

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 : BARBARA REED

SUMMER 1965

NUMBER 21

Cover by D. FRAZIER



A Bahnar tribesman pauses for a refreshing drink of water from his ever present gourd.

I Bought a River

by Harriette IRWIN

As our village Bible School progressed, the enthusiasm of the Noang tribes Christians steadily mounted. However in direct proportion, their food supply diminished. Becoming completely absorbed in the study of God's word, they were reluctant to miss a single class in order to go look for food. Everyone had plenty of delicious mountain rice but lacked meat or vegetables to go with it.

The solution to our problem came when it was brought to our attention that a little old lady in the village «owned» a fish-filled river. We could buy it for a day for the sum of 200 piasters, or approximately three dollars. In reality, the river ran through the woman's rice field, and for generations that particular section was recognized by all to be the sole property of the owners of the rice field.

Each year at the end of the dry season someone always struck a bargain with the owner to «buy» the river for a day in order to catch the fish. I decided a fishing party was just what the Bible school students needed and promptly made the necessary arrangements to purchase the river.

Later, when we arrived at the river bank, we were delighted to discover that the entire village was there ahead of us to help with the work — and to share in the catch! First of all the villagers dammed up the river in two places; then working in teams they rhythmically dipped out the water in bamboo buckets and tossed it across the dam. Even the women had their turn at the back breaking toil.

As the water level began to fall, nets were cast into the dammed up area and catches of sparkling, silvery

fish were pulled to shore. In a surprisingly short time, the river bed was drained sufficiently, and pandemonium broke loose! Everyone, whether old or young, rich or poor, was in the now muddy pond with fish basket traps in hand, stabbing them into the mud with every step forward. Some were poking their arms deep into holes along the river bank and pulling out large fish. Mud and water splashed everywhere as old white haired women and small children scrambled here and there in the muddy river bed. The yelling grew louder as their fever of enthusiasm mounted, and the muddied water churned with wriggling, squirming fish trying to escape the scooping traps.

As the baskets quickly filled with fish, the little lady who had «sold» us her river took command and carefully policed the catch. Since I had paid the purchase price, she was determined to see that the best of the catch was mine. Each small fish we had she promptly exchanged for a large one from the baskets of the other villagers until there were 50 of the biggest, fattest fish swimming in our barrel. These would be for the Bible school students.

The long, muddy job over, everyone began to build fires along the river bank to prepare a feast of fresh, roasted fish. All were well satisfied with my purchase of a river for a day! Now with ample food supplied for their physical needs, they could go back to the more important work of the Bible school — that of taking in spiritual nourishment to strengthen and prepare them to face the daily challenge of victorious Christian living in a tormented land.



Once a boy's highest aspiration was to play the bamboo pipes as well as his father

WORLD GONE WILD

To the industrialist this is the age of automation — to the theologian, the age of Divine Grace — to the educator it is the golden age of opportunity — to all the world it is the beginning of the age of space. However, to every group and to every nation it is the age of change.

Nowhere is the turmoil of change felt more keenly than among the tribespeople of Vietnam. There the many groups have always lived undisturbed in their isolated mountain areas. They have cleared their rice fields, planted their gardens, and followed generation after generation the ancient customs which have remained unchanged for as long as memory recalls.

Now the remote mountain villages are gone, and the jungle has crept in to cover the charred sites. The main roads are now lined with «New Life Hamlets», where these resettled mountain people are trying desperately to retain their identity, while the surging tides of political, cultural and economic change sweep over them.

The critical need for immediate housing often forced them to build low, crowded huts in place of their traditional handsome, elevated long-houses. Rice fields were left behind unharvested, and hunger brought further misery. For generations a farmer and a hunter, the tribesman

had no recourse but to look for employment which would bring food and clothing to his family. In many outlying villages which the enemy has raided, all the young men, women and teenagers have been taken back to the mountains. These are villages which know real hardship, for there is no one left to help with the rice fields, to build the fences, to hunt, and to make the implements and baskets used in everyday living.

