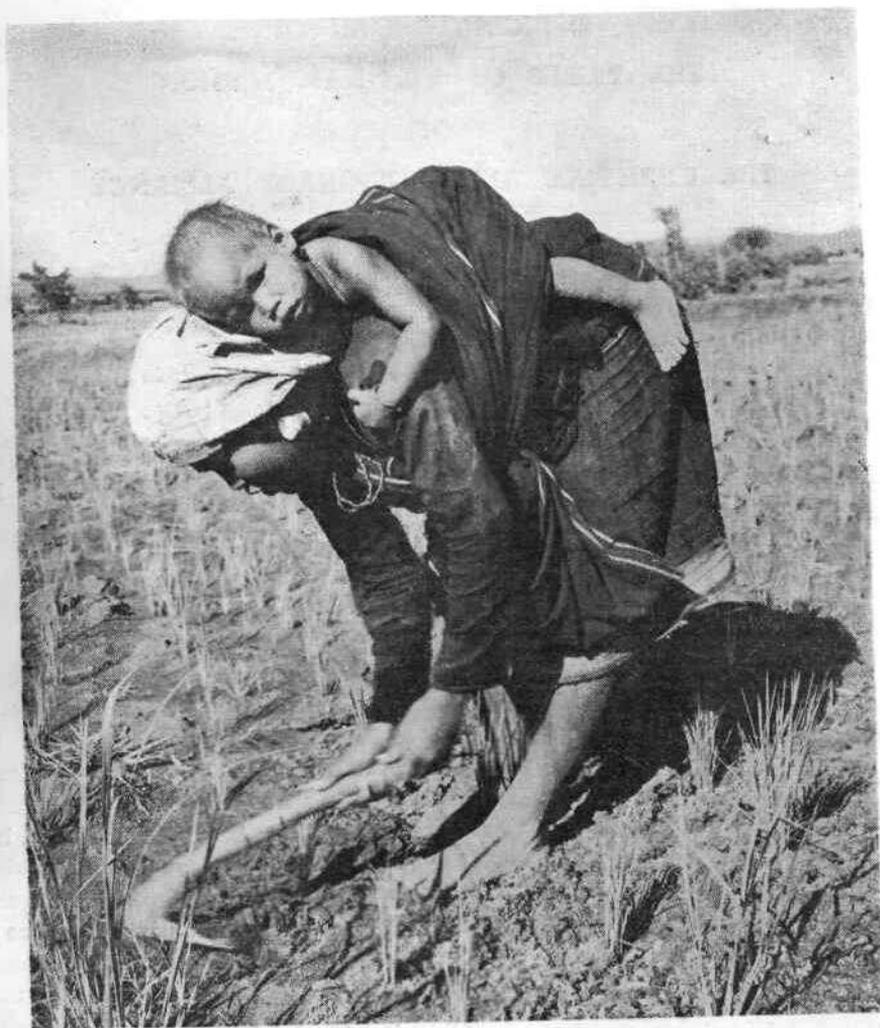


P. Evans

Jungle Frontiers



Jarai Woman Hoeing In The Ricefield

GENE EVANS

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 free to any who request it.

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WINTER 1959

NUMBER 10



WANTED : A baby sitter. Such occupations as baby sitters are non-existent among the tribespeople. If psychiatrists feel a child must be close to its mother in order to have feelings of security, the tribeschildren should be the most secure children in the world. Wherever the mother goes, there goes the baby — whether it's into the forest for firewood, down to the village water source, or out to the ricefields. Until the child is five or six years of age (unless a new baby comes along), he is a constant passenger on his mother's back.

Legion of Languages

The market was crowded. Tribesmen milled around among the stalls or bargained earnestly with the traders. Baskets, betelnut and other products of the jungle, they had brought for barter. Now they were looking for salt, or thread, or cigarette lighters, or heavy brass wire to make ornaments. The women in black coarse-woven dresses trimmed in red, wore their hair gathered into a cone-shaped bun near the top of the head. The short dark-skinned men in loin-clothes carried swords at their sides, the long handles set with brass rings, the curved blades encased in wooden sheaths. In all, there must have been fifty of them.

