

VOL. 9 NO. 1

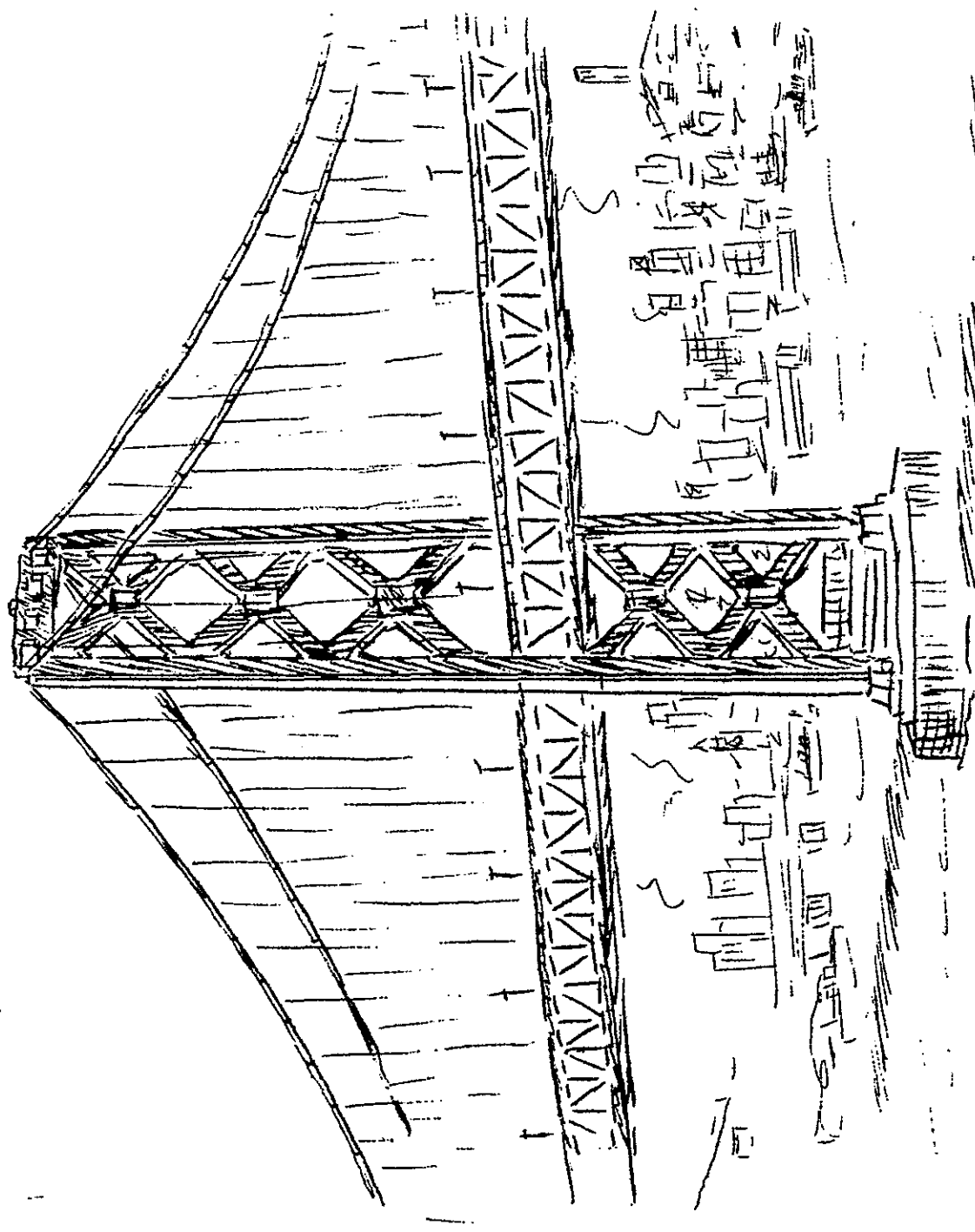
THE

CHUNG MEI

CHRONICLE

NOV. 1936

中華民國二十五年五月十一日



San Francisco · Oakland Bay Bridge

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
 Willie Choye
 Artists Richard Chin, Tommy Chan

EDITORIALSWE THANK THEE LORD

For all thy ministries -
 For morning mist and gently falling dew;
 For summer rain, for winter ice and
 snow;
 For whispering wind and purifying storm;
 For the reft clouds that show the tender
 blue;
 For the forked flash and long, tumultu-
 ous roll;
 For mighty rains that wash the dim earth
 clean;
 For the sweet promise of the seven-fold
 bow;
 For the soft sunshine and the still,
 calm night;
 For dimpled laughter of soft summer seas;
 For latticed splendor of the sea-borne
 moon;
 For gleaming sands and granite-fronted
 cliffs;
 For Might so mighty and for Love so true,
 with equal mind,
 We thank thee, Lord.

In these words John Oxenham expressed his thanksgiving. It seems rather pointless to try to add anything further to them. We wonder, though, how many times most of us have had some such feeling in our own minds and hearts, but have lacked the poet's gift of being able to express it so beautifully. When we have feasted our eyes on a beautiful sunset, on a flower-decked hillside in the Spring-time, or on a garden sparkling in the sunlight after a refreshing rain, we have felt something stir within us; but have we really stopped to say "thank you," even though we could not say it in poetic language? John Greenleaf Whittier, in his "A Song of Harvest," speaks of "favors old, yet ever new". When we stop to think about it, there are so many things in our lives for which most of us have forgotten to give thanks - favors old, yet ever new - the over-present beauties of the world about us, the very air we breathe and water we drink, the laughter and love of little children, the comfort and companionship of tried and true friends, and ad infinitum.

We sing sometimes, usually thoughtlessly and with little heed to the words, "count your many blessings, name them one by one"; but somehow or other it seems much easier to count our burdens and hardships, our disappointments and heartaches, our worries and woes. They seem so much more real than the blessings of every day.

But when storms come, and the skies are gray, we miss the sun and think how thankful we would be to see it again. When the hills grow brown and sere we miss the green of the grass and the vivid colors of the wildflowers, and would give thanks for their return. When jobs are plentiful we dislike our own and wish we could do something else; but when there is no job, and no prospect of one, we think with affection of the one we had, and would be thankful for any kind of work. When friends and loved ones are all about us we take them for granted and forget the little ministries of love that might mean so much to them; but when they are taken from us we realize how little we have shown our appreciation, and how thankful we would be for another opportunity to do so.

God grant that at this Thanksgiving season we may come to a fuller realization of the many blessings surrounding us, that we may make our lives more gracious and others' lives brighter by our appreciation of "favors old, yet ever new."

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND
BAY BRIDGE

At the time most of our readers are receiving this issue of the Chung Mei Chronicle, the festivities for the opening of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge will be in progress. We too are proud of this great achievement, and rejoice in the accomplishment of the task. When we look at that magnificent structure, and think of the vastness of it, and the minute details of its construction, we are amazed anew at the possibilities of the human mind.

We have more than a passing interest in this accomplishment also, because it was the building of the bridge which made it possible for us to have our new building at this time. The site of our old building is now a paved highway, and as we drive over that stretch of road in the days and years to come, we will always think back to the days we spent there, and to the beginnings of Chung Mei Home, with thankful hearts for what we have now.

M. G. T.

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT JAPAN

Last night I stayed on deck late in order to get a first glimpse of the lights along the shore of Japan. There was, however, not much to be seen - a lighthouse or two, and one ship. Went to bed, awoke at four and through the porthole of my cabin saw out to starboard a myriad of electric lights, the lights of Yokohama. Arose at six and went on deck to find that we were anchored at quarantine, and there before us, in the morning haze, lay the city of Yokohama, and the Empire of Japan.

They are wary people, these Japanese. They have strict regulations about the taking of photographs. Yesterday a map of Japan was posted on our bulletin board showing fortified zones in which no pictures must be taken. There seemed to be few points that were not fortified. Furthermore, all persons entering Japan must provide a list of all books in their trunks. Nothing must enter the land of the Mikado that is pro-communist, pro-Chinese, or in any sense anti-Japanese. As I sit on deck writing this I can look up and know that beyond the haze enshrouding everything this morning there are vast fortified areas, masked batteries, death-dealing guns ready to belch forth fire and destruction to any who should dare to challenge the supremacy of Imperialistic Japan in the Far East; and I wonder how long it will be before some nation or combination of nations will challenge proud and avaricious Nippon - and what will be the result. We of the West gave these people their first lessons in the art of modern warfare. I wonder how far they have progressed beyond us.

Here we are steaming along on a placid sea headed for Kobe, which we expect to reach this afternoon. There is no denying that Japan is beautiful. And the people? Yesterday I had an opportunity to become better acquainted with them, both officially and socially. They are an interesting psychological study. This morning in bed I summed it up in this wise. Socially they are like the French, very polite and gracious; officially they have the brusqueness of the Prussian, with a good dash of the bantam rooster thrown in. Perhaps it is fear that they may be regarded as inferior, or that they may not be taken by others as seriously as they take themselves, that has led them to set up a sort of defense mechanism, which finds expression in a good deal of pettiness and arbitrariness. The following incident illustrates what I am driving at. As soon as the medical examination was completed yesterday, the ship's doctor gave the word for the yellow flag of quarantine to come down. It seems, however, that the Japanese quarantine officer had not yet spoken the necessary words which should precede such an order; and accordingly said gentleman indulged in a very childish display of temper.

At Yokohama we engaged a taxi and drove to Tokyo, the Capital of the Empire of Japan. It was a very interesting experience. The old city of Tokyo, as most of you know, was destroyed by the earthquake in September 1923, when approximately 300,000 houses and other buildings were demolished at a loss estimated at \$1,850,000,000. Out of the ruins has arisen a modern city with beautiful public buildings, great commercial establishments, well-paved and well-kept streets, an efficient and rapid electric transit system, etc. But one cannot but be impressed by, and regret, the fact that in this new city the characteristic Oriental architecture has so largely given place to that which is strictly Western. Why couldn't the Japanese have rebuilt a city that would be thoroughly up-to-date and efficient, and at the same time characteristically Japanese? Is it because they lack originality, while being past masters in the art of imitation? As one drives about the city of Tokyo he is constantly reminded of the city of Washington D. C. - the Union Depot and plaza, for instance, is almost a duplication; and then every once in a while there is a distinct suggestion of Paris. Their streets are wonderfully clean, their traffic very orderly. Bicycles abound. I never saw anything like it. Their police do not seem numerous, and the few I saw seemed efficient and snappy; but for a nation so militaristic I was surprised to see so few soldiers, and those I did see seemed rather sloppy.

We docked at Kobe about five o'clock yesterday afternoon, and after dinner spent several hours ashore. Here we found a real Japanese city without any Western embellishments, unless one classifies as such the everlasting radio and the ubiquitous taxicab. The streets of Kobe were very picturesque. With a very few exceptions everyone wears the native costume. The men wear mainly black or white flowing robes of light weight material; the women wear all colors, but wistaria blue seemed to predominate.

We are now cruising serenely along on the Inland Sea of Japan. The water is the smoothest we have had so far. On either side small islands are visible at close range. They are very beautiful. Practically all of them are under extensive cultivation and the terraces, etc. can be seen with the naked eye. We shall remain in the Inland Sea for the rest of today. Tomorrow morning we shall leave it at Rokuren and steam for the open sea.

After spending all of yesterday passing through the Inland Sea I am compelled to admit that it is without exception the most sublimely and majestically beautiful spot I have ever seen in my life. We are now ploughing through the somewhat heavy waters of the open sea headed for CHINA.

PERSONALS

Edward H. Tong

We sincerely regret that in the last issue of the Chung Mei Chronicle we neglected to mention that we had received a large and beautiful American flag from the Veterans of Foreign Wars of Richmond. This flag was presented to us at a ceremony in which both the delegation from the V. F. W. and our own boys took part. We are very proud of it, and it floats proudly from our flagpole every day.

A jolly Hallowe'en party was held at Chung Mei when the girls from Ming Quong Home joined with us for an evening of wholesome fun. The games were directed by George Chan, which he had prepared for the party with the aid of Miss Thomsen. Mrs. Morrice saw to it that the boys and their guests didn't go hungry, and when the last bit of pumpkin pie and apple cider went down there was a decided reluctance to break up the party; and when the guests left, the boys were there to give them a good send-off. The games were played in our large basement, and it was a grand place in which to duck for apples, etc. A fire in the fireplace also added to the festive air.

It was at this same party that Johnson Chan, Henry Chan, and their friend, "Chuck" Wong, joined and participated in the fun.

Among other visitors for the month were John Wong from Seattle, Roland Chew, Otto Lee, and Benjie Wu, who was kind enough to bring us a large carton of walnuts.

Chung Mei was represented by the Cadet corps at the double-ten parade in San Francisco Chinatown. This celebration was held to commemorate the founding of the Chinese Republic twenty-five years ago. We were happy to see quite a number of former Chung Mei boys on that occasion.

The drum corps was again called to action when it was invited to perform at a P. T. A. meeting held at the Fairmont School in El Cerrito.

Chung Mei was host to a group of students, led by Mr. Tolson from the Pacific School of Religion. The group inspected our quarters and were favorably impressed by them.

In the football league at Longfellow Jr. High School the Chung Mei boys have a team representing Chung Mei. There are three other teams representing their respective elementary schools. Chung Mei is leading by the slim margin of one game, having won four out of six games. Thursday they will play an important game with Woodrow Wilson, probably deciding the championship.

HUDDLE

Willie Choye

On September 18 the Chung Mei Team took the field against the McCaleb Lions. Playing the worst game of the season, our team took a terrific trouncing. With a weak line, especially light, the backfield was unable to make much yardage. The Lions walked away with a grand total of 41 points to our 0. Our team is inexperienced and has a lot to learn. So, Chung Mei fans, do not be discouraged, because it will rise to the top soon.

Oct. 17. Playing a much improved game our team defeated Valencia's team by a score of 31 - 0. Perhaps it was the last-minute line-up changes, but our boys sure got going that day. For the first time this season our team had its taste of victory. We are all wishing that they will continue their good work and bring home the bacon. The starting line-up for the game was Leonard Chow and Douglas Fong at ends, Gordon Wong and Billy Tom at tackles, Raymond Wong and Gilbert Louie at guards, Willie Choye at center, Albert Wong at quarter, Edward Leong and Billy Wong at full. Other players that saw action were Warren Young and Robert E. Lee.

Oct. 31. Inspired by their first victory the Chung Mei Team took the field determined to win, only to lose to a strong Valentian team. The score was 12 - 6. Playing clean and hard football, we were unable to penetrate their defense. Our only touchdown came early in the game, when Robt. E. Lee broke through to recover a fumble in the end zone. The try for conversion went wide. After that we were never able to get near their goal.

Perhaps our fans do not know, but we have a junior team. The team consists of boys from 9 to 12, and there is also a limit on weight. Playing for the first time this season they defeated the El Cerrito Hill-billies by an overwhelming score of 51 - 0. Playing heads-up football, they were able to score so successively. With a brilliant backfield combination our little team walked over their opponents. The coach of this, our little team, is Robert E. Lee.

RIB TICKLERS

By Smellfungus

The Boss (smiling): "On the way to Smith and Sons you will pass a football field, and --"

Office Boy (hopefully): "Yes Sir?"

The Boss (still smiling): "Well, pass it."

Allan Tong and Billy Woo had attended a talk by a returned missionary. "What did he tell you about the heathen?" asked Miss Thomsen. "Oh, he said that they often were very hungry and when they beat on their tum-tums it could be heard for miles."

Vol. 9

No. 2

Christmas
#16
#17
#18
#19
#20
#21
#22
#23
#24
#25
#26
#27
#28
#29
#30
#31
#32
#33
#34
#35
#36
#37
#38
#39
#40
#41
#42
#43
#44
#45
#46
#47
#48
#49
#50
#51
#52
#53
#54
#55
#56
#57
#58
#59
#60
#61
#62
#63
#64
#65
#66
#67
#68
#69
#70
#71
#72
#73
#74
#75
#76
#77
#78
#79
#80
#81
#82
#83
#84
#85
#86
#87
#88
#89
#90
#91
#92
#93
#94
#95
#96
#97
#98
#99
#100



月二十年五廿 國 民 華 中 報 月 美 中



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

STAFF

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

EDITORIAL

PEACE ON EARTH!

"Peace on earth, good will to men."
 The angels heralded these glad tidings on that morning long ago when the Christ-child was born to Mary and Joseph in the lowly manger in Bethlehem. Wise men from afar, who had followed His star, came and knelt in adoration and worship, and presented rich gifts to the babe whom they believed would be the Prince of Peace.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."
 Down through the ages the words have kept ringing their message; everywhere at this season we see the words blazoned, in shops and on greeting cards. Everywhere we hear the words, in Christmas music and Christmas messages. Our attention is called to it in so many ways. It is, we might well say, the heart and meaning of Christmas.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."
 It still rings out for us. But how have we heeded its message? Wherever we search today we find - not peace, but strife, greed, hatred, bitterness, war. We find men killing men. We find want and greed killing women and children. We find man rising against his fellow man, and nation against nation. At this Christmas season, when the entire Christian world sets apart a time to celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace, the whole world is in turmoil. In our own country there is serious unrest and bitter controversy. For many homes there will be no Christmas, and for many it will be but a poor one, as far as material things are concerned. And in at least one country, which formerly celebrated this day, Christmas will not be observed at all; for it has been banned as a superstition.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."
 Must we cast it aside as having failed? Must we admit that there is no peace, and that there can be no peace - that the teachings of the Prince of Peace have been entirely in vain? Surely we cannot believe that. Surely the day must come when there will be peace on earth - peace between employer and employee, peace between capital and labor, peace in our own

government and in the governments of other nations, and peace between nations. Surely men were not created to be always at each others' throats, or nations to be continually seeking dominion over other nations.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."
 Would that the song of the angels could be heard and heeded, as it was by the lowly shepherds on that long ago night, in every heart today - in every heart of every nation. And could that song ring its clear message into each individual heart, the governments of nations would have to change; there could be no more tyranny, hate and bloodshed, no more prejudice, bitterness and strife; but brotherliness and peace - the spirit of the Christ - would reign throughout the earth.

And so in each of our hearts may we find the song echoing and re-echoing until it becomes a part of our very being; and let us, as the shepherds of old, hasten to tell the good news and to spread the tidings of "peace on earth, good will to men."

M. G. T.

THE ANGELS' SONG

It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 To touch their harps of gold:
 "Peace to the earth, good will to men
 From heaven's all-gracious King!"
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world:
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on heavenly wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long;
 Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The love-song which they bring:
 O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;
 When Peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing,

- Edmund Hamilton Sears -

* * * * *

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT CHINA

Well, here I am in Shanghai, the great and wonderful city which I have named the New York-London-Paris of the Far East; for there are about it characteristics which remind me of first one and then another of those Western metropoli. It was into this great city that I entered on the morning of Friday, Sept. 11. At 9 a.m. we tied up at the Dollar Co. pier and the government officers came aboard to examine our passports. These officers were immaculately clean and neat; vastly different from the Japanese, and all passengers were treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration. The customs officers treated us in the same way. My examination was over in a jiffy, as soon as my baggage came ashore. I was met outside the customs shed by Mrs. Chambers, the children, Jack Paine and another Marine. Went at once to a cable office where I sent my message to you.

We reached the campus of the University of Shanghai a little after noon; and what a thrill! My first reaction was to wish we had a couple of Chung Mei boys here right away. During the afternoon I saw more of the institution, and the more I saw of it the more I was thrilled. Over and over again I asked myself, why go to America for an education?

I just can't find words to tell you about this city, Shanghai. Shall have to wait until I get home. It is so immense, so intriguing, so throbbing with life. People, people, people everywhere. What gay and interesting shops; and what transportation! Rickshas? Yes, hundreds of them; but in addition, street cars, double deck busses and trackless trolleys, with autos and taxis dashing in all directions. But withal, perfect order, marvellous traffic regulation.

On Sunday I visited the Cantonese church and promised to speak there next Sunday. Then had lunch with Dr. Herman Lew, President of the University, and a long conversation with him concerning the purpose of my coming to China. On Sunday night there was a church service in the University Chapel, which although it was optional was attended by more than 550 of the 600 college students. Monday and Tuesday spent visiting with friends. Wednesday night I talked to the Faculty prayer meeting; Thursday morning I spoke to about 250 students of the High School department of this institution, and yesterday to the Senior Class in Sociology. On Thursday I had the audacity to write to Dr. H. H. Kung, Minister of Finance of the Chinese Government, and ask for an interview. Today, Saturday, I received a reply from his Secretary saying that "His Excellency" would receive me Monday morning. This morning I drove all through the area devastated by the Japanese. It is marvellous the way the Chinese have rebuilt it; but many ruins still remain. Also saw scads of Japanese tanks, a huge Japanese barracks and plenty of soldiers.

