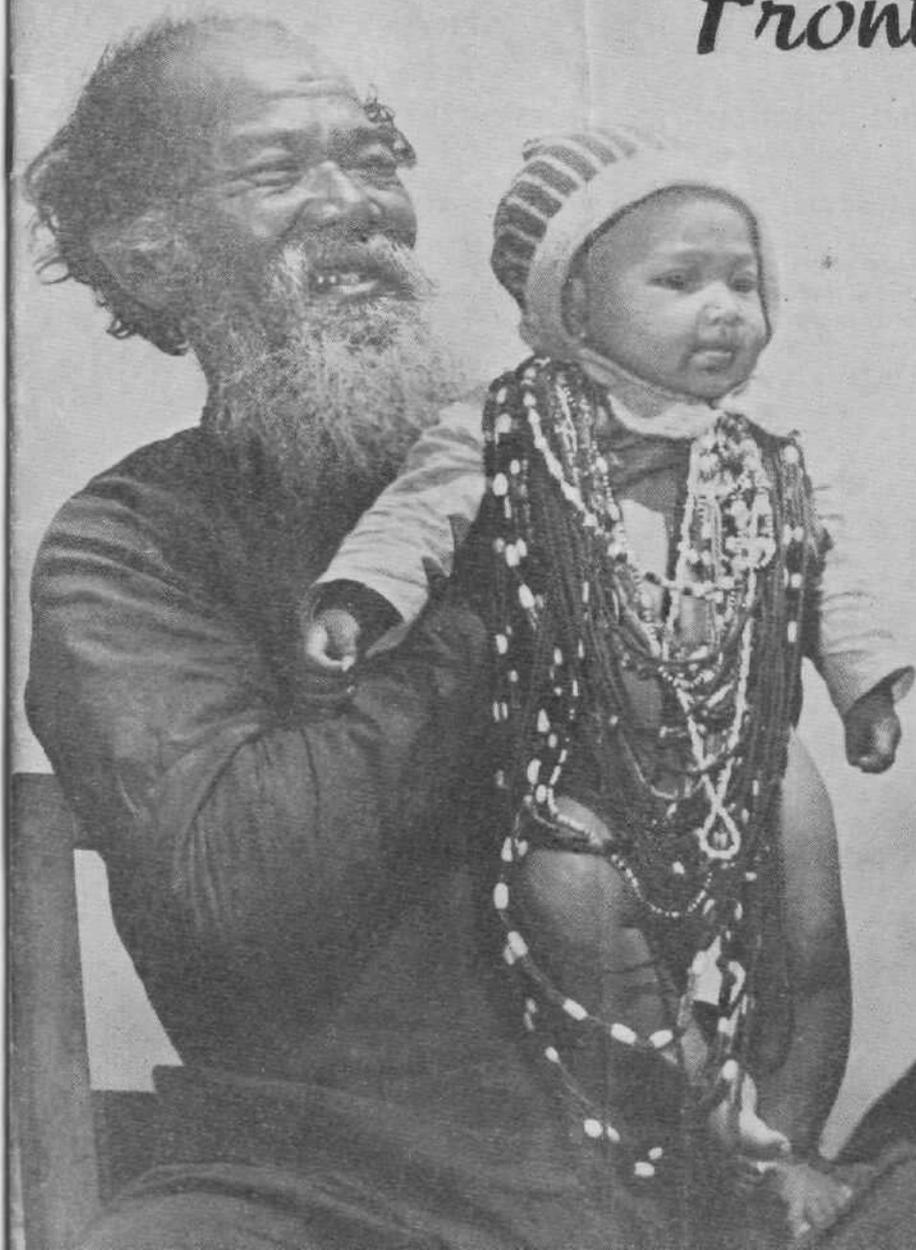


*Jungle*

*Frontiers*



# JUNGLE FRONTIERS

NEWS MAGAZINE OF  
THE VIET-NAM MISSION (TRIBES REGION)  
OF  
THE CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

Headquarters : 260 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York.

This magazine is issued semi-annually by the missionaries of the VIET-NAM MISSION ministering to the tribes in Viet-Nam. We shall be glad to send it free to any who request it.

Editor : EVELYN MANGHAM

Co-editor : CAROLYN GRISWOLD

WINTER 1965

NUMBER 22

*Village elder proudly displays  
granddaughter dressed in beads.*



## EDITOR'S NOTE :

Many visitors have been amazed to find that the missionaries are not nervously pre-occupied with the dangers and risks attendant to their daily tasks. Rather, they discover a sense of commitment and an eagerness to buy up the opportunities on every hand. The concern often expressed is that the Lord will find His servants adequate for every eventuality. We trust that this issue, featuring your missionaries, will impress upon you the necessity to pray more earnestly for them as they faithfully and joyfully serve in war-torn Viet Nam.