Upon this scene three Americans suddenly came. The tribesmen snatched up their belongings, shouldered their baskets, and scurried away. In two minutes not a tribesman was in sight.

Where do these people live who were so startled at seeing white men? The Vietnamese traders only pointed to the jungle-clad mountains. How long do they walk to come to market? Eight days.

These were some of the hill tribespeople of Central Viet-Nam. Many of the tribes have had far more contact with civilization, living near to the populous coast or along the few inland roads. Their people are very approachable, and they show kindness and help even to missionaries entering their villages for the first time. But others, like the ones at the market that day, live far inland. Only foot trails lead to their villages, trails that wander through wild jungle or scale the ridges of rugged mountains. No wonder they have been isolated. Missionaries, to reach them, will have strenuous work indeed.

The languages of these mountain people are many and add to the problems of missionary work. The languages are not completely different, and the dialect of one valley may differ only slightly from that of the next; yet the cumulative effect of small changes produces a real barrier to understanding. For instance, in separate parts of the country, the word for « blood » (written roughly here with English spelling) is *maheem*, *mahame*, *mahem*, *mahahm*, *ahahm*, *hum*, *pahahm*, *pahop*, *pop*. These are obviously related words. But would a person who said *maheem* understand another who pronounced it *pop*? Not if many words differed by this much. The word « father » varies in the same way from *vahp* to *ama*; the word « long » from *dune* to *yahk*. Then there are words in one language that have no apparent relation to those of a neighboring tribe.

When will these tribesmen hear the story of Jesus in their own language? Soon, we trust! New missionary personnel, now in preparatory study, are almost ready for assignment to some of the new areas. Preliminary surveys and negotiations have been made. The government's road-building program is opening up large parts of the interior to easy access. Even those remote tribesmen, so fearful on that market day, will be able finally to hear the Gospel. And they *will* hear, as the Lord leads and blesses!



M. ADE

The Chief Becomes a Shepherd

The resolute tribesman leveled his crossbow at the chief of his wife's village. For several years he had endured the brute existence of an enforced laborer; first for one, then the other of the opposing forces fighting the Indo-China War in the hinterlands. Now a fugitive from both, he confronted the man who was holding his family hostage and seeking to subject him again to the same yoke. He stood grimfaced with finger taut on the trigger. Then with stern finality he exacted the chief's pledge for his family's security and his personal freedom. He was a Stieng tribesman named HUH.

As the war entered its eighth year, he faced a more subtle foe, one that banishes its tribal victim from the warmth of hearth and family to the loneliness of the forest — leprosy. Two months before the peace of Indo-China was achieved, this man of unbroken spirit and courageous heart struck out for Raday Country in search of the Banmethuot Leprosarium. Unresigned to the fate of the tribal «leper», he sought help from the foreigner. It was May, 1954.

He met the new life at the Leprosarium with characteristic directness. Westerners and tribespeople alike spoke with unintelligible language. He learned to read, write, and speak Raday! Equally bewildering was the subject of their constant singing, speaking, and praying — the Father Creator who loved men and provided the way to approach Him through His Son. For many months his courteous, but straightforward, «I do not understand», led us to pray more earnestly for the opening of his mind. One Sunday morning a Mnong worker preached a simple Gospel message in a dialect related to the Stieng. As HUH listened, his face lighted with comprehension. He understood! For three years he remained at the Leprosarium, a trusted worker, a slow but determined student, and a faithful Christian to whom believing and obeying were one.

