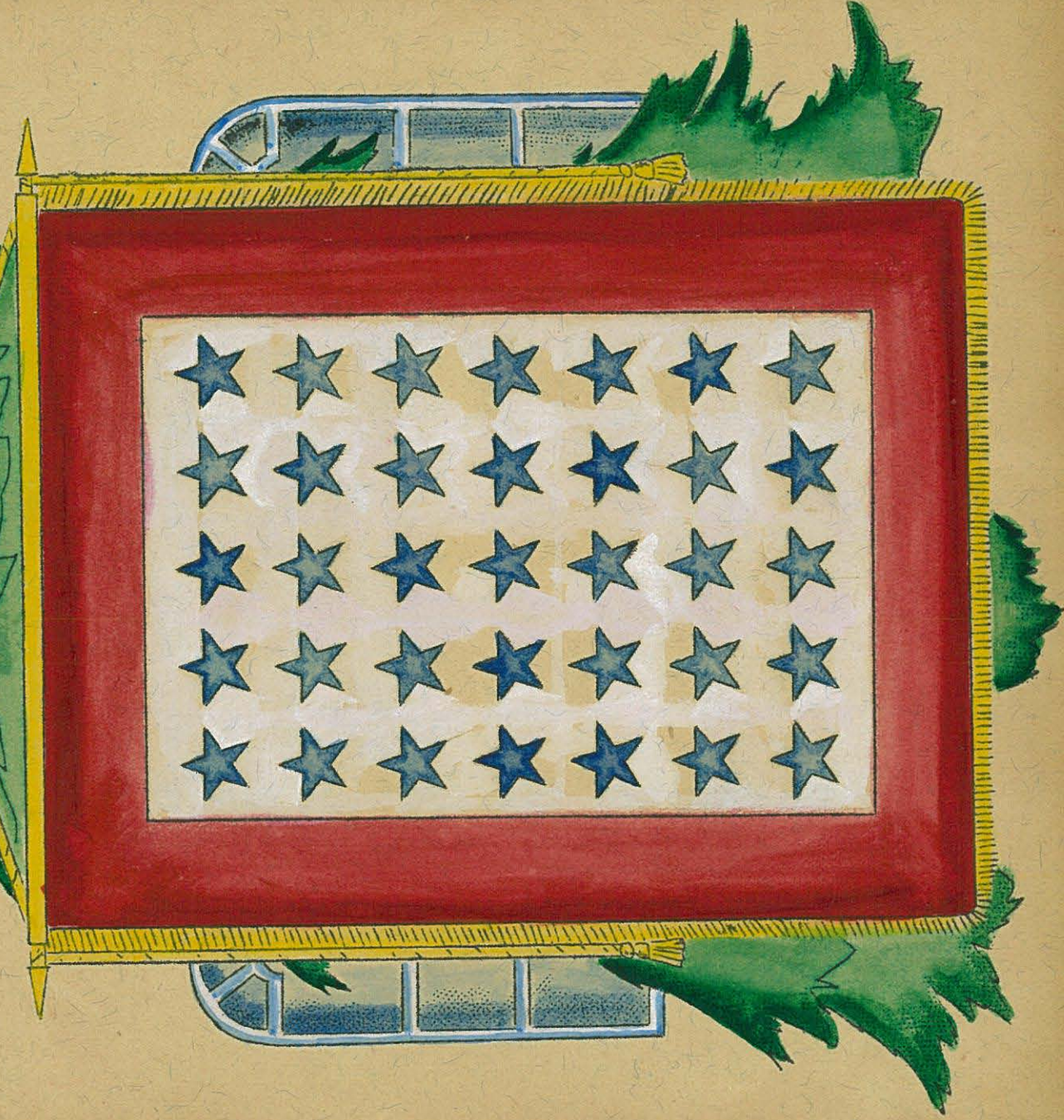


VOLITION
THE
CHUNGWEI
CHRONICLE
DECEMBER

月二十年二十國民華中報月美中



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

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Charles R. Shepherd
Associate Editor Margaret G. Thomsen
Artists Howard Lee, Harry Chew

EDITORIAL

LET US REMEMBER!

This is written on December 7, 1942 - a day to remember, a day of infamy. Just one year ago today a blow fell upon this nation the like of which it has never before suffered in its history. So sudden was this blow that it left the whole nation breathless. So violent and destructive was it that it left us aghast. So treacherous and dastardly that it set the hearts of most Americans ablaze with anger.

Out of the violent shock, the widespread consternation and the burning anger quickly evolved the slogan "Remember Pearl Harbor!" - a slogan which rapidly spread from lip to lip and from heart to heart. Before long somebody had written a song about it, and men, women and children were singing it as they prepared to do their part to save our nation from the peril into which it had suddenly been thrown.

We do not feel that it is necessary or desirable, in these columns, to further exhort and adjure our readers to remember Pearl Harbor as it relates to the duplicity, treachery and infamy of the leaders of Japan. We are thoroughly satisfied that these things will not be forgotten in this generation or in the next.

There are, however, some other things that it seems to us eminently desirable we should remember - things which we must never, never forget as we face the present, with its inevitable and bloody struggle, and as we look toward the future when we shall hope to have a part in building a new and better world.

FIRST. Let us remember that as a nation we were fully warned of impending danger, but would not heed.

History fairly screamed at us from her pages. There is no excuse for our being surprised that Japan struck us in the manner she did, nor any adequate reason for us to expect her to do any differently. She had done it before - in China in 1894, at Port Arthur in 1903, in Shantung in 1915, in Manchuria in 1930, and again in China in 1937. Japan has never yet declared war upon any nation before striking. She has always struck first, and struck under circumstances of the basest treachery. Yes, history warned us; but we were, it seemed, not interested in history.

Furthermore, there was no lack of those in a position to know - men who had lived in the Orient, men who knew the trend of events, men who were thoroughly familiar

with the plans, policies and purposes of the Japanese militarists. These warned us by books, periodicals, newspaper articles and speeches innumerable. But we called them war-mongers, and shrugged it all off with a complacent "can't happen here." Furthermore, it now transpires that many of our own naval and military leaders knew that the blow was about to fall, and yet they failed to be on guard.

SECOND. Let us remember that as a people we were self-confident, and lovers of ease and pleasure. There was a cocksureness which characterized us as a people, a cocksureness in which even our naval and military leaders shared. Said one such leader, "We could finish off the Japanese fleet over the week-end;" while a certain congressman chirped, "A few thousand marines will quickly clean up the job." And most American laymen had never as much as a doubt that should Japan ever dare to strike us we could, in short order, sweep her from the seas.