After visiting the Fu Tan University, Dr. Lee, the President, took me in his car to keep my appointment with His Excellency, H. H. Kung. This man is considered to be at present second in power and importance to Gen. Chiang Kai-shek. He was very kind and courteous, and after some conversation on the subject of my problem, and child welfare, he instructed his secretary to see that I had a guide to take me to visit as many child welfare centers as I wished, and also to arrange for me to be escorted to the orphanage sponsored by Madame Chiang Kai-shek while in Nanking. After this conference I had lunch at St. John's University with Dr. Y. Y. Tsu. Tonight I am leaving for Nanking, where I expect to remain for a week.

The benefits of this experience are already exceeding my fondest hopes; and I am sure they will stay with me as long as I live. Here in China we do not know from day to day what may happen next, and I cannot tell what new experience may come to me. Life is filled with uncertainty, expectancy, and - on the part of those who bear responsibility - grave anxiety, but there is no fear. I came to China, as you know, with profound respect, admiration and love for the Chinese people; but prepared to see and hear things that would disappoint me, grieve me and even disillusion me. I cannot, of course, say what my feelings will be two months from now, but up to the present there has been nothing to cause unpleasant reactions or to lead me to have less faith, hope and confidence in the Chinese people and nation; on the contrary my faith and confidence, my admiration and love for them, grows with each passing day.

At Nanking I was met by Prof. A. B. Slocum of the University of Nanking. When I walked into his living room a Chinese man rose from his chair and greeted me in Cantonese, calling me by my Chinese name. I did not recognize him. He looked hurt, and then said, "I am your pupil"; then added, "but of course twenty years is a long time, and I ought not to expect you to remember me." He had been a student in my class in Church History in the Canton Seminary. He is now assistant pastor in the Cantonese church here. He had heard I was coming, and so was on hand to welcome me and offer his services in guiding me about the city. It is such acts of true courtesy and graciousness that make me feel humble in the presence of my Chinese friends. After breakfast Mr. Hoh started out with me to find an old acquaintance, a Mrs. Lum whom I had known as a little girl in Canton and as a college student later in Chicago.

(continued on following page)

Her husband is "Executive Secretary of the Sun Yat-sen Tomb and Memorial Park Commission". It took us some time to find their place, but gave me such a cordial greeting that it was almost like a home-coming. They live in a beautiful home in the Memorial Park. The Park covers 17,000 acres, and besides the tomb contains a school for descendants of the revolutionary dead, a military cemetery, a war art gallery, a gorgeous new 12 story pagoda, a barracks, offices of the Park Commission, an outdoor swimming pool, a stadium and track, and a magnificent residence for the future president. I will not undertake to describe them except to say that they are all new, thoroughly modern and equal to anything we have in the United States.

On Friday, Sept. 25, I was received by Dr. Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who at present holds the office of head of the legislative department of the Government, i.e. the Legislative Yuan. That night I had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Chow. Mrs. Chow I had known in Berkeley and Philadelphia. Mr. Chow is a Ph.D. of Penn. U., and at present holds the position of Chief Accountant, Tientsin-Pukou R. R. Present also were Dr. Ping Ling of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and his wife. We had a very interesting evening, discussing the present situation between China and Japan. Saturday afternoon I was received by the Vice-Minister of Industries, a Dr. Y. T. Tsur, a Yale man. He was very gracious and helpful. During the remainder of the afternoon I visited numerous schools and colleges.

Peiping. I have already corresponded with the College of Chinese Studies and arranged to stay there. They have a man to meet me, and I am duly installed in very comfortable quarters. With friends I spend most of an afternoon doing the Imperial Palace in the Forbidden City. It is too much to attempt to describe it. Another day I spent at the famous Summer Palace of the Manchus, and still another day at the Winter Palace. One afternoon we visited an observatory where we saw a number of astonishing astronomical instruments which pre-date the Christian Era.

Well, here I am back in Shanghai after spending a wonderful day in Nanking. At 7 o'clock in the morning I arrived at the Memorial Park, where my official invitation to the Scout review was awaiting me, together with a badge that served as a pass to the affair. We arrive at the stadium about 15 minutes early, and are conducted to a seat in the reviewing stand, pretty well to the center. Standing before the mike is Gen. Ho Ying-chin, Minister of War. Seated near is the famous Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang. Close to him is Dr. Sun Fo. The Minister of the Navy is seated close by. The reviewing stand is now pretty well filled. There are about 200 persons in it. I have the double honor, first of being there at all, and second of being the only foreigner present. Opposite me, on the other side of the stadium, are about 2000 students from the Central Military Academy, the West Point of China. The rest of the stadium, about the size of ours at Berkeley, is filled with boys from various schools and academies of Nanking, and numerous officers and men from the regular army. Down in the arena are massed 11,000 scouts from 20 different provinces. About one fifth of them are Girl Scouts. Buglers now sound the call, and Gen. Chiang and his party enter, marching to the music of a military band. They ascend the reviewing stand, take their seats, and all is ready for the program. Gen. Chiang recites the last Will of Dr. Sun, and all join in the customary bows in honor of his memory, after which the National song is sung. After an inspection of the scouts by Gen. Chiang, Gen. Feng and Gen. Ho Ying-chin comes a pause - and then over the top of Purple Mountain, like a flock of birds, appears one hundred-odd fighting planes, in squadrons of nine, in perfect order and precision, painted silver for this Silver Jubilee of the Republic. A shout goes up from the assembled crowd, for everyone knows that this is at least part of China's answer to Japan. And now the march gets under way, scouts from all over China marching in troops of 27, carrying banners indicating from whence they come. They are snappy, the flower of Chinese youth. They hold their heads high, there is faith and courage in the expression on their faces. The girls are in many cases even better than the boys. For one hour and a half they have been passing, and now comes the climax. There is a tremendous ovation from the boys of the military academy. My friend explains it to me, for the banners that have caused the excitement are now coming closer and he can read the inscriptions. There are four of them, and each banner is followed by a gallant little band of from four to six scouts. They have come from the three Eastern Provinces and from Jehol, the territory which Japan now dominates. They have had to come secretly, bringing their uniforms in suit cases. The applause now becomes a crescendo as they approach the reviewing stand, for here again is a symbol, a symbol that Manchuria and Jehol, though temporarily in the hands of Japan is not lost forever. The spirit of loyalty to China is still there. Massed in the center of the arena the 11,000 scouts now stand at attention while the Generalissimo addresses them briefly, but vigorously and to the point.

I did not get to meet Gen. Chiang personally, but I am satisfied; for I have seen enough this forenoon to last me a long time. I have seen the Spirit of China exemplified in her Youth. No nation need despair whose youth are such as these. During the afternoon we visited camp, and of the eighteen scouts that came to Chung Mei, fifteen were in camp and I met thirteen of them. It was a happy reunion and we had our picture taken together. Shall leave Shanghai on October 14, and the next letter I write you will be written in your beloved Kwangtung.

PERSONALS

Edward H. Tong

The football team, consisting of Chung Mei boys, were given a peanut feed at Longfellow Jr. Hi for becoming the school champions, winning five out of six games.

We will be sorry to see our former Chinese School teacher, Dr. C. M. Li, depart for China in just a few days. He has served Chung Mei faithfully and well, and as he leaves us to return to his native land our best wishes for a successful future go with him.

Our own football season has come to a close, and in a few days the team members who have qualified will be awarded a very neat monogram made up of the letters C. M. H. Incidentally, this monogram was designed by the assistant coach, Dick Chin, who also does the lettering for the Chung Mei Chronicle.

Both Miss Richert and Miss Thomsen have taken part of their vacation during the last month to visit their respective relatives. They tell us that they enjoyed their vacations, brief and busy though they were.

The boys had a dandy Thanksgiving dinner with plenty of turkey for all. This dinner was made possible through the generosity of the women of the First Baptist Church of Berkeley, and to them we now express our appreciation.

We want to thank you, Miss Gibson, for the treat show that was enjoyed by our boys.

We have one new boy in our midst, Richard Chong; he comes to us from San Francisco.

HUDDLE

Willie Choye

Pulling out of its slump our team displayed a marvellously improved offense in their scrimmage games. Due to the lack of experience and scrimmage, Coach Young arranged a series of scrimmage games with Ricker's team. This team consists of boys around the neighborhood who were willing to give some time to help build up our team, and also for the love of that old but everlasting game of football. The average weight of this team is approximately 100 - 130 pounds. Unfortunately we could not find a lighter team. However, despite the weight, we gave all we had and played 60 minutes of tough football. They were very stiff on defense, and with the heavy, fast-changing line they were able to push us back. Late in the game our only score came, when Chin took the ball, and with the assistance of Young ran over for a touchdown. The final score was 6 - 2.

Our third scrimmage game on November 7 proved to be the best. It was a nip and tuck battle from the first whistle to the last. At the end of the first half the score was all tied up at 7 - 7. Both teams were able to score once, and convert. We missed many golden opportunities to score in the first half. With the score at 7 - 7 Young faded back to pass. A man in the open, and Young heaved. The safety man saw the play, and when our receiver had the ball in his hands he rushed and knocked it out. Our next opportunity came when we had our opponents in the shadow of their own goal post. They decided to pass. Young, who was wide awake, intercepted and ran unmolested over the goal for what was to be a touchdown. However, to our disappointment the play was called back for a penalty against us. Thus our two opportunities were vanquished. Chin also played at half, but was benched on his own accord. Due to a slight injury, Robert Lee, halfback, changed position and played center for the second half. The second half was devoted to line bucking and passing. Using a new play which was beautifully executed by Young, who faked a line buck, then faded back and shot a pass to Choye, who was in the clear, for a touchdown. During the entire half our opponents only had the ball twice, and yet we were not able to score but one touchdown. One of the freak incidents of the game was when Young shot Ed. Leong a pass. He was backing away, intending to flip the ball to Billy Wong, but it went to Leong for a gain of ten yards. Out of five passes in that game, four were completed and one incomplete.

Without a let-down in scrimmage, we played our next game on Nov. 14. We found it much easier to score than the previous game. Chin and Young again starred in the backfield. Credit is given also to the small linesmen who faced the opponents much bigger than they, and fought them every step of the game.

Thus ends another football season, with our green but fighting team winning five out of its eight games. With very promising material and a good coach we will be expecting a better season next year.

RIB TICKLERS

By Smellfungus

"Hi, there," yelled a mad farmer to a couple of youngsters caught red-handed, "What are you doing in my apple tree?" There was a moment's silence. "There's a notice down there," finally one of them piped up, "to keep off the grass."

* * * * *

Tommy: "Why do you prefer blondes?"
Warren: "Don't tell anybody. I'm afraid of the dark."

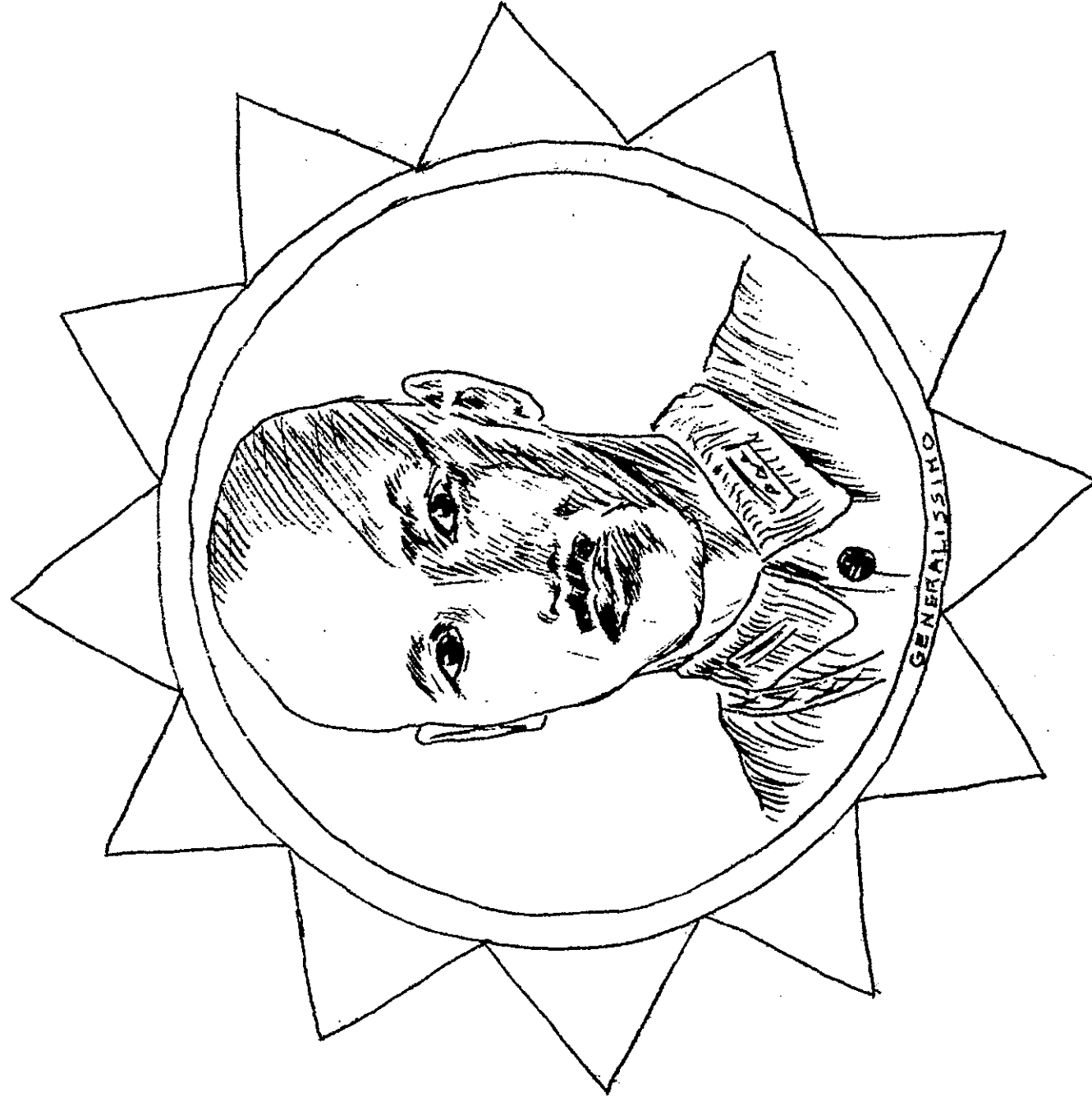
* * * * *

VOL. 9 NO. 3

THE
CHUNG MEI
CHRONICLE

19-JANUARY-37

月正年六十二國民華中報月美中



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 Editors Edward H. Tong
 Raymond Wong
 Willie Choye
 Artists Richard Chin, Tommy Chan

EDITORIAL

CAN CHINA SURVIVE?

Hallett Abend and Anthony J. Billingham, the Far East correspondents for the New York Times have just written a new book entitled "Can China Survive?" Concerning Billingham we know little; but we recall that some years ago Abend wrote a book entitled "Tortured China", which so displeased the Chinese Government that a serious effort was made to have him deported. Abend, however, won out and remained in China. Since that time he has greatly increased his knowledge of Far Eastern affairs; this we are bound to admit. We cannot admit, however, that all the statements in this new book are accurate, or that the authors' interpretations and prognostications are at all points sound or reliable - far from it.

The main thesis of the book is that a Russo-Japanese war is inevitable, and that Japan, realizing this, is devoting her every energy to fastening a relentless hold upon North China; that the seizure of Chahar and Hopei, the attack upon Suiyuan and the impending seizure of additional territory is all part of a plan to drive a wedge between China and Sovietized Outer Mongolia, and that the next step will be for Japan to convince China of the benefits of a Sino-Japanese alliance against Russia. In all this, the authors aver, China is but a pawn. Whether Russia or Japan comes out victorious, China loses, and her survival is a question of very serious doubt. A gloomy picture indeed, if true - but is it?

There is no denying that the book contains a formidable array of facts, and presents as bald and frank a statement of Japan's aims and ambitions as anyone could wish for. For this reason it affords valuable reading for all who wish to understand the Far Eastern crisis. For instance, the authors tell us that Japan desires to "quickly obtain such a degree of domination over China that" in the event of a Russo-Japanese war, "the Chinese will not be able to attack her left flank," and that in order to accomplish this Japan "must be in control of North China at least to an ex-

tent that will guarantee her the free and unmolested use of the harbors and railroads of this vast region." The authors further declare that the provinces of Hopei and Chahar are being administered under Japanese dictation, even though the flag of China still flies there, and that it is evident "that nothing except a decisive defeat in war will stop Japan's progress on the Asiatic mainland". Moreover, they state that "Japan will regard as distinctly unfriendly any action by any foreign power which tends to strengthen the Chinese Government", it being her purpose to eliminate foreign help of any kind and to "obtain absolute domination of China while that nation still possesses some tangible assets". In describing Japan's shameless smuggling activities in North China, her chicanery in Fukien, and her plotting in the South, the authors do not mince matters; and their chapter on "Pan-Asia" is frankness itself. So far so good.

When it comes to interpretations and prophecy, however, the case is different. We find ourselves compelled to take issue with such statements as "There is a growing school of thought which declares that the people of China will be better off under some form of Japanese direction than they would ever be under leaders of their own race. Japan's record of achievements in Manchoukuo may fairly be taken as a prophecy of the condition which will be the portion of the Chinese people if Japan can achieve her aims." Furthermore, when these authors charge that China's present alleged state of unification is only a myth, and that in the matter of survival "China must be ruled out", we cannot but feel that in spite of all their factual knowledge concerning the Far East, in their interpretations thereof they do greatly err; for they appear not to understand the real spirit of present-day China. Their comparisons of China with Russia and Japan are sadly faulty, for they do not make allowances for the forces that have brought about the present conditions in these countries. China, in very recent years, has undergone momentous changes. National consciousness has at last taken a firm hold upon the public mind. In spite of foreign aggression and world wide depression, the country is being rapidly unified. Such evils as opium, exorbitant taxes, banditry, Communism, official corruption and illiteracy still exist, to be sure; but the nation is making enormous and incredibly rapid progress. China has at last dared to call Japan's bluff, and Japan for the time being seems at a loss to know what move to make next.

In spite of the gloomy prophecies of these authors our faith in this young Republic is still strong. We believe that though China may yet pass through many anxious days she will survive, and come to take her rightful place in the family of nations.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

On the 23rd of December the Shell Oil Co. entertained us with an outdoor show of magic tricks, etc, and gave out boxes of candy, which of course were enjoyed by the boys. We hope the magician, his clown and skating penguins will come again.

The annual Post-Enquirer Christmas party was held the week before Christmas at the auditorium in Oakland. A large number of Chung Mei boys attended and enjoyed the performance - and popcorn balls.

Another group of Junior and Intermediate boys enjoyed a party at their own church, the First Berkeley Baptist. Some of them also took part in the Christmas program.

The Congregational Chinese Mission of Berkeley held their annual party on the evening of the 23rd. A number of Chung Mei boys always look forward to this event, especially the refreshments.

Perhaps some of our readers do not know that our sister institution, Ming Quong Home, has sold its former building to Mills College, and is now occupying a new one at 9th and Fallon in Oakland. The younger girls are at their place in Los Gatos, while the older ones remain here. We missed the annual visit of the brothers and sisters at Christmas, as all the girls were at Los Gatos. However, a few of the sisters visited Chung Mei before Christmas. We congratulate Ming Quong on their new building, and wish for them much happiness in it. We are also looking forward to visiting there soon.

Captain and Lieutenant took the entire family across the bridge on the last day of the old year. They visited the zoo, the Presidio and other points of interest, ending up with a drive through Chinatown, throwing confetti, etc, and then home to a late supper.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CHUNG MEI HOUSEHOLD
Willie Choye

The air around is filled with the spirit of Christmas. Carols, holly, toys, candies, trees and busy Christmas shoppers are symbols of another Christmas.

In Chung Mei Home all thoughts are in letters previously written to Santa Claus. Perhaps you don't believe in Santa Claus; then come out to our home some day and ask anyone you meet here what Santa brought him. Every year boys of all ages in Chung Mei write to Santa and tell him what they hope he will bring them, and we find that Santa never forgets boys who have tried to do the right thing.

As the weeks roll by gifts of all sizes begin to come in, and they are stored away in a good hiding place until that great moment on the evening of December

24th. Some people seem to forget why we celebrate this day on which Christ ~~came~~ **came** into the world. Some have the impression that Christmas is just the time for receiving gifts. But actually there is as much joy in giving as in receiving, particularly when we give to a person who is in need. That is the real spirit of Christmas, and Chung Mei boys always select some needy person to help at Christmas time. This makes our Christmas more joyful.

