkerchief and my nose are deadly enemies."
Albert Wong: "How come?"
Billy: "Every time they meet they come to blows."

* * * * *

Harold Cheung: "It took eight sittings."
Peter Chung: "What? Been having your portrait taken?"
Harold: "No, learning to skate."

* * * * *

Mr. Tong: "Where are you going with that candle, George?"
George Lee: "Down to the washroom to see if I left the light on."

* * * * *

"'S funny, it never repeats itself to me," said Willy Choye, poring over his history books.

VOL. 8

NO. 7

THE
 CHINESE
 CHIROPODISTS
 ASSOCIATION

中華民國十五年六月



Published monthly at El Cerrito, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys.

STAFF

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Ass't Editors	Edward H. Tong Raymond Wong
Artists	Tommy Chan, Richard Chin

EDITORIAL

HOGGERS, SHINERS, TOOTERS AND BACK SEAT DRIVERS

Apropos of traveling on life's highway, we have already spoken of the menace of uncertain signals, and have stressed the importance of following the white line. Now for a few words concerning those four notorious nuisances, hoggers, shiners, tooters and back seat drivers.

Hoggers, sometimes called road hogs, are those choice individuals who seem to be endowed with a blissful unconsciousness of even the existence of any other travelers. They occupy more of the highway than they are entitled to, show a marked reluctance to move over so that others may pass them, and in general give evidence of an unwillingness to extend to others the common courtesies of the road.

Shiners are those who rejoice in the fact that their headlights are exceptionally powerful, literally flooding the highway with light, and sending their piercing rays several hundred yards further than is necessary. They do not seem to realize that what is spectacular and thrilling to them is a pestiferous nuisance, and at times a positive menace, to drivers approaching from the opposite direction. What traveler at night has not had the frequent experience of being so blinded by strong headlights as to be compelled for the time being to proceed in utter darkness? Under such circumstances the victim must either come to a stop or go on in complete ignorance of what danger may be ahead.

Another pest is the individual who insists upon tooting his horn at intersections, in traffic jams, or when some other driver is temporarily embarrassed by being unable to put his car in motion. Such behavior, besides affording a display of egotism, and creating confusion, is utterly useless. The drivers who respond to such raucous tooting of horns by speeding up their motions are but few, while on the other hand timid souls are made more timid.

and those unable to start their cars are overcome by embarrassment more embarrassing.

And what shall we say of the back seat driver (sometimes, forsooth, a side seat driver), that delightful and talented person upon whom heaven has bestowed knowledge more abundant, and skill far superior to that of whatever person may be at the wheel, and who with suggestions, admonitions, innuendos and nervous twitterings becomes not only a nuisance to the driver, but a positive menace to others? It would indeed be interesting to know just how many accidents have been due to the disturbed equilibrium of drivers caused by distracting behavior of the back seat driver.

Each one of the aforementioned pests has its counterpart among the vast concourse of humanity that travels day by day along life's highway. Fortunately they are in the minority; but still they exist in sufficient numbers to be an annoyance and often a menace. There is the selfish individual who has little regard for the rights of others so long as he is well off, who seems almost to forget that there are others, and that such others do have rights; who is indifferent to the well-being of his fellow men or to the safety of fellow travelers on life's highway. Then there is the egotist, the tyrant, the domineering person, who seems to think that at the toot of his horn the world must turn, who by his domineering spirit and arbitrariness throws others into confusion, discomfort and embarrassment. Again there is the restless, nervous, twittery soul overburdened with responsibility for the actions of others, who always knows better than those involved how a campaign should have been conducted, a battle fought, a transaction put over, and who never seems satisfied to permit those to whom responsibility has been committed to proceed in the performance of their tasks without interference and gratuitous advice.

From time immemorial such persons have existed, and will probably always exist; and the rest of the pilgrims on life's highway must make the best of the situation, possess their souls in patience, plug ahead with toleration and forbearance, and carry on with perseverance.

C. R. S.

THANK YOU

We take this opportunity to express sincere appreciation to those of our readers who, since the last appearance of our little paper, have sent contributions towards its expense.

PERSONALS

Edward H. Tong

Having met the requirements necessary to graduate from Grammar School, Jack Woo and Willard Lee will consequently attend Longfellow Jr. High next term. Similarly, Tommy Chan, George Chan and Harold Cheung have graduated from Jr. High into High School. Clarence Chan, better known as Cowboy, and the twins, Jack and Frank Lee, have been promoted from kindergarten to the first grade.

