

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

### Transcription

491 Avenue Joffre  
18 July, 1918

Dear Dada:

A year ago day after tomorrow 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 T.V. 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 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 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

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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

31<sup>st</sup>.

491 Avenue Golbe-  
18 July, 1918.

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morrow I arrived home. The year  
has passed quickly; yet what a lot  
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Mother told me to go off anywhere  
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With love

Daughter.