

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

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Charles R. Shepherd
Assoc. Editor	Margaret G. Thomsen
Ass't Editor	Raymond Wong
Artists	Billy Wong, Billy Tom

(Editorial Note: We take pleasure and pride in dedicating this issue to the Sons of Chung Mei who are scattered near and far. They have contributed all the material. The cover page is done by our old artists, Tommy Chan and Richard Chin. The other items speak for themselves.)

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EDITORIAL

SONS OF CHUNG MEI

Sons of Chung Mei, our Alma Mater reaches her sixteenth anniversary. Wherever you may be, let us review once more the purpose which so aptly expresses that for which Chung Mei was founded and maintained. "It is the purpose of every loyal Chung Mei boy to promote within the home at all times habits of reverence, obedience, discipline, courtesy, self-respect and all that tends toward true Christian manliness."

Chung Mei has done much in the sixteen years of its existence. An inventory of its accomplishments and achievements would reveal progressive growth from an old frame building in an unsuitable location to its present splendid site and equipment. In the number of boys there has been an increase from eight to some seventy-eight. Fruit picking camps, minstrel shows, operettas, relief dinners, sacred dramas, woodyard, lumber camp, vacation camps - these are some of the highlights that mark the historical development of Chung Mei's growth. That growth was not an easy one, as those who know the history of the home can well attest. It has been a difficult struggle, one of hardship and crisis, but one well worth the effort; for since its inception almost three hundred boys have passed through its portals. Of this number five or six are working their way through college, a larger number are continuing their high school education. A few are grown young men, married, and in some cases with children of their own. Some have returned to China and have established themselves in various lines of business. Still others have remained in the United States, and in certain instances are holding quite responsible business positions.

Of the numerous traditions fostered in Chung Mei, the tradition of self-help has been the most evident throughout her history. Each advance, each achievement, has enlisted the cooperation and efforts of the boys, so that the home is truly not an institution built for the boys; but one in which the boys have shared in the building. In this manner Chung Mei tradition has been encouraged and has been made a living reality. This hard earned tradition is now passed on as a heritage; and the responsibility for perpetuating it rests squarely upon the shoulders of those who are now in the home.

No formal organization of Chung Mei alumni exists, and perhaps the alumni are too scattered to make such an organization practical; but the lack of it does not dim in any way the Chung Mei spirit; for it springs to life whenever former boys meet, and is expressed in their talk of happy memories and experiences of the good old days. Frequent visits to renew and refresh old friendships are but another expression of that inner tie that invisibly binds the alumnus with his Alma Mater.

In a deeper sense Chung Mei is something much more than what is obvious and tangible; Chung Mei is that spiritual association that unites all those who have been sheltered under her roof into a community founded upon a bond of common experiences and fellowship. Chung Mei, for that reason, is a living organization, an organization that will continue to live as long as there is a Chung Mei boy in existence.

Just this wish in closing. May Chung Mei have a future as glorious as her past, and may she in the present fulfill splendidly the task so urgently set before her.

Edward H. Tong - 1925-39

(Edward H. Tong came to Chung Mei Home at the age of thirteen, in 1925. In June 1930 he graduated from high school, became a part-time member of the staff, continuing his education at the University of California, from which school he was graduated in May 1934. He went to China and taught for a while in a Baptist school in Canton. Returned in the spring of 1935 to give full time service as a member of the Chung Mei staff. This position he held until March 1939, when he left us to fill a bigger field as Associate Director of the Chinese Christian Center at Fresno. In his new field he is ably assisted by his charming young wife Mary, to whom he was married just a year ago. Ed.)

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MESSAGES FROM SONS OF CHUNG MEI

Edward Lem - 1927-37 When I was a child, I spoke as a Chung Mei boy, I thought as a Chung Mei boy, and I understood as a Chung Mei boy; but when I became a man I put away childish things. Yes, I have put them away - in a place where neither thief approacheth nor moth corrupteth, in my treasure house of memories. Within this precious stronghold is stored a fabulous fortune finer than gold and silver, more precious than rubies, an inexhaustible supply with which to fulfill my childhood dreams, hopes and ambitions. Countless inspirational messages gathered from morning worship and Sunday evening vespers. Innumerable lessons of industry and fortitude gleaned from the Chung Mei woodyard and gardens. Valuable exercises in discipline and precision derived from the Chung Mei Cadets. The Chung Mei rituals, the Chung Mei alphabet, the Chung Mei chant. All these things and more I have treasured. Fortunate indeed am I to have lived in Chung Mei Home, and blessed are those who are called the Sons of Chung Mei, for they shall inherit the Chung Mei traditions and customs. (At present studying in the University of California, working his way. Ed.)

George Chan - 1925-39 "Happy the days of my boyhood, Wonderful Chung Mei Home. . ." How true these words seem to me as I recall from memory's lane my thirteen years spent at Chung Mei. I have only recently left, but even being away for such a short time I can truthfully say that the work done in creating Chung Mei Home is worthy of great praise. To live and grow in Chung Mei will, to me, not only mean room and board, but a chance to obtain a true introduction to the way of living that will help one to go through life a better person to know. (Now attending S. F. State College; teaches a Sunday School class at the First Baptist Church in Berkeley. Ed.)

Henry Chan - 1927-35 I am now attending Pasadena Jr. College. It is the most friendly school I have ever attended. They give weenie roasts and parties in honor of new students. Old students act as guides for the new ones, show them about the campus, and tell them the traditions of the school. Things are indeed run on Christian principles. I am making my way by working for an American couple, get my room, board, private bath, and \$20.00 a month. Best wishes to all. (Henry was an active worker at the Berkeley Chinese Church before going to Pasadena. Ed.)

Willie Gee - 1925-33 Best wishes and many happy returns. Funny how time flies. Doesn't seem long ago that I was trying to sleep in between acts of "Nancy Lee," nor does it seem more than yesterday that I was picking berries in Sebastopol and logging in Calistoga. Glad I had a hand in building the new home. Congratulations and best wishes to all. (Willie is happily married to Marian Tong, whom he met when he was a dashing young Sergeant in our camp at Locke. At present working at Mt. Zion Hospital in S. F. Ed.)

Philip Lum - 1924-36 I graduated from Technical High last June. Am well and getting along fine; now working in my brother's store. Lots of luck and the best of success to Chung Mei now and in the years to come.

Frank Seid - 1928-31 Since returning from China I have been working as cook in a private family, at the same time as a sign painter during my spare moments. All in all life isn't so bad.

Franklin Louie - 1923-27 Graduated from Poly Technical High, S. F., 1931. Have since been endeavoring to win my spurs as cartoonist and draughtsman. At present engaged in developing a comic strip showing the adventures of "Ah Choy." Hope to sell to some syndicate before long. Best wishes to all. (Frank was one of the original eight boys, entering the home October 7, 1923. Ed.)

Daniel and Henry Kim - 1937-38 I have been working at the Yuba Meat Market here in Marysville for over a year. Am getting to be quite a butcher. Attending Marysville Union High School. Henry is in the seventh grade. Regards to staff and boys.

Jimmie Tomwye - 1928 At present I am employed by the California State Department of Highways in Monterey. Have missed the last few copies of the Chronicle, as I have been moving around. All success to Chung Mei.

Gilbert Louie - 1933-39 Many good wishes and greetings to Chung Mei. May she continue to be the excellent ambassador of the Chinese race that she has been in the past. I shall always remember my happy years at Chung Mei. Am now attending Oakland Technical High, and supporting myself by a school job.

Charles Loh Wong - 1923-27 Graduated University of California 1934. Specialized in Military Science (aviation). Hold Second Lieutenant Commission in U. S. Army Reserve. Now working in the office of California Exchange at the G. G. I. E.

Richard Mah - 1926 Am employed at the Oriental Dry Goods Company, Fresno. Am married and getting along fine. Enclosed a check for five dollars; please accept this with my simple compliments. Hope to visit the home some day.

Stephen H. Jay (Howard Dea) - 1923-30 A member of the original eight, entering Chung Mei on the day of its birth. Have been out of the home now for nine years. From the bottom of my heart I want to say that the lessons learned and the experience gained in dear old Chung Mei have been the most valuable assets of my life. For that matter, such experiences are a most valuable asset to any young Chinese boy in the United States. To my former comrades, greetings, good luck. Let us carry on, although life may not be a bed of roses. To the present Chung Mei boys let me say we never know how well off we are until we get on the other side of the fence. Make the most of your present opportunities, though they may seem somewhat limited. Lastly, let us not measure success in terms of dollars and cents, or in terms of recognition by our fellow men. Let us look more deeply into our innermost hearts, and we will find that success is after all within ourselves, and contentment comes from a consciousness of a life well lived.

Daniel Low - 1930-31 May I be the first one in New York City to congratulate Chung Mei Home on its 16th anniversary. I remember helping to celebrate the anniversary in 1930. We had a grand feed and a wonderful time. After leaving Chung Mei I went to school for three years in Southern California. At present am going to school in New York and working in a tea garden and pastry shop. May the 16th anniversary be a successful one. Long live Chung Mei!

Percy Lowe - 1930-31 I am attending Hollywood High; am in my senior year, getting along fine. My greetings to Chung Mei Home and the boys. May everybody carry on.

Wilfred Hall - 1932-36 It is three years since I left Chung Mei. I have fond memories of the fine supervision and care which I received while I was there. Am now attending Galileo High in S. F. I want to take this opportunity to congratulate all who have had any part in establishing and carrying on good old Chung Mei.

Joe Chew - 1936-37 The years I spent in Chung Mei Home have helped me more than I can tell. Am now attending Sequoia Union High in Redwood City. Greetings to all.

Alfred Wong - 1936-38 I am working hard to make good. I remember the old saying, "A Chung Mei boy can do whatever he makes up his mind to do." Am now a freshman at Sequoia High School in Redwood City. Best wishes for a happy anniversary to all.

Roy and Bobby Wong - 1934-35 Ever since my brother and I left dear old Chung Mei my memories constantly go back to the exciting times we had with the gang, an experience for which I am always grateful. I am now in high school at Monterey. Bobby is in the eighth grade. I am secretary of the Chinese Christian Endeavor Society. My brother and I send best wishes for continued success to good old Chung Mei Home.

George Pon - 1936-39 I am now going to George Washington High School in S. F. Also studying Chinese. Getting along swell. Best wishes to all.

Leonard Chan - 1938-39 I am now living out in the country, go to school in the town (Visalia) and eat my lunch in the store. Best wishes to all.

Harry Fong - 1923-29 I want to take this opportunity to thank the Chung Mei Home for all the lessons I learned when I was a boy. I am now employed by the Wing Chong Company in Oakland.

Lincoln Chan - 1924-30 Enjoy reading the Chung Mei Chronicle. Find it most interesting. Am now employed at Treasure Island. Greetings to the boys and staff.

Chester Wong - 1933-36 I am living near Mt. Hamilton on account of my asthma. Go to school in the country at Hall's Valley. It's just a one room school house, but it's good enough for me. Wish everybody happiness.

Johnson Chow - 1935 I am now going to the Jean Parker School in San Francisco. Only in the fifth grade, because I have been out of school two years on account of sickness. Wish everybody a happy anniversary.

Warren Fong - 1930-36 I am attending Fresno High School. Am a high sophomore, getting along fine. My brother Richard is going to school in San Francisco. Always a Chung Mei boy.

Gene Wong - 1929-30 Have just returned from China a month ago, because the Japanese destroyed our school and our city. Am living in Fresno with my brother. Hello to everybody.

Edward Leong - 1932-38 Am now living in Stockton with my mother and step-father. Attending Stockton High. Congratulations on your 16th anniversary. May many more successful and happy years follow.

Jack Wong - 1927-38 Now living in Oakland, attending Technical High, specializing in art metal work. Hope to go to Arts and Crafts School later. Greetings to Chung Mei. May you have many more years of success and happiness.

Harold Cheung - 1934-36 I am at present acting as assistant manager of the Kwan Yuen Importing Company at Los Angeles. As a former Chung Mei boy let me congratulate the home on this great occasion of her sixteenth anniversary, and extend my sincere wishes for her continued success.

Lawrence ("Larry") Chan - 1934-36 Felicitations on your sixteenth birthday. (Lawrence is a singer of popular songs, and is known as the Chinese Bing Crosby. Ed.)

Chester, Willard and Harry Lee - 1936-37 Our daily workout: Rise and shine at 7 a.m.; go to school at 8; dismissed at 3 p.m.; go to Chinese School at 5; work Saturday and Sunday at the store.

Kenneth Young - 1935-39 I am a school boy, attending Marina Jr. High in S. F. I do not work, as I am going to Chinese School also. I miss the home.

Richard Chong - 1936-38 I am now with the C. C. C. at Manzanita Lake, California. Nothing much has happened since I have been here, although I have been to one forest fire which lasted two and a half days. Most of the time I have been working on a water line, digging ditches, which is really hard work; but now I am serving as a general man for the kitchen. Tell all the boys hello, and that I would like to see them. I'd certainly like to be at the home for the anniversary. Best wishes to all.

Winston Wong Congratulations on the 16th anniversary. I am attending radio college in San Francisco. Am also a member of the Chung Mei alumni football team. Wish to extend invitations to any former Chung Mei boy to join our team.

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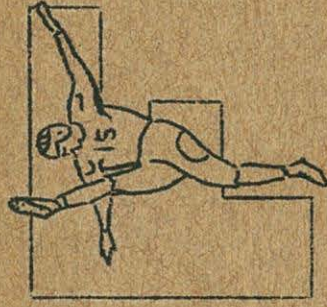
BREVITIES

Tommy Chan, 1929-37 is living with his brother in Sacramento, working and going to school there. . . . Richard Chin, 1927-39 is at present attending San Francisco State College, member of the football squad. . . . Albert Wong, 1931-38 is living with an aunt in Oakland, attending Oakland Technical High School. . . . Harvey Louie, 1929-31, after several years in China, is now in high school in Seattle. . . . Irving (Frank) Chew, 1926-27 is living with his mother and attending University High in Oakland. . . . Victor Young 1924-25 is in Hollywood, playing the part of Charlie Chan's son in a new series of Charlie Chan pictures. . . . David Gee, 1925-26 is cook for Mr. Hill of Hill Bros. Coffee. . . . Roland Moon, 1929-30 owns a laundry in Vallejo. . . . Hubert Leong, 1929-34 and Frank Wong 1930-36 are both in their last year of high school in Los Angeles. . . . Henry Fong, 1938-39 and Leonard Chow, 1931-39 are both working in Oakland and attending Oakland High and Technical High respectively. . . . Robert and Kenneth Choy 1931-36 are living with their mother and attending school in San Francisco. . . . John Fong, 1934-37 is going to school and working for his father in San Francisco. . . . Peter Wang, 1931-39 is living with his brother and attending school in San Francisco. . . . Wayland Chan, 1930-34 is "somewhere in China". . . . Harry Chan, 1928-39 is attending San Francisco State College, majoring in geology. . . . George Chin, 1927-37 is working in San Francisco and going to night school. . . . Roland Chew is working at Haas Bros. candy manufacturers in San Francisco. . . . Jack Young is married; is employed by the Chinese Telephone Exchange. . . . Adam Wu is in the produce business in Bakersfield. . . . Benjie Wu is working in Warm Springs. . . . Walter Lim is working in San Mateo. . . . Willie Choye is working for an American family until he has enough money to go on to college. . . . Allan Chan, 1933-36 is working in Berkeley and taking special work at Berkeley Continuation High School. . . . Frank Ng, 1925-26 is attending the University of California, and is active in young people's work at the Chinese Presbyterian Church in Oakland. His brother Herbert Ng is in business in Oakland. . . . Warren Young is working in Oakland. . . . Oliver Chin is married and has a little daughter. He is living and working in Oakland. . . . Earl Wong is working in a Chinese restaurant in Fresno and attending Fresno Junior College. . . . Frederick and Theodore Schultz, 1925-26 are both working for a drug concern in San Francisco. Theodore has a very sweet young wife. Frederick probably wishes he had one too.

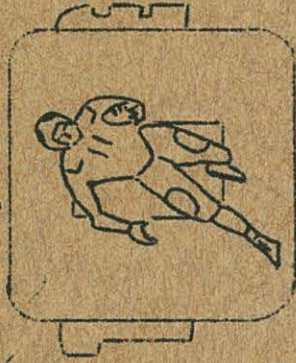
* * * FLASH! * * *

As this goes to press word comes of the formation of a Chung Mei alumni football team. It is understood that already the following have identified themselves with this movement: Roland Chew Dick Chin, George Chin, George Pon, Bobby Choy, Albert Wong, Leonard Chow, John Fong, Warren Young and Winston Wong. This is good news indeed. Go to it, boys! We are back of you, and ready to cooperate with you in every way. Our field is yours whenever you want to use it. Our team will be ready to scrimmage with you, and play real football with you. We ought to make an annual meet between the two teams the "big game" of the year. - The Editors

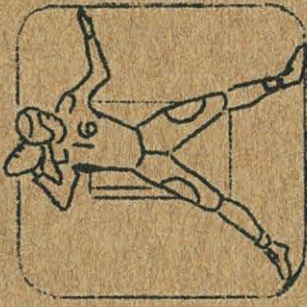
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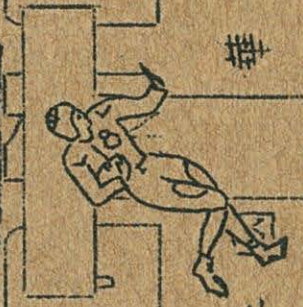


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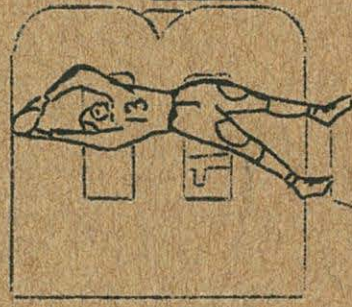


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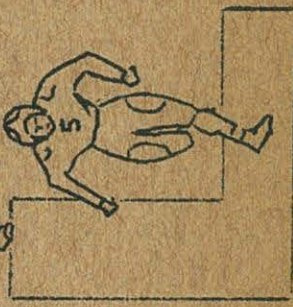
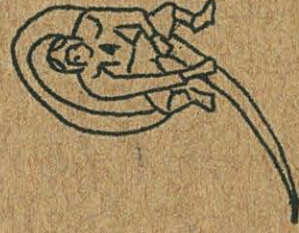
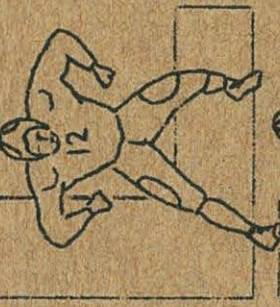
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REBER



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EDITORIAL

MAGNIFICENT IN DEFEAT

Among the numerous football games which we have witnessed this season there was one that afforded us special delight and unusual inspiration. It was not one of those much heralded "big games" played in an immense stadium to the accompaniment of brass bands, and in the presence of thousands of excited and applauding spectators - such contests it is seldom our privilege to attend. The game we are speaking of was just a modest little affair played down on our own field, before a mere handful of spectators, with our own boys pitted against a like aggregation of fine lads from a neighboring institution. Our boys, so we thought, played a magnificent game; and they won hands down. That was of course fine and gratifying; but it was not the only pleasing aspect of the game. The thing which gave us special delight and inspiration, that thrilled us, and still thrills us every time we think about it, was the splendid spirit and incomparable sportsmanship displayed by those other boys, the losing team - the way they played on cheerfully and manfully as the score was literally piled up against them, the way they put their all into the game up to the very last moment, the way they came off the field, smiling and with their heads up, the fine camaraderie with which they mingled with our boys after the game, the happy manner in which they entered into the fellowship around the luncheon tables. It was no wonder that our boys gave them a spontaneous cheer as they left us. "Magnificent," we said to ourselves as we thought about them afterwards. "Yes, that expresses it. Magnificent in defeat."

