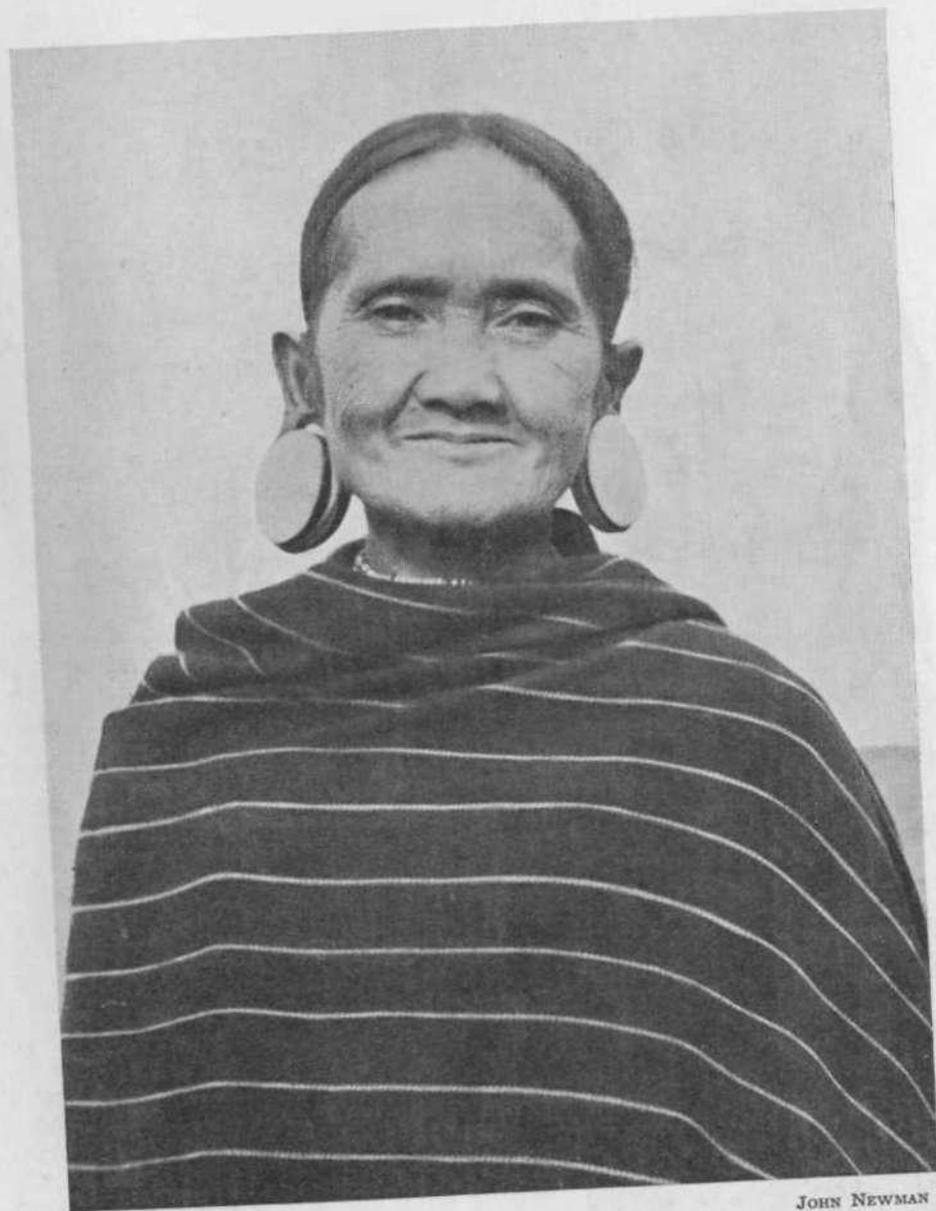


Jungle

Frontiers



JOHN NEWMAN

A Lac (Koho) Tribes Christian

JUNGLE FRONTIERS

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

This booklet is issued by the missionaries of the VIET NAM MISSION laboring among the tribes in Viet Nam. We shall be glad to send it free to any who request it.

Editor : Richard L. PHILLIPS

Co-editor : Le Roy JOSEPHSEN

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The Lac tribe is one of seven tribes in the Dalat region that speak the Koho language. The women have their ears pierced at an early age. At first a thin stick is inserted, then thicker and thicker ones, until the women can proudly wear large wooden disks like these.