Moreover, into our national life there had crept the poison of a supine ultra-pacifism. What had been a beautiful ideal, what was indeed a lofty goal, in seeking to attain which we as a nation were unquestionably right, had become a shibboleth and an obsession which made no provision for extenuating circumstances, and took no account of the hideous realities which confronted us. Pacifism as an aim was a beautiful thing; but pacifism as a drug, which would render us powerless to protect our homes and loved ones against the aggressor, the murderer, and the rapist, became a ghastly threat to our national existence and our way of life.

THIRD. Let us remember that in order to awaken us out of our complacency and conceit God had to permit us to suffer a terrible blow. Just how terrible was that blow we have only just now, one year later, been permitted to know. Only as we look at the pictures recently published, or read the casualty lists accompanying them, can we realize how terrific and crushing that blow was. But it was a necessary blow. There is something which we in our smugness have chosen to call the American way of life, but which in reality is God's chosen way of life for all men everywhere. Into our hands, and into the hands of certain sister nations, God had placed this sacred heritage. But there had arisen in the earth sinister, diabolic and powerful forces which were determined to destroy this way of life. While our sister nations rose to challenge these forces, and in spite of their valiant efforts were being beaten to their knees, while the blood of innocent millions drenched the soil of Europe and China, we proposed to stand by and take no part in it, even though that sacred heritage which God had given to us and others was in danger of perishing from vast portions of the earth. By that one fell swoop at Pearl Harbor God brought us to

our senses. But at what a price!

OUR ROLL OF HONOR

FOURTH. Let us remember that, in spite of our folly, God has been merciful to us. We but need to look again at the pictures, read again the casualty lists, and listen to the words of military and naval experts, in order to know that had the forces of Japan kept going, as they could have kept going, we should today be fighting our enemies, not in the far reaches of the Pacific, but upon the soil of California, Oregon and Washington. Even our enemy was surprised at his own success, even he did not know fully what he had done to us. Who shall say that it was not a merciful God who, having let our enemy strike us hard, placed his hand before that enemy's eyes so that he could not fully see the devastation he had wrought. Who shall say that God has not been abundantly merciful to a wilful, proud, arrogant, self-confident and pleasure loving America?

FIFTH. Let us remember that the fight is by no means over yet. It may well be that the end is not even in sight. There is much suffering in store for us, many heartaches, tears and agony. Struggle and strife such as this nation has never dreamed of lie ahead of us. There can be no easy way out, no short cut; for we wrestle not against flesh and blood alone, but against principalities and powers, against hideous spiritual wickedness in high and almost impregnable places. We wish it might soon be over; but wishing will not make it so. Only hard, hard, bitter fighting can save us, and the way of life which we hold dear.

Things being as they are, it is inconceivable to us that there are still many apparently so indifferent to it all, who can go on about their daily lives as though it were not true that our own boys are dying by the hundreds and thousands every day. Several millions of our sons are in army camps, or naval training stations, undergoing the daily grind that is necessary to prepare them for the struggle ahead. Almost a million of them are on foreign soil, thousands of miles from home and loved ones. Many thousands of them are at this moment locked in deadly combat. At home we sing that we are "dreaming of a White Christmas." Do we realize that we are facing a blood-red Christmas, the most bloody and awful Christmas that this world has ever known?

C. R. S.

OUR CHRISTMAS WISH TO OUR READERS

Somehow the old greeting, "Merry Christmas," just doesn't seem quite appropriate this year, when for so many of us life has taken on so grim and awful an aspect. But still we know that "Right is right, since God is God, and right the day must win." So we say to you all, "May God bless you; and may there still live in your hearts faith and hope that the Christmas star now dimmed may some day shine again in all its effulgent glory, and the lights come on again all over the world."

Instead of our usual PERSONALS column, we are presenting at this time the names of those sons of Chung Mei who are with the fighting forces of the United Nations, and in whose honor are placed the stars in our service flag appearing on our cover.

The last time we published such a list was in April, and it contained thirteen names. Many have been added since then; and it occurs to us that our readers, especially our alumni, would be interested in having this new list. In order to conserve space we have omitted addresses. We shall, however, be glad to furnish same to any who write in.

* * * * *

Lieut. Edwin Law	China Air Force
Pfc. George Haw	U.S. Field Artillery
Pvt. Warren Young	Tank Destroyer Bn.
Sgt. Bill Choye	Army Medical Corps
Sgt. Edward Lum	Quartermaster Corps
Pfc. J. Daniel Low	Army Medical Corps
Pvt. Allan Chan	Infantry
Pvt. Lawrence Chan	Assignment unknown
Cpl. Richard Chin	Army Air Corps
Cpl. Ben Woo	Army Air Corps
O/C George Chin	Antiaircraft
Pvt. John Shepherd	Army Air Corps
Seaman George Gee	U. S. Navy
Radioman Arthur Chan	U. S. Navy
Pvt. Johnson Chan	Army Radio School
Pvt. Donald Hall	Assignment unknown
Seaman Edward L. Lee	U. S. Navy
Pvt. Ernest Wong	Infantry
Pvt. Jerry Lum	Army Medical Corps
Pvt. Tommy Chan	Engineers
A.S. Herbert Jue	U. S. Navy
Pvt. John Fong	Assignment unknown
S 2/c Gilbert Louie	U. S. Navy
Pvt. Douglas Fong	Army Air Corps
Pvt. George Pon	Army Air Corps
Pvt. Wm. (Butch) Wong	Army Air Corps
Pvt. Mark Kaye	Army Air Corps
Pvt. Frank Chew	Infantry
Pvt. Henry Chan	Paratroops
Pvt. Bill Tom	Army Air Corps
Pvt. Bennie Lai	Army Intelligence
Pvt. Roger Lee	Army Air Corps
Pvt. Henry Fong	Signal Corps
Pvt. Hubert Leong	Army Air Corps
Pvt. Harold Leong	Army Medical Corps

* * * * *

GOD BLESS OUR SERVICE BOYS
(Tune: "God Bless America")

God bless our service boys,
Boys whom we love;
Walk beside them and guide them
In the light of Thy love from above;
Hold them safely in Thy keeping
Till this world-wide war is o'er,
God bless our service boys
For evermore.