But was it defeat? Technically, yes. But after all, in football, played as it should be played, and viewed as it should be viewed, there are some things even more important than touchdowns, more fundamental than the points registered on the score board; and in these fundamentals our opponents were that day not one whit less victorious than were our own lads.

The most important aspect of athletic contests is perhaps the contribution they make toward preparing the participants for the greater contests and struggles which await them in later life. A certain eminent Englishman is credited with having said that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the Cricket fields of England. By the same token may it be said of our youth today that as they strive for mastery in strenuous, clean and manly sport, they are learning lessons in courage, endurance, fortitude, self-control and fair play, lessons that will stand them in good stead in the days which are ahead,

"When, from the fields of mimic
 strife,
 Of strength with strength and
 speed with speed
 They face the sterner fights of
 life - "

Of all the lessons life has to teach us, there is perhaps none more important than that of learning how to lose - for it is quite certain that we cannot always win. The great men and women of history, and the outstanding personages of our own day, all bear us witness to this fact. They all have had their moments of defeat. Can we hope to escape such moments? Not to escape them, so much as to be able to meet them manfully and heroically, should be our aim. Without doubt it is true that a man's character may be judged, in no small measure, by the manner of his actions in the hour of victory. We deem it equally true that actually the crucial test of a man's character comes in the hour of defeat. It does not require, perhaps, any great quality of soul to make a man appear magnificent in victory; but it is the sublime soul, and the sublime soul only, that can be magnificent in defeat. Such an attainment is indeed well worth striving for.

C. R. S.

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A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
 Margaret G. Thomsen

Contra Costa County Day at Treasure Island found the Chung Mei Cadets, in full dress uniform, participating in the parade, and spending the balance of the day "taking in the fair." Because it was necessary for Captain to be away at that time, Lieut. Raymond Wong and Sergt. George Chan had the full responsibility, and performed it in a splendid manner.

On Sunday evening, Sept. 7, a group of young people from the C. E. Society of the 1st Presbyterian Church in Richmond, visited us. They were shown through the building, and learned something about Chung Mei and how it is conducted.

On Sept. 24 a fine group of young people from the 23rd Ave. Baptist Church, under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Langdon, conducted our evening service. The young folks played, sang and gave the messages. We appreciated their coming.

The Golden Gate Baptist Church of Oakland, first Sunday School home of the Chung Mei family, invited us to be their guests at the Sunday evening service on October 1.

As most of you know, Oct. 7 was our 16th anniversary. The last issue of our Chung Mei Chronicle, the alumni number, was in honor of that occasion. Here at home the day was celebrated by exemption from all work, except regular household tasks, and by a special dinner and treat in the evening. Our quarterly birthday party was incorporated into the celebration, especially honoring birthday boys of this period. The decorations, favors, etc., were in the Chung Mei colors, blue and gold.

On Sunday, Oct. 29, the young people of the Chinese Presbyterian Church in Oakland conducted the morning service in a splendid and dignified manner. Our own Captain was the guest speaker, giving a message on "What Price Religion." The Chung Mei Seniors and High Intermediates also attended the service.

Our new pastor, Dr. U. S. Mitchell, and his family, paid us their first visit on Friday, Oct. 27. They spent part of the afternoon with us, and were our guests at dinner. The little flaxen-haired twins made quite a hit with the boys. We enjoyed having the Mitchells with us, and hope they will come often.

Monday, Oct. 23, was a red letter day for a good many of the Chung Mei boys, and an enjoyable one for all of them. On that day the entire Chung Mei family, together with the girls of the Ming Quong and Methodist homes, were guests of the Chinese Village at Treasure Island. And what fine hosts they were! We were given a tour of the Island on the Elephant Train, a visit to Ripley's "Believe It or Not," complete access to the Chinese Village and all its attractions, as well as being served a bountiful lunch of Chow Mein and ice cream there, and, last but not least, were taken to the afternoon performance of "The Cavalcade of the Golden West." Truly it was a happy day - for many of the smaller boys their only trip to the fair; and we heartily thank Mr. George Jue and all the friends of the Chinese Village for their fine and generous courtesy.

Last Sunday night, Nov. 5, Rev. H. S. Lee, pastor of the Chinese Presbyterian Church in Oakland, was the guest speaker at our service. We are always glad to have Pastor Lee with us. We also appreciate the services of Maude Chin as pianist

The Chung Mei Alumni football team has been practicing regularly on our field for the past several weeks. They have attractive outfits, and are all set to go. Their first real game was played with the Sacramento "Black Panthers" recently. They played a fine game, but lost 6-0.

We have welcomed to the Chung Mei family since our last issue, Raymond Won, Arthur Lau and Charles (Chuck) Gee, all from San Francisco. Milton Lew has returned to live with his family in San Francisco.

We understand that Albert (Porky) Wong is quite a star on the Tech High football team. In a recent game he scored the only touchdown for his team.

Captain recently paid a visit to Fresno, and spent the afternoon with Eddie and Mary Tong. They are busy and happy in their work; and we are interested to know that Eddie is becoming quite a lay preacher, giving the message each Sunday morning at the Christian Center.

BLOCK AND TACKLE

Harry C. Chan

With memories of victorious yesteryears still stirring in their hearts, the loyal Sons of Chung Mei are fighting once more on the gridiron for the true spirit of sportsmanship, and for Chung Mei's high ideals and traditions, guided by their new coach, John B. Palmer, physical education instructor at Roosevelt Junior High School. The squad is not what it used to be. It is better. Though it has increased in numbers its average weight is only 117 pounds.

On Sat., Oct. 7, C. M. Cadets' football team added its part to the celebration of the 16th anniversary of their Alma Mater by opening the season with a smashing victory over the Mira Vista team to the tune of 31-0. The Cadets speared the initial touchdown in some 2½ minutes, when L.H.B. Jerry Lum returned a punt from midfield to pay dirt, with the aid of precision downfield blocking by his teammates. No sooner had the Cadets taken possession of the ball than they opened another aerial attack, which resulted in a 2nd score by Lum to R.E. Douglas Fong. In the 2nd quarter "Microbe" Dewey Wong got his signals mixed up in a reverse play and collided with Lum, Realizing the situation, Dewey reversed his field and skidded around his own right end for 12 yds. into the end zone standing up. Returning in the 2nd half, the Cadets once more unleashed their brilliant passing attack. Butch Wong snagged one from Lum to account for the 4th score. 60 seconds before the final gun Lum faded back to the 35 yd. line and

let the pigskin fly. End Douglas Fong suddenly appeared from nowhere to wrench the ball from the defenders' hands for the final score. Lum converted one out of five times. Outstanding linemen: Fred Chiu and Bobby Kwok.

Sat., Oct. 14. The C. M. Cadets, uncorking an effective offensive from the starting whistle to the final gun, defeated the Longfellow team 32-0. They scored one touchdown in the first period two in the second, one in the third, and another in the fourth. Scores by: Jerry Lum, Dewey Wong, Tom Fong, Douglas Fong and Butch Wong. Outstanding linemen: Henry Eng and Chester Lum.

Sat., Oct. 21. The high-g geared C. M. football machine continued, unbeaten, untied, and unscored on, as it handed a 40-0 defeat to the San Rafael Military Academy. The C. M. Cadets let loose and scored two touchdowns in 4 minutes. Returning from a scoreless second quarter C. M. blazed forth more spectacular than ever before. After 2 minutes of play, Lum, on a reverse, sprinted 58 yds. unmolested to a touchdown. 4 minutes later Dewey Wong crashed through left guard for 32 yds. to another score. 1 minute before the third period ended Butch nabbed a 23 yd. pass and ran 10 yds. to the goal line. Seconds before the final gun Lum shot a 17 yd. pass into the end zone to D. Fong for good measure. Lum booted four perfect place kicks. With Henry Wong, 91 lb. full-back, motoring the attack, the C. M. Reserves entered the game, took the S. F. M. A. completely by surprise. They crossed midfield in one push from their own 30 yd. line and penetrated 20 more yds. into the enemy's territory before their touchdown drive was intercepted by the opposition on the 30 yd. line. Though they were pushed and trampled all over their own territory, the S. R. Cadets put up a game fight, and displayed true sportsmanship throughout the contest. Outstanding linemen: Fred Chiu, Harding Gee, Bobby Kwok and Howard Lee.

Sat., Nov. 4. Flashing powerful and deceptive attacks, the C. M. Cadets extended their gridiron winning streak to four in a row, by walloping the strong but bewildered Mexican team, 31-0. C. M. did not take a great deal of time before ringing up the initial touchdown. They tallied one in the second quarter, another in the third, one in the fourth, and the concluding score before the final gun. Scoring honors: Tom Fong, Jerry Lum, Butch Wong and Douglas Fong. Outstanding linemen: James Fong, Robert Gin, Chester Lum and Willie Wong.

THE BEST GAME I KNOW

Billy Wong

The best game I know is football. It is my favorite from the standpoint of both the player and the spectator.

I have been brought up in an athletic atmosphere, the most important sport being football. As a very small boy I watched the bigger fellows play, and also I played on a team for the smaller ones. Our teams were the champions of the district because of the fine coaching and experience we had.

Football is a good game because it is built around bodily contact and give-and-take. When a person is under constant punishment, and still has the spirit to go on, he has learned a valuable lesson which is applicable to his activities in making a living, and also in his dealings with others.

A person's true character comes out when he is under fire. In a game one's opponent may be larger than he, and the heat may be sweltering, but if he carries on, doing his level best with a determined spirit, he wins a bigger battle than the insignificant one of the game.

The success of a football team is dependent on teamwork. A player on a team must have in mind that eleven men make a team, and that he must do his part in order to make a smooth working unit. He must realize also that only a few men are able to take the glory, and that he must submerge his ambitions to play successfully for the good of the whole.

Playing on a team and working together as a unit produces loyalty and comradeship. This is accented by constant contact with the other fellow. When you have practiced long hours, and have made trips to different games, you have a sense of pride and happiness which is not obtainable from participating in many other sports.

JUST A SUGGESTION

We have many friends who remember us with special contributions from time to time, and who never fail to respond when we call upon them in an emergency.

We must look to the future, and are seeking to establish a Permanent Endowment and a much needed Scholarship Fund. May we suggest to our friends that in making provision to dispose of their estates, they give serious consideration to the possibility of remembering Chung Mei Home. We shall be happy to talk the matter over with you.

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

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Charles R. Shepherd
Assoc. Editor	Margaret G. Thomsen
Ass't Editor	Raymond Wong
Special Contributor	Harry C. Chan
Artists	Billy Wong, Billy Tom

EDITORIAL

SPIRITUAL REARMAMENT

Just a year ago; writing in this column, we expressed ourself as follows:

"What a world we live in! What a travesty our boasted civilization! In half the earth, war and bloodshed, and almost everywhere else strife among men, classes and nations. Is it to this end that men are born - to be always at each other's throats, to be continually seeking dominion over each other, and greedily striving for profit at each other's expense? Will the time never come when there shall be lasting peace among the nations, peace within our own borders, peace between the various classes, between capital and labor, between employer and employee? Must this ghastly thing go on forever until our civilization destroy itself in some monstrous holocaust which even the tears of the Son of Man will be unable to quench?

"To believe otherwise, in such times as these, requires faith indeed; and where, cry some, is faith sufficient to be found? 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed.' That is what He said. And why did He choose to talk about so tiny a thing as a grain of mustard seed, and so monstrous an immovable thing as a mountain? Because, as He made clear in His next breath, He wanted to emphasize the possibility of doing the seemingly impossible. And why did He choose a grain of mustard seed, and not a grain of sand? Ah, there is the secret of what He was trying to tell His hearers. A grain of sand is a lifeless, sterile thing; but a grain of mustard seed has within it life, power, and a possibility of growth almost irresistible.

"It is for such a faith that we must strive today - faith in man, faith in God, faith in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, faith in possibility of a redemption of mankind, so real, so virile as to turn today's seemingly ghastly hopelessness into hope and assurance of a new day which will actually bring peace on earth, and good will among men. But such a faith must be a living faith. It must first be made a vital,

throbbing part of our own lives. The desire for peace, the determination to keep the peace, and the willingness to make personal sacrifices for the sake of peace, these things must dominate the lives of individuals, to the subjection of all hate, malice, uncharitableness and selfishness, before there can be good will among the nations, and peace on the earth. What a personal matter this is, after all!"

Since the above paragraphs were penned there has been little change in the world situation - unless it be a change for the worse. Further off than ever seems the realization of our fervent hope for peace on earth; and greater than ever the strain upon our faith to believe in the possibility of such an ultimate consummation.

Is there, then, no hope? Must we believe that the lights of civilization have not only been turned very low, but are slowly going out, never again to be rekindled? The answer is to be found in a very, very old book. A quaint old book, some call it, an old-fashioned, out-dated book. But since so many of the newer books seem to afford no satisfactory solution to our problem, suppose we take another dip into the old dust-covered tome. For instance, here is one passage which seems to have some bearing upon our problem. "Why art thou cast down, oh my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God!" And here is another. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." Even more potent is this one. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I say unto thee, ye must be born again. . . except one be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

In these days of new ideas, new theories, sophisticated formulas and philosophical panaceas, it is perhaps a bit humiliating to have to return to such old-fashioned outpourings. Yet are we not compelled to confess that all of man's substitutes for this humble, simple gospel of spiritual living and brotherly love have failed wretchedly? Frankly, have the great leaders of mankind ever actually allowed themselves to be dominated by the spirit and teachings of Christ? They have not. They have tried every conceivable substitute - treaties, balance of power, limitations of armaments, confederations, leagues for this, leagues for that; and all have failed to bring about peace on earth. We are convinced that there is no hope for peace on earth until men in their dealings with each other are dominated by the principles of brotherly love which Jesus set forth so clearly. Moreover, men will never become thus dominated until they are born anew of the spirit which is of God. Spiritual

rearmament is what the world needs and must have if it is ever to be rescued from the horrible morass into which the leaders of mankind have led it. Even moral rearmament is not sufficient, admirable as the idea may be, unless it is a morality born of the spirit of God. Such an idea is hard for man to take, hard indeed. Jesus well knew that when He said, "Marvel not that I say unto thee, ye must be born again."

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Captain has had quite a long siege of illness. We are glad he is on the job again and feeling a great deal better.

Thanksgiving 1939. Once again we have celebrated Thanksgiving Day in the regular Chung Mei manner. Through the kindness of the Woman's League of the First Baptist Church of Berkeley, who contribute annually toward this dinner, we enjoyed a bountiful repast of turkey and dressing, with the usual accompaniments, ending with the traditional pumpkin pie. Preceding the dinner, our undefeated football team again distinguished itself by defeating a team from Emeryville High, the details of which game will be found elsewhere in this issue. So it was a jubilant and thankful crowd gathered around the tables, with Coach Palmer and Mrs. Palmer as our special guests. We are indeed grateful to God for His continuous mercies toward us, and for His protecting care over us, not only on this one day, but throughout the year.

The last Alumni football game played on our field was with the C. Y. O. team of San Rafael, the game going to C. Y. O. with a score of 6-0. Following the game the members of the Alumni team were our guests at dinner.

Recently the El Cerrito City Council voted to pay for fifteen new trees for planting between the sidewalk and curb on our Union Street frontage. Our senior boys applied themselves diligently in digging large deep holes, into which an abundance of good soil was poured, and the trees, Sycamores, are now placed. We are anticipating the lovely picture they will make in the future.

We are also now in the process of planting a small forest of tiny Eucalyptus trees brought down from the hills, over on the extreme eastern portion of our land, which we call "no man's land."

Another improvement on our grounds is the paving of our back yard and side driveway, which in times past was a veritable sea of mud during the rainy season. This is also going to prove a boon to the inside of our building, obviating the necessity of bringing in a good deal of mud on boys' shoes.

Sunday, December 3, was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the First Baptist Church of Berkeley, at which time the Chung Mei boys attended the morning service in a body.

We are very sorry that our good friend Mr. Tweedy, or "Uncle Bert," as the boys call him, has been ill for some time. We miss him out here, and wish for him a complete and speedy recovery.

As usual, Captain has had many calls for speaking engagements. He has recently spoken to the Men's Brotherhood at the First Baptist Church of Fresno, to one of the evening circles at the Melrose Church in Oakland, to the Berkeley Exchange Club, and to the Woman's Auxiliary of the First Presbyterian Church of Richmond.

Our annual Thanksgiving visit to the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church was postponed this year until Sunday, December 10. Owing to the heavy downpour of rain, the engine of the bus was flooded, and detained us from reaching the church in time to take part in the service. However, we appreciate the offerings of foodstuffs brought for us, as usual, by our Tenth Avenue friends.

Our cover artist, Billy Wong, has done a very fine piece of work in transposing his drawing of the Rheims Cathedral onto the stencil for this Christmas number. The complete job took him about twelve hours. Billy, otherwise known as "Butch" has done outstanding work in this field, and we take this opportunity to express our appreciation. He is to graduate from the Richmond Union High School this month, and will then be leaving us, as he expects to secure a school job in San Francisco and attend San Francisco Junior College.

Harry Chan, who left us last year to attend San Francisco State College, has been living here temporarily for the last few months, and commuting to San Francisco State. He is, however, securing employment and a fine home with Mr. Mueller of Chula Vista, near San Diego, and will go there immediately at the close of the school term, transferring to the San Diego State College. We feel sure this is a splendid opportunity for Harry, and wish him Godspeed.

George Chan, who also left us last year to attend San Francisco State College, has recently been appointed by our American Baptist Home Mission Society to the position of part-time boys' worker at our Sacramento Chinese Mission. George will take up his duties there the first of the year, transferring to the Sacramento Junior College, where he will continue his studies. This is another splendid opportunity, and we know that George will do his best to live up to it.

BLOCK AND TACKLE

Harry C. Chan

Piloted by their new mentor, Coach John B. Palmer, the C. M. Cadets have brought to a close the season of 1939, the most successful and spectacular gridiron campaign in C. M.'s football history. Playing 8 games, the Cadets have rolled up a total of 205 points to their opponents' 14. To the Japanese star fullback of Emeryville High B's goes the honor of scoring the only 2 touchdowns against the C. M. eleven this season.

Nov. 8 the C. M. team met the Albany Hi B's. 2 minutes after the kick-off Douglas Fong reversed to Jerry Lum, who sprinted around right end from his 40 to the visitors' 40 yd. line. Albany was offside on the next play. The game was resumed, and Dewey Wong plunged short side for 5 more to the 30 yd. line. 2nd down and 5 to go, Lum faded back to the 40 and let the pigskin go. Dewey appeared amid the secondary and snagged the ball. The pass was good for 10 yds., and Dewey added 11 more before being knocked out of bounds on the 9 yd. line. Lum carried the ball to the 5 on a cross buck. It was either now or never, and the next play clicked with precision as D. Fong on a reverse lateraled to Tom Fong, who ran around left end to score the only touchdown. The try for extra point was blocked. During the rest of the game the Cadets hung grimly on to that lead as time after time they courageously smothered the threats of the heavy visiting team.

On Sat., Nov. 18 the C. M. team went to San Rafael for a return game with the boys of the Military A cademy, whom they had previously defeated 40-0. They found themselves up against an absolutely renovated team that was determined to avenge its former defeat, and it was necessary to shift into high gear in order to overcome their opponents. There was one point in the game when the C. M. lads were caught napping, and the Army boys penetrated deep into their territory by firing spot passes. However, the sudden threat to score was checked as Douglas Fong ran 57 yds. to the Army 17 yd. line. In this he was greatly aided by Chester Lum's key block. The final score was C. M. C. - 19, S. R. M. A. - 0.