MONOLOGUE OF A SORCERESS

Two chickens and a goat. This has been a busy day... so much sickness in the village now. That little boy burning up with fever. Surely it was worth a chicken to his parents. They want him to get well, don't they? And of course everything I tell them they believe, for my reputation is sure. Everyone knows I have power with the spirits. Who else in this village can work the same magic? Or even in this whole mountainside? For many years I have known the spirits. That is how I got my reputation. But I have earned it; it wasn't easy. Often I have been tired enough to die by night... or by morning. Giving myself to the spirits is exhausting. Truly they are hard masters...

But then, it has paid off. I have more influence than anyone else in this village. Even more than the big chief. Does not even he come to me when he is in need? The time his wife nearly died in childbirth. It took all my skill to deliver her. Yes, and he paid well. How his heart hurt for her... he would have paid more too. Why didn't I insist on the two buffaloes instead of only one! When she got better everyone praised me for my powers. Ah yes, that was the turning point. Since then everyone says I'm the best sorceress in these mountains.

And then there was that toothless old man with all his aches and pains. The old fool! He was wealthy once... but no more. I used to be poor... but no more. A pig for the pain in his back. A goat when his legs ached so badly. A buffalo when he was hot in his body. And when none of these sacrifices helped him, then what? I decided to say he was a leper. No one can cure that, not even the best sorceress. Oh, that was clever of me! Now he must pay us all buffaloes and gongs and jars for being a leper. Not that he has any left now... he'll have to borrow.

They say that old man has now turned to the Jesus-religion. At first he went to them for healing only. They say their God can heal. But now he has gone further. One day the white man came and preached in the meeting house. They say the old man bowed his knees and said he was a sinner. And since then he has been different. He hasn't come back to see me either.

I heard that white man talk a few times. His story is delicious to our ears. He tells of a God-man who lived long ago. This Jesus healed many diseases. He taught many beautiful things. But for some reason His people killed Him — nailed Him to a cross of wood. The white man said this Jesus was the Son of the God in the sky. He died to save people from their sins. I tried to believe this for awhile. But it interfered with my work. As long as I thought about this Jesus, the spirits didn't come when I called. People began to doubt my powers. Even threatened to find another sorceress. And so, I forgot about this God-man. It was just at that time that the chief came to me for his wife. My reputation was saved.

Sometimes even yet I find myself thinking about this Jesus-religion... But it's no use. It would be too costly to follow that way. Life is always hard. This way I at least have plenty to eat and wear. And I have my reputation. And power with the spirits. So I shall continue on my way... The dog barks. Someone else is coming for me to do my sorcery again this night... I must gather up my things and be on my way...

Helen EVANS

Starting out

David FRAZIER, DAK To :

Three prayers were on our hearts as we thought of opening work among the Sedang : that God would grant us (1) a suitable language teacher, (2) official permission to work and move about in the tribal area, and (3) a friendly reception from the tribespeople. From the beginning we have seen the Lord's hand in working these things out for His glory.



This was marvelously true when we attempted to engage a language teacher. In the first village that we entered, the first man that we met agreed to come and teach us. Tribesmen do not usually leave their villages so readily. We wondered, « Was this too easy ? » In four months of study this man, Trang, has proved himself a capable and willing helper. It was the good hand of God that guided us to him.

The Vietnamese officials in the two districts we have entered not only welcomed us but gave permission to live in the area and to move about freely. Some missionaries elsewhere have faced many security restrictions. We rejoice in the wide opportunity still open to us among the Sedang.

The friendliness of the tribespeople has delighted us. When my car could not make it up a slippery section of mountain road, a

whole village turned out to push. In village after village where we have trekked, we have received a warm welcome and repeated invitations to return to explain the gospel. Truly God is answering our prayers.

Richard PHILLIPS, MINH-LONG :

Minh-Long is a Vietnamese market town to which throngs of Hre tribespeople come regularly to trade. A small but faithful Vietnamese congregation was here when we arrived. But the tribesfolk were still untouched. There were two immediate needs : to help in the Vietnamese church until a student from the Bible School becomes available to serve as pastor ; and to study the unwritten Hre language in preparation for evangelizing the tribe.