However, not all the changes are unfortunate. Lines of children may be seen each morning with their water gourds and books heading for the new village school houses. For those who have already had several years of schooling, job opportunities are readily available in the many newly opened district and provincial centers. The government needs, as never before, intelligent, literate young tribesmen to fill positions in these new areas. Men to represent the government to their people, and to help bridge the gulf between the newly mingled tribal and Vietnamese population.

The accessibility of the resettled villages has resulted in better medical care, curbing to some extent the terror of unchecked disease. Many other programs for change are in progress at present and many more are to be expected in the future. Some of these



Everyone participates in the sacrifice ceremony

are certainly most profitable to the people; others are necessary in the light of the disturbed situation in which they live. However, whether good or bad, so many changes in such a short period of time become somewhat overwhelming.

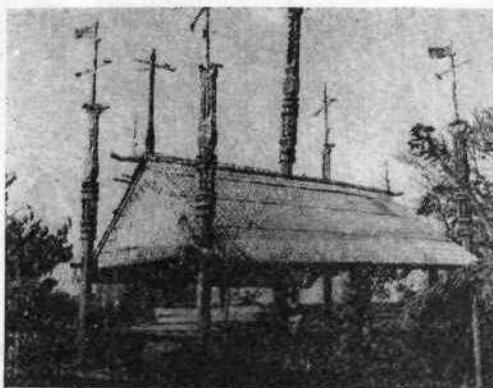
Families are divided, traditions are waived, taboos are broken, and rituals of worship forsaken in the chaotic, headlong rush to meet the demands of a world suddenly gone wild. This could easily result in the breakdown of tribal discipline, and the ultimate collapse of an ancient culture. However, is it not entirely possible that the enforced break from the old customs, and the uncertainty and frustration of constant change, may be the chink in the tight armor of heathenism through which the Gospel may gain a more effective entrance into the tribesman's heart?

Herein lies the challenge facing Christian missions today... to meet with power and confidence the needs of a changing world.

* * *

The village grave, once the center of all social activity, is now slowly loosing its hold on the tribal young people.

Preferring perhaps the carefree days on elephant back, boys like this one now find themselves in school.



STRENGTH for Tomorrow



C.G. INGRAM

The Raday choir — H Kiet, third from the right

H Kiet had looked forward for months to the annual intertribal conference to be held in Dalat. She was planning to go with a group of the Raday young people, and they all anticipated having a marvelous time.

When the day actually arrived, it was all she had hoped it would be — and more! Though the long ride from Banmethuot was tiring, it was always fun to travel with the church group, and they reached Dalat happy and full

of enthusiasm.

The messages were straight to her heart, and she agreed with the other young people who said the conference was the best ever.

Sunday night she stood with the choir in a hill-top chapel singing praises to God — On Monday afternoon she stood at the feet of her Lord. H Kiet was killed when the hired bus carrying the Raday preachers and young people back to Banméthuot crashed and turned over.



R. REED

Mr. Tranh with his Raday and Koho interpreters. Every message was delivered in three languages.

Tribes preachers, Y Crun and Y Ngue leave the platform with ordination gifts.

C.G. INGRAM



The last of the morning mist still clung to the mountain tops as the first strains of a familiar hymn resounded across the valley. It was the opening of the annual Tribes District Conference of the Vietnamese Church held in Dalat.

In spite of war and turmoil in their districts, and travel hazards along the way — over 100 pastors, 107 official youth and church delegates and 600 others from 13 tribes traveled from all parts of the country to the pine covered hilltop. Here for four days they sat under the inspired ministries of Rev. Doan Van Mieng, president of the national church; Rev. Phan Van Tranh, Southern District Superintendent; and Rev. T.G. Mangham, Mission Field Chairman.

Youth choirs from Banmethuot, Dalat and Di-Linh participated in each service, thrilling the hearts of the congregation. On two occasions Raday and Koho young people filled the platform, singing together in beautiful harmony — a vivid portrayal of the wonderful unity felt by all who attended the conference — a unity born of shared trials and mutual sorrows. Spiritually and emotionally exhausted, people came seeking strength for the days ahead. Living constantly in danger, they came with a new sense of values. They came expecting blessing and were not disappointed.