THE CHAIRMAN MR. MANGHAM  
ANSWERS THE QUESTION...

## HAS

# WAR CLOSED THE DOOR

Did I read the article correctly? The author referred to a recent visit to Saigon, and the conclusion drawn was that the door of missionary opportunity is closed throughout Viet Nam. Readers were urged to turn their attention to other lands where there is still time. I was dismayed!

Our field Executive Committee met recently to discuss the tremendous challenge confronting us and the unprecedented opportunities on every hand. We talked of a shortage of personnel. We considered new advances in our work where there are compelling needs. There was a sense of urgency upon us — not that time is running out, but that hungry hearts are to be found on every hand, and Christ's command is unchanged, « Give ye them to eat! »

What is the true picture? Are we oblivious to the tragedy of war going on about us? How can a ministry of evangelism be carried on in the light of conditions as reported in your newspapers? Should missionary interest be discouraged among God's people because certain activities are curtailed?

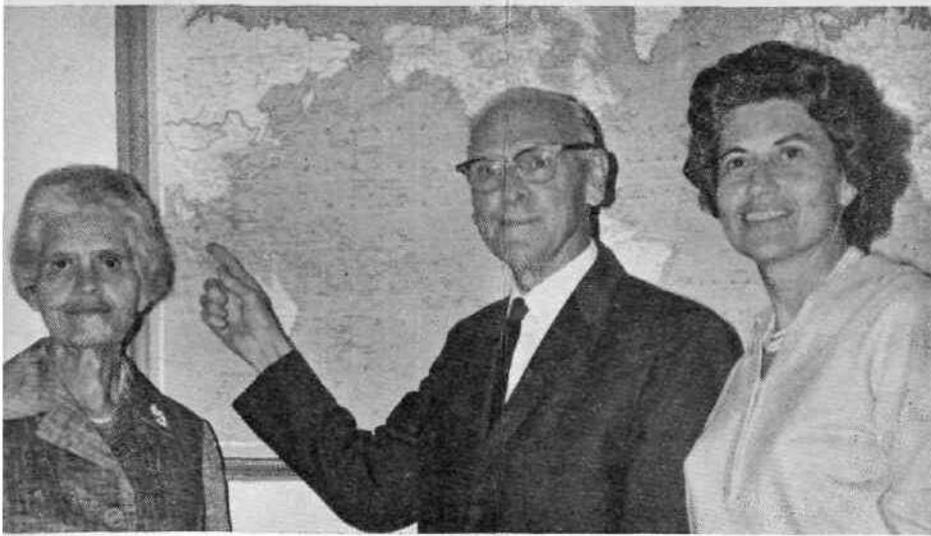
Doubtless some phases of missionary work have been interrupted. Some sections of the country are inaccessible to us. Certain of the tribal groups have been more strongly influenced by the Viet Cong propaganda than others. Travel into the country-side and to mountain villages is very restricted. There are, however, larger concentrations of people more easily reached now than at any time in the past.

Hearts are open to the message of God's love and concern as never before. Spiritual counsel to pastors and Christian lay-leaders is a vital ministry. Opportunities, if anything, have multiplied with the complexities of the war. Attention is being concentrated on centers where people from diverse groups and widely scattered villages have taken refuge. The Lord continues to « add to His church » daily.

The dedication of national pastors in the face of threat and danger challenges our hearts. The faithfulness of God's children in contested areas bears witness to the reality of their faith. A group of Christians in the Stieng area have experienced God's blessing. The number of believers grew from ninety in January 1964 to about one hundred and fifty by the end of that year. Continued increase was seen until in August, there were two hundred and fifty-seven in their church.

They constructed their rustic building at a monetary cost of just over \$200. Such an amount represents sacrifice on the part of mountain tribesmen, and does not take into account the value of labor freely donated. They sent a gift to assist with the building of the church at the province center. An intense battle flamed around them in August. They are being sorely tested.

Our Lord said, « Occupy » — not until war clouds threaten and break about you, but « until I come. » We believe that glorious day is near at hand. Help us, Lord, that we may be found faithful to thine every command!



Rev. H. A. Jackson points to his «adopted country» while his wife and niece, Miss Helen Evans, stand by



Formerly serving the Stiang Tribe, Ross and Elin Duncan now work among the Koho

Missionaries pictured here touch many tribes from their base at Dalat

Pictures by C. G. INGRAM

A man, clad in a dirty shirt and loin-cloth, with a towel wrapped turban-like around his head, stood right in front of the pictures, intently studying each one as he listened. Pastor Wol explained the Gospel story, so old and familiar to us, but so new and strange to him. The people paid good attention. Sensing genuine interest on the part of several, the Christians mingled with them to talk personally, explaining in greater detail how Jesus had died on the cross to take away our sins, how He had defeated the devil and is more powerful than all the spirits the tribes people so fear. No one was ready to turn to Christ that day, but a sorcerer, an older man, said he would «pray» the next week if we would return. He wanted to get his wife and nephew to join him at that time. As we turned to leave, I spoke to the man with the turban, Ja Hoang, and asked if he were a believer. «No,» he replied, «but I'm going to believe next week too.»