The Lord is using one ministry to help the other. Within a month of our arrival, a few tribesmen were coming to the Vietnamese meetings. One who understood Vietnamese better than the others was drawn toward the gospel. He studied the Bible for two weeks, then became eager to witness to others. Before we ourselves could speak much Hre, reports of the new teaching were spreading widely and attracting great interest.

We can see the Lord's hand in answering our problems. How can we find the right words for expressing gospel truths ? This Hre believer and several others have helped us greatly in the search. How can we reach distant villages from which we are now restricted ? Hre evangelists will not have our restrictions. How can we ever bring the gospel intensively to the many places that need to hear ? We can't ; but God is beginning already to raise up those who can.

What place should be chosen for a mission center ? There are no fixed answers. Tra My, where we first settled, was rather far from the Jeh whom we wanted to reach, yet at the time it was as close as we could get to them. A new government road into the heart of Jeh country opened a better possibility for the site of a mission base. Here, and in the Bru tribal area to which we were next assigned, government consideration for the missionaries' safety altered our plans. We packed again and moved. Home for us is now Pleiku, a center in the Jarai tribe.

Moves like these are of course disappointing. But one comes to realize the nature of his call. A missionary is called not just to one specific geographical point. He is a light in the world. He bears witness, as God directs, to every lost man he meets.



ROSS AND ELIN DUNCAN, BU DOP :

Building the house was the first task that faced us. To do so in Viet Nam can become quite perplexing. Materials are not delivered on time, nor workers too anxious to follow directions. And how do you give instructions in Vietnamese without knowing all the building terms ?

The work began in November 1959. Clearing the property of jungle with long-handled knives took hours of back-breaking labor. With house location chosen, footings dug, and a shed erected for building materials, we were ready to start on the house. Little did we realize that materials are delivered not when ordered but when convenient for the dealer. Delays and frustrations ! How we rejoiced when the first brick and block were laid, the door and window jambs put into place, and each worker could get busy at his task.

« Sidewalk superintendents » are found everywhere. Ours ranged from « Monsieur le Directeur » of the nearby rubber plantation to excited Stieng tribesmen staring at the strangers.

Finally, after weeks of labor — and years of prayer and planning — there is a new mission station at Bu Dop.

LEROY AND NANCY JOSEPHSEN, AN DIEM :

The Katu live on some of the highest, steepest mountains in Viet Nam. Although these mountains are high and steep, there is one peak most difficult to scale — the Mountain of the Katu Language. At present our work consists primarily of language study during the week and village trips on week-ends. After much prayer and numberless requests we now have a teacher. He has agreed to come on these conditions : if the river is not flooded, if it does not rain, if there is no sickness or death in the village, if he is not tired, if he does not have to work at home, if he does not have to work for the government, if we give him clothes and rice, and if we pay him a salary. In spite of all these conditions he has come to teach us quite faithfully. This is the first time that one of these Katu has been willing to leave his village to work. They are very attached



to their villages, and do not want to leave even for short periods of time, much less to teach us for six days a week. Praise the Lord for this miracle which He has worked before our eyes !

TRICKLES INTO PARCHED GROUND

The Lake district for years has been dry ground. Not physically, of course. Breath-taking rain forests clothe the mountains and valleys; rains turn the very few roads into mudholes. Recently I walked through a heavy downpour to a village two hours from the road. Grass waving over our heads showered us repeatedly. Tiger tracks could be seen in the mud on the path. We waded a river, slipped, stumbled and climbed up and down the mountain trail, then preached for three hours in wet clothing and bare feet. Yes, there is plenty of water here! But spiritually the area has been parched and barren.

Many tribespeople live here — including the Mnong Gar, whose language we will shortly be learning. Life-long superstitions and fear of evil spirits have shaped their culture. At one village several once professed to believe. Then two people suddenly died. The village promptly moved and rebuilt in a new location, and its people returned to spirit worship; faith was swallowed up in fear. In many cases inquirers have gone back to their old pagan practices, or have become cold, indifferent, hard.

Three preachers of the Raday tribe have learned the Mnong Gar language in order to work among them. One has lost three daughters from disease over a ten-year period while living among the Mnong Gar. Another who labors with burning heart to win the people to God finds only two or three who will gather to hear him. Another promising young man became fluent in their language and well liked by the people. But he has had to be transferred to a Raday village: his wife just couldn't take it having to live among another tribe (« They eat just like pigs ») and so far from her own village. It's rough. All of them know that their mission subsidy is steadily being reduced, and that unless their own church assumes their support, they will eventually receive no living allowance. Yet God's call is clear in their lives — they are not quitting! They have asked me to write letters to all the Christians in America to beg them to « help them in prayer ». You don't dare let them down!

