

皮

pí
skin;
leather

皮：此字由代表手部动作的“又”，代表动物皮毛的“丿”及代表小刀的“刀”字组合而成。好名声就像一张上好的毛皮一样可以流芳百世。正如谚语所说：“人死留名，虎死留皮。”

Three components make up the character for skin: 又, the hand that flays; 丿, the animal skin; and 刀, the knife. The animal skin, being durable, may be compared to the reputation of a man, as in the saying: "Man dies and leaves a name; the tiger dies and leaves a skin."

皮袄	pí ǎo	fur-lined jacket
皮包	pí bāo	leather handbag
皮带	pí dài	leather belt
皮蛋	pí dàn	preserved egg
皮肤	pí fū	skin
皮箱	pí xiāng	leather suitcase
皮鞋	pí xié	leather shoes

一 丿 尸 皮 皮

1 2 3 4 5



新西蘭東增會館
THE TUNG JUNG ASSOCIATION OF NZ INC

PO Box 9058, Wellington, New Zealand
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Newsletter Autumn 2021 issue

The Tung Jung Association of New Zealand Committee 2020—2021

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Please visit our website at tungjung.nz

President's report.....

With the summer upon us it's great to get back to some normality and enjoy the warmer weather. Let's hope that in the year of the Chinese Zodiac, the OX will bring Good Luck, Good Health and Prosperity to one and all. Gong Hei Faat Choy. Happy Chinese New Year! 恭喜發財! 新年快樂!

Celebrating Chinese New Year has been very popular amongst the local Chinese community this year with many invitations it was impossible to attend them all. At the time of writing for the newsletter your social committee have been busying themselves with our own Chinese New Year Dinner celebration. The support has been great and everyone is looking forward to the occasion.

Our annual Christmas Senior Yum Cha which was held at the popular Dragon's Restaurant. This popular event attracted over 100 people this past year with many catching up with family and friends after a post Covid-19 lock-down and it was a wonderful way to end the year.

On a sad note several of our members passed away recently and our sympathies go out to their families. Allan Chun, Joe Gee and Young Shea Chan and Peter Wong. Peter Wong was well known amongst the Chinese community and served on the Tung Jung committee for many years.

Our on-line Cantonese classes have not received the response that was expected but we do have regular sessions twice a week.. Since Wellington has gone back to Level one of the Covid-19 restrictions, we have resumed live Cantonese classes again at the Tung Jung Association rooms in Torrens Terrace, Mount Cook. All are welcome to attend.

Our annual Ching Ming observance will go ahead as usual at the Tung Jung memorial at Karori Cemetery on Sunday 4 April at 12 noon. All are welcome to attend to pay homage to our ancestors. This is a great opportunity to bring your children or grandchildren to observe the age old traditional customs practised by their ancestors. A light lunch with our ancestors usually follows.

Several members of our committee are due to retire soon and we need to replace them with younger members. If you have ancestors in past Tung Jung committees, you should think about joining the committee so that the Association can move forward for future generations.

Make a note in your diary for the Association's 95th anniversary celebrations to be held on Queen's Birthday weekend this year. This will be an important event for the Association having reached another milestone in its history. We promise you an entertaining weekend with historic nostalgia, photos of events of previous functions and ending with a fabulous dinner. To cater for the unexpected numbers, please register your interest now on page 16 This is the only notification of this event as the next issue of this newsletter is due out on Queen's Birthday weekend!

In this issue, we have some very interesting articles for you to read.. I wish to thank the writers of these articles for sharing their personal stories with us. If you have a personal story you do not mind sharing with others, please contact Gordon Wu who will help you to prepare your story.

In April of this year, a group of members will travel to Opononi in Northland for the unveiling of the Ventnor memorial which has finally been completed. They will represent the descendants of the 36 Jungsen men whose remains were on the Ventnor which sunk outside Hokianga Harbour enroute to Hong Kong for reburial in their native villages. Watch the next issue for the story and photos of this exciting event.

Peter Moon
March 2021

會長報告

在這夏天來臨之際，我們終於能回歸正常的生活，我們能自由地沐浴在陽光底下，我們感到很快樂。讓我們衷心祝願在中國牛年帶能給我們好運，健康和財富。我在此向大家拜年，祝大家“恭喜發財，新年快樂”。

今年大部分的當地華人社團都舉行了慶祝中國年活動，我們會館收到很多的邀請函，以至於我們不可能全部慶祝活動都能參加。我們在忙於寫這個新聞簡訊，同時也忙於準備我們會館的慶祝中國年的晚宴。我們的會員們都期待這個慶祝晚宴。

每年一次的聖誕飲茶活動在受歡迎的龍餐廳舉行，這次活動吸引了 100 人參加。這是在新冠病毒限制令解封後，家人和朋友的首次聚會，也算是一種美好的方式結束上一年。

我很遺憾地告訴大家，我們有幾位會員近來過世了，他們分別是：Allan Chun, Joe Gee, Young Shea Chan 和 Peter Wong. 其中 Peter Wong 我們最熟悉的，因為他服務了東增會館委員會很多年。我們已經向他們的家屬表示深切的哀悼。

我們組織的廣東話網路課程沒有收到預期的效果，但是我們仍然開展每週兩次線下的課程。由於威靈頓新冠病毒限制令級別降到 1 級，我們打算在東增會館樓繼續開展線下廣東話課程，歡迎大家參加。

每年的清明節祭拜活動會在 4 月 4 日星期日 12 點 在東增會館墓地照常進行。歡迎大家一同來祭拜我們的祖先。這是個好機會讓你們的孩子和孫子們瞭解我們的祖先的傳統文化。祭拜完後，我們會一起野餐。

由於我們幾位委員會會員將要退休了，我們需要年輕的會員們接替他們的工作，如果你們的祖先是東增會館委員會會員，我也希望你們也加入我們東增會館委員會，目的為了把我們的東增會館傳承給下一代。

請大家備註一下東增會館 95 周年慶祝日子，大概是今年女皇誕辰假期的週末。對於我們會館來說，這將會是一個重要日子和里程碑。我們保證你們能過上一個具有懷舊，有意義和愉快的週末。為了統計參加人數，如果你感興趣的話，請到本期 16 頁登記。本期只是通告一下這個活動，下期將會詳細介紹這個周年慶典的事宜。

在本期我們有很有趣的文章讓你閱讀，我衷心感謝文章的作者們，他們把故事分享給我們。如果你有故事跟我們分享，請聯繫 Gordon Wu，他會為你們安排。

在今年的四月，我們會組織一組會員到 Northland 參觀海難紀念館，這個紀念館是紀念 36 名增城人的後代，帶著祖先骸骨，乘船從 Ventnor 到香港再到增城家鄉安葬他們的先人，但在歸途中，遇到了海難。請關注下期，我們會詳細有關這個事情的介紹。

歐偉權

2021 年 3 月

Seniors yum cha lunch

On Wednesday 2 December 2020, the Association held their annual Senior Members yum cha lunch at the Dragon's Restaurant. It was a beautiful fine day after a week of "strange" weather and over one hundred members and friends attended. The social committee did a great job of making the restaurant have a festive atmosphere by decorating the tables with festive blinking lights and a small tin of biscuits for each person attending. Each table had a lucky person win a large tin of egg rolls and there was chocolate Santas available to all. The chefs of the restaurant did an excellent job in producing a delectable yum cha lunch which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. This year, there were many who had never attended one of our functions before and said that they will come again as they really enjoyed the company and atmosphere.