In February, 1957, a score of Mnong patients left the shelter of the hospital community to establish the leprosy treatment village of Dak R'Tih. Young and vulnerable in the Faith, they were returning to the dark land of their demon-worshipping kinsmen. (These pagan Mnong are a proud, fierce race, submitting in word to the law of the land, while upholding in practice the grim judgments of their sorcerer masters). They needed a strong steadfast leader. They chose HUH, the Stieng, to be their chief.

They chose well. For two years he has led them in the New Way with all the fearlessness and courage of a true chief. He has protected them from charges of witchcraft and from trial by ordeal. He has faced spear and cross-bow to insure them their civil rights. He has risked the certain retaliative enmity of wicked men to restore a stolen child to her family. Falsely accused of murder, he has withstood harrowing hours of questioning ; then vindicated, has forgiven his accusers. Committing himself to the Lord to preserve and deliver him, he has lived in every encounter with the darkness about him in obedience to the New Way and Law of Life.

He has spared neither himself nor his possessions for his adopted people. Dismantling his own well-built house for materials to enlarge the village chapel, he took for himself a dwelling abandoned by those he served. Cheerfully he has given his last piaster to secure help for the seriously ill. He has faithfully guarded the sick through the long night hours, fortifying their wavering faith with prayer and comfort. Discerning in the Beatitudes the new law of life, he taught them to his Mnong « children », then demonstrated their meaning by patiently accepting personal injustice from his subordinates... *The chief became a shepherd.*

.....

HUH stood again before the elders of his wife's village. For two days he had listened to their debate as they considered the damages to be paid against a wrong suffered. For, returning to his village in a previous visit, his wife had come to him with another man's child in her arms. Tribal law demanded judgment and reparation. As they concluded their deliberations, they waited for his word of acceptance. He gives this account of his reply :

« I had meditated and prayed for a long time as to what I should do. In former days — before I knew the Lord — I would have fined them heavily, perhaps beat or killed them. But now I thought this way. My wife is in darkness. This is the work of darkness. But I am not in darkness. I have light. I have received mercy. I will give mercy even as I have received mercy. This man who has wronged me, I leave to the hand of God. I will take my wife to live with me and thank the Lord that he has given me another child. I would not be like the ungrateful servant that Jesus told about ».

And as an afterthought, he added quietly, « When they heard my words, the men of my wife's village wept ».

.....

HUH continues to live at Dak R'Tih with his family, his fight with leprosy almost won. The light of his transformed life continues to penetrate dark places where the Word of the Gospel has not yet been preached. The man who could not be a *slave* has become a *servant* to all for Jesus' sake.

ONE CHURCH

At a recent Conference of the Evangelical Church of Viet Nam, action was taken which recognizes all of the existing work in the Tribes area as a new district within the National Church organization. Prior to this a great deal of study had been given to this matter, and several preliminary steps had been taken.

Missionary work was first begun among the tribes in 1929. From the beginning it was recognized that there were distinct cultural differences between tribespeople and the Vietnamese. The work among the Tribes was early presented to the Church in the coastal regions as a challenging mission field, and there was a hearty response on the part of young people to serve among the Tribes in the highlands. Because these new Vietnamese workers had to move to distant areas, learn new languages, and minister to a people vastly different from their own, they were considered missionaries by both the National Church and the Mission. With the Church and the Mission thus cooperating, much progress was made. By 1958 we were ministering among 29 different language groups.

Viet Nam became independent in 1954. In order to establish a feeling of national unity among these various ethnic and cultural groups, the government at that time adopted a policy of recognizing the tribespeople as Vietnamese citizens. All cities and administrative centers are now predominately Vietnamese. The Vietnamese language is taught in all the schools. Equal pay is given to those who have acquired certain educational requirements and have displayed comparable capabilities. It became increasingly evident that it would be better to consider the tribeswork as a district than to perpetuate a separate church organization.

At the National Church Conference in August, 1959, this entire question was reviewed. It was most gratifying to see the desire on the part of all delegates to reach a decision that would be of greatest help to the work among the Tribes. Seven tribesmen attended the Conference as non-voting delegates and were invited to participate in a number of the devotional services. Except for the language barrier, I am sure our tribes brethren felt a spirit of unity with the Conference.