On Sunday, after an especially solemn and moving charge by Rev. Robert Ziemer, Director of the Banmethuot Bible school, two men — Y Ngue, pastor of the Banmethuot church, along with Y Crun, a Mnong tribesman presently preaching in the village of Buon Tah — were ordained to the ministry of the Gospel. Both men are graduates of the Bible school in Banmethuot and have held pastorates in that district for several years.

As the service closed, both men stood and with tears streaming down their faces expressed the feeling that was in everyone's heart — «We're glad to be serving the Lord in troubled times, and we can only trust Him to give us the grace and strength for tomorrow.»



Is everyone packed?



MOVING



Time for a quick coffee break

The following is an essay written by Ted Dutton, 11th Grade. This gives us the student's reaction to the upheaval of the Dalat Home and School...



Breakfast on Jackson's Hill

By now they can pack

Summer 1965

Jungle Frontiers wishes to salute the very fine staff at the Dalat Home and School for missionaries children. Each member plays an important part in making up this excellent team. Tirelessly and with great devotion they have dedicated themselves to train and to teach the children that have been placed in their care, and in the face of daily crisis have imparted a feeling of security and confidence to their charges.

FOR A WHILE



Fun on the monkey bars



Checking with the military

« In a predawn attack of the American base in Pleiku this morning, eight American servicemen were killed by Viet Cong and over one hundred were wounded. Retaliation against North Viet Nam is being carried out by American planes in bombing strategic staging areas. President Johnson has ordered the immediate withdrawal of all American government dependents from South Viet Nam! » This was the seven-thirty news broadcast on Tuesday morning, February 9, 1965, the day after school started.

Tension built throughout the day as school authorities conferred with local security officials and the American military. Two communications men set up a telephone system which gave

Ly airport just in case immediate evacuation should become necessary.

That evening around the dinner table, the students learned for the first time that the savage Viet Cong war was beginning to affect their everyday lives. Mr. Evans, our director, announced that the school would meet in full session, first through twelfth grades, in the auditorium after the meal. A feeling of impending doom covered the school with whispered conversations and then the student body began its march to the auditorium. The Viet Cong had been fighting for years in Viet Nam, but for the first time it was coming home to the students that they posed a tangible and sinister threat to life in Dalat School.

« As most of you already know, » Mr. Evans began, « The Viet Cong attacked Pleiku this morning and killed eight Americans and wounded over one hundred. This is the largest number of Americans killed in one battle yet. Mr. Sahlberg, Thailand's chairman, sent a telegram to me requesting that all children of Thailand missionaries be sent home. You will be packed and ready to leave by tomorrow morning. »

With lead hearts the students filed slowly out of the auditorium, still trying to adjust to the shock. There were many tears and many people were biting their lips to keep the tears back.

The next day was declared a holiday in which the students were to assist in taking inventory of the whole school. That morning the radio had announced that the Viet Cong had killed twenty-one Americans in an outright act of sabotage by blowing up an American military barracks. Once again American planes went north. This time the whole school was ordered to get packed. By the end of the day things had settled down somewhat and the Thai students did not have to leave yet.

That Friday evening Dalat School sat around a huge bonfire singing songs. In a series of songs, the students made up one that they really wished was true. « Our Dalat School is Unevacuable, Unevacuable, Unevacuable. »

On Monday night around ten o'clock with all hundred-or-so students in bed, mortars and .105 howitzers began belching shells nearby. Suddenly the floor under the bed looked more inviting than it ever had before. Comfort was found through prayer. Were the Viet Cong attacking Dalat? Was the military academy only practicing, or were they softening up a target a few kilometers away? The latter proved to be true.

Within the next few days, another coup d'état in Saigon set the students on edge once more as the situation within the country took another turn for the worse. Some of the Thai students had packed and unpacked three times and were getting to the place where they could do it in record time.

Several days later the school board, made up of the chairman of the various mission fields, came up for their annual meeting. At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon all students were summoned to the auditorium once more. The chairman, director, and principal faced the student body like a formidable row of judges. Mr. Mangham broke the news. After much prayer and careful consideration the school board and Rev. L. L. King, the Alliance foreign secretary, had decided that Dalat School would be moved to Thailand.

