7-18-1918

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1918-07-18, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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Transcription
491 Avenue Joffre
18 July, 1918

Dear Dada:

A year ago day after to-
morrow I arrived home. The year
has passed quickly: yet what a lot
has happened!

I am wondering whether you are
still at the camp being a farmerette?
The weather here has been hot, but
we have been playing tennis
in spite of it all. Mother took the
kids to [Toalbou] last week: so for
a few days only TV. and I
were home. We certainly did have
a good time, - giving dinners,
and card parties. Then we went [page break]
out for long midnight rides. When
Mother came home, we both were
so tired that we could hardly
wiggle. We had our cousins
come up, and so had a regular
house-party. I am afraid though
the servants did not enjoy them -
selves as much as we did, for
we kept them hopping busy
doing one thing after another.
For instance one day we had
them make ice-cream three
times during the day. And as
the rain comes off and on
during the day, they had to
put up and put down the
tennis net and lines constantly. [page break]

Mother told me to go off anywhere
I plan for the summer or part of
it. Considering however that the
The house on Seymour Road is still having screens put in etc. I hardly think I ought to go off, especially too as Brother is constantly giving dinners, and Mother just does not feel up to planning them. You just ought to see me studying the cook book in spite of the fact that it’s the cook who does the cooking. Our Chinese and foreign cook do not get along well. They call each other pretty names such as "great-grandson of a swelling swine," and "son of a gutter rolled [page break] brat." You ought to see the expression on their faces when they utter such compliments. One would think that they were greeting a friendly acquaintance judging by their stolidity.

Going off to spend the summer in China is not like in America. For one thing, the traveling is uncomfortable, and such things as screens and hot running water are conspicuous for the lack of them. But if I get a chance, I am going to run up to Nanking, the old capital.

With love
Daughter
Dear Sada,

A year ago, day after day, I arrived home. This year has passed quickly; yet what a lot has happened!

I am wondering whether you are still at the camp, being a farmerette?

The weather has been hot, but we have been playing tennis a lot of it, and the kids to ESPN last week. So for a few days only 1, 6, and 2 were home. We certainly did have a good time, — giving dinners, and card parties. Then we went

with love

[Handwritten signature]

Daughter
Mother told me to go off somewhere
I planned for the summer or part of it. Considering however that the
house on Raymond Road is still
having screens put in the. I hardly
think I ought to go off, especially
so as Britain is constantly giving
dinners, and parties just don’t feel up to planning them. You
just right here, we studying the
cook book in fact of the fact that
it’s the cook who does the cooking.
Our Chinese and foreign cook do
not get along well. They each
were pretty names such
as “great-scantrue of a smelly
swine,” and “son of a Fuller rolled
out for long midnight rides. When
winter came here, we boat was
so tired that we could hardly
wriggle. We had our cousins
come up, and we had a regular
house party. Jane afraid through
the servants did not enjoy them-
selves as much as we did, for
we kept them hopping busy
doing on things after another.
For instance one day we had
them make ice-cream three
times during the day. And as
the rain comes off and on
during the day, they had to
just lay and pull down the
tennis nets and lines constantly.
Mother told me to go off anywhere.
I planned for the summer in part of it. Considering however, that the house at Haymond Road is still having screens fixed in etc. I hardly think I could go off, especially as Mr. Barlow's is constantly giving dinner parties and winter just does not feel up to planning them. You just insult me, we studying the cook book in face of the fact that it's the cook who does the cooking.
Our Chinese and foreign cook do not get along well. They eat each other pretty names such as "Great strangler of a snivelling swine," and "son of a gutter rolled out for long midnight rides. When lectures come here, our boat was so tired that we could hardly wiggle. We had our concerts come up, and we had a regular horse party. I am afraid though the servants did not enjoy themselves as much as we did, for we kept them hopping busy doing one thing after another. For instance one day we had them make ice cream three times during the day. And as the rain came off and on during the day, they had to just set up and put down the tennis rackets and lines constantly.
Dear Dada,

A year ago, day after day, I wondered if I would arrive home. This year has passed quickly; yet what a lot has happened!

I am wondering whether you are still at the camp being a farmerette? The weather has been hot, but we have been playing tennis in spite of it all. Recently took the kids to Tahoe for the last week. So far a few days only.

I am going to run up to Washington the old capital.

With love,
Daughter.

31 3/4
18 July, 1918

#41 Avenue Jolfe

[Handwritten address]