Nov. 22. This was the day on which C.M.'s perfect record of being unbeaten, untied and unscored against was marred by seven points scored by the opponents, even tho' the final score was 32-7 in the Cadets' favor. The C. M. team will never forget the hefty Japanese star fullback, who received the kickoff and went "gone with the wind" 60 yds. to score the 1st touchdown against them this year. Neither will any who saw it forget Jerry Lum's sensational sprint to a touchdown after Douglas Fong's pass interception and lateral to him. A nother high spot was when elusive Tom Fong cleverly maneuvered out of a

reverse, received a lateral from D. Fong and sprinted over the line. The return game was played Dec. 2, a spectacular and exciting one. In the 1st quarter Emeryville's flashy Japanese fullback sprinted 65 yds. to a touchdown. Things looked bad. In the 2nd quarter the Cadets capitalized on a fumble. Tom Fong by a sudden dash around left end, gave C. M. her 1st score. Things looked better. In the closing seconds Lum heaved a 45 yd. toss that floated into the arms of D. Fong, who was in the end zone. Things looked grand. Final score - 14-7.

* * * * *

LAST MINUTE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Avail yourself of our club book offer.

THE CASE AGAINST JAPAN	\$ 2.50
THE STORY OF CHUNG MEI	2.00
LIM YIK CHOY	1.00
101 CHINESE PROVERBS	.15
RAMBLING RUMINATIONS	.15
Total	\$ 5.80

Special Christmas offer - \$3.50 the set.

Any separate volume - 20% off above price.

This offer good only until December 31.

* * * * *

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

O Lord, there sit apart in lonely
places,
On this the gladdest night of all the
year,
Some stricken ones with sad and weary
faces,
To whom the thought of Christmas brings
no cheer.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the pitying Christ-child very
near.

And there be tempted souls this night,
still waging
Such desperate warfare with all evil
powers;
Anthems of peace, while the dead strife
is raging,
Sound but a mockery through their mid-
night hours;
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send thy tempted, sinless Christ-
child very near.

Lord, some sit by lonely hearthstones,
sobbing,
Who feel this night all earthly love
denied,
Who hear but dirges in the loud bell's
throbbing
For loved ones lost who blessed last
Christmastide;
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the loving Christ-child very
near.

VOL. 12 NO. 4

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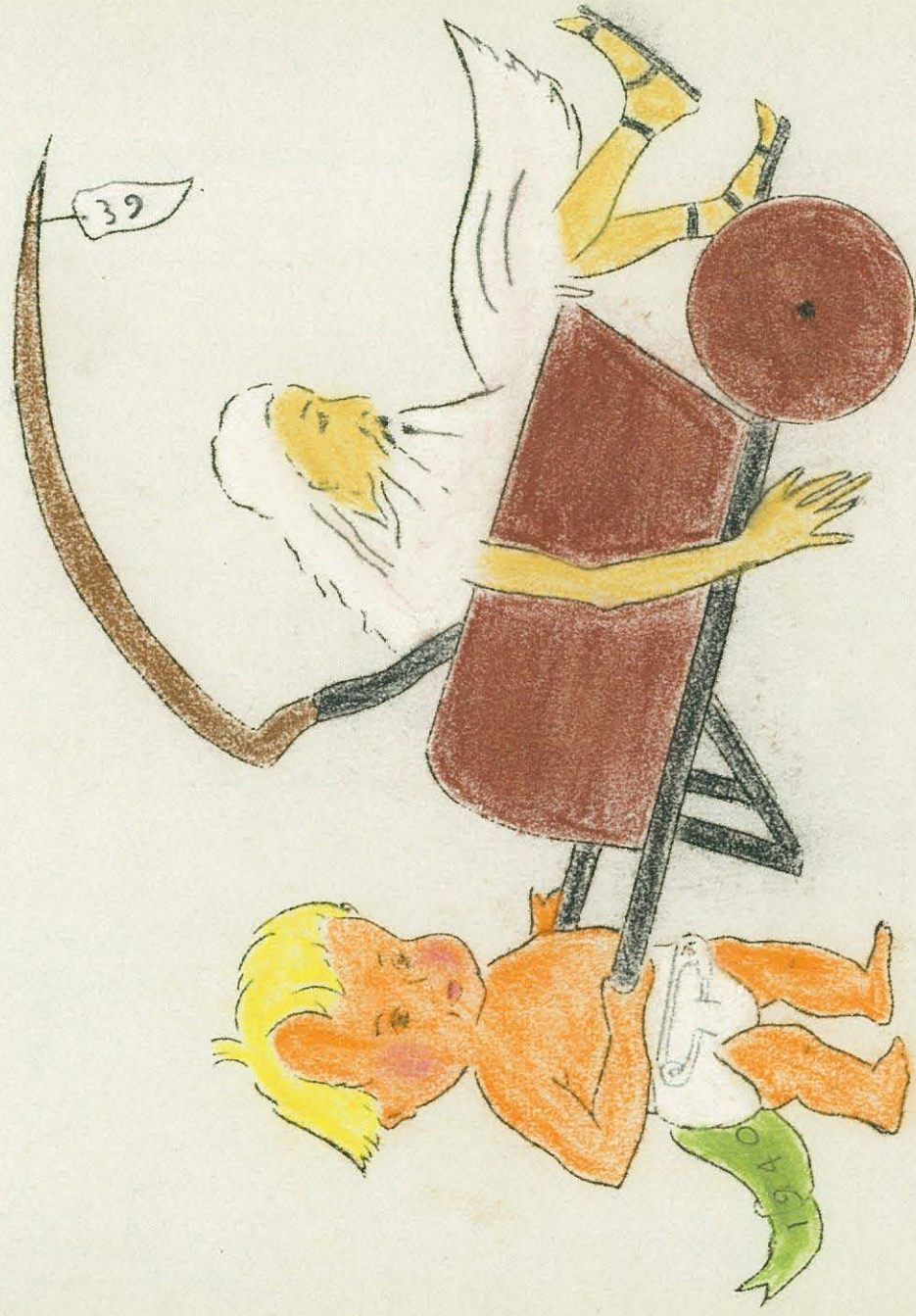
CHUNG MEI
CHRONICLE

JANUARY

1940

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

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

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EDITORIALS

LIFE - NOT A CHORE BUT A CHALLENGE

Recently, while reading an article in a well known national magazine, we came across a passage which by its very terseness and potency at once arrested our attention, struck a responsive chord within us, and vigorously set our mind in motion. The writer was speaking of a certain group of persons who had grown up in an environment that was pitiably circumscribed, in a community that was unhappy and lustreless, persons who were endowed with neither vision nor initiative, who lacked both courage and conviction, who were vaguely of the opinion that the world owed them a living, but seemed entirely oblivious to the idea that they in turn owed something to the world. To this group of persons, said the writer, "life was a chore, not a challenge."

What a pungent antithesis! A chore - something in the nature of a drudgery, something that is done because it has to be done, and in the doing of which there is but little joy, something to be thrown aside at the first reasonable opportunity, something from which one is glad to escape. A challenge - something that inspires to energy, industry and perseverance, something that calls out the very best that is within us, that spurs us on to greater accomplishments, that gives us faith to attempt great things, and courage to face grim obstacles, believing that "in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

We live but once - for how long we know not. Here we are in a world that seems to be in pretty sore need. Shall we think of our sojourn here as just a chore which we cannot avoid, and shall we be glad to be rid of it; or shall we regard it as a challenge, a call to do our part in helping to make the world a better place in which to live? It may seem to us that we are but pretty small fish in a very, very large ocean; but even at that there is surely some contribution which we may make. Verily there is; and life's challenge is that

we find that thing and pursue it to the very best of our ability, no matter how great the obstacle, nor how sinister the opposition. Let us, therefore, face this new year with the firm conviction that life is not a mere chore, but a very definite challenge.

GULLIVER HAD THE RIGHT IDEA

The other day we viewed the brand new motion picture version of Jonathan Swift's famous story, "Gulliver's Travels." We found three things about it that greatly pleased us. In the first place, the original story has not suffered by the introduction of a lot of horror scenes which would make it utterly unfit for children's entertainment, as was unfortunately the case in "Babes in Toyland" and "The Wizard of Oz." In the second place, we found it a marvel of technicolor and an outstanding triumph in cartoon animation. But the thing which pleased us most about it was the fine story which it taught without seeming to preach.

A wedding is about to take place between the daughter of King Little of Lilliput and the son of Bombo, King of a neighboring state. Trouble arises, however, over the matter of what song should be sung at the wedding. King Little insists that the song should be "Faithful," the national song of Lilliput. King Bombo, on the other hand, is equally determined that "Forever," the song of his country, should be the song sung upon this great occasion. A heated argument arises; both kings become very angry, both refuse to give way. As a result, instead of a wedding, war is declared between the two kingdoms. One sees the little people scurrying hither and thither in their preparations for battle. The opposing forces face each other, their hearts set upon mutual destruction; and hostilities actually commence.

Then up speaks Gulliver. "Come, come, little people! What is this all about? For the sake of a mere song would you destroy each other? 'Forever?' It is a good song. 'Faithful?' That is also a good song. Why not get together on this and sing a united song, 'Faithful Forever?'"

"A good idea," says King Little. "Aye, aye indeed," agrees King Bombo. And so peace is restored; the little men lay aside their arms, the wedding is happily celebrated with everyone singing "Faithful Forever."

A childish story? Yes; but there is a

fine philosophy wrapped up in it. It is true that we do not find this particular development in the original story; but the interpolation is a good one. How many of our private squabbles, community feuds, national and international quarrels have their foundation in stupid disagreements and stubborn unwillingness to give ground; and how many of such quarrels could be solved by a little compromise, a willingness to meet each other half way! If the children of today, who will be the men of tomorrow, can learn this lesson, and put it into practice in their dealings with each other, think what it would mean to the world of the future.

C. R. S.

* * * * *

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused. It answered soft and low:
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried,
But ere the question into silence died,
The answer came: "Nay, this remember too,
God's will to do."

"To know, to do; can this be all we give
To Him in whom we are and move and live?
No more, New Year?" "This too must be your care,
God's will to bear."

Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yea, this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love."

-- J. M. C. Bouchard --

* * * * *

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

-- Anon. --

* * * * *

PERSONALS

Raymond Wong

Stanley Lee, Chester Lum and Raymond Wong participated in the Christmas pageant at the First Baptist Church of Berkeley, taking the part of shepherds.

Edwin Lawyou, a former Chung Mei boy, and writer of this column from November 1931 to July 1932, is now in China serving with the Chinese air force as a ground mechanic.

Winston Wong, another former Chung Mei boy, and a member of the Chung Mei Alumni Football Team, surprised us all recently by his marriage. Captain officiated at the ceremony. We wish for Winston and Lily Mae many years of happiness together.

Billy "Butch" Wong, our former cover artist, has already secured a part-time job in San Francisco, and will be ready to take up his school work at Junior College when the new term opens.

Bertram Chan and Jerry Lum both have school jobs in San Francisco, and expect to enter Commerce High next term.

Jack Woo has gone to Benicia to live with his married sister. He will attend high school there, and will help in his brother-in-law's restaurant out of school hours.

Bobby Joe and Philip Wong have returned to San Francisco to live with their parents.

New members of our family are: Edward Chan, brother of Bertram, and Walter Eng, both from San Francisco; Calvin Coolidge Lim from Salinas; Samuel Paul Gee and James Lee from Oakland.

Oliver Chin, another of our alumni, has recently become the father of a second baby daughter. Congratulations, Oliver and Gertrude.

Dewey Wong and Henry Eng were graduated from the Longfellow Junior High School, and are now attending Richmond High.

Gordon Chang, Morrey Chung, Kern Quan, Edward Lee, Ronald Chow, Robert Chan, George Louie and Joseph Lee all have gone up to Longfellow Junior High from Stege Elementary.

A new member has been added to our Chronicle staff this month, in the person of Tommy Fong, who will succeed Billy Wong as one of our cover artists. This cover is his first piece of work for us, and we anticipate even finer things from him in the future.

We have had welcome visits from Philip Lum, Leonard Chow, Richard Chong, Albert Yee, Jack Wong, Billy Wong, and the Chung Mei Alumni Team.

Harding Gee is at present Commissioner of Law and Order at Longfellow Junior High. We are proud of the fact that Harding has been appointed to this important office, and especially proud of the manner in which he is fulfilling the duties involved therein.

We welcome to our staff Mr. Henry Chan from Seattle, who will fill the position formerly held by Edward H. Tong, and more recently by Raymond Wong. Raymond's desire to attend business college made it necessary for him to relinquish this post. We appreciate the spirit in which he has carried on during this interim, and wish for him the greatest success in his endeavors to prepare for a business career. Mr. Chan has had much experience with boys, and is exceedingly capable along numerous other lines. We are happy that he has come to us, and feel sure that he is going to be a most helpful and congenial member of our staff. (Ed.)

CHRISTMAS AT CHUNG MEI
Harry C. Chan

Exemplifying the true spirit of Christmas, just as the everlasting light shone above the little town of Bethlehem, so the light of Christian fellowship shone at Chung Mei Home as our large family enjoyed a merry time around the Christmas tree.

First on the program was the fried chicken dinner and all the good eats that came with it. However, not all, but most everyone, made reservation for just the required room for a tempting helping of ice cream and cake.

A call for an intermission was moved, seconded and passed. All made their very best of it before everyone returned to the dining hall and gathered eagerly around the tree. The dining hall was in semi-darkness, lighted only by the glow of the Christmas tree, at the top of which reflected a quiet and peaceful blue star. The boys' faces were gleaming with joy, and some were straining with suspense. The beautiful Christmas carols were sung. After each carol Capt. in prolonged the suspense by his usual jokes that due to "unforeseen difficulties" Santa Claus has been delayed. (Captain just can't fool the Chung Mei family any more.)

At last! Santa Claus arrived! Three cheers for Santa Claus! Everyone joined in "Jingle Bells." What happened a few moments later the readers can well imagine. Picture a family of seventy-nine boys receiving their presents. Hear the joyful exclamations. It was reminiscent of the old familiar story of "the old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children that she did not know what to do." All thoughts were thoughts of

gladness. Suspense was over.

Each Christmas, super-sleuthing the identity of Santa Claus has been the custom of the boys. This year Santa Claus almost got by by the skin of his teeth, but he was finally unmasked. The Chung Mei family is very grateful to Mr. Jevons, an old friend, for his unique performance of Santa Claus.

Many of the boys who saw Christmas at Chung Mei for the first time were very much thrilled. It certainly did their hearts good. Thus another Merry Christmas at Chung Mei came to an end; but it will remain firmly in memories as the years go by.

* * * * *

Dear Readers:

Each month we send out slightly over a thousand copies of our little paper. We have no means of knowing how many of these are actually read, how many are promptly consigned to the waste paper basket. We do know that some are read from cover to cover, because every once in a while somebody writes us and tells us so, or speaks about it when we meet them. However, those from whom we actually hear constitute a very small percentage of those to whom we send our publication. Some of our friends have been kind enough to say most encouraging things. A few - a very few - have made helpful criticisms; and in all our history we have had only one criticism which we felt was unkind and unwarranted.

Now let us state the purpose of our paper. It is to give general news about the Chung Mei Home, to stimulate interest and support in the work we are attempting to do, and to pass along to our readers, whoever they may be, some items of useful information, some measure of inspiration, and some bit of helpfulness in daily living. If our readers feel that this is a worthy purpose, and that we are succeeding in it, it wouldn't do us any harm to tell us so once in a while. On the other hand, if we are falling short in any respect, we really would welcome criticism and appreciate suggestions.

Sincerely,

THE EDITORS

* * * * *
*
* Should any friend desire to *
* make a gilt-edged investment, *
* and leave behind him a memo- *
* rial which time cannot de- *
* stroy, we suggest that he *
* remember the Chung Mei Home *
* in his will. *
* *
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Vol. 12 No. 45

The
Chung Mei

Chronicle

Feb. 1940

月二年九十二國民華中報月美中



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

STAFF

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Assistant Editor	W. Tom

EDITORIAL

I'M AN AMERICAN. SO WHAT?

In these days, when so many of the nations of the earth are engulfed in bloody and relentless warfare, when vast territories, erstwhile fruitful and pleasant, are being devastated and laid waste, when beautiful and stately cities are being ruthlessly destroyed, when countless numbers of men, women and children - like unto ourselves - are being wantonly slain, and their bodies cast to the beasts of the field and the vultures of the air, it is not surprising that here, in our own land, which so far has escaped the ghastly horrors of warfare, there should be many who, through the media of pulpit, press and radio, give voice to expressions of gratitude that ours is a happier land, and our lot a better one. Stirring editorials appear expressing, on the part of the writers, profound thanks that they and their readers live in America; magazine articles are written extolling the American way, and enumerating the many blessings enjoyed by those who live under the protection of our flag, and who breathe the sweet air of our "land of the free"; and ever and anon, over the radio, booms some stentorian voice declaring fervently "thank God I am an American," or something to that effect.

To be sure, we have many reasons to be thankful that we are Americans, or, if not Americans, that we are fortunate enough to live in this land; but let us have a care lest we permit ourselves to become unduly self-satisfied. It is well that we keep ever in mind the little story of the Pharisees and the Publican, with which Jesus of Nazareth once sought to warn his hearers. "God, I thank thee," cried the complacent Pharisee, "that I am not like other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican." God forbid that we should be unduly critical of our fellow-men; but in some of the items that we have read, and in some of the declamations we have heard from the platform and over the ether, we have seemed to detect an unpleasantly pharasaical note or two - "God, we thank thee that we are not as these others, Japanese, Germans, Russians, or even as these troublesome foreigners within our midst."

By all means let us be truly thankful for all the blessings which come to us from our being Americans, or by reason of the fact that we live in America; but there are a few things that we must never, never forget.

In the first place, for most of us this citizenship has not been a matter of choice. We were just fortunate in being born in America; and even those of us who are Americans by adoption will have to admit that after all we did not acquire this status because we had achieved some degree of moral, spiritual and intellectual superiority that entitled us to special consideration. Because we believed that in this land we should find spiritual and material benefits and advantages, we sought permission to enter, and that permission was graciously granted us, with little or no questioning as to whether or not we had anything to contribute to the welfare of the nation. So, whether we are Americans by birth or by adoption, we have really very little grounds for boasting, but much cause indeed for thankfulness.

In the second place, are we, in the last analysis, really so much better than these others? Isn't it a fact that the history of our own nation, when stripped of all naive interpretations, pious implications and chauvinistic flag-waving, with which it is usually adorned, is actually none too pleasant a story? In this connection we would like to commend to our readers a thoughtful perusal of "A New American History" by W. E. Woodward. The picture presented may not be accurate in all respects; we may object to some of the author's interpretations and implications, and we may take serious issue with some aspects of his political philosophy; but the book at least affords much food for serious thought. It may be claimed, and perhaps rightly so, that although we have been guilty of ugliness, persecution, dishonesty and aggression in the past, we have now risen above these things and reached a higher plane of sincerity, tolerance, justice, social integrity, and a spirit of world brotherhood. Perhaps. But even so there is still the question of whether we would have reached that plane if in spiritual and intellectual freedom, economic advantages, and geographical propinquity we had been no better off than some of these other nations.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, let us ever keep in mind the fact that "unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." Blessings, privileges and advantages undoubtedly involve responsibilities. Because we are Americans we owe to America, and to

the world, a debt that is far too great to be paid by mere pious ejaculations of thanksgiving, by spread-eagle declarations of gratification, or by sporadic flag-waving. To our country we owe it to observe its laws as they exist, and to honestly do our part to improve those laws where they need improvement. We owe it to do everything in our power to promote within our land social justice, political honesty, national integrity, and the spirit of international brotherhood. To such an end the first essential is of course personal honesty, integrity, justice and brotherly love; for until we have achieved such virtues ourselves we can do little to inspire others in that direction.

