

Jungle Frontiers



JUNGLE FRONTIERS

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE TRIBES OF VIET-NAM MISSION
OF
THE CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

This booklet is issued by the missionaries of THE TRIBES OF VIET-NAM MISSION, and we shall be glad to send it to any who request it.

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A century or more ago this Maa tribesman with his shield, spear and machete would be ready to engage an enemy in combat. Today these instruments of war are mere vestiges of the past.

THE CALL, THE COMMAND, THE CONQUEST

Call... Command... Conquest! Such a combination of vibrant, stirring words bring to us mental pictures of military action. We can almost hear the roll of drums, the clarion call of the bugle, the shout of victory! These words are no less familiar to the militant, aggressive Church of Jesus Christ. They remind us that ours is a life of total commitment; we are under orders; whatever we may experience today of victory or defeat, the final conquest is certain.

God's Call is always to an abandonment of ourselves, our ambitions, our desires; an abandonment of the world, its pleasures and its rewards; an abandonment unto the fulfillment of His purpose and will for our lives that through us He might work out that same will and purpose to others. He uses various means to convey the call. To Moses it came by means of the burning bush; to Gideon, an appearance of the Angel of the Lord; to Elisha, a prophet of the Lord; to Isaiah, a vision. Christ reduced the call to its fundamental basic simplicity when He said to those of His choosing, «Follow me». His was a life of complete abandonment. He had no aim nor desire for personal gain or fame. No response was found in His heart to the glitter and allurements of the world. He was wholly committed to the purpose and will of the Father. The call to you and me is simply — follow. Christ wants us to follow Him into a life that is free from earth's entanglements. He wants us to be completely devoted, as was He, to the will of God. If we obey the call, we will not be long in discovering the all-consuming passion of the heart of God; that is, the proclamation of His word to all mankind in order that they may be saved!

The Command emphasizes that which has already become evident in the Call. The purpose of God is to bring the Gospel to men, and men to the Gospel. We find that the Command is specific in its intent, but all-inclusive in its scope. «Go! Preach! Teach!» These words define the Command. It takes in the uttermost part of the world which includes every tribe and tongue and nation. Not only is it all-inclusive in its outreach, but it is a Command directed to all believers. You will find it impossible to escape its implications if you have a sincere desire to please the Master. God's whole program on earth and in the Church is focused on one objective and one only — «that this Gospel may be preached». He wants you to have an active part. Should it be impossible for you to «go» in person to some distant land, your obedience to the command should be no less wholehearted. Be sure that you are in the place where God wants you; and be assured that He wants you there because He knows that is where you can be used to the greatest extent in getting the Gospel to those who have never heard.

Triumph will be realized. He will be victorious. His purposes are irresistible. The conquest is both individual and universal. Victory in the redemption of one sinner brings a rejoicing in the courts of heaven. But that redeemed company — the fruits of the conquest as well as the conquerers — will be made up of representatives from all the peoples of the earth. Until that number is completed, we must be faithful to the Call and the Command.

I'M DEAD ALREADY!

The man was accused of being «ra-hung» — half-spirit and half-man. It was said that during the day he lived like his neighbors, but at night became a spirit and devoured the souls of men, causing them to die. There were no elaborate ceremonies or heathen orgies before the pronouncement was made. One sunny morning in the village another Jarai simply told him he was «ra-hung». The accused didn't deny it nor plead for mercy. He merely accepted it and said, «I'm dead already».

Why would one make such a statement? Because already seven members of the same clan had died in mysterious ways. He knew they had been killed by other villagers. He or some member of his family would be next. There was no question as to *whether* he would die, but only — when and how death would come. The family had been forced out of their former village, and now they were being driven out of this one. On the morrow they were to move into the jungle to live like wild animals.

But first a sacrifice of a pig had to be made. Custom demands that the family provide the animal as well as rice alcohol for the occasion. This sacrifice is not to appease the spirits (as is the case so often), but merely to inform the spirit of the earth that this man and his family are «ra-hung», and that others in the village will not be responsible for any death that might occur in the family.

The sorcerer was summoned, and the sacrifice began. It didn't take long. Then the defendants took oath before many witnesses that they would not prefer charges against any of the villagers should one member of their clan die.

Friends begged the family to leave and move to a distant village where they would be safe from revengeful neighbors. But they remembered the threat of a wealthy man in the village — «if any member of my family dies, I'll hunt you down and kill you»; so they resignedly shrugged their shoulders and said, «We're dead already».