Dalat School is moving lock, stock, and barrel to Bangkok, but « Our Dalat School is unevacuable; we're just leaving for awhile. »

American Club — temporary
home for Dalat School



From spacious —
to crowded quarters



STOP THE PRESS

Within a few days after the Translators Institute began, an urgent message was sent off to Saigon — «Please stop the printing of the Koho Scriptures,» it read, «present studies indicate need for changes.» Miss Helen Evans, working with the Koho tribe in Dalat, Vietnam, felt that the valuable knowledge she was gaining from this highly qualified team of translators was too important to be set aside to affect only future translation, but that the book of Romans, now already on the press, must also benefit.

At the Institute, held by the United Bible Societies from February 1 to March 12, four members of the Society were on hand to give expert coverage to all aspects of Scripture translation. From Laos, Vietnam, Malaysia and India the people came. From Indonesia, Taiwan, Japan, all parts of Thailand, and the Philippine Islands, eighty missionaries and nationals gathered at Chonbure, Thailand to discuss and to learn techniques for solving the frustrating and often seemingly insurmountable problems faced by the Bible translator.

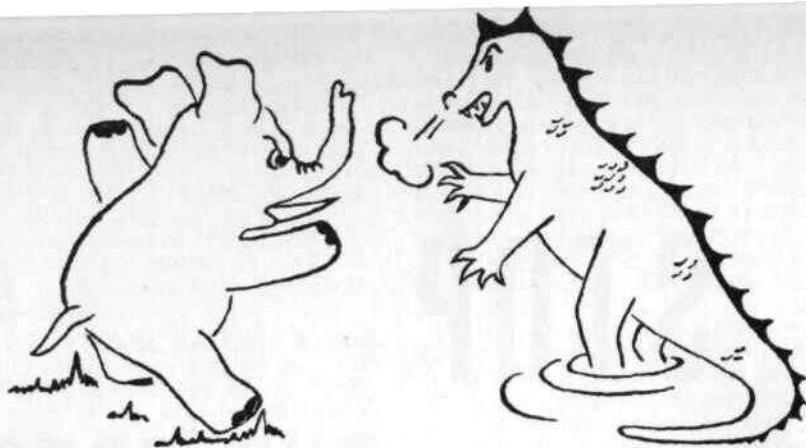
Dr. Eugene Nida, Translation Secretary of the American Bible Society, gave instruction on the science of translation — the technique for finding and translating the true meaning

of the passage, as opposed to merely making a «word for word» translation. This latter is a system often used, and is occasionally carried to the extreme of insisting that the word count be identical from one language to another.

Dr. Robert Bratcher, authority on Greek and Hebrew, lectured on the cultural background of the Bible. He also held discussions on the exact meaning of various key words used in the original text, and how best to handle them in translation, while Dr. William Smalley brought out the important relationship of anthropology to Scripture translation.

In the afternoon workshop where individual problems were tackled, Dr. Smalley assisted Miss Evans with questions raised while proof-reading the Koho translation of Romans. Though fully realizing the difficulty involved in changing manuscript once it has gone to the printer, Miss Evans felt that this was essential — the press had to be stopped until clarifying changes could be made.

As a result of the Translator's Institute, and the help given by the instructors there, translators will be able to prepare more accurate and easily understood Scriptures for the people of Southeast Asia.



A Jungle Fairytale

Once upon a time, long long ago, there was a dragon who lived in the depths of a large deep lake. In the mountains around the lake lived two elephants. Every day the big elephant took his little brother down to eat the tender green bamboo that grew along the water's edge. «Groah, Groah,» they grunted contentedly as they swished their trunks from side to side stripping off the leaves and stuffing them into their mouths.

One morning as the two brothers were eating along the bank, the dragon came up from the bottom of the lake with a terrible roar and grabbed the big elephant by the trunk. Angrily, the huge beast shook himself loose from the grasp of the dragon, and the fight began. The dragon snapped with her terrible teeth and scratched with her long sharp claws, while the elephant fought with his great tusks. The battle raged up and down the edge of the lake. All the beautiful bamboo was trampled. The earth crumbled and fell into the lake, and still they battled on. All through the morning and the heat of noon they fought. All through the evening, and into the dark night the sounds of battle echoed through the mountains. At last the valiant elephant was overcome and devoured by the terrible dragon.