It is our sincere hope that this new action will provoke added impetus to the missionary vision of the Church in Viet Nam. In the past, Vietnamese co-workers serving in 13 different tribal districts were organized into what was known as the Vietnamese Missionary Group. By the action of the Conference this group is to be dissolved, and the members will become official workers in the new church district with the same status as the tribespreachers. In explaining this to the Conference, the Rev. Pham-Xuan-Tin, who has served for 18 years as the elected leader of this group, said, « The government has decreed the tribespeople to be *new* Vietnamese ; by the Conference action we will become *new* tribesmen ». At the Conference Mr. Tin was elected Vice-President of the National Church. Into this new sphere of responsibility he takes a missionary heart, full of passion and zeal to reach the tribespeople for Christ.

There will be problems to work out as this amalgamation becomes effective. The first district conference will be held in March, 1960, when district officers will be elected. Prayer is needed that the Lord will guide in this and other important decisions. We trust that the united action of Church and Mission through the enabling of the Holy Spirit will produce a great body of believers among all tribes worthy to be called the Sons of God.

by Lillian Amstutz

THE MOUNTAIN MAN'S MEDICINE HOUSE



To the mountain people of the Dalat district, the new « medicine house » is one of perpetual interest and awe. Many of them recall former days when one small room served as a « clinic ». For almost two years they have had a two-story medicine house. The upper floor provides living accommodations for three lady missionaries. The lower level is equipped with a consultation and examining room, an obstetrical unit and tribal-style ward with five beds. An added comfort is a small waiting room where tribesfolk can keep dry and pass their time by listening to Gospel records or looking at pictures on the life of Christ.

As the nurse descends from her apartment each morning her gaze falls upon the brown faces of thirty or forty tribesmen. They wait in anticipation for the forthcoming shot that they believe will cure any or all ailments. All heads bow respectfully while prayer is offered at the opening of each clinic session. There is no confusion as to who will enter the clinic first because every family receives a number and is admitted accordingly. Many of these people come from villages hidden away deep in the mountains. They never cease to be fascinated by the medicine house, the white medicine lady, and her strange looking instruments. Their ailments are legion and include anything from a mild headache or ulcerated foot to a case of appendicitis. But regardless of their own ideas of medicine, they have learned to trust the strange methods at the clinic.

The usual emergencies of medical work fill each week. These might include a hasty trip into a village to bring out a critically-ill patient, sewing up a badly cut head, or helping with the delivery of a baby « on the path ». The many duties of a clinic could never be performed by a single nurse, so a tribes lad has been trained to take temperatures and blood pressures, administer injections and keep the clinic clean. Since he speaks Vietnamese and various tribal dialects he also fills the role of interpreter. One contributing factor to the success of the clinic is the faithfulness of interested friends at home with their prayers and gifts.

In the medicine house one sees every aspect of life's panorama. The joy of new birth, the deep sorrow of death, the agonies of suffering, the praise of a heart that has experienced a divine touch. All these are united here. One sacred and joyful moment in the clinic « hours » is the time of prayer. The human fears, joys, sorrows, and tears are all hushed as we pray together to our heavenly father and ask that His will be done, His joy to be imparted, His comfort and peace to fill the anxious heart. We are one before His throne — the dark skin and the white, those in tattered garments and those in starched linen. Language barriers are all dissolved as we meet before Him, the Great Physician.



Two of our field nurses, Miss RUTH WILTING, Miss LYNN HOLIDAY, arrived in Saigon October 24th aboard the SS Steel Executive. Misses WILTING and HOLIDAY are back in Viet-Nam for their second term. Ruth will return to her nursing duties at the Banmethuot Leprosarium and Lynn will head for Dalat-way and her work at the station clinic.

