6-29-1918

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1918-06-29, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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29 June, 1918

Dearest Dada:

Your three letters from Stuyvesant were a complete surprise to me, as I have had no inkling of your intentions. The letters were most interesting, and I can well imagine the joy of "grubbing" in the soil. Ah well! You said that when you are physically tired, you forget that such things as wasted opportunities exist and that discontent scatter like the clouds! I am glad that you've found some outlet for your seething turmoil. As for me, I am afraid that I am still where I was. The weather is hot - so sticky and damp that not a day passes without having a most nerve-racking headache. I also tried some gardening: but became so sunburnt that the family were most uncomplimentary, and I had to be exiled for a week to gain a new layer of skin.

At Ying Mei Chin's wedding the other day, the groom was very ill, & could hardly drag himself around. The following day, the bride came down with a horrible toothache. Now they are still in town instead of on their honeymoon.

H.K. is to be the best man at Jung Hiu Liu's wedding this afternoon. You know
I was to be the maid of honor at this wedding too. I am so thankful I am not! For of course I don't want to walk down the aisle with him.

The other day - yesterday to be exact, I went back to Jung Hiu's hotel with her after luncheon, & who should be there waiting for her but H.K...I saw him first, & immediately dropped everything & took flight. Jung Hiu, though, chased me & I was obliged to go back. I do not know why, but I did not want to see him at all. I was writhing in embarrassment the whole time, although heaven knows, I have no cause to be. We were both frigidly polite. At first he tried to get back on the old footing: but I suppose I was so stiff and chilly that I froze him too. I've decided to adopt a gay nonchalance when I see him today.

Well, Dada, so grandmother wants you to get married! My family lately hasn't said much to me on this subject: but I suppose if they know something I am going to tell you, they would be greatly excited.

As you know, I wrote you that as far as caring goes, the man I marry will get nothing but just friendship from me. Well, this still holds time. There is a man much older than I, about fifteen years older, who wants to marry me! He understands that I do not love him, & in all probability
I never shall. Yet he still wants me to marry him. I like & respect him: he is a man of great executive ability, and very quiet and unassuming, and what is more, very conservative in his ideas. He is very wealthy too, and told me that if I marry him, I can help him with the social work of laborers in his factories. We could do great things in educational and social improvements for his men: the first private enterprise of the kind in China. Just fancy, a school, a gymnasium, a recreation center for the factory hands, and trained social workers to instill ideas of decency, democracy, and humanity into the minds of these men and women. And I am to help in this great work!

I have not decided what to do - I wish you were here to talk over matters. The man is a gentleman, his family and connections are of the best, he is kind, considerate, and very gentle. I do not suppose he ever flies into a temper as I do. My love - that I cannot give him: I can try to be a good companion, and a thoughtful comrade if I wish. Yet while in one way, everything is simple, in another light, it is very complex and hard to decide. I am not yet sure what is the best to be done. At present I've told him that
I'll think the matter over.

Yours with love
Daughter
although Heaven knows, I have no cause to be too much
both friendly foes. At first he tried to get back on the
old footsteps, but I suppose I was so stiff and chilly that
I froze him too. I've decided to adopt a gay nonchalant
when I see him today.

Well, Dada, as you understand, wants you to get married! My
family lately hasn't said much to me on this subject; but I
dwars if they knew some-
thing I am going to tell you. They

30.

29 June, 1918

Dear Dada:
your three letters from
they reached were a complete sur-
prise to me, as I have had no
inkling of your intentions. The letters
were most interesting, and I can
well imagine the joy of "growing"
in the soil. As well, you said
that when you are physically tired, you
forget that such things as wasted
opportunities, and want less content
matter like the clouds! Now
slow that you've joined some Such
for your seeking turned. As
for me, damn afraid that I am
still where I was. The weather
is hot — so sticky and damp
that not a day passes without
at this wedding too. I am so thankful; of course I don't want to walk down the aisle with him.

The other day—yesterday to be exact, I went back to Fang's house with him after he left. He seemed to have improved, so I waited for his last H.K. and disappeared immediately. I was relieved to see him, and I knew why, but I did not want to see him at all. I was writing in an harassment the whole time.

Having a most nerve-racking headache, I also tried some garden eggs, but because he was burnt that the family were very complimentary, and I had to be mindful for a week to gain a new layer of skin.

At Fang's wedding, the groom was very ill, and could barely drag himself; self-appraised. The following day, the bride came down with a horrible toothache, too. She was still in town instead of on their honeymoon.