Rev. Thomas P. Potter

* * * * *

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Many of our readers have wondered why they have received no copy of the Chronicle for so long. The explanation is simple. During camp we were unable to do anything like this; and due to the many activities of getting settled again at home, and catching up with routine activities, we have been unable until now to get at it.

On June 12, 1942, the Chung Mei Victory Corps, arrayed in blue jeans, shirts and helmets, with orange insignia badges on shirt and helmet, left El Cerrito for Camp Chung Mei at Brentwood. All members of the Corps, 90 in total (65 Chung Mei boys, the remainder recruited from outside our ranks), were not anticipating an easy, or particularly pleasant, summer; but they did hope to render some vital aid in the crop harvests, and also to make some money for themselves.

Several days before they left for camp the entire Corps paraded in S.F. Chinatown, where they were reviewed and inspected by a uniformed delegation from the Cathay Post American Legion. After the inspection the Post threw open its headquarters to the boys, and served them an abundance of sandwiches, cookies and pop.

Though our boys expected to work hard, little did they dream what this venture really meant, in the way of labor, physical discomforts, heat, flies and mosquitoes - and especially the cold early rising hours. The first few weeks were "slim pickings," though a few boys had odd jobs. But when the work did start to roll in it was hard to keep up with it all; and there were actually many days in which the demand for help far exceeded our ability to supply.

Camp was situated in the midst of an almond orchard, the large majority of boys sleeping on cots in a huge floored barn. Thirty younger boys were billeted in the farmhouse, where also slept the women of the staff, and where the office and supply depot was located. Captain occupied a small shack adjacent to the barn. We must not, however, fail to mention the fine mess hall which was constructed for us by the men of the community. It had built-in tables and benches, and was entirely screened in. The kitchen was an outdoor one.

Each evening the farmers and ranchers would come in from their various places and put in their applications for the number of boys they could use the next day. The boys were then assigned, lunches put up and labeled, and everybody tumbled into bed; for 4:30, or even 5:30, came all too soon to be much pleasure.

Among the varied activities of the summer were: picking, cutting and drying apricots, nectarines and peaches, hoeing and planting celery, hoeing beets and onions, suckering corn, trimming garlic, and knocking almonds. After work hours there were cold showers (when there was any water in the tank), and sometimes the swimming hole.

For one thing we are most grateful,

i.e. the absence of any serious illness or accident during the entire period.

On Sunday, September 6, the Corps, somewhat smaller than at the beginning of the season, due to the fact that most of the outside boys did not stay through, returned to El Cerrito. They were a sun-browned and tired crew - and oh, how good it felt to get into a hot tub or shower. It took about a week to get thoroughly clean again, and to get used to real beds

It was a strenuous summer, more strenuous, and of longer duration than any other summer's work; but all in all it was a most successful one, both financially and in point of service rendered. Out of their individual earnings the boys contributed 10% to the C. M. Building Fund, outfitted themselves with clothing for school, gave some gifts to parents, and of course spent a little just on themselves; but a very large percentage of their total was invested in U.S. War Bonds and stamps, to be kept for their future education or other needs.

Most of our activities since returning from camp have consisted of getting back into normal living again, and getting started in the new school term. However, there have been certain other things which have claimed our attention from time to time.

A number of boys have acted as casualties for disaster drills in El Cerrito, others have contributed assistance in the salvage drive, and the entire drill unit, in Victory Corps uniforms, marched in the Victory parade in Oakland on October 30, their position directly behind the one-man Japanese submarine.

Our congratulations to two of our Senior boys, James Gok and Harry Chew, who have made the Honor Society at the Richmond Union High School. Harry is also Sports Editor of the Hi Nus.

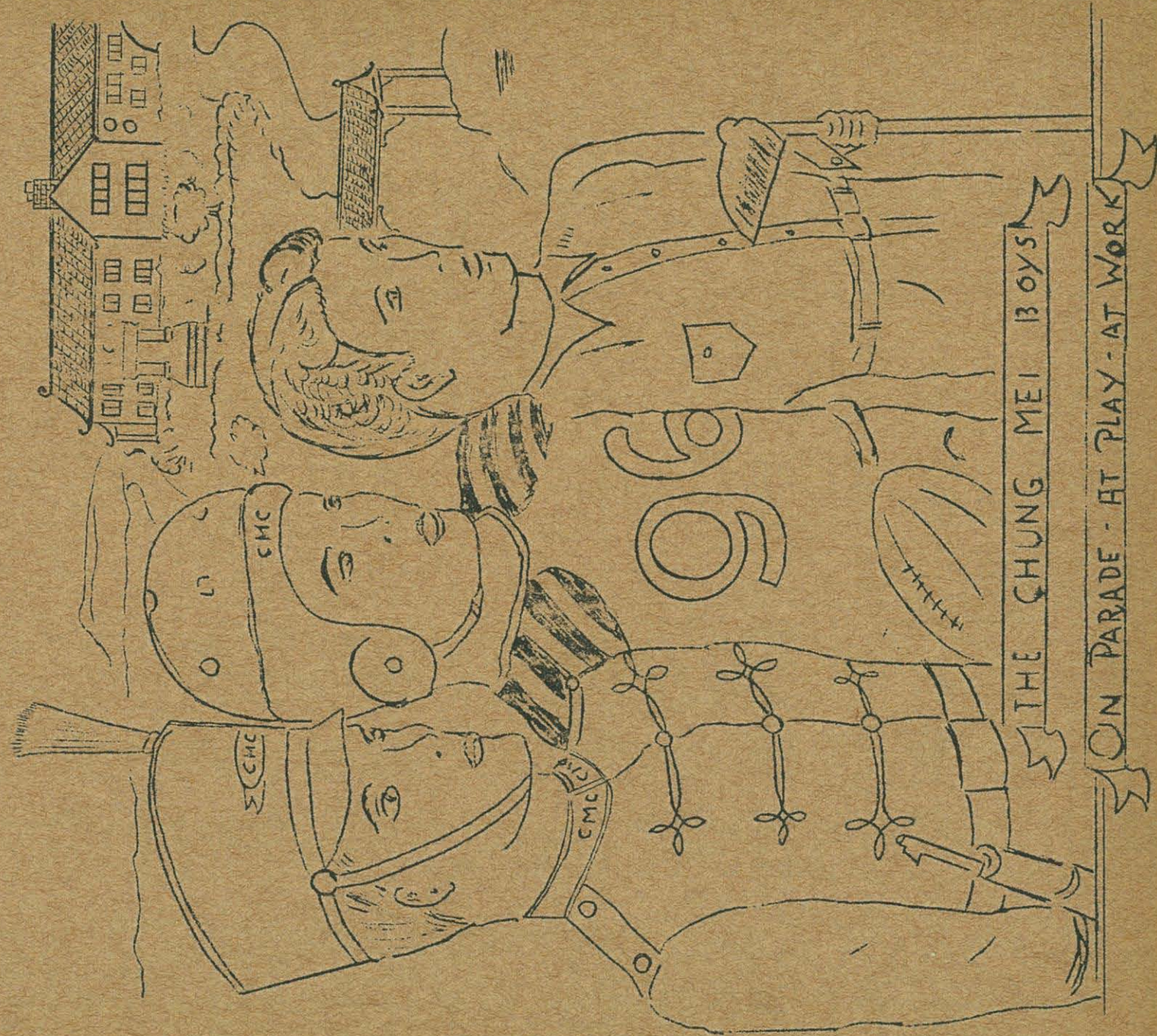
During the period which has elapsed since our last issue we have received numerous contributions to our slowly-but-surely growing building fund. We have written letters of thanks to all these donors, and thank them again through this column; but space will not permit publishing them as usual.