At last the great night comes. As there is no chimney or fireplace in our dining room we cannot hang up our stockings. Instead we gather around the big tree in the center of the room. It is beautifully decorated with bright lights and ornaments. Toys and many, many packages are placed around the tree. As we are singing a Christmas carol the phone rings, and a jolly warm voice is heard through the receiver. It is Santa Claus, and his message is that he is on his way and will be able to stay at our home for a little while. While we are waiting for him we continue to sing carols. Suddenly the doorbell rings; there is complete silence in the room. In dashes Santa Claus, tired but still jolly. He sets down his heavy pack, and merrily commences to dance around the tree to the tune of his favorite song, "Jingle Bells". How the house did rock with his gay laughter! When his dance was finished he went around and shook hands with the tiny tots. What a thrill it was, especially for those who had never seen him before.

Finally the big moment came. Opening his bag he rapidly commenced to pass out presents. Everybody received something, and great was the rejoicing. And then in the midst of all our good times Santa bid us goodnight and a merry Christmas, and hastened on to bring joy to others.

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

The latest arrival in Chung Mei Home is Paul Tom. Welcome, Paul, we like you.

Recently we have had pleasant visits from the following boys: Henry Chan, George Haw, John Lee, George Chin and Robert Choy.

Of all the happy times that were ours during the Christmas holidays, the one event that meant most to us was the return of Captain from China. We were afraid, for a time, that he would not get back for Christmas, and you may be sure we were a happy family when we knew he would be with us on the 18th of December.

Our old friend, Mrs. Jackson, rendered valuable assistance this year as private secretary to Santa Claus. She was ably assisted by Mr. Corey. John Shepherd played Santa Claus.

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT CHINA

(Continued)

Railroad Journeys

In China, as in all other lands, railroad journeys vary greatly in point of interest, comfort and enjoyment; but they never fail to provide excellent opportunities to view the landscape and to get acquainted with the people of the country. So let me tell you something about my jaunts over the country in Chinese railroad trains.

Shanghai to Nanking: I boarded the train for Nanking at the North Station and was conducted to my sleeping compartment, which, owing to the fact that I had purchased my ticket the day before, had my name on the door. It was a very tiny affair, after the style of the English and French sleeping compartments, but much smaller. It had four berths, two upper and two lower, and an aisle less than three feet wide. It looked at first as though I was to have the whole thing to myself. But alas, no! Before the train started three other men came in. We had to get to bed more or less separately, or in turn, the other three staying on their bunks while the fourth used the aisle. However, we got along; and soon all were in bed and the lights turned out. At the crack of dawn I sat up in bed and looked out of the window. We were in wooded and hilly country. It was very beautiful in the gray morning light, and the train was running along very quietly. Soon there became visible lighted farm houses - don't get the wrong idea though, they were not farm houses as we know them in America. They were houses in the country where farmers live, built of adobe and thatched with straw. And then as it grew lighter I was able to see peasants already at work in the fields. It was only 5:30. Now I began to see golden rice fields where the grain was already cut and tied in bundles. Men, women and children were engaged in shocking it. Then the country began to vary. There were wooded hills, abundance of green vegetation, fields of kaoling, and rice paddys where crops of later rice were still in the early seedling stage.

The sleeping car steward, peeping in and noting that I am sitting up in bed, now brings in hot water, and what was apparently nothing but a little bedside table last night now has its face lifted and becomes a wash bowl and mirror. Bright people the Chinese! I wash, but do not attempt to shave. Dressed, and feeling fairly clean, in spite of not having shaved, I stand out in the corridor so that #2 can dress. From the window I view the country-side. It is very beautiful and interesting. (Either this train is swarming with armed guards, or else the same ones keep dashing through the corridor and almost stepping on my toes. They are very pleasant about it, however, and always smile at me when they do it.) It is now broad daylight and the sun is shining. We pass many peasant homes which are close enough to the railroad for me to see what they are like. They are the same kind of homes I knew twenty years ago, the same as described by Pearl Buck in her books, built of adobe, thatched with straw, dirt floors, swarms of children, chickens and pigs, the latter frequently inside the houses. In a yard before a farm house is a water buffalo, like the music, going round and around. He is hitched to a good sized rock, which being dragged over the rice stalks spread out on the ground is threshing out the grain. Here China has not changed, at least not so you can notice it from the outside. Perhaps, however, there has been a vast change in the thinking of these peasants which will lead to great outer changes later on.

A man comes down the corridor crying in both languages, "Coffee? Hot toast?" I am not really hungry, but decide to experiment, so order both. Soon they come. I hand him a dollar bill (Chinese) which he pockets. I take it for granted that this is the price of a cup of coffee and two pieces of toast. Well, 30¢ U. S. money isn't so bad, especially on a train, so I am satisfied. We are still dashing along thro' the countryside. More and more villages, adobe houses, children, pigs, chickens, piles of garbage. It is still only 6:30, but everyone is busily at work. For the Chinese peasant the day has begun and is well under way. My friend, the coffee man, returns with a handful of paper money which he proceeds to count out for me. Six ten-cent paper notes he gives me. I give him one back for a tip; and that makes my coffee and toast coast about 15¢ U. S. money. We now come to a station, Woh Peng Moon, meaning Peace Gate. I am told that it is a suburb of Nanking. There are many soldiers, a truck with a plane loaded on it, many autos. The train moves on its way. In a field many soldiers are drilling. They are pretty snappy. Things begin to look interesting. On a railroad siding a sentry in full kit, fixed bayonet, is standing rigidly at attention. I am standing at the window and wink at him. He grins, but otherwise does not move a muscle. Ah, here is the reason for his presence. An armored train is standing on the siding. It has many large guns, but they are all covered. More soldiers. These are digging trenches and gun emplacements. And now the train pulls into Nanking, the Capital of the Republic of China.

Nanking to Peiping: On September 30 I said goodbye to my friends in Nanking, crossed the Yangtze by ferry to Pukow, and took the train for Peiping. The country immediately after leaving Pukow is quite lovely to look at, for it is the rich fertile

farm land of the Yangtze Valley. It was not long, however, before we began again to see the squalor and poverty of the villages, with their hovels of adobe and straw, and their ubiquitous evidences of life that is primitive and elemental. I was not feeling well; for I was in the first stages of a heavy cold. My throat was sore and burning, and my head ached like the dickens. For this reason I was not much interested in the landscape. Fortunately, I had the sleeping compartment to myself. As soon as possible I went to the dining car for supper. Don't get a picture of an American dining car in your mind. It is a very plain affair; but it will do. One can have Chinese or American food; but having had a Chinese lunch I decide on the latter. For 60¢ U. S. money, including the tip, I get a full course dinner, appetizer, soup, fish, entree, dessert, fruit, coffee. I now go back to my compartment, and feeling utterly rotten go to bed, and after a while to sleep. The next thing I know is a sudden awakening as the train comes to a stop with a violent jolt. I almost roll out of bed, my tea pot flies across the compartment, sending tea and tea leaves in all directions. Otherwise everything seems okeh; and supposing it to be just one of those sudden stops for which some engineers seem noted I go back to sleep. Soon, however, I become conscious of uproar and confusion. Men are running along the corridor, there is a bedlam of loud talking which, being Mandarin, I do not understand. Naturally the first thought is that we have been boarded by bandits. I guess this is the great adventure, but I certainly am not in a very good physical condition for it. I get up and look out of the window. People are running in all directions with flares and flashlights; but it cannot be bandits, for the soldiers, of which we have two for each coach, are patrolling up and down outside with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. I am the only foreigner on this whole train of several hundred passengers, and no one around me speaks any English or Cantonese. Then comes down the corridor the young fellow who waited on me in the dining car last night. By means of his meager English I learn that there has been a serious wreck. A freight train has run into us head-on. Two of the crew are dead, and a number of passengers and crew are seriously injured. The man in the next compartment is lying on his bed with a first-aid dressing on his head. In pajamas and bathrobe I walk through the train. The dining car has tables and chairs strewn in all directions, the kitchen is a shambles, the stove blocks the doorway and broken dishes cover the floor. Because of my condition, and because the night air is cold, I hesitate to go out; but at 2:30 A. M., hour and a half after the wreck, I finally put on some clothes and sally forth. Up ahead, by the light of the flare, I see a pile of wreckage. A stretcher passes me carrying the dead engineer. A voice sounds behind me. It is the train conductor, "Gentleman, you please get on train, we go back Hsuehowfu." Appreciating being called a gentleman I naturally get back on the train immediately. The train does not move for more than an hour. I go to sleep and wake up at 6:30 in the station at Hsuehowfu. My dining car friend of the night before informs me that there will be no breakfast, as the dining car is out of commission and there is no other available. I have with me three pears and a moon cake. We are already ten hours late. More than 24 hours before we get to Peiping. The prospects are not so good.

Finally our train gets under way again. When we come to the scene of the wreck we are all told to get out. Coolies are there to carry our baggage. The train from Peiping is about a mile away; we are instructed to head for it; and as we do so we meet another stream of passengers coming to board our train. Thus the two crowds of passengers change trains, for the track is still obstructed. We pass the scene of the crash; wreckage is scattered in all directions; one of the engines is crumpled up as though it were a toy. Crowds of villagers have gathered; they stand or sit silently and open-mouthed as we pass. I could get a big kick out of all this if I just didn't feel so terrible. It is about noon, the sun is very hot; we tramp a dusty right-of-way, and I am burning with a temperature. We reach the other train, and the crew welcomes us cheerfully. I am given a compartment all to myself again, and immediately lay down on the seat, using my beloved gladstone for a pillow. Gee, I feel terrible! It is no fun to be sick away from home, and particularly under such circumstances. The car porter comes in, takes a look at me and says, "I fix bed, you sleep." I say "seh seh", which in Mandarin means "thank you". I have still had nothing to eat since last night, so I say, "What time can eat?", for you see we now have a diner, and the other poor folks have our dinerless train. He says, "Can eat now", so I go; but I don't enjoy my meal much feeling as I do. I now dope up, go to bed and remain there all afternoon, except to get up occasionally to have a look-see at the country. We pass through rich farming country and barren sections, hundreds of the same kind of villages. Naked little boys seem to be the order of the day. I have seen enough today to fill a good many swimming holes, and all look as though a visit to such a place would be good for them; but they seem utterly unconscious of their nakedness.

At midnight I sit up long enough to take a look at the great city of Tsinan, in Shantung. This is the point which the Japanese without excuse occupied when they took Kiaochow from the Germans in 1914, and where they twice held up the victorious armies of the Nationalists in their efforts to reach Peiping. At 6 a. m. we reach Tientsin, where we are transferred to the crack Mukden-Peiping express. It is a wonderful train, almost as good as anything we have in the U. S. Breakfast in the dining car is okeh. About eleven o'clock we reach Peiping.

VOL. 9 NO. 4

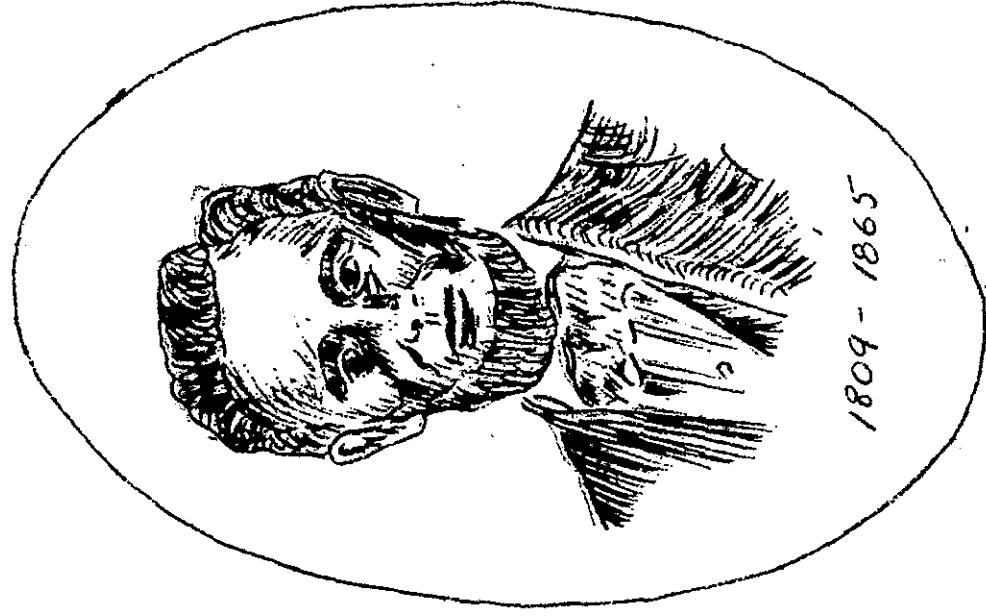
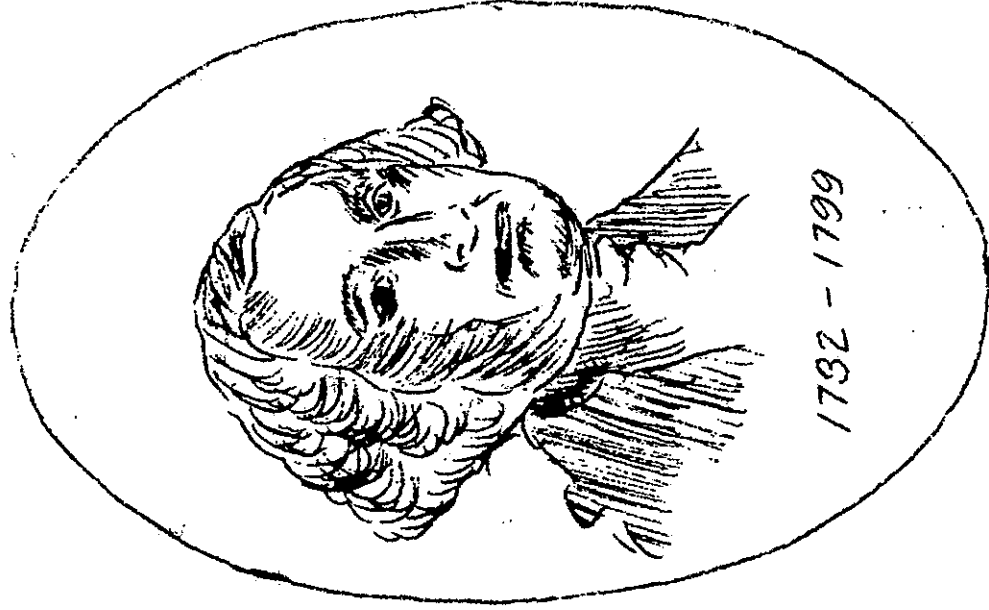
THE

CHUNG MEI

CHRONICLE
FEB. 1937

中華民國二十六年六月

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 Editors Edward H. Tong
 Raymond Wong
 Artists Tommy Chan, Richard Chin

is a committee on movie censorship. If we will avail ourselves of this opportunity, and send in strong and repeated protests against this sort of thing, we can reach the ears of those who mold the policies of the movie industry. But our protests, to be effective, must be strong, persistent and ever increasing in volume. In other words, we must enlist the cooperation of all who resent this degradation of a beautiful and useful art.

EDITORIALSMOVIES AND THE LIQUOR INTERESTS

At the risk of repeating ourselves, we wish to say again that we are both bored and disgusted by what seems to us to be an uncalled-for exhibition of drinking, and a stupidly unnecessary display of liquor in the current movies.

Having ourselves some appreciation of the canons of literature, we of course understand perfectly that fiction, to be convincing, must be realistic; and that if on the screen there is to be portrayed a character who has a propensity to indulge in strong drink it is perfectly legitimate to show something of this side of his life.

It is, however, not this sort of thing to which we refer. What we have in mind is the fact that there are so many pictures shown in which drinking scenes have an unnecessarily conspicuous place, and in which there are pretentious displays of bottles of all sorts and descriptions. If one is to judge from pictures of this type, then whenever two or more human beings come together in the mildest sort of social relationship bottles are immediately produced and "guzzling" is indulged in. It seems, too, that there is never a party worth calling a party unless there is displayed a perfectly absurd number of different kinds of bottles, and at least half of the time is spent in drinking.

We do not believe that such movies represent life as it is lived by the average American; but we are strongly of the impression that they represent life as a certain group would like to see it lived. We refer to the liquor interests; and we are inclined to believe that the numerous drinking scenes portrayed on the screen today are deliberate propaganda, that they are designed to advertise liquor, and with the direct purpose of making drinking seem normal and natural to our American youth.

We are grateful that there do exist avenues through which the public may voice its resentment towards this sort of thing. In almost every community there

CHINA GETS A BREATHING SPELL

How often during the past twenty-five years have other nations, more especially Japan, indulged in the exercise of fishing in China's troubled waters! In recent years, while China has had so many internal difficulties, Japan has not let slip a single opportunity to strengthen her own position and to encroach upon China's territorial and political sovereignty.

Now Japan has her own troubles, as is witnessed in the recent overthrow of the Hirota Cabinet. Japanese conservatives have at last raised their voices against the militarists' clique, and its undue influence in the government. Many of them are becoming alarmed at Japan's top-heavy financial system, and resentful over the apparent Fascist alliance with Germany. In the reorganization of the government Japan has a serious task upon her hands, and it is doubtful whether the army will dare, at the present moment, to make any more audacious moves in China. In the meantime it is to be hoped that China, already strengthened by a spirit of united purpose, surpassing that existing at any time during the past twenty-five years, will gird up her loins, remove every cause for internal dissension, make stronger and more real than ever this national unity, and prepare to challenge invincibly any further efforts at territorial or political aggression on the part of Japan.

THAT'S DIFFERENT!

We read that England has been horrified, and that George VI has been shocked, by the fact that Von Ribbentrop, Germany's Ambassador to Great Britain, recently greeted the British monarch with the Fascist salute and several Hail Hitlers, instead of conforming to British court etiquette. And yet we recall that another British king, George III, became highly indignant because the rulers of China endeavored to insist that foreign plenipotentiaries, at the Court of Peking, should render the "kowitz" in conformity with the court etiquette of the Celestial Empire.

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

We have had two interesting Sunday evening services recently. Chaplain McKerricher of the C. C. C. was with us a few weeks ago, and gave a very fine talk. Last Sunday Miss Lou Latourette told us very vividly the story of Samson. We were happy to have her with us again.

A few members of the Chung Mei family attended the dedication services of the new Ming Quong Home on Saturday, January 30. Greetings were extended from Chung Mei by Dr. W. Earle Smith, Chairman of our Board of Governors, in lieu of Captain, who was ill.

Dr. John Hestenes, Director of Christian Centers, American Baptist Home Mission Society, paid us another visit recently. We are always glad to welcome him here. We also enjoyed visits with Dr. and Mrs. Earle V. Pierce of Minneapolis and Mrs. W. S. Lincoln of Chicago, who is a Field Worker for the Northern Baptist Convention.

We were saddened recently by news of the death of Lorraine Fong of Vallejo, young sister of Alice Fong, the most recent member of our Board of Governors, and beloved friend of Chung Mei. We sympathize with this family in their bereavement.

We were also sorry to learn of the death of Mr. De Martini, "Santa Claus" of El Cerrito. Mr. De Martini, who with other members of the El Cerrito Fire Department repaired toys for the children of the community, and distributed them at Christmas time, will be sorely missed.

A new venture in the life of Chung Mei boys was started on the last Sunday of January. After their own Sunday School in Berkeley, the Senior group went down to the Chinese Presbyterian Church in Oakland, and joined the young people there for lunch and a discussion group following the church service. This session was very greatly enjoyed, and the boys are looking forward to the next meeting. This will be a monthly occurrence.

We very greatly appreciate the courtesy of the manager of the Oaks Theatre in Berkeley, in recently treating our family to the picture, "The Devil is a Sissy".

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

Graduation time brings us our share of pupils who have been successful in attaining and maintaining the necessary academic standards to enable them to take a step upward on the educational ladder. Graduating from junior to senior high school we have the brothers, Jack and Billy Wong. From grammar school to junior high, Dewey Wong, Peter Wang, Harding

Gee, Milton Lew, Richard Chong and Hubert Yee. From kindergarten to first grade, Allan Tong and Herbert Wong. Only little Danny Chew and Billy Woo are left in the kindergarten now.

Willie Choye, Peter Chung, Donald Chiu, Allan Wong and Willard Lee have left us since the last issue of the Chronicle.

Willie will be remembered for the interesting and well-written contributions he made to the Chronicle covering the activities of our football team last season. He now has a job in Berkeley, and is continuing his education at Berkeley High.

Donald Chiu has a job in Redwood City, and is attending school there. Allan Wong has a school job in San Francisco. Peter Chung is attending Commerce High in San Francisco.

On board the S. S. President Hoover, when she sailed for China last Saturday, were four of our former boys. The brothers Chester, Harry and Willard Lee are bound for Canton where they will continue their education at Lingnan. John Lee is returning for a visit to his native village.

George Chin has returned to live with us again. Welcome, George, we are glad to have you back at home.

Allan Chan and Willie Choye visited us last Sunday, and were present at our evening service.