Gilbert Louie has been made a member of the Honor Society at Longfellow Junior High by virtue of his academic record, student-body activities and the high standard he has maintained in citizenship.

Captain has been a more-than-ever busy person recently. He was guest speaker at a Father and Son dinner at the Fresno Chinese Mission on May 27. During the month of June he delivered the graduation address at the Palo Alto Military Academy, preached at three local churches, conducted two weddings and presented the diplomas at the Chinese Baptist School in San Francisco.

With the coming of vacation some of our boys have returned to their homes, and others have left to accept jobs that will enable them to support themselves and continue their education. While we are sorry to have these boys leave us we are glad that they have these opportunities, and we are sure they will be fine upstanding representatives of Chung Mei Home. George Chin and Allan Chan have jobs in Berkeley and will attend Berkeley High. Wilfred Hall has a job in Menlo Park and will enter High School there. Harold Cheung expects to go to New York. Philip Lum has a job in Oakland and will attend Oakland High.

The following boys have entered the home since the last issue of the Chronicle: Richard Fong from Los Angeles, Harding Gee, Healy Gee, Raymond Lowe, James Joong and Albert Yee from San Francisco.

We were glad to have Arthur Doah, Joseph Gee, Henry Chan, George Chin and Allan Chan back home for our first annual Field Day.

Had there been an award for especially good sportsmanship in connection with our field day it most assuredly would have gone to Lawrence Chan, who, in spite of his notorious superfluity of avoirdupois staggered bravely through the High Intermediate 880 and 100 yd dash.

Athletic accomplishments seem to be Warren Young's specialty. He has been awarded a block R from Richmond High School for his work on the track team.

Douglas Fong has also been awarded a smaller block R by the Roosevelt Jr. High for his performance in a recent Pentathlon meet held there.

We regret that Fred Hall has been obliged to give up his work as assistant Chinese teacher, because of trouble with his eyes; but rejoice that we have such a good substitute in Peter Chung.

Raymond Wong has gone to Lake Tahoe for four weeks to help in an American family, and we trust to enjoy the beauties of that wonderful country.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY

Margaret G. Thomsen

Needless to say, the event of most importance in the life of Chung Mei Home during the last month was our Field Day, a detailed account of which will be found elsewhere in this issue. We wish more of our friends had been present, but will look forward to a bigger and better day next year.

Several weeks ago Miss Lou Latourette of Berkeley, a beloved friend of Chung Mei Home, conducted our Sunday evening service. Her dramatic presentation of the story of David, from the killing of Goliath to his re-instatement in the favor of King Saul, was intensely interesting and made a vivid impression on all who heard her. We are looking forward to having her with us again next Sunday evening.

We also had an interesting Sunday evening with Rev. Minter Uzzell of the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, formerly of Idaho. We enjoyed his stories and appreciated his coming.

A baseball team composed of our High Intermediate boys met and defeated a team made up of boys from the Stege Grammar School. The score was 21 to 8.

By the time our readers receive this issue of the Chung Mei Chronicle we will have been in our new building a year. The time has passed very swiftly and pleasantly, and we are more than ever grateful for our enlarged quarters and greater opportunities.

* * * * *

ONE RIB-TICKLER

By Smellfungus

Teacher: "Leonard, who was Anne Boleyn?"
Leonard Chow: "I guess Anne Boleyn must have been a flat-iron."
Teacher: "Whatever makes you think that?"
Leonard: "Well, I read in the book where it said 'Henry having disposed of Catherine pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn'."

FIRST ANNUAL FIELD DAY

Edward H. Tong

June 14 and 20 were two memorable days at Chung Mei Home. On the former were run our two marathons, in which our Seniors and High Intermediates participated, and on the latter was held our first annual Field Day, with events for all. Many hours were spent by the boys and the male members of the staff in preparation for these two days, and events were so arranged that every boy in the home, from the oldest Senior to the youngest Junior, was given an opportunity to participate.

