12-21-1918

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1918-12-21, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

Follow this and additional works at: http://repository.wellesley.edu/mills_chiang

Recommended Citation
Papers of Emma DeLong Mills, MSS.2, Wellesley College Archives.

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Papers of Emma DeLong Mills (MSS.2) at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Papers of Emma DeLong Mills: May-ling Soong Chiang by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.
Transcription

Dear Dada,

So long since I have received a letter from you that I am afraid you have been ill. And by the way all the magazines have stopped coming with the exception of The Saturday Evening Post, but that is due to the mail, I think. This year none of us in the family are feeling very merry as this is the first Christmas since Father died, and Mother does not wish to have the house decorated or have any sort of festivities. Then too the Kung children are in Shansi, and so I suppose there will be no festivities in this house. I myself feel rather indifferent about making any plans. In all probability the servants will have a big feed and we shall get some things for my youngest brother, but aside from that there will be nothing. That this Xmas will be a marked contrast to the last one, there is no doubt.

The Y.W.C.A. finance campaign this year is a huge success. We received a great deal more than we had expected. We had hoped to get 6500, but when all the money is turned the sum will approach 10,000. I preside at one of the three rallies and greatly to my surprise I was asked to interpret one of the American Speakers. I did it much to my own astonishment, and found that I pulled thru.

A few days ago I received a long letter from Marj Turner. She enclosed some snapshots, one of which was our class supper. Alice Phillips also wrote me and said that for some reason or another she could not get the thought of me out of her head. I was surprised at both these letters as I have not heard from either one of these girls before and had not written to them.

Both my aunt and Mother are terribly blue these last few days as the weather has been abominable and they both missed their husbands who were well this time last year.

With love. I shall write when the weather gets a little more agreeable.
Dear Dada,

So long since I have received a letter from you that I am afraid you have been ill. And by the way all the magazines have stopped coming with the exception of The Saturday Evening Post, but that is due to the mail, I think. This year none of us in the family are feeling very merry as this is the first Christmas since Father died, and Mother does not wish to have the house decorated or have any sort of festivities. Then too the Kung children are in Shansi, and so I suppose there will be no festivities in this house. I myself feel rather indifferent about making any plans. In all probability the servants will have a big feed and we shall get some things for my youngest brother, but aside from that there will be nothing. That this Xmas will be a marked contrast to the last one, there is no doubt.

The Y.W.C.A. finance campaign this year is a huge success. We received a great deal more than we had expected. We had hoped to get 6500, but when all the money is turned the sum will approach 10,000. I presided at one of the three rallies and greatly to my surprise I was asked to interpret one of the American Speakers. I did it much to my own astonishment, and found that I pulled thru.

A few days ago I received a long letter from Marj Turner. She enclosed some snapshots, one of which was our class supper. Alice Phillips also wrote me and said that for some reason or another she could not get the thought of me out of her head. I was surprised at both these letters as I have not heard from either one of these girls before and had not written to them.

Both my aunt and Mother are terribly blue these last few days as the weather has been abominable and they both missed their husbands who were well this time last year.

With love. I shall write when the weather gets a little more agreeable.