And now back to the question with which we started out. I am an American. So what? So, I will thank God that I am an American; but I will not let it go at that. I will show my gratitude, not by despising those whom I deem less fortunate, but by ever reminding myself that it is through no special merit of my own that my "lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." I will prove my gratitude by doing everything in my power to make America a better place in which to live; and I will lend my influence, my strength and my life to making my country not only the best land in all the world, but the greatest possible blessing to all mankind. This I will do, not with any feeling of self-righteousness, but from a deep sense of gratitude to God and a sincere love for my fellow men.

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Dr. T. Z. Koo, noted Chinese Christian leader, spoke at the First Baptist Church in Berkeley on Sunday morning, January 21. A number of Senior boys stayed for the service, and were much impressed and inspired by his message.

On Sunday evening, January 21, we paid our annual visit to the Thousand Oaks Baptist Church, now under the leadership of Rev. Kenneth Wallace. The boys sang, and Captain gave the message.

The Chinese Christian student mid-winter conference was held in Oakland, January 26-28. During the Saturday morning class period Captain presented the intimate story of Chung Mei Home. Many of these young people had never before heard our work presented in this way. Then on Sunday afternoon about forty of the delegates visited us. After a short talk in the chapel, three groups were escorted on a tour of the building, ending up in the dining room, where tea was served. We were indeed happy to be host to these fine young people, and hope to see more of them in the future.

On this same afternoon we were happy to have a visit from some of our Chinese workers in San Francisco. They were: Miss Flora Hubbard and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Wichman of the Chinese Presbyterian Church, Miss Celia Allen, kindergarten teacher at our Chinese Baptist Church, and Miss Edith Mason of the San Francisco Bay Cities Baptist Union.

Now that our football season is definitely a thing of the past, basketball is coming into its own. A team is being organized, also under the leadership of Coach John Palmer. The team is having the use of the Roosevelt gym one night a week for practice. With our fine football record, we are expecting great things of this new team, in good sportsmanship as well as in physical achievement. Incidentally, this team averages 110 lbs., and would like to arrange games with teams of like weight.

We wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to the friends who recently have written us, in response to our notice of last month, telling us that they do read the Chronicle and enjoy it.

PERSONALS

W. Tom

John Chow has returned to San Francisco to live with his parents. Chuck Gee has been transferred to the Mei Lun Yuen (a small home for little Chinese children) where he can be with his sister.

Added members to our large family since our last publication are: Lavie Lee and Wilfred Wong from San Francisco, and Roy Tom from Vallejo.

Raymond Chow, Teddy Chew, James Gok and William Poon have been promoted from the High Intermediate department to the Senior.

Morrey Chung has been elected president of his class at Longfellow Jr. High. Stanley Lee, Howard Lee, Kern Quan and James Gok have been elected as Vice-presidents of their respective classes. We are all very proud of them, and wish them success throughout their term of office.

Henry Fong was back with us recently while he was temporarily out of employment. He now has a fine job in Mill Valley, and is attending Tamalpais High School. He says the job is "perfect." We hope the service he renders will be the same.

At our assembly last Sunday night football awards were given as follows: Stars (to those who received their block letter last year): Douglas Fong, Tommy Fong, Robert E. Lee, Dewey Wong and Willie Wong. Varsity letters: Fred Chiu,

LETTERS FROM OUR ALUMNI

I

Dear Chronicle Readers:

I consider it a privilege to be asked to write the first of a series of letters to appear in this column.

First let me send greetings to all my many friends, but especially to the alumni with whom I have spent so many happy days, and from whom I shall be looking forward to reading letters in future issues of the Chronicle.

Mary and I are nicely settled in Fresno, and we feel that the short period we have been here has been a most profitable one in the new friendships we have made. The work at the Christian Center is most interesting. Sunday School and church services play the most prominent part; but there are other activities such as the young people's union, woman's society kindergarten, Boy Scout Troop, and a girl's club. The woman's society has been particularly active in putting on dinners, and in serving as hostess to church and school organizations. They also conducted a bazaar, and with the money they raised gave financial aid to the various projects of the Center. The young people sponsored a carnival, to which the whole community was invited.

The Scout Troop is still too new to have made much history; but it is our good fortune to have obtained on the committee men who are cooperative, helpful and loyal. Within the Troop itself the boys who have responsibilities are responding splendidly to their duties and obligations; and with the common desire to make this troop one of the best in Fresno, we feel we are headed for progress and good times.

We extend to you all a most cordial invitation to visit us.

Edward H. Tong

* * * * *
* * * * *
* Recently one of our alumni, who *
* is working his way through col- *
* lege, through no fault of his *
* own became temporarily out of *
* employment. Because we had a *
* small Scholarship Fund we were *
* able to assist him during this *
* emergency; and thus his educa- *
* tion was not interrupted. To *
* those who are considering the *
* matter of the disposition of *
* their estates, we recommend our *
* Scholarship Fund as an exceed- *
* ingly worth-while investment. *
* * * * *

Henry Eng, Robert Gin, Chester Lum and Henry Wong. B letters (second string): James Fong, Howard Lee, James Gok, Hubert Yee, Louis Mah, Willett Louie, Willie Louie, William Poon and Raymond Won. Manager letters: Harry Chew, Raymond Chow and Stanley Chan. Captain presided over the meeting, and Coach Palmer handed out the awards.

Raymond Wong rendered very valuable service as registrar for the mid-winter conference of Chinese Christian students, held recently in Oakland. Raymond is now living with sisters in Oakland, and continuing his business education at the Armstrong College.

RIB TICKLERS
By Smellfungus

Captain: "Shucks, I don't like this diet business. I've lived on nothing but vegetables for a week."
Miss Richert: "Oh, that's nothing; I've lived on earth for all the years of my life."

* * * * *

Miss Thomsen: "Bobby, did you have a nice time in Sunday School today?"
Bobby Seid: "Not a very good time."
Miss Thomsen: "Why not, Bobby?"
Bobby: "I don't like to have to give the teacher spending money."

* * * * *

Dr. Armstrong: "Leonard, I'm sorry, but I have some bad news for you. I'm afraid you will never be able to work again."
Leonard Chow: "How do you mean, bad news?"

* * * * *

Teacher: (to Edward Chan) "Why, Edward, this essay on 'My Mother' is just like the one your brother Bertram wrote last year."
Edward: "Sure it is. We both have the same mother."

* * * * *

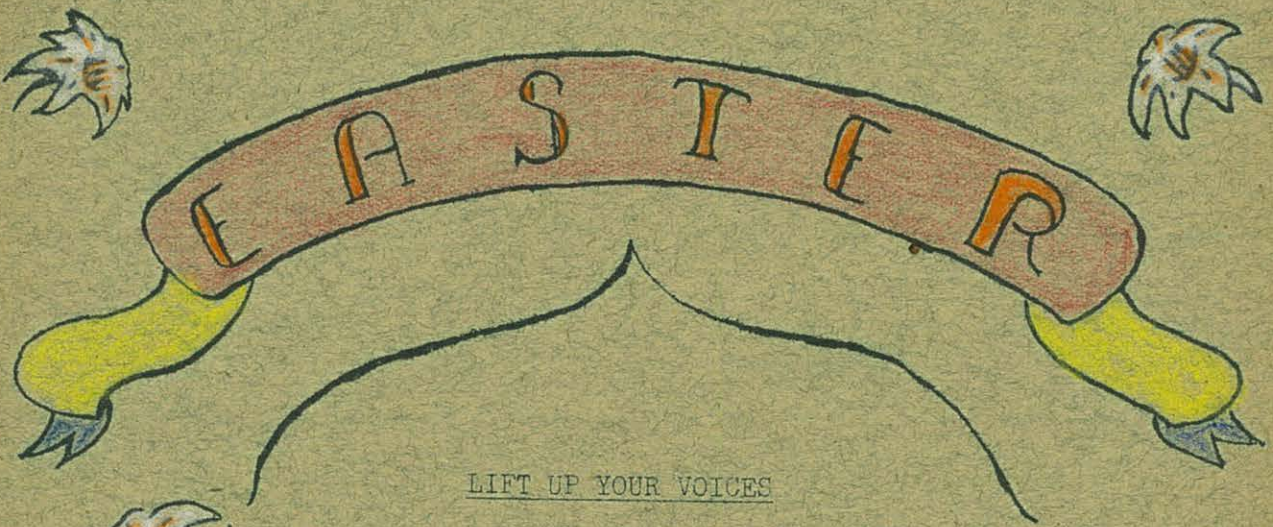
Douglas Fong: "I lost my girl friend."
Tommy Fong: "How come?"
Douglas: "I told her her face would stop a clock."
Tommy: "Poor technique, Douglas, poor technique. You should have told her that time just stops when you look into her eyes."

* * * * *

James Fong: (to Dr. Dailey) "Doctor, what time you fix tooth for me?"
Dr. Dailey: "Two-thirty all right?"
James: "Sure, tooth hurtee all lite; but what time you fix 'em?"

VOL. 12 NO. 6
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19 • MARCH • 40

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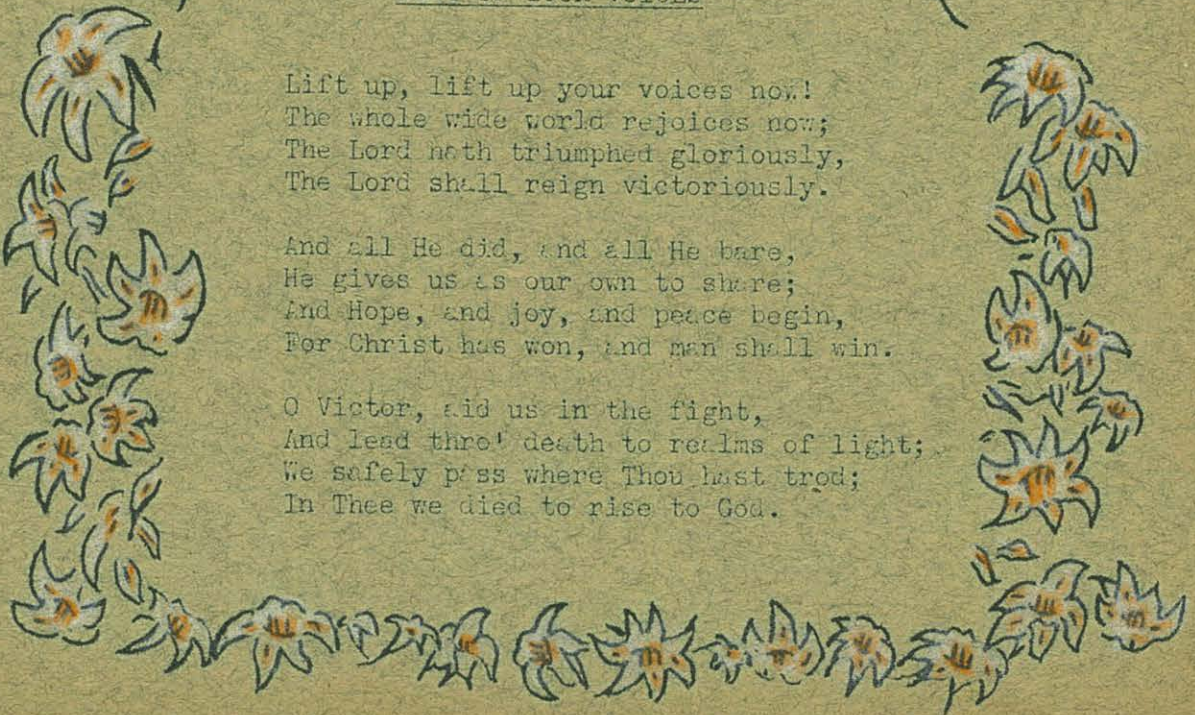


LIFT UP YOUR VOICES

Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously.

And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And Hope, and joy, and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead thro' death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we died to rise to God.



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

WHOSE MOUTHPIECE? WE WONDER

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Charles R. Shepherd
Assoc. Editor	Margaret G. Thomsen
Artists	Billy Tom, Tom Fong
Assistant Editor	W. Tom

EDITORIALS

LIVING THE EASTER MESSAGE

Once again ^{we approach} that season (rolls around) when all Christendom will call to remembrance the two great events upon which rests the whole structure of its religious faith and practice. With fitting reverence and love it will commemorate the death of one who gave his life that all mankind might live anew; and it will celebrate with joyous acclaim that sublime occurrence which nearly two thousand years ago set in motion the greatest and most dynamic spiritual force ever brought to bear upon the heart of the human race.

It is fitting indeed that we ever should keep in mind that great sacrifice of love enacted upon Calvary, and ^{It is} equally fitting that we should with grateful heart commemorate the triumph of the resurrection; but after all there is something actually more important than that we should give intellectual assent to these two great verities. It is this: that our personalities should be dominated by the sublime principles which Jesus taught, and that we should demonstrate in our daily lives the thing that Paul the apostle was talking about when he said, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me." In other words, it is that we should live the Easter message. The greatest triumph of the Christ was not that he overcame death, but that he is able to overcome sin and spiritual death in the lives of his followers. The unbelieving world may scoff at the idea of a physical resurrection of one who lived and died twenty centuries ago; but it cannot get around a genuinely victorious Christian life. We may not, by any system of logic or any accumulation of historic data at our disposal, be able to prove to the satisfaction of unbelievers that Jesus rose from the dead; but it is our sublime and inestimable privilege to demonstrate that he can and does live again in the lives of his followers. What a privilege, and what a responsibility!

Recently there appeared in these parts as guest speaker for a large group of patriotic Americans, one Frederick V. Williams, classified by news reporters as an "international correspondent and author." With his remarks concerning the subversive activities of certain unamerican groups within our land we find ourselves completely in accord; but much of his speech, if newspaper accounts are to be believed, sounded so suspiciously like the outpourings of such notorious Japanese apologists as Hiroshi Saito, K. K. Kawakami and George Bronson Rae as to make us wonder just who is back of him. In the course of his address, according to journalistic reports, he made the following astonishing statements.

1. Japan's quarrel is not so much with China as with Communism, and those who agitate against the shipment of scrap iron and other war supplies to Japan are making a big mistake; for these are not to be used against China, but to overthrow Communism in Asia. The agitation in this country against the shipment of such supplies to Japan is inspired and promoted by Joseph Stalin.
2. The fight in China is between "Japan and the war lord crowd and their private armies, generated by Chiang Kai-shek, whom the masses of people in China hate."
3. The war is over; Japan has won.

To any one who is at all familiar with the history of international relationships in the Far East, or who is reasonably well informed concerning the actual situation in China today, the above statements simply do not make sense. Actually they reveal such ignorance of history, such appalling lack of understanding of the situation, and such shameless disregard for facts that they would scarcely call for comment, were it not that many persons are so easily misled by a glib tongue, especially when it is employed avowedly in the interest of principles which they hold dear. We hold no brief for Communism; far from it, but when Mr. Williams tells us that Japan's fight is against Communism, does he forget - or did he never know, that Japan's campaign for overlordship in the Far East antedates the rise of Communism in the world by more than a quarter of a century? Was there Communism in Korea in 1882? In Shantung in 1915? In Manchuria in 1931? Did Japan continually harass and finally assassinate the capitalistic old Marshal Chang Tso-lin and drive his pleasure-loving son Chang Hsueh-liang out of Manchuria in order to destroy Communism, of which these two men were bitter foes?

it is of small profit that we believe the Easter message if we do not live it

Does Mr. Williams not know that during the many years that Chiang Kai-shek was fighting to suppress Communism in China, Japan was constantly inveighing against him and demanding his liquidation? Is Mr. Williams ignorant, or blind, to the fact that the five northern provinces, which in 1935 Japan declared she must have, constituted that part of China least affected by Communism? Has he forgotten that Japan was just as bitter a foe of Czarist Russia as she is of Soviet Russia? And is he naive enough to believe that if Russia were to become non-Communist tomorrow Japan would enter into a beautiful friendship with her? No, Mr. Williams, it is not Communism per se that Japan fears, but Russia, be she red or white; and her spokesmen have definitely said that she must have complete control of Manchuria and North China in order to protect herself against Russia, and for the additional reason that she needs the economic resources of that vast territory. Let Mr. Williams read the published works of the three above-named official spokesmen for Japan.

Now about that second point. Japan has never objected to Chinese war lords, so long as they have played into her hands. But anyway, why use the word war lords at all in speaking of China's military leaders of today? China has been more free from that sort of thing since the present war started than at any time since the overthrow of the Monarchy. And do the masses of people of China actually hate Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek? Really, Mr. Williams! We were in China just before this thing started, traveled all over the country, and saw everywhere evidences of the spirit of unity of the Chinese people, and their willingness to support and follow their Generalissimo. If the masses of the people of China hated him, why did they rise as one man and demand his release from the hands of the miscreant Chang Hsueh-liang in December 1936? If the masses of the people hate him today, why is he still alive, surrounded by millions of loyal people who are willing to fight to the death? We have just talked with an American of note who arrived but yesterday by Clipper from Chungking, the headquarters of the Generalissimo and the Provisional Capital of China. He reports the Generalissimo more firmly entrenched in the hearts of the people than ever, and more hopeful of the ultimate outcome.

And now the last point. "The war is over and Japan has won." Well, Mr. Williams, time and space are both limited, so we shall have to let that go by just saying, "wait and see." We don't like to even suggest that Mr. Williams may be an agent of Japan; but without some such explanation, we repeat, his statements just don't make sense.

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY

Margaret G. Thomsen

The second "Bowl of Rice" party, to raise funds for the suffering millions in China, was sponsored by the Chinese of San Francisco, and was carried out during the Chinese New Year festivities, February 9, 10 and 11. It was a most colorful and dramatic presentation, and drew thousands of visitors, not only from San Francisco and the East Bay, but from all over the state and out of the state. The Chung Mei boys of course participated in this worthy cause, being a unit in each of the two mammoth parades, held in San Francisco. Ours was the last unit in the second parade, and the dense crowd threatened to close in behind the small fellows and prevent them from performing their fancy drills. A group of our alumni, however, formed behind our last squad and held the crowd back, giving the Cadets more freedom to perform. Through the sale of "Humanity Legion" buttons, from donations tossed into the "Rice Bowl" and into the huge Chinese flag carried by 100 Chinese mothers, and from all other sources, over \$80,000 was raised.

On the afternoon of February 19, about sixty-five teachers from the Richmond Union High School visited Chung Mei. It was the first visit for most of them. They met in our chapel, where Captain told them something about the home, were then escorted in groups around the building, and finally assembled in the dining room, where tea and cakes were served. We were delighted to have the opportunity of meeting them, and of having them become better acquainted with Chung Mei.

Friday night, February 23, was the occasion for our quarterly birthday party. A tasty Chinese meal was served, with jello and cake for dessert. The stunt presented by the birthday boys, and the magic tricks performed by Mr. Chan, drew gales of laughter from the crowd.

On Sunday night, March 3, Captain and the boys participated in the service at the First Baptist Church of Oakland.

It was good to have Edward and Mary Tong and George Chan back for a visit recently. They came from their work at Fresno and Sacramento to attend a Christian Centers conference held in San Francisco and Oakland on February 7 and 8. A wonderful Chinese dinner was served, on the night of the 7th, at the Chinese Baptist Church in San Francisco, after which an inspiring and illuminating address was given by Mr. J. C. Astredo, Federal Probation Officer. Rev. Cecil Osborne of Burlingame closed the meeting with a fine devotional on "Prayer." The second day of the conference was held at the Oakland Christian Friendship Center, with many worth-while sessions, and a Mexican lunch was served at the Mexican Baptist Church.