You can see more photos by copying and pasting or clicking this link on your browser: <https://photos.app.goo.gl/WB9AsDd3HXK7xNRB6>



Chinese New Year celebration.....

The Association celebrated the Chinese New Year of the Ox at the Aries Restaurant in Tennyson Street, Te Aro, on the 21st February, a week later than usual, owing to heavy bookings at the other Chinese restaurants. The restaurant is a newer restaurant with a congenial atmosphere which suited us except that it couldn't hold the numbers that we wished for. There were several tables with more than 10 people!

The social committee did a wonderful job of creating an atmosphere to celebrate the Chinese New Year. The table settings were awash with colour with colourful printed menus, bright yellow table mats and red serviettes. Each table also had a dish of flour coated peanuts as well as wine and orange juice.

The evening began with a traditional lion dance performed by the Poon Fah Association and was well received. After that the evening went along very smoothly with a break halfway through and Bright Zhang, a friend of the Association, played a piece from the film Titanic on his golden saxophone to which everybody hummed or sang to.

We had our usual lucky draw in that one person from each table won a small prize and raffle tickets were sold during the evening in which a \$100 grocery voucher was the winning prize and a large fruit basket was also sought after. The evening ended with the 210 plus diners singing lustily to the strains of Auld Lang Syne played by Bright Zhang to send the Covid-19 Year of the Rat away! In all, it was a very enjoyable evening for all attending.



You can see more photos by clicking or pasting his link on your browser: <https://photos.app.goo.gl/MV42tLyM9RTnuvD6A>

Obituary.....

Joseph Gee 朱仲明

Gee Wong Tong village 朱黃塘村

8 December 1931 – 3 December 2020

Joseph Gee or Joe as he was known as, was born in China on the 8 December 1931, the sixth child of 9 siblings.

In 1938, the family – a party of 22 people including grandmother and a very pregnant mother - fled from the Japanese invasion of Guangdong.

Grandfather carried a gun and the teenage daughters carried a case of money.

Joe got sick during this time from some epidemic that was going around and nearly lost his life.

The family arrived in New Zealand in 1939 and settled in Masterton where they opened

a fruit shop called Gee Dong and Sons. With such a large family, it was a battle to survive, with no furniture but boards for beds, fruit cases for seats and living off the scraps like fish heads at the back of their shop.

As they settled down, other family members joined them and there was hunting/ shooting rabbits and pukeko and gradually integrating into the New Zealand way of life. Every Labour weekend, the family would get together to celebrate the parent's combined birthdays.

In 1946, Joe's father had gone back to China to revive his business and in 1948, Joe's grandmother together with the five youngest children, went back to join him but returned in 1949 to escape the Communists.

At around 1949, Joe got involved with the Wairarapa Chinese youth to participate in the annual sports tournament in which he played basketball and soccer and socialising!

Joe started to manage the family business in 1953 as well as helping his mother run a gift shop two doors away. It was a very busy time for him as he had to travel to Wellington twice a week to get fresh supplies.

In 1959, Joe met Mary Mak and they got married in the Masterton Town Hall where 600 guests attended.

Joe's parents returned to China in 1964 and Joe with his brother Peter, ran the business as well as a 10 acre farm which the family had bought.

Mary and Joe moved to Wellington in 1965 with their family of three – Vivienne, Stephen and Carina.

Joe settled in Wellington but didn't go back into business. He became a taxi driver for some time and joined with his older brother Norman into a service station business in Kilbirnie. Joe and Mary also had a paper run for many years and when they gave that up, Joe had a variety of jobs. He worked for Phillips Electrical, Honda Cars, Robert Harris Coffee and the Ministry of Education and others until his retirement.

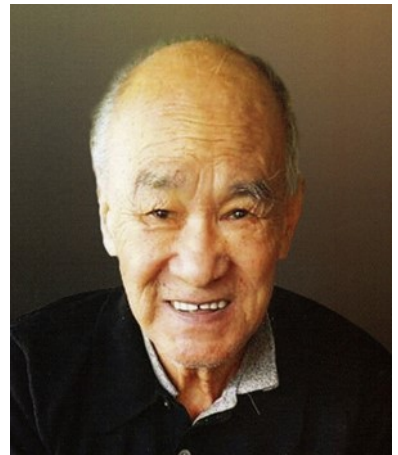
He was also involved with the Mangaroa Forestry Company for many years.

Joe and Mary bought a home on Seatoun Heights where the family lived for many years but on 27 August 2011, Mary suddenly passed away. Joe stayed on until he became unwell and needed personal care and has lived at the Vincetian Home in Berhampore since 2014.

Joe's funeral was held at the Cockburn Street Chapel in Kilbirnie on Wednesday 9 December 2020 and was attended by numerous friends and relatives. The funeral was recorded and you may view it at: <https://tributes.co.nz/ViewMyTribute.aspx?id=15885>.

Joe is survived by his three children Vivienne, Stephen and Carina and their respective families.

Stephen Gee



Apologies—Our apologies to the Chan family in stating that Jacky Chan is a nephew of Gary in his obituary in our last newsletter. He is in fact a great nephew of Gary.

Obituary.....

Alan Chun 陳洪振

Sai Jowl village 西州村

6 April 1921 – 11 January 2021

Alan's mother was his father's Chun Yee Hop 陳宜合 second wife. This second marriage was arranged by his first wife, Lei Yim Yung, (李豔容) and the three of them were said to have got on very well. The first wife arranging for a second wife for her husband to take overseas with him was a common occurrence back then.

Alan's mum was called Wun Chu Lin (溫翠蓮). She was 16 years old when she married the then 42-year-old Chun Yee Hop. She arrived in Wellington in 1915 and had her first New Zealand born child a year later in 1916. This was big sister Mavis and subsequently had 17 children in successive years, all of whom survived and grew up to have full and successful lives.

Alan was the eleventh of 18 siblings and the fourth boy. His parents called him "Arng." Like his older siblings Alan was born at home, which was then Sing On Kee fruit shop at 207 Willis St (next to St Peter's Anglican Church in Ghuznee St).

Like his older siblings Alan went to Newtown School. He started in 1936 before graduating to South Wellington Intermediate in 1942, and then to Wellington Tech in 1944.

He was a quiet and good-natured young man, with a mischievous sense of humour. Hard working and conscientious, Alan was also very helpful. She recalls that he loved his roller skating and his music, particularly Joni James and Mantovani and his orchestra. He was very neat and meticulous! Everything was always very tidy and he always dusting his room and his records.

Alan started working in the family business very early. The family moved to Hing Lee in Riddiford St, Newtown when Alan was four, but it was Sang Lee in Kilbirnie where he worked after school. The vegetables were always perfectly arranged, and the price tags done with an artistic eye.