Our latest arrival is Daniel Tom, who comes to us as this goes to press.

Billy Woo has had quite a siege of Scarlet Fever, but will soon be out of quarantine now. He has been a fine little patient.

Captain, too, has been on the sick list for quite a while; but is now well on the road to recovery, and is feeling more like himself every day. We are glad to have him back on the job again.

* * * * *

HAIL FEBRUARY!

Hail February!
Month of two patriots' birth.
Washington, winner of freedom from
crafty George III,
Lincoln, man of the people, freer of
slaves by the thousands.
Washington, man of the sword,
Lincoln, man of the pen -
Live on forever in the hearts of their
fellow men.

- Peter Wang -
Age 13

* * * * *

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT CHINA

(Continued)

More Railroad Journeys

On the Canton-Hankow R.R. Heading North: Last Saturday, when I went to buy my ticket, the agent said, "I cannot sell you a ticket, because the train left yesterday." (These trains only run twice a week). "But," said I, "I do not want to buy a ticket for yesterday's train. I want one for next Tuesday." "Aw," replied the man, "I cannot sell you a ticket for Tuesday until Monday." I said, "How come?" or words to that effect. "Because," said he, "I do not know whether the train will get here or not." Monday I was too busy to go for my ticket, and when I went on Tuesday everything was sold out. There was nothing to do but wait for the Friday train. So that was that.

Friday night, soon after the train pulled out, I went to bed, such as it was, and I must have fallen asleep almost right away. About midnight I was awakened by pounding at my door. I opened it to find a military officer and several soldiers. I knew they wanted something, for the officer held out his hand; but he was talking Mandarin, so I could not understand him. I fished in my pocket and handed him my ticket, but that didn't do; he went off into more of the same speech. Suddenly I tumbled, and said in English, "Passport?" He nodded; so I dived into my grip and produced said document. He looked at my picture and then studied me skeptically. I was not surprised; for standing there in my pajamas, without my glasses, and with my hair mussed, I imagine I did not look much like the picture. However, he finally seemed satisfied with that part, and went on to examine the rest. When he came to the Chinese visé he went off into another long dissertation, which I was not able to understand, but he seemed very much in earnest. Fortunately a young Chinese from the adjoining compartment came to my rescue. He spoke both dialects, and explained to me in Cantonese that the officer said my passport was all right for landing in China, and tarrying in treaty ports, but that for inland travel I ought to have a special permit. I replied that the American Consul, to whom I had reported before leaving Canton, had said nothing about such a pass. Finally, after much talk, the officer told my young Chinese friend that I was doubtless okeh, and that inasmuch as China and America were "ho pang-yau" he would let it go. With that I went back to bed.

There is only one other foreigner on this train. I collided with him in the corridor this morning, and found he was an American. I asked where he hailed from. He said Berkeley. So here we are, Shepherd and Smythe from Berkeley, California.

As soon as I awoke this morning the train boy brought me tea. As soon as I got up he brought me hot water for washing and shaving. As soon as I was dressed and groomed he brought me coffee, toast, butter and jam, which together with some hard-boiled eggs, bananas and cookies I had with me made a pretty good breakfast - save for the fact that the coffee was terrible, so terrible in fact that I could not drink it.

The countryside just now is very interesting and picturesque. When I started to write this letter we were traveling through flat country, mainly rice fields; but the harvest being over there was nothing much to see, save patches of sweet potatoes, peanuts, sugar cane, an occasional farmer and the ubiquitous water buffalo. Then we began to climb a gradually ascending slope with mountain ranges on either side. The country is very pretty. Although it is the middle of November there are still quite a lot of wild flowers. The mountains are semi-wooded.

We have just stopped at a little town in the mountains. It is very picturesque, nestled among many trees. Several pagodas are visible, and off to the right I see the cross of what is evidently a Catholic or Episcopal Mission. The name of the place is Lok Cheung. We are still in Kwangtung Province. There are many soldiers on the platform. From their insignia I am able to determine that they belong to the 11th Division of the Kwangtung provincial army. They are very young and poorly equipped. Some of them look no older, and are certainly smaller, than our oldest Chung Mei boys. They are probably good fighters, and brave enough, but they are so poorly equipped that I hate to think of what would happen should they be thrown into battle against the Japanese. They would doubtless give good account of themselves; but the slaughter would be terrible. I notice that the officers fraternize with the men quite freely. They have a tiny monkey as mascot. It seems that we have stopped for water; but here, instead of stopping at a water tower, we stop in the station, the engine is disconnected and goes off on its own to find water. Seems quite a long process.

We are on our way again now, and are traveling through a pass. On either side are high mountains shrouded in the morning mist. To the left is a deep mountain stream. The water is jade green. This is a dangerous part of the road. It is the newly finished section. There seems to be too much dirt and not enough rock. It will be

interesting to learn what happens when the first heavy rains come. There was a serious wreck here last week. Guess they will be careful today. My, how I wish the lovers of beauty among you could see this scenery. It gets more and more beautiful as we get further into the mountains, which now rise up almost perpendicular on either side. It beggars description. The officer who put me through the third degree last night has just passed through, smiled kindly, and asked by signs if I have eaten rice yet. The young Cantonese friend from the adjoining compartment has just been in with his sister for a little visit. They were greatly thrilled by the pictures of the Chung Mei boys, particularly the one in uniform. In order to get enough fresh air I keep the door of my compartment open. Result: I have constant company to watch me use the typewriter. There are at this moment six soldiers gathered about me watching very closely. Fortunately, they cannot read what I am writing. They have left now, saying they will visit me when I am not so busy.

Later: It is now one o'clock. At eleven o'clock the young Chinese couple from the adjoining compartment came and insisted that I go and eat lunch with them. We had a nice Chinese meal and a delightful visit, conversing in Cantonese. He turns out to be a major in the National army, traveling in civilian clothes. Guess that explains how he was able to help me last night. We are now about 4000 feet up, and still climbing. It is getting colder. Two days ago I was wearing white, and was hot at that. Now I am wearing a woolen suit, and think I shall pretty soon have to get out my overcoat. This is the territory through which the victorious Nationalist Army marched in 1926 on their Northern Expedition. They must have had a time getting through these mountains, for this part of the railroad was not built then. The train is traveling very slowly. We have only one engine. The coaches are all wooden. If anything should happen they would crack up like match boxes. On a hill to my right there are thousands and thousands of pots containing the bones of revered ancestors.

We are now on the top of the mountain, and shall soon be going down. We are fifteen hours late. Here the natives have evidently seen very few foreigners, for we have stopped at a station, and a crowd of curious ones have gathered around my window. The boy has just brought me some hot tea. I have put on my bathrobe. It is getting still colder; the hot tea is surely good. We are now commencing to descend.

Some hours later: We are now in Hunan Province. This was the last province in China to allow foreigners to enter. The Hunanese soldiers are noted for their fierceness and hard-fighting qualities. They are the fellows who used to wear the black turbans and distinguished themselves in the fighting around Hankow in 1911, and in the capture of Changsha and Nanking during the 1926 expedition.

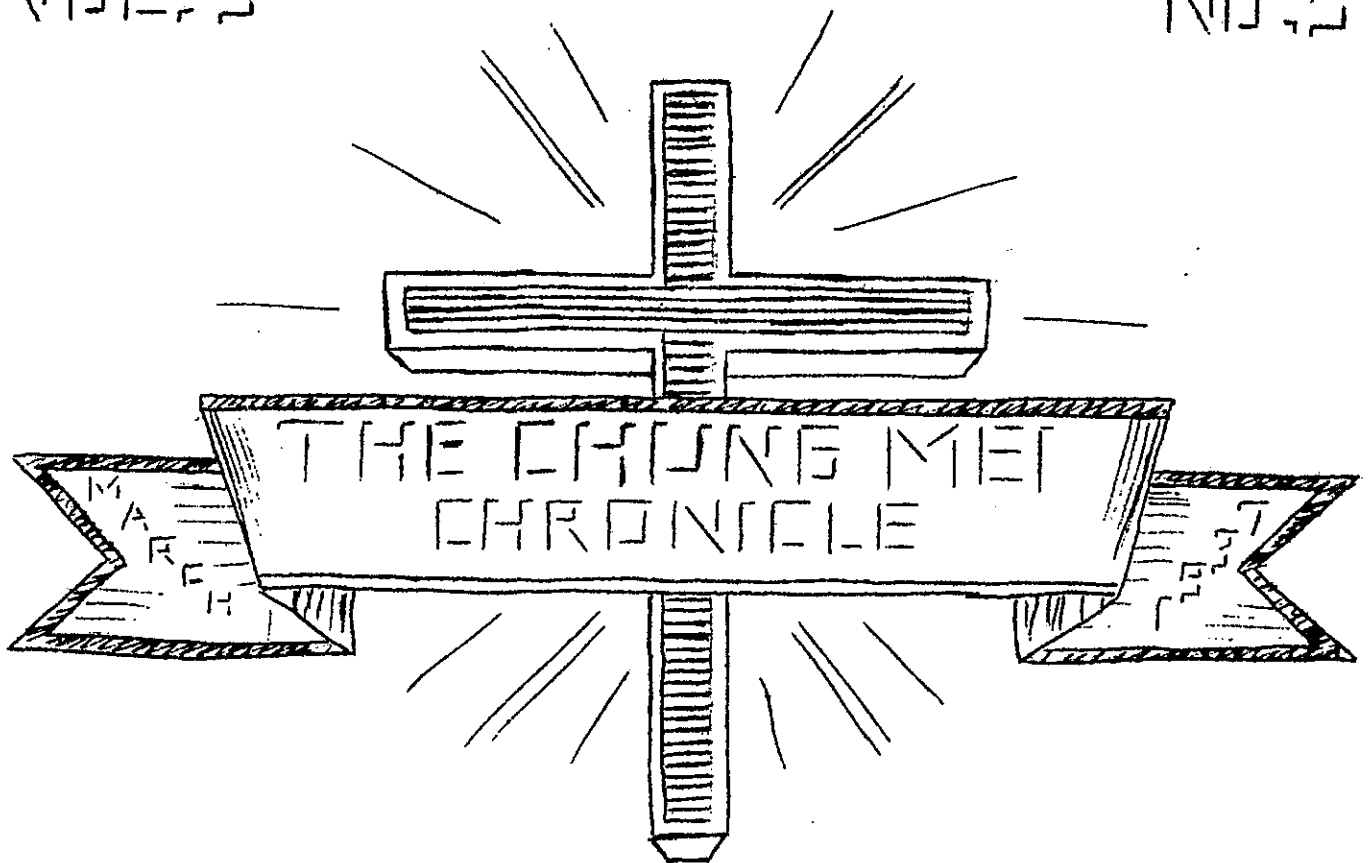
Next morning: Spent last evening with my Cantonese acquaintances in the next compartment. We had a most interesting visit. This morning I got up at seven. We stopped at a station called Chu Chow. I stood at the door of our coach wearing my blue bathrobe. A soldier, very young, with a pleasant smile, came up and looked me over. He seemed to like my bathrobe. You see it is almost the Kuomintang shade of blue. Now approaching Changsha. Since daylight this morning, and also during last evening, there were visible upon the hills many of the small block houses built by Chiang Kai-shek's men in their Communist suppression campaigns. This part of the country has been greatly over-run by Communists in the past.

I left the train at Changsha and spent the day at Yale-in-China with Dwight Rugh and his wife, whose acquaintance I made on the ship coming over. They are doing a fine work there. Changsha, capital of Hunan, is famous for the fact that it was the only large city in interior China that held out during the Tai-Ping Rebellion, (1850-64). It was captured by the Nationalist forces in their Northern Expedition, July 17, 1926. In July 1930 the Red armies captured it; but after two days were driven out. It is interesting to note that Agnes Smedley, in her "China's Red Army Marches", pictures the Communists heroically hurling themselves against the city wall in their determined attack. This was in 1930; but actually there has been no city wall since 1924.

The trip from Changsha to Hankow was the roughest yet. The car in which I traveled, although it was a first class combined sleeping and dining car, was in such a dilapidated condition that I was afraid it would go to pieces any minute. Actually went to bed in fear and trembling, and for a while did not sleep, as I expected something to happen. Finally decided that it would not be any worse to be killed sleeping than waking, so went to sleep. Not for long, however; the road got rougher as we proceeded. Most of the night I lay awake and bounced up and down in my bed like a rubber ball. Once it got so bad that the baggage commenced to tumble out of the racks. I still can't figure out how that car managed to hold together and stay on the tracks; but it did, and I finally reached Hankow safely the next morning. This road will soon have new rolling-stock and then everything will be much better.

VOL. 5

NO. 5



月三年六十二國民華中報月美中

EASTER

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
 Hell today is vanquish'd, Heav'n is won today,
 Lo! the Dead is living, God forevermore;
 Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
 All good gifts returned with her returning King;
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
 Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
 "Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

Maker and Redcemer, life and health of all,
 Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall;
 Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
 Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.



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

UN SOUND AND UNRELIABLE CRITICISM

In this mundane existence of ours "to err is human". No great movement for the uplift and betterment of the human race has ever been one hundred percent perfect in its program, entirely effective in its working processes, or completely satisfactory in its results. Even the Christian religion, in spite of the faultlessness of its Founder's life, and the sublimity of its philosophy, has not always been without error in its approach to the ills and shortcomings of human society, nor has it at all times produced results in keeping with the fond hopes of its Founder and its protagonists.

STAFF

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

EDITORIALS

ENCOURAGING!

Apropos of our last month's editorial on "Movies and the Liquor Interests", we are pleased to quote the following from the Oakland Tribune under a Hollywood date line, February 13, 1937.

"Aroused by unnecessary scenes of drunkenness and episodes showing the excessive use of liquor, individuals and temperance bodies have become so voluble in their protests and so threatening in their manner that Joseph I. Breen, production code administrator of the Hays office, has ordered the use of intoxicants in pictures curtailed and has informed studios that violation of the edict will constitute a major infraction of the code and result in offending pictures being banned from the screen. During prohibition drinking scenes were supposedly limited to episodes in which drunkenness was a plot element, but with repeal producers reasoned that everything was legal and so, when the characters had nothing else to do, they hauled out a cocktail shaker.

"Breen was advised that the temperance attitude has been particularly noticeable in Kansas, Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, and that protests to the censor boards in those states have increased substantially of late. Some of these boards advised the Hays office that films would be rejected that were deemed offensive, but with the assurance of Breen that steps are being taken, most of the censors agreed to take no action against films that have already left Hollywood.

"Breen's order to producers read, 'It has been unanimously agreed that all scripts or pictures which, in the judgment of the production code administration, contain excessive or unnecessary drinking or drunkenness are to be rejected until such offending scenes, action or dialogue are deleted.'"

All of which is very encouraging. So let us continue to demand wholesome pictures, and to support those who are endeavoring to give us such.

China's New Life Movement is no exception to the general rule. Neither the Generalissimo himself, nor Madame Chiang Kai-shok, who is devoting so much of her time and energy to this movement, would claim for a moment that it is without its shortcomings, both in program and in working processes. None, however, who have been in close and sympathetic contact with the life of the Chinese people during the past few years will deny that the New Life Movement has achieved, and is achieving, remarkable results, and that it has become a real force in the life of the nation. To ridicule it, and to classify it as unworthy of serious consideration, is to display an ignorance that would disqualify one to speak with authority.

The founders and protagonists of the New Life Movement do, we feel sure, welcome constructive criticism; and those outsiders who are seeking a true analysis of the movement naturally turn avidly to any published appraisal of the situation, especially when it appears in a reputable journal. One, however, needs to be on guard against unsound and unreliable criticism. For instance, a certain staff writer for the Literary Digest, in reviewing the New Life Movement in the issue of February 27, 1937, quotes from Lin Yu-tang in his "My Country and My People" as follows: "An American professor lecturing in the Chinese colleges was completely surprised by the burst of laughter among the student audiences whenever he made a perfectly serious reference to the New Life Movement."

Now to quote from so outstanding a writer as Lin Yu-tang means to invest one's statement with a certain amount of authority, even though Lin Yu-tang may be regarded by some as a bit of a cynic. But Lin Yu-tang wrote the preface to his book in June 1935, which would mean, if we are to judge by the usual circumstances, that the material was collected considerably before that time. It seems to us safe to say that the incident referred to happened quite early in 1935, possibly

late in 1934. But the New Life Movement was not inaugurated until the summer of 1934; the experience of the American professor, therefore, occurred when the New Life Movement was in its infancy, and when it admittedly was still in its experimental stage, and not taken very seriously by the majority of the Chinese intelligentsia. So it seems to us that to refer to such an incident in an appraisal of the New Life Movement, written in February 1937, is to offer criticism that is neither sound nor reliable.

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY

Margaret G. Thomsen

We are indeed sorry that Mr. A. J. Tweedy has found it necessary to resign as a member of the Chung Mei Board. He has been a most loyal and tireless worker in our behalf, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for his services.

Taking advantage of this last week of glorious spring weather, we have been gardening assiduously, and our grounds are beginning to look ship-shape and beautiful. A number of trees and shrubs have been planted, and are taking root and budding. Some will soon be in bloom.

A lovely young Monterey Cypress has been given a prominent place on our front slope. It is a gift from Don. A. Derbyshire, who won it four years ago in an essay contest, sponsored by the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce and the Berkeley Gazette, on "Why I Should Have an Outdoor Living Christmas Tree". From a tiny slip, about six inches high, Don A. has raised the tree to its present height of about seven feet.

We can still use a number of shrubs and trees, and would be glad to receive word of any that are available. Call Richmond 478, or drop a postcard to Chung Mei Home El Cerrito.

We are sorry to know that Dr. W. Earle Smith, chairman of our Board of Governors, has been ill, and hope that he will soon be on his feet again.

Our quarterly birthday party was celebrated on Saturday, February 19, with patriotic favors in honor of Washington and Lincoln. The birthday boys, under the leadership of John Fong, staged a clever and amusing stunt.

On Saturday evening, February 27, the Chung Mei Seniors enjoyed a party at the new Ming Quong Home in Oakland. The early part of the evening was spent in playing games in the basement recreation room, while table games, singing, and just visiting occupied the latter part. Refreshments were served in the attractive dining room, and it was with regret that goodbyes were said for that evening. We are glad you are closer to us now.

On the last Sunday of February the Seniors again attended the morning services of the Chinese Presbyterian Church in Oakland. After a lunch served at the church, the young people were divided into two discussion groups. The younger group, under the leadership of Stephen Lee, took up the discussion of certain phases of athletic life for boys; while the older group considered the liquor problem - its social, moral and economic aspects, particularly with reference to the youth of the nation. Our Seniors are enjoying this fellowship, and looking forward to the next meeting.

PERSONALS

Edward H. Tong

A soft-ball team of Chung Mei boys attending Longfellow Jr. High, and representing the alumni of Stege Grammar School, played a team similarly made up of alumni representing the Pullman School, and won from them by a score of 11 to 1. Comprising the team are the following: Leonard Chow, John Fong, Edward Leong, Richard Fong, Gilbert Louie, Jerry Lum, George Pon, Albert Wong and Dewey Wong.

Four of our boys, Henry Lee, Teddy Chew, Ronald Chow and Donald Chan, have had the chicken-pox, and are now completely recovered; the hospital room is still occupied, however, as three other boys, Barney Chan, Clarence Chan and Allan Tong are down with the same disease. Henry Wong, much concerned as to the cause of the disease, asked if they were sick because of consuming too much chicken.

We have neglected to mention the fact that Gilbert Louie has skipped a half grade in school. This is the second time Gilbert has been moved forward in this way. He is now in the low ninth grade.

Henry Chan, Johnson Chan, Bobby Choy, Winston Wong, Willie Choye and Allan Chan were visitors during the past month.

Richard Chin, one of our staff artists, has obtained an after school job at the Richmond Union High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Rounds, formerly of Chung Mei Home, and more recently on furlough from their work in the Philippines, with their two small sons, paid us a visit before the expected sailing of the President Coolidge. Had the collision not occurred they would have been well on their way to the Philippine Islands, the port for which they were bound.

It was nice to have Rosalind White here again to play for our evening service last Sunday.

Jim White, brother of Rosalind, was also here on Sunday. He is the teacher of a class of Chung Mei boys at the First Baptist Church in Berkeley.

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT CHINA

(continued)

NANKING - The Sun Yat-sen Memorial Park and Tomb

I was fortunate; for before going to Nanking I found out that the Executive Secretary of the Sun Yat-sen Tomb and Memorial Park Commission was the husband of an old friend of mine whom I had known twenty years ago as a student in the Pooi To Girls' Academy, Canton, and later in Chicago, Kwanie Lim and her husband gave me such a cordial greeting that it was almost like a homecoming. Their beautiful home is in the midst of the great memorial park, which, through their kind assistance, I was able to see under the most favorable circumstances.