But all is not black. God works in mysterious and wonderful ways. One of the men who had early believed but slipped back to his old ways joined the army and was sent to Pleiku. There he met the pastor and the Christians. He returned to the Lord and became a zealous follower. He began writing letter after letter to his family telling them what great things the Lord had done in his life and urging them to believe and receive Christ as Saviour. One day this soldier's brother, the village chief back home, decided to believe. Three others also turned to Christ, then more. Then, wonder of wonders, they wanted to build their own chapel in the village. They built it! Today God has a bamboo house for His own praise in their village. At last count the number of believers has reached twenty-four.

There are other encouraging signs: several young people attended short term Bible school and returned strengthened to their village; individuals who had once been followers genuinely turned back to the Lord. The life-giving stream is trickling into this parched area. Pray with us and our preachers that it may become a mighty torrent.

KENNETH SWAIN

Nationals For Spiritual Leadership

Spiritual leaders must be raised up from among the nationals before any work of missions can be considered to have achieved its goal. The Apostle Paul appointed elders in the churches where he ministered. In his letters to Timothy and Titus, Paul instructs them to commit to faithful men the work established through their preaching.

The need for nationals as preachers and leaders has not changed since Paul's day. The urgency of this need is impressed on us as never before because of world conditions. The seeds of nationalism have been sown in the breasts of millions around the world. Threats of the outbreak of war and the overthrow of government are heard in every quarter of the globe.

As compared to the ministry of the missionary, the ministry of the national is :

(1) *More acceptable.* Government authorities accept a native citizen much more readily than they do a foreigner. In many countries all foreigners are suspect. The missionary remains a foreigner no matter how much he identifies himself with the people. Restrictions as to location, travel, and conditions governing his ministry are imposed more readily on the bearer of a foreign passport. Many times such restrictions by the government are made out of concern for the safety of those of another nationality.

From the standpoint of the populace, the ministry of a national is more acceptable. The missionary is often received with much outward display of joy, and great numbers may accept his teaching. However, usually there are serious reservations in the hearts and minds of the nationals. They are on the defensive. When the messenger is one from their own culture, fully understanding their customs, their defense is lowered and they are ready to hear and receive with more open minds.

(2) *More intelligible.* No matter how proficient the missionary becomes in the language there will always be areas of thinking and vocabulary in which he is limited. He will probably always have a bit of a foreign accent. The national worker speaks his native tongue. He gives illustrations that are immediately understood, and presents truth in a simple way. There is no strained twist in his phrasing, and he is easily and quickly articulate in all areas of the language.

(3) *More personal.* There are few places where the missionary can settle down to fulfill the ministry of a true shepherd because of the scope of his responsibility. He usually has hundreds of villages in his district with thousands of souls as his parish. Though he bends every effort to show a personal interest in each individual, there are human limitations. The responsibility for day-by-day spiritual counsel and encouragement must be carried by the local church leaders.

(4) *More permanent.* This is especially true in this age of political uncertainty. In how many countries has there been interruption or suspension of missionary work! A permanent, consistent ministry to the church, as well as for the evangelization of the unsaved, is best guaranteed through spiritual leadership among the nationals.

We thank God for the fine group of national workers He has raised up among the tribespeople. The figure now stands at 127. The gifts and ministries of the Spirit are revealed in and through them.

We recognize the scriptural principles involved in the establishing of the church along truly indigenous lines. In 1958 action was taken to shift the responsibility for support of these men to the church within five years. Because we have committed ourselves to assist in their support until 1963, we must have a large amount in special gifts each month. In recent months receipts have averaged about \$ 500 less per month than is needed for this purpose. We solicit your prayers regarding this.

It is our sincere desire that the Lord will enable us to strengthen the national leadership in the church, that it, in turn, may fulfill God's purpose among the peoples of these mountain regions.