While speaking often of our boys in the armed forces, we do not want to forget the many others who are just as faithfully serving in other capacities. Among these are: Merchant Marine - Philip Lum, Roland Chew and Henry Eng; Signal Corps - Robert E. Lee, George Chan, Winston Wong and Bobby Choye; Naval Intelligence - Raymond Wong; Army Air Bases - Harry Chan and Chester Lum; Shipyards - Jack Wong, Wilfred Hall, Donald Chiu, Alfred Woo, Fred Hall, Fred Chiu, Frank Kwok, Adam Wu, Leland Wong, Willett Louie, Henry Wong, Willie Wong and Tommy Fong. A number of these boys will probably be called to the service before very long, and a star in their honor placed on our service flag; but in the meantime we salute them thus.

VOL. 15 NO. 2
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CHUNG MEI
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19 FEBRUARY 43

月二年二十三國民華中報月美中



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EDITORIAL

THIS SPIRITUAL RESURGENCE

"What time I am afraid I will trust in thee," quoth the Psalmist. "Be merciful unto me, oh God," he pleads. "Mine enemies would daily swallow me up, for they are many who fight against me."* Here unmistakably is the cry of a man in need, the appeal of one who, realizing that he is unequal to the struggle facing him, frankly admits his own inadequacy, and turns unashamedly to a source of strength greater than his own. It is a situation many many times recorded in the pages of holy writ, as witness such passages as the 107th Psalm, where one class of persons after another is represented as turning to God in the hour of need - those in bondage, those in darkness, those in affliction, those in danger, the hungry, the thirsty, the fools and the transgressors; each in their turn "call unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses."

History is replete with examples of men seeking divine aid in a time of need, divine wisdom in the days of bewilderment, and divine comfort in the hour of sorrow. Furthermore, there are within the memory of all of us such incidents as the Johnstown flood, the Slocum holocaust, the wreck of the Titanic, the sinking of the Lusitania, and the dark days of World War I which followed. In all of these we saw men turning to God for help and protection; we saw those who had almost forgotten how to pray kneeling in earnest supplication, and others in their tragic extremity calling upon a name which for years, perhaps, they had not used except in vain.

And now, while as a nation we face the gravest peril in our history, while we are called upon to play our part in the most ghastly tragedy of all times, we find that once again man in his dire extremity is turning anew to God, and we find ourselves part of a remarkable spiritual resurgence. We find religion assuming an unprecedented role of importance in our national life. Our leaders not only claim to be fighting for a righteous cause, but without shame acknowledge their need of divine guidance and help, and without apology turn for such strength and guidance to the God whom they learned to worship at their mothers' knees. We find God, religion and the Bible having

a notable place in the editorial writings of hardy and seasoned newspapermen. Magazine articles of a decidedly religious tone abound, while the radio is according to religion an astounding and unprecedented recognition. In addition to the tremendous increase in the number of local religious programs, we have four big national hook-ups, "We Believe," "Chaplain Jim," "Light of the World" and "Minute of Prayer;" while N.B.C.'s fast-growing religious mail has convinced that company of the need for a separate department of religion, with its own director.

Many of our soldiers, we are told, and we believe it to be true, show an unusual interest in religious matters, and give to the Bible and other devotional literature a much larger place in their lives than they did in their civilian days. They welcome, and even crave, spiritual consolation before going into battle, declare that there are no atheists in fox-holes, and no agnostics on the decks of sinking battleships; while men on a floating raft hold daily Bible readings and prayer meetings. What does it all mean?

To say, as some cynics would have us believe, that man is essentially a coward, who turns to God only in time of trouble, is, it seems to us, a misstatement of the case so gross as to amount to a libel on the human race, to say nothing of revealing a basic misunderstanding of human nature. A child, physically and mentally robust, may go happily about his play or his work, and pay scant attention to his father or mother; but let some danger arise in the form, say, of a malevolent person or a wild beast, and that child will fly for refuge to his nearest parent. One does not call such a child a coward, nor accuse him of lacking in appreciation of his parents. No, it is but human nature at its best bravely to make one's own way in life, and to call upon others for assistance only when need arises.

What, then, shall we say of this matter? Just this. One does not need to be ashamed to call upon God in the hour of his need, to seek His protection from danger, His solace in sorrow, His sustaining grace in the hour of suffering or death; for if we believe the words of holy writ we know that He has said repeatedly, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." The pity of it is that so many of us forget God except when we are in need, that we live as though there were no God, that we forsake His way of life to follow the devices and desires of our own hearts. If, as a result of the experience through which we are now passing, the religious life of our nation be deepened and strengthened, so that in the days of prosperity we may be found as loyal to Him and His ideals as He is faithful to us in time of adversity; and if when the

*Psalm 56:1-2

sun shines again we be found true to him who in the night of our calamity enlightened our darkness by the light of His love - if this comes to pass - then this spiritual resurgence will have proved to be an eternal blessing to us and to all mankind.

C. R. S.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY
Margaret G. Thomsen

Since the last issue of the Chung Mei Chronicle several more of our alumni have answered the call to arms. Milton Lew, Harry Fong, Jack Wong, Leonard Chow and George Chan are now on our roll of honor. We have also learned that Angie Won has been in the Navy for some time. Milton is hoping, after his basic training, to be transferred to the Motorcycle Corps; Harry Fong is in the Signal Corps; while Jack Wong and Leonard Chow are as yet unassigned. George Chan, who has been in the Signal Corps Reserve for some time, has now been called to active duty.