This park covers 17,000 acres, and contains, besides the tomb, a military cemetery, a war art gallery, a gorgeous new twelve-story pagoda, a barracks, offices of the Park Commission, an outdoor swimming pool, stadium and track, a magnificent residence for the future president of the Republic, and a splendid school for the sons and daughters of the revolutionary dead.

Though I cannot take time to describe all of these things, I must speak of this Institute for the Sons of the Revolution. It is a remarkable institution, caring for about five hundred boys, and almost an equal number of girls, all of whom are children or younger brothers and sisters of men killed in the revolutionary wars. It covers several hundred acres. The buildings and grounds are magnificent. Its dormitories, dining rooms and kitchens are spotless and orderly, and the grounds are in the same condition. No military academy in the United States could be cleaner, neater or more orderly. The boys and girls themselves have an "esprit de corps" that thrilled me. Besides the regular academic education the boys and girls get instruction in various forms of manual, industrial and domestic training, hog raising, dairy farming, chicken, goose and bee husbandry. I saw there dairy sheds that left nothing to be desired, as regards cleanliness, and absolutely the cleanest pig stys I have ever seen in my life. Their herd of eighty Holsteins and Jerseys was truly remarkable. It is easy to see where the Chinese are going if they ever get a chance to develop their own country without embarrassment and interference from without.

Now to come to the tomb of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Almost I feel that I should not undertake to describe it; for I know that I cannot do it justice. I had of course read and heard much about it; but, as the Chinese saying goes, "Baak mun pat uc yat kin", or "To hear a hundred times cannot be compared to seeing once". Its immensity, splendor, dignity, beauty and impressiveness entirely surpasses anything of the kind I have ever seen, though as most of you know I have visited Napoleon's Tomb, Westminster Abbey, St. George's Chapel at Windsor, Arlington Cemetery and other such places. It is located on the side of the famous Purple Mountain - so-called because it actually is enshrouded in a purple haze most of the time - and is visible from most any point in the city. It is reached by way of a broad highway two miles in length from the city gates, and flanked on either side by sycamore trees. The whole structure is built of white sparkling granite. After ascending 20 or 25 steps we come to a massive triple arch or "p'ai lou". This is of course in white granite, and is topped with blue glazed tiles, thus carrying out the blue and white color scheme of the Kuomintang. Above the central arch of this "p'ai lou" are, in gold, the characters "Pook Oi", which as near as I can get it means universal love. We now traverse a granite walk about one hundred feet wide and a quarter mile long, ascend 20 steps, advance a hundred yards, mount 20 more steps and come to the outer portico, again roofed with blue glazed tile. Above this portico are inscribed in gold the characters "T'in Ha Wai Kung", meaning literally "Under Heaven all things are in common". Now 30 more paces, 30 steps, 20 more paces and we come to a massive pavillion - white granite and blue tiles of course. Now 30 more paces, 40 steps, 15 paces, 31 steps, 15 paces, 31 steps, 15 paces, 31 steps, 15 paces, 31 steps, 4 paces, 41 steps, 50 paces, 54 steps, 30 paces, 10 steps - and then the tomb. This may be tiring to read, but it was much more tiring to climb on a hot day, altogether 365 steps and about half a mile of granite walk; but it was many times worth it.

The tomb itself is housed in a mausoleum after the type of those housing the tombs of Grant and Napoleon, only many times more impressive. There is a large rotunda with a white marble statue of Dr. Sun seated. Back of this, in the crypt, where it was reverently placed by loyal hands on June 1, 1929, rests the body of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, father of the Republic of China. It rests in a coffin encased in a white marble tomb, upon the top of which is a life-size figure in white marble of Sun Yat-sen in repose. A soft mellow light filtering through the glass dome falls upon this white marble image, across the lower portion of which is draped the blue and white flag of the Kuomintang. There with bowed head I tarried a few moments in silent homage to the memory of him who for forty years had devoted himself to the cause of winning for the Chinese people national liberty and international equality; and as I stood thus there came to my mind the words uttered with his last breath, "Peace", "Struggle", "Save China".

媽媽

媽媽

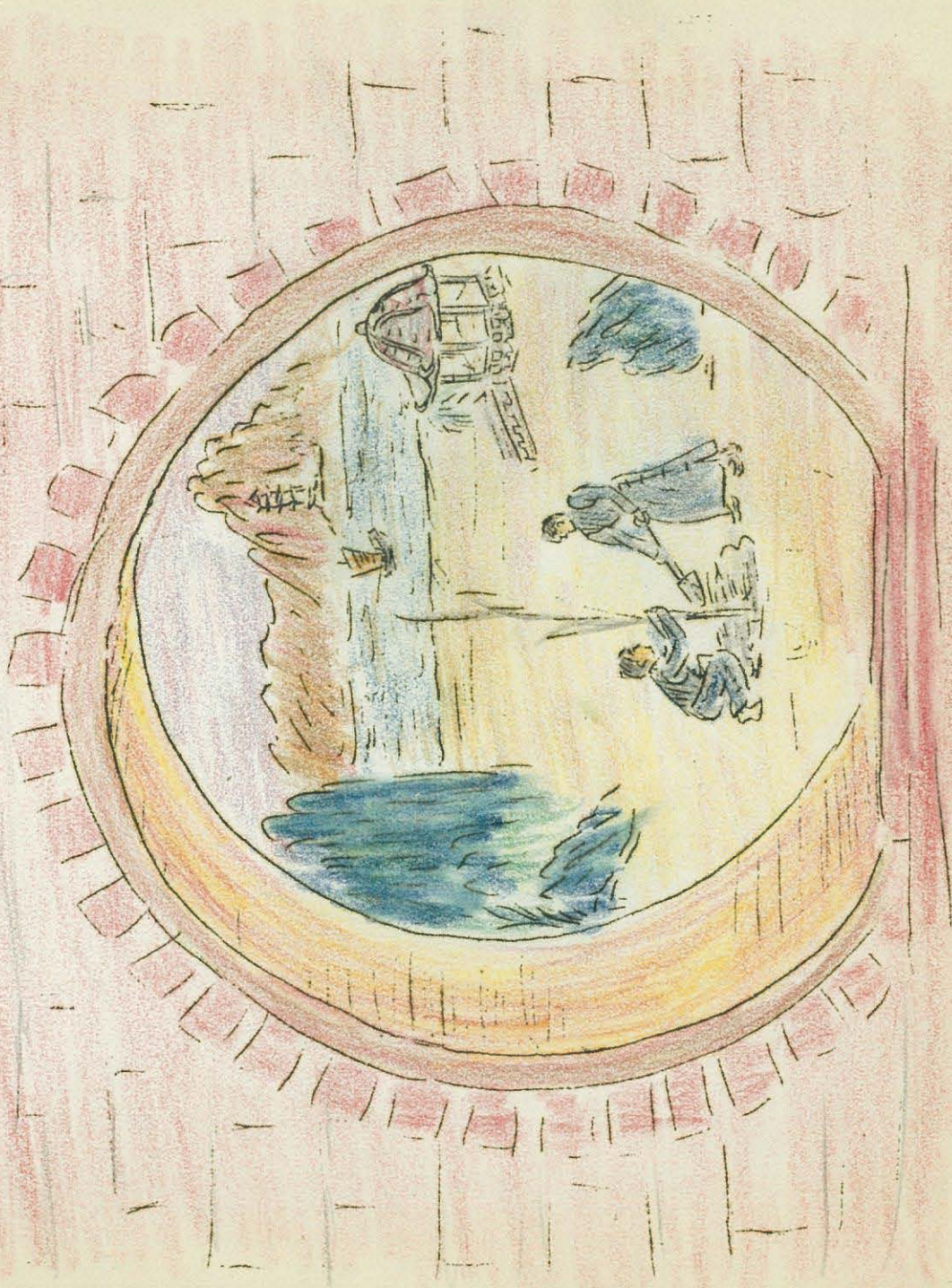
媽媽

媽媽媽媽媽媽

媽媽媽媽媽媽

媽媽媽媽媽媽

月四年六十二國民華中報月美中



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

A PLEA FOR LOYALTY

STAFF

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

EDITORIALS

LIFE AND GROWTH

We have been living close to Mother Earth these days - hauling away bad soil, bringing in new, planting young trees, feeding, cultivating and encouraging those we planted last year. There is lots of work to it; but lots of joy and thrills too - and what lessons! Nothing much can grow in bad soil. It takes rain as well as sunshine to get the best out of the earth. Trees cut back grow the more sturdy. Dormant trees look bleak - perhaps they feel bleak; but with the advent of spring comes new life, fresh growth and added beauty. Some trees are so little and frail when we plant them, but with proper care and nourishment how they do grow!

After all, are we not very like trees? Seldom does character develop, or do lives grow beautiful, in bad environment. Life cannot be all sunshine; there must be the rain also. Adversity makes us the more sturdy. There are times when life seems to us a bleak and dreary thing; but there is a hope which springs eternal in the human breast, and which brings us safely through the winter of our discontent to glorious spring and summer, when life for us takes on new joy and hope. Then too, as we work in the interest of youth, how often we need to remind ourselves of the great possibilities and potentialities wrapped up in these young bodies, minds and souls committed to our care. Lucy Larcom expressed it well when she wrote:

"He who plants a tree
 Plants a hope.
 Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
 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, --
 He plants youth;
 Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
 Life of time, that hints eternity!
 Boughs their strength uprear;
 New shoots, every year,
 On old growths appear;
 Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
 Youth of soul is immortality."

In Nov. 1935 there came into being The Chinese Digest, a weekly publication in English, purposing "to give information on China, Chinese culture and the life problems and activities of the Chinese communities throughout the United States". This publication is 100% Chinese owned, and edited by a 100% Chinese staff. It has met with hearty response and sincere appreciation on the part of its many readers, Chinese and American. Recently its publishers decided to change their policy and make it a monthly rather than a weekly. They have vastly improved their magazine, which is rendering a fine piece of service to the Chinese communities.

In February there appeared the Chinese Progress, stating that its purpose was not to compete with existing publications, but to fill the weekly field left open by the change in policy of the Digest. It was further stated that the purpose of the Progress was to make itself "the genuine voice and means of expression of young Chinatown", and "the ideal advertising medium for downtown merchants who want Chinese trade and Chinese merchants who want tourist trade". Because of our intense interest in the welfare of the Chinese communities in the United States, we feel constrained to make the following observations.

First, we are shocked by one astoundingly inaccurate statement made by the Progress, i.e. "an overwhelming majority of the Chinese in America can not read any other language than English". We admit with regret that there are many of our younger Chinese who are unable to read their own language; but to estimate them as an "overwhelming majority of the Chinese in America" is an appalling misstatement.

Second, the Progress is one of many district weeklies distributed by the Budde Publications, largely as a community advertising enterprise. As such it may serve a splendid purpose, in behalf of both those who use and those who sell its advertising space; but since it is not owned or edited by Chinese we are exceedingly dubious about its alleged ability to become "the genuine voice and means of expression of young Chinatown".

Third, because the Progress is what it is, its publishers can well afford to give it away. The Digest, however, is a non-profit publication, its revenue from advertisements and subscriptions all being devoted to making it a better and more useful journal. Therefore, to all Chinese and to their friends we say "stand loyally by the Digest - even though it costs \$1 a year, while you receive the other free of charge". To the Digest we say, "all success and power to you, and may you hold fast to your noble purpose of service to the Chinese people".

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

In our last issue we spoke of the progress being made in landscaping our place. Since that time much more has been done, and we are proud of the results. When we consider that we have not yet been here two years we realize what may be accomplished in a few more years. We extend a cordial invitation to all our friends who are within driving distance to visit us at any time. Take a Sunday afternoon drive out this way. We will be happy to show you around.

Our annual Easter egg hunt was held again during the vacation week, and although the rains were so heavy during the first days, we were able to locate a spot in the hills which was dry enough for our purpose. This event was thoroughly enjoyed, from the youngest to the oldest - even by those who hid the eggs.

Our Seniors, on Tuesday night, March 23, gave a party for their Ming Quong friends. About fifty boys and girls made the house ring with their gayety. Games, including a novel treasure hunt, were enjoyed in our basement recreation room, made cheerful with quantities of redolent eucalyptus branches and a roaring fire in the fireplace. Delicious and colorful refreshments were attractively served in the dining room by Mrs. Morrice.

Easter Sunday was a beautiful day here. In the morning our entire family attended services at the First Baptist Church in Berkeley, at which time eight of our number received the ordinance of baptism at the hands of their pastor, Dr. George M. Derbyshire. It was a beautifully impressive service. During the afternoon we welcomed a number of visitors.

On Sunday, April 4, the Seniors again joined with the young people of the Oakland Chinese Presbyterian Church in the service and discussion group.

On the evening of Sunday, April 4, in our chapel, beautifully decorated with flowers, we held a memorial service for our own Milton Tom, who left us two years ago. We still miss Milton, and the memory of his life will always be to us a benediction.

PERSONALS

Edward H. Tong

We are proud of the fact that our boys join wholeheartedly in whatever activity may be current in the school program. Months before the paper drive actually commenced our boys had stored away bundles of paper they had managed to collect from, so it seems, out of nowhere. Result, when the paper drive opened at the schools a huge quantity of paper was contributed by Chung Mei boys.

This same spirit of cooperation is manifested by the enthusiasm with which our boys enter into the various competitive athletic tournaments. At present Leonard Chow, John Fong, Fred Hall, Robert Lee, Edward Leong, Jerry Lum, Paul Tom and Albert Wong comprise the volley ball team representing former pupils of Stege School now attending Longfellow Jr. Hi. This team has won all four games played so far, and is tied for first place with another team. With the honor of winning for Stege and Chung Mei, block "L's" and a peanut feed at stake, we hope you win the championship. Go to it, fellows!

Skill in taking snapshots won for George Chan the position of student photographer for "The Shield", the Richmond Union High School magazine. The committee of professional photographers delegated to appoint a student for this position chose George unanimously.

As this issue goes to press Miss Richert and Mrs. Chin Toy are off on a part of their vacations.

Two new boys have entered the home since the last month: James Lee from Oakland and Johnny Shum from San Francisco.

Johnson Chan, Oliver Chin, Willie Choye visited us recently. George Haw and Allan Chan joined us in worship at the Berkeley Baptist Church on Easter Sunday.

At the last meeting of our Seniors with the young people's discussion group in Oakland George Chin presented in a most commendable manner a very interesting and well written paper on Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

RIB TICKLERS

By Snellfungus

Many a nobody who isn't known by anybody becomes a somebody and is known by everybody, and everybody tells him he knew him when he was nobody though he knew he would someday be somebody.

Albert Wong: "The cook looks angry."

Billy Wong: "Yes, she has just been beating some eggs and whipping some cream."

Teacher: "Tommy, name an organ of the body."

Tommy Chan: "Teeth."

Teacher: "Teeth? What kind of an organ would teeth be?"

Tommy Chan: "A grind organ."

Captain: "They say that if there is anything in a man travel will bring it out."

Lieut: "Yes indeed, I found that out on my first trip across the Pacific."

* * * * *

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT CHINA

(continued)

PEIPING

"Peiping is terrible, terrible! I am utterly disillusioned, utterly!" Thus spake an American woman tourist to me as we sat at breakfast one morning in Nanking. When pressed for details she continued, "Oh the dirt and filth, the heaps of garbage, the terrible beggars, the naked children playing in the sewers which run uncovered down the middle of the streets! Yes, there is beauty; but even the beauty is decaying, run down, neglected."

Having at that time never been to Peiping, I was in no position either to agree or disagree with her. Now, however, I have been to Peiping. I have lived there six days - would that it might have been sixty; but in those six days I saw Peiping, not just as a tourist sees it, but through the eyes and by the assistance of Chinese friends; and I do not think Peiping is terrible. I am not disillusioned. Yes, there is dirt; there is filth; there are piles of garbage; there are naked children, beggars galore and mangy dogs; and there are open drains running through some of the narrow "hutungs" or streets - it is, however, misleading to call them sewers, for there is no actual sewage in them. But there are other things in Peiping. There are broad streets, magnificent modern structures, beautiful parks, rapid transportation, efficient police, up-to-date stores, splendid institutions of learning, thoroughly modern and well-equipped hospitals, etc; and while it is true that there is decay in many of the monuments of the past, there is also beauty, exquisite beauty, superb dignity and quiet majesty. And so, if today I should meet my critic of the breakfast table, I would remind her that while the unlovely things she emphasized do exist, yet they exist in so much lesser degree than they did twenty years ago, that immense progress is being made in the eradication of these evils, in spite of the fact that during the past twenty-five years this young republic has been engaged in fighting for its very existence; and that money, time, energy and thought, which might have been spent in improving these conditions, has had to be poured into this great struggle. I would say to her that I marvel at the progress China has made, and at what she has accomplished in the face of the terrible odds that have been against her. For what man can attend to the cleaning and the renovating of his home so long as there is constant strife within his family, and everlasting interference on the part of his neighbors?

Arrived in Peiping October 2, was quickly installed in comfortable quarters at the hostel of the College of Chinese Studies, and as soon as I was cleaned up phoned to the home of Lily and Stanley Chan (formerly Lily Lum of San Francisco and Stanley Chan of Stanford University). Lily's sister Emma, who was visiting them at the time, came over right away, took me in hand; and I was no longer a stranger in Peiping. After lunch with the Chans we spent the afternoon in "doing" part of the Imperial Palace in the Forbidden City. It is too much to attempt to describe this place in the limited space I have here. Of course I have read about it, and many of my readers have done the same thing; but that does not begin to give one any conception of the enormity, the beauty and the grandeur of the place. True, it is terribly run down, and would cost millions of dollars to renovate; but the Chinese have not the money to spend on such things at present. They must first attend to other more important matters.

The following day I took lunch with other Chinese friends, Dr. and Mrs. Kwan, (the former Florence Chin of San Francisco, and her husband). Dr. Kwan is a surgeon at the Peiping Union Medical College, and recognized as the most skillful brain surgeon in China. In the afternoon we visited Yencheng and Tsinghwa Universities. Yencheng is very beautiful, but the strict harsh Western architecture of Tsinghwa was disappointing. With these same friends I spent most of the next day at the famous Summer Palace of the Manchus. This palace was built by the Empress Dowager, Tsz Hsi. It must not be thought of as one building, as Buckingham Palace or the Palace of Versailles; there are many, many buildings, parks, lakes and walks, covering thousands of acres, in which are to be found the imperial residences themselves, and many other residences for the Lords, Ladies, etc. All are built in the most gorgeous style Chinese architecture; and their grandeur and exquisite beauty hold one spellbound. We wandered through all these old places where the Empress and her retinue used to spend their summer months. We rowed, or rather were rowed, on her lake, boarded her picturesque houseboats, and also the celebrated marble boat which she is accredited with having built with money appropriated for improving the Chinese navy. Many of these beautiful buildings still bear ugly evidences of the vandalism committed by foreign soldiers who occupied them at the time of the Boxer trouble, and it almost makes one ashamed of being a Westerner to find such magnificent works of art thus ruthlessly mutilated. On another afternoon I visited the Winter Palace, which is in the Imperial City. This also consists of many wonderful buildings such as we saw in the Summer Palace, a beautiful park and three lovely lakes - one of which we crossed in a quaint and picturesque boat. It was on our way to this palace that we saw a detachment of

Japanese soldiers engaged in mimic warfare in the streets of Peiping. This is a frequent sight. The Chinese population is kept in a continuous state of nervousness by this sort of thing. Several times I was awakened in the morning by the popping of Japanese rifles. One almost comes to believe that the Japanese are deliberately trying to create "incidents".

On the morning of October 6 I called on my friend Virgil Bradfield, who is controller of the Peiping Union Medical College. He showed me all over this magnificent institution, and then later we visited together the throne room in the Imperial Palace, and the Temple of Heaven. In the afternoon I decided to launch out on my own. I hired a ricksha by the hour and, having first planned it out by use of a map, I visited certain shopping and other districts. It was lots of fun, although I did feel sort of ridiculous having constantly to point to my ricksha man instead of being able to tell him where to go. It seems so funny to be in the presence of Chinese people and yet be unable to talk to them. There is absolutely no kind of similarity between this northern language and the Cantonese. Take for instance such a simple thing as "yes or no?" - in Cantonese "hai m hai?", in Mandarin "sher pu sher?".