We were exceedingly fortunate with regard to the acquisition of trophies and prizes made possible by the generous friends to whom we appealed for assistance. We have eight permanent trophies, five cups and three plaques. These trophies were given by Mr. Joe Shong, Mr. Art Wong, Mrs. Alice P. Evans, the Wing Chong Co., the Him Sang Co., the Golden State Creamery, the Remar Baking Co., and the China Pacific Co. Merchandise orders and other prizes were donated by Alberts Inc., Andrew Williams Stores, Earl Corey's Garage, Angelo's Market, Maxwell Hdw. Co., Richmond Hdw. Co., Furrer's Stationers, Moore's Drug Store, Edward's Service Station, El Cerrito Journal, Griffin Lumber Co., Builders Emporium, Klier Bros. Lumber Co., Mr. Louis Davis, Mr. Furuta, Mr. Linthicum, Mechanics Bank and Dr. M. I. Armstrong.

The marathons, in which the boys left Chung Mei field, circled around the El Cerrito hills and returned, resulted as follows: Long Marathon (for Senior boys only) won by Allen Chan (1), Richard Chin (2) and Leonard Chow (3). Short Marathon (for High Intermediates) won by Douglas Fong (1), Bobby Kwok (2), and George Pon (3).

The Field Day events commenced at 10 a. m., June 20, and all preliminary heats were run off before noon. The afternoon program started at 2 o'clock, and we were greatly honored by having as officials Mr. Walter Christie, former track coach of the University of California, in charge, Coach Lamar of Berkeley High as timer, Messrs. Tweedy, Evans and Sargent of the Chung Mei Board as judges; while John Shepherd acted as starter. Following is a list of events and winners:

SENIOR EVENTS:

Mile - Warren Young (1), Richard Chin (2), Harold Cheung (3). 5' 9 7/10".
440 yds. - Richard Chin (1), John Fong (2), Philip Lum (3). 61 4/5".
220 " - Warren Young (1), Willie Choye (2), Jack Wong (3). 29 2/5".
Broad Jump - John Fong. 16' 9".
High Jump - Richard Chin. 4' 7".

HIGH INTERMEDIATE EVENTS:

880 yds. - Bobby Kwok (1), Gilbert Louie (2), Douglas Fong (3). 2' 36".
100 yd. dash - Gilbert Louie (1), Bobby Kwok (2), Billy Tom (3). 14"
Broad Jump - Bobby Kwok. 13' 9".
High Jump - Bobby Kwok and Gilbert Louie (tied). 3' 9".

LOW INTERMEDIATE EVENTS:

Midget Marathon - Thomas Hoh (1), Raymond Chow (2), Stanley Chan (3).
440 yds. - Stanley Chan (1), Henry Wong (2), Hubert Yee (3). 1' 21 3/5"
75 yd. dash - Stanley Chan (1), Henry Wong (2), Raymond Lowe (3). 12 2/5".

JUNIOR EVENTS:

220 yds. - Glenn Wong (1), Tom Woo (2), Ronald Chow (3). 4' 1/5".
50 yd. dash - Ronald Chow (1), Tom Woo and Glenn Wong, tied (2). 8 9/10".

Closing the day was a "thrill and fun event", the medley relay, in which the teams were made up of one Junior, one Low Intermediate, one High Intermediate and one Senior. To the winning team, Willie Choye, Willard Lee, Stanley Chan and Stanley Lowe, was awarded a 33 lb. watermelon.

The high spots of the afternoon were the Senior Mile, with Warren Young leading from the start and ending up far ahead of his closest competitor, the Senior 440, with Richard Chin sprinting to take first place from John Fong when the latter was but a few inches from the tape, and the High Intermediate 880, when Gilbert Louie made a desperate sprint down the home stretch in a last but futile effort to take first place from Bobby Kwok.

The presentation of trophies and prizes by Mr. Walter Christie brought a memorable day to a fitting end.

VOL. VIII

NO. VIII

THE

CHUNG AVEI

CHRONICLE

19 AUGUST 36

月八年五廿國民華中報月美中



Published monthly at El Cerrito, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys.

is weak another is strong. By pooling our abilities, our strength and our talents great things can be done. By intelligent cooperation and effective team work the task we have been puzzling over can be accomplished.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Charles R. Shepherd
 Assoc. Ed. & Mgr. Margaret G. Thomsen
 Ass't Editors Edward H. Tong
 Raymond Wong
 Artists Richard Chin, Tommy Chan

BACK TO SCHOOL

The schoolhouse is not little, and it is not red; nor is there a large swinging bell to raucously announce to the children that it is time to come back to school. But just the same, next Monday morning the rising bell at Chung Mei will sound one hour earlier; the home will immediately become a beehive of activity; and soon after breakfast one group after another of our boys will hasten off to school - first the high school lads, then the Junior Highs, and last the grammar school group, more than forty strong. A new school year will have commenced.