C. G. and Jackie Ingram are pioneer missionaries to the Raglai Tribe

# Burn our fetishes

by HELEN EVANS

The next Sunday afternoon we again trekked across the rice fields, and crossed the little log bridge to the village. We looked expectantly for the two who had promised to pray but they were nowhere to be seen. Going around the corner of a house, I came upon Ja Hoang, eagerly shaking hands with the Christians in our group. With a broad smile he exclaimed, «We've been God's children for three days now. We couldn't wait for you to come back!» Our hearts burst with joy as we followed him into his house where his wife waited to greet us. We sipped hot tea while they gathered the other new Christians — four families in all — and asked us to pray for them. I mentioned that they should go to church on Sundays in the nearby village. «Oh,» they replied, «we already went this morning.» The deacon from Mr. Wol's church added, «They're new Christians and already they are observing the Lord's day. They didn't go to plow their fields today.»

Three weeks later we returned to visit them. I was hardly out of the car when Pastor Wol said, «Now the sorcerer wants to burn his fetishes.» Happily we made our way across the field to where the sorcerer had gathered his family together. He knelt on the dirt floor to confess his sins and ask Jesus to save him. A pile of soot-covered bowls, sticks and feathers that had been used in worshipping the spirits was carried outside the village fence and burned, while we sang, «Glory to His Name.» A woman standing nearby watched all we did, then said, «Will you come to my house and burn my fetishes also?» A total of three households that day burned their fetishes and forsook the spirits. After a precious time of prayer and fellowship with these new brothers and sisters in Christ, we bade them goodbye and started back across the fields. Not one of us would have traded the thrill of joy in our hearts for anything in the world.

# THE LONG WAIT



Sincere appreciation to the British & Foreign Bible Society for making this possible



Marie and Bob (pioneer translator) reap reward for hard work



Bernice serves translators Ken and Rev. Y-Ham, District Superintendent

THE CHURCH AT HOME  
WITH ITS NUMEROUS TRANSLATIONS  
OF THE BIBLE  
CANNOT FULLY APPRECIATE  
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS  
ACCOMPLISHMENT.

by KEN SWAIN

The backache and eye strain lose their discomfort, the long tedious hours are forgotten, when a translator realizes that his efforts will help get the Bible into yet *another language*. What is the translator's process?

It presupposes a good working knowledge of the language, reaped by many contacts in native habitat. Often there is no exact equivalent to a word, but areas of meaning must be scouted and then probed to get the closest possible to the original. Sometimes it takes a whole phrase, whereas other times a whole phrase is caught up in one expressive word. What about figurative language to be translated? Discussion becomes long. At the more happy instances the word fits like a

glove and there is immediate contentment all around.

The real crucible is in the classroom during everyday use. How utterly ridiculous it would be to attempt any permanent translation without the test of systematic teaching of the material over a period of time. By very necessity, translation is not an isolated work. It goes hand in hand with its integral ministry. What does this or that phrase, so neatly printed, actually mean to a broken heart? Its power must be tested in life experiences. This is the seal that stamps it worthy. Without a doubt we have found the choicest words and culled out the most glaring errors in the classroom. Over the years — not days — the discrep-

ancies, the ambiguities, the omissions, are carefully annotated for future correction.

Here in Banmethuot we have been very fortunate. Raday professional educators, and multilingual scholars have made the work easier and faster. We have a source in English, French and Vietnamese translations, to add to the original languages. The committee of missionaries works together with the nationals, carefully considering every word in every phrase. It is typed again and then re-checked separately by the national and then the missionary. Again they come together for suggestions and corrections. It takes a disciplined mind to plod along, always inching forward into what seems an impossible assault on voluminous material. Every chapter, every book is a signal victory, a spur on to the next. Word by word, line by line, correction by correction, until years later — there it is — ready for the Bible Society.

Then comes their critical thorough analysis by experts in the field. Suspect portions are checked, advice given, corrections made, and finally on to the printer.

Perhaps here more than anywhere else advance comes to a near standstill — Vietnamese printers who never saw the language before are confronted by many words and diacritical markings that are meaningless to them. Proofs are reread and as high as five printings must be made. Excitement accelerates and finally the long wait for the first copies is rewarded.