You ask, «Why isn't something done? Is there no law that affords protection to innocent people?» In this particular case the authorities were notified and the whole village was warned of the consequences if they took the life of any member of the family. But what about the seven who have already been killed? What about hundreds of other villages where the arm of the law doesn't reach? These people — both the accusers and the accused — sincerely believe in this superstition. No one would dare report such matters to the authorities. So all the laws in the nation will have little effect until the people are enlightened. This enlightenment can come only through the Gospel. A government can legislate, but legislation can never extirpate sin and superstition. At such times we're forcefully reminded again that «we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.» Until the Gospel penetrates darkened minds and hearts, no deliverance will ever come. Thus when another is accused of being half-man and half-spirit, he will docily accept his fate and believe in his heart that he's «dead already».



The sorcerer ready to make the sacrifice and call on the spirits. (Note the incongruity of a Jerry can beside the earthen jar and other primitive instruments.)

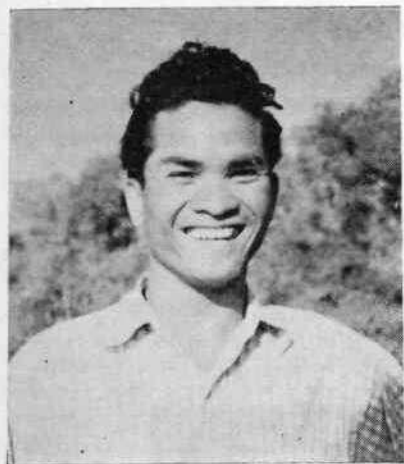


Part of the clan who were accused of being « ra-hung ».

One member of the clan biting an ax-head. Because each of the accused repeated this procedure, the villagers believed that the earth would be firm and productive.



The Search



Y Dun

Y Dun, deeply crushed and yet angered because of his mother's death, said to the village sorcerer, « You claim you can see and kill a man's soul, so take the leg of my soul, and break it. » The village people, horrified at the lad's challenge, scattered quickly, fearing disaster would certainly fall on one so brazen.

While Y Dun was still a young boy, many of the tribal customs puzzled him. When his mother became deathly ill he heard his father ask the village sorcerer, « What animal must I sacrifice to appease the spirit that is angered? » Y Dun's own cow was the first beast required. Then buffaloes, pigs and chickens were sacrificed to the spirits; but his mother grew steadily worse and finally died. Y Dun, beside himself and sick with grief, began to doubt the sorcerer. Why did his mother die when they had explicitly followed the sorcerer's directions? Why? Why? Why? He became

desperate. Determined to find out if the sorcerer was what he claimed to be, he approached him and asked, « Can you kill my soul? » « I am not a hunter equipped with bow and arrow, » the sorcerer reminded him. « I kill not the man but the soul. » Then in a whisper he added, « I can only kill the souls of the village people. You have been away to school. I cannot kill your soul, nor can I see it. » Y Dun knew then the folly of it all. He told everyone he would never again make a sacrifice. His friends warned him he would surely die, but his answer was always the same, « Just wait and see. »

Weeks and months went by, and he often asked himself, « Who made the sky; and who created the earth? » From early childhood he had been told about the Chief of the Skies. Sacrifices were made to Him every year at harvest time, because it was the Chief of the Skies who sent the rain that the rice might grow. But his heart longed for something more. He was seeking, but for what — he didn't know.

Y Dun was an exceptional student in the Government school in Cheo Reo. As he advanced in his studies, he was sent to Pleiku, then to Banmethuot, and on to Dalat. Wherever he went, he was strangely attracted to the Gospel message. At first he understood little, but a Vietnamese friend kept telling him of Jesus and His great love. Wanting to be absolutely sure before he made his decision, Y Dun frequently visited a Catholic church and a Buddhist temple. Yet he always returned to the Evangelical church. One day he knew that his search for peace had come to an end. He found Christ. True peace could only be found in Christ Jesus, the Son of « The Chief of the Skies ». Y Dun became a living testimony to the saving knowledge of Christ wherever he went. He led others to the Saviour and grew steadily in the knowledge of God's Word. Then on the day of his baptism he stood before a number of his own Jarai people and gave his testimony, staunchly declaring his faith in Christ, who loved him and gave Himself for him.