In 1946, at the age of 15, Alan left Tech to work full time at Sang Lee, in Coutts Street, Kilbirnie. The hours were long, and the work was physically challenging. That was the year Alan's mother died from cancer. She was only 49 and left seven children under the age of 15. His Dad, Yee Hop, died just two years later in 1948, aged 78. It was a difficult time and the older siblings, especially Mavis, fought hard to keep the family together. They succeeded.

The fruit shops were sold. Eldest son Bill bought the Zenith Seed Company in 1951. In 1953, eldest daughter Mavis organised the purchase of a huge house in Homewood Ave, Karori, which would be home base for all the unmarried Chuns.

Alan spent the next 36 years working in the Zenith Fruit Shop, next to Zenith Seeds, in Manners St – apart from a brief period where he ran another Zenith fruit shop in Titahi Bay with his younger brother Ray.

Alan was 22 when the family moved into Homewood. It was a home full of vibrant young people. There was music and dancing, friends and family, card evenings, mah jong and other parties 24/7.

Alan took part in everything. He loved having money of his own and he loved motorbikes and cars. With his brother Stan and other mates like Jack Ngan, he travelled all over the country. A return bike ride from Wellington to Auckland was nothing. Life was good.

Then came the overseas trips. A trip to Japan changed Alan's life forever. On one trip he met a young woman named Fumiko Nakamura. The couple were married in Tokyo in 1966 when Alan was 35 years old and Fumiko 33. They had a second New Zealand wedding when they returned. They purchased a nice three-bedroom family home in Radnall Way, Johnsonville, which was their home for the rest of their lives.

Alan and Fumiko tried for children, but this didn't happen. They then had a perfect opportunity to adopt Fumiko's niece, Junko, who was five when her parents separated. Adoption was a difficult family situation that took 11 years of negotiation. Alan and Fumiko never gave up. Finally, in 1983 they were successful, and 16-year-old Junko travelled to Wellington to complete the new family.

After some years, Junko went overseas where she met a German man and had a son with him but the marriage didn't work out and Alan was thrilled when Junko and Wolf (her son) decided to come back permanently to New Zealand. He and Fumiko were so pleased that they met them halfway in Japan, so they could bring them home personally. They were equally thrilled when Junko and Alan's nephew Neville married. Two more grandchildren came along to light up the lives of Alan and Fumiko.

Continue on page 8



Obituary.....

Peter Wong 黃錫華

Poon Yue

22 September 1943 – 22 December 2020



Peter Wong was of Poon Yue ancestry but married into a Jungsen family which made him eligible to be a Tung Jung Association member. He was born in Hong Kong in 1943 and was the third eldest in a family of eight boys and two girls. He had his primary and secondary schooling at a Chinese English school in Hong Kong where he studied marine engineering. He established a career for himself within the Taikoo Group, one of the biggest shipping companies in Hong Kong at the time, on one of their ships called the “Kuala Lumpur”. On joining the ship as a young engineering officer, he worked his way up through the years with the company and later landed an administrative job in the company’s headquarters.

It was during his time as an engineer on board the “Kuala Lumpur” that he met Fiona Wong, the youngest daughter of Raymond (Ray) and Betty Wong Tong from Wellington. On Ray’s retirement, he decided to take his family back to Hong Kong and on board the “Kuala Lumpur”, Peter met Fiona and after a courtship of three years, they married in Hong Kong where they settled and had a family with a daughter Deanna and a son Deon.

Peter retired in 1991 and the family decided to come back to New Zealand to live and settled in Wellington.

He joined in the community and joined the Tung Jung Association in which Fiona’s grandfather was a founding member. Here, he became involved in many ways with the Association and was invited into the committee. During his time in the committee, he has held the positions of vice president, Chinese secretary and was in charge of the social committee until his passing. Being raised in Hong Kong, his knowledge of Chinese customs and traditions was invaluable to the committee in making decisions on certain matters and his knowledge of Chinese cuisine was decisive in the menus for the Association’s many dinners.

Peter was an immaculate dresser and was always well dressed whenever he went whether it was to the Association’s monthly meetings, functions, socialising with the community, or on his favourite walk around Oriental Bay. He and Fiona enjoyed travelling to Hong Kong and internationally, especially on cruises around the world with friends.

Peter also joined the New Zealand Chinese Association Wellington Branch and was vice president for many years and was also a committee member in the Wellington Chinese Garden Society. The discussions were often colourful and Peter was always the diplomatic gentleman even when he may agree to disagree.

Peter’s funeral was held at Old St. Paul’s Cathedral in Wellington on the 22 January 2021 which was conducted by the Wellington Chinese Anglican Church minister Reverend Henry Yap and was attended by numerous friends and relatives from around New Zealand.

He is survived by his wife Fiona, daughter Deanna and son Deon and grandson Levi.

Gordon Wu

Alan Chun.....continue

Following an operation on his heart, he had a stroke and lost a lot of his sight. He also began to lose his hearing. Both of these things increasingly reduced his quality of life, but he was still determined to look after Fumiko who was also ill at the time and who passed away in 2012.

In 2020, Alan moved into Sprott House in Karori. During these declining years he was supported with tremendous and unstinting devotion by his daughter Junko and the Chun family until his passing – just short of his 90th birthday.

Alan is survived by his daughter Junko, his nephew Neville and all his grandchildren.

His funeral was held at the Cockburn Street Chapel in Kilbirnie and as attended by numerous relatives and friends.

Adapted from eulogy by Nigel Murphy

Obituary.....

Young Shea Chan 陳思潤 下基村 Har-gee village

15 September 1922—1 February 2021

Young was one of nineteen children born to Chan Yin and his three wives. A few died before the age of six which was a common occurrence in those early years. He was born in Ohakune and worked in a movie theatre his father had built in his early teens.

In 1935, his father decided to take all his family back to Hong Kong to have a Chinese education with no intention of returning to New Zealand.

He built a new theatre at Wanchai in Hong Kong called the Cathay 國泰 and Young worked in it for some years. Young was missing his friends in New Zealand and decided to return. He was friendly with the Wong She family in Wellington and worked for Tom Wong She in his Lambton Quay shop.

When Young returned to New Zealand, the Japanese invaded Hong Kong and all his father's assets were confiscated and the theatre was put to military use. It was at this time his father passed away and his mother sought the help of relatives to support the young family. Eventually, with the help of the New Zealand High Commission, they were able to make it back to New Zealand.

