10-11-1917

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1917-10-11, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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Dearest Dada

It has been two weeks since I last heard from you. Therefore you may well imagine how deserted I feel!

You must think that all the days we have here are fete days of one sort or another, for I am about to write you of yesterday. You know, the 10 of October is a national holiday in China, for it was then that the Revolution first began. This year there was no public parade, as last year the parade was so enthusiastically celebrated, [page break] that the usual 'mob psychology' prevailed. There was, however, a great many automobiles with the members of the "Kuo Ming Dang" in them waving the Republican flag yesterday. But of course different families took different ways of celebrating.

My brother from St John's came home for the day. What do you suppose we did? We made Mother give all the servants that day as a holiday. Then we took the carriage and the car to the largest
Market Place in Shanghai.
And we actually bought
our vegetables etc from the stands. We even prevailed
Father and Mother to go
with us, and we all wore
the oldest clothes we had.
You can well imagine
what my aristocratic mother thought
of the whole business:
but she was plucky, for
she humored us. After
we came home, of
course all the servants
had gone, we all went
to the kitchen and cooked
what we each liked best.
I made fudge, that being
my only accomplishment.
Dad had cooked when he went camping; so he had
the most wonderful dish
of three fried chickens.
Mother cooked three or
four most delicious concoctions, and my big
sister, & my three brothers
cooked some other dishes
which all turned out
very well.

I must tell you of the
Market Place. It is a
very large tent-like
structure covering some five
acres of land. The floor
is cement, and the roof is of some kind of black
Chinese bricks. Scattered
throughout under the
roof are posts to support
the structures. The farmers
and farmers wives each
pay a certain annuity for
the privilege of selling
their products. One can
buy anything there,
meat, fish, vegetables, roasted chestnuts, potatoes & whatnot. As each one shouts out what he has to sell, you may well imagine the deafening human roar, which, how- [page break] ever, because there is so much space in the air, has a certain rude harmony which is not displeasing.

Well, to get back to our holiday. After we had luncheon,- which was far better than that prepared by our two cooks, - we all went out either in the motor or carriage. Some of us wanted to go to the Horse Race, but as Dad & Mother are looked upon as “The Pillars” of the church, we decided not to go. We had a lovely ride to the river, and on our way home, we bought some hot, freshly roasted chestnuts.

When we returned the servants had prepared dinner which we all ate with zest.

After dinner, we found out that some of the ungrateful wretches of servants had again gone out to the theatres without permission. Dad was furious: so he ordered all the [page break] doors to be locked. The poor knaves therefore had to spend the cold night
out in the stable! I
guess they won't steal
out again!

Well, good by, & write
me soon of all the
news. How do you
like your position.

Love
Daughter
went camping, so he had the most wonderful dish of three fried chickens. Mother cooked three or four more delicious confections, and my life sister and my three brothers cooked some other dishes which are turned out very well.

I must tell you of the market place. It is a very large tent-like structure covering some five acres of land. The floor is cement, and the roof...

Dear Soo,

It has been two weeks since I have heard from you. Therefore you may well imagine how desolate I feel!

You must think that all the days we have here are five days of one sort or another, for I am about to write you of yesterday, you know, the 10th of October is a national holiday in China, for it was then that the revolution first began. This year there was no public parade, as last year the parade was so enthusiastically celebrated.
the stand. We even prevailed father and mother to go with us, and we all wore the oldest clothes we had. You can well imagine, mother, what my aristocratic thoughts of the whole business was. But she was plucky, for she honored us. After we came home, of course all the servants had gone—we all went to the kitchen and cooked what we each liked best. I made fudge—that being my only accomplishment Dad had cooked when he that the usual 'real plebeian' prevailed. There was, however, a great many automobiles with the members of the "Kue Hing Tang" in them waving the Republican flag yesterday. But of course different families took different ways of celebrating. My brother from St. John's came home for the day. What do you suppose we did? We made mother give all the servants that day as a holiday. Then we took the carriage and the car to the largest Market Place in Shanghai. And we actually bought our vegetables etc. from
the stands. We even prevailed
father and mother to go
with us, and we all wore
the oldest clothes we had.
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what my aristocratic
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we did ? We made mother
give all the servants that
day as a holiday. Then
we took the carriage and
the car to the largest
Market Place in Shanghai.
And we actually bought
our vegetables etc. from
Dear Sue,

It has been two weeks since I last heard from you. Therefore you may well imagine how delighted I feel!

You must think that all the days we have here are fête days of one sort or another, for I am afraid to write you of yesterday, you know: the 10 of October is a national holiday in China, for it was there that the revolution first began. This year there was no public parade, as last year the parade was so enthusiastically celebrated.

I went camping, so he had the most wonderful dish of three fried chickens. Mother cooked these or four more delicious concoctions, and my little sister, my three brothers cooked some other dishes which are turned out very well.

I must tell you of the market place. It is a very large tent-like structure covering some five acres of land. The floor is cement, and the roof

991 Avenue Joffre
Shanghai, China
11 October, 1917
doors to be locked. The poor knaves therefore had to spend the cold night out in the stable. I guess they won't steal out again.

Well, goodbye, and write me soon. How do you like your position.

Love, Daughter.

is of some kind of black Chinese bricks. Scattered throughout under the roof are posts to support the structure. The farmers and farmers' wives each pray a certain amenity for the privilege of selling their products. One can buy anything there, meat, fish, vegetables, roasted chestnuts, potatoes, and what not. As each one shouts out what he has to sell, you may well imagine the deafening human roar, which, how-
the church, we decided not to go. We had a lovely ride to the river, and on our way home, we bought some hot, freshly roasted chestnuts.

When we returned the servants had prepared dinner which we ate with zest.

After dinner, we found out that some of the maids, but many of the servants had gone out to the theatres without permission. Dad was furious, so he ordered all the ever, because there is so much space in the air, has a certain rude harmony which is not displeasing.

Well, to get back to our holiday. After we had luncheon—which was far better than that prepared by our two cooks—we all went out either in the motor or carriage. Some of us wanted to go to the Horse Race, but as Dad & mother are looked upon as "The Pillars"...
the church, we decided not to go. We had a lovely ride to the river, and on our way home, we bought some hot, freshly roasted chestnuts.

When we returned, the servants had prepared dinner which we ate with zest.

After dinner, we found out that some of the maids, but not of the servants, had gone out to the theatres without permission. Dad was furious, so he ordered all the ever, because there is so much space in the air, has a certain sort of harmony which is not displeasing.

Well, to get back to our holiday. After we had luncheon—which was far better than that prepared by our two cooks—two of us wanted to go to the Horse Race, but as Dad & Mother are looked upon as "The Pillars" of...
doors to be locked. The poor knaves therefore had to stand the cold night out in the stable. I guess they won't steal out again.

Well, good by, and write me soon. I see the news how do you like your position.

From

Daughter.

is of some kind of black Chinese bricks. Scattered throughout under the roof are posts to support the structure. The farmers and farmers' wives each pay a certain amount for the privilege of selling their products. One can buy anything there, meat, fish, vegetables, roasted chestnuts, potatoes and what not. As each one shouts out what he has to sell, you may well imagine the deafening human roar, which now—