But there is yet another thrilling moment that stands out as I think of this unusual tribesman. I saw him standing at the altar with his lovely Christian bride. Tears of joy streamed down my face as I listened to the bride's two brothers sing in the native tongue, « Saviour Like A Shepherd Lead Us. » The Good Shepherd led in the past when Y Dun was searching for the Truth and will continue to lead as he goes to medical school in Saigon. Pray for Y Dun and his wife as they follow God's leading in the days ahead.

Evelyn MANGHAM

THE TONE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

« Repeat. » « Noi lai... noi lai... noi lai... » The tape rolls on while we do our best to mimic the sounds we have just heard. We are in the process of learning a new language. And what a language ! In what Western tongue do « rain » and « vomit » sound similar ? Shortly after coming to Viet-Nam I asked the word for « rain ». I repeated the word after my teacher in what I thought was excellent Vietnamese. Imagine my chagrin when an older missionary told me I was saying « vomit ». That's the interesting feature about a tonal language. A wrong tone is not just a mistake, for the wrong tone usually makes another word. Here's a hypothetical case : I go down the street to visit my shopkeeper friend. I want to make use of the words I've already learned, so I approach him and say, « Good morning, Mr. Nam, it is very hot today ». Mr. Nam replies, « Good morning, Mr. Long. Yes, it is hot. » Then I say, « I hope we have 'vomit' ». I can't understand why he gives me such a blank stare.

It isn't particularly hard to remember that Vietnamese is a tonal language (every day reminds you) ; however it is rather difficult always to remember just which of the five tones a certain word has. I shall never forget that « rain » and « vomit » are the same except for a difference in tone. Again, if I ask, « Where is John ? », I should use the Vietnamese word with a medium level tone ; but if I use a low falling tone the meaning would turn out to be, « John is on someone's head. » This is the major difficulty in learning a tonal language — that of consistently giving each word the proper tone.

Times come when, after realizing the thousands of combinations of possible and probable words that can be made in this language, you get discouraged and disappointed with the progress you are making. For a while you're overcome with a feeling of hopelessness ; but soon the Lord says, « Son, look at the people that live all around you here. They are lost, they know not THE WAY. You know THE WAY and for My sake you must tell them ere they die. » So He sharpens our vision by showing us the need for learning the language.

By thus focusing our vision the Lord renews our desire, courage, and determination to be able to testify of His works to these people in their own tongue. If we are to be effective witnesses here, it is imperative that we know and speak the language well. Pray with us and for us that the so-called language « barrier » will become the language « instrument », a « vehicle » for the Gospel instead of a « roadblock » to the Gospel.

Charles LONG



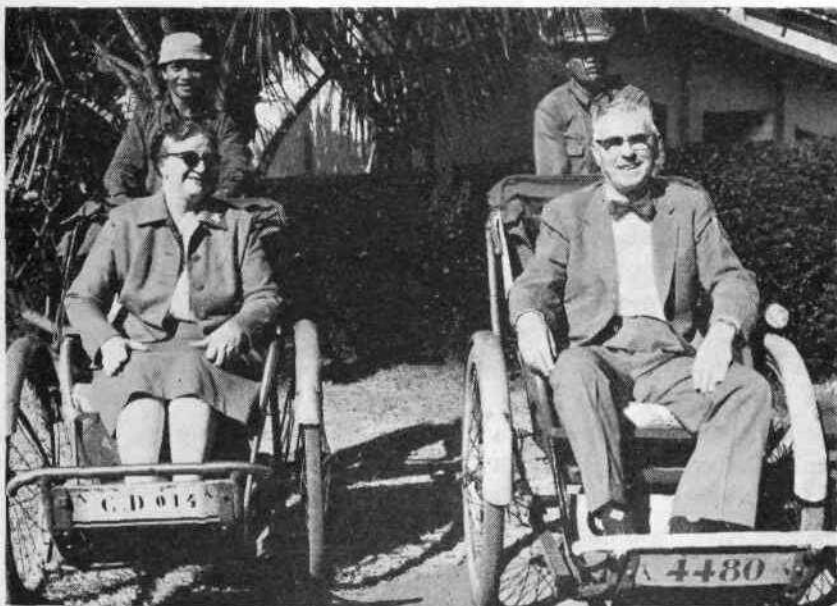
Mr. and Mrs. LEROY JOSEPHSON arrived in Saigon last fall on the SS Steel Chemist. Before coming to Viet-Nam, the Josephsons served a church in Florida. They are studying Vietnamese in Tourane.