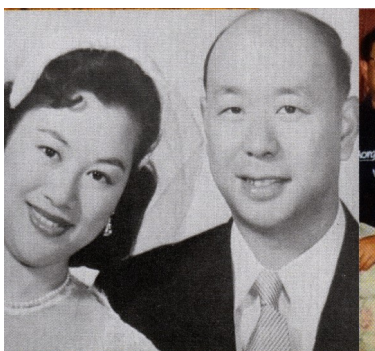
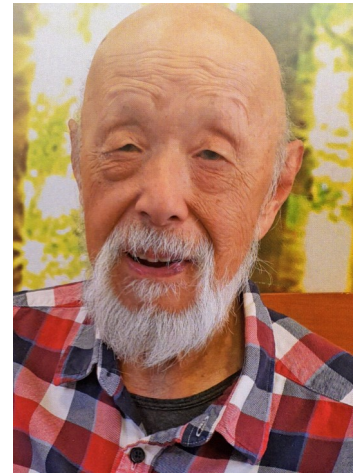
It was in Hong Kong that Young met the love of his life Diana in 1956 and were married in October of that year. They returned to Wellington and opened a fruit shop in Newtown for some years with the then family of two daughters helping out during their school years. Later on, they sold the business and bought a sandwich bar in Cambridge Terrace.

After some years in the sandwich bar, they sold the business and Young then worked for various supermarkets until his retirement in 1991.

Young and Diana had lived in Karori after they sold the fruit shop and upon their retirement, they moved into the Shona McFarlane retirement village where they lived until Young was diagnosed with dementia. They then moved to the Woburn Presbyterian Home in Lower Hutt where they were to spend the rest of their years.

As the years went by, Young's condition gradually deteriorated and Diana's health began to worsen. She suffered a heart attack and passed away in September 2018, leaving Young to fend for himself. Young was very devoted to Diana and after three years, his health declined and lapsed into a coma three days before his death.

Young was a very patient, and kind-hearted man. In his years in the fruit shop, he would donate cases of produce to the Home of Compassion in Island Bay. He took a dedicated interest in his daughters' careers which had led them to both have law degrees. He loved his food, relishing in eating McDonalds, KFC and ice cream and regularly met with a group of friends to play cards, mah-jong and socialise..



His funeral was held at the Cornwall Manor in Lower Hutt on the 6th February 2021, and was conducted by David Lee with Rev. Henry Yap of the Chinese Anglican Church assisting and was attended by numerous friends and relatives. Over \$800 was raised for Alzheimers NZ from tributes received. Young is survived by his brother Jack, his daughter Roanna and her daughter Grace and his eldest daughter Deborah's children.

Adapted from excerpts from Young's funeral



An email from Canada.....

I am a New Zealand born Chinese from the small town of Morrinsville but now residing in Canada. Thanks to my cousin Glennis Young, who now lives in Tasmania, I have been receiving the Tung Jung Association's newsletters. It is a treat to read such a variety of interesting articles. I'm impressed at your efforts to keep the Chinese heritage alive. Congratulations!

Briefly, my grandfather, Andrew Lowe originated from the village of Gwun Fu 官湖 in Jung Seng 增城 County. After many years working for the church in Australia, he was invited by the Anglican Bishop of Wellington to be a lay preacher in New Zealand. Soon after his arrival in 1909, he met and married a Chinese lady who worked for the Lo Keong family in Dunedin. Their wedding was recorded in several newspapers. He left the church to become a laundryman which is recorded in Joanna Boileau's *Starch Work by Experts*, Pages 277-279. After several years in Hong Kong when his son (my father) was married, the family returned to New Zealand. The eventually established a Fruit and Vegetable shop in Morrinsville in 1942. This is documented in *The Fruits of Our Labours*, Volume 2, Pages 538-54, Lowe Bros and the Vege Bin of Morrinsville. Thanks to wise counsel, much of my family's historical journey from 1909, has been documented.

So in the meantime, I grew up in Morrinsville and trained as a teacher, taught in the Hawkes Bay and left New Zealand in 1972 to explore the world. I found myself in Europe for over 20 years, married a Canadian and have now been in Canada for almost 30 years with our children and grandchildren, but I have never forgotten my roots. I'll save you the guess work. I was born in 1948 and will soon be 73!

I would like to share with you and your readers my short story, *Silk Sister Five and Six*, Every family has a story: I share my story of the search for my mother's twin sister who remained in China after my Mother went to New Zealand in 1938.

Briefly, my Mother, a twin, was from Gaoyao County, near the city of Siu Hing (now Zhaoqing) north-west of Guangzhou. She was betrothed to my New Zealand born Chinese father, whose family had left New Zealand in the late 1920s for Hong Kong. My parents married in Hong Kong in 1934 and my Mother was never to see her twin sister again. My parents set off for New Zealand and eventually settled in Morrinsville. This true story tells of the sad passing of my Mother and of an insatiable desire to know what became of my Mother's twin, whom she last saw in 1930. In 1996, I learnt that my Aunt was still alive and first visited her in 1998. This is my story.....



Eileen with aunt 1998

Silk Sisters, Five and Six

I scarcely remember my Mother. She died in 1953 at thirty-seven years of age, leaving four children. I was five years old then. I have little recollection of her as a person, her personality, nor of any warm bond between us. I neither hear her voice nor can I feel her touch. I have neither her handwriting, handiwork nor favourite recipes. In my mind's eye, I have just three brief glimpses of her: I am passing her clothes pegs as she hangs the laundry on the outside clothes-line, we are admiring a whole pumpkin freshly baked in the coal-range oven and one of her crouching beside me. I treasure many sweet photographs taken of us with her new Box Brownie. For many years, I wanted to know so much about her. Where did she grow up? What did her childhood home look like? How did she spend her childhood? Did she have hobbies? Was she musical? What brought her happiness? Would she approve of who I am today? Would I be different had she been able to guide me? What would she look like today?



The twin sisters

My mother and her female twin were born in a small, rural village. Their parents died when they were in their early teens and custom dictated that their Uncle, who resided in Australia, should assume responsibility for them. At age fifteen, my mother's female twin Ah Ng (Number Five) and the first-born of the two was betrothed and married and continued to live near the ancestral village. The following year, in 1932, the Uncle arranged for my mother Ah Look (Number Six) to travel to Hong Kong. A marriage had been arranged between Ah Look and my father, a twenty-one year old New Zealand-born Chinese man whose parents, themselves early Chinese immigrants to New Zealand, returned to Hong Kong to find my father a wife. A lavish ceremony was held in Hong Kong and after several years there, the young couple set off for New Zealand. The twin sisters were never to see one another again.

