

4-15-1919

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1919-04-15, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1919-04-15, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

Transcription

30 Seymour Road
Shanghai, China.
15 April, 1919

Dear Dada,

A few days ago I wrote you a letter and so this is only a note. I sent a draft to the Wellesley National Bank to open an account there so as to facilitate my business account with you hereafter. You see whenever I want you to buy anything for me all I have to do would be to draw a check. My check book has not yet come but when it does I shall be able to give you a check for whatever amount I owe you. Will you please subscribe the St. Nicholas magazine for two years for me. I wish to have it sent to Master T. A. Soong, 30 Seymour Road, Shanghai, China. I am giving the subscription to him for his birthday present. He is a very clever little boy, has a most acquisitive mind as well as an inquisitive one. I think therefore some interesting and wholesome reading matter is what he needs. I believe that the subscription for the two years is five dollars gold.

Talking about blues and the futility of living! My dear, to me in my present mood the futility of mere existence is a direct and independent bore. Do you see what I mean? My idea of paradise is a place where as few people as possible ever step in there, and those few people would have to be quite careful to disappear occasionally so that I could be by myself.

But of course this is mere nonsense. The world tho would be a whole heap nicer place to live in if we were all either as flabby as jelly fishes, or as hard as ram rods. I know one type of person tho that I would rule out of my Utopia, and that is the sort that "gabs, gabs, day in and day out", the sort that is always right, the sort that is always giving other people advice, and free and freely. I am just stubborn enough to want to receive my own reactions without the medium of some one else's unsought for advice. I despise people that are always trying to make me think as they do. I prefer to be myself and not what some one else's idea of myself.

This is about the most rabidly defiant letter I have ever written, and because I have had this outburst, I feel a whole lot better. Do not pay much attention to this, for it is but an outburst which has been threatening for a long time to break forth.

With love,
Daughter.

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Shanghai, China.
15 April, 1919.

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