On board the SS Steel Rover as it docked in Saigon last December were two more new missionaries to Tribes. PEGGY ARGILE, from Chicago, wasted no time in heading for the mountains at Dalat where she will fill the role of a much-needed teacher in the M.K.'s School.

DICK PHILLIPS from Kansu, China ; Albany, Oregon ; Wheaton, Illinois ; Chicago and San Francisco, docked in Saigon, « mustered » customs and flew immediately to the Pearl of the Plateau (Pleiku) to begin language study in Vietnamese.

We also welcome ROSS and ELLEN DUNCAN to Tribes. They arrived in the port of Saigon on October 28, 1958, on the SS Steel Chemist. The Duncans served a pastorate in North Conway, New Hampshire, before coming to the field. They are now in Tourane studying language.

Mr. and Mrs. JEAN FUNE had to return to the States last December on a medical furlough. Mr. Fune required additional surgery on his left eye. Latest reports are that the Funes may be able to return to the field by fall.



GRADY MANGHAM

Dr. and Mrs. Turner in Banmethuot

SINCE THE LAST ISSUE

VISIT FROM THE PRESIDENT... Dr. H. L. Turner, President of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, came to Viet-Nam on a deputational tour. In Banmethuot his plane arrived early and the missionaries were somewhat startled (and slightly abashed) to see the President and his wife gliding up to the Mission Compound in «cycloes». (See opposite page). Dr. Turner's messages on the Church were both stimulating and thought provoking.

ANKHE OCCUPIED... At last Ankhe is occupied. Gail and Irene Fleming are at present staying in a house that formerly served as a town restaurant. The Mission residence will be completed within a month. The site is an excellent one, and the Flemings are thrilled as they begin this pioneer work among the Bahnar tribe.

TRIBES PRESIDENT STRICKEN... While ministering the Word in a Sre village recently Ha Sol, President of the Tribes Evangelical Church, was stricken with a liver attack. The doctor's diagnosis is cirrhosis of the liver. Much prayer is requested that God will deliver Ha Sol from this serious illness.

CHAPEL DEDICATION AT CHEO REO... Another milestone was passed when a national evangelistic team from Banmethuot, plus a number of missionaries, attended the dedication service at Cheo Reo. The Reeds are most gratified to see the progress being made in the district.

FIRST STIENG TRIBESMAN BAPTIZED... Huh, the Stieng chief of a leprosy segregation village, was baptized during the Christmas services at the Treatment Center.

TWO COMPANIES OF BELIEVERS FORMED... Twenty believers in two of the leprosy segregation villages followed the Lord in baptism and have chosen an elder and a Raday Bible woman from among their groups to guide them in their worship.

A NEW TEN-BED WARD FOR NON-LEPROUS PATIENTS was dedicated to the Lord in February. On behalf of the Menonite Central Committee, Mr. Glenn Stoltzfus presented the keys to this general medical unit to Dr. Ardel Vietti, Medical Director of the Banmethuot Leprosarium.

RIGHT FROM THE TAP... A well was drilled on the Pleiku compound recently, and the water is so pure that the missionaries on the station are drinking right from the tap. Wonder of wonders!

WILLIAM TELL OF THE BAHNAR... The young Bahnar lad who helps the Flemings in Ankhe spied a rat hiding in a hole in the wall. He quickly grabbed his crossbow, aimed and shot. The arrow pierced the rat right through the head. One previous day 15 rats were caught in traps. No need for one to build a better mouse trap here!

SURVEY AMONG UNREACHED TRIBES... Messrs. Frazier and Phillips made a linguistic survey in the region north of Pleiku. Their findings will provide valuable assistance to Conference when allocations are made. Travelling by motorbike, they were exposed to the scorching sun. When they returned to Pleiku they resembled a couple of well-done lobsters.



What they are saying

DICK PHILLIPS, PLEIKU: «What roads! Main highways so narrow in places as to require signs telling which direction of traffic has the right of way when two cars meet, ruts and bumps that slow cars down and send them weaving around to miss the bad spots, dust that billows up behind each passing truck and leaves a reddish coat on face, hair and clothes. These things amazed me on my first few days in the tribes country. I'm told I haven't seen anything yet — wait till the rains begin. But the roads lead to where the tribes-people are. I was impressed at once with the friendliness of the people and their two-handed handshake as they welcomed us to their villages. And I was sobered to a sharper sense of their need when on my first day here I accidentally came upon a group who were sacrificing to the spirits.»