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Email from Canada.....contd

When I close my eyes, she remains the lady in a photograph taken when she was in her mid-thirties and I, a toddler. She is dressed in a floral frock and wears a cardigan: wire-rimmed glasses trim her smiling full face and her braided hair is placed atop her head. Standing behind me, she radiates a certain contentment. She is far from her native village, Ma'an in Gao Yao County, near Guangzhou, China. She is in the land of opportunity, with a New Zealand-born Chinese husband, three children, a new three bedroom brick house and a thriving fruit and vegetable business. Life is good. But such good fortune was short-lived. Her death was a long and painful one of metastatic cancer of the nose and throat. Today, if the disease were detected in its initial stages, with treatment, she would have a 90% chance of surviving. By the early 1950's, after much hard work, the groundwork was laid in New Zealand. The family's fruit and vegetable business was established, the solid three-bedroom brick home was completed and a fourth child was born. But 1953 was a grim year for us. Within a period of ten months, my paternal grandparents and my mother died. We soldiered on. Fractured and fragile, we silently and individually resolved our grief by coping as best we could. We rarely reminisced or talked of the heavy blow dealt us for that was not the Chinese way: we put the past behind us and became engrossed in the day to day concerns of our small world. So consumed were we in our daily concerns that we rarely thought of my mother's twin in China. Given the political climate of the day, with Mao Ze Dong and communism in full fervour, given the inability of my family to communicate well in Chinese and with New Zealand's geographical isolation, the separation became complete. Eventually, family lore evolved that my Mother's twin had died, a victim of the hardship and political upheaval in her country. In 1972, I left New Zealand and during the intervening twenty-plus years while living in Europe and the Middle East, my attempts to verify the existence of my mother's twin Ah Ng, were unsuccessful. In spite of my disappointment, I remained fascinated at the possibility of finding her alive. While gathering information, the most concrete data I gleaned was from an ageing relative who provided the name of the twins' ancestral village, Ma'an. Upon my arrival in Canada in 1993, I recommenced my search in earnest, for if Auntie were alive, she would be in her late-eighties. This time, I sought the assistance of the Embassy of the People's Republic of China in Ottawa, but given the paucity of details, they were none too optimistic. Six months passed, then one day, I received a letter from the Embassy informing me that they had a letter from the Chinese Provincial Authorities. They had found a lady who could well be my Aunt! I was ecstatic for included in the letter was a photo-copy of a very small photo which the lady had treasured. I needed confirmation from my New Zealand family that an elegant photograph of the twins which once graced the walls of our home in New Zealand was the same as the photo-copied picture. I needed my New Zealand family to fax a copy of that coloured photograph. Some family members were rather skeptical, claiming correctly that there are many eighty year old ladies in China and this might open the door to a flood of new relatives. The fax arrived and inch by inch, the identical photo was revealed! Etched in my mind since my childhood was a large, colour-tinted studio portrait of two beautiful young ladies. They are seated in an informal pose on a studio bench, wearing traditional slim, high-collared Chinese softly draped silk dresses or cheong-sam, one in a diamond pattern, the other pale aqua. Their legs are gently crossed and they are wearing the same style ankle-strapped shoes. Their arms are relaxed and draped comfortably and their almost identical faces, wide-eyed and serene, are framed with different hair-styles.



Eileen parent's wedding in HK 1934

At the first opportunity, I set out to visit my new family in China. Auntie, Ah Ng, an alert, diminutive, delightful lady, was waiting for me. She was living with her married son in a tiny hamlet of brick houses, just five kilometres or so from her birth village. On the wall of their little home was a the very same black and white photo which her sister had taken to New Zealand some sixty-five years earlier. Upon my arrival, she declared in her very calm and surprisingly deep voice that the Gods had been good to her, and that just before the authorities approached her with my letter, she'd had a dream that my mother, dressed in a red Chinese silk dress, was returning to visit her. Within walking distance was the neighbourhood of her married daughter Ping Ying and her large family, owners of clothing stores, a tea shop and several prime pieces of real estate. They welcomed me with open arms! We feasted on fat buns, lusted over tasty dishes, ate succulent platters of fruit and drank copious cups of tea. We walked around nearby lakes and mountains, prayed at temples and visited the ancestral village of Ma'an where two unoccupied family homes stand as a reminder of the family's prominence and success. The twins' Uncle's three-storey house, built in concrete, painted a noble yellow was filled with furniture, embroidered silk pictures, iron bed frames, old bicycles, steamer trunks and a kitchen set up for multiple woks. Original kerosene lamps were still suspended from the ceiling for there was no electricity or plumbing. The family is said to have once had shares in Sinceres, a department store in Hong Kong!

Continue on page 12

Email rom Canada.....contd

My sweet Auntie and cousin Ping Ying never left my side, in fact they even moved into my hotel room during my first stay and it was in their company that I celebrated a memorable birthday! Thanks to my Auntie, I learned that my mother loved to sing music from Chinese opera, she enjoyed sewing, her favourite colour was pink, that they unsurprisingly were the best of friends and that my Mother and Auntie walked arm-in-arm just as we did, some sixty-four years later. I revelled in those sweet moments and with Auntie's hand in mine, I imagined myself as close to my Mother, Ah Look, as ever I could be. Auntie also rejoiced in our reunion and at the chance to be with her sister's child. What a thrill it was to learn about my Mother from the very person who had shared her childhood, her identical twin. I did not wear a red silk dress as in Auntie's dream but rather, a red Canadian polar fleece vest, and proudly in her new clothing, so too did my Aunt. I had two wonderful opportunities to visit with my dear, sweet Aunt while she was alive. Now when I return to China, my first cousin Ping Ying and I always pay homage to the twins, visiting their abandoned, locked homes where the twins spent their childhood and in which still lie the bowls, platters and pickling jars.



Eileen Hayes today

In reference to the above story : **Matilda Lo Keong**

Matilda Kum, also named Cum Hong, was the first identified Chinese female immigrant to New Zealand, where she raised the first known family of pure Chinese descent. Much of her background is uncertain. It is thought that she was born in Baoan county near Hong Kong, sometime between 1854 and 1856. Her father was a basket-maker. She became a nursemaid, evidently to a Christian Chinese family who took her to Melbourne, Australia, where she learnt to speak and possibly write English. On 15 November 1873 at Emerald Hill, Victoria, she married Joseph Lo Keong, a fancy-goods storekeeper. The couple left afterwards for Dunedin, New Zealand, where they were to have six children. In 1865 Joseph Lo Keong, a Taishan Cantonese, had been the second known Chinese arrival in Dunedin. How he met Matilda is unknown but both were Christians. Matilda Lo Keong was described as 'pure gold', a veritable 'Mother in Israel'. Joseph, baptised in 1871 in St Paul's Church, Dunedin, was also respected. He was one of six Dunedin Chinese delegated in 1874 to greet Governor James Fergusson, and in 1898 a European suggested that he be appointed a special magistrate to counter anti-Chinese larrikinism.



While working in their George Street store and bringing up the family, Matilda Lo Keong had few other Chinese wives for company: only 11 were in New Zealand by 1896. Whereas nearly all the Chinese in New Zealand were male sojourners, the Lo Keongs were settlers: Joseph was naturalised on 11 September 1882. The eldest son, William, went on to practise dentistry in Dunedin; Norman, who in 1909 was the first Chinese in New Zealand to graduate from university, was an engineer, as was Victor, and both joined the army in the First World War; Matilda (Tilly) was a music teacher; Estelle was one of the first six women office workers hired by the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand; and Olive, whose occupation is unknown, died of tuberculosis on 20 July 1915. Undoubtedly, Matilda Lo Keong gave her children an advantage in assimilating European perspectives because she spoke English. Even so, her children's high level of achievement was probably unmatched by any other completely Chinese family in New Zealand for about 40 years. In 1896 William Downie Stewart stated in Parliament that the Lo Keongs were a credit to the general community.