T. G. MANGHAM, Jr.

SINCE THE LAST ISSUE

AMALGAMATION... Important changes took place at our annual field conference. The Tribes of Viet Nam Mission and the Viet Nam Mission became one. Rev. J.H. Revelle, former chairman of the Viet Nam Mission, was elected to lead the combined field. Rev. T.G. Mangham, Jr., our former field chairman, is now vice-chairman.

CONFERENCE SPEAKER... His former students and other missionaries alike welcomed Rev. Gilbert Johnson of Nyack Missionary College as our conference speaker. His Bible studies were refreshing and edifying. Mr. Johnson also visited several tribal villages in the Dalat and Banmethuot areas. In appreciation for his ministry to them, the tribespeople presented him gifts of flowers, rice, eggs and bananas.



W. E. EVANS
Rev. and Mrs. Ziemer

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Duncan, from Da Nang to take charge of the new mission station at Bu Dop ; Mr. David Frazier, though still temporarily based at Pleiku, to the Dak To area periodically to study Sedang ; Miss Betty Lou Hartson, former Tribes field secretary, to Saigon to become secretary to the new field chairman ; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Josephsen, to An Diem to work among the reportedly fierce Katu ; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Long to Pleiku via Tra My and Khe Sanh ; Mr. Richard Phillips to Minh Long for Hre language study ; and Dr. Ardel Vietti, having completed Vietnamese study and special orientation in leprosy, to the Leprosarium as medical director.

PRAY FOR RECOVERY... Just beginning her second term of service. Miss Ruth Wilting, a nurse at the Leprosarium, was found to have contracted tuberculosis. Six months of rest and medications have not produced the desired response. Continued prayer for her is earnestly requested.

SCHOOL GROWING... Sounds of building in Dalat tell that the school for missionaries' children is growing. A boys' dormitory, with a chapel on the ground floor, is rising quickly. With boarding enrolment this year at a crowded 88, it will be nice to have some « elbow-room », again. Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzstevens are the new « Uncle » and « Auntie » now that the Mitchells are home on furlough.

VISIT FROM THE AREA SECRETARY... A surprise visitor to Conference was our Area Secretary, Rev. R. M. Chrisman. His presence and counsel at a time when important decisions were to be made were much appreciated.

WELCOME BACK... Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ziemer received a hearty welcome as they returned to the field for their third term. Their ship, the SS Steel Traveller, docked in Saigon on the 14th of September. A full schedule of Bible School teaching, translation work and language study awaits them in Banmethuot.

TRANSFERS... Miss Maxine Craig, from tropical Saigon to cool Dalat to continue Vietnamese study ; Mr. Merle Douglas, from Da Nang to Minh Long for a three-month stopover before moving on to Nha Trang to finish Vietnamese study ;

ENGAGEMENT... Miss Lillian M. Amstutz has announced her engagement to Mr. Richard L. Phillips. Both are MK's (missionaries' kids), and both are now serving among the tribes. Miss Amstutz is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Tilman M. Amstutz, Alliance missionaries to India. Mr. Phillips' parents were missionaries under the China Inland Mission. Miss Amstutz has served briefly on the nursing staff at the Dalat Clinic and at the Banmethuot Leprosarium. Mr. Phillips is beginning work in the Hre tribe. Big plans are forming in Dalat for « the first American wedding in ages. » Date: October 8th; place: the chapel of the Dalat Home and School.

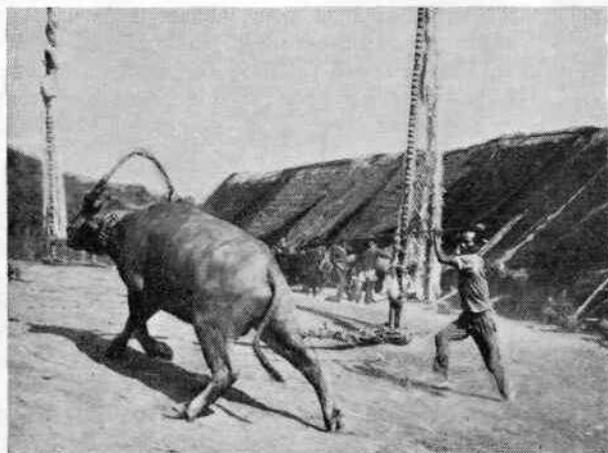


M. ADE

Miss Lillian Amstutz

INTRODUCING « KANDI »... Born to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Swain, a girl, Kandace Doreen, on September 14, 1960, in Banmethuot.