EDITORIALS

COOPERATION

Recently we listened to a scholarly Chinese discoursing on the subject of cooperation. As an illustration of intelligent cooperation and effective team work he related an ancient Chinese fable which so impressed us that we take this opportunity of passing it on to our readers.

A turtle, a crab, a snake and a butterfly met on the bank of a river, so runs the story, to discuss ways and means for performing a certain task. The task was to transport a chicken's egg to the other side of the river. Said the turtle, "I am a good swimmer and have a strong back, but my back is far too smooth and sloping. If I attempted to carry the egg across on my back I am sure it would fall off." The snake replied, "I am in a worse fix than you; I too am a good swimmer, but my back is so narrow it would be useless to try." "Well," said the crab, "I have good claws. I could easily hold the egg; but if I did that how could I work my way across?" "I'm afraid," said the butterfly, "that I should be quite useless. I have a beautiful pair of wings and can easily fly across, but I'm far too frail to carry that big egg!"

"There must be some way to get this job done," said the wise old turtle. There was; for finally, after much earnest discussion, they arrived at a solution. The crab climbed up on the turtle's back holding the egg in his claws; the snake got into the water, the turtle, with his mouth, hung onto the serpent's tail; the butterfly spread her wings and poised on the back of the crab; and away they sailed to the other shore.

There are many problems which face us in life, which, on the surface, seem as difficult as the one which confronted the turtle and his friends. We all have our limitations, and few of us are super men; but what one of us cannot do another often can; and where one of us

Chung Mei Home has long prided itself upon the scholastic attainments of its boys. They are not all brilliant, not all star pupils, and some perhaps are not quite so industrious as they might be; but as a group they have established, and for many years maintained, a fine standard, and their attainments in the main have been such as might gladden the heart of any father. May this year see the Chung Mei boys, in the various public schools which they attend, as prompt, keen, courteous, industrious and successful as ever - if not more so.

CHINA BOUND

It is not to be expected that all Chung Mei boys will return to China; but there is constantly held before the group the idea of their responsibility to their fellow countrymen, and the opportunities which await them in that land of almost limitless potentialities.

Soon after this reaches most of our readers, but before it reaches some, the writer of these lines will be on the high seas, bound for China, homeland of that splendid race, to the welfare of which this institution is dedicated. He goes for a brief sojourn only, but with the hope that during the short time allotted him he may come to a fuller and better understanding of the conditions which pertain today in that great country, to the end that he may be able to function more successfully as guide and counsellor to the many Chung Mei boys who it is earnestly hoped will eventually find spheres of activity and live lives of usefulness in the land of their forebears. C. R. S

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Back to school again! Within a few days our whole family will be back with books and teachers - even the youngest in kindergarten. The vacation period has passed rapidly and pleasantly - with work and play.

The Seniors enjoyed their annual two-day trip to Santa Cruz, and came home brown, tired, in some cases sunburned, but happy. Our friends of the Santa Cruz Baptist Church graciously permitted them the use of the church kitchen, and the floor of the Sunday School rooms for sleeping.

The High Intermediate group also had a trip to Santa Cruz, but only for a day. They left early in the morning, had lunch and supper on the beach, and came home late in the evening. It was an outing thoroughly enjoyed.

These two groups also enjoyed a week of camp life at Camp Kent in Mill Valley. The days were spent in hiking to Mt. Tamalpais, Muir Woods and other points of interest, in swimming, crawfishing and other camp sports; and many evenings were spent around the camp fire. It was a happy time for this group; but we hope some time to have a camp where the whole family can enjoy a real vacation.

The two younger groups spent a happy day at Alum Rock Park, drinking sulphur and soda water from the springs, wading in the creek, catching poliwogs, playing on swings, slides, etc. One little boy wanted to know where the Alum Rock was, and where the picnic was. It was hard to tear them away in the late afternoon, even though supper was waiting for them at home.

Saturday night, August 15, our quarterly birthday party was celebrated. The birthday tables were gala with colored nut baskets, bon-bons, flowers and tiny candles. At the close of the meal the birthday boys presented a stunt, closing with a surprise for Captain - a gift of a gladstone bag for his trip to China.