Dewey and Albert Wong are both in training at the Merchant Marine School in San Mateo. Philip Lum, a veteran of many trips with the Merchant Marine, is now applying for special training. Henry Eng, also in this branch of the service, has been, and perhaps still is, at sea.

George Chin, more familiarly known to us as "Chinnie", has the honor of being the first Chung Mei man to receive a commission. He was graduated from the Officer Candidate School at Camp Davis, N. C. just before Christmas, and is now proudly wearing the uniform and insignia of a 2nd Lieutenant. On leave before reporting to his new post, Lt. Chin visited us on New Year's day. Of course we were all most happy to see him, and more than proud of his fine achievement. He is now stationed at Camp Haan in Southern California

Also since the last report on our service men we have learned of two other promotions. Johnson Chan is now a Corporal, and Bill Tom a Private First Class.

Pfc. Allan Chan, now stationed at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, was a welcome visitor shortly before Christmas; and last week Herbert Jue of the U. S. Navy surprised us - on leave from the Naval Training Station at Farragut, Idaho.

Roger Lee, U. S. Air Force, is applying for training as a Flying Cadet. Hubert Leong, also of the Air Corps, has passed his tests for Aviation Cadet, but is hoping later on to become a Navigator. Henry Chan was disqualified as a Paratrooper, due to a previous physical condition of his leg. He is hoping to try again when the leg is completely healed. Mark Kaye has been transferred from the Air Corps to the Medical Corps. Arthur Chan, U.S. Navy, was last heard from at sea. We have had many letters from other boys, telling us of their interesting (and otherwise) experiences in the service.

Not only our boys are leaving at Uncle Sam's call, but even our Board members are going. Mr. Donald Fibush, Captain's son-in-law, and Mr. Arleigh Williams, have both been sworn into the U. S. Navy with the rank of Lieutenant (j.g.). Lt. Fibush has been at Tucson, Arizona for several weeks now, and Lt. Williams will be reporting to the same place soon. We will miss their able assistance on our Board, but wish them God-speed, and will look forward to their return.

Our school situation has changed quite radically with the beginning of the new school term. Due to an abnormally crowded condition in the Richmond schools, it was necessary to resort to a staggered schedule at Longfellow Junior High, thus pushing ahead our rising time to 5:30 a.m. in order to get a few boys to school on time. We therefore applied to the Richmond School Board for transfer to the new El Cerrito Junior and Senior High School. The transfer was granted, and our Junior High boys are now happily settled in their new school.

On the afternoon of Monday, February 3, the faculty members of the El Cerrito High School were our guests. They were shown through the building by boys now attending that school, and served tea in our dining room. We appreciate the fine way our boys have been welcomed to the new school; and would also like to express our thanks to the personnel of Longfellow for the friendly treatment accorded us there during the past seven and a half years.

Howard Lee, our Chronicle artist, was quite seriously injured two weeks ago, when a car struck him as he was crossing San Pablo Avenue. The first reports from the hospital were somewhat softened when the x-rays showed no broken bones. He has, however, been confined to bed in order to heal cuts and bruises, especially a badly bruised leg. He is getting about now, a little each day, on crutches; and we hope it will not be long before he is able to start using his leg.

Our cover page this month is a collaboration. It was designed by Cpl. Johnson Chan, former Chronicle artist, who writes that he has had the idea in mind for a long time. We appreciate his taking time from his busy life in the army to send us this material. Howard Lee put the finishing touches on Johnson's sketch; Harry Chew did the lettering as usual; and Tommy Fong, another alumnus and Chronicle artist, made the stencil, due to Howard's being temporarily laid up. Our thanks to all concerned.

Sunday evening, February 14, our high school boys were guests of the San Pablo Baptist Church. In keeping with the denomination's designation of Race Relations Sunday, Captain gave the message of the evening, speaking on "Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us." Following the church service a social fireside hour of games and refreshments was enjoyed.

OUR BUILDING FUND

The contributions listed below make quite an imposing array, and for each and every one of them we are profoundly thankful. It is not quite so good as it looks, however, for it is nearly nine months since we published our last statement (see our June issue).

Previously published	\$ 6124.94
Contributed by C. M. V. C.	1129.88
Misc. anonymous gifts	269.70
Interest on savings	120.33
Sale of misc. salvage, etc.	96.21
Mr. E. Clay Shouse (\$100 war bond)	74.00
Mrs. S. H. Edwards	50.00
Mr. C. V. Bradbury	50.00
Offering Lakeside Baptist Church	46.22
Mr. F. E. Forbes	25.00
Miss Donaldina Cameron	25.00
Mr. Sam Haycraft	25.00
First Bapt. Wom. Soc. (Oakland)	20.00
Mrs. Susie Yip	20.00
Mrs. Lillie D. Carter	20.00
Immanuel Baptist Church, L. A.	16.50
Miss Rose Sorenson	15.00
Miss Ruby M. Coon	15.00
Mrs. Florence Blythe Troxell	13.00
Miss Myrtle Miller (war stamps)	12.50
Vineland N.J. Church Vac. School	11.80
Chinese Church, Butte, Montana	10.37
Miss Cecelia Berg (war stamps)	10.00
Mr. Hubert Yee	10.00
Miss Anna Dietz	10.00
Crockett Community Church	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. Don Luxford	10.00
Corning Baptist Church	10.00
Mr. J. H. Jevons	10.00
Mrs. Frances Bowerman Sperry	10.00
Kern & Oi Quan	10.00
Mr. Gee Way Shu	10.00
L. E. Rouse Class (1000 Oaks)	6.00
Wom. Assn. Crocket Comm. Church	5.00
1st Baptist Ch., Danville, N.H.	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. George L. Upton	5.00
Mr. Paul Louie	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. Morris Nelson	5.00
Calif. State Soc. D.A.R.	5.00
Mrs. Claude F. Acree	5.00
S.S. 1st Bapt. Ch., Shelton, Wash.	5.00
Jr. Dept. S.S. 1st Cong., Berkeley	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. C. E. Bolinger	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. E. A. Stickney	5.00
Miss Clarie Freethy	5.00
Mr. George Nellinger	5.00
Miss Mary Dunn	5.00
Mr. Wilfred Hall	5.00
Mr. Kerrick & Josephine	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. John Olivero (war stamps)	5.00
Mrs. Clarence Hansen	5.00
Mrs. Christine Chambers	5.00
Mrs. John Vinding	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. Chester Haase	5.00
Mrs. E. S. Edwards (war stamps)	4.00
Mrs. G. David Tozier	3.00
Miss Alice Lewis Dix	3.00
Mrs. Gerald Leong (war stamps)	2.50
Mrs. Bertha S. Choate "	2.00
Mr. & Mrs. F. A. Hunter	2.00
Miss Agnes Weatherson	2.00
Miss Moody	2.00
Mrs. W. R. Walbaum	2.00
Sierra Chapter D.A.R.	2.00

