

Anking, Anhwei  
January 7, 1933

Dear Folk:

No mail from home this week, but you folk were probably quite busy with preparations for a busy Christmas just about that time. I am glad to report continued good health, and the Lord's good help all along the way.

Even though Mr. Hoste could not come up we did have a blessed time on our annual Day of Prayer, last Saturday. I started off the morning by listing some of the things which the Lord has so graciously done this year.

It was just wonderful. There was school with its closing time, and the class speech. - The meetings down in Kentucky, financial wonders the Lord worked through the whole year.

My application to the C. I. M., hospital experiences, convalescence, packing and travelling, and the Lord's wonderful leading in regard to Betty. All the items, and it was only a broad outline, filled a whole page. Praise His Name for all the wonders He has wrought during the past year. And still there is more to follow.

I had finished all my correspondence before so that Saturday and Sunday could be devoted to prayer and study of the Word. I do need that you folk would remember me in prayer, specially requesting that I may keep time apart for prayer and the reading of the Word. It is so easy to become extremely busy and to forget that this is really the thing of first importance, and thus not to give it the place of first importance.

I praise the Lord for help in the language, and especially want to ask your prayers for the Lord's help on my first section exam which I hope to take in another month or two. It will be just about time to pray specially for that when you folk get this letter, and to keep on praying about it. It consists of the first fifteen lessons in the primer, certain memorizing work, like the Lord's Prayer, and several verses of scripture. We are ~~to~~ to be able to read John 1, and Mark 1, and then be able to answer other questions that have to do with the Mission's history and policies, with Chinese Geography, etc. etc. It is quite an exam, but I do thank the Lord for daily help in the daily study.

I think tonight, just by way of a diversion, I'll tell you a little about the way we "Murder the King's English" around here. We are Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians, English, and Scotch, and between us we have a choice range of expressions, slang etc. I think you would enjoy hearing about it.

We'll begin with typically English expressions: Instead of saying they are about to "review" five lessons, the English say, that they are about to "revise" a lesson. Instead of pronouncing "schedule" - "skedule" like we do, to the English and Australians, it is "shedule".

If anybody ever goes to England from home, when you are seated at the table, don't ever mention the word napkin, even if you have one before you. They will insist it is a "Serviette", and don't be too particular about asking at table as to what a napkin is in England, for afterwards they will tell you that in England a diaper is a "napkin".

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Then of course there's "Gone crackers" for "Gone crazy"; there's "Jolly Bucked" for "very much pleased," and there's going to a "bust up" for going to a "good time, or a blow out." "My word", that typical ejaculation must not be missed, nor must we forget the different way in which they describe clothes.

If you were to ask an Englishman if he wore a vest in summer, he would probably look a bit strangely at you, for to him, a "vest" is an undershirt, and our vest is called a "waistcoat" or rather "jacket", since "Waistcoat" is what we call a coat.

Hats are called differently, and if we ask our American lady, Miss Keeland to pass the biscuits, the English think we're asking for cookies at breakfast, to them our biscuits are "scones" our muffins are "buns" and our cookies are "biscuits."

You folk will all remember Mrs. Oulson's famous, "Heave up Jonah."--the English equivalent of that is "Shoot the cat." And by the way, footgear is termed quite differently, to them shoes are only low shoes, high shoes being called boots, and rubbers are galoshes.

They have a funny way of using the abbreviation "Co." for Company as a word and so they speak of Rice & Co. There's a firm in Chefoo, known as Rice and co. which had a Mr. Mouse in it. The Chinese can't pronounce the r's and always pronounce them as l's, and it's a standing joke that the Chinese used to call up and say, "Is this Rice and Co.?--Is Mr. ~~Mouse~~ Louse there?"

For pure picturesque slang, I think we have to go to Australia and New Zealand, although one of our English lads told me he wrote home and told them some of our American slang.

But here we are: Jolly -- is a favorite word, Had a jolly good time, or someone is jolly sad, or it's a jolly good verse, etc. etc. It fits in everywhere. One of the boys came out with this one night in his testimony, "God the bullet",--which he explained as "I was asked to resign, or got the sack." Facalcrum does for them, what "Wha-ona-na-call-it, or Thing-ama-jig, etc. do for us. Silly krawns is a favorite way of addressing us, one of our Australian brethren has, means something like, "Silly Prunes."