We are all happy for Captain to have this trip to China, and know it will result in much good for the future of Chung Mei, but we are going to miss him through these months. However, we wish him Godspeed, and feel sure that our many friends join with us in this wish.

The members of the Chinese Baptist Church of San Francisco gave a farewell dinner for Captain on the evening of August 16.

We have had a good many visitors from out-of-state this summer. Among them we were happy to have Dr. and Mrs. M.T. Shelford of the Board of Promotion of the New Jersey Baptist Convention, and President Will Clark of Western Union

University of Richmond, Virginia, with other members of the Clark family.

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

It was a pleasure to have so many of our former boys come to visit us within the last month, and we sincerely hope that these visits will be repeated often. Those who visited us were George Chin, Oliver Chin, Harold Cheung, Harry Fong, Paul Lee, Walter Lim, Leslie Wu and Albert Young.

Although Chinese School has not started yet, we would like to welcome Mr. C. H. Li at this time, and to wish him a most successful semester of teaching. Mr. Li succeeds his brother, Mr. C. M. Li.

Ten boys have entered the home during the last month. Three of these boys, Henry Chin, better known as "King Kong," Otis Lowe and Alfred Wong, are not really new boys as they have been with us before. The others are Maurice Chin, Joe Chew, Joe Choy, Jimmy Lee, Harry Lee, Dewey Lowe and Peter Eng.

Stanley Chan and Paul Yee are confined in isolation ward because of the mumps. Frank Lee had them also, but is now fully recovered.

The Wong brothers, Raymond, Jack and Billy, were away for a while visiting their sister in Bakersfield. They inform us that they had a very enjoyable time. Harry and Willard Lee, Dewey and Otis Lowe have just come back from a short stay with their parents.

Because this issue of the Chronicle is the last before our Captain sails, we want to wish him "bon voyage" and Godspeed.

Warren Young has been appointed coach, and Richard Chin assistant coach, for our forthcoming football team. Let us hope they will have as good a team as the one of last year, and that they will have a season of many victories.

Our hearts were all saddened, with Captain's, at the news of his mother's passing, and our sympathy is with him in his great bereavement. This mother had a large share in our new building, and we shall always honor her memory even though we were not permitted to know her in person.

The Low Intermediates, during the time the older boys were in camp, distinguished themselves by their voluntary work around the place, and as a reward were given a big watermelon feed upon Captain's return.

Billy Wong established the record of champion minnow catcher in camp.

* * * * *

RIB-TICKLERS
By Smellfungus

Jack: "Could I borrow your tuxedo to-
night, old man?"

Ed: "Sure, if you'll return it to Tom
and tell him to be sure to give it
to Bill."

* * * * *

"Time brings great changes," said the
philosophical grocer, squinting at the
scale as he removed some sugar from the
sack. "For instance, only a few years
ago I was a prize fighter."

"But the past leaves its mark," said
the customer. "I see you were a light-
weight champion."

* * * * *

Coach: "Why didn't you turn out for
track practice yesterday, Warren?"

Warren Young: "Well, Coach, I couldn't.
I had a date."

Coach: "And just where did you get the
idea that a date gives you the right
to cut practice?"

Warren: "Well, a miss is as good as a
mile, ain't it?"

* * * * *

She: "Dearest, I've made a cake that's
a positive poem."

He: "And I suppose I'll have to be the
wastebasket."

* * * * *

A conjurer was producing eggs from a hat.
He addressed Peter in the front row.

"Your mother can't get eggs without hens,
can she?" he asked.

"Oh yes," replied Peter.

"How's that?"

"She keeps ducks."

* * * * *

Willie Choye: "What would you do if
your chemistry teacher didn't like
the way you did an experiment and
bawled you out?"

Edward Lem: "I'd hand her a hot retort."

* * * * *

Jack Wong: "It took eight sittings."

George Chan: "What? Been having your
portrait painted?"

Jack: "No, learning how to skate."

* * * * *

"Man, but that hamburger has a heavenly
smell!" exclaimed Jerry as they drove
past the stand.

"Hasn't it?" Lieutenant agreed. "I'll
drive a bit closer."

LESSONS LEARNED IN THE COUNTRY

The longer you follow the wrong trail
the harder it is to get back onto the
right one.