HOW TO SCARE A TIGER... Mr. David Frazier now has his tiger story. A month after the Evanses left on furlough, their dog, Dana, was carried off by a tiger. Fresh tiger tracks were discovered by one corner of the church on the Pleiku mission station. Dave and several others followed the tracks out to the edge of town and along a ravine, and found the remains of Dana in the bushes. Thinking the tiger would likely return, they dug a pit, and that afternoon Dave and an army officer sat in the pit with guns ready. The Jarai pastor had warned the two to be sure to watch in opposite directions. But it was broad daylight and close to town — Dave knew no tiger would come for a while. He was busy learning to tell the story of Noah in Vietnamese. Sounds of rough breathing behind him made him whirl around. There was the tiger standing three feet away! More startled than the men, it was gone in a flash, leaving bits of fur clinging to the bushes. At last report, Dave still has trouble with that story of Noah.



C. LONG

A Jeh buffalo sacrifice

BUFFALO SACRIFICE... Messrs. Long, Frazier and Phillips made a trip into mountainous Jeh country. The first evening they sought shelter in a Jeh longhouse and discovered that a buffalo sacrifice was planned for the next day. They were able to witness it all: gonging throughout the night, the drinking of rice wine, singing and dancing, prayers to the spirits, and the final spearing of two water buffaloes — and all of this in a tribe about which little had previously been known.

INTO VILLAGES AND HEARTS

AMONG THE BAHNAR

In the mountainous areas of central Viet Nam, to the east and north of Pleiku, lives one of the largest tribes in the country — the Bahnar. How many are there? Who knows? Scattered over more than 10,000 square miles of territory in four provinces, they live in hundreds of separate villages, probably eighty to ninety thousand people.

The village is the basic community. They recognize the tribe and will tell you which of its main divisions they are a part of, but there is no tribal chief and no larger tribal organization. The center of the village life is the *rong* or communal house. It is at once a dormitory for unmarried men, a temple where sacrifices are made, and an inn for the accomodation of travelers. We stay in the *rong* when on overnight trips, and the people gather there to hear the preaching and to discuss this new story.

Religious life for these people is a matter of trying to appease the spirits and profit from them. The people are subject to the devil through the evil spirits under him who are said to inhabit trees, rocks, mountains, houses and the water source. Every misfortune is supposed to be caused by the spirits who want something from men. If someone is sick, the family makes a sacrifice in front of the house after consulting a sorcerer. On different occasions a chicken, pig, goat, cow or buffalo will be required. The village as a whole makes a sacrifice of one or more buffalo at planting time and at other specified times.



D. FRAZIER

Bahnar tribesman

What do these people look forward to? Left to themselves they expect to go on chopping out rice fields, planting, harvesting and sacrificing. They expect sickness, sorrow and death. They hope to get some relief and pleasure from tobacco, alcohol and family life. They will accept what comes their way as their grandfathers did. But God does not intend to leave them to themselves. A way of salvation has been provided, and they must hear the message.

.....

Early in 1959 we arrived in An Khe to open a work among the Bahnar. A Bahnar convert from Pleiku, who had preached to the Jarai people for several years, was a great help in the work from the beginning. Next the Lord sent a fairly well-educated young man our way looking for employment. He became our language informant. A few weeks after we began studying, Grup, the preacher, came

to say that Saih, the language teacher, had prayed for salvation. Recently Saih has asked about baptism and about many things connected with Christian living and testimony. We pray that he may be a witness and an example to his people.



D. FRAZIER

A communal house (rong)



G. FLEMING

Grup preaching in a village

With the preacher we have been visiting the people in their villages. Though travelling occasionally to many villages, our plan is at first to concentrate on a few. Two of these seem ripe for harvest, and we are praying for a turning to the Lord. On the other hand, some places are hostile. Two women in one village wanted to believe. The chief of the village would not allow us to preach there again. He threatened the women that if they left the sacrifices to the spirits the village would not repair their houses any more. Both are widows and dependent on community help.

For the most part people are friendly and interested, but afraid to break away from the spirits. There are still hundreds of unreached villages, and one visit is not enough. It is a real challenge to reach all the villages and to reach them often enough that they will understand the gospel. But a greater challenge comes *after* arriving at the village. We must reach the hearts of the people with God's message. To do this is to battle with the messengers of Satan. Our message must pierce through superstition and fear, fatalism and age-old pagan customs.

