

8-18-1919

## Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1919-08-18, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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## Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1919-08-18, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

### Transcription

18 August, 1919

Dear Dada,

After various attempts to write you within this past few weeks, I am determined to finish this letter at the cost of anything. Well, yesterday my brother Tsiang sailed on the Columbia for America. And how homesick I was to sail with him to come to see you. He was to have left last Saturday, but owing to some delay or another, the ship did not arrive until the day following and therefore the suspense of the last twenty four hours was worse than his actual leaving. Mother of course misses him the most, altho I must say, the house does seem quiet without his tramp, tramp on the stairs. He will go to Vanderbilt for a couple of years as that was my Father's alma mater, and naturally as my sisters were graduates of southern colleges they think that the south is superior to the north. You know what a hot confederate I was when I first came up north, and so you may imagine that it did not take much argument on their side for me to side with them. In other ways there are a great many reasons why it would be advisable for Tsiang to stay in the south for the first couple of years. His English is not very good, and if he were to enter a northern college you may be sure that he would have a most discouraging time in Freshman Comp, and probably he would be so disgusted with himself that he would take a business course instead, a most imprudent and unsuitable course for a young boy who has had a good grinding in a regular college. Then also up north there are so many Chinese boys that once he gets in with them, he might as well be in China as far as learning English is concerned. I hope that he will make a lot of American friends, and have a jolly good time besides getting some knowledge from books.

I bought some things for you and some of my other friends and Tsiang promised to take them over to America. When the last moment arrived however, he found that he did not have sufficient room in any of his baggage, and so he was forced to tell me that he could not take them for me. I need not tell you how disappointed I was, however I shall try to get them over to you some other way. Maybe it is as well that he could not take them, for the last week he was home, he lost three trunk keys and had to get a locksmith to the house twice to break open the locks. So you see

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it would be rather a risk to trust anything to him with his scatter brained memory. I have a piece of jade for you, and I know you would like it. Cheer up, old dear, I'll find a way to get some one to bring it over.

We are all in a rather unsettled condition of mind, for we are expecting Sister's baby to arrive any day at any moment. The doctor predicted that it would be here by the 15th, and here it is, already the 18th, and still no baby. The trained nurse has arrived and is sitting around Sister's house with nothing to do. Sister gets so nervous just at the sight of her that I really believe the nurse is giving her nightmares. A case of "All dressed up and nowhere to go", eh?

Well, my oldest brother is going to America on business some time this fall and Josie, the youngest brother is headed straight for boarding school this fall. That will leave Mother and me at home. I suppose that all my fine plans of getting a position and really amounting to something worth while will have to be put off again. Well, that comes of being the youngest daughter.

Love.

Daughter

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