Fair Dinkum means "really true, or genuine." Real cruel, or real crook, means very sick. to "Swot" is to study hard. "Cobber" is a friend.

Then imagine suddenly having the air disturbed one day by one Australian lad howling out down the hallway, "It's a fair cow."--No, he didn't mean a four-legged animal had come into the dormitory, he only meant to say that "It was a big nuisance, or a shame," that his tin of oil should be leaking so badly.

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Diffy is fond of telling folks around here that a "bison is a pile the Austrilians wash their faces in."

The most interesting one, and one that almost made us Americans crack

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our ribs laughing, was the one which one of the Australians came out with the other day, and which is used in England too. He told us that they lifted up the "bonnet of the car."

On inquiry we found out he meant the hood over the engine. Bonnets suggested dear old Quaker ladies to us, and not engines in automobiles, but so they would have it. To them the "hood" is the top of the thing, and it would never do to call the bonnet the hood.

Now I've kept on this strain long enough. Just sent these along because I thought you might be interested.

May the Lord richly bless you all in His happy service,

Your son and brother,

John

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The Australians' pronunciation comes in for a lot of fun here. Last year some of them used to inquire what sounded like "How many miles to die?" No, it doesn't have anything to do with dying by inches, but in reality means, "How many mails today?" Their a's are very much like our i's.

Anking, Anhwei  
Jan. 14, 1933

Dear Folk:

Well, it is cold! If winter come? - will spring be far behind?

When you wake up in the morning and find you have to bang your way through your pitcher of water with a piece of iron, and you find your pitcher lined all the way around with  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{8}$ " of ice, then you know its pretty cold.

But if you hear anybody saying, "Poor John," just you stop it right away. We've just been full of praise to God here for good health, and good spirits, and with all the discomforts of cold rooms, etc. etc. I'd far rather be here in the Lord's will than at home in nice warm houses, hot and cold water, etc. etc. I've just been amazed how well I have been keeping. I've hardly even had a cold.

Our lowest temperature so far has been thirteen above which is the coldest its been in Anking for some time, and although we do get it colder at home, we feel it more because our rooms are unheated. However, its better this year than last for this year they let us come in here by the stove, so that we don't have to try to get a little bit of heat out of our Demons enough to keep us from freezing in our own rooms. Except for sleeping, I'm not in my room very much.

I thought last week I was getting a case of chilblains, some of the boys have them here, but I've been careful to keep my hands warmer since, and have been trying to get out into the open air for vigorous exercising so that my blood will get into good circulation, which has staved off the trouble, although my hands do keep quite cold most of the time.

If you folk could get a look at us here, I think you'd have a fit of laughter, such outfits as we fellows wear all the time to keep warm. Then the different national customs of dress make it additionally interesting. For instance, its quite the thing in England to come down to breakfast in your slippers. Hence most of the fellows do that, and in fact all during the day you can see fellows strolling around, and going to classes, dressed in nice warm carpet slippers, and even I have succumbed the last few days and have started to use my fleece lined slippers too.

Then the lads have all gotten into the habit of wearing their bathrobes at all and sundry times and making them do for overcoats and what not. When the weather is warm you'll see a whole crowd of us out on the basketball field, in some sunny spot where there's not too much wind, trying to keep warm and study at the same time, for the sun is very hot when it shines, even when the weather is quite cold. But these nice warm bathrobes are in evidence all the time and all around the place.

Then those "Demons"-in fact those little heaters come in for their share of fun. It was so cold yesterday that the teachers could not very well write the Chinese characters since the ink froze on the ink slabs, on the pens and even on the cards they were writing on. So somebody suggested taking a "demon" to the teacher when you go for your class, and from then on you could see a steady stream of lads with books in one hand and a "Demon" in the other. At any rate we got our work done which was the most important thing.

Since it really has gotten cold I've succumbed and gotten out the flannellet sheets instead of sleeping between linen, as it is one wakes up frequently

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in the night to find that your breath has condensed on the pillow next to you, and when you turn your nose into it it feels nice and cold, and you wake up with a start thinking your nose is running, when its only condensed vapour from the cold. However we get along famously. I never thought for instance, I'd descend to wearing "bed socks", but in this part of the world anything is likely to happen and so with cold bed sheets, I got to wearing "bed socks" too. But these same bed socks every night I put them on, which is almost all the time, remind me of the wondrous faithfulness of God. I think I might just as well tell you the story now, I think I told it that last Sunday night, but not the part as related to the socks.