Mr. MERLE DOUGLAS, brother of Dave Douglas — missionary to the Vietnamese — also arrived on the SS Steel Executive. Merle will be located in Tourane for Vietnamese language study.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. INGRAM completed the missionary personnel arriving on the SS Steel Executive. The Ingrams sailed from New-York. They will be living in the coastal city of Nhatrang during Vietnamese language study.



Ruth Wehr

Miss RUTH WEHR, principal of the Dalat School, left Viet-Nam on November 3, 1959, via PAA. Enroute she stopped in India for a visit with her missionary sister. Ruth plans to take advanced studies at Miami University in Ohio.

Rev. and Mrs. N. R. ZIEMER and children — Beth, Bobby, Miriam — left the field in July and returned to America for their second furlough. Mr. ZIEMER served the field as chairman during the past two years. While on furlough they will be living in Toledo, Ohio.



Bob and Marie Ziemer

SINCE THE LAST ISSUE



MISSIONARIES TO THE TRIBES OF VIET-NAM

FIELD CONFERENCE... 43 missionaries arrived from points near and far to attend the Annual Field Conference at Dalat last May. God's blessing was again manifested in every business and devotional session. Special speaker this year was the Rev. J. F. Shepherd, director of the Missions Department at Nyack Missionary College.

TRIBES PRESIDENT PASSES AWAY... Ha Sol, president of the Tribes Evangelical Church in Viet Nam died on September 4th after a long illness. Ha Sol was not only a gifted preacher who spoke fluently in three languages but was also a wise and able administrator. His death leaves a great gap in the National Church.

NEW BUILDING DEDICATED... The new addition to the Dalat School for Missionaries' Children was dedicated on August 3rd, 1959. Two additional wings provide much needed dormitory space and classroom facilities. One highlight of the program was "Uncle" Herb Jackson's reminiscing about the early years of the Dalat School.

THE TIGER AND THE PIG... A couple months ago during the midnight hours a tiger came into the Reed compound at Cheo Reo and carried off a pig. The next day nimrod Bob shouldered his musket and followed the tracks into the woods. He found the top half of the pig in a small clearing. Thinking the tiger would return to finish his prey, Mr. Reed came back at dusk loaded for bear — 'er tiger. All he got from a night's vigil in the treetops was a mess of mosquito bites.

NEW MISSIONARIES... To Rev. and Mrs. Ross Duncan, Tourane, a son, Norman Richard, born at Dalat, June, 1959. To Rev. and Mrs. Robert McNeil, Leprosarium, Banmethuot, a son, Robert Paul, Jr., born at the Leprosarium in June, 1959.

BIBLE SCHOOL COMMUTERS... Mr. Sung, our Vietnamese co-worker among the Stieng tribe reports that 16 young Stieng tribesmen ride their bikes into Nui Bara each morning to attend classes and return to their villages when class is over. We praise God for this opening among the Stieng.

MORE ABOUT TIGERS... Gene and Cleo Evans were returning from a service one night a few weeks ago and saw a tiger saunter across the road. Thinking he might get a glimpse of the big cat as he wandered through the fields, Gene backed the car up, then turned it at right angles in the direction where the tiger disappeared. There — less than 25 feet from the car — stood a huge tiger. Approximately 20 feet beyond him stood another tiger. They both stood in the glaring lights of the car for a period of three minutes while Mr. Evans sat there in mounting frustration because he neglected to bring his gun. Moral of the story: If you see a tiger cross the road and you don't have a gun, keep going and save yourself a case of acute disappointment.

THE SCHOOL IN THE PINES

Take a right turn off the Dalat-Dran road and drive about 400 yards until a gateway is seen on your left. Here you shift into second and climb a short but steep grade to a group of buildings among the pines that is known to most of the townspeople as the « Villa Alliance ». To the many missionary parents in various fields of Southeast Asia, it is the Dalat Home and School for missionaries' children.