On July 18, 1965, government officials, church and military leaders, and the Bible Society representative joined the entire church community to offer joyful thanksgiving to God. The black books with their red-edged pages were attractively placed on a table at the front of the auditorium. Memorial copies were presented to the Raday Church and dedicated to God for the furtherance of His work throughout the tribe. Later, with emotions rising to flood stage, eager buyers formed long lines. At last the NEW TESTAMENT AND PSALMS was a grand and glorious reality!

Coastal highway No. 1 from Saigon is out. Highway No. 9 which stretches from the coast and reaches fifty miles up into the mountains to Khe-Sanh is impassible. Bridges on the road were destroyed by Communist guerrillas. Yet Rev. and Mrs. Loc, Vietnamese missionaries to the Bru tribespeople, felt it was God's will to build a church at Khe-Sanh. They already had a few bags of cement and \$50. How would they ever get the materials and supplies that they would need, and furthermore, if transportation were available, where would they get the money?

Using the cement on hand, the Locs and some Christian tribesman began pouring the foundation. As was Noah of old, they were questioned and ridiculed by the many who came to watch. «Where will you get more cement in these woods?» «Where will you get steel to reinforce the building?» «You have no money. How can these poor tribespeople supply money to complete what you have started?» «Why build such a substantial building in these jungles? In a short time we might be bombed off the map or moved as refugees to the city!»