On my first Christmas when finances were low, I had told Tom I was going home with him, but didn't have any money, and couldn't even buy a good warm pair of socks for the trip home in the car, which I knew was going to be a cold trip.

Then one night, I pulled on one of the four shirts I had been planning to take home, and it ripped. I didn't want to take a mended one home for Mother would guess finances were low, and I did want to see the Lord's provision, as a test as to His provision for me in times to come. I was out walking by the lake, feeling a bit blue and downcast, and thought to myself, "Well, its alright to trust the Lord, but I wouldn't ~~mind~~ mind having Ten Dollars in my pocket." Like a flash I could have kicked myself, reminding myself that I was valuing Ten Dollars in my pocket above the Lord's ability to provide a million if I needed it.

A few minutes later, just as I was crossing Michigan Boulevard, and jay walking too, which you're not supposed to do, I picked up a five Dollar bill from the street. Oh, what a rebuke it was from the Lord. It was one of those beautifully gentle rebukes which the Lord can so wonderfully give us. But the five dollars was beautifully acceptable, even though it was wet. I took it up and dried it out, and next day visited Montgomery Ward's bargain counter, bought a couple of cheap shirts and a good warm pair of socks that did beautifully on the trip home. And now I'm wearing those same socks every night, and every time I pull them on they preach a sermon of the Lord's wonderful power to provide my needs whatever they shall be in the future.

I'm writing this letter under more or less difficulty, for quite a number of us have crept in here by the fire, and at present we have three typewriters going, one chess game, several conversations, and the cookie setting the table. Hence any lack of coherence can be put down partly to that.

I was very glad to get three letters last Friday which by the way was yesterday. Very glad to get the schedule of Christmas meetings even if they didn't come in time for us to pray for each definitely. I did pray for the meetings generally. Praise the Lord for the opportunity of visiting the institutions. This is the first Christmas in a long time that I haven't gone to Jail and the Poorhouse.

Glad to hear of Mohamed Desti. How did it turn out? Did he plead guilty or not guilty? And how is he standing?

Thanks very much to Dad for the present for Betty. Its impossible to get anything in this thoroughly Chinese City. I'll write her and find out what she wants to apply it on. She's getting one of those "Demons" too, and Five Dollars will easily buy it, I think, so I'll suggest she apply it to that.



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Jan 14, 1958

As to distances, if you folk will look at the map of China I left, you'll be able to place me at Anking, and you'll find the place Betty is up at, marked as "Yingchow", although the name has been changed to "Fuyang". She is several hundred miles away, I believe, although I have not measured the distance by the map. It takes a week or more for our mail to travel the distance, since it has to go down to Hanking, then up to Tengpu by rail, and then on to Yingchow by bus, or mail carrier, when the bus isn't running. The Scotts are up at Tsinan, in Shantung Province, and you'll be able to find them on the map too. I think Betty is really closer to her people than she is to me.

I'm glad you folk appreciated what I wrote about Mr. Yen. He is an interesting character, and a thorough Christian. Sometime I'll write you more about him and his classes. Unfortunately, or rather fortunately for our classes, Dad, he doesn't understand very much English, just a few words here and there, so that a letter wouldn't be understandable to him. I'll write more of him later.

Thanks to Clarkie for her letter. Hope she's better now. She really gave me quite a lot of "news" which is the thing which is often apt to be scarce in home letters. How about another one of those "News letters" Sis, I surely did enjoy the two or so you sent me. Keep up the good work.

I'm awfully glad too to hear of Helen and Dotsey's bringing Chinese tracts and gospels to the laundryman. Keep up the good work, Helen and Dotsey, who knows, that man may thank you in heaven that you gave these little things to him.

Thanks for Harry's letter. It was very good. Dear old Boy, and Alma, may the Lord bless you abundantly.

And now I think I'd better bring this letter to a close, with a note of praise to the Lord for bringing me to China, and for all His wondrous grace all along the way.

Yours in His happy Service,  
John C. Stan