Mrs. Mattie Mammen	2.00
Beverly & Euddy Williams (stamps)	1.25
Miss Nellie C. Fowler	1.00
Miss Susie Richert	1.00
Miss Lauraine Campbell	1.00
Mr. Harry Graham	1.00

\$ 8,433.20

We are grateful indeed that our fund is slowly but surely growing, for our need of a new building is very great. As we have stated before, we cannot build until after the war, but we realize that now is the time to gather in the needed money. We are sure that many of our friends are enjoying a better income than formerly; and we hope that they will take this opportunity to help us prepare for the future. A number of our good friends have already sent us war stamps and bonds, thus making their money serve two good causes. We hope that many many more will be moved to follow this procedure.

BUILDING FOR OTHERS

* * *

An old man, traveling a lone highway,
Came at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm deep and wide.

The old man crossed in the twilight
dim,
For the sullen stream held no fears
for him.
But he turned when he reached the
other side,
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," cried a fellow pilgrim
near,
"You are wasting your strength with
building here;
Your journey will end with the ending
day,
And you never again will pass this
way.

"You have crossed the chasm deep and
wide.
Why build you a bridge at eventide?"
And the builder raised his old gray
head:
"Good friend, on the path I have come,"
he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet will pass this way.

"This stream, which has been as naught
to me,
To that fair-haired boy may a pitfall
be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight
dim --
Good friend, I am building this bridge
for him."

-- W. A. Dromgoole --

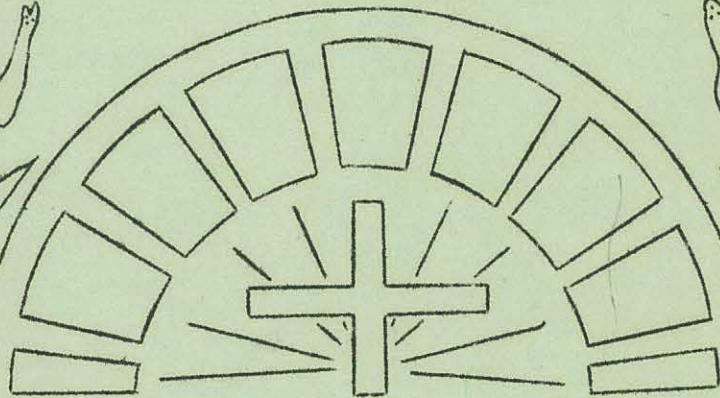
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VOL. 15 NO. 3