TINA SCHELANDER, TOURANE: «As we approached the Saigon harbor, we saw small boats everywhere. What caught my attention was

the fact that all of these boats were rowed or paddled by women, while the men sat in the boat enjoying the ride. On the pier a great deal of the heavy lifting was done by women. Our heavy trunk was carried by an expectant mother. I was bothered to note that the women engaged in most of the heated arguments and fist fights. Then on Sunday all the men in church sat on one side while the women sat on the other. Even in the Baby Dedication Service the mothers stood with their babies apart and separate from the husbands. I truly was thankful to have been born in America.»

WES SCHELANDER, TOURANE: «These Vietnamese are an interesting people. In guessing their age, I found I was more apt to be correct if I added ten years to my estimate. I expected to find beggars; there were none. I thought I would see the streets filled with rickshas; but instead there were motor scooters, bicycles, tiny taxis and cycloes. I had given no thought as to the type of Christian singing I would hear; but here I found myself quite disappointed, for I must have been expecting a completely different and Oriental form of hymnology. Oh yes, the singing is enthusiastic and inspiring but Western in every way carrying all the familiar tunes



we know so well. In all, it would not take much changing for the scene to duplicate my remaining impressions and memories of boyhood in India.»

PEGGY ARGILE, DALAT: «As our ship slowly sailed up the river — before entering the port of Saigon — I looked at the ricefields, the fishing vessels, and the native homes. I saw another race, a people in another culture without Christ. The nearer we came to the port, the more I felt and thought that I had come home. My first thought was, «Thank you God for opening the doors, for now Viet-Nam is my home.»



ROY AND NANCY JOSEPHSON, TOURANE: «As we were docking in Saigon we could look to the left and see the beauty of the city, and as we looked to the right we could see row upon row of little thatched huts occupied by large families. As we viewed this scene we realized once again that these people, whether rich or poor, need Christ. We were greatly impressed with the beautiful, new Saigon Receiving



Home and appreciated the fine accommodations while there.»

DAVE FRAZIER, PLEIKU: «Before leaving America there was a vague question in my mind as to whether the tribespeople here sincerely worshipped the spirits or whether their worship was only half-hearted. My question was answered one afternoon when I accidentally came upon some villagers making a sacrifice. The seriousness in their faces as they beat their gongs and marched around a grave convinced me. Certainly they're wrong, but they believe it.»



CHARLIE LONG, TOURANE: «The fried banana stand — a little fire and a big bowl of grease — in the alley every morning. Literally hundreds of little Renault taxis with big horns buzzing up and down Saigon

streets amid thousands of bicycles. Sultry heat that hugs you like a long-lost friend.»

E. G. LONG, TOURANE: «Hungriest mosquitoes in the world. The amount of Western influence in the large cities. Mangy, mangy, dogs. Vietnamese children calling us, Westerner! Westerner!»

ROSS AND ELLEN DUNCAN, TOURANE: «The lack of motor-driven equipment. The labor force of this land still continues to be the

coolie class. They work long and strenuous hours carrying crushed rock for the construction of roads. It's also rather startling to see a woman shouldering a 220 pound sack of rice. The quaint costumes of the Vietnamese women are so different from Western dress — those long silk trousers and the flowing «ao» (outer garment) topped by the peaked straw hats. Then the beauty of this land — the winding Mekong River flanked by lush, green ricefields and the stately mountains relaxing peacefully in the background.»



THE POWER OF THE WORD

PLUS

THE INFLUENCE OF TWO LIVES

As I entered the Banmethuot Chapel after the Christmas afternoon baptismal service, the Raday district superintendent introduced me to a Mngong tribesman who wished to inquire further concerning the subject of faith in Christ. This man, Y Pril, had a very responsible position as overseer in the processing house of a nearby coffee and rubber plantation. His interest had been aroused in spiritual things as the result of his having received a copy of the catechism containing a summary of the Gospel message as well as many passages of Scripture. This booklet was read and re-read, he said, until his head ached; and he knew it to be the truth. Furthermore he had observed the manner of life of two other workmen who were responsible to him as their foreman. These men professed to be believers in Christ, and he noted that their lives were different. Their manner of life was in decided contrast to that of another workman who followed a different religious teaching. Although this man wore a cross around his neck, there was no evidence of any change in his conduct. Praise the Lord for the clear testimony of Christian laymen, the importance of which is indicated by this incident.