Dalat School was born of sacrifice. A personal gift to the Rev. E. F. Irwin for the education of his son, George, was generously shared to begin construction on the present property. The site chosen was a steep, pine-wooded hillside on the outskirts of Dalat. This resort city has an elevation of 5,000 feet and is located 187 miles from Saigon. It was no easy task to clear the land, terrace the sloping grounds and build a road to the site that now provides such a commanding view of the surrounding areas. The first building constructed to serve as the home and educational center is now the present boys' dormitory and dining room. One definition of the word home is, « the abiding place of the affections ». To past and present occupants of the Dalat Home, a more suitable definition could not be found.

This school opened in 1928 with a student body of three. The students were matched by the same number on the staff. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jackson were the « parents » of these three, and Miss Armia Heikkinen was the sole teacher. For a short period Mrs. Betty Homer-Dixon assisted in the home as matron. For the twenty years that followed « Uncle and Auntie » Jackson were proxy parents to M. K.'s (missionaries' kids) whose number continually increased each year. As the student body became larger it was necessary to add more teachers to the staff, but Miss Heikkinen served faithfully and efficiently at her post as principal for over two decades. She's still working at the important task of teaching M. K.'s but is presently located in New Guinea.

The Dalat School of today is a far cry from the school of those early years. By 1960 there will be a total of 80 M. K.'s enrolled at Dalat. The school serves the mission fields of Viet-Nam, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Indonesia and New Guinea. Dalat alumni are today engaged in a variety of professions — diplomatic service, teaching, linguistics, music, nursing and pastoral ministry, to name a few. M. K.'s comprise the bulk of the student body, but in recent years children of American Government and military personnel have attended the Dalat School. To date every one of these has expressed his faith in Christ as Lord and Saviour before leaving Dalat to return to America. Thus the Dalat Home and School has an influence beyond the field of education.

Two new wings have been added to the girl's dormitory. This new addition fulfils a long and urgent need for dormitory and classroom facilities. The upper story provides adequate space for dormitory rooms and the main floor includes a laboratory and classroom for the high school group, a new library and two additional classrooms for the intermediate classes. We praise God for material construction and progress, but we are more grateful for the spiritual foundations that have been laid in the hearts of our missionary children. There is a constant effort on the part of the entire staff to mold the life of every student after the image of Christ. In spite of the fact that these missionary children are home but three months of each year, they are amazingly well-adjusted youngsters and normal in every respect.

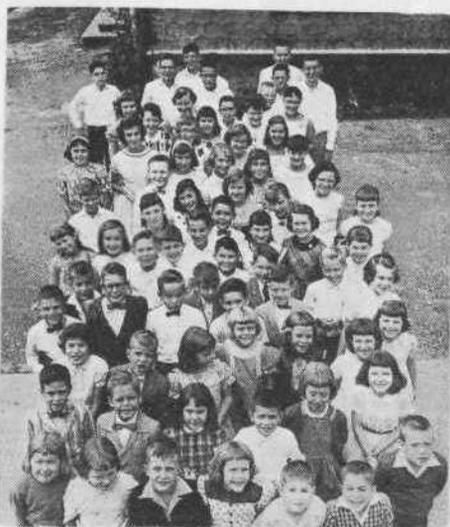
In addition to a well-balanced curriculum there is a natural emphasis on foreign missions. From first grade through twelfth the M. K.'s hear missionary visitors relate their experiences of the work among heathen peoples of Southeast Asia. When God has wrought a victory on some station, they rejoice; if there is an urgent need in some district, they pray! Today fourteen former M. K.'s from Dalat are serving Christ in six different mission fields. Three more are missionary candidates. A number of the present students have expressed their desire to return as missionaries when they have finished their college training in the States. Thus there is little doubt that in the near future there will be third-generation missionaries from Dalat School serving Christ on the far-flung battlefronts of the world.



Girls' Dorm. with New addition



Staff



Student Body



OUCH!