THE
CHUNG MEI
CHRONICLE

APRIL 1943

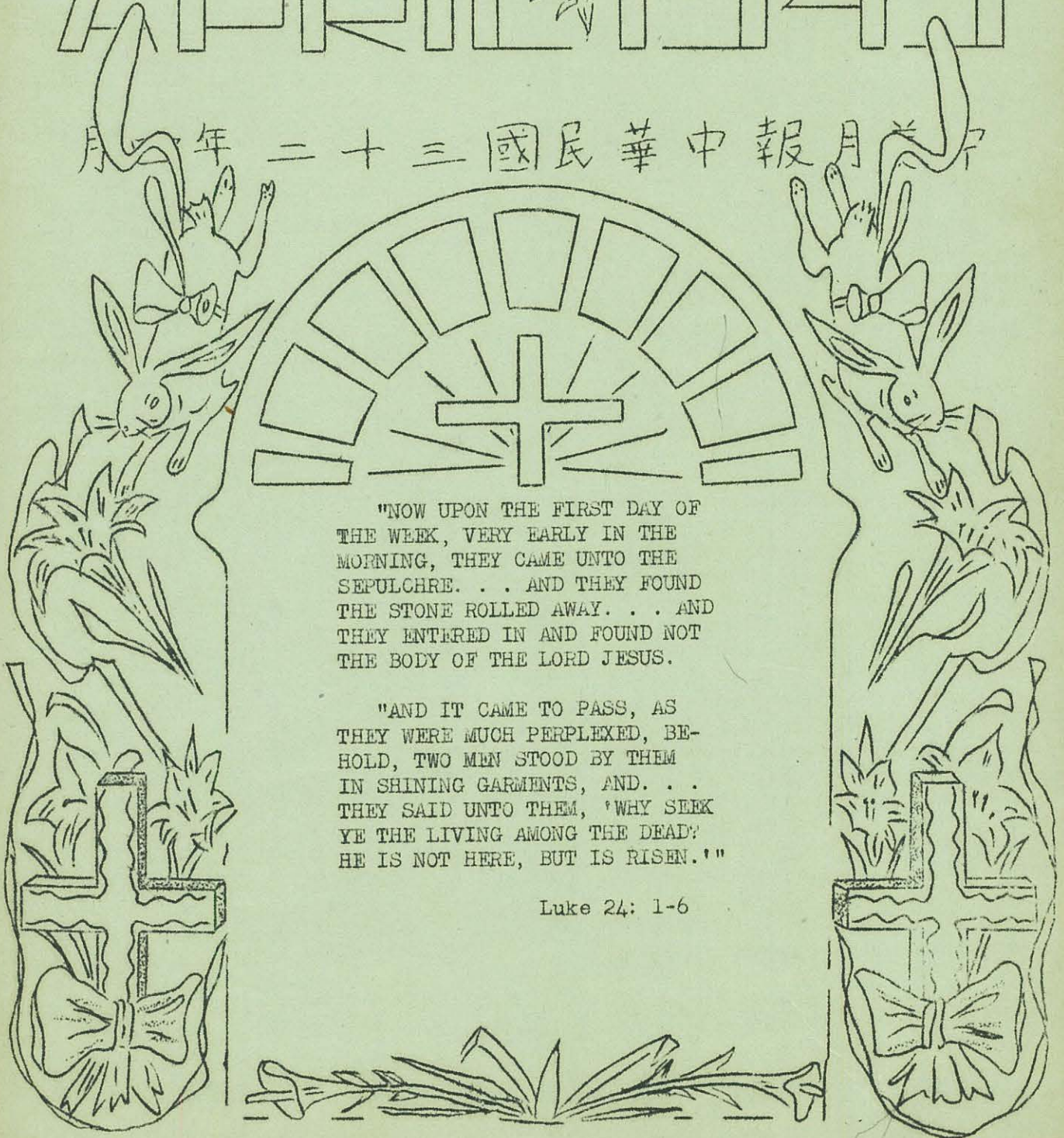
中華民國三十三年二月



"NOW UPON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK, VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING, THEY CAME UNTO THE SEPULCHRE. . . AND THEY FOUND THE STONE ROLLED AWAY. . . AND THEY ENTERED IN AND FOUND NOT THE BODY OF THE LORD JESUS.

"AND IT CAME TO PASS, AS THEY WERE MUCH PERPLEXED, BEHOLD, TWO MEN STOOD BY THEM IN SHINING GARMENTS, AND. . . THEY SAID UNTO THEM, 'WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD? HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN.'"

Luke 24: 1-6



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

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EDITORIAL

GETHSEMANE AND GOLGOTHA CAME FIRST

This is written on Good Friday, as once again we call to mind that series of events which, for nearly twenty centuries, the Christian world has commemorated at this season of the year. Drawing upon our imagination we endeavor to visualize the momentous happenings which took place in and around Jerusalem during that memorable week - the triumphant entry, the glad hosannahs, the palm-strewn highway, the pressing crowds, awe-inspired as Jesus in dignity entered the temple and drove out all who violated its sanctity. And then the machinations of His enemies, the pernicious propaganda, the resultant reactions among the populace, the base betrayal, the shameless mock trial, the cruel death, the humble burial, the sublime and glorious resurrection.

Today our minds ponder upon the significance of these things; and we think of the hope, the faith and the courage which mankind has drawn from them throughout the centuries which have elapsed. Then once again we turn and look about us upon the world of today. We are appalled.

He came, He lived, He suffered, He died, that men might live justly - but the world is full of cruel injustice; that men everywhere might love each other - but hate holds sway in the hearts of men; that there might be peace on earth - but the world is engulfed in a hideous welter of bloody strife. How can we Christians, then, greet the coming Easter morning with the slightest degree of the joyous spirit with which this day is supposed to be associated? As a matter of fact, we cannot, unless there be within our hearts some measure of the faith and courage which Jesus injected into the hearts of His followers, and which enabled them with the coming of the dawn to face the future with a new hope.

We are today engaged in the bloodiest, most far-reaching, and most awful war in the history of mankind, a war, moreover, which gives promise of continuing for a number of years to come, and which must inevitably entail ghastly loss of life and appalling destruction of treasure. But we are not fighting because inherently

we hate our enemy, or because we desire to possess anything which he has. We are fighting because all our ideals and hopes and ambitions, together with our very homes and families, are endangered by a monstrous and evil force which would destroy all these things, and would subject free peoples to abject slavery and subjugation. We are fighting to destroy these forces, because we know that if we do not destroy them they will destroy us.

Verily we are fighting for a new world, a world in which justice shall reign, in which might shall not prevail unless it is right, a world in which the humble and lowly shall have as much liberty and freedom of expression as those of high degree. It is our earnest prayer and hope, as we fight, that out of this world so steeped in bloodshed, so rent by strife, there shall come a new one such as we have already described. Indeed, we look for a resurrection, and a new day; but that being the case, let us bear in mind the fact that before the resurrection there came anguish, suffering and death, that prior to the rending of the tomb there came Gethsemane and Golgotha.

C. R. S.

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O world, by sin and grief and want
molested,
O earth, by blood and tears and
sorrow pressed;
O fathers, mothers, pierced in soul,
unrested.
O sons of men in garb of war now
dressed;
O little children, cast upon rough
waters,
O aged ones who trek across lost
lands;
O sorrow-stricken Christian sons and
daughters --
Lift up your heads, and strengthen
one another's hands.

For lo! upon a sure and cloudless
morning
Pink buds will dot a bare and black-
ened bough,
And warm and sweet the winds will
blow at dawning,
Though storms and thunder overwhelm
you now.

He, too, felt spears in heart and
palms and side;
You, too, like Him, shall know an
Eastertide!

--Lucile McGregor Campbell--

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SERVICE NOTES

The number of stars on our service flags has now increased to fifty-one. The following names have been added since our last publication: Pfc. Raymond Wong, Medical Detachment, now stationed at San Luis Obispo; Jack Woo and Robert Gin, both Seamen at Farragut, Idaho; Pvt. Donald Chiu, Army Air Corps, Fresno; Pvt. James Fong, M. P. Bn., San Bruno; Pvts. Bobby Choye and Chester Lee, Camp Kohler, Sacramento; Pvts. Chester Lum, Victor Young and Albert Young, assignments unknown; Pvt. William Gee, just inducted; and Willett Louie reporting for duty with the U. S. Navy just as we go to press. Thus we are proud to call the attention of our friends to the fact that Chung Mei now has enough men in the service to comprise a complete platoon. Furthermore, they constitute good material for the organization of a platoon, for among them are one lieutenant, two staff sergeants, one sergeant, five corporals, and seven privates first class.

Some weeks ago we were happily surprised when Sgt. Bill Choye walked in on us, returned from his "cocoanut island" in the Pacific, on his way to Officer Candidate School at Fort Riley, Kansas. We wish him all success in this new undertaking. We were also interested, though not entirely surprised, to learn that he and Hattie Leong of San Francisco had been married. Congratulations and best wishes to them both.

On the same day as Bill's visit, Cpl. John Shepherd also appeared, to delight the eyes of his friends here. He is now attached to a heavy bombardment squadron at Clovis, New Mexico.

Following Bill's and John's visit, we were delighted to have Pvt. Ernest Wong drop in on us, on leave from Kentucky. On his return to camp Ernest received his Corporal's rating. He is with an Armored Regiment at Camp Campbell.

Hubert Leong is now an Aviation Cadet, in training at San Antonio, Texas. His choice of Navigation has been approved, so of course he is happy about that, and we are happy for him.

Jerry Lum, who has been with the Medical Corps, has asked for transfer into the Paratroops, if he can pass the physical. We are waiting now to hear the outcome.