It is much easier to train a young
tender sapling to grow straight than to
straighten out a crooked old tree.

A tumbleweed has no will of its own; it
is completely at the mercy of the wind.

It is easy to bore rotten wood.

It is not easy to see a snake when it
is in the grass.

A bee makes honey - it also stings.

Though your own fields may be clean,
thistle seeds will blow in from your
neighbor's patch.

Take a hog, now; give him a mud puddle
to wallow in, a trough full of swill to
eat, and a post on which to scratch
himself and he is perfectly satisfied.

LIFE

Play the game. Be a square shooter.
Treat the other fellow as you would have
him treat you. Don't be a piker.

When opportunity knocks throw the door
wide open. If he doesn't knock, go out
and look for him. Look till you find
him. Then grab him and don't let go.

Why wait for better times? Take time by
the forelock. Take him just as you find
him and make him your servant.

Snap into it. Run the straight race.
Keep your eyes on the goal. If you
stumble, get up and carry on."

Keep your sunny side up.

It's a great life - if you don't weaken.

*
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* In Loving Memory *
* of *
* *
* ELEANOR B. SHEPHERD *
* (Mother of C. R. Shepherd) *
* *
* who fell asleep in Lancashire, *
* England, on July 20, 1936. *
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EDITORIAL

SPORTSMANSHIP

In these days we hear much of such phrases as "good sportsmanship" and "fair play." We hear them in connection with football, basketball, tennis, golf, swimming and other athletic activities. They mean a great deal to those participating in athletic games, and to those who are only spectators. The man or woman who exhibits some special act of good sportsmanship, even though it may mean the loss of a point, or even a game, receives the whole-hearted approbation of participants and spectators alike; while, likewise, the person who exhibits poor sportsmanship or foul play is shunned, and perhaps disqualified from further activities.

Men and women, boys and girls, whether participating in neighborhood games, school contests, or in great national and international competitions, must also comply with rules - strict rules, which sometimes entail real sacrifice.

The Apostle Paul wrote to young Timothy, "And if also a man contend in the games, he is not crowned except he have contended lawfully." So these ideals of good sportsmanship, fair play and keeping the rules have existed from earliest history. They have been a part of the world of games and sports through the years.

But there is another sphere in which we can exemplify or disregard these same qualities - that is, in the game of life. Perhaps you say life is not a game, but a struggle. So it is in a good many of its phases; but so also is every game - a struggle for supremacy, for attainment, for glory. In the world of sports we play the game sometimes for the fun of it, sometimes for relaxation and recreation or for its splendid health benefits, and sometimes for the very joy of striving, for the feeling of coordination of mind and body.

We can choose to enter the athletic field, and we can select the games we

would participate in; but all of us are entered in the game of life without any choice on our part. Ours is the choice, however, of the manner in which we will play the game - whether we will run a straight course or a devious one, whether we will play according to the rules of ignore them, whether we will exhibit good sportsmanship in the face of adversity or show the yellow feather.

We might be able to say of a man, "He is a good sportsman", but could we also say that his "sportsmanship" extends to all phases of his life - home, business and social? How many times have we seen it happen - good fellow and square on the athletic field, but absolutely devoid of these same qualities at home. The fellow who can shake hands with and congratulate the opponent who has just won a victory over him sometimes seems utterly unable to make the same gesture in a minor contest of wills at home. He may have tolerance and an open mind in regard to all things on the athletic field, and yet be bitterly intolerant of the ideas and ideals of those who differ from him in other respects. He can forgive and forget quickly when it involves his standing as a "good sport" in the world of sports, yet hold a grudge for years over some trifle that does not even warrant a second thought.

Recently Helen Jacobs, of tennis fame, was honored at a dinner in Berkeley, and presented with a plaque upon which was inscribed the following words: "Skilled in the art of true sportsmanship." Among other things said of her at that occasion were these words from Mayor Ament, "Clean sportsmanship teaches one to become calm and tolerant under disturbing situations - generous and yielding in defeat - strong in the determination to profit by mistakes - optimistic to meet the problems of another day. Skilled in the art of social cooperation, she is open-minded, capable of understanding the viewpoint of others. She has, by her fairness, won vastly more than the tennis championship of the world. She has won the high regard and respect of all fair-minded folks - friend or foe."