H.K. is to be the first man at Fang's house to have a wedding afternoon. You know I was to be the maid of honor.
at this wedding too. I am so thankful. I am not! Of course, I don't want to walk down the aisle with him.

The next day — yesterday to be exact, I went back to Jung Shin's hotel with him after being so sick, I felt so much better the next day. I was waiting for her but H.K. called before I arrived first, or immediately dropped everything to catch flight. Jung Shin, though, chased me to the hotel, I was obliged to go back. I do not know why, but I did not want to see him at all. I was writing in embarrassment the whole time, having a most nerve-racking headache. I also tried some garden Burgess, but because he was burnt that the family were not in complimentary, and I had to be shipped for a week to gain a new layer of skin.

At Yang Wei Chi's wedding the other day, the groom was very ill, and could barely drag himself along. The following day, the bride came down with a horrible footache. Cause they are still in town instead of on their honeymoon.

H.K. is to be the best man at Jung Shin's wedding this afternoon. You know I was to be the maid of honor.
although heaven knows, I have no cause to be. We may both find you if you try to sit back on the old footsteps; but I suppose I was so stiff and cold that I froze them too. I've decided to adopt a gay nonchalant when I see him today.

Well, Dada, as Grandmamma wants you to get married, my family lately hasn't said much to me on this subject; but I suppose if they knew something I am going to tell you, they

30. 29 June, 1918

Dear Dada:
your three letters from Italy were quite a surprise to me, as I have had no inkling of your intentions. The letters were most interesting, and I can well imagine the joy of "grafting" in the soil. As well, you said that when you are physically tired, you forget that such things as wasted opportunities and certain discontent settle like the clouds. I am glad that you've found some Relief for your aching nerves. As far as me, I am afraid that I am still where I was. The weather is hot—so sticky and damp that not a day passes without...
try to be a good companion, and a thoughtful comrade. I wish. Yet while in one way, everything is simple, in another light, it is very complex and hard to decide. I am not yet sure what is the best to be done. At present I've had time that I'll think the matter over.

Your well love
Daughter.
trained social worker to
inculcate ideas of decency,
democracy, and humanity
into the minds of these men
and women. And I am to
help in this great work!

I have not decided what
to do. I wish you were to talk
to do. I wish you were to talk
to me about it. The man is a
gentleman, his family and
connections are of the best;
he is kind, considerate, and
very gentle. I do not suppose
he ever flies into a temper
as I do. Anyhow — that
I can not save him; I can

conservative in his ideas. He
is very wealthy, too, and
told me that if I can
help him, I can help him
with the social work of
his many hundreds of
labors in his factories.
We could do great things in
educational and social
improvements for his
men; the first formal
enterprise of the kind in
China. Just fancy, a
school, a gymnasium,
recreation center for
the factory hands, and
trained social workers to
instil ideas of decency,
democracy, and humanity
into the hearts of their men
and women. And I am to
help in this great work!

I have not decided what
to do. I wish you were to talk
to me. I wish you were to talk
about what you wish to do. I wish you were to talk
about what you wish to do. I wish you were to talk
about what you wish to do.

I am a gentleman, his family and
connections are of the best;
he is kind, considerate, and
very gentle. I do not suppose
the poor flies into a temper
as I do. I do not suppose
the poor flies into a temper
as I do. I do not suppose
the poor flies into a temper
as I do.

He is conservative in his ideas. He
is very wealthy too, and
told me that if I would
tell him, I can help him
with the social work of
his many hundreds of
labourers in his factories.
We could do great things in
educational and social
improvements for his
men; the first form of
endeavours of the kind in
China. Just fancy, a
school, a gymnasium,
a recreation centre for
the factory hands, and
try to be a good companion, and a thoughtful comrade. I wish. Yet while in one way, everything is simple, in another light, it is very complex and hard to decide. I am not yet sure what is the best to be done. At present I've no idea what I'll think the matter over.

Yours, with love

[Signature]

[Signature]

would be greatly relieved. As you know, D... Do you think as far as caring goes, the man I marry will get nothing but just friendship from me? Well, this still holds true. Here is a man much older than I am about fifteen years older, about fifteen years older, who wants to marry me. She understands that I do not love him, so in all probability, I never shall, yet to still want me to marry him. I like & respect him; he is a man of great executive ability, and very quiet and unassuming, and what is more, very