And speaking of Paratroops, Pfc. Henry (Hank) Chan, now stationed at Camp Mackall in North Carolina, visited us last Monday. He is our first Paratrooper, and has already made five jumps. That same afternoon, Pfc. Raymond Wong, one of our later recruits, also paid us a call. We are always happy to see our service men, and we note with pride their fine, neat appearance and military bearing.

George Chan has received his Corporal rating in the Signal Corps, and is now stationed at Camp Murphy, Florida. He is already missing California.

Pfc. John Daniel Low is now in New Guinea. He has evidently had some interesting and quite thrilling experiences, for our last V-Mail letter from him was more censored than otherwise. In fact, all that remained of it was the opening paragraph and closing sentence.

Robert Gin is the first Chung Mei boy to go into the service directly from the home. He wanted to get into the Navy, and so had to enlist before his eighteenth birthday. He was sworn in on the Saturday before he was eighteen on Monday, and is now hard at work for Uncle Sam. We also have three boys still in our ranks who have registered within the past few weeks, and are subject to call at any time. They are Harry Chew, Raymond Won and Stanley Lee.

A BOWL OF CHOP SUEY Margaret G. Thomsen

This issue of the Chronicle was, in the main, prepared for publication before Easter Sunday; but circumstances over which we had no control caused a delay.

Since Victory Gardens seem to be the chief topic of conversation, and the chief leisure occupation, of most folks today, we have to tell about ours also. We have quite a large amount of territory already planted, and more being prepared each day. This week being Easter vacation, we are getting in some good licks. So far we have the prospects of cabbage, beets, turnips, lettuce, squash (Summer and Italian), chard, Chinese greens, carrots, potatoes, beans and corn. It's hard work, and sometimes discouraging, but also interesting and profitable.

On Sunday, April 4, a most interesting service was enjoyed in our own chapel. Mr. Elmer Hall, recently returned from the Belgian Congo, where he is an agricultural missionary, held our interest completely with his stories of African boys and their doings. Mr. and Mrs. Hall will soon be returning to their field, leaving their three children in this country for schooling.

The following Sunday evening the boys were guests of the Richmond Baptist Church Dr. Velva Brown being the speaker. Naturally they were intensely interested in Dr. Brown's experiences among their own people, and shared her indignation at the terrible things brought about in China by the Japanese. It was a thought-provoking message, and made us all realize how much we have to be grateful for in this our land today.

Miss Mae Wong, who substituted temporarily

for Mrs. Chin Toy, has left us for her permanent work in San Francisco. We miss her, but pray God's blessing on the work she has undertaken there.

Recently a track meet was held at the El Cerrito High School - Low 7th to High 8th grades against Advisory. Among the Chung Mei boys who participated, the following places were taken: Lambert Low - 1st place in Shot Put, 50 yd. dash and Broad Jump; Jimmy Gee - 1st place in 200 yd. dash, 100 yd. dash, and tied for 1st place in the High Jump. At a previous meet Lavie Lee took 3rd place in the High Jump. Jimmy Gee is also captain of the baseball team for his class. Walton Chin and Jimmy Gee were among the ping-pong players at a sports exhibition.

Besides our military visitors, we have also had numerous calls from our alumni who are still civilians. We are always glad to see them, and to hear of their progress in whatever they are doing.

On Easter Sunday morning, at the First Baptist Church in Berkeley, twenty-one Chung Mei boys professed their faith in the Risen Lord through the ordinance of baptism.

During Mme. Chiang Kai-shek's visit to the Bay Area, the Chung Mei Cadets participated in the mammoth parade in her honor in San Francisco; and of course each boy was delighted with the opportunity to see China's lovely First Lady.

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OUR BUILDING FUND

Since our last publication we have received the following contributions, for which we are deeply grateful.

Misc. anonymous gifts	\$ 180.00
Mr. S. H. Edwards	100.00
Sale of misc. salvage, etc.	66.66
The Misses Mirick	25.00
Miss Rose Sorenson	15.00
Dr. & Mrs. F. J. Carlson	15.00
Miss Ruby M. Coon	10.00
A. Pang Yau	10.00
Sterling W.W.G., Salem, Ore. (War Savings Stamps)	7.25
Mrs. Chaboter " "	5.00
Mr. E. W. Carlson	5.00
Mr. Allan Lum	5.00
Miss Myrtle Miller (War Stamps)	5.00
Eva R. Wilson	5.00
J.O.C. Class, Palo Alto	5.00
Women's Bible Class, Santa Cruz	5.00
Ann Other	4.00
Mrs. Edna Garbun	2.00
Miss Burroughs	1.00
Mr. Fred Schultz	1.00

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THIS LETTER,

written by a former Chung Mei boy (Bobby Kwok, 1928-40) appeared recently in a leading California daily.

"Sir:

"I read with sympathy, but with apprehension, the letter written by Mr. --. I can sympathize with him, because I am an American Chinese, and indignant over the terrifying atrocities practiced by the Japanese soldiers, and perpetrated by their government. Yet, as an American student in an American University, I have learned that the remedy put forth by Mr. -- will not prove to be a solution.

"I am not a champion of the American-born Japanese, or any other racial minority - not even the Chinese minority. I consider myself an American, and therefore feel that what I have to say warrants as much attention as that which Mr. -- has said.

"Allow me to say I disagree with the implication that there is not a single loyal American-born Japanese in all these United States. I have known some young American Japanese students who cursed the Japanese Government, and denounced its treachery and evil. Such students are more excited to hear of an American victory over the Japanese than are some "loyal white" Americans I have observed.

"I also correspond with an American-born Japanese boy in an internment camp. He has confided to me his desire to join the American forces, and to die, if need be, fighting Japan. Surely we cannot disregard the existence of this type of feeling among our American-born Japanese.

"The solution of this problem is not to be found in the reverting to violence, and the creation of hatred. Unfortunately, simplicity is not a characteristic of political and social enigmas. Rebuilding of civilized systems, and the destruction of those implemented by the tools of violence, will not be easy.

"Let us not blind ourselves to the fact that this Japanese problem is but a minute (though important) particle of the world enigma which will confront the civilized family of nations subsequent to the Allied victory. The peace we make will not be perfect, for human beings are not infallible; but, in spite of this, let us create something which will surpass anything in the past - something which will result in the greatest happiness in security, freedom, and spiritual and emotional stability for all."

Signed: ROBERT KWOK

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