The younger brother fled, crying. «Oh, what shall I do? I know!» he said, «I'll eat and eat until I'm bigger and stronger than my brother. Then I'll go and kill the wicked dragon!»

And that's just what the little elephant did. Every day he ate, and he ate until finally he said to himself, «Maybe now I'm big enough to go fight the dragon!» He crept down and placed his foot in his brother's foot print left in the mud at the edge of the lake, but alas, he was still too small. Back to the mountains he went to eat and grow still bigger. Next time he tried his great foot for size he jumped with joy, for now it was as big as the print. To test his strength he went to the deep forest and practiced charging the biggest trees, and tearing up the little trees by the roots.

At last ready to avenge his brother, he headed for the lake. Thundering down the mountain he trumpeted loudly, for he wanted the dragon to hear him. The dragon rose from the water with a frightening roar and lunged right at him. Up and down the bank they fought. For two days and two nights the mountains shook and the banks of the lake trembled from the fierce fight. The water churned and fish were thrown helter skelter onto the shore. With one final great effort, the elephant wrapped his trunk around the dragon, dragged her from the water, and the battle was ended. Rejoicing, the victor called loudly, «Now I have avenged my brother! The cruel dragon is dead!» and he strode off to the top of the tallest mountain where he lived happily ever after.

as told to Charlie LONG

A brave family...
Betty Mitchell with her four
children, Loretta, Glen,
Geraldine and Becky



C. GRISWOLD

SINCE THE LAST ISSUE

BETTY MITCHELL wishes to thank you once again for your faithfulness in praying for her husband, Archie and for his companions Dr. Ardel Vietti and Dan Gerber. Please continue to pray earnestly for their safety, especially now that the war effort has been stepped up considerably. We are confident that one of these days the Lord will miraculously deliver them from the hands of the Communists who have held them for the past three years.

MOVED TO DANANG... Roy and Nancy Josephsen and their family have had to leave their station in Quang Tri because of increased Viet Cong activity in that area.

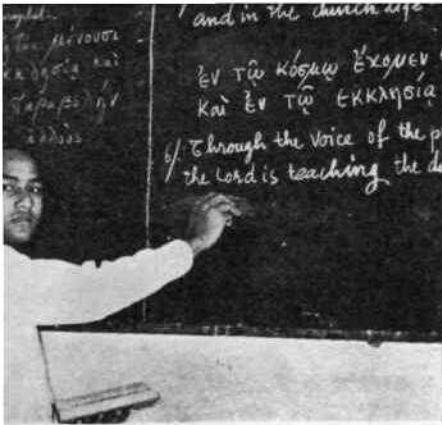
ON AGAIN — OFF AGAIN... The new Pleiku Short Term Bible School building had hardly been completed when a freak whirlwind struck it ripping off most of the roof. One beam and several sheets of metal roofing had to be retrieved from the top of nearby pine trees.

BOYS, BOYS, BOYS... Rev. and Mrs. K.A. Swain, Rev. and Mrs. R.P. McNeil and Rev. and Mrs. R. Duncan proudly announce their new arrivals — Kevin Earl Swain, Mark Howard McNeil and Graham William Duncan.

NEW CHARM AND SPARKLE... We wish you could meet Miss Helen Dittmar, the charming new art teacher at Dalat. Sister of Mrs. Nathan Bailey, Miss Dittmar has brought exciting magic to the art classes. For years she taught art in the States and we are indeed grateful for her semester with us. We all hope she decides to return to Dalat. Miss Jane Brannon from Chatanooga, Tenn. arrived several months ago, and already that delightful Southern drawl can be detected in the speech of her second graders. Miss Margaret Olsen, also from the South, is teaching elementary and junior high subjects; and by the way, she is a fine match for anyone on the ball field.