Whether we contend on the athletic field, or whether we are just plain citizens attending to the daily round of duties and living our everyday lives among our family and friends, we have the opportunity to make our lives such that it can be said of us, "Skilled in the art of true sportsmanship - calm, tolerant, open-minded, generous, understanding, fair."

M. G. T.

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From Captain's letter en route to Honolulu: "Remember Nancy Lee? and how we used to sing:

'We sail the ocean blue; and our saucy ship's a beauty,

We're sober men and true, and attentive to our duty'?

Well, this ocean is the bluest I have ever seen, our saucy ship is a beauty - in a way; and, with the exception of one day, I have certainly been doing my duty; but inasmuch as my duty consists only of eating, sleeping and walking the deck life has not been particularly arduous.

"As soon as I had lost sight of you all on the wharf, and there was no longer any one to wave to, I went below and unpacked, after which the next event of importance was dinner. I started out auspiciously, but by the time I was half way through the roast beef I decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and, with what I am afraid was a rather pale smile, I begged to be excused from the table. In my cabin I quickly undressed, keeping my head erect, and slid into bed just in time to avoid a major disaster. (The next day was spent in bed) "The next morning I was up before breakfast, took a walk on deck and appeared at the table on time. Have been to every meal since. We have a swimming tank about as big as the office. I take a dip - you can hardly call it a swim - every day. Tomorrow we land at Honolulu."

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT HAWAII

"Early on the morning of Thursday, August 27, less than one week after we had waved farewell to the many loved ones gathered on the dock at S.F., slipped quietly out of the Golden Gate and headed for the broad Pacific, we came up on deck to find stretched out before us, and sparkling in the morning sunlight, beautiful Hawaii in all her scintillating and romantic loveliness; for our good ship had already entered the harbor of Honolulu, called by some a port in Paradise. Bordering the sparkling blue waters of the bay lay the city of Honolulu itself, with its luxuriant foliage, and behind a sea of palms, volcanic mountains rose with quiet dignity into the blue sky.

"A little later our ship slipped quietly into its moorings at the dock, while a band of the U. S. Marine Corps welcomed us to Hawaii with stirring martial music that sent a thrill along one's spine, culminating in that well known tightening of the throat. The fresh morning air vibrated with excitement as friends on the dock called, and waved cheery greetings to friends gathered on the deck of the S.S. Pres. Taft. Certain formalities completed, passengers were permitted to land. I was among the fortunate ones who were met by friends. Prof. S. C. Lee of the University of Hawaii, whom many of my friends back home will remember as a former secretary of the Chinese Y.M.C.A. in S.F., was waiting for me on the dock; and according to that charming Hawaiian custom, slipped over my head a beautiful lei of fragrant native flowers.

"After attending to some small matters of business and making a personal call upon Chief Gabrielson of the Honolulu Police Dept. (formerly of Berk.) my friends took me in the car for a tour of the beautiful city of Honolulu. Truly this is a city of enchantment. Its well laid out streets, its cleanliness, its orderliness, its profusion of tropical plants and abundance of varicolored blossoms, the fragrance of its atmosphere, its all pervading quietness and restfulness, fully measure up to all that has ever been written about it. Here at least is a city that has not been over-advertised or praised fulsomely. Our morning trip included the spacious and beautiful campus of the U. of Hawaii, the art museum, the aquarium, and a call upon the Chinese Consul. I found to my pleasure that Consul Moy was an old acquaintance whom I had known years ago in Chicago.

"After a brief rest which was exceedingly welcomed - for the day was very hot and I had arisen quite early that morning - my friends took me to a place that is renowned in all Honolulu, and well known to all who make this trip across the Pacific, the famous Lau Yee Chai, where we were served a most delicious Chinese meal prepared as only the most skilled of Cantonese cooks are capable of doing. This historic restaurant has a seating capacity of 1400 and is a veritable labyrinth of dance floors, banquet halls, booths, rock gardens, fish pools, etc; and it is said that almost every evening it is filled to capacity. During the afternoon, as my friends had important matters to attend to, they dropped me at Waikiki Beach where I spent two perfectly glorious hours in the water and on the yellow sands.