As a result of this testimony the overseer discontinued smoking. He told me he had been accustomed to smoking three packs of cigarettes daily, but now even the odor of tobacco made him sick. He had ceased sacrificing and virtually stopped his use of rice alcohol. I asked if he had prayed and accepted the Lord. He replied, «Not yet, for I want to know more about it.» I explained the Gospel to him for some time. Later I was called away, but others continued witnessing to him of the power of the cross of Christ to deliver from sin.

During the middle of January, Y Pril called the district superintendent and the Banmethuot church pastor to come to the plantation and pray with him. Removing his sacrificial bracelets, he confessed his sins and accepted the Lord. Although his wife took a stand against him, he has steadily gone on with the Lord and has purchased every Scripture portion available in the Raday language.

Recently a group of us called on him with the hope of helping his wife to make a decision for the Lord. She has attended church with her husband on one occasion. She is an open-hearted individual, and at present appears to be not far from the kingdom. In our presence she testified that before her husband was a believer he used to beat her very sorely. I asked her if he still beat her. She answered that he wouldn't dare do that since he had become a Christian. Then Y Pril asked, «Was it better the way I used to be? Why do you prefer to remain an unbeliever?» Pray for Ami War (mother of War) that she will soon take her stand for the Lord, thus uniting this household in the faith.

Robert ZIEMER

NOTE. — Since this article was submitted, word has come from Mr. Ziemer that Y Pril's wife, Ami War, has accepted Jesus as her Saviour. Y Pril himself has led 24 souls to Christ in the past three months.

A GLIMPSE OF THE MAA

Found in high mountain ranges and in deep fertile valleys is the Maa tribe — largest of the Koho-speaking group. One's first encounter with these tribesmen can be rather startling. Pierced ear lobes with large plugs of elephant tusk, black hair twisted into knots, tied with a band of red tassels and stuck with a brass pin, or a crude wooden comb, a small knife or bright birds' feathers — all this contributes to the impression of wildness that one feels as he meets a Maa. Yet these jungle people with the appearance of fierceness are actually quite gentle.

Maa villages, often found at the foot of the mountains, might be very small with a few individual houses, or large with a number of split-bamboo longhouses constructed a little above the ground. During the height of the rainy season the swollen rivers develop swift, strong currents. Since bridges are quite unknown to the people, huge logs are made into dugouts that are amazingly safe as a means of crossing the rushing mountain streams.

Working with his father, a boy quickly learns how to forge and use the village tools. They also make and play interesting musical instruments. Likewise a girl will learn early in life how to make and weave the native cloth. Women husk the rice, split the wood and carry the water. Their work also includes a daily visit to the neighboring jungle or meandering stream in search of leaves and vines that can be cooked with the rice.

The enormous trees of great height with masses of vines and undergrowth have made the Maa region difficult to penetrate. Indeed, there are places that are quite impassable. Because these fastnesses have been held throughout the centuries by these once war-loving tribesmen, even explorers have been kept out. The fact that these forest folk have become subdued as recently as this generation explains why they are less advanced than some of their neighbors. It also helps one to understand the proverb, «Don't argue with a Maa».

In preparing the slopes for the planting of their rice the Maa never clear the land as far as the peaks of the mountains. Those summits are respectfully left untouched for they are looked upon as the domain of the evil spirits, all of which are feared by the Maa. Consequently elaborate bloody sacrifices, that might include dozens of water buffaloes, are sometimes slaughtered at one time as the people seek to appease those angry spirits.

It is to these people that we have come and for these people that we now plead. Pioneer work is being carried on among them. Some have heard the Gospel explained, but there is no church in Maa country. «How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?» Christians throughout all generations have had to answer the question, «What am I doing to send the Gospel to the still unevangelized peoples of my time?»

TWO "BIG SISTERS"

A number of years ago in a Chicago suburb a nine-year-old girl came bursting into her mother's kitchen with exciting news. She had just been saved — and she knew that something had happened in her heart. That morning, together with the experience of the new birth, MILDRED ADE (see picture opposite page) received a definite foreign-missionary call.