A HUGE « THANK YOU » TO THE EMBASSY AND AIR FORCE... Four silver C 123 Air Force Cargo planes landed at Dalat Airfield early Monday morning April 19. The entire Dalat School staff and student body, along with a mountain of baggage (15 tons) were nicely fitted into the planes. An hour later the planes landed at the Saigon Airport for refueling, and suddenly the airfield was alive with 116 gaily dressed young people, quite a contrast against a background of grey fighter planes very much involved in the grim war in Vietnam. The Armed Forces did everything possible to make the trip an enjoyable one. Plenty of water and Kool Aid stood ready and the Saigon missionaries had sandwiches and cold drinks to hand out to the hungry travelers. An hour later the planes were off again flying in formation, on their way to Dalat's temporary new home.

New mailing address: Villa Alliance, 63-65 Wireless Road, Bangkok, Thailand.



Reverend Spencer Sutherland, professor at the Nhatrang Bible Seminary, was invited to write the testimony of a Stieng student in whom he has taken much interest.

HERE AM I

Dieu Huynh with his ready smile and quick response has been a great source of inspiration. His very presence here at the Nhatrang Bible Institute is the result of an outstanding story of God's call and Huynh's consecration to the Lord. It reminds one of God's call to the boy Samuel.

A few years ago Huynh was invited to church by a few Vietnamese schoolmates, and there he found Christ. He was the first Stieng tribesman in the Vinh Long area to be converted. Soon he had won his entire family to the Lord, and many others in the village as well. Then tragedy struck! His father died. A few months later, his mother passed away. The following year his younger brother died, leaving only three in the family. This was too much! Fearing for their lives, his brother and sister and all but one friend forsook their newfound faith and reverted to their former spirit worship. Huynh and his friend made a covenant to live for the Lord no matter what the cost.

It was at this time that Huynh attended the month long Short Term Bible School in Vinh Long. After the final message the Southern District superintendent of the national church called for the young people to dedicate their lives to the Lord's service. Huynh rose and promised himself to the service of Christ.

Back at high school once again Huynh soon found himself immersed in his studies. Far more educated than the average tribesman, this intelligent young Stieng attracted the attention of the government officials. The au-

thorities, realizing the young man's potential value, offered to pay all his expenses if he would agree to further his education. Huynh had always dreamed of helping his fellow Stieng, so the future looked bright to him.

Then late one night he heard his name clearly being called, «Dieu Huynh, Dieu Huynh». He sat up startled, but could find no one calling him. Sleep refused to come until the early dawn, when he again heard the voice. This time he saw the face of the District Superintendent. He was calling, «My son, Dieu Huynh».

The rest of the story is that of obedience. Remembering his promise made to the Lord back in Vinh Long, he wrote to the Bible School here in Nhatrang. His letter was simple. God had called him; there was no mistake. Although unable to pay his support, educationally he qualified for entry. God would provide the means — would we permit him to come?

We accepted Dieu Huynh, and have since had no occasion to doubt that our choice was the right one. While obtaining a good foundation in Biblical studies, he has been greatly used by the Lord to challenge his fellow students to take the Gospel to the country's tribal population.

The school year is now drawing to a close and Huynh will be returning to his village for the vacation months. Though offers of high paying jobs have been presented to him and there is a keen desire to finish his formal schooling, the call of God is strongly upon him and he is determined to go — as Samuel did — a prophet to his people.

TRIBES of SOUTH VIET-NAM

Tribal boundaries-----

Tribe names in capitals.

Place names in lower case.

LAOS

CAMBODIA

BRU
Khe Sanh
TAU-OI
PAKOH
PHUONG

Quang Tri

Hue

Da Nang
An Diem

KATU

JEH

CUA

RONG AO

HALANG

SEDANG

HRE

Quang Ngai

KAYONG

MONOM

BAHNAR

Ankhe

JARAI

Cheo Reo

HROI

RADAY

Banmethuat

Leprosarium

Budop
Nui Bara
STIENG

BUDIP

MNONG

Quang

GAR

Jake

In RAGLAI

Nha Trang

BULACH

KOHO

Di-Linh

Blaa

Dalat

Dran

CHRU

S.RAGLAI

Phan Rang

CHAM

S.RAGLAI

CHAM

Tuc Trung

CHRAO

■ Saigon

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 D.A. Frazier	2,000
5. Vehicle for H.L. Josephsen	1,000
6. Land Rover for Rev. G. R. Duncan (balance needed)	2,300
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.