The next afternoon I spent with my Chinese friends, Emma and Connie Lum. First we visited the historic Peiping Observatory, one of the oldest landmarks of China, which contains a number of marvelous ancient astronomical instruments constructed entirely of fine bronze and covered with intricate dragon designs. This observatory was built in the reign of Emperor Kang Hsi (1660 A. D.), and at that time these instruments were considered to be the most up-to-date and scientific ones in the world. From the observatory we went to the Lama Temple, which was formerly the palace of the son of the Emperor Kang Hsi, who became Emperor Yung Cheng. It is, however, most famous as being the birthplace of the famous Emperor Chien Lung, who upon ascending the throne became a great admirer of Buddhism and presented this palace to the Lamas. Although we did not plan to do so, we arrived just as the late afternoon service was about to begin. A deep toned temple bell was booming sonorously, and the old Chief Lama was just making his way through the courtyard to the temple followed by numerous lesser Lamas and many little boy initiates. They were all clothed in long, flowing yellow robes; and both they and the robes looked as though they might be greatly improved by the application of a little soap and water. After the bell stopped tolling we respectfully entered the sacred edifice. The Chief Lama stood before a massive Buddha, and the lesser and little Lamas squatted in rows on either side of him. Their guttural chant rose and fell like the sound of waves on the sea shore. Their faces were utterly passive; and it seemed to be an entirely mechanical performance. We withdrew quietly and went to the next temple where there was an even larger idol, and then to a third temple where we beheld another idol which our guide told us was the tallest in the world. It was seventy-five feet high, and was built in the reign, and at the order of, the Emperor Chien Lung. Our guide explained that the idol was built first, and then the temple was built about him, or her, as the case may be.

Thursday morning, October 8, I visited a large orphanage about twenty miles outside the city wall. It is situated in the Western Hills, not far from the temple of Puyunssu, where Dr. Sun Yat Sen's body rested during those years while the tomb at Nanking was being prepared. It cares for 1200 children and is maintained by an endowment created by the will of a wealthy Chinese woman. It is conducted on the cottage plan, but is of course very different from what we mean by the cottage plan in the United States. It is scrupulously clean and neat, and well administered. Certainly it is inspiring to see our Chinese friends doing these things for themselves.

I have already mentioned visiting Dr. and Mrs. Kwan; but I neglected to tell you anything about their home. It is a real Chinese home. By that I mean that it is built on the old Chinese plan, around a courtyard, and does not follow the foreign lines as do so many of the modern Chinese homes. This one was built in the reign of the Emperor Chien Lung, who was the fourth Manchu Emperor. It is the kind of home one reads about in Waln's or Miln's books. Although right in the city, it is shut off from the city by high walls and an outer court. It is so quiet, restful and artistic. Several evenings later I had dinner at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wang. Mrs. Wang was formerly Florabelle Jan of Fresno. Their home is another thoroughly Chinese establishment, on a quiet hutung out in the northern section of the city. It is hidden away behind a high wall and several courtyards, and is built around a beautiful garden where all kinds of flowers grow in glorious abandon. Florabelle's husband is professor of psychology in two different universities, and is a very bright and attractive young man.

Days spent in Peiping passed all too quickly, and the end of my visit came entirely too soon. The afternoon of October 8 I spent with Lily and Stanley Chan and their family, and at six o'clock that evening a group of my Chinese friends "sunged" me to the train for Nanking.

VOY.

Z.

THE

CHILDREN

NAME

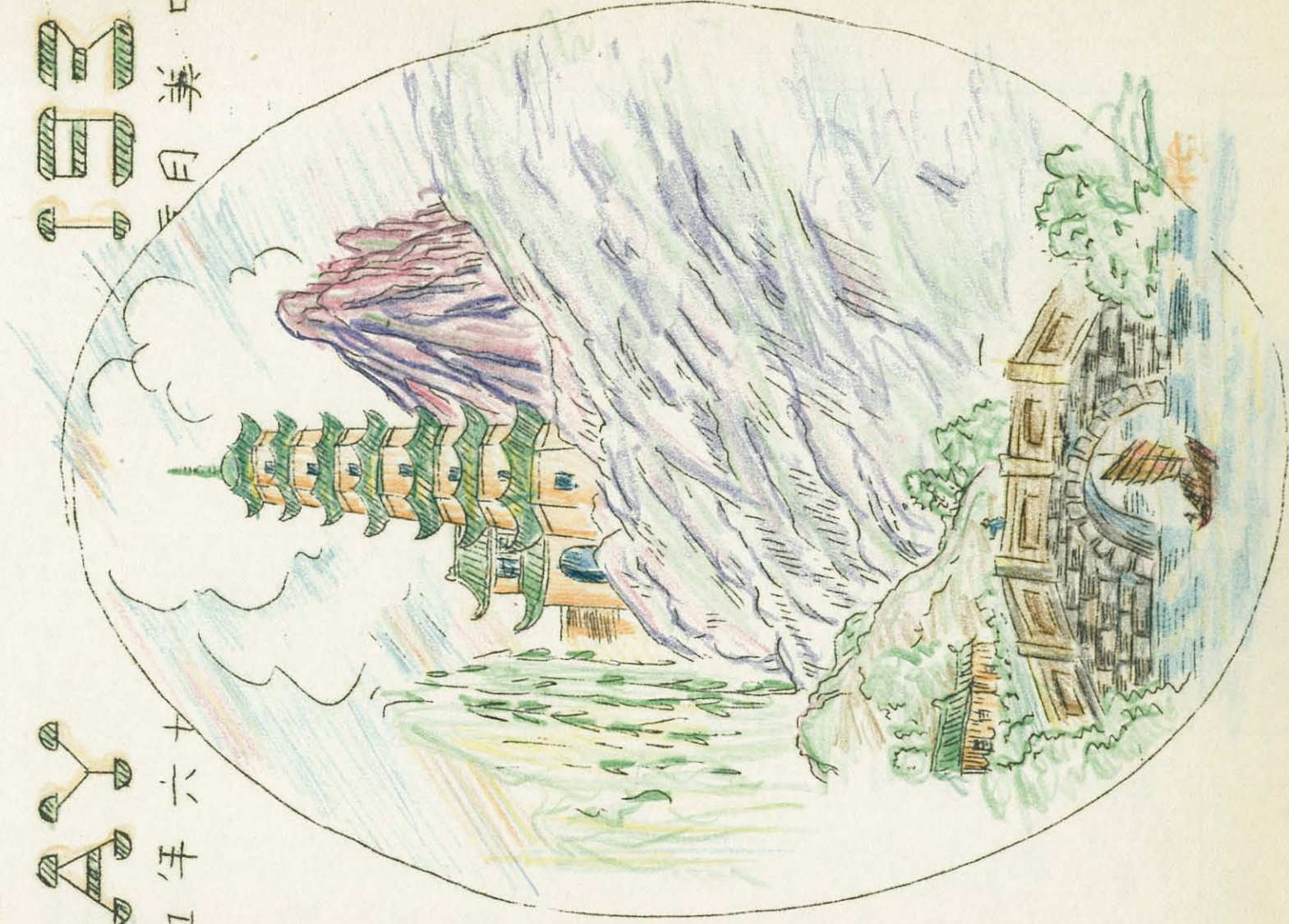
Journal

MAY

Z.

十月五年

中美目



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

EDITORIALS

"I PROMISE"

The other day, at an athletic contest, there sat very near us a high school boy who, to our surprise, smoked "just one cigarette after another." It was not the fact of a high school boy smoking that occasioned our surprise; for we are well aware that such a thing is a frequent occurrence, unfortunate though it may be. What surprised us was that this particular boy was a member of the track team of a certain high school, and as such had signed an agreement faithfully promising to refrain from smoking at all times. As we watched this boy we wondered what standards of ethics were his, what sense of honor, fair play or responsibility - if any - had a place in his life, and what sort of a member of society he would make in the future unless his feeling of responsibility to others, and his own sense of honor, undergo a change.

In human society we are constantly and in numerous ways associated with our fellow men. Our lives are interwoven with theirs in domestic, social, business and political relationships. All these relationships are regulated and controlled by various contracts into which we enter of our own free will and accord; but which, when once entered into are binding upon us. The tie which binds and obligates us in most of these relationships is none other than our "word of honor". Let man's word of honor become of no consequence, a thing to be trifled with, to be smirked at, and what becomes of all these relationships of human society? The boy who says "I promise not to smoke" will doubtless some day be promising to "love, honor and cherish" the one who is to be his trusting partner for life. Perhaps he will be taking some solemn obligation whereby he will be admitted to all the rights and benefits of some fraternal or religious organization. Again he may take a solemn oath or pledge of office on the occasion of being trusted with some great responsibility in the affairs of the nation. What guarantee have we that his word of honor, on any of these later occasions, will mean any more to

him than in the case of the pledge which in his youth he made to his coach, his team mates and his Alma Mater. Better for him that he never make such a promise if he does not intend to keep it. Better for all that our youth be not asked to thus obligate themselves unless we impress upon them the seriousness of any and all obligations assumed upon their word of honor. But still better, to the end that the coming generation may be adequately prepared for the stern realities of life and all its various forms of human relationships and social responsibilities, let our youth be encouraged to assume such obligations, urged to shoulder such responsibilities and inspired to develop integrity of character and strength of will by steadfastly living up to the spirit and letter of the words "I promise".

POOR SPORTSMANSHIP

Speaking of athletic contests, why is it that so often American high school audiences and sometimes even college audiences stoop to the exceedingly unsportsmanlike act of "booing" the opponent? In England, where we grew up, such a thing is practically unheard of, except when a contestant is guilty of "dirty work". Here in California we have been constantly chagrined and maddened by assinine "booing" on the part of home rooters. We have even heard the opposing team "booed" when making their first appearance at the stadium; and over and over again, at track meets, we have heard the same thing when the representative of some visiting school has been announced as the winner of an event. It seems to us that here is a point at which our American youth is sorely in need of education, and it is not too soon to start that education in the early grades. Let us give honor where honor is due, praise where praise is due, applause where applause is due, and "booing" only to the one who is guilty of unsportsmanlike behavior.

C. R. S.

* * * *

"Somebody said it couldn't be done;
 But he with a chuckle replied
 That "maybe it couldn't", but he would
 be one
 Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
 So he buckled right in with the trace of
 a grin
 On his face. If he worried he
 hid it.
 He started to sing as he tackled the
 thing
 That couldn't be done - and he
 did it."

-- Edgar Guest --

THINK BEFORE YOU DRINK!

Margaret G. Thomsen

"Think before you drink" says an ad for a certain whiskey, displayed conspicuously in our local newspaper. We thoroughly agree. By all means think. Think seriously. Think of the constantly mounting car death toll attributed, according to reliable reports, to the effect of alcohol upon the person behind the wheel. The percentage of accidents and deaths caused by drunkenness is alarmingly high. Think, too, of what alcohol does to the brain, and to other parts of the body affected by the brain. Who would willingly place himself in the hands of a surgeon, for a critical operation, knowing that he was under the influence of alcohol? Or who would risk his life with an engineer, a sea captain, or an airplane pilot in the same condition? Not one of us would knowingly or willingly place ourselves in such a hazardous position. Life is too precious to be trusted in the hands of those not in full possession of their mental and physical powers.

And again, which of us would willingly place ourselves in slavery? Think, then, of the fact that the use of intoxicating stimulants, once begun, quickly and effectively becomes a habit that is difficult to break, that literally enslaves its victims, dulling the mind, doing violence to the body, destroying will power. It is easy enough to say, at the beginning, "It can't get me, I can take it or leave it"; but the time comes when will power has been broken down and there is no further resistance.

Think of the splendid manhood that has been undermined and sometimes completely destroyed by this so-called pleasure. Think of the men, in the prime of life, who have been hastened into old age, who have become incapable and helpless long before their natural time.

Once more, think of the hard-earned incomes that have been squandered, the homes that have been robbed of the comforts and even necessities of life, the bank accounts that have been dissipated, accounts which might have meant an education for a child or children! Only this week we learned of a family where the parents, continuously under the influence of liquor, left their family of six or seven small children, to shift for themselves, to run around in the coldest weather without clothing, crying for food. Think on these things. Think!

PERSONALS

Edward H. Tong

The new boys that have come into the home during the last month are: Willie Wong, Chester Chang, and the three brothers, Howard, Ronald and Gordon Lee.

Richard Fong has served as secretary for the Special Low 7th class since the beginning of the semester.

The school paper drive netted a total of six tons for Stege and twenty-one tons for the Longfellow Jr. High. As a reward for their successful efforts, treat shows were given at the respective schools.

Our smaller fellows attending Stege will be given an opportunity to play roles in the May Day activities, which will be staged on May 18th at the Richmond High School football field. Early California Missions and Indians will form the central theme around which various pageants will be staged. Harry Chew will play the part of a priest, while Eddie Wong, Stanley Lee, Jimmy Lee, Willie Louie and Raymond Chow will be the Indians in conjunction with the other pupils in the school.

John Shepherd, Captain's son, is on the Berkeley High track team. He is entered in two events, the 120 high hurdles and the 220 low hurdles. In the A. C. A. L. trial heats John came in first in these two events. In the finals last Friday, April 29, he took second place in both events, winning a silver medal for each.

RIB TICKLERS

By Smellfungus

Ah Laan: "You remind me of the ocean."

Richard: "What, wild, restless, romantic?"

Ah Laan: "No, you make me sick."

Edward Lum: "When you sleep in class your head makes me think of a story."

George Chan: "Sleeping Beauty?"

E. L.: "No, Sleepy Hollow!"

Joe Chew: "Oh, doctor, I'm so sick - if I could only die."

Doctor Armstrong: "I'll do the very best I can for you."

Miss Dickie: "Alfred, come here and give me what you have in your mouth."

Alfred: "I'd like to, Miss Dickie. It's the toothache."

Jack Wong: "I'd like to buy a lady's belt please."

Salesgirl: "What size?"

Jack: "Well, it's just about the length of my arm."

Flea (to elephant after having crossed the bridge): "We sure shook her, didn't we, big boy?"

Gilbert Louie: "I call my girl friend Mayonnaise, because she is always dressing."

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT CHINA
(continued)

IN BELOVED KWANGTUNG

At last I am writing from Canton, capital of our beloved Kwangtung. It is a beautiful Indian Summer morning, quite like the morning when I first awoke in China nearly a quarter of a century ago. I reached here by train, and was met at the station by C. Y. Hui, who was Lieutenant Hui of the Chung Mei Cadets at our first camp in Sebastapol, 1924. He is now Professor Hui, a Ph.D., and Dean of the College of Science and Arts at Lingnan University, where I am making my headquarters. When he met me at the train we came at once out here to the campus, not by ricksha, sampan and then afoot, as I should have done twenty years ago, but by a swiftly moving, fairly comfortable, but rather raucous taxi - raucous because all the drivers here seem to have the opinion that auto horns are made for use, and this one had two, one for hand and one for foot.

One of the most interesting features of my experiences in this country, ever since I landed, has been the constant meeting of people whom I knew before, either in China or in the United States. In Shanghai there was the young man who stopped me on the street and told me he had seen me many times in San Francisco; another young man who said he knew all about Chung Mei Home, had seen the boys on parade many times, and had attended several of our performances; the young Stanford graduate who approached me at midnight in the North Station and said, "Aren't you Dr. Shepherd? I am -----, I knew you years ago in San Francisco." And then there was the woman who came smilingly into the room, at a home where I was calling, leading a child by each hand, and saying, "You married me seven years ago, and here are the results." I had many such meetings in Shanghai, Nanking and Peiping; and now, down here in Kwangtung, they are more numerous than ever. Among the exchange students here at Lingnan University are Arthur Eaton, a member of our Berkeley church, and two young women who used to live on the same block as us when they were little girls, and whom I knew very well. On the bus the other day a Chinese student took one look at me and said, "Hello, Dr. Shepherd, remember me? I am Lawrence Lew Kay from Seattle." I have known him since he was a little fellow. His parents are good friends of mine; but I had not seen him for about five years. Our own Nancy Lum is here teaching Physical Ed.; and Betty and Doris Shoong are both studying here. Yesterday in the library a young fellow came up to me and called me by name, said he was Frank Fong from Sacramento; and a few minutes later a young girl jumped up out of her seat and said, "Dr. Shepherd, do you remember me? I am Gene." I was quite embarrassed, because I had not the slightest recollection of ever having seen her before. I said, "Please forgive me, but I am afraid I do not remember you. You are Gene who?" "Gene Lee. I used to be in the Baptist Sunday School in San Francisco." But there you are. She had been out here four years, and young girls change a lot in that length of time. Later in the day, on the campus, a young girl hopped off her bicycle and approached me, saying, "Dr. Shepherd, do you remember me? I am Kwannie Lee." I made a little speech about being sorry I did not remember her, and then I said, "Just where did we meet, and when?" She replied, "Oh, it was a good many years ago. Our school was marching in a parade in Oakland, and the Chung Mei boys were marching just behind us. We stopped for rest, and I allowed the flag I was carrying to touch the ground, and you reproved me for it." I told her I was sorry I had scolded her, and hoped I wasn't too fierce. She said, "No, it was all right. It made a great impression on me because you were an American, and it was a Chinese flag which I dropped." Well, this sort of thing goes on every day. It is very interesting to me, but I will not bore you with any more. Just one more though. It surely is funny what things some people pick on to remember about a fellow. The other day I met an American physician whom I had not seen for twenty years. I recognized him instantly and called him by name; but I had to help him out quite a bit before he placed me. Finally, when he had identified me, and we had exchanged a few preliminary remarks, he said, "Say, do you still like mustard?" Can you beat that?

What shall I say about Canton? Honestly I don't know where to begin, and if I do, I am afraid I shall not know where to stop. The changes since I left are absolutely astounding. Tungshaan, the residential district in which I used to live, bewilders me, fairly takes my breath away. I had to go and stand at my own front gate in order to get my bearings. Of course I know the changes were great, and had heard much about them; but to see them was another thing. Where there used to be foot paths broad enough for only one person to walk there are now paved streets, with autos flying along them. Where graves, paddy fields and lily ponds were in my day, there are now beautiful homes and shopping districts. Smartly dressed police officers direct four-way traffic upon spots which were formerly fish ponds, or something like that. It beggars description. I go around saying to myself, "Ho naan sun tak", meaning "It is very hard to believe."

Very hot here, and plenty mosquitos. They are not the harmless kind either, but have a way of injecting a little malaria every time they bite their victim. Not so good! As a result I came down with a spell of malaria and dysentery, and was pretty sick for a few days. All right now though. Friend Bill Poy fixed me up in fine

shape. I must tell you about Bill. More formally styled he is Dr. William Jue Poy, brother of our friends, Helen and Henry Poy. He is doing a fine piece of work here. He came out five or six years ago from Portland, Oregon, as surgeon at the Hackett Memorial Hospital. He is just about to complete his contract with this organization; and as soon as his time is up he will take up his duties as Chief Surgeon at the Canton Military Hospital and Chief Anatomist at the Sun Yat-sen Memorial Medical College. This last-named institution is just about to come into being. A magnificent new building, costing \$1,000,000 (Chinese) is being erected right on the spot where Dr. Sun took up his first medical instruction, at the same time secretly beginning his revolutionary activities. It will be completed and dedicated early in the year. It will be a great triumph for medical science in Canton, and at the same time a great triumph for Bill; for he has had quite a big part in bringing it about.

On October 28, my birthday, I had lunch with Sarah Lee and Miss Calder. Sarah is, as most of you know, the daughter of our good friend, Rev. Lee Hong of Oakland. Owing to the fact that I had such a large quantity of birthday mail, the cat had gotten out of the bag, so when the time for dessert arrived, in came a birthday cake all fixed up with candles. From there I went back to the home of Professor and Mrs. Hui, who have been my gracious hosts during my stay in Canton. Mrs. Hui was giving an afternoon tea, to which she had invited my many friends on the campus. This, too, turned out to be a birthday affair, with a big cake covered with icing, and inscribed "Happy Birthday" and all that stuff. This afternoon tea lasted from four to six - please don't think I was eating and drinking all that time. At seven I had a dinner appointment with other friends on the campus, and at eight o'clock a talk on Chung Mei Home to a combined Chinese and American Faculty meeting. In spite of all that I got up at six o'clock the next morning in order to catch a train for Hongkong. The train I traveled on, called "The Flying Eagle", was a crack train, started on the dot, and arrived at its destination the same way. I had a rather remarkable breakfast on that train: huge portion of oatmeal, fried fish, bacon and three eggs, toast, butter, jam, fruit, coffee - all for \$1.00 H.K. currency, about 30¢ U. S. And if the table cloth wasn't as clean as it might have been - well, what of it?

The first night in Hongkong I stayed in a hotel where I had to pay \$11.00 for a room, nearly \$4.00 U. S. money, much more than I would pay at home. At that hotel I was ushered to my room by a little page in white bell-hop uniform with brass buttons, who, after showing me to my room, bowed low and said, "Master, this is your room." I hate that "Master" stuff. The British are responsible for that and love it. As soon as he had gone, a larger one came into the room, a full-grown man, who also bowed and said, "Master, I am your room boy. Is there anything you want?" I felt like snapping at him, "Yes, I want you to quit the bowing and Master stuff." Instead I said meekly, "There is nothing I want, thank you"; but I said it in Cantonese, and he looked somewhat taken aback. Of course I couldn't stand \$11.00 a night, so for the remainder of my visit I stayed in a private hotel, where I had a nice little sitting room, a cozy little bedroom and private bath. I got service there, too, but not servility. One fellow took care of my room, another called me in the morning, drew the water for my bath, etc. Incidentally, I couldn't possibly have gotten out of taking a bath in the morning, he was so insistent.