PERSONALS

W. Tom

Henry Wong and Walter Eng have left us recently to live with their parents. Our newest boy is Carlton Lew, a recent arrival from war-torn China.

Leonard Chow, who was recently with us temporarily, is now re-employed, and continuing his school work in Oakland.

Through the kindness of his employer, Henry Fong is able to go out for track at Tamalpais High. Richard Chin is going out for boxing at S. F. State.

Douglas Fong, Dewey Wong and Chester Lum are all out for track at Richmond High. Douglas and Dewey are featuring running events; Chester the high jump.

Earl Wong of Fresno has a part-time job as janitor at the Fresno Christian Center, where our former Lieutenant, Edward Tong, is Associate Director.

We were honored to have a visit recently from Charles Law (1923-26), the only Chinese First Lieutenant in the United States Air Force. He is now serving with the 22nd Pursuit Squadron.

We have recently had interesting letters from Leonard Chan, Wilfred Hall and Edward Lim Lee. We are glad to know that they are all getting along fine, and enjoy reading the Chronicle.

WILL YOU HELP?

Chinese and other Orientals employed as interpreters by our government find themselves in a most unfortunate situation. Because they are government employees they are ineligible for Social Security; because they have not Civil Service standing they are not eligible for government pension. They have not Civil Service standing because our government has never been willing to grant them this standing, on the grounds that foreign-born interpreters are more acceptable than American-born. But in this our government is not consistent; for today almost all of our Oriental interpreters are American-born. Yet, although they have served the government for many years, they are left without any provision for old age.

Resolution 8181, now before Congress, if passed, will grant retirement benefits to Chinese and other Oriental interpreters in the United States service. PLEASE WRITE OR WIRE YOUR CONGRESSMAN, ASKING HIM TO SUPPORT THIS MEASURE.

By doing this you will be helping to render justice to many of our Chinese and other Oriental friends who, for exceedingly modest salaries, have been rendering faithful service to our country for many years.

LETTERS FROM OUR ALUMNI

II.

Dear Chronicle Readers:

This letter is intended to be an illuminating answer to the ever popular questions: - What are you doing at the present? How are you getting along?

As a boy, one of my fondest hopes was to some day go to college. I always used to say, "When I graduate from high school I will go to college."

Well, recently this cherished ambition of mine was finally realized. Last fall I excitedly embarked upon a four year educational journey, whose destination was a Bachelor of Science degree. I registered as a Freshman in the College of Chemistry in the University of California at Berkeley. So today I am going to college, and am progressing quite satisfactorily.

When not struggling with my studies, I'm usually busy in the kitchen, for I am employed as a cook in a private family. A steady flow of pay-checks has led me to believe that my culinary efforts have been appreciated.

With an income reasonably assured, and a college career well started, I can joyfully say, "Everything is all right!"

A Chung Mei Alumnus

EDWARD LEM

* * * *

DO YOU KNOW?

That it took nearly four years to get the Chung Mei Home started; that there were so many obstacles to be overcome, so many discouragements, so difficult to get the necessary money, and so hard to find a location?

It's a long story, and we haven't time to tell it here. You will find it all in "The Story of Chung Mei," a 265 page book, profusely illustrated. The price is \$2.00; but to everybody who buys it through us we will present free a copy of "101 Chinese Proverbs" or "Rambling Ruminations."

* * * * *
*
* If you have aught to dis-
* pose of beyond what will
* be needed by those depend-
* ent upon you, we hope you
* will not forget the Chung
* Mei Home.
*
* * * * *

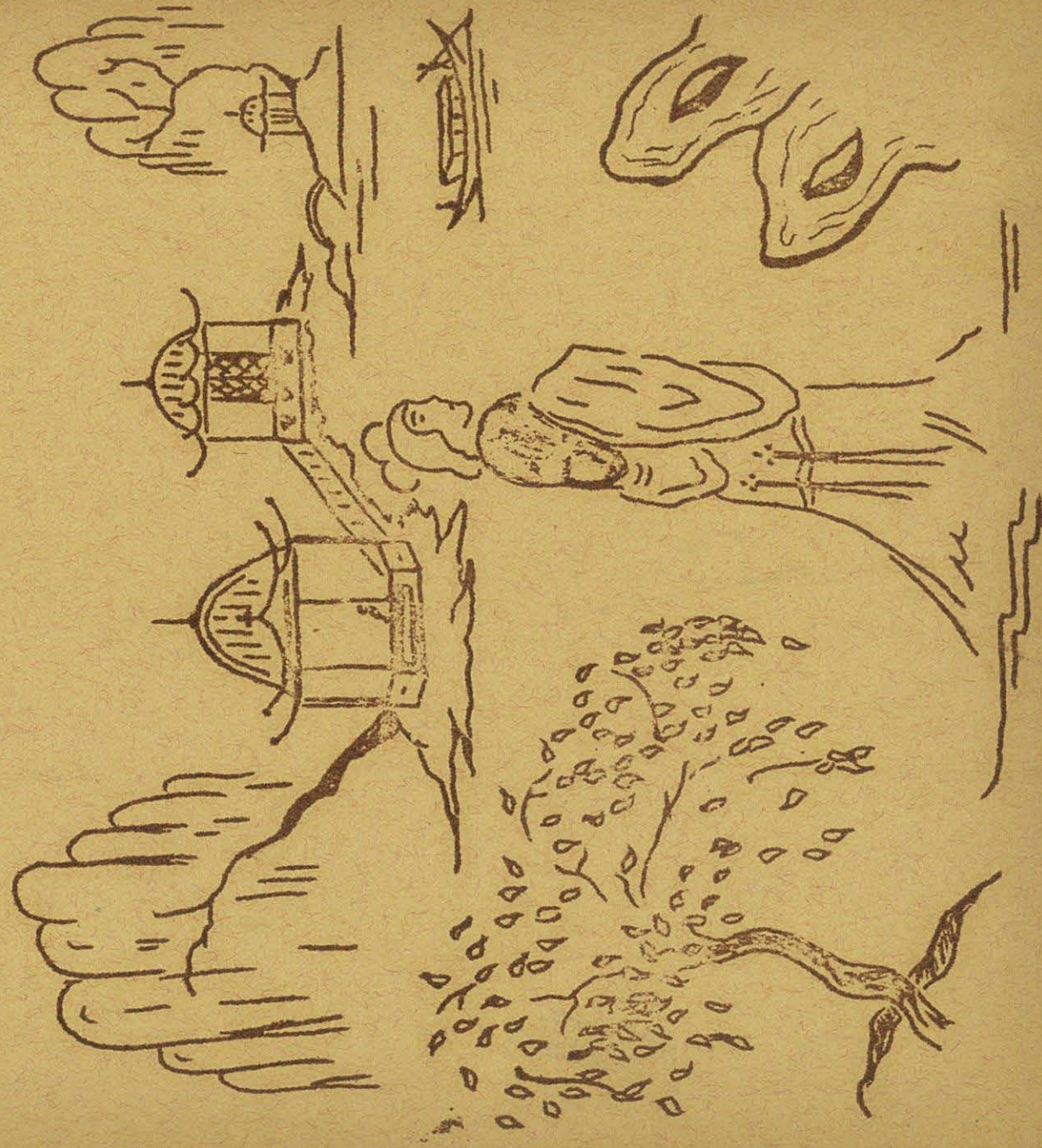
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CHONG & MEI

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19 APRIL 1900

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Confucius gave his disciples the same idea, save that it was in negative form. "Do not do unto others," said he, "what you would not like done unto yourself."

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Charles R. Shepherd
Assoc. Editor	Margaret G. Thomsen
Assistant Editor	W. Tom
Artists	Tom Fong, Billy Tom

EDITORIAL

CONFUCIUS SAYS

One does not have to be a worshipper of Confucius; in fact one does not have to be a follower of the cult which bears the name of that famous sage in order to be irked by the senseless banalities which of late have been sweeping the country under the caption, "Confucius say."

To our Chinese friends such assinities must be extremely irritating. To some, indeed, they must be almost as offensive as similar nonsense attributed to Jesus of Nazareth would be offensive to the Christian. Certainly, to the cultured Chinese, they must be no less objectionable than it would be to us should we, in some foreign publication, find such inanities attributed to a great American - say for instance, George Washington or Abraham Lincoln.

To be sure, no intelligent person believes for a moment that Confucius was responsible for any of these "foolishments" to which his name has been attached. At the same time, there is an irony about the association of these sayings with the name of one who was wont to say to his disciples, "For one word a man may be deemed wise, and for one word he may be deemed foolish."

From the mouth and pen of this great sage emanated many wise sayings and helpful utterances, and much profound philosophy, but never anything trivial. Unlike some of our Western sages of the past and present, he was in no sense a wit or a satirist, but a serious-minded, almost severe-minded, philosopher. He may not have been at all times right in his deductions, or sound in his conclusions, but he was never banal or frivolous.

"To see the right and do it not, this is cowardice," said he upon frequent occasions. "If you have faults," he told his disciples, "do not fear to abandon them." And, apropos of certain worthless individuals, he was given to remark, "Rotten wood cannot be carved." We of the Western world set great store by a certain saying of the Galilean, which we have come to speak of as the Golden Rule. Five hundred years before Jesus lived,

This K'ung Fu-tsu (i.e. K'ung, the teacher) whom we call Confucius, was born in the year 551 B. C., in what is now known as the Shantung Province. His father was a noted military leader of great courage, who died when the boy was but three years old, leaving him to be brought up by his mother, a woman of culture and refinement. As a child he showed a marked fondness for religious exercises. He was studious and bright; and by the time he reached the age of twenty-two he had made a reputation for himself as a scholar and teacher. In later years he reviewed his own intellectual and spiritual development as follows: "At fifteen I was bent on learning; at thirty I stood fast; at forty I had no doubts; at fifty I knew the will of God; at sixty my ear was open to the truth; at seventy I could follow my desires without transgressing."

He was married at the age of nineteen; but according to reliable records his marital life was not a happy one. This may in some measure account for his rather dubious utterances concerning the opposite sex. "Women," he is credited with having said, "indeed are human beings, but they are of a lower state than men. They can never attain to full equality with them. . . It is the law of nature that woman should be in subjection to man, and not allowed any will of her own." Upon another occasion he said, "Women, and people of low birth, are very hard to deal with. If you are friendly with them they get out of hand; if you keep your distance they resent it."

Contrary to a somewhat popular misconception, however, Confucius was not a recluse, or in any sense ascetic. According to his most noted biographer, Ssu-ma Chien, the great Chinese historian of the second century B. C., he was companionable, fond of music, an expert with the flute, enjoyed outdoor sports, was proficient in archery, loved horses and dogs, and indulged in hunting and fishing. Concerning these latter, it is recorded that in fishing he used a line, never a net, and that he never shot at a bird while it was at rest. All of which seems to indicate that he must have been a very likeable person, a natural man among men, and a good sportsman to boot.

Early in his life he became deeply concerned over the evils about him. "Are the people starving?" he asked. And he answered, "It is because the rulers consume too many taxes." That he was keenly alive to the misgovernment and oppression with which the country was afflicted is strikingly revealed in the following

incident. Finding one day a woman weeping, he asked the cause of her sorrow. The woman replied, "My father-in-law was killed here by a tiger; later my husband was also killed by a tiger; and now my son has suffered the same fate." Asked why she did not leave the community, the woman replied, "Here, although there are tigers, there is no oppressive government." Turning to his disciples the sage remarked, "Bear ye that in mind, my children, oppressive government is even more terrible than tigers."

Like many another great teacher, he was accorded scant appreciation while he lived. He was considered a visionary, too impractical for a workaday world, and too stern a moralist. He made no claim to divinity, nor to divine inspiration, yet several centuries after his death he was canonized; monuments and temples were erected to his memory; and he became an object of worshipful veneration. In the hearts of more than four hundred million Chinese his memory is enshrined today, and the pathway to his grave in Shantung Province will doubtless be worn by pilgrim feet of generations yet unborn.

From among his notable utterances there remains room for but a few more. Confucius said, "The mind of the superior man is conversant with virtue; the mind of the mean man is conversant with gain." "Formerly I listened to men's words and took their actions for granted. Now I listen to their words, but I also watch their conduct." "He who knows not the will of God cannot be a superior man." "He who offends against heaven has none to whom he can pray."

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Congratulations to Jim White, teacher of a Sunday School class of Chung Mei boys, on his marriage to Dorothy Bell. We wish them both much happiness.

Our hearts were all saddened at the passing of Mr. A. J. Tweedy, or "Uncle Bert", as he was known to the Chung Mei family. His cheerful smile and manner, his genuine interest in all our affairs, large and small, his instant readiness to assist in any capacity and in any enterprise, endeared him to us all. His going has left a large gap in our lives, and we cannot yet begin to realize that we will not see his familiar figure here among us, and that we will not again have the encouragement of a little chat with him from time to time. The memorial service for our friend was held at the Little Chapel of the Flowers, in Berkeley, on March 16. The staff members, and boys who knew him best, attended the beautiful service, in which Captain assisted. Though his physical presence has gone from us, his memory will be a benediction to those who knew and loved him.

Our annual Easter Egg Hunt was held on Saturday, March 22, in time to escape the rains which spoiled many another hunt. Everyone had a good time, and of course enjoyed the eggs, candy and boiled.

The El Cerrito Fire Department, whose annual egg hunt for the children of the community had to be changed to an indoor affair, also were thoughtful enough to bring us some candy eggs. Our thanks and appreciation to this fine group.

On Tuesday evening, March 19, about twenty of our Senior boys responded to an urgent call from the Chief of Police of El Cerrito to assist in the hunt for a lost four year old girl, who was later found and returned to her parents. Chung Mei boys are always ready to assist in any community enterprise, and to render whatever service they can.

Thirty-five Chung Mei boys have been looking forward for some time to a trip to Chico to present a program for the Young People's convention to be held in that city. The trip was to have occurred last Saturday and Sunday, March 30-31; but on Saturday morning, just before time to embark, a long distance call from Chico informed us that due to the terrific storms the roads were impassable, and the convention had to be postponed. So now we are looking forward to the trip later.

Billy Wong, our former cover artist, has again graciously given of his talent in preparing the artistic framework for the "In Memoriam" for Mr. Tweedy.

The picture by Tom Fong, on the cover of this issue, is a copy of one of the lovely murals on our dining room walls. We hope you like it as well as we do; and perhaps at a later date others will be reproduced in like manner.

PERSONALS
By "Bones"

Johnny Lum has left us; but two new boys have come to join our family: Shaw Won from war torn China, and Alvin Low from San Francisco.

We are proud to report that Richard Chin has been elected president of his class at the San Francisco State College.

We have had the pleasure of visits from the following alumni during the month: Warren Young, Gilbert Louie, Allan Chan, Billy Wong, Jerry Lum, Peter Wang, Bertram Chan, our former Lieutenant Raymond Wong, and George Fong from away back, who is now attending Salinas Junior College.

Eighteen of our boys were baptized on Easter Sunday, and became members of the First Baptist Church of Berkeley.

Miss Richert is on a two weeks vacation, visiting her family in Reedley.

III

Dear Chronicle Readers:

Greetings to everybody!

I am still working with my brother in his grocery store in Oakland, but am looking forward to better things in the future.

Days at Chung Mei are unforgettable to many of us who have gone out into the world.

Memories come back to us - memories of Minstrel Shows, of the operetta "Nancy Lee", and the many other methods we used in the past to earn money for the new home in El Cerrito, of which we are all now very proud.

Then the summer of 1930 - Calistoga - poison oak, gnats, flies, rattlesnakes, and hard work. Up early in the morning, at 5:30, breakfast, then to cutting down trees, sawing them up for firewood to sell to the public. I was only a little fellow then, so they made me water boy; and believe me they sure ran my legs off. Well, we all did our bit towards a goal that would mean better quarters and better environment to the future boys of Chung Mei. It was hard work, all right, but our only thoughts now are that we hope the present boys appreciate the new home, as we would have done.

Sincerely yours,

PHILIP LUM

That one year after the Chung Mei Home was opened every one of its registered twenty beds was occupied, and also five more that had been squeezed in? Furthermore, there were fifteen names on the waiting list? That two years after the home was opened the enlarged building was rededicated, with a capacity of fifty-five? That the first \$1,800 toward the money needed for this enlargement was earned by the Chung Mei boys themselves?

It's quite a story. You ought to read it. It's all in THE STORY OF CHUNG MEI that 265 page volume we have been telling you about. Send your \$2.00, and receive not only it, but one of the attractive little booklets, "101 Chinese Proverbs" or "Rambling Ruminations."

By the way, you can now secure a copy of the 250 page book, LIM YIK CHOY, a story of romance and adventure in the life of a Chinese boy in America, for only 50¢. Original price was \$1.50, but as we have a number on hand we shall be glad to dispose of them at this price. Any of the above books autographed upon request.

* * * * *

URGENT! Please, if you have not already done so, write or wire your congressman urging him to support bill 8181, providing old age security for American-born Chinese interpreters in government service, for whom, as we explained in our last issue, no provision has yet been made. Don't wait. Do it now. Time is short.

IN MEMORIAM

ALBERT J. TWEEDY

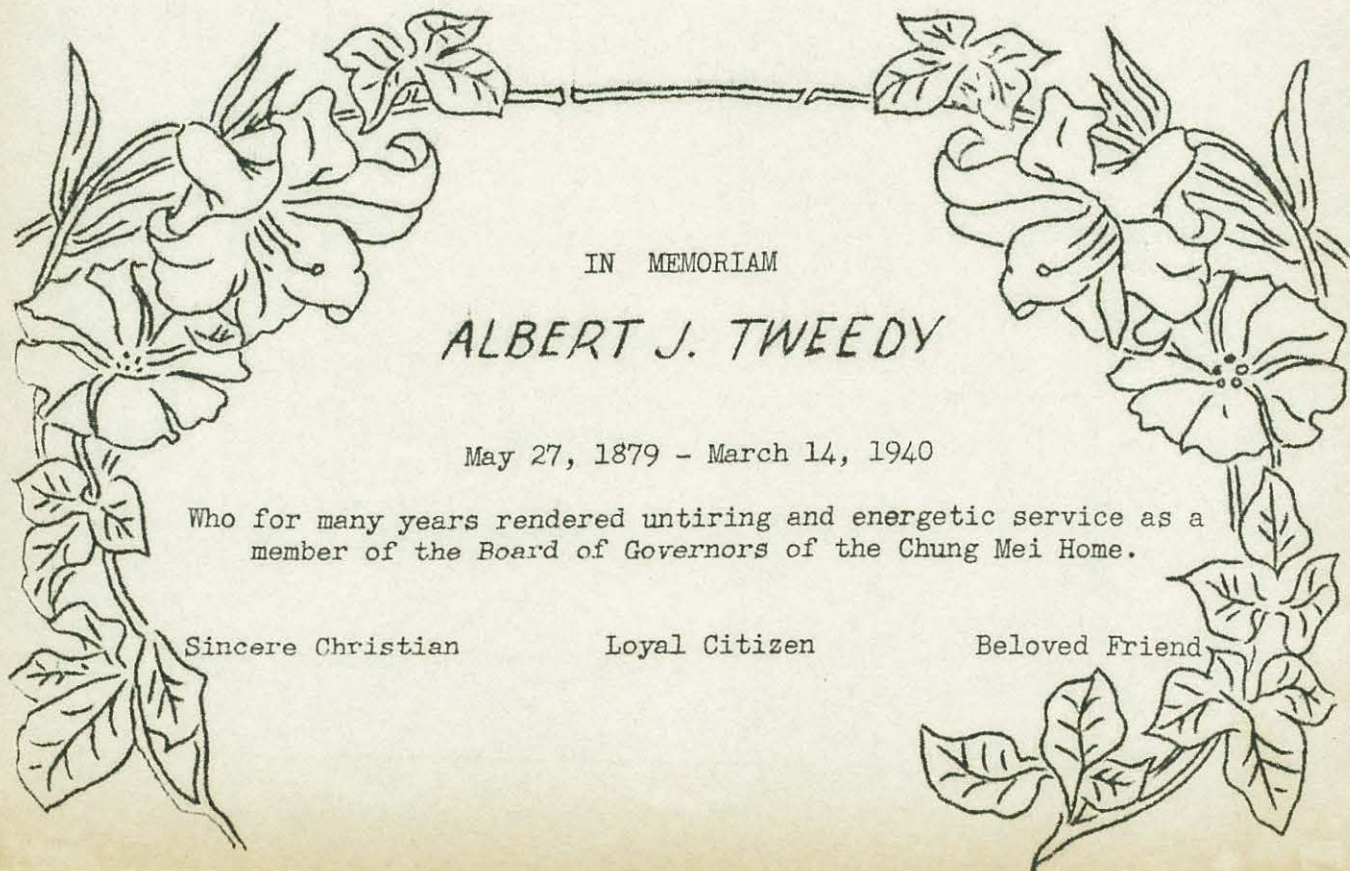
May 27, 1879 - March 14, 1940

Who for many years rendered untiring and energetic service as a member of the Board of Governors of the Chung Mei Home.