By His grace and enabling we must take the gospel of Christ into their villages and into their hearts. Today Jesus Christ is calling to the Bahnar people ; « Follow me. »

Gail FLEMING

THE STONE THAT SANG

It was the evening of our monthly visit at Buon Khit leprosy village. A shadowy light illumined the intent group seated on the bamboo floor of the longhouse. The talk had turned to the spirits and all were paying close attention.

They spoke of spirit objects and the very real power they possess. Such things may seem remote at a mission station. But to Raday tribesmen out in a village they are a dangerous reality. Spirit objects? — they all knew about them. A gong in Erang Village, a broken pot in Bih country, each in its place dominating the household of its choice. Then Y-Niet spoke up. He is my assistant in the district leprosy work, a Raday but western in dress and manner.

« I will tell you about my family. My mother's branch of the Knul clan were formerly the chiefs and judges of Mblot Village. One day, many generations ago, her forefathers were down by the stream dipping water with their baskets to empty a fish trap. They found no fish, only a strange stone that sang. They tossed it aside. A humming sound rose from the shallow water. Again they examined the stone and then left it lying on the bank of the stream.

« That night one of the men of her house had a dream. The stone spoke to him. It commanded him to bring it into his longhouse, to honor it, and to sacrifice to it. He obeyed the stone. For many years my family attended this stone. The blood of sacrifice was smeared upon it. Water was poured over it and then drunk by my family. It became the fear and treasure of my people.

« Then my mother's family began to die out. The spirit of the stone was destroying our line. Today my mother is the only remaining female member of that branch of the family, and I am her only living child, a man, and therefore unable to carry on the family name.

« I am not afraid of that stone. I know that the blood of Jesus protects me from all the evil spirits can do. One day I said to that stone, « I'm going to throw you away ! » But did not dare to do so, for my mother and father are spirit-worshippers and do not have the powerful Lord Jesus to care for them.

« Then very strangely, this year the stone fled by itself. We do not know where it went. No one in the village would dare to steal it. No one but the family would even dare to look at it. It no longer rests in the rice bin where it had been kept for years. My mother and father are very happy it is gone, for it has been a heavy burden to my people. Yet they go about pretending to look for it, lest the spirit, seeing their relief, return to bring greater misfortune ».

There was a solemn stillness as he finished, then a laugh and a good-natured remark about the unusual reputation of the Knul. Conversation lagged. Lights flickered low. Families huddled around the hearth fires, their shadows mingling with the darkness.

International Team

Because of having to travel in so many parts of the world, missionaries seem to become quite internationalized! This is especially true in the Funés

family. France and Canada combined forces in the creation of this missionary « team » serving the Lord in Viet Nam! Paris was home for Jean (John) Funé. Answering God's call to missionary service, he crossed the ocean to New York to study at Nyack Missionary College, went on to Quebec to serve among the French Canadians, and then in 1928 sailed to Indo-China. It was while in Canada that he met Myrtle Hall, a school teacher from Ontario. Their friendship continued — with diligent help from the postal service — throughout Jean's first term on the field. When Jean returned on furlough in 1935 they were married.



W. SCHELANDER

The Funés

The end of that year found the Funés settled in Tonkin, the northeastern province of Indo-China, where Jean had been working among the Vietnamese. Jean had also become acquainted with the tribal people of the mountains. Myrtle came to share his urge to reach them with the gospel, and in 1939 they moved out to live among the Thai tribespeople. War brought trying times, with privation and imprisonment. But the Lord wonderfully sustained and protected them. Jean, having been made a Chaplain in the French Army, had freedom to come and go in the prisons and hospitals, ministering to all in need. His rank of Captain drew a salary that cared for Myrtle and their two children during the time when foreign funds were not available. It was 1946 before they were able to leave for a long-overdue furlough.

Back on the field, Jean was asked to go to Dalat to take charge of the Mission Press and to help in the Vietnamese churches of the area. Myrtle turned her attention to the literacy needs of the Koho tribespeople living in the mountains of the Dalat district. A few of the Koho preachers were learning to read and write, and only one or two of the women could read. Myrtle organized classes and prepared reading materials to help them. This was the start of a fruitful work that has produced in ten years about 2,000 literates among the Koho people.