When the Reverend Alexander Don built the Presbyterian Chinese Mission Church in Dunedin in 1897, Matilda Lo Keong offered to help and Joseph became an elder of the church. Freed from domestic tasks by her Chinese maid, Matilda for years walked to an Anglican and two Chinese services on Sunday, undertook pastoral work, taught Sunday school, catered for the Chinese church's socials, and taught English in the Methodist Chinese class. She was known for her kind deeds. For example, whenever the Chinese inmates of the old men's home attended afternoon service, she would 'quietly slip' the preacher 6d. for each of them. A loyal friend to Don, she must have helped him to understand the Chinese better. When Don left in 1913 Matilda Lo Keong became an interpreter for the struggling mission church.

Unlike Matilda Lo Keong, her children had little to do with the Chinese community. Although Norman and Victor worked in Shanghai and Hong Kong in the post-war period, Matilda failed to influence her offspring to mix with and help other Chinese in New Zealand.

Joseph Lo Keong died on 12 August 1905 and Matilda followed on 18 December 1915; both died in Dunedin. Sadly, all six Lo Keong (or Low as they came to be known) children died without issue. Norman, badly gassed in the war and probably unmarried, died in 1921. William and Victor, both of whom were married, died childless. None of the girls married, and Estelle, the last of Matilda's children, died on 23 June 1967.

Footnote: Estelle is Wong Liu Sheung's mother.

Wonderful Christmas story.....a true story but names and places have been changed

I remember my first Christmas adventure with Grandma. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb: "There is no Santa Claus," she jeered. "Even dummies know that!"

My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her "world-famous" cinnamon buns. I knew they were world-famous, because Grandma said so. It had to be true. Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything.

She was ready for me. "No Santa Claus?" she snorted...."Ridiculous! Don't believe it. That rumour has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad!! Now, put on your coat, and let's go."

"Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second world-famous cinnamon bun. "Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything.

As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days. "Take this money," she said, "and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned and walked out of Kerby's.

I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbours, the kids at school, the people who went to my church.

I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's grade-two class. Bobby Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out to recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all us kids knew that Bobby Decker didn't have a cough; he didn't have a good coat.

I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobby Decker a coat! I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that.

"Is this a Christmas present for someone?" the lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid my ten dollars down.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied shyly. "It's for Bobby."

The nice lady smiled at me, as I told her about how Bobby really needed a winter coat. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag, smiled again, and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat (a little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible) in Christmas paper and ribbons and wrote, "To Bobby, From Santa Claus" on it. Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy.

Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially, one of Santa's helpers. Grandma parked down the street from Bobby's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk. Then Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going."

I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, dropped the present down on his step, pounded his door and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma.

Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby.

Fifty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my Grandma, in Bobby Decker's bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumours about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were -- ridiculous. Santa was alive and well, and we were on his team.

I still have the Bible, with the coat tag tucked inside: \$19.95. That store clerk was one of Santa's helpers, too!

**TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST.
SIR—All rightminded people must feel grateful for the way in which you have vindicated the cause of the poor helpless Chinamen. Will you permit me to tell you the debt of gratitude which I owe to one of them who resides at Kilbirnie. My husband has been unable to obtain work for a very long time, and this good Chinaman has sent my children many a basketful of vegetables during that time, and this is his reward—to be handcuffed, taken to prison like a criminal, fined £5 and costs. Not saved indeed from the cruelty of British subjects; but, never mind, good Chinaman, you shall have your reward. My children were hungry, and you fed them.—I am, &c.,
15th December.**

GRATITUDE.

Evening Post 1881

The Rape of Nanking 南京大屠殺.....contains graphic content

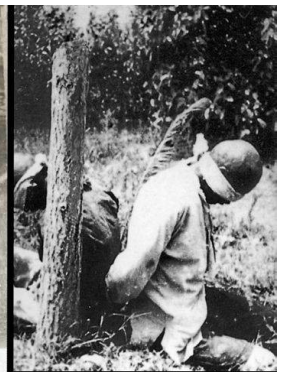
From December 13 1937 to January 1938, the horrific events are known as the Nanking Massacre or the Rape of Nanking, as estimated that 20,000 women including some children and the elder were raped during the occupation of China by the Japanese in the second Sino-Japanese war.

A large number of rapes were done systematically by the Japanese soldiers as they went from door to door searching for girls and many women being captured and gang raped. The women were often killed immediately after being raped.

The Japanese were infuriated by the strength of Chinese resistance and when China's Nationalist capital Nanking fell in December 1937, Japanese troops immediately slaughtered thousands of Chinese soldiers who had surrendered to them. The Japanese then rounded up about twenty thousand young Chinese men and transported them in trucks outside the city walls where they were killed in a massive slaughter. Japanese troops were then encouraged by their officers to loot Nanking and slaughter and rape the Chinese population of the city.

For six weeks, life for the Chinese in Nanking became a nightmare. Bands of drunken Japanese soldiers roamed the city, murdering, raping, looting, and burning at whim. Chinese civilians who were stopped on the street and found to possess nothing of value were immediately killed. During this period, soldiers of the Imperial Japanese Army murdered Chinese civilians and disarmed combatants who numbered an estimated 40,000 to over 300,000.

The bodies of thousands of victims of the slaughter were dumped into the Yangtze River until the river was red with their blood. After looting Nanking of anything of value the Japanese started fires that gutted one third of the city. The Japanese General Matsui and Tani Hisao, a lieutenant general who had personally participated in acts of murder and rape, were found guilty of war crimes by the International Military Tribunal for the Far East and were executed.



Thank you..thank you....thank you.....謝謝你們

The Association wishes to thank the following for their generous contributions to enable the Associaton to move forward for future generations.....

YM and MC Ho	Jack and Marcia Chan	Kitty Chang	Kevin Luey	Vivien Chiu
Janet and Graham Hong	Gordon and Yvonne Wu	Graham Chiu	Ailsa Wong She	Jennifer Young
Mary Chong	Martin Kwok			

Concubines



There was a popular misogynistic proverb in China that tries to justify why men need multiple women but women are expected to adjust only with just one man.

That said, concubinage was a complex practice in Imperial China and for most of the women a necessary evil to be adopted simply because women at that time had only four options to survive; be a wife, work as a maid, be a concubine, or work as a prostitute.

And out of the options available, being a concubine was one of the easiest ways available for a poor woman to earn social security and financial status if she can't find a husband.

Concubinage was also considered far safer than prostitution as there will be only one male partner and chances of getting sexual diseases were less.

And traditionally once a girl was brought to the emperor's attention to be concubine, she is bound for lifelong captivity. Once a girl was taken inside the palace walls, she had to leave behind her family, her friends, her usual ways of life, and not even permitted to see her relatives or friends without official consent.

An army of eunuchs guards her movements closely, ensuring her 'virginity' for the emperor. Sex with anyone other than the emperor was strictly forbidden and is punishable by death. They were his to do with as he pleased, including taking them along with him in his 'afterlife' for entertainment.

The imperial concubines were either executed by palace eunuchs or commit suicide by hanging themselves with a silk scarf or by taking poison and the worst part; they live for the emperor and they are made to die for the emperor.

The strict selection of concubines in Imperial China can be judged from a story about the Ming emperor Tianqi who wanted to select some concubines for himself.