Sincere Christian

Loyal Citizen

Beloved Friend



VALLEY THE

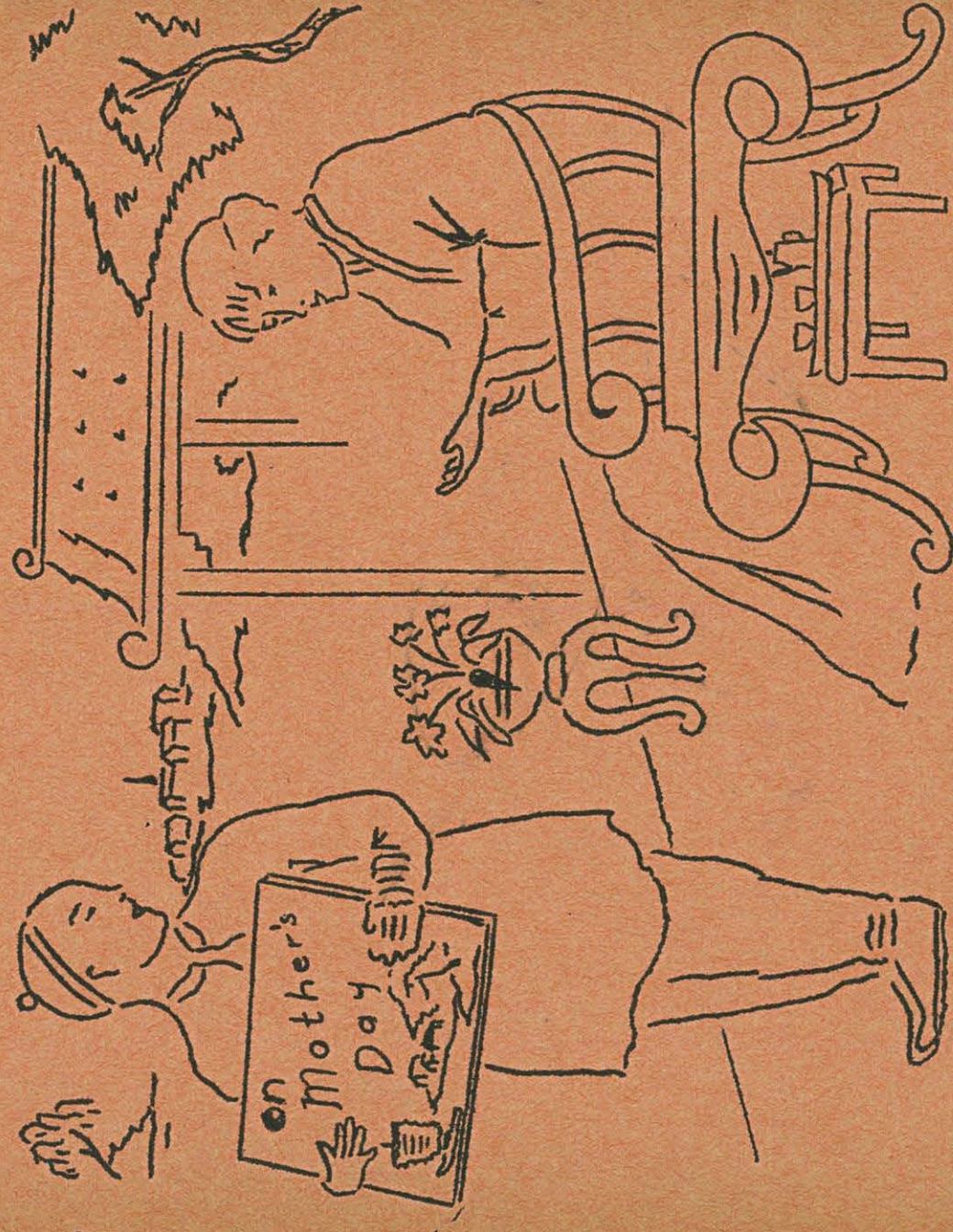
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Published monthly at El Cerrito, California, by the Chung Mei Home for Chinese Boys.

JESUS AND CONFUCIUS

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Charles R. Shepherd
Assoc. Editor	Margaret G. Thomsen
Assistant Editor	W. Tom
Artists	Billy Tom, Tom Fong

EDITORIALS

MOTHER O' MINE

Mother o' mine,
Do you mind the time
When I sat on your knee,
And you sang to me;
Sang to me songs of the long ago,
Of lords and ladies and mistletoe;
And how when the evening shadows fell,
I'd come and beg you some tale to tell
Mother o' mine?

- 0 -

Mother o' mine,
Precious Mother o' mine!
What a trump you were,
With what endless care
You sought to guide and direct your boy,
As he grew apace and the years rolled by
And you never complained of the load you
bore,
Though I know there were times when your
heart was sore,
Mother o' mine.

- 0 -

Mother o' mine,
Do you mind the day
When I went away
To another clime?
How your heart was heavy to see me go;
And you suffered grief that you would
not show;
But smiled through your tears just to
strengthen me,
As my bark put out on an unknown sea,
Mother o' mine?

- 0 -

Then there came a time
Little Mother o' mine,
When you heard that call
That must come to all;
And you answered "ready," and slipped
away.
So quietly you went, just at break of
day;
And I smiled through my tears when
you waved to me
As your bark sailed out to eternity -
Mother o' mine.

To the minds of many devout Christians any such comparison as that implied in the above caption may seem essentially odious. This is understandable, for in the last analysis these two really can not be compared. Since they do not belong in the same category, there is actually no adequate basis for comparison.

Devotees of the Confucian Cult are wont to say to the Christian, "You have your Jesus, we have our Confucius," the implication being that one is as good as the other. How does such an implication bear up under examination?

Both Jesus and Confucius were serious-minded and religiously-inclined children, who early in life gave evidence that they were imbued with a deep sense of mission; but there was a vast difference in the nature of the missions which these two conceived of as their ultimate in life.

Confucius was not a religious teacher or leader. Jesus most emphatically was. Confucius was primarily concerned about that which was temporal and material. In his thinking and teaching he made no effort to transcend the spiritual realm, or to see beyond the mundane existence of himself and his fellow-men. Jesus, while he was far from indifferent to the present well-being of those about him, made it clear to his disciples that things spiritual were vastly more important than things temporal. Confucius told men what they ought to do. He urged them to be virtuous, truthful, patient, loyal, and to practice self-control; but he did not tell them how they might obtain power to do these things. Thus he failed to satisfy the longings and aspirations of the human heart. Jesus spoke of a spiritual power, by the aid of which men might overcome that which was base within them. And he told men how they might obtain this power.

Confucius spoke of Shang Ti, the Supreme Ruler, but he referred to him more frequently by the vague appellation of T'ien, meaning Heaven. Jesus spoke of the Father, referring to him in the possessive form, as "My Father" and "Your Father."

Confucius conceived of himself as having a message preeminently for the ruling class. It was the scholars who hung upon his words. Jesus made it clear that his mission and message was to all manner of men. The learned ones marveled at his keen insight and convincing logic; and the common people heard him gladly. Confucius did not claim to be original. He considered himself a collector and transmitter of the best thoughts of others. He understood the power of proverbs. Those which he approved he incorporated

into his own system. Jesus likewise drew largely upon the Old Testament writers; but he did not hesitate to give his own interpretations and amplifications. Over and over again he declared, "Ye have heard that it was said of old time . . . But I say unto you"

Confucius set great store by "li" meaning ceremony. Jesus abhorred all ceremony that was not accompanied by a pure heart. He gnashed at those who were meticulous about externals while their hearts were like whited sepulchres, full of dead men's bones. And the worshipper who had wronged his fellow he commanded to leave his gift at the altar and go make things right.

Confucius made no claims to divinity. Jesus said, "I and the Father are one."

That from the lips and pen of the venerable sage there emanated many wise sayings, many helpful admonitions and much lofty philosophy, is a fact keenly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged by all who are in any sense acquainted with the lore of ancient Cathay. In the Confucian classics one detects none of the monstrous mythology that occupies so conspicuous a place in the sacred books of the Hindoos and others. However, when one lays aside those time-honored classics, worthy as they are, and turns again to the pungent sayings of Jesus of Nazareth, as recorded in the four gospels, he finds there a freshness, a buoyancy, a life-giving exhilaration that compels him to exclaim, "Behold, a greater than Confucius is here."

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

On Sunday afternoon, April 14, a splendid group of young people from the Chinese Baptist Church of San Francisco, under the leadership of Miss Celia Allen, Miss Edith Mason and Miss Marguerite Calder, came to Chung Mei. They went through the building and around the grounds, and then had their supper down in our "no man's land." At the regular time for our evening service we all gathered in the chapel, and our visiting friends conducted the service. Peter Quey presided, William Tong read the Scripture lesson, and Donaldina Lew and Daniel Wong each favored us with a vocal solo. The Rev. Albert Lau and Captain both gave short inspirational talks. It was a happy gathering, and we hope to meet these folks often.

Last Sunday evening, April 28, Mr. Edward Lee, lay pastor of the Chinese Methodist Church in Oakland, as well as interpreter in the United States Immigration Service on Angel Island, was our guest

speaker. We enjoyed having him with us, and hope he will come again.

William (Willie) Gee, author of this month's Alumni Letter, will also be recalled to memory by patrons of our Minstrel Show as the famous cogitator on the "ecstasies of osculation." He is married to Marian Tong, his boyhood sweetheart, whom he met in Locke during one of our Chung Mei summer camps.

May 18 and 19 are the dates now set for the trip to Chico, and all are looking forward eagerly to the occasion.

With the close of school only six weeks away, the boys are already beginning to make preparations for our annual Field Day which comes early in the vacation period.

* * * * *

PERSONALS

W. Tom

Douglas Fong, since the beginning of the track season, has won two first places and one third. The first place honors were taken in the 120 yard low hurdle and the high jump events, while the broad jump gave him his third place.

Two for three! How do we do it? Walton Chin and Gordon Chang have both returned to San Francisco where they will live with their families. In their places we now have William Gee, Leland and Frank Dong, all recently from China. We welcome these latter as new members of our family.

Among recent visitors were: Jack Woo from Benicia; Billy Wong and Bertram Chan from San Francisco; Raymond and Jack Wong, Philip Lum, Warren Young, Albert Wong and Gilbert Louie from Oakland.

As this goes to press we welcome back our old friend, Mrs. A. C. Morrice, who comes to act as substitute during Mrs. Shikle's vacation.

When Captain was in Sacramento recently he had pleasant visits with George Chan and Frank Kwok. George is liking his work at the Christian Center and Junior College. Frank is employed in his brother-in-law's laundry. He is getting along fine, and is proving a useful and efficient worker.

We have had fine letters from Harry Chan in San Diego, Wilfred Wong in San Francisco, and Jerry Lum in Orleans, California. Harry is enjoying his school work, Wilfred reports that he is planning to attend Davis Agricultural College when he graduates from high school, and Jerry is enjoying a new experience in the CCC at Orleans, a beautiful section in Northern California.

* * * * *

IV

Dear Chronicle Readers:

I feel it quite an honor to be asked to write the Alumni Letter for this month.

First I must identify myself. Do any of the readers remember, in the dim past, that incomparable Chung Mei production, that peerless nautical operetta "Nancy Lee?" By a further stretch of memory, do they recall that in the cast of characters there was an "odd-looking seaman" named Red Herring? Well, readers, that was I. No, my hair is not naturally red; that was a wig I wore. Do any of the souls scanning this column happen to be former burners of that best grade, guaranteed-to-burn-or-we-will-take-it-back wood from the Chung Mei woodyard? Well, I was the fellow who almost ruined your lawn making the delivery. If I didn't happen to make your delivery, then I probably kept my personal touch in the transaction by having to saw that wood before it came to you.

I entered the home in 1925; and in the eight years I was there learned many things that were not written in books. When I set out on my own, these lessons stood me in good stead. Not the least of these was that one about "if a thing is worth having, it is worth working hard for."

At present I am working at Mt. Zion Hospital, San Francisco, as assistant to the laboratory technician. As soon as I can save enough money I hope to go back to the University and finish my course, majoring in chemistry.

It has often been my pleasure to meet others of the Chung Mei Alumni. All the sentimentalities of the good old days notwithstanding, I think as a whole each group of Chung Mei "graduates" is better than the group preceding it. I mean that the boys now are endowed with higher ambitions to accomplish something better in life than just the average. Consider the fact, for instance, that when I was at the home I could count on the fingers of one hand the total number of boys who planned to continue their education after high school. In contrast, now it seems I can't turn around without stumbling over a Chung Mei boy attending a higher institution of learning. While going to college is not in itself the acme of all achievement, it is a good indication of the sort of boys Chung Mei turns out, and shows that the home is doing a better and better job each year.

It has been a pleasure to write this. Trust you will be able to say the same about reading it.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIE GEE

Mark Kaye: "It seems that some men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money."

Chester Lum: "I know something that all thirst after."

Mark Kaye: "What's that?"

Chester Lum: "Salted peanuts."

Allan Tong: "Fleas are black, I tell you."

Danny Chew: "Not either, cause it says Mary had a little lamb, its fleas was white as snow."

Captain: "Now you fellows all remember to take your toothbrushes when you pack up for the Chico trip."

Hubert Yee: "Aw gee, Captain, I thought this was going to be a pleasure trip."

A university student, when sitting for an examination, was asked to compose one verse of poetry including the words "analyse" and "anatomy." He wrote:

My analyse over the ocean,
My analyse over the sea;
Oh, who will go over the ocean
And bring back my anatomy?

* * * *

STILL NOT TOO LATE! Please, if you have not already done so, write or wire your congressman urging him to support bill 8181, providing old age security for American-born Chinese interpreters in government service, for whom, as we explained in our previous issues, no provision has yet been made. Don't wait. Do it now. Time is short.

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*
* Any institution, such as
* the Chung Mei Home, needs
* an endowment in order to
* insure it against unseen
* eventualities of the fu-
* ture. Chung Mei Home also
* needs an additional build-
* ing to care for the in-
* creasing demands.
*
* For neither of these pur-
* poses have we any funds
* upon which to draw.
*
* We trust that our good
* friends, in making provi-
* sion for the disposal of
* their estates, will not
* forget us.
*
* * * * *

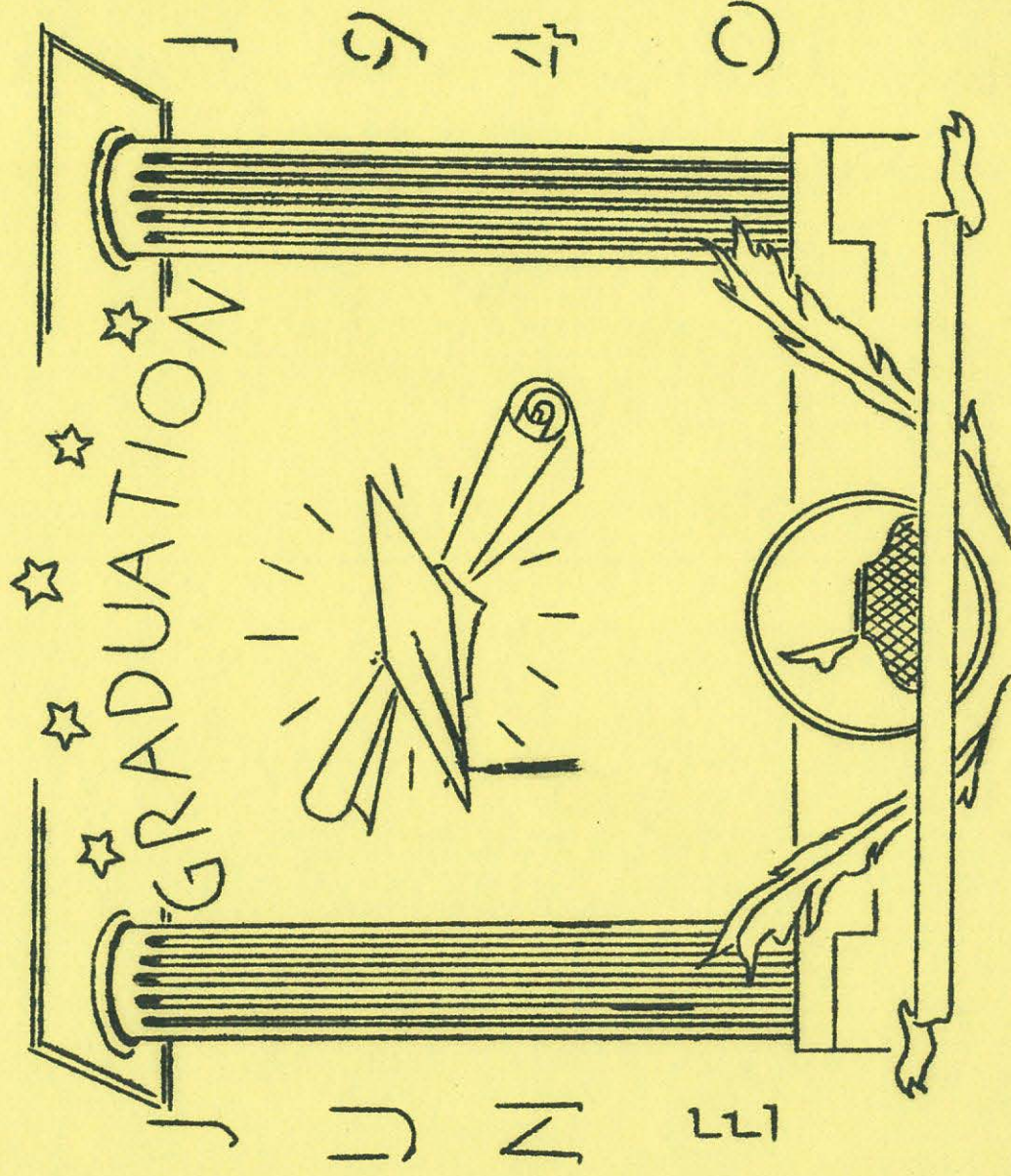
VOL. 12 NO. 9

THE

CHUNG MEI

CHRONICLE
1941

月六年九十二國民華中報月美中



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

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Charles R. Shepherd
Assoc. Editor	Margaret G. Thomsen
Assistant Editor	W. Tom
Artists	Tom Fong, Billy Tom

EDITORIAL

FAITH, COURAGE, FORTITUDE

and

EVERY MAN IN HIS PLACE

These are terrible days. Shocking days. Stark, horrifying, unbelievable days. Days which demand from each one of us inestimable faith, unshrinking courage and unshakable fortitude. It is not easy, however, to muster such faith, courage and fortitude in the face of the world situation which confronts us. It is not easy, for instance, to continue to have faith in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong when we are confronted with the ghastly and ever-increasing spectacle of bestial might sweeping everything before it. It is difficult, too, to maintain courage and fortitude when faced with the indisputable fact that gargantuan forces of death and destruction are running wild in the world, upon a scale, and with an unmitigated ferocity, hitherto undreamed of by the mind of man. Yet faith, courage and fortitude we must have, and we must exercise them in quantitative and qualitative proportions far greater even than the titanic forces of evil that have been let loose upon humanity - that is, if the civilization and the way of life which we hold dear is not to perish from the earth.