Several years later after her nurse's training and while still in College, she heard of the new leprosarium near Banmethuot, Viet Nam. She knew then this was God's place for her and applied for foreign service. Then came a year of French language study in Paris, followed by some months of specialized study of leprosy in Thailand. Finally in 1951 Millie took over the medical responsibilities at the steadily-growing leprosy treatment center at Banmethuot. A laboratory was necessary in the medical program, so she read books on laboratory techniques and then trained some of the young patients to do blood counts and other basic lab procedures. Besides this medical work, she ministered the Word regularly — both to the patients and to children and young people in the nearby villages.

Following furlough Millie returned to Banmethuot to continue working with leprosy patients, serving the segregation villages and outpatient clinics held in three large districts. Through these treatment centers she contacts over 700 tribespeople each month — distributing medicine, checking for improvement, caring for necessary government papers, etc. With all of this there is great opportunity to present the Gospel during clinic time to many who would otherwise never hear it.

Millie has always taken an interest in the individual — a boy who works in her clinic office, a laboratory technician, the patient nurse in a segregation village, a district chief. For these, by prayer and loving counsel, she is truly Amai (Big Sister) Ade — patiently, wisely and effectively guiding them into the grace and knowledge of the Lord.

A voice at the door says, « Is Big Sister Black home ? ». The answer is affirmative, and in a few minutes a tall, dark-haired young woman with a warm smile and friendly manner greets her young tribal friends and welcomes them into the « pink-washed » house over near the Raday chapel. To her family and friends in the States, she is CAROLYN GRISWOLD (see picture opposite page) of West Palm Beach, Florida. To the Raday tribespeople in the highlands of South Viet-Nam, who find their tongues too « stiff », to master the unfamiliar sounds of her two syllable name, she has been since the day of her arrival, the Older Sister with the Black Hair.

The land of Indo-China was a very real land to the pre-school Carolyn. Missionary families returning from Viet-Nam or Cambodia were often guests in the home of her parents. Taught from infancy of Christ's love and forgiveness, she asked Him to be her Saviour when she was five years old. Some time, some place, she would go and be His servant. The « time » was to be December 1952, and the « place », Banmethuot, Viet-Nam.

Between thought and fulfillment there were the training years at Nyack Missionary College, the maturing years on the office staff of The Christian and Missionary Alliance in New York City, and finally the months of orientation to a new life and language in « fabulous France ». On the field Carolyn had an ever-widening ministry among the children and youth of the district. First, a Sunday School class, then children's meetings, followed by a hi-teens group, youth-led gospel teams, daily vacation Bible schools, youth conferences, a class in the Bible School. « Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. »

In 1958 after an active furlough Carolyn returned to the young people who were eagerly awaiting her. In spite of much time spent with ledgers and typewriter, she still finds many free moments to guide a devoted youth group. So Carolyn serves and keeps serving the young people of this area who indicate the special place the Lord has given her in their hearts with the title, « our very own Big Sister ».

APPROVED SPECIALS

The following are the Approved Specials for 1959. Anyone interested in one or more of these needs can send his gift to the Treasurer, *Christian and Missionary Alliance*, 260 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York. Please designate the gift accordingly.

1. Repairs and additional room on Mr. Sang's house (Pleiku).	\$ 530 US
2. National Teachers' Apartment — Dalat Day School	800
3. Improvements on Djiring Mission House	300
4. Guest House at So Meh	300
5. Guest House at Nui Bara	300
6. Guest House at Krong Pha	300
7. Guest House in Blao District	150
8. Cement floor and toilet, Fyan Parsonage	70
9. Reservoir and gutters for Mr. Sung's house (Nui Bara)	70
10. Land Rover for Miss E. N. Holiday	2,100
11. Annual maintenance expense (Leprosarium)	9,100
12. Construction of water tower (Leprosarium)	1,500
13. Construction of two new hospital wings (Leprosarium)	2,000
14. Major repairs and maintenance of present buildings (Leprosarium)	1,200
15. Mower for tractor (Leprosarium)	600
16. X-ray unit (Leprosarium)	2,500
17. Land Rover for Leprosarium	2,100
18. Land Rover for Rev. W. W. Schelander	2,100
19. Land Rover for Mr. D. A. Frazier	2,100
20. Used Motorbike for Mr. Tin	100
21. Motorbike for Mr. Thuong	130
22. Construction of Short Term Bible School building at Williams property for Djiring Station	1,800
23. Tribes Church building Djiring Station	1,000



The Christian and Missionary Alliance, 260 West 44th Street,
New York 36, New York.