As the story goes, eunuchs were sent across the country to shortlist 5,000 young women aged 13 to 16 to be considered as potential concubines. On reaching the palace, 1000 were immediately eliminated for being too tall, fat, or thin. On the 2nd day, the emperor 'experts' examined the girls for voice, diction, and mannerisms. Another 2000 were eliminated at the end of the day.

On the 3rd day, their physical characteristics were examined in minute detail. The details included the shapes of their lips, feet, arms, breasts, and also the 'degree' of sexuality that they were endowed with. Another 1000 were eliminated. On the 4th day, a thorough medical examination was done for any sexual diseases, physical disabilities, and internal ailments, eliminating another 700.

The final 300 were given accommodation within the palace and kept under close watch. They were judged on knowledge, merit, temperament, and character and ranked accordingly.

Ultimately, 50 girls made it to the final round to be showcased before the emperor. The emperor selected 3 out of them and gave the remaining ones to the court nobles.

These girls were supposedly the 'fab 50' or the 'lucky 50' to be envied by others who lost the race.

Once a girl becomes a palace concubine, she enters into a ruthless game of power, treachery, and jealousy.

There were varying ranks of concubines and the elevation to every rank depends on how often an emperor visits a girl. A concubine obtaining more frequent visits by an emperor could rise up the ladder very fast with some even becoming the imperial consort.

The most famous ones were Ci Xi and Wu Ze Tian who went on to become two of China's Empresses.

It was believed that an emperor should have a good, vibrant sex life for benefit of the entire Chinese empire.

This was the core philosophy behind ensuring that only the best concubines get to sleep with the emperor at all times. Secretaries and scribes were employed to ensure that the emperor's sexual needs are always fulfilled by the 'right' concubines.

A concubine can improve her ranking by producing an heir (*although their sons would be inferior to legitimate children*), and could rise up the concubine ranking.

Concubines who gave birth to male offspring also have a better chance to reach the imperial consort level faster in life. However, if a high-ranking concubine failed to bear children, she can also be demoted from her ranking.

However, for most concubines, it would be a boring, dull life 'hoping' for the emperor to make a visit and presenting themselves as best as they can at all times.

Most of them end up leading very lonely lives, cloistered within their imperial chambers.

There can be no friends among concubines only bitter rivals. The internal hierarchy was firm and inflexible so concubines would guard their ranking tooth and nail and would do anything and everything to advance including poisonings, assassinations, and even disfigurement.

Tung Jung Association 95th Anniversary.....

The Tung Jung Association will be celebrating its 95th anniversary on Sunday 6th June 2021. It will be a day of activities with a dinner at the Grand Century Restaurant in Tory Street in the evening beginning at 6.30 pm. Tickets are \$50 per person with a special menu for the occasion. As seating will be limited, you are advised to register your interest to attend by emailing the Association or cutting out this form and sending it back to Tung Jung Association, PO Box 9058 before the 22nd May 2021.

I wish to attend the Tung Jung Association 95th anniversary dinner on 6th June 2021.

Name:..... Number attending

AddressEmail

Phone

Send this form back to: Tung Jung Association email: tungjungassociation@gmail.com

Concubines.....contd from page 15

Spending a night with the emperor was the biggest prize and every concubine would compete vehemently against each other.

But the flip side was intense loneliness. While in the service of the palace no concubine was allowed to communicate with the outside world and inside the palace they have no friends to speak of.

So they ended up leading lives filled with bitterness despite wallowing in luxuries of every kind.

Yes, there are situations when they might get to leave the palace. For example, an emperor may hand over a concubine as a gift to another king.

But that does not make much difference in their lives as only one prison is replaced by another one.

The other way to leave the palace was sickness. Once they become sick, they are thrown out and replaced by another healthier one.

Such was the life of a concubine. Their lives revolve around the whims and fancies of one man and life can quickly change from heaven to hell in the blink of an eye.

The Return of the Lost Hundred Years of Hong Kong

Hong Kong's first set of Chinese characters, After recasting, the whole set of more than 5000 words has 20 tablets each. Now that there is a typeface, Weng Xiumei immediately thought of recasting the "Hong Kong character" and reviving it, letting Hong Kong people know that there is this set of movable type, it is better than letting him sleep in the museum warehouse: "The batch type is well preserved and has been useless for decades. With the support of the museum, let us try to recast the local fonts." She asked a friend to sponsor 50,000 yuan, plus the Art Development Bureau's 70,000 yuan, totaling more than 100,000 yuan, and the first batch of 73 were cast. The first batch of characters include: "Hong Kong Graphic Arts Legend, Characters in Pictures", and the first sentence of the Bible, "God creates heaven and earth", etc. Some of them will be exhibited in the Hong Kong Heritage Museum.

After the successful casting of the first batch of fonts, Weng Xiumei hopes to recast the entire set of "Hong Kong fonts" with more than 5,000 characters, each with 20 characters, a total of two sets, because one set will be given back to the museum in the Netherlands, and the total expenditure is estimated to involve more than 500 "It's difficult to raise money, but it's our task." She emphasized that there are two purposes for recasting typefaces-creation and research. She described: "Hong Kong characters are the initial form of Ming-style characters. The 1940s was considered backward and eliminated, but today, its handwriting and simplicity are different from the standardization of computer fonts, so it has its own uniqueness!"

Although movable type printing has declined, text has its own unique cultural heritage. Weng Xiumei pointed out that the "Character in the Picture" exhibition of the association has attracted many young people and inspired their interest in movable type. The Printmaking Association also has movable type workshops for those interested in writing and typesetting.

Understanding Chinese Humour

Humour is something that's universally shared between all cultures.

Chinese humour definitely shares some similarities with types of humour from other cultures. But there is also a lot to know about Chinese humour that is rather unique to Chinese culture.

When you study humour from another language/culture there are 2 important things to remember:

1. **At a basic level, there are things most humans from any culture can appreciate.**
2. **Lots of humorous situations are funniest in the original language in which they're found.**

When it comes to humour, Chinese people love subtlety.

Here is an example of how you can develop your "Chinese sense of humour."

It is hard to find a movie scene with a Chinese equivalent of Will Farrel dancing around with his shirt off. However, the majority of Chinese people will roar with laughter at something that may be considered more "dark."

An example of a standard Chinese TV joke in a popular Chinese sitcom, is a line that's used by one of the main characters when he thinks his life is in danger.

He says: "照顾好我七舅姥爷"

which means "Take care of my 'seventh great uncle' (his maternal grandma's seventh brother)."

The point of good humour in the line "take care of my seventh great uncle" is that someone's 七舅姥爷 is such a distant relative and the audience did not expect him to say that.

The sentence itself also tells us about the background story of this male character:

He was an orphan, so he was raised by his 七舅姥爷.

No one closely related to him is willing to take care of him.

Since he was likely raised by an old single man, you can imagine his potential character flaws due to his upbringing.

Chinese people find this situation shocking and conflicting. It's funny because the joke explains a lot about the character. You can also ponder the ramifications of this line on the life of the character very deeply if you want.