But this is not our war, says someone. True. It is not our war; if by that it is meant that we had no part in the original dispute from which it arose. Again, it is not our war if by that it is meant that we shall not send our youth to fight upon foreign soil. But the time has surely long since passed when any thinking man can believe for a moment that this war does not concern us, and will not affect us. It would seem to us self-evident that unless the forces of evil that are destroying European civilization can be successfully overthrown, the time is not far distant when they will be at our very door. This is in no sense an alarmist view. One does not have to be hysterical to arrive at it. It is simply a realistic conception of things as they are. The steps by which this might be

accomplished are perfectly logical and easily negotiable. It is a fire that is sweeping Europe; and all of us who have had any experience in fighting fire know that fire creates its own suction currents which enable it to leap over almost unbelievable gaps. It is to be devoutly hoped, of course, that Europe's fire fighters will be able to put out the conflagration; but we cannot bank on that. They may fail; and we must be prepared to adequately defend our country and our civilization. It will be too late to start preparation after the enemy is at our door.

In our national defense program every one of us will have a part. When the prophet Nehemiah undertook to build up the defenses of Jerusalem, and to stand off the aggressor nations around about, he organized his people; and he tells us most graphically in the fourth chapter of the book which bears his name, just how he drew up his plans and put them into operation. He tells us that each man, or group of men, was given a task for which he was fitted, and that the great campaign was carried to a successful conclusion because the people had a mind to work. In the face of ridicule, scorn, threat and attempted violence they carried on.

In the days which are ahead of us there are many tasks to be performed, many burdens to be borne, many sacrifices to be made. Taxes will be heavy. We may have to go without a good many luxuries; and we will certainly have to pay more for whatever luxuries we are permitted to enjoy. Even the necessities of life will cost us more; and there will be persistent claims upon us for financial assistance to those who, less fortunate than ourselves, have seen their world consumed before their eyes. It is of course the hope of all of us that by due preparation we may be able to avoid the grim horror of having to beat back an invader from our shores. But, if it comes to the worst, then of course our young men will have to take up arms, a thing that we have all devoutly hoped would never be necessary again.

An educator of some note has recently said that it seems to him we have been "spawning a generation of young men who are afraid to fight." We do not believe this. We have too much confidence in and respect for the young men of this generation. It does, however, seem unfortunate that our young men have been urged to sign statements in which they record their purpose "not to participate in the prosecution of any war of any nature or origin." We realize that these statements have been prepared by well meaning persons, and with the best

of intentions; but it is to be regretted that a more conservative phraseology was not used. Obviously, to any enlightened young man, the expression "any war of any nature" must include a war of self-defense. We are afraid that those of our young men who have signed such a declaration are going to be somewhat bewildered and embarrassed as they face the possibility of their country's future need of their services, a possibility which we admit is remote, and yet which is a possibility.

Whatever happens in Europe, even should it be the worst, we in this country must not be stampeded, must not become hysterical, must not allow fear to grip our hearts and benumb our minds. In calmness and confidence shall be our strength. As a nation, let us turn to God, whose laws and admonitions we have too long neglected. Let us lay aside petty animosities and bickerings, uniting in the common cause, our country's welfare. As individuals, let us see to it that our own lives are right. More than ever do we need to face our fellow men with malice toward none and charity for all, that we may with more clear conscience prepare ourselves to resist to the death any invader who would despoil our country and take from us our God-given way of life.

In the meantime, we all have our present tasks to perform. Let us put into them our very best selves, working with all our heart, with all our mind, and with all our soul to make our corner of the earth a better place in which to live. With faith, courage and fortitude let us face the future - every man in his place.

C. R. S.

* * *

THY WILL BE DONE

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our heads on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to do and die;
Our faith springs like the eagle,
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exultingly unto Thee,
"O Lord, Thy will be done."

Thy will it bids the weak be strong,
It bids the strong be just.
No lips to fawn, no hands to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Where'er a man oppresses man
Beneath the liberal sun,
O Lord, be there! Thine arm
to bare;
Thy righteous will be done.

-- John Hay --

* * *

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY Margaret G. Thomsen

The trip to Chico, deferred previously because of storms, finally came to pass. On the morning of May 18 the group set forth, arriving in Yuba City late in the afternoon, where the women of the Baptist Church there served a bountiful dinner. Then the trip was resumed, and Chico reached in time to present the evening program for the Sacramento Valley Association of Baptist Young People. The folks at Chico were most kind and friendly, and gave the boys a fine time. Some of them were entertained in homes, and the rest in a local hotel. On Sunday morning the boys attended Sunday School, and sang again at the church service before embarking on the homeward trip.

At the mammoth parade in Oakland, celebrating the 1940 opening of the Exposition on Treasure Island, the Chung Mei Cadets, Drum Corps and Color Party were a part of the China War Relief Association entry, which entry won first place among the uniformed marching units.

On the afternoon of May 29 a group of the boys who knew Milton Tom visited his grave and placed on it a floral piece as a tribute to the memory of his short but beautiful life, which continues to be an inspiration to the boys of Chung Mei.

On Sunday afternoon, June 2, the Chung Mei boys presented a sacred musical program at the Temple of Religion on Treasure Island, after which they enjoyed several hours of "seeing the Fair."

As guest speakers at two of our Sunday evening services this past month, we were privileged to have Miss Donaldina Cameron, better known to us as "Lo Mo", and Mr. Wolfe, of the Berkeley Baptist Church. Both brought interesting and inspiring messages, and we appreciate their coming to us.

Our boys, particularly those of the high school group, make constant use of the dictionary. We have worn out several as the years have passed. We are now badly in need of a new one - a large unabridged one, a Webster or any other standard volume. We wonder if anyone has one they are not using.

PERSONALS

W. Tom

This month we are proud to announce two boys who have earned their awards in their fields of sport. Douglas Fong will receive his varsity block R for track at Richmond Union High. This is his first year in the varsity division

Richard Chin, an alumnus who is now attending San Francisco State College, received his athletic award in the field of boxing.

In our Junior High group Howard Lee has been elected to the office of Secretary of the Longfellow Boys' Association for the coming term.

Leaving this month is our Sergeant, Robert E. Lee, who is graduating from Richmond High. We want at this time to wish him the best of success and luck in the future.

We are glad to have had some visits from our alumni. Among them were Warren Young, George Chan, Gilbert Louie, Billy Wong and Gordon Wong. We also see Harry Fong, Raymond Wong and Philip Lum once in a while when they are making deliveries to us. We cordially invite our alumni to pay us a visit. And we also cordially invite our friends to come, and to bring others with them.

Mrs. Young is now spending her vacation down in Los Angeles, and we are sure that she will have an enjoyable time there.

We extend our congratulations to Margaret Shepherd, who is graduating from Berkeley High this week.

* * *

LETTERS FROM OUR ALUMNI

V

Dear Chronicle Readers:

Some time ago I received a letter from Captain asking me to write something for this column. I feel honored to be called upon to do this, and so am sending in these few lines.

I am very happy to read about the way in which many of the alumni are making good, and proud of the fact that we belonged to the same institution which has done so much toward the betterment of human character and good citizenship. So can you blame me for feeling honored now that I have an opportunity to contribute to the Chronicle?

I am working as shipping clerk at the Pacific Importing Company, one of the large importing and exporting firms of Chinese goods in San Francisco.

Thinking back, I still remember some of the wonderful times I had while at Chung Mei, and the things Captain and the staff taught me while I was there. I could keep on writing the details of all the wonderful memories, but since space is limited I must end this rather scratchy letter.

In the years to come, may Chung Mei continue her work of making healthier and better citizens.

Sincerely,

WILFRED JUE

RIB TICKLERS

Henry Eng: "You know, I think Richmond High School must be haunted."

Bobby Kwok: "How come?"

Henry Eng: "Well, the teachers are always talking about school spirit."

* * *

An American journalist, upon arriving at New York from Europe, was asked by an editor friend if he would contribute something to the Atlantic Monthly.

"Sorry, Old Man," he replied, "Afraid I am not up to it. I have been contributing something to the Atlantic daily, ever since I left Europe."

* * *

Chester Lum: "Funny, eh? When Mr. Tucker was making a speech today he asked us to lend him our ears."

Robert E. Lee: "That's nothing. Isn't Captain always asking us to give him a hand?"

* * *

Mary: "Mama, why hasn't Daddy any hair?"

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

Mary: "Why have you so much hair Mama?"

Mama: "Now run along and play, dear."

* * *

Miss Richert: "My but your face is dirty, Edward. What would you say if mine were like that?"

Edward Chan: "I wouldn't mention it, Miss Richert. It wouldn't be polite."

* * *

Housewife: "Aren't you the same man I fed last week?"

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

* * *

Raymond Chow: "Mrs. Morrice, why do Scotch people never spank their children?"

Mrs. Morrice: "They're afraid their pants will wear out, Raymond."

* * *

She: "I've just become engaged to an Irishman."

He: "Oh, really?"

She: "No, O'Reilly."

* * *

The Professor was deep in a book when his wife called, "Oh dear, the baby has swallowed the ink. Whatever shall I do?"
"Write with a pencil," replied the Professor.

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VOL. 12 NO. 10

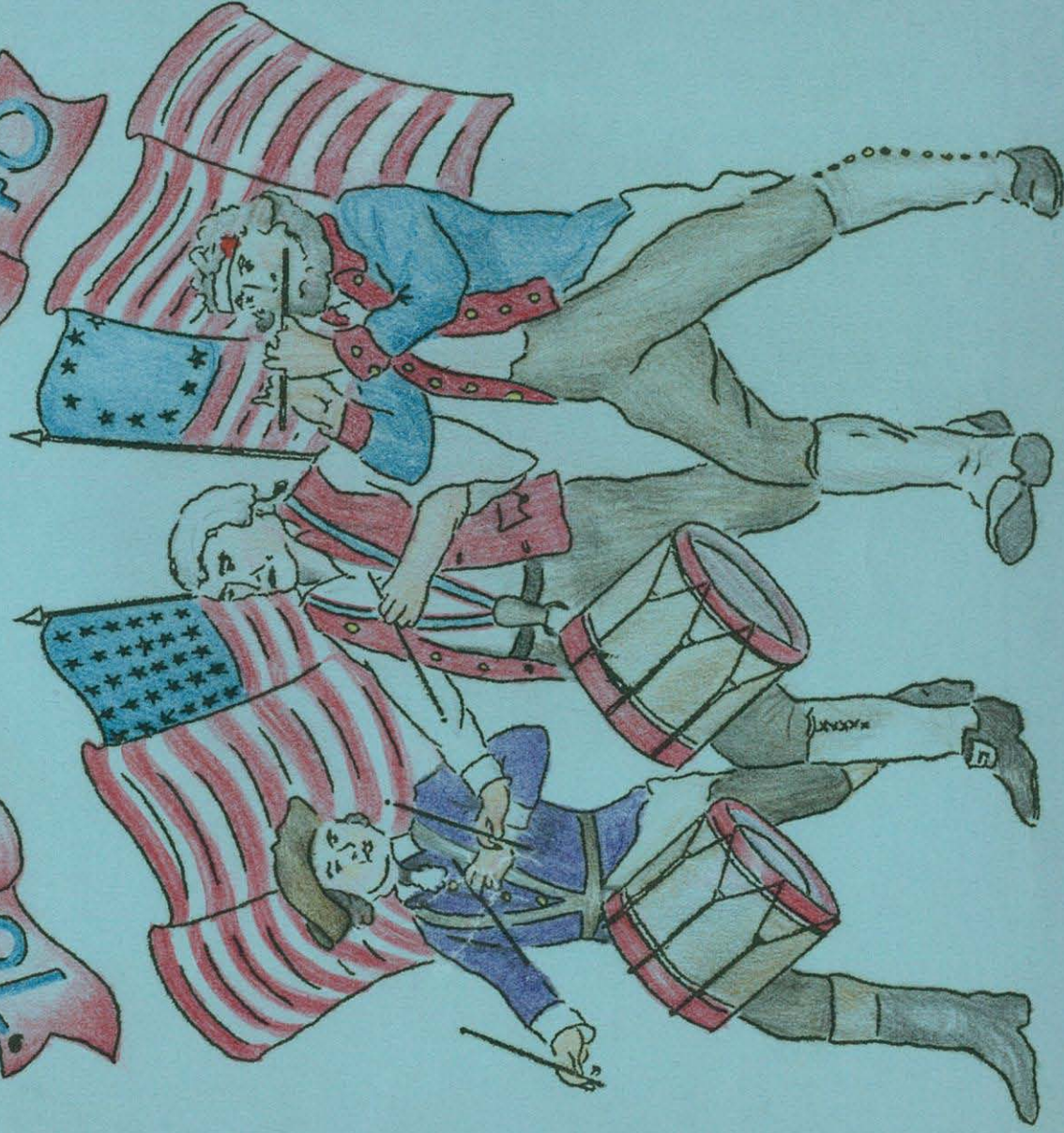
THE

CHINA

WEEKLY

中華民國二十九年七月

JULY 40



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play a paramount part. Without such virtues individuals deteriorate and nations crumble.

C. R. S.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Charles R. Shepherd
Assoc. Editor	Margaret G. Thomsen
Assistant Editor	W. Tom
Artists	Billy Tom, Tom Fong

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY

Margaret G. Thomsen

On June 11 the Chung Mei Cadets marched in the Flag Day parade at Richmond.

In place of the regular morning service on Sunday, June 16, Captain and the boys presented a complete Chung Mei service at the First Baptist Church of Berkeley.

Then on Sunday, June 30, the complete evening service at the Twenty-third Avenue Baptist Church in Oakland was given over to the Chung Mei Family.

On June 17 was held our first annual public reading contest - a new venture. Judges of the contest were: Dr. George M. Derbyshire, Mrs. B. X. Tucker, Mrs. Cora McLennan, Rev. Kenneth Wallace and Mr. Kenneth Evans. An account of this contest is found on the following page.

The time since the close of school has been quite well filled for the Chung Mei boys, especially in the line of athletic activities. Besides our own Field Day and Marathons we had an informal track meet, on Saturday June 22, with a group of boys from the Baptist Chinese School in San Francisco. The results of the meet were largely in Chung Mei's favor, perhaps partly due to the smaller number of contestants from San Francisco, which necessitated the same boys participating in all events. The losing group, however, showed fine spirit and sportsmanship, and we enjoyed their visit.

On Sunday evening, June 23, a group of young people from the Chinese Baptist Church of Oakland, under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bothwell, took charge of our service here. These young folks led the singing, read the Scriptures, presented special music, and gave the devotional message. We appreciate their coming, and hope to have them with us again in the near future.

July 4th saw the Chung Mei Cadets on their way to Watsonville before 6:30 a.m. They participated in the annual Pajaro Valley parade, were guests at the big barbecue, and carried away a number of prizes from the races and contests of the afternoon. After reaching home in the evening, in spite of a full day, the Seniors went on to finish the day with the rest of Oakland at the fireworks display at Lake Merritt.

EDITORIAL

TAKE HEED!

Even though it means reiterating words which have appeared in numerous newspapers and magazines during the past few weeks, we feel that we wish to call the attention of our readers to one part in particular of the manifesto which Marshal Petain gave out to his people in explaining the reasons for France's debacle and her surrender to Germany.

He said that France had "too few men, too few allies, too few aeroplanes, too little mechanized equipment;" and then he added - and this is the part to which we would call our readers' attention - that ever since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles the people of France had been living a life of self-satisfaction, devoting themselves inordinately to pleasure and ease, becoming less and less willing to make sacrifices, and increasingly demanding that their country should give to them, rather than that they should give to their country.

Leaving aside the question of munitions, mechanized equipment, aeroplanes, and everything else that is needful to carry on modern warfare, this last thing to which the Marshal referred is absolutely fundamental. Love of ease, an inordinate desire for pleasure, an unwillingness to sacrifice, a constant emphasis upon receiving rather than upon giving, is fatal, not only to the life of a nation, but to the character of the individual. Both as Americans and as individuals let us beware that we fall not into this state of deterioration. Perhaps, however, we have already gone far in this direction. If we have, it is certainly time for us to take stock of ourselves and to change our course. The true greatness of any nation consists not entirely in its material resources, and its ability to resist the aggressor, important as such things may be, but in the character of its people; and in the forming and development of the highest and best in character, willingness to labor, to endure hardship, self-abnegation and sacrifice

Dear Chronicle Readers:

It has been only a month since I arrived in Chungking. Before my impressions of "Free China" slip from me I would like to pass them on to you.

We left the United States on December 16, on the President Coolidge. Upon our arrival in Shanghai we were pained to note the Rising Sun of Japan flying from every flag pole. We continued on down to Hong Kong, where we were forced to stay until the 20th of March, owing to the incessant bombing of the Yunnan-Indo-China Railroad.

The journey from Hanoi to Yunnan was quite an experience. Only the third and fourth class trains were functioning. We traveled fourth, in box cars with their ends knocked out and benches placed along the sides, our baggage piled up in front of us. At each night stop we took our baggage and went to a hotel. The first part of the journey was not so bad, as we traveled in the day time; but later we traveled at night to avoid Japanese air raids. At Kuming I met a number of fellows who were trained in San Francisco to be aviators and mechanics. Edwin Law, an old Chung Mei boy, was with the group.

As I made this long journey from Hanoi to Chungking I was tremendously impressed with the size of this great country, and began to understand what people mean when they say China is unconquerable.

Finally we arrived in Chungking, China's present capital; and within a week I was fortunate enough to secure a position with the China Transport Corporation. I am working in the engineering department. We are designing the various maintenance shops to be erected in Chungking. In this organization there are about a dozen returned students who studied automobile maintenance in Detroit. Most of them are college graduates.

During the first few weeks we were taken on tours of inspection. Among the things which caused us to pause in admiration were a steel mill and an arsenal. The machinery for this steel mill was transported from Hankow in junks and on human backs up to Chungking. Huge rollers and steam hammers have already been erected and are in operation. What wonders are possible when man sets his mind to them! The spirit of the people is magnificent. From the richest to the poorest they are still confident of China's ultimate victory.

Best wishes to all.

JAMES TOMWYE

It was a great privilege to act as one of the judges in Chung Mei's latest venture, a contest in the public reading of the Bible on the part of the boys of the home. It took me back many years to the time when I participated in such a contest myself.

I was one of five adult judges, and we all wondered a bit just what the evening would have in store for us. We discovered nine contestants who were in real earnest about the matter, and who presented a splendid competition in reading a portion of the 107th Psalm. Scoring was on diction, pronunciation, poise, expression, etc., and it was with some difficulty that the three best readers were selected as follows: Mark Kaye, first; Bobby Kwok and Willie Wong tied for second place.