In 1956 the missionaries in charge of the Koho Tribes Center in Dalat went on furlough. The Funés were asked to take over the work of that station, and they have been there ever since. During the summer of 1958 Jean began to lose the use of his left eye. Operations in Hong Kong and New York failed to restore his sight. After this enforced furlough, the Funés returned to Dalat last November. Running the Koho Bible School, supervising the various activities on the Dalat station, and overseeing some fifty churches scattered throughout the mountains keep them more than busy. Loved and respected by all, Jean and Myrtle Funé continue to pour out their lives for the Koho people of Viet Nam.





D. Frazier

Missionaries to the Tribes, Viet Nam

Front Row — left to right

Miss Lillian Amstutz, Leprosarium
 Mrs. Arlene Roseveare, Dalat School
 Mrs. Joyce McNeel, Nha Trang
 Mrs. Nancy Josephsen, An Diem
 Mrs. Elin Duncan, Bu Dop
 Mrs. E.G. Long, Pleiku
 Miss Maxine Craig, Dalat
 Mrs. Tina Schelander, Dalat
 Mrs. Lydia Jackson, Di Linh
 Mrs. Evelyn Mangham, Banmethuot
 Miss Peggy Argile, Dalat School
 Miss Mary Forbes, Dalat School

Second Row

Mrs. Myrtle Funé, Dalat
 Miss Helen Evans, Dalat
 Miss Lynn Holiday, Dalat
 Miss Elsie Sloat, Dalat School
 Dr. Ardel Vietti, Leprosarium
 Miss Carolyn Griswold, Banmethuot
 Miss Olive Kingsbury, Leprosarium
 Miss Betty Lou Hartson, Saigon
 Miss Ruth Kelck, Dalat School
 Mrs. Jackie Ingram, Nha Trang

Mrs. Bernice Swain, Banmethuot
 Miss Mildred Ade, Leprosarium
 Miss Dawn Deets, Dalat School
 Mrs. Irene Fleming, An Khe

Third Row

Mr. Robert Reed, Cheo Reo
 Mr. Richard Phillips, Minh Long
 Rev. Gail Fleming, An Khe
 Mr. David Frazier, Pleiku
 Rev. Ross Duncan, Bu Dop
 Rev. C.G. Ingram, Nha Trang
 Rev. Herbert Jackson, Di Linh
 Rev. Kenneth Swain, Banmethuot
 Mr. LeRoy Josephsen, An Diem

Fourth Row

Rev. Jean Funé, Dalat
 Mr. Merle Douglas, Minh Long
 Rev. Gilbert Johnson, Nyack, N.Y.
 Rev. Grady Mangham, Banmethuot
 Mr. Charles Long, Pleiku
 Rev. Robert Chrisman, Foreign Dept.
 Mr. Carl Roseveare, Dalat School
 Rev. Wesley Schelander, Dalat
 Rev. Robert McNeel, Nha Trang

Not Pictured. — Miss Ruth Wehr, Miss Peggy Bowen, Miss Lois Chandler, Mrs. Bobbie Reed, Miss Ruth Wilting, Miss Agnes Kerr, Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Evans, Rev. and Mrs. George Irwin, Rev. and Mrs. Archie Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Powell and Rev. and Mrs. Robert Ziemer.

APPROVED SPECIALS

The following are the Approved Specials for 1960. 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 E. N. Holiday (balance needed)	\$ 1,000 US
2. Construction of Short Term Bible School building for Djiring Station	1,800
3. New building for Banmethuot Bible School	3,500
4. Land Rover for Miss Peggy Bowen	2,300
5. Land Rover for Rev. G. E. Irwin	2,300
6. Land Rover for Rev. W. Eugene Evans	1,500
7. Tribes Church building, Djiring Station	1,000
8. Guest House at Minh Long	300
9. Annual maintenance expense (Leprosarium)	9,100
10. Construction of water tower (Leprosarium)	1,500
11. Major repairs and maintenance of present buildings (Leprosarium)	1,200
12. X-ray unit (Leprosarium)	2,500
13. Public address system for Infirmary Ward at Leprosarium ..	200
14. Land Rover for Mr. R. L. Phillips	2,300
15. Enlargement of Dalat Bible School auditorium and classrooms.	2,100



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