If you can understand the nuances of the language and the possible mistakes you can make while speaking (especially things that have double meanings) you can really learn to make Chinese people roar with laughter. You need to understand that as a Chinese learner you are going to make tons of mistakes and people are going to find it funny. Therefore you may be a source of humour for native speakers you practice with (in good taste that is).

Another example: 一个留学生在餐厅吃饭，他想跟服务员要一把刀，于是他对服务员说：“请给我一刀” **Translation:** An international student is eating in a restaurant in China, he wants to ask the waiter for a knife, so he says: "please knife me."

In Chinese, measure words are a MUST, they're not optional. The sentence structure used is: Number + Measure Word + Object. In English you may say, I had 3 beers last night. Without defining whether it was three bottles or glasses. In Chinese you would have to define whether it was bottles or glasses to justify the translation.

So in the joke above, it should read in Chinese: "请给我一把刀". "把" is the measure word for objects with short handles,) meaning please give me a knife. The most important measure word you need to remember is "個."

"個" is the general measure word that's most commonly used.

"個" should be said with objects that don't have a specific measure word, like apples.

Here is another example: 有一個留學生喜歡一個中國女生。他給她寫情書，但是忘了"娘"怎麼寫了。

他記得老師說過，"媽"和"娘"的意思一樣，於是他聰明地用"媽"代替"娘"，寫到——"親愛的姑媽....."

Translation: An international student had a crush on a Chinese girl.

He decided to write her a love letter, but forgot how to write the character "娘" in the word "姑娘" (young lady).

He remembered his Chinese teacher told him "媽" and "娘" mean the same thing, so he used "媽" to substitute "娘", and he wrote: "Dear 姑媽 (aunt)..."



Chinese humour.....contd

几位中国学生和刚来中国学习的留学生一起吃饭。

吃饭的时候，一位中国同学去“方便一下”，留学生问是什么意思，大家告诉他是去上厕所的意思。

有一天，他的朋友对他说：“我们可以在你方便的时候一起吃饭。”

留学生：“我在方便的时候从不吃饭！”

Translation: A few Chinese students are eating with an international student who just came to China to study.

While they were eating, a Chinese student excused himself to go “fangbian”.

The international student asked what that means, and they told him it means “to use the bathroom”.

On another day, his friend tells him in Chinese: “We can eat together when you **fangbian**.”

International student: “I never eat when I fangbian!”

Was his friend really asking if they could eat together while he is using the bathroom?

Obviously there is some sort of misunderstanding.

If you know a little Chinese, you are probably confused now, because you remember that the meaning of the word “方便” is “convenient or convenience.” If this is you, you are completely right. His friend was actually saying “we can eat together when it’s convenient for you.”

“Convenient or convenience” is the most common meaning of the word “方便.”

Nowadays, people use 我去下洗手間 to excuse themselves.

Here is a list of the best one sentence “slang” Chinese jokes that you can learn to show off to your friends, or make funny remarks

我这人从不记仇，一般当场我就报了。 I never hold a grudge, because I always pay it back right away.

我诅咒你一辈子买方便面没有调料！ I curse you that every cup-of-noodles you buy from this day forward never has seasoning

青春就像卫生纸。看着挺多的，用着用着就不够了。 Youth is like toilet paper. It seems like a lot but runs out fast.

一山不能容二虎，除非一公和一母。 There is no room for two tigers on one mountain, unless they are a male and a female.

每天早上起床都要看一遍“福布斯”，如果上面没有我的名字，我就去上班。 Every morning when I get up I check the Forbes list, if my name is not on there, I will just go to work.

带翅膀的不一定是天使，也有可能是鸟人。 Not everyone with wings is an angel, they might also be a bird-man. (Tell this Chinese joke when you want to warn people about someone who seems perfect but is actually not as good of a person as he/she acts like).

在我不知道怎么办的时候，脑子里会跳出一个小人告诉我怎么做。但是我从来都不听，因为不能相信小人的话。 Sometimes when I don’t know what to do, a little person pops out of my mind telling me what to do.

But I never listen to him, because one can not trust little people.

The English pronunciations of the Chinese characters are in the pinyin dialect—not Cantonese.

Dōngzhì or Winter Solstice Festival 冬至節.....

One of the most important Chinese and East Asian festivals celebrated by the Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, and Vietnamese during the Dongzhi solar term (winter solstice) on or around December 22. The origins of this festival can be traced back to the yin and yang philosophy of balance and harmony in the cosmos.^[3] After this celebration, there will be days with longer daylight hours and therefore an increase in positive energy flowing in. The philosophical significance of this is symbolized by the I Ching hexagram *fù* 復, "Returning").

Traditionally, the Dongzhi Festival is also a time for the family to get together. One activity that occurs during these get-togethers (especially in the southern parts of China and in Chinese communities overseas) is the making and eating of *tangyuan* (湯圓) or balls of glutinous rice, which symbolize reunion.

^[4] *Tangyuan* are made of glutinous rice flour and are sometimes brightly colored. Each family member receives at least one large *tangyuan* in addition to several small ones. The flour balls are occasionally pink or green. They are cooked in a sweet soup or savory broth with both the ball and the soup/broth served in one bowl. It is also often served with a mildly alcoholic unfiltered rice wine containing whole grains of glutinous rice (and often also Sweet Osmanthus flowers), called *jiuiang* 甜帕瑪花.

In southern China, people eat rice cake (Chinese: 冬至團) which means reunion. It is not only eaten by the family, but also shared with friends and relatives as a blessing. Mutton soup, rice cake and red bean sticky rice are also popular in the South

Old traditions also require people with the same surname or from the same clan to gather at their ancestral temples to worship on this day. There is always a grand reunion dinner following the sacrificial ceremony. The festive food is also a reminder that celebrators are now a year older and should behave better in the coming year. Even today, many Chinese around the world, especially the elderly, still insist that one is "a year older" right after the Dongzhi celebration instead of waiting for the lunar new year.

Tong yuan 湯圓 recipe....

Ginger syrup

1/3 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups water
2-3 pandan leaves or screw pine leaves, tie into a knot
1 piece ginger, peeled and slightly pounded with a cleaver
2-inch

- 2 cups glutinous rice, sticky rice flour

- 7 oz water

red and yellow food coloring

- To prepare syrup, boil the water in a pot. Add the screw pine leaves and ginger and bring it to boil on medium heat until you smell and ginger and pandan leaves aroma. Add sugar and let it simmer for another 15 minutes. Add more or reduce the sugar, to taste. Set aside.

- In a big bowl, mix glutinous flour with water and knead with hands to form a dough. The dough is done when it doesn't stick to your hands anymore.

- Divide the dough into 3 portions, with the plain dough the biggest portion. Add 2-3 drops of each food coloring to make the pink and yellow dough.

- Pinch the dough into small balls and roll them in between your palms into round balls. Set aside on a flat surface lined with paper or a slightly damp cloth.

Boil another pot of water, drop the dumplings into the boiling water. As soon as they float, transfer them into the syrup water. Serve immediately.

Add more water if dough is too dry, more flour if dough is too sticky.





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