4-4-1919

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1919-04-04, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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Dear Dada:

Just a line to let you know that
I have not forgotten you, and that I realize
that I ought to have written you before this.
Only of late I seem to have gotten out of the
habit of writing letters, and now seem
unable to write any more.

I am taking music from a
Russian music teacher, who is really
the very best teacher I have ever had. I
practice three hours a day, and actually
enjoy doing it, even the monotonous scales.
I have only had two months under him,
but the improvement is quite marked.
I am studying Chopin and Moszkowski
now.

I am almost out of mourning now and
so go out to parties a great deal. We
entertain a lot at home too, about two
dinners a week besides teas etc. I [page break]
am enjoying the girl's club work I am
doing, for the girls seem a little less
reserved and more responsive now. The
club work entails a good deal of personal
calling etc. but in the end, the results
are worth the trouble.

Last week the box of books from Wellesley
which I sent for some two years ago finally
arrived. You really cannot imagine how
happy I was to get them! Among them
were your "rag curtains," remember? They
made me horribly homesick for your
couch bed, and I actually felt weepy:
I have not felt so like my old self since
my return home as I did since my books

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and your curtains came. Now I feel that some of my old theories and ideas are almost back again. College days do seem so far gone, and life sometimes especially now, seems rather uncertain, in the sense opposite to stability.

Have I told you that my oldest sister is now in Shanghai? She is expecting a baby in August, her third child.

In all likelihood, this house will have a coating of ningpo varnish, as Mother is very particular about not letting property deteriorate. And as the ningpo varnish poison affects every one in the family, we shall move out of here for three months, until the smell of the paint is gone. It is up to me to look for a house and move every darn thing out of the house before the hot weather comes on. And of course by the time the smell is gone, it will be boiling hot, and we will have to move back. Sammy (Marguerite Samuels) was right when she spoke of the hectic life of the "otherwise unoccupied college girl"! But Gosh! Moving back & forth in hot weather. Deliver me! Of course as the boys are in school (the youngest one in day school) my oldest brother hard at work in two companies, my sister pregnant, we can't leave town. And so we stick!

Love, Daughter.
4 April, 1919.

Dear Dad:

Just a line to let you know that I have not forgotten you, and that I realize that I ought to have written you before this. Of late I seem to have fallen out of the habit of writing letters, and now seem unable to write any more.

I am taking music from a Russian music teacher, who is really the very best teacher I have ever had. I have only had two months under him, but the improvement is quite marked. I am learning Chopin and Messiaen now.

I am almost out of mourning now and do go out to parties a great deal. We entertain a lot at home too, about two dinners a week besides teas etc. I
I am enjoying the girl's club work I am doing, for the girls seem a little less reserved and more responsive now. The club work entails a good deal of personal calling etc. but in the end, the results are worth the trouble.

Last week the box of books from Wellesley which I sent some two years ago finally arrived. You really cannot imagine how happy I was to get them! Among them were your "rag curtains," remember? They made me terribly homesick for your couch bed, and I actually felt weak. I have not felt so like my old self since my return home as I did since my books and your curtains came. How I feel that some of my old theories and ideas that are almost back again - College days seem so far gone, and life sometimes seems rather uncertain, especially now, seems rather uncertain, in the sense opposite to stability.

Have I told you that my oldest brother is now in Shanghai? He is it -
feeling a baby in August, her third child.

In all likelihood, this house will have a coating of varnish, as mentioned in a particular about not taking profes- sion of the varnish, it starts off, every one in a family, we shall wear out of her for three months, until the smell of the paint is gone. It is up time to look for a sense and cover every darn thing in the house before the hot weather comes on. And of course by the time the smell is gone, it will be boiling hot, and we will have to wear back of the house. But look! Moving back a college girl, I mean, was right when she spoke of the sunny life of the "Otherwise unoccupied college girl." But go! Moving back of course as the boys are in school (the youngest one in day school) my oldest brother has at work in two companies, my sister pregnant, we can't leave home. And so we stay. Love - Daughter.