Lost: Two front teeth

Tribes Youth in Action

It's Saturday night in Banmethuot. The Land Rover Pick-Up is loaded with Tribes young people, and we're ready to leave for a short jungle trip. You'd like to join us? Certainly — jump in! Be sure that tailgate is fastened. In a few minutes we leave the reasonably smooth black-top road and turn into a side road. From here it's bounce, bob, jerk, hop, sway, and buck until we arrive at our destination. We arrive at the village to find our host starting a pressure lamp, and in its brilliant light we watch a large crowd gather. In a matter of moments the longhouse is filled to sardine capacity. The service begins as we sing, «Come to the Saviour», followed by another hymn, and then another. The villagers listen carefully as testimonies are given. They are immediately impressed with the poise and enthusiasm of these scrubbed, bright-looking teen-agers. A fellow (or girl) reads a passage of Scripture and begins to explain the beautiful story of salvation — how God, the creator, loves the sinner and has prepared a way through the sacrifice of His Son for forgiveness and reconciliation to Himself.

They listen thoughtfully, not understanding this first time — yet somehow feeling that this is Truth. When the invitation is given their hearts long to respond, but they are gripped with cold fear. What would happen to them and to their children if they were to turn their backs on the evil spirits? They sit and wait. Then four young men step forward. They are ready to accept this Jesus. Two of the young people explain the way of salvation and lead them to Christ. This is an experience that never ceases to thrill us, the knowledge that a human soul has been delivered from heathen bondage. From that moment the lives of these new converts take on new impetus. They have a new leader, and their devotion and desires are centered in Him. Christ is the pivot around which their new faith revolves.

This is our local Youth Fellowship in action. The Christian youth in the mountain regions of Viet Nam are typical of Christian young people throughout the world — eager, responsive, ambitious. Most of these young folk found the Lord as their Saviour through the Gospel witness at the Banmethuot Chapel. They come from villages far and near, having been chosen and sent to the government school to be educated. They are intelligent youngsters who have dared to turn away from the heathenism their families have followed for centuries in order to follow Christ. Now they seek to win their fellow tribespeople to the Saviour.

Y Bok typifies the caliber of the majority of these Christian young people. He accepted Christ as a school boy in the Jarai center at Pieiku and then influenced his younger brother, Y Dok, to believe. Later they were transferred to an advanced school in Banmethuot. Here both boys became a part of the church youth group. They enthusiastically entered into the activities and eagerly gave testimonies whenever there was opportunity — using a mixture of Raday and Jarai languages. Back home at vacation time they witnessed to their own people. This village is known for its extreme superstition and terror of the evil spirits. Y Bok was fearless in his efforts to prove the power of God through the Gospel of Christ. Gradually his mother and other members of his family began to realize the transformation in the lives of the two brothers. Today there is a small group of believers in this village. There are others who have led their families to God, even as Y Bok and Y Dok have done.

Our young people of today are tomorrow's leaders — tomorrow's church. What potential for the cause of Christ among the tribespeople! Satan also sees the possibilities. He seeks in every way to deceive them, to destroy their faith, and to damage their testimony. But we rejoice in the fact that, «Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world».

LEGENDS

by Barbara Reed

Each of the many tribes living in Viet Nam has its own wealth of legends and traditions. Many deal with the spirit dieties and their supernatural powers, others recount the prowess of long dead tribal heroes, some are of an amusing fairy-tale nature, still others are «how» or «why» tales explaining the origin of existing conditions. Related here are two of this last group from legends of the Jarai.

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How The Centipede Got His Sting

Long ago when the spirits made the world and the beasts, birds, creeping things and human beings to inhabit it, they called certain of the reptiles and insects to the lake of poison to distribute to each his share. First came the hooded cobra, followed by the green banana snake, the double-clawed scorpion, the giant bumble bee, the ugly centipede, and all the bright-colored vipers. Waiting his turn impatiently, the centipede strayed too near the edge, lost his footing and fell headlong into the deadly sea, where he soaked up considerably more than his share of poison. He emerged from the merky depths snapping and thrashing viciously. Thus he has remained to this day, hated and feared by all for his vile nature and painful sting.