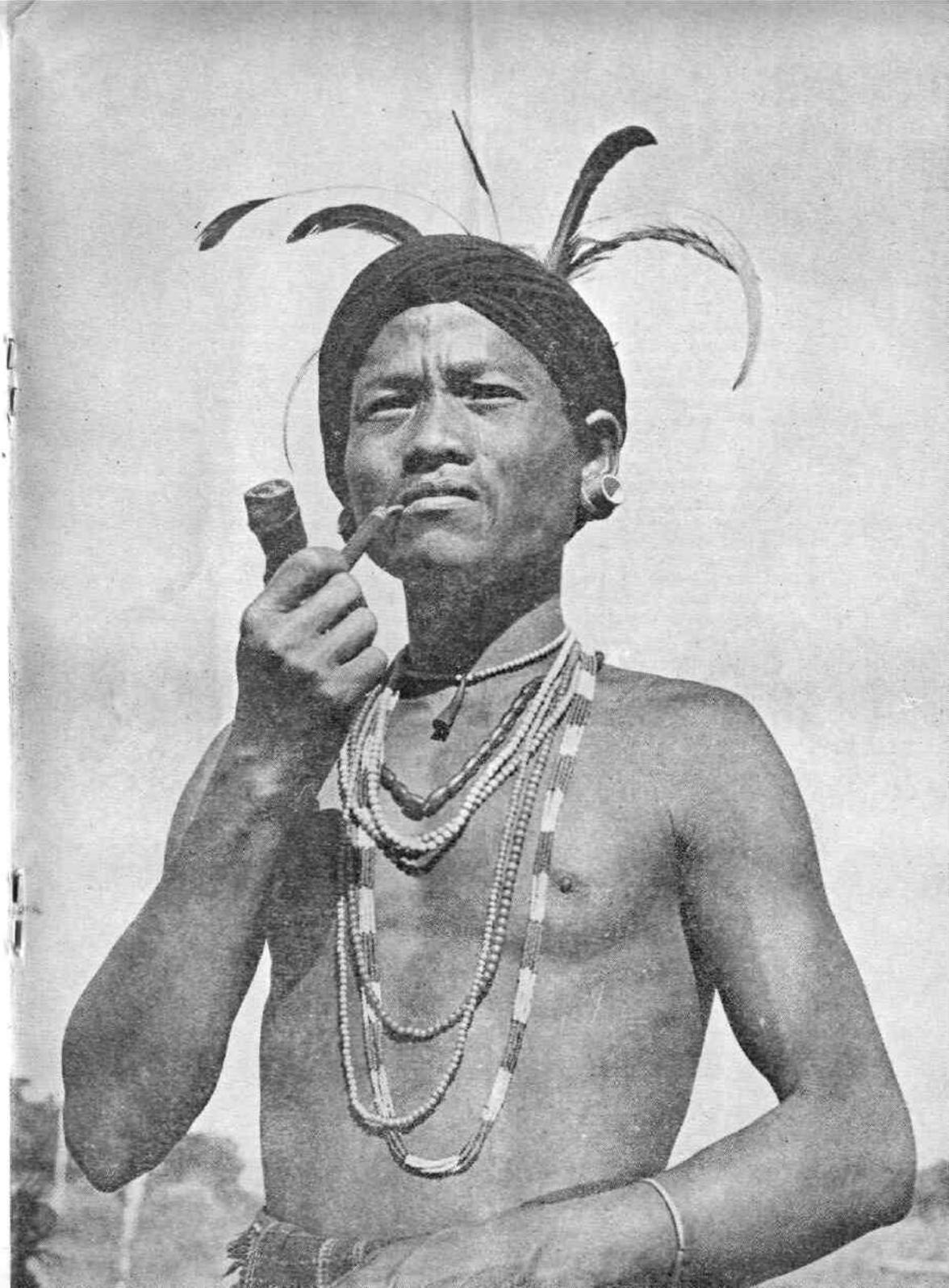
FROM THE BEGINNING OF CREATION

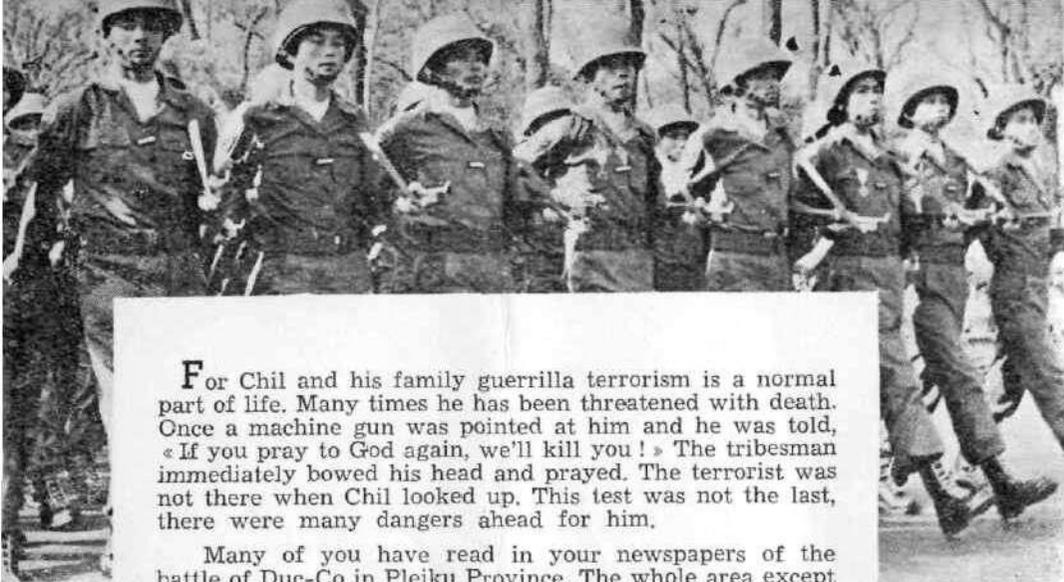
## Nothing so Great

Mr. Loc continued to preach, pray and pour the foundation. In the month of October Mr. Loc invited us to participate in the cornerstone laying ceremony. After returning here to Danang, we heard that the tribespeople began tithing their crossbows, spears, baskets and musical instruments. These were sold to purchase building materials. The U.S. Special Forces, along with the chaplains in the area were very sympathetic and helped in many ways. Money came from God's people in the States. Calcimine, steel, doors, windows, cement, tin, rice and skilled masons were flown from Danang by Army and Air Force cargo planes. Once while in flight, our aircraft was hit by enemy groundfire, but no one was injured. Praise God for His protection! There were times when materials had to be returned to Danang because weather conditions at Khe-Sanh prevented us from landing. The last load to haul was the church furniture. An Air Force pilot said to me, «We have hauled everything in these cargo planes—cows, pigs, refugees, thatch, bamboo and wood. We might as well haul some church pews!».

The spacious church was dedicated to God in a special service on October 31, with the national church president presiding. A few short years ago these tribespeople were very afraid of God, and dared not even mention His name. Only the power of the Gospel could take away the fear and cause a man to say to me, «From the beginning of creation we Bru tribesmen have never had anything so great. This truly is a place where we meet the great 'God of the Skies' and He meets us.»

by LEROY JOSEPHSEN





For Chil and his family guerrilla terrorism is a normal part of life. Many times he has been threatened with death. Once a machine gun was pointed at him and he was told, «If you pray to God again, we'll kill you!» The tribesman immediately bowed his head and prayed. The terrorist was not there when Chil looked up. This test was not the last, there were many dangers ahead for him.

Many of you have read in your newspapers of the battle of Duc-Co in Pleiku Province. The whole area except one post was taken by the Communist troops. Chil's village was taken and his life threatened because he refused to work for his captors. In the meantime government troops were planning a counterattack. Because the village people would not follow the communists, the V.C. troops entered the village, fired at the U.S. jets, and then ducked back into the jungle while the jets bombed the village. There was much devastation, but Chil's house still stood.