"Five-thirty found me again in my friends' car hastening back to the dock and the Pres. Taft. We sailed promptly at six, and were given a send-off similar to that which we received at S.F., except that most of us missed the brave smiling faces of loved ones on the dock; but there was the same spectacle of multicolored streamers, of waving handkerchiefs and kisses blown through the air, to the accompaniment of the romantic and penetrating strains of "Aloha." When a few hundred yards from the shore, those of us that had leis around our necks cast them tenderly into the blue water of the Pacific, in accordance with a tradition which says that if the lei floats back to shore he who wore it will come again."

AU REVOIR

Mrs. A. C. Morrice

Since the last issue of the Chronicle an experience has come into the lives of the Chung Mei Family which caused feelings hard to define. Dr. Shepherd, their beloved Captain, was leaving them for several months; for he was setting sail for far away China. While they were thrilled, there was first a little feeling of dismay perhaps, although the expression was heard sometimes, "Sure, we'll carry on! Everything will be OK."

When the eventful day came on which Captain was to sail, the entire family accompanied him to the ship's side to bid him Godspeed. As we crossed the Bay the gloomy skies were depressing, and we longed for the sun to shine. Sure enough, before we reached San Francisco the sun came out brightly, and we were cheered by the sight of it.

At the dock we found many friends of Captain's, both American and Chinese, who had assembled there for the same purpose as ourselves. Our lads lined up, and during the short wait before the President Taft slid out into the harbor watched with keen interest all that was going on, but particularly every move of Captain's; and we were so glad, as the ship rounded the end of the dock, that his figure was the last we saw as he waved his final good-bye. Our lads' blue and gold beanies were waved gaily in return. Everybody smiled, so if there was a tight feeling in anyone's throat nobody else guessed it.

And now we are all trying to carry on during his absence, and live up to the ideals he has ever put before us. We know we will be granted the strength and wisdom to do so.

May God bless him as he plans and works while in China for his beloved Chung Mei Family, and may he be brought safely back to us again.

PERSONALS

Edward H. Tong

Walter Lim, accompanied by some of his friends, visited the home last month. Glad to see you again, Walter.

Mr. and Mrs. Choy Gay Wye, who are daughter and son-in-law of Mrs. Chin Toy, gave us many pleasant and informal visits during their stay here while vacationing from Washington, D. C.

Included among our recent visitors was a scotch terrier who enjoyed a few days stay with us. Another visitor was not quite so pleasant. You guessed it - it was a small sized animal with black and white stripes down its back.

Albert Wong and Bobby Kwok have been elected president of their respective advisory groups at Longfellow Jr. High.

Richard Chin is on the Jr. Varsity team at Richmond Hi. This team played Pittsburg recently, winning the game with a score of 6 - 0.

We were exceedingly sorry to hear of the recent death of Mrs. John E. Scott of Pasadena. She has been a wonderful friend to us, and we sorrow with her family and friends in her passing.

We also wish to extend to Mr. R. E. Beach and his family our sincere sympathy in this hour of their bereavement. Mrs. Beach was also our good friend, and we shall miss her.

HUDDLE

William Choye

With the football season under way, the Chung Mei team is getting into shape.

Having an undefeated team last year, Coach Warren Young will coach this year's team. He is making rapid progress, and we are all hoping it will be a good team even if it does not win all its games.

Richard Chin, who is playing for the Richmond Jayvees Team, is assistant coach. He is working on the backfield. We have very promising material, and if they are developed in the right way they will prove valuable.

Much to our regret many of our good players are gone, therefore our team will be weak in some departments, and strong in another. The following boys have signed up for the team: Ends, Douglas Fong and Joe Chew; Guards, Gilbert Louie and Raymond Wong; and Center, Leonard Chow. The Backfield is Billy Wong, Fullback; Albert Wong and Robt. E. Lee, Half; and Edward Leong, Quarter.

On October 1 we had a football rally. Due to the cold weather we were forced to hold it in the basement. Speeches were given by Eddie Tong, Warren Young and Billy Wong. Yells were led by our all-around man, Warren Young. Before the rally ended we had some refreshments. This is our first rally. We are striving for bigger and better ones.

The Chung Mei Team played its first game on Saturday, October 3. It turned out to be a bad start, as the Rotary Team of Berkeley defeated them by a score of 12 - 0. Since it was their first game, our team was a little nervous, and could not be a threat to the strong Rotarians. Robt. E. Lee and Billy Wong played an outstanding game in the backfield, while Raymond Wong did exceptional work as Right Guard. The team was weak on passing defense. It was by completion of long passes that the opposing team scored for their touchdowns.