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Why The Jarai Had No Written Language

One day the spirits called all the tribes and peoples of the earth to come on an appointed day and receive their language in writing. On the great day, representatives from all the lands came with their paper and pens, their scrolls and their brushes to record their languages. Having no paper or pen, the Jarai tribesman brought a buffalo hide on which he painstakingly scratched his language. At the close of the day he rolled up the precious hide and returned to his village. Warily he climbed the steps to his longhouse porch where he carefully laid down the roll before going in to rest from the long day's journey. But while he slept the hungry village dogs came and devoured the buffalo skin. And so it is that until recent years the Jarai tribe had no written language.

PARENTS TO 74 CHILDREN



Archie and Betty Mitchell

Some parents find it difficult to preserve order with a family of three children. What would they do with 74? To keep that many youngsters happy, behaved, contented, well fed, and properly clothed in addition to providing for extra curricular activities and supervising daily play or sports, calls for unusual wisdom, patience and understanding; not to mention the necessary composure needed when a child comes running into the office with a sliced finger or to excitedly inform you that Danny Kerr fell out of a pine tree and broke his arm.

For almost nine months of each year these and other duties fall upon the shoulders of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Mitchell and their efficient staff. From the rising bell each morning until the last small child is tucked in for the night, the day is filled with a constant round of activities. Like others who preceded, them in this role, Archie and Betty little realized this would eventually become their ministry in Indo-China.

The Mitchells arrived in Viet-Nam in December, 1947. Prior to this time they served a pastorate in Bly, Oregon. In fact, before Betty became « Mrs. » Mitchell she was one of Archie's parishners. After a brief period studying French at Dalat, the Mitchells were allocated to Vietnamese language study at Hanoi, which was then the capital of Viet-Nam. They were in Hanoi until May, 1950, at which time the Indo-China Conferences requested them to take charge of the Dalat Home. They have remained in this capacity ever since except for furlough time in America.

To missionary parents who have to send their children away to school at the age of six, it is a real consolation to know they are in capable hands. Children from distant points in Viet-Nam or other countries do not see their parents from the time they leave home in May until their return in October for vacation. In some cases a student has had to spend 10 months away from home. During the school year it's « Uncle » and « Auntie » Mitchell to whom they take their problems, their requests, their burdens, their joys and their woes. At such times Archie and Betty endeavor to be more than mere disciplinarians and parental overseers of three score and fourteen children — they strive to provide the love and understanding that every child needs. We salute the Mitchells for a job well done.

APPROVED SPECIALS

The following are the Approved Specials for 1959-60. 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. Land Rover for Miss Holiday (balance needed)	\$ 1,300 US
2. Land Rover for Mr. Ross Duncan	2,300
3. Land Rover for Rev. N. R. Ziemer	2,300
4. Construction of Short Tern Bible School Building for Di-Linh Station	1,800
5. Clearing and leveling of Banmethuot Bible School Property.	500
6. New Building for Banmethuot Bible School	3,000
7. Clearing of Williams Property at Di-Linh	100
8. Land Rover for Miss Peggy Bowen	2,300
9. Land Rover for Rev. George Irwin	2,300
10. Land Rover for Rev. W. Eugene Evans	1,500
11. Tribes Church Building Di-Linh Station	1,000
12. Guest House at Nui Bara	300
13. Annual maintenance expense (Leprosarium)	9,100
14. Construction of water tower (Leprosarium)	1,500
15. Major repairs and maintenance of present buildings (Leprosarium)	1,200
16. X-ray unit (Leprosarium)	2,500
17. PA System for Infirmary Ward (Leprosarium)	200
18. Motorbike for Tuc Trung	200
19. Guest House at So Meh	300
20. Guest House at Krong Pha	300