While in Hongkong I had the pleasure of meeting and spending some time with numerous Chinese friends whom I had known years ago in the United States. Upon my arrival I was met by Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Wong. Mrs. Wong was the former Edith Lowe of Portland. Later I met the former Geneva Gong and Him Sun, also of Portland, Oregon, who are now Mr. and Mrs. H. Lai-sun. Then there was the former Rose Lawyou of Seattle and Flora Chan from Locke - they are both married, but their married names have alipped me for the moment. Time spent with these old friends served to make my stay in Hongkong all the more enjoyable.

A wonderful spirit prevails here in Kwangtung at this time. As most of you know, the civil and military leaders, and to a large extent the people, of Kwangtung and Kwangsi have been for a number of years estranged from the Central Government; and you will recall that as late as last summer, under the pretense of an anti-Japanese demonstration, the armies of these two provinces were mobilized and dispatched upon an expedition northward. Actually the move was aimed against the Central Government, and had it not been for the keen statesmanship and speedy activities of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his colleagues, the outcome surely would have been a serious civil war. However, by the skilled strategy and cool-headedness of these Nanking leaders, the situation was liquidated, and peace and harmony now prevail, the people of Canton being solidly behind the Central Government. Six or eight weeks ago the name of General Chiang Kai-shek was anathema in these parts. Now his picture appears on every hand, accompanied by printed slogans of the New Life Movement.

It has been great to be back here in Kwangtung again. I shall leave shortly for Hankow on the Canton-Hankow Railroad.

(This trip from Canton to Hankow has been described in a previous issue.

The Editors)

VOL 9

NO 8

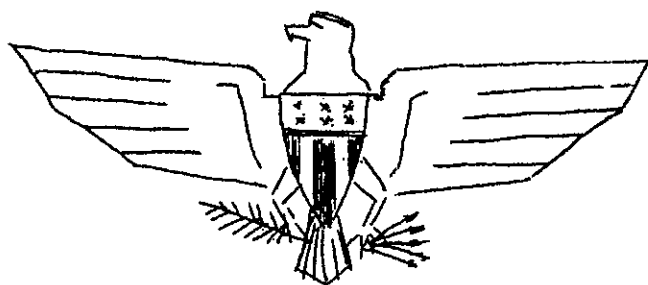
THE

CHUNG MEN

CHRONICLE

JUNE - 1937

月六年六十二國民華中叢月美中



OUR

HONORED DEAD



"THE WORLD WILL LITTLE NOTE, NOR LONG REMEMBER WHAT WE SAY . . ; BUT IT CAN NEVER FORGET WHAT THEY DID . . . IT IS FOR US, THE LIVING, RATHER TO BE DEDICATED . . TO THE UNFINISHED TASK WHICH THEY WHO FOUGHT . . HAVE THUS FAR SO NOBLY ADVANCED. IT IS RATHER FOR US TO BE . . DEDICATED TO THE GREAT TASK REMAINING BEFORE US, THAT FROM THESE HONORED DEAD WE TAKE INCREASED DEVOTION TO THAT CAUSE FOR WHICH THEY GAVE THE LAST FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION; THAT WE . . HIGHLY RESOLVE THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN."



- Abraham Lincoln -

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

STAFF

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

EDITORIALS

IN MEMORIAM

These lines are written the day after Memorial Day, the occasion upon which the whole nation pays homage to the memory of those who at one time or another have given their lives at the call, and for the sake of their country, and for the welfare of their fellow men.

The emotions which move the hearts of men and women at such a time are doubtless varied - love, sorrow, admiration, hero worship, etc; but the spirit which should, more than any other, be uppermost in our hearts and minds at such a time is perhaps best expressed in the excerpt from Lincoln's Gettysburg address reproduced on our cover page. It is for us who live to rededicate our lives to the high ideals for which they fought and died, to the great task remaining before us, and to the cause to which they gave the last full measure of devotion.

We can be grateful that we are living in a day when there is more real desire to avert war, and its consequent slaughter of human beings, than at any time in the history of mankind. Profoundly we hope that our own nation will never again be drawn into armed conflict, nor the world of which we are a part bathed in a welter of blood, as in the days of 1914-18.

It is to be regretted, however, that of late there have arisen those who are disposed to treat lightly the memory of the great naval and military heroes of our country, and to belittle their acts of heroism, self-sacrifice and devotion. For whatever may be our opinion today as to the causes of war, its senseless brutality, and its futility as a means of settling our differences, let it be remembered that the vast majority of those who laid down their lives in the past did so with the sincere conviction that they were fighting, suffering and dying for causes that were right and noble and holy. It is their idealism, their splendid altruism, their heroic courage and self-sacrifice that we remember and honor; and we resent the implication that in so doing we are glorifying war. They fought, and they died, believing, and hoping, that in so doing they were helping to make this country, and the

world at large, a better place in which to live, and that they were doing their part to usher in an age of genuine and universal brotherly love. That they did not succeed in the task was no fault of theirs. It is for us who remain to carry on in this holy cause, and to give ourselves unsparingly to the completion of their unfinished task. C. R. S.

 "These, our little gifts of flowers,
 Wither in a few brief hours:
 With the midnight shall we say
 Done is our Memorial day?"

Can we truly tell that we
 Hold them long in memory,
 Save the faith in us survives
 Which to keep they gave their lives?

God, this tribute let us give,
 Bravely for their cause we live;
 All the dreams for which they died
 Still within our breasts abide."
 * Edgar A. Guest *

AN INVITATION

On Sat., June 19, we will hold our second annual field day. At this time the various age groups will participate in many field and track events. This annual contest is part of our program for developing the athletic side of life in the home, a side which we were not able to stress in our former quarters. Our initial attempt last year was a great success, thoroughly enjoyed by the boys who participated, and by those on the side lines. This year we expect to make it a larger and better affair. There are eight permanent trophies to be awarded for major events, as well as numerous prizes.

Though we did not have many guests last year, we hope more of our friends will find it possible to come on June 19. Therefore we are inserting this note as a very cordial invitation to those who read it to be with us at that time, to encourage the participants, and to enjoy the contests. This will be your only invitation, as we do not feel we can go to the expense of printing and sending out formal invitations.

The trial heats will be run off in the morning, commencing at 10 o'clock, and the finals will begin about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Visitors will be welcome throughout the day - morning, afternoon, or both. It is very easy to reach Chung Mei now, even from San Francisco. A bus leaving from 4th and Mission comes directly to the foot of our hill in thirty-five minutes. Come and help us make this a worth-while and inspiring occasion.

M. G. T.

* * * * *

ANOTHER FORWARD MOVE

Those who were here on the day when our new home was dedicated will remember that although we had a beautiful building there was not a tree, shrub or plant anywhere on the place. It was just a barren hill. Friends who come to visit us today, however, find a very different situation. Our barren hill has literally been made to rejoice and blossom as a rose. In addition to our large grassy lawns we have over five hundred trees and shrubs of many varieties, which make our place look very attractive and beautiful. The work entailed in this has all been done by our boys, assisted by Captain and Lieutenant. But that is not all. Those who saw the early barrenness of our place did not perhaps realize that when the builders got ready to erect our new home they cut the top off the hill, so that we are down to gravel and clay, which means that every time we plant anything, bad dirt has to be taken away and good dirt put in its place. In addition to that, we have moved many tons of earth from the bank at the back of us in order to make room for the building of the garage, and we have also expended a great deal of labor in grading and leveling off in other spots. We are glad to do this as our part of making the place beautiful.

There remain to be done some large and important pieces of work, if our place is to be improved as it should be. For instance, there is a big gully that runs clear through our playing field. During the rainy season this is filled with water. Sometimes it becomes almost a raging torrent. It is very inconvenient, is the cause of many pairs of wet feet among our little fellows, with sometimes woeful results to them; and for some time after the rainy season is over it provides a breeding place for mosquitos. To improve this situation we need to lay clear across our field a drain pipe two feet in diameter, and then fill in with more than a hundred tons of earth. Another thing that we need very badly is a concrete sidewalk, on the west side of our property. To prepare for this we will have to cut down four or five feet. This will give us the dirt we need for filling in the gully. All the work entailed in these undertakings we are ready to do by stages; but the money to buy the drain pipe and to lay the sidewalk is not available. The best price we can get for the drain pipe is \$330, and for the sidewalk \$280. It occurs to us that there are many of our readers who would be glad to match our labor by their dollars and contribute small sums to assist us in this. We are therefore announcing the opening of the CHUNG MEI READERS' IMPROVEMENT FUND, and hope that we will receive encouraging response and will be able to publish in our next issue the names of a goodly number who by that time will have helped us inaugurate our fund.

The Editors

* * * * *

A BOWL OF SHOP SUEY Margaret G. Thomsen

On the morning of Memorial Day the Chung Mei boys visited the grave of their former comrade, Milton Tom, covering it with a cross of blue flowers against a gold background.

Four boys in "Zandavia" uniforms assisted the Square and Circle Club by selling peanuts at their annual benefit performance. The girls of this organization have helped us in many ways, and they annually contribute a considerable sum toward the support of a Chung Mei boy. We are glad to be of a little service to them.

We have enjoyed some especially worthwhile Sunday evening services recently, conducted by Captain Nixon of Berkeley, Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Forbes of Burlingame, and the Roger Williams Club of Palo Alto Baptist Church. We hope all these friends will be able to come again and assist us in this way.

Some of our neighbors are cutting the grass on our athletic field, thereby helping both themselves and us. They get the hay, and we have our field cleared.

A new section of the Bay Bridge highway is now being completed. It joins San Pablo Avenue at the foot of Hill Street, ridding the distance between San Francisco and Chung Mei only about twenty-five minutes by automobile.

PERSONALS

Edward H. Tong

Our newest arrivals are Robert Gin from San Francisco and James Fong from Sacramento.

At Longfellow Jr. High the Chung Mei Volley Ball team has distinguished itself by winning every game in which they played. This entitles the members of the team to join with the members of other winning teams in a weiner roast to be held in Alvarado Park on the afternoon of June 3. In addition, the members of the Chung Mei team, Leonard Chow, Robert E. Lee, Edward Leong, Jerry Lum, Fred Hall and Albert Wong, will each be awarded a block "L" letter.

We were pleased to receive lately visits from Willie Choye, Allan Chan, Henry Chan and Oliver Chin - to say nothing of the sweet young thing Oliver brought with him.

Harry Fong and Philip Lum we see frequently, as they are drivers for our grocer and laundryman respectively.

Miss Thomsen and Mrs. Chin Toy have had part of their vacation, and are now on duty again. Mrs. Young is at present on vacation in Los Angeles.

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT CHINA
(continued)

THE CASE BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN

Two questions I am often asked. One, will there be war between China and Japan? The other, why cannot China settle her differences and live at peace with Japan?

I think it safe to say that the answer to the first question lies almost wholly with Japan. China will not attack Japan without further provocation; but if Japan continues to push her, encroaches any more upon her sovereign political, economic and territorial rights, China will most assuredly strike back, and strike hard.

The answer to the second question is a long story. We must needs go back almost half a century and review the policies and activities of the Island Empire, vis a vis her neighbor on the Asiatic mainland; but I will try to make it as brief as possible.

During the latter half of the 19th century Japan began to cast covetous glances in the direction of Korea, at that time under the suzerainty of China. In 1894 a rebellion broke out, and the Korean Emperor requested the assistance of Chinese troops. Japan claimed to have equal rights to send forces, and refused to recognize China's suzerainty. There followed the Sino-Japanese war, which resulted in defeat for China, who was forced to cede to Japan the Island of Formosa and the Liaotung Peninsula, and to pay an indemnity of \$150,000,000. As a result of protests by France, Russia and Germany the Liaotung Peninsula was later returned to China in exchange for an additional indemnity of \$22,000,000; but still later it became a Russian sphere of influence. In 1905 Japan, over conflicting claims in Manchuria, fought and defeated Russia, secured the transfer of Russia's rights in the Liaotung Peninsula, the control of the South Manchurian Railroad, and recognition of her special political and military position in Korea, which territory she annexed in 1910.

In 1914, during the opening stages of the World War, Japan, seizing upon the opportunity afforded by her alliance with Great Britain, launched military operations against German leased territory in Kiaochow, prosecuted a high-handed campaign, violated the neutrality of China in Shantung, and became mistress of a territory many times larger than that which had been held by Germany.

A few months later, early in 1915, Japan presented her infamous Twenty-one Demands, which if granted in toto would have made China an economic and administrative protectorate of Japan, and which, in a modified form, were accepted by Yuan Shih-kai, under threat, and embodied in two treaties. The first of these treaties guaranteed to Japan all rights and privileges hitherto enjoyed by Germany in Shantung. It pledged China to seek Japanese capital in railroad construction, and guaranteed that no territory or island along the coast would be leased or ceded to any foreign power. The second treaty involved an even greater violation of China's sovereignty. It gave Japanese citizens and corporations the privilege of leasing and owning land, operating mines and industrial enterprises, and the monopoly of all foreign loans for development of new railway undertakings. It extended to the years 1997 and 2007, respectively, the leases of Dairen and Port Arthur, which had passed from Russia to Japan, but were due to expire in 1923. It also granted to Japan the operation of the South Manchurian R.R. for a similar period, and secured China's sanction to a loan made by Japanese financiers to the great national steel industry at Hanyahping, and her promise never to convert it into a state enterprise without Japan's consent. It involved a promise to allow no foreign power to establish a dock yard, coaling station or naval base, to borrow no foreign money to construct such works herself, and that should foreign money be required for any enterprise, or foreign police, military and financial advisers be desired, Japan alone should be called upon. Although these treaties were secured by an ultimatum, backed by force, they were never ratified by China's legislative body; but Japan regarded them as binding.

However, astute enough to know that this whole question would have to come up for review at the peace table, Japan proceeded to fortify herself against this contingency; and fate - or the fortunes of war - were conspicuously on her side. In 1917 Germany's submarine warfare assumed such alarming proportions that Great Britain, France and Italy appealed to Japan for naval assistance. Japan set her price. Great Britain agreed that in exchange for such assistance she would, at the Peace Conference, support Japan in her claims to the former German rights in Shantung and the Islands of the Pacific. France, Russia and Italy made similar pledges. Thus when the Treaty of Versailles was drawn up it transferred to Japan all former German properties and rights. China refused to sign this treaty, and three years later, at the Washington Conference, an agreement was reached whereby Japan surrendered these rights and territories to China; but in the meantime tremendous strides had been made in the Nipponization of Shantung. Actually, Japan never fully relinquished her hold upon this territory, as witness the two occasions, in 1927 and 1928, when the presence of large bodies of her troops at Tsinan, 250 miles inland from the coast, afforded

serious embarrassment and hindrance to the nationalist leaders in carrying out their plans for the unification of the country.

During the year 1930, and the opening months of 1931, official relations between the two countries were on the surface unusually cordial, and the outlook for the future more hopeful. This was largely due to the fact that the Japanese Foreign Minister, Shidehara, maintained a persistently pro-Chinese policy, and was supported by such prominent statesmen as Hamaguchi and Inouye. In April 1931, at Changchun in Manchuria, a group of Chinese farmers and a group of Korean farmers became involved in a dispute over an irrigation project, which led to an armed clash between Japanese police and Chinese soldiers. There followed serious anti-Chinese riots in Korea. In August the situation was still further aggravated when a Japanese officer traveling incognito in Manchuria, with a passport which misrepresented his status, was shot as a spy by the Chinese military. During the early part of September the Japanese in Manchuria became vigorously engaged in plans for military conquest, should such be considered necessary; and on the 15th, General Honjo, commander of the Japanese forces in Manchuria, arrived in Mukden and immediately issued orders to all Japanese troops in that area to mobilize "in the same manner as at a time of actual warfare". Thus the stage was set for a major conflagration. Only a spark was needed.

On the night of September 18 that spark was furnished when, on the outskirts of Mukden, occurred an explosion which damaged a few feet of railroad track. The Japanese claimed that the damage was done by Chinese soldiers; the Chinese in turn accused the Japanese. The truth will probably never be known. The important fact is that immediately after the explosion detachments of both Chinese and Japanese troops appeared, fighting ensued, and the undeclared war was on. Japan's military plans, having been carefully worked out in advance, and China being in no position to embark upon a war of major proportions, the armies of Nippon met with but small resistance; and in spite of repeated protests by the Chinese Government and the League of Nations, and in the face of numerous assertions by the Japanese Government to the effect that Japan had no territorial designs, by February 1932 her military occupation of Manchuria was complete.

In the meantime, at Shanghai, developments had been taking place which led to action on the part of Japan even more astounding than her unwarranted and ruthless invasion of Manchuria. As a protest against Japan's occupation of this vast northern territory there had developed throughout China a vigorous anti-Japanese boycott. Shanghai, being the principal commercial port in China, became the center of these boycott activities, which had astonishing results, leading to an astounding drop in Japanese exports, and an almost complete crippling of Japanese business enterprises in China. One Japanese factory after another was forced to close its doors. Constant disturbances occurred between Japanese citizens and Chinese boycott pickets. These disturbances increased in import and proportion until Japan decided to meet the situation with the mailed fist, and the Shanghai holocaust was the result. Space will not permit of any description of this colossal outrage, and anyhow, it is of so recent a date that the salient facts must be familiar to the minds of all.

Since that time Japan has continued stubbornly and vigorously in her policy of aggression. She has sponsored and upheld the establishing of the puppet state of Manchukuo, which she thoroughly dominates, has poured her troops by the thousands into North China beyond the Great Wall, attempted to direct the political and economic affairs of the Northern Provinces, and made persistent efforts to set up an autonomous government therein. In pursuit of this policy she has committed a whole catalogue of unwarranted, unreasonable and unfriendly acts, so numerous that they cannot even be mentioned here.

This then is the answer to the two questions. Why cannot China live at peace with her neighbor? Because her neighbor will not let her, but persists in ruthlessly carrying out her policy of aggression with a view to accomplishing the political, economic and territorial domination of China. Will there be war between China and Japan? That depends upon Japan; for China, I verily believe, has reached the point where she cannot and will not give way another inch to the Japanese. China is not a belligerent nation. She does not want to fight. She is willing to go to the limit to remain at peace with the world. The spirit of the Chinese people, and the policy of the Chinese nation, are best expressed by those sublime words uttered by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, namely, "We shall not forsake peace until there is no hope for peace. We shall not talk lightly of the supreme sacrifice until we are forced to that point where the supreme sacrifice is inevitable; but China will not again unresistingly bow her neck to a foreign yoke, nor will she place her hand to any document that will sign away another inch of her sovereign territory." China is not seeking new territories; she is not desirous of encroaching upon the rights of any other nation; she only asks to be let alone, to be given an opportunity to set her house in order, to develop her natural resources, to educate and train her youth, and to stabilize her national life, to the end that China may take her rightful place in the family of nations, and make her contribution towards world peace, prosperity and progress.

VOL. 9 THE NO. 9

CHUNG MEN CHRONICLE

JULY - 1937

月七年六十二國民華中報月美中



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

MOTHER GOOSE SPEAKS

It is not alone in the writings of holy men of old, or among the reported sayings of time-honored sages, that we are wont to find those axioms and practical precepts that afford us inspiration and instruction for daily living. It sometimes happens that in the seeming drivel of some jester, or in the apparent meaningless prattle of some nursery rhyme, we find a very gem of pragmatic thought, a real philosophy of life. There is, for instance, to be found among the pages of Mother Goose, a jingle which we have carried with us since childhood, and which has more than once served as a guiding principle in a life beset by ups and downs. We refer to the one which says:

"There was a man lived in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He fell into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
But when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into the bramble bush
And scratched them in again."

As a boy this meant nothing more to us than a childish jingle recording the impossible antics of an obviously quixotic fellow. It was not until after we had grown to man's estate that the jingle began to come back to us, and to appear in the new light of a truly philosophical aphorism.

How wise that man that lived in our town! Wise in his own opinion, perhaps; and yet he was not too wise to make the big mistake of plunging into such an inhospitable environment as a bramble bush, of pursuing a course that resulted in the loss of both his eyes. But wait a bit! He may have been a foolish and impetuous fellow; yet he was not altogether without sense; and most notable of all, having realized that he had made a colossal blunder, he immediately set about improving the situation; for "with all his might and main he jumped into the bramble bush and scratched them in again".

So what? Just this. None of us are so clever but that we sometimes make serious mistakes. Man's biggest folly consists not in making mistakes, but in refusing to acknowledge that he has done so. So, if in the course of our lives we blunder, let us have grace and humility to acknowledge our error, and courage enough to proceed with all our might and main to correct them. The business of jumping back into the bramble bush may not be a pleasant experience, but it is not a bad idea if by so doing we can rectify our mistakes.