The counterattack began with tanks and troops moving along the road past Chil's village. The soldiers destroyed all his possessions. He and his family were left with only the clothes they were wearing. They started to flee, but when they reached the first Vietnamese village on their way to Pleiku, they saw terrible destruction, and Chil's wife was afraid to go further. Since one of their children was sick, Chil braved the dangers of the contested route 19 and made it to Pleiku seeking medical help. We could not forget the recent murder of a Vietnamese pastor by ten V.C. terrorists on that very road, so we advised Chil to remain in Pleiku and send for his wife.

Chil and his family live in a strange place where they do not feel at home. He has a job, but food and clothes are scarce. There is joy in his heart however, for God has delivered him from many dangers. Chil is the first one to Church and the last to leave. He has lost house, lands and all earthly possessions. BUT «to him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.» Revelation 3:21.

by CHARLES LONG

picture by CHUCK LAMBERT

# DANGER

Rev. H' Kar, pastor of Phuoc Luong relates these thrilling stories:

■ «God's children were very sad. They came to me. I said, 'Don't be afraid. There are God's soldiers, very many.' Then I led them in prayer to God. We waited. The enemy didn't come. Then I led them in prayer continually every evening without end. They were not afraid any longer because God was with every one of us.»

■ «I tell you, all around the village they were shooting! Only gun seeds (bullets) to the right and to the left, and only us in the middle. God helped us to have peace. We thank him very much. The heathen living nearby all ran away. Only the children of God in four churches stayed. We were of one heart. Every evening for ten days and ten nights all of us prayed with all our hearts, and God received the words we prayed.»

■ «All the 'outside' people don't have the Lord Jesus with them so they are so afraid they don't know what to do. God's children have faith in their hearts. 'God in the Sky,' our holy Father who lives in heaven took care of us all the time. He said, 'I will not

## GUN-SEEDS EVERYWHERE

*A tribesman talks to an AMERICAN OFFICER through an interpreter.*

■ «Tell him to trust in Jesus,» said Rev. Sau. «The Lord Jesus is the only way to heaven. America is the greatest and richest country in the world today. It's because in the beginning the people worshipped God in heaven. They ran away to America so they would be free to worship Him. But now many of them do not believe in Jesus. We tribal people are very glad for all the help the Americans are giving us in this country. We used to live like dogs and pigs. The American missionaries helped us. We feel very sad when we hear of a plane going down. Tell him to trust in Jesus, so we can meet each other again up in heaven. We tribal people are ignorant, but the Holy Book (Bible) tells us to witness for the Lord whenever we can. May God bless him.»

leave you.' Even though our food this year has all been lost, and there is nothing remaining, we will just trust in God to help us. He says, 'Don't you worry. I will provide for you.' Thank God very much. Hallelujah. Amen.»

*A Jerai youth testified:*

■ «The V.C. were not far away, but we needed water to cook our rice. As I started out the village gate, immediately I heard some shots so I dropped to the ground. A shell hit very near me. I crawled backwards, and another shell hit behind me. I crawled ahead and another came near me there. Just as I moved again, a shell hit a house near my former position. As the shells were falling around, I cried to God to protect me. My mother could see me lying on the ground and began to cry, thinking I had been killed. But God protected me and I was able to get back to my house.»

as told to HELEN EVANS and OLIVE KINGSBURY



Dick and Lil teach Mnong Christmas carols while Jeannie and Brian look on

## THESE CHOSE ESCAPE

Mr. Richard L. Phillips,  
language expert, tells the story  
of the Mnong who refused to  
live under Communist control.

There's work waiting for you, we were told as we arrived from furlough. You'll find a Mnong village right on your doorstep. Refugees. They arrived a month ago.

And there they were — parts of seven villages — camped just across the stream from us. Threatened by war in the jungles, they fled to Banmethuot, the province center. Their old beliefs were shaken, traditional ties weakened. Within a month twenty-five people had professed faith in Christ. The older believers in the group were encouraged. Clearly, hearts were receptive.

Last term we traveled to them; this term, with travel severely restricted, we live right next to them. Their physical needs loom large before them, and certainly they have lost much. We have tried in what ways we can to help them get started again and to adjust to their new situation. But their perplexities with city-living are nothing compared with our struggles with the intricacies of their language! Now we can sit with the people and hear real Mnong, observe their customs, listen to their troubles, and teach them more about Christ.

Here we can test our literacy materials and check the wording of drafts of Scripture portions. The Christians are instructed in Bible truths, and we find out if the materials are clear and usable for wider publication. Our hopes rise as we think of the numerous possibilities for church leadership training, reading classes, women's meetings and child evangelism.