No small part of the success of the venture was contributed by the other boys of the home, who attended in a body, even though some of the younger ones were not required to do so; and their fine interest and enthusiastic spirit made the contest a very human as well as an animated affair.

The winner was presented with an attractive little trophy.

CARRY ON DAY

The fourth semi-annual Carry On Day was held on June 25. The acting staff was as follows: Robert E. Lee, Supt.; Bobby Kwok, Lieut.; Chester Lum, Billy Tom, Willie Wong and Douglas Fong acting for Group Mothers; and Tommy Fong acting as Cook.

This acting staff performed splendid service; and at the close of the day they drew up a joint report. Excerpts from this report give an excellent idea of what Carry On Day meant to them.

"Not only did we enjoy ourselves," says their report, "but we also gathered the meaning of the spirit behind it. Our interpretation of this spirit formed the basis of our action, and to this we attribute the success of the day. . . This is a marvellous way in which to impress upon the Chung Mei boys the importance of carrying on, and to disclose to their minds a way in which characters may approach a greater degree of nobility.

"The success of the day, however, required more than the correct attitude of the acting staff. It required seriousness of behavior and loyal cooperation on the part of the boys; and this we had. . ."

The way in which these boys took hold and carried on throughout the day was indeed inspiring to the members of the regular staff.

FOURTH ANNUAL FIELD DAY

July 6, 1940

On Saturday, June 26, the four marathons were run - Long, Short, Midget and Microbe. The results were as follows: Long Marathon (for Seniors only) won by (1) Howard Lee (2) Tommy Fong (3) Douglas Fong (4) Raymond Chow; Short Marathon (for High Intermediates only) won by (1) Healy Gee (2) Ronald Chow (3) Arthur Lau (4) James Lee; the Midget Marathon (for Low Intermediates only) won by (1) David Lowe (2) Lonnie Low (3) Billy Dong; the Microbe Marathon (for Juniors only) won by (1) Danny Chew (2) Billy Woo (3) Gordon Lee.

Exactly one week after the Marathons we held our Field Day proper. The weather was exceptionally fine, warm but not too hot. Everyone was in fine spirits, and the contestants in good condition. Following are the results in brief:

SENIOR EVENTS:

Mile - (1) Tommy Fong (2) Howard Lee (3) Willie Wong
440 yds. - (1) Chester Lum (2) Joseph Lee (3) Robert Gin
220 yds - (1) Tommy Fong (2) Robert Gin (3) Willie Louie
120 Low Hurdles - (1) Douglas Fong (2) Harding Gee (3) Willie Louie
High Jump - (1) Douglas Fong 5'4"
Broad Jump - (1) Joseph Lee
Shot Put - (1) Chester Lum
Feature (Sack Race) - (1) Chester Lum (2) Douglas Fong (3) Stanley Chan

HIGH INTERMEDIATE EVENTS:

880 yds. - (1) Healy Gee (2) Ronald Chow (3) Morrey Chung
100 yd. dash - (1) Healy Gee (2) Tom Woo (3) Basil Wong
120 yd. Low Hurdles - (1) Morrey Chung (2) Lonnie Low (3) Lavie Lee
High Jump - (1) Morrey Chung 3'10"
Broad Jump - (1) Healy Gee
Feature (Tire Rolling) - (1) Healy Gee (2) Arthur Lau (3) Morrey Chung

LOW INTERMEDIATE EVENTS:

440 yds. - (1) David Lowe (2) Lonnie Low (3) Glenn Wong
75 yd. dash - (1) Glenn Wong (2) Henry Lee (3) David Lowe
Feature (Potato Race) - (1) Albert Sum (2) Henry Lee (3) Billy Dong

JUNIOR EVENTS:

220 yds. - (1) Danny Chew (2) Gordon Lee (3) Billy Woo
50 yd. dash - (1) Billy Woo (2) Danny Chew (3) Henry Poon
Feature (Marble Race) - (1) Danny Chew (2) Gordon Lee (3) David Tong

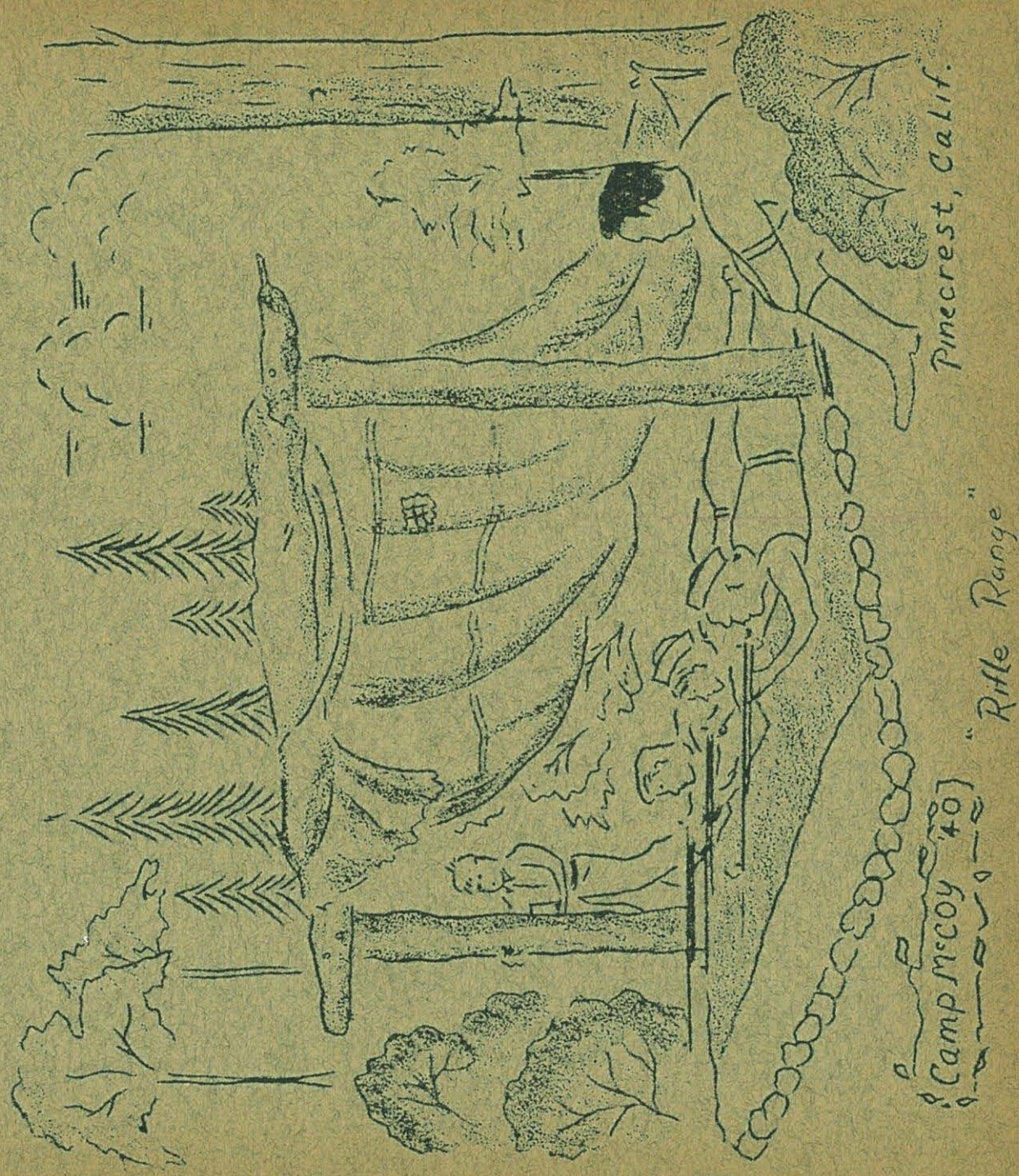
The final event on the field was a Medley Relay, combining members of the four age groups. It was won by the team composed of Tommy Fong, Jim Woo, Henry Lee and Billy Woo. This team was presented with the largest watermelon available.

At the close of the field events all participants and guests assembled on the lawn, where the trophies and prizes were awarded to the winners by Mrs. J. A. Maclean, a charter member of the Chung Mei Board.

We greatly appreciate the assistance rendered by Coach John Palmer of Roosevelt Junior High, and Arleigh Williams, Dean of Men at Richmond Union High, who acted as officials that day. Our friend John Palmer was particularly helpful, giving us the entire day.

WALK THE CHIMNEY IN THE SHEET

月九年九十二國民華中報月美中



Camp McCoy '40

Rifle Range

Pinecrest, Calif.

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

STAFF

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EDITORIALS

BEYOND THE VEIL - WHAT?

These are dark days - dreadful beyond description. As this is written, the colossal tragedy on the other side of the Atlantic reaches a new high. The most stupendous and shocking air battles of all time are being fought - unspeakably ghastly, unbelievably awful, and inconceivably destructive. Thousands of tons of steel and high explosives are descending from the skies of England and Continental Europe. Human lives are being snuffed out with an indifference which would seem to indicate that man is of little more consequence than the beasts of the earth; while the work of men's hands - cities and towns which have taken centuries and generations to build - are being pounded veritably to dust.

So monstrous is this holocaust, and so far-reaching its effects upon all mankind, that we cannot refrain from speaking of it here, even in the columns of a journal such as this, devoted to the interests of a particular group far removed from the scenes of tragedy and carnage. Repeatedly we ask ourselves, how long will it last, what will be the outcome of it all, and what will be its ultimate effect upon the land we love, and the way of life we hold dear?

The veil of the future we may not lift, and therefore we cannot know what events and developments are beyond that veil; nor can we know what trials, testings and tribulations may await us as a nation or as individuals. We can only devoutly hope for the best, while we prepare resolutely for whatever eventuality may confront us, praying in the meantime that, no matter what the future may have in store for us, we shall not be found wanting, but that in the hour of trial we may be true to our country and true to our God.

STAND BY FOR CHINA

"Stand by for London." "Stand by for the latest news from Berlin." "Stand by for a special bulletin from Rome."

For many months now we have been hearing this sort of thing every day, and sometimes several times a day. Before the outbreak of the present European war we used frequently to stand by for news from China; but the enormity of the events in Europe, and the closeness of the tie which binds us to the people of those warring nations, have crowded the thoughts of Far Eastern affairs into rather remote corners of our minds. For some of us, indeed, it seems that the great struggle for freedom in which China has been so long engaged has come to be a matter of lesser importance, and for the time being to fade into a position of comparative insignificance when viewed in the light of European events.

But we shall yet hear from China; and those of us who are keeping in contact with that great nation, who know something of the genius of that remarkable people, and are familiar with their history, culture and civilization, believe we shall hear astonishing things. A nation of over four hundred million souls, with a history such as is China's, does not lightly pass off the stage and into oblivion. With a civilization antedating our own by many centuries, with a culture equal in many respects to the best the world has known, with man power and natural resources such as are still to be found in this ancient land of Cathay, who can doubt that we shall yet hear from China. In fact those who, to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase, have their ears to the ground, are already hearing astonishing things. While the world has been in turmoil the Chinese people, driven by a powerful, determined and relentless foe, and unprepared to defend adequately the land of their forefathers, have retired into the westernmost part of their country, and there have set up a new national existence. The educational life of the country goes on, though the circumstances may be somewhat disadvantageous for its fullest development. The commercial and industrial life of the nation is by no means so badly impaired as one might be led to believe. China, too, is training an army - an army that is still able to give good account of itself, and that is but awaiting the day when it can most effectively strike to drive the invader from its territory.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing is the way in which life moves on in China, in spite of the tremendous disadvantages of the situation; while the most hopeful thing of all is the fact that China's youth is not being neglected. It is being educated and trained for future usefulness. The world will some day hear, in no uncertain terms, from these millions of Chinese youth. Stand by for China.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Besides our own Marathons and Field Day this summer, the Chung Mei boys participated for the first time in the annual Relay and Marathon in San Francisco Chinatown, sponsored by the Chinese Y.M.C.A., held this year on Saturday, July 14. Our relay team, composed of Robert Gin, Raymond Won, Stanley Chan, Willie Louie and Healy Gee, took third place in this event. In the marathon, Douglas Fong, Howard Lee and Raymond Chow took fifth, sixth and eighth places respectively; and the Chung Mei group took the team trophy, having the most entrants finishing among the first twenty. It is a beautiful permanent trophy, and we are proud of it. Each member of the relay team, and those placing in the marathon, also received individual medals.

On Sunday, July 22, Rev. and Mrs. Floyd House, whom we had invited to have dinner with us, brought Rev. Etter of the Leper Colony in South China with them. At the evening service Mr. Etter presented a most interesting picture of the work among these unfortunate people.

After an enjoyable week spent at Camp McCoy, everybody was back at school again on Monday morning, August 26, ready and eager for the new term.

On Saturday, August 31, we, together with over a thousand other children from various homes in California, were guests of the State Department of Social Welfare and the California Commission at the Exposition. Transportation for all was furnished by the Southern Pacific Company. The entertainment included a special performance of Salici's Puppets, the opening session of the Rodeo, and a tour of the Chinese Village. We were also provided with lunch and dinner. Our thanks to those responsible for giving us this day.

Dr. and Mrs. John W. Thomas were our guests on Sunday evening, August 11. Dr. Thomas, Secretary Department of Cities, American Baptist Home Mission Society, gave us an inspiring message, and made us feel that we would like him to come often.

We have had an extra member in our household during the past summer. Paul Louie of Seattle, a student at Linfield College, has been assisting at Chung Mei, and getting experience in boys' work. He has been of considerable help, conducting our morning worship service, and teaching a class in English composed of about a dozen boys who needed special help along this line. Paul is expecting to take up Christian work upon finishing his education; and as he is about to leave us, we wish him success in the completion of his school work, and in the life work he has chosen.

PERSONALS
W. Tom

Robert E. Lee, who graduated from Richmond High last June, is now attending Oakland Central Trade School and taking a course in Industrial Radio. He is making his own way by working part-time in an American home.

Bobby Kwok and Henry Eng are both working in homes in Berkeley and attending Berkeley High. Dewey Wong has a house job in Oakland and is attending Technical High. Mark Kaye also has a part-time job and is finishing his education in San Francisco.

George Chan and Harry Chan are living together in Sacramento. Both have part-time jobs and are attending Sacramento Junior College.

Mrs. Shikles, who served as Group Mother to the Seniors for two and a half years, has left us to accept a position as office secretary in a Baptist Children's Home in Los Angeles. Our old friend Mrs. Morrice is pinch-hitting until our new Group Mother arrives. It is good to have her with us again.

Bobby Seid and Lucky Woo have been promoted from kindergarten to first grade; but we still have one kindergartner, a new little fellow, William Lee.

The following boys have left us since the last issue of the Chronicle: Robert E. Lee, Dewey Wong, Bobby Kwok, Henry Eng, Fred and Paul Yee, Lous Mah, Edward Chan, Basil Wong, Victor and Herbie Wong, James Fong, Frank Chew and Mark Kaye. Their places have been taken by the following: from San Francisco, Gordon Siu, Jimmy Gee, Peter Fong, Harry Gee, Paul and Stephen Gin; from Oakland, William Lee, Henry and George Hoh; from Los Angeles, Gay Wm. Tom and Dawes Lee. We have also three former boys with us again - William Tom from Los Angeles, Johnny Lum and Walton Chin from S. F.

During the summer months the following alumni have visited us: Edward Lem, Philip Lum, Gilbert Louie, Bertram Chan, Harry Chan, Billy Wong, Richard Chin, George Chan, Henry Fong and Milton Lew. We are always glad to have old members of the gang back with us.

Jerry Lum seems to be getting along splendidly in the CCC Camp at Orleans. He has been promoted, and now assists the camp dentist in, as he puts it, "cleaning the teeth of the guys." For this he gets a little extra pay. Carry on, Jerry.

Three former Chung Mei boys have been working during the summer at the Fong-Fong restaurant on Treasure Island: Bertram Chan, George Pon and Harry (Professor) Lee.

CAMP DIARY

of
Deah Paak

Friday, August 16 (midnight): Suffering catfish! There goes the rising bell; but gee, it's still pitch dark. At first I couldn't think what it was all about, but then I remembered we were getting up at midnight so that we could get an early start for camp. The idea is to avoid as much heat as possible, and get through the valley before noon.

Saturday, 2 a.m.: Things have been moving fast since we woke. Breakfast is over, dishes washed, blankets rolled, truck and bus loaded; and now we're off. So, Little Diary, you'll have to go into my knapsack until after we get to camp.

Sunday, August 17, 7 a.m.: Well, here I am lying in bed in my cabin up at Camp McCoy. Can't get up yet, and can't talk. That's out until the rising bell rings; but we can read, write and think.

Arrived here a little before noon yesterday. The trip was pretty hot, but could have been worse. Took about two hours to eat picnic lunch and put our camp in order. Then after a little rest we all went down to the Lake. Boy, it was fine! Lots of fun in the water. Last night had our first campfire. We were all pretty sleepy, so Captain made it short. According to the program he read last night we are going to have plenty to do.

Thursday afternoon, August 22: Golly, haven't written a thing for four days. Been too busy to write, what with swimming, hiking, archery, marksmanship, craft work, eating, sleeping and campfire meetings. Wouldn't have time today, except I ate too many beans for lunch, or else I ate them too fast. Anyway I have a stomachache and don't feel so hot. Captain says I can rest in my cabin instead of going to the beach. First time I've missed the beach. We sure have swell times there.

Last night we had a Snipe hunt. This was my first experience, and I still can't figure out what was funny about it. I stayed out with three other guys for an hour and a half, but I didn't see a single Snipe. Some of the boys claim they saw some though. Gee, I wonder what a Snipe looks like anyhow.

Willie Wong, Douglas Fong and Billy Tom won the marksmanship contest. I hear they are going to get medals or something.

Boy! there sure are a lot of Yellow Jackets in camp. Folks say they are especially bad every seventh year, and this is the seventh year. Sometimes they nearly drive us out of the mess hall.

Gee, Captain's got a jar full of grains of rice down in the mess hall. Whoever guesses nearest to the number of grains in the jar gets a prize.

Saturday evening, August 24: Well, here I am again, after not writing for two days. Last day in camp much too busy for writing. Campfire Friday night was best of all - stunt night, marshmallows, soda pop and all that stuff. Tent number two got the prize for the best stunt.

Got up pretty early this morning, and left camp soon after breakfast. The ride home sure was hot, but we arrived safely about five o'clock.

Sure had a swell time. Camp is a great place; but after all it's pretty good to be back here where everything is clean, and you don't have to breathe dust and swat flies all the time.

* * * * *

LETTERS FROM OUR ALUMNI

VII

Dear Friends:

Greetings to you who are at present living at Chung Mei. And greetings to all Chung Mei alumni, who like myself are out in the world and trying to carve our own little niche in the field of human endeavor.

All that I can think and remember of the twelve years which I spent at Chung Mei has already been expressed by those who have written in the Alumni Column in the past issues of the Chung Mei Chronicle; so I will not occupy space by repeating the same things.

I am at present employed at the Pacific Importing Company in San Francisco, and am enjoying my work.

To those who will eventually follow the rest of us alumni out into this world of give and take, may I say just this word. Heed every opportunity that is given to you. Some of them may seem unimportant at the time, yet such experiences come in mighty handy, as I have found out during the short period that I have been endeavoring to make my way alone.

Sincerely yours,

RAY WONG (1927-40)

Ed. Note: Raymond has a unique distinction among Chung Mei boys. From being a Junior, i.e. a member of the youngest group in the home, he went all the way up the line, even to becoming a member of the staff for a time.

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