C. R. S.

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

EDITORIALS

TO ALL A PRIZE

There is a passage in holy writ which says, "They that run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize. So, run that ye may attain". The writer was, of course, thinking of the olympic games, and of those who strove for the coveted distinction of being champions in their own particular field of sport; yet none will gainsay the fact that in a race the prize, the championship, is not the only thing that is gained; nor is the winner of the coveted honor and trophy the only participant who is profited by the contest. There is a sense in which all who run, and all who participate in any athletic contest, win a prize. There is the physical benefit which comes from such an exercise, the moral stimulus of participating in a fair, manly and honorable contest, and the spiritual exaltation which arises from the sense of having done one's best. Indeed, it is possible for these three values to come in equal proportion to all who participate in the race; and it sometimes happens that it comes in even greater proportion to some who do not win the coveted prize; for, certain time-worn axioms to the contrary, it is not always the best man - best in every sense - that wins.

Life, in some respects, is very much like a race, a struggle, a contest, in which we are all engaged. Some of us are more expert than others, more skillful in outdistancing our competitors, more fortunate in overcoming obstacles, more successful in achieving our object. To all of us, however, is given the privilege of contesting manfully, honorably and fairly in the race that is set before us; and although it may never be our fortune to be proclaimed a champion, our lot to wear the laurel wreath, our joy to hear the plaudits of the crowd, there is none, save ourselves, who can deprive us of that moral stimulus and spiritual satisfaction that arises from the knowledge that we have run a straight race, contested honorably and manfully, and finished the course.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Vacation days are here again, our field day has come and gone, and we are now looking forward to our two weeks of camp the latter part of this month, as well as various other summer outings.

What a busy two weeks were those preceding field day! The day itself, June 19, was perfect. We were happy to have a number of visitors, among them a group of Ming Quong girls, and our dining room seated almost a capacity crowd for lunch that noon. We have thanked personally those who contributed so generously toward our field day fund, but wish also to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for the splendid cooperation given us at this time. We are now eager to see the moving pictures taken by Mr. Gardner and Dr. W. E. Smith.

On July 5 two picked teams, under Lieutenant's direction, played an exciting game of baseball on our own field. The winning team, captained by Leonard Chow, was rewarded with two watermelons, while the losing team consoled itself with one melon. The score was 12 to 7.

Two groups of boys have taken trips to Colfax to prepare for camp. The first trip was an overnight one to take up our cots and other equipment. The second was primarily for the purpose of enlarging the swimming hole in the Bear River. They expect to make still another trip before camp time.

PERSONALS

Edward H. Tong

Visitors were plentiful during the month of June. In the list are: Allan Chan, Harry Chan, Oliver Chin, Roland Chow, Robert and Kenneth Choy, Harold Cheung, Wilfred Hall, Edward Lom and John Fong.

Summer vacation usually means the parting of some boys from our midst. But no matter where these boys may go, our best wishes will always travel along with them. These boys are leaving the home: Tommy Chan, well-known as our artist, who aids in the preparation of the cover of the Chung Mei Chronicle, Joe Chow, John Fong, Fred Hall, Chester Chang, Jimmy Loo, Edwin Ow and Eddie Wong.

Although the number of boys leaving us is quite large, yet the stream of boys entering evens up the score. Included in the group are: Robert Chan, Walton Chin, Samuel Chung, Wilton Woo and Warren Young Jr. Others are expected within a few days.

Our friend, Mr. Leroy Custer, now on vacation from his duties at Bacono Indian Collogo, paid us a visit recently.

Not leaving permanently, but visiting relatives for the vacation, are Barney and Donald Chan, Joe Choy, Richard Fong, Bobby Kwok, James Loo, Billy, Raymond and Jack Wong.

Albert Yoo and Kenneth Young are now Seniors, while Healy Goo and Henry Wong have become High Intermediates.

Edward Lom and Harry Chan have both secured full-time employment until the opening of school.

Mrs. Morrice has returned from two weeks of her vacation. We trust that her time spent at Yosemite has been restful and enjoyable.

The month of July is to be a strenuous one for our Captain. A trip to Seattle will be completed, to be followed by a trip to Arizona for their Summer Assembly. Upon his return he will accompany the boys to Colfax for a two week's camp; a few days in between and he will be off for the Chinese Students' Christian Conference to be held at Lake Tahoe.

* * * * *

CHRONICLE READERS' IMPROVEMENT FUND

Last month we announced the opening of this fund, and invited any of our readers, who felt so disposed, to assist us financially in the task of improving our grounds. Our proposition was "our labor working with your capital". We have been much encouraged by the response that has been made. All together the sum of \$ 139.25 has been contributed. In faith we have placed an order for 220 feet of culvert, which will cost \$ 330.00, will be delivered in batches over a period of six months, and is to be paid for accordingly. In this way we are protected against a rise in price, can pay in installments, and believe that by hard working we can, before the rains come, fill in the deep gully that crosses our playing field.

Following is a list of contributions already received, and for which we are most grateful:

Dr. May H. Sampson	\$ 100.00
Mrs. Lillie D. Carter	20.00
Mrs. S. E. Hadley	5.00
Miss Lou Latourette	5.00
A. Pang Yau	2.25
Dr. & Mrs. O. F. Wisner	2.00
Mrs. Harriet Williams	2.00
Mrs. George Fong	1.00
Mrs. Harold Lowe	1.00
Mrs. Emily Rae	1.00

\$ 139.25

SECOND ANNUAL FIELD DAY
George Chin

The month of June brought us our second annual field day and marathons.

On Saturday the 12th were run the four marathons - long, short, midget and microbe, the last being an addition to the events of 1936. The results are as follows: Long Marathon (for Seniors only) won by (1) Leonard Chow (2) Richard Chin (3) George Chin and (4) Bobby Kwok; Short Marathon (for High Intermediates) won by (1) Albert Yee (2) Milton Lew and (3) Raymond Chow; the Midget Marathon (for Low Intermediates) won by (1) Henry Wong (2) Ronald Chow and (3) Fred Yee; and the Microbe Marathon (for Juniors) won by (1) Glen Wong (2) Paul Yee and (3) Danny Chew. Leonard Chow's clipping last year's time by over a minute, bringing it to 26' 51", indicated the theme of field day progress; while the achievements of Bobby Kwok and Raymond Chow were particularly notable in that these boys have only recently been promoted to the groups in which they won their laurels.

On the following Saturday was held our field day proper. The weather was ideal, many visitors were with us to encourage the participants, and all in all it was a great day. The following are the results, in brief:

SENIOR EVENTS:

- Mile - (1) Richard Chin (2) Leonard Chow (3) John Fong. 5' 25".
440 Yds. - (1) Richard Chin (2) Bobby Kwok (3) Robert E. Lee. 60 3/4".
220 Yds. - (1) George Chin (2) John Fong (3) Robert E. Lee. 32".
Broad Jump - (1) Richard Chin (2) Robert E. Lee. 17' 10".
High Jump - (1) George Chin, 4' 9" (2) Jerry Lum, 4' 7".
120 Low Hurdles - (1) Richard Chin (2) George Chin (3) George Pon. 14".

HIGH INTERMEDIATE EVENTS:

- 880 Yds. - (1) Dewey Wong (2) Raymond Chow (3) Hubert Yee. 3'.
100 Yds. - (1) Willie Wong (2) Harding Gee (3) Robert Gin. 14".
Broad Jump - (1) Willie Louie (2) Dewey Wong. 13' 11".
High Jump - (1) Willie Wong (2) Harding Gee. 4' 2".
100 Yd. Low Hurdles - (1) Harding Geo (2) Willie Louie (3) Dewey Wong. 19 3/4".

LOW INTERMEDIATE EVENTS:

- 440 Yds. - (1) Henry Wong (2) Tom Woo (3) Morris Chin. 1' 23".
75 Yd. dash - (1) Tom Woo (2) Walton Chin (3) Henry Wong. 10".

JUNIOR EVENTS:

- 220 Yds. - (1) Glen Wong (2) Paul Yee (3) Frank Lee. 42".
50 Yds. - (1) Glen Wong (2) Paul Yee (3) Frank Lee. 8".

In each of the four sections there was a feature event: in the Senior, a sack race; in the High Intermediate, a bicycle race; Low Intermediate, potato race, and for the Juniors a marble race (carrying marbles in spoons). A medley relay, combining members of the four groups, was won by the team of Leonard Chow, Hubert Yee, Henry Lee, and Frank Lee, to which was presented the largest watermelon available.

In the course of the events nine records were broken. The Chow and Chin clans took 13 places to dominate the day.

Added to the already imposing array of trophies were four new cups, two of which were the gifts of Mr. John A. Millor, Sheriff of Contra Costa County, and Mr. J. R. Beck, Deputy Sheriff. The presentation of the awards by Dr. W. Earle Smith brought the momentous day to an end.

YOU WILL

THE

PHOTOGRAPH

OF THE

SECRETARY

月九年六十二國民華中報月美中



"THEY SHALL NOT PASS"

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, Billy Wong

EDITORIAL

ATTILLA OF THE FAR EAST

Once again the dogs of war are at large in the land of Sinim. Once again the rattle of musketry, the clatter of machine guns, the roar of cannon, the whir of giant fighting planes and the crash of aerial bombs are mingled with the sound of the tramping feet of marching men and the rumble of mechanized war equipment. Once again the armies of Japan run roughshod over China's sovereign territory, laying waste her countryside, investing her cities and centers of industry, while ruthless aviators rain merciless destruction from the skies, turning to shambles ancient cities of Cathay, once the cradle of Oriental culture and civilization, and bringing desolation, agony and death to countless of China's millions. Already thousands have been slain, the majority of them non-combatants - men, women and children. Numberless towns and villages have been almost wiped out of existence by aerial bombardments. Millions of dollars worth of property has been destroyed, thousands of Westerners have had to flee for their lives, and in large areas international commerce is at a standstill. China, with her back to the wall, is fighting for her very existence. Though inadequately prepared she is undaunted. Against the oncoming hordes of Attila of the Far East she is hurling her heroic sons with prodigal extravagance, and they in turn are frantically surrendering their lives in a frenzied effort to stem the tide of invasion. But there has been no declaration of war by either China or Japan. There has been no severing of diplomatic relations. There has not even been delivered an ultimatum from the government of Tokyo to that at Nanking.

We are told that Japan is acting in self-defense, that she is merely seeking to protect the lives of her nationals who are living in China. Again we are told that Japan's gigantic military invasion is not to be regarded as a war, but as a punitive expedition against recalcitrant Chinese, against anti-Japanism and against those who have repeatedly manifested a determination not to submit to the dictation of Japanese militarists in

the internal affairs of the Republic of China. "The important thing now", says Prince Konoyo, "is the punishment of the Chinese by force." Other Japanese leaders have said the Chinese armies must be smashed and rendered helpless as a means of punishment for their daring to resist the will of Japan. What is it all about?

To answer that question fully would require many pages. We must attempt to put it in a nutshell. Japan is doing today, on a more monstrous and outrageous scale, what she did in 1931-32 when she overran Manchuria, subjecting it to her military might, and then, sending her armada and troop ships down to Shanghai, turned the Chinese sections of that city into a blazing holocaust. In 1931-32 the excuse for letting loose upon China the barbarous hordes of Nippon was furnished by two comparatively insignificant incidents, namely, an explosion causing minor damage to the South Manchurian Railway near Mukden, and the killing of a Japanese citizen in a brawl near Shanghai. The present blazing inferno and bloody carnage, incomparable in the history of mankind, was ushered in by just two such incidents. In the north the trouble began on the evening of July 7 when a company of Japanese infantry, engaged in a sham battle near the Marco Polo Bridge at Lukouchiao, about twenty miles west of Peiping, came into collision with Chinese troops whose duty it was to guard that bridge. The Japanese allege that they were fired upon by the Chinese soldiers. This would not be surprising, since the soldiers were entrusted with the defense of the bridge. Japanese reinforcements were immediately rushed from Fengtai, southwest of Peiping. They began to close in upon the Chinese, and fighting ensued. What followed is now a familiar story to all. In Shanghai the explosion occurred when a Japanese military officer was shot while attempting to enter by force a Chinese airplane hangar, a place where he had no right to be. With other nations such incidents would have been settled diplomatically. But not so with Japan, for Japan was not seeking such settlement. She was seeking only excuse for putting into operation her great military machine, in order that she might carry out her long-cherished plan for the complete subjugation of China, and the overlordship of the Far East. Such has been Japan's aim since she began her insidious campaign in Korea in 1882. The Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95, the Russo-Japanese war of 1905, the annexation of Korea in 1910, the seizure of Kiaochow in 1914, the submission of the infamous twenty-one demands in 1915, the secret treaties with Great Britain, Italy and France in 1917, the Nipponization of Shantung, the conquest of Manchuria, the establishment of the puppet state of Manchukuo, the economic exploitation, military penetration and political domination of North China, and her vast smuggling

conspiracy and attempts to dictate the educational policy of that same territory, were all part and parcel of her same great scheme to extend the Japanese Empire to the Asiatic mainland, and to attain the undisputed overlordship of the Far East. For this cause has Japan built up her powerful navy, developed her mighty army, carefully and skillfully laid her plans of conquest, eliminating one obstacle after another; and for this cause has Japan now once again unleashed her dogs of war upon a neighboring state in an attack, the most monstrous and inexcusable in the history of mankind.

But China is not taking it lying down. For more than half a century she has been the victim of this aggression on the part of her avaricious and unscrupulous neighbor. Because of her inability to offer adequate military resistance, she has in the past been forced to make one concession after another; but she has reached the point where she cannot surrender another foot, or concede to another injustice, without offering desperate resistance. In a speech before a large audience of Chinese patriots in Nanking some time ago, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, in speaking of China's destiny, and of the grave crisis which she faced, said, "We shall not forsake peace until there is no hope for peace. We shall not talk lightly of making the supreme sacrifice until we are driven to that point where the supreme sacrifice is inevitable." Today China has reached that point. There is no hope for peace, except to bow in grovelling submission to mighty Nippon, or to fight, and fight desperately, even to the point of making that supreme sacrifice. China has decided that if she is to go down before the barbarous hordes of the Attila of the Far East, she will go down fighting. But more than this, China has faith to believe that she will not go down. She believes that given the unity of the nation, the loyalty of her sons, the sympathy and cooperation of her friends, the courage and fortitude for which her people have been from time immemorial noted, she will in the end vanquish her foe; and this faith seems justified by her heroic stand, and by her astonishing accomplishments on the field of battle, both at Shanghai and in North China.

C. R. S.

* * *

CHRONICLE READERS' IMPROVEMENT FUND

During the summer our boys have labored faithfully at the task of improving the grounds. The pick and shovel gangs have made a big showing, and many, many loads of earth have been removed from the site where our sidewalk will some day be, and hauled away to help fill up the gully that runs through our playing field. One fifth of the necessary culvert has been received, and put in place. Because of the depth and width of this gully the process of filling in is going to be a

slow one; but it is moving ahead satisfactorily. We have sufficient money to pay for almost three fifths of the culvert needed, and hope that before long we shall be able to purchase the balance.

Since our last issue made its appearance the following sums have been sent to us, to help in this project.

Chinese Mission, Santa Barbara	\$ 15.00
Mrs. Susie Wong Yip	10.00
Chung Wa Kings Daughters, Boston	10.00
Mr. M. C. Buswell	10.00
Mrs. H. C. Louderbough	2.00
Miss Nellie Mae Dunsmore	2.00
Int. Dept. S.S. 1st Bapt. Ch., Phoenix, Arizona	<u>2.00</u>
	51.00
Amt. previously subscribed	<u>139.25</u>
Total on hand	<u>\$ 190.25</u>

We are exceedingly grateful for this assistance, and are looking forward to hearing from other of our friends who feel that they want to have a part in helping the Chung Mei boys to help themselves.

OUR NEEDS: \$139.75 for balance of culvert,
280.00 for sidewalk
\$419.75 total needed

* * * * *

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Really it is not too early to think about Christmas, especially when, by acting promptly, you can secure a bargain. We have on hand quite a number of copies of Dr. Shepherd's book, "Lim Yik Choy", the story of a Chinese orphan, also his little booklets, "101 Chinese Proverbs" and "Rambling Ruminations". These make suitable and attractive Christmas gifts.

Concerning "Lim Yik Choy" a certain American reviewer said, "The author has found the heart of a Chinese boy, noted its workings, viewed the world therefrom, and given us a wholesome, fascinating, searching story which has for us Americans plenty of food for thought", while a Chinese reviewer sums it up by saying, "There are three words which aptly describe this book - interesting, inspiring and accurate."

As for the booklets, they are gotten up in an attractive style, red and purple covers with Chinese lettering, are full of meaty matter and cost no more than some people pay for a choice Christmas card.

And now for the price. "Lim Yik Choy" is reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.25, the booklets from 25¢ to 15¢ - bargain price on the three \$1.40, postpaid.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Our quarterly birthday party, including those whose birthdays fell within the months of June, July and August, was held on the evening of August 20. A happy time was enjoyed around the tables, and after the dinner a laugh-provoking stunt was presented by the birthday group.

On Monday, September 6, the dedication services for "The Donaldina Cameron Gate" were held at Chung Mei Home. This beautiful Chinese gateway, which stands at the entrance of our driveway, is constructed of four Redwood pillars topped by a green tile roof. The funds for the construction of this gate were contributed by friends of Miss Cameron, as a tribute to her splendid work for the Chinese people in our country. Through Miss Cameron came seven of the first eight boys to enter Chung Mei Home, and her interest in this work has been intense through the years of its growth. Mr. A. J. Tweedy, Mr. B. S. Fong and Mrs. Chin Toy, all members of the "Gate Committee", spoke appropriate words, after which Miss Cameron graciously accepted the tribute thus offered her. Dr. Shepherd then spoke, reminding the gathered group of friends that it was Miss Cameron who first laid upon his mind and heart the need of a home for Chinese boys, which later resulted in the establishment of Chung Mei Home. And so the "Donaldina Cameron Gate" now stands at the entrance to Chung Mei Home, a tribute to one whose life has been, and still is being, spent in creating a better understanding between the Chinese and American races.

A skating party at Rollerland was enjoyed by the Senior boys of Chung Mei and the Ming Quong girls. A number of "spills" only heightened the fun.

During the latter part of July sixty boys and four members of the staff camped at Pinecroft, Rev. S. S. Aplin's place at Colfax, California. It was a beautiful spot, and though the weather was more than warm we thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The clear cool mountain water of the Bear River afforded us our swimming facilities. Captain conducted a most interesting class each morning on the "Sino-Japanese Difficulties". Hiking, evening camp-fires and games occupied most of the time not spent in swimming. Mr. Aplin and Billy, as well as "Ponto", the dog, were certainly fine hosts, and did everything possible to make our camp a successful one.

The Chung Mei Chronicle offered a \$2.00 prize for the best cartoon, illustrating the present situation in China. The prize cartoon was submitted by Billy Wong, and is found on our cover page.

PERSONALS
Edward H. Tong

After a summer vacation of interesting experiences, our boys have returned to school to take up their studies once more. In our previous issue of the Chronicle we mentioned the promotions that would take place this semester. Consequently it will not be necessary to repeat that information. However, some of our boys have gained positions of responsibility in the life of the school, and we feel that some recognition is due them. Gilbert Louie has been appointed one of the commissioners of the Longfellow Jr. High, and it is his responsibility to help maintain order and good conduct among his fellow students. Jack Woo and Dewey Wong have been elected president of the L 8 and H 7 classes respectively.

Evidently our boys will once more play a large part in the athletic activities in the schools. Dick Chin is going out for football at Richmond Hi. At Longfellow many of our fellows will join in the various interclass football teams. Badminton and tennis are also scheduled to be played in double as well as individual competitive tournaments, and a number of our boys intend to enter this competition.

George Chan, James Jeong and Edward Lem have left us, and have secured employment while continuing their education.

The following new boys have come to us: Henry Eng, Henry and Daniel Kim, Edward Lee, David Tong, Philip Wong, and John Mock.

The following former Chung Mei boys visited us during the vacation period: Allan Chan, Donald Hall, George Haw, Jimmie Tomwye, Willie Wong, Thomas Hall and Johnson Chan.

Miss Thomsen and Mrs. Young have returned from their vacations in Seattle and Oakland respectively. Mrs. Morrice and Mrs. Chin Toy are now away, and we wish them a happy and restful time.

Raymond Wong and George Chin, with Captain, John and Margaret, attended the Chinese Christian Young People's Conference at Lake Tahoe, and report a wonderful experience.

JUST ONE RIB TICKLER
By Smellfungus

A Philadelphia man called up a bird store the other day and said: "Send me 30,000 cockroaches at once."

"What do you want with 30,000 cockroaches?"

"Well," replied the householder, "I am moving today and my lease says I must leave the premises here in exactly the same condition in which I found them."