But what about the many thousands of Mnongs farther away? Are they beyond reach? Not entirely. Some are brought in to the hospital here, bewildered and battered victims of the holocaust around them. Others come seeking work. They appreciate a comforting word, and then return to their homes with hearts softened.

For three years the lone full-time pastor in the tribe has preached to a lawless band of Mnongs that roam in that area. These fiercely antagonistic men once slipped poisonous khiih leaves into his food. He just brought the good news that eleven of this group have put their trust in Christ and have asked to settle in his village.

We are confident that the work of the Lord will go forward throughout the tribe as we depend on His wisdom and divine enabling.

At work with Mnong informant



## SINCE THE LAST ISSUE



Wes and Tina

**AUSTRALIA SENDS MISSIONARY RECRUIT.** — The missionaries heartily welcome Miss Joan Waller of Melbourne. Joan will join the Leprosarium Staff.

Readers of THE BAMBOO CROSS will remember the dauntless Christians of Phuoc Luong. They have moved again this time to the Dran Valley. Mrs. Sparks of Wasaga Beach, Ontario, Canada, wrote the following poem after having been stirred by 'They Refused to be Enslaved,' an article which appeared in THE ALLIANCE WITNESS and was written by Rev. Wesley W. Schelander.

AGAIN THEY SING by Mrs. E. R. SPARKS

Fifteen hundred people,  
Those both young and old,  
Carrying all possessions  
March down the gravel road.

Again the Viet Cong have come,  
Again they shoot to kill,  
Again the village must move on,  
And seek the Father's will.

Where should they go? They do not know  
But God will lead the way.  
Again they prove His faithfulness  
With every passing day.

Again they start a village,  
With Jesus Christ the Head;  
Again they reassemble  
To feed on Living Bread.

And we who sit in luxury  
On our feathery bed of ease —  
When the way gets hard, we say, 'I quit.'  
Lord, help us think of these.

Again and again their way is hard,  
But to Jesus Christ they cling.  
They lift a tearstained face to Him,  
And from their hearts THEY SING.



George and Harriette

GEORGE IRWIN was suddenly confronted by two cobras on the trail! He stood perfectly still until they decided to glide noiselessly away. Suddenly planes swooped down, dropping bombs right into the area where he would have been, had the cobras not delayed him! Harriette writes 'Soon he was back with us in the village, and quite pleased to have had a front seat view of the air manoeuvres.'

**WEDDING BELLS.** — The second grade of the Dalat School lost to Ray Bailey, U.S.A.F. Chaplains Assistant, their teacher, Miss Jane Brannon. The bells rang in September and they left for the States where Ray plans to attend Nyack Missionary College in preparation to return to the mission field.

**CHAPLAINS FILL OTHER PULPITS.** — Many of the Chaplains sent by the U.S. Government have made a tremendous contribution to the overall Christian and Missionary Alliance work in Viet Nam. Lt. Col. McNally represents the many chaplains who not only work tirelessly among the American servicemen, but are always willing and happy to help the nationals. Here Chaplain McNally preaches through an interpreter to a great host of attentive tribespeople.





Mildred Ade and Mr. Cung



Bob Mac in his machine shop

**The Leprosarium** continues to operate at its divided location — the medical center at the original jungle site, the office and maintenance head-quarters in Banmethuot City. Treatment for the Jerai is carried on from Pleiku.

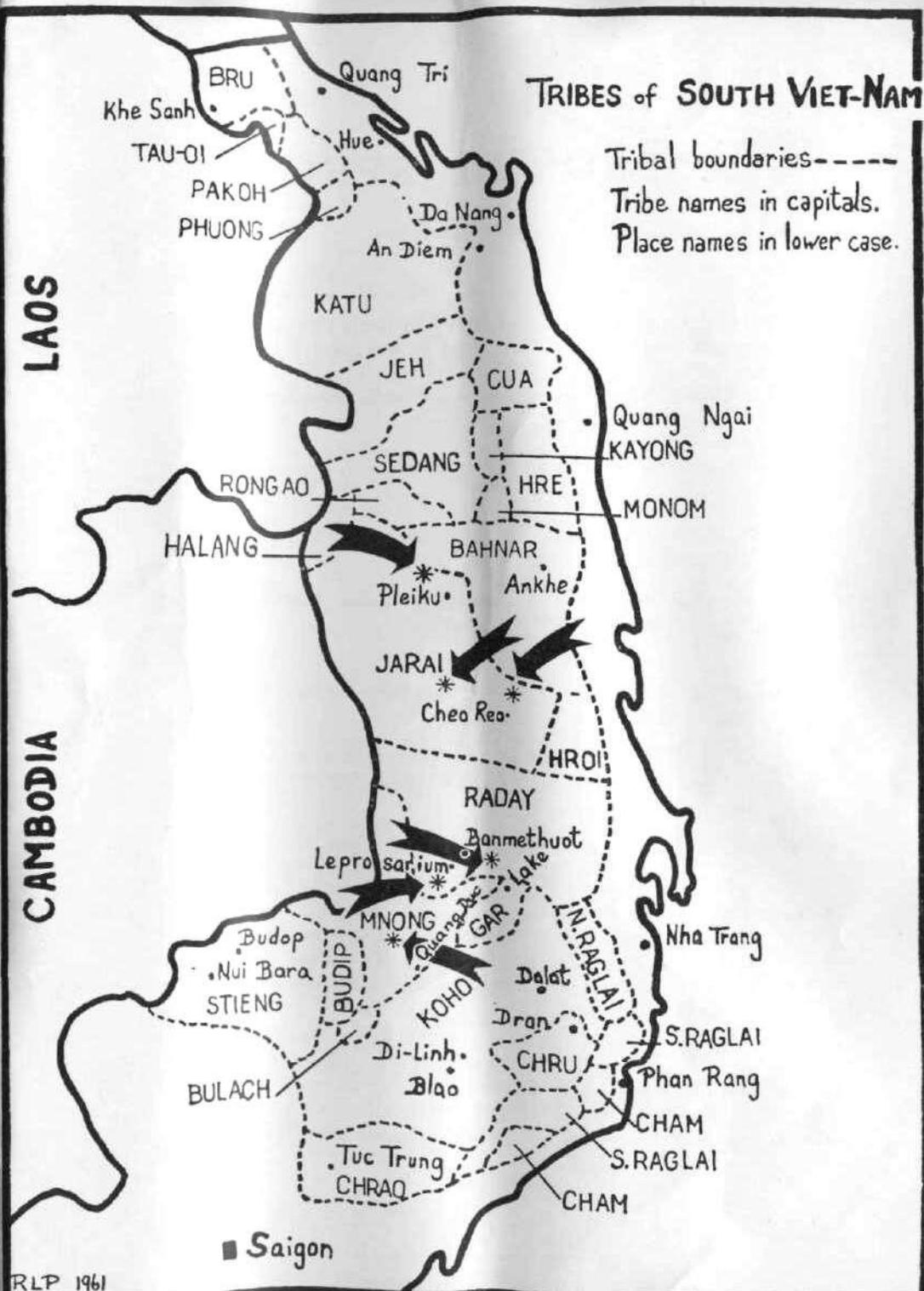
All missionaries involved in Leprosarium work have many and varied responsibilities: hospital visitation, children's meetings, village evangelism, literacy classes and services for the American military. Mildred Ade R. N., Medical Director, spends many hours making necessary reports. Rev. Le Kach Cung, Administrative Director, is liaison man with government agencies. Rev. Robert McNeel, Superintendent oversees building and maintenance — and is constantly « on duty ».

Included in the Leprosarium activities are the distribution of used clothing and relief goods, the supplying of bandages and medicine to segregation villages, much bookkeeping, the acknowledging of packages and letters, and the oversight of a school as well as a hostel.

During these crisis days hearts are responsive to the Gospel and large quantities of Gospel literature have been sold and distributed. We continue to trust for the care and soon return of our three missionary colleagues, DR. ARDEL VIETTI, REV. ARCHIE MITCHELL, and MR. DAN GERBER — captives of the Communists for more than three and a half years!



Olive Kingsbury, R. N.  
Dawn Deets, R. N.  
Betty Mitchell  
Joyce McNeel



The black arrows on the opposite page mark the locations of the six Leprosy segregation villages —

# APPROVED SPECIALS

What are Approved Specials? They are items needed for missionary work but for which funds are not designated in the regular budget. The funds are raised by special appeal to interested friends. The following items have been approved by our Mission headquarters for such special appeals.

1. Repairs on Dalat Bible School dormitories ..... \$ 2,000 US
  
2. Major repairs and maintenance of present buildings at the Leprosarium ..... 1,200  
In tropical climate the buildings must continually be repaired or soon become unusable.
  
3. Remodeling and repairs of Short Term Bible School dormitory and classrooms in Di-Linh ..... 1,250  
Often the only contact we can have with some Christians is when they come in for the religious instruction classes.
  
4. Vehicle for H.L. Josephsen (balance needed) ..... 600
  
5. Land Rover for Rev. G. R. Duncan ..... 4,000  
A car is a must for a missionary who is responsible for a large area. For use on rough country roads many choose the sturdy Land Rover. For use on better roads the economical Volkswagen is used.

Anyone interested in giving toward one or more of these needs may send his gift to the Treasurer, Christian and Missionary Alliance, 260 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York. Please designate the gift accordingly.