

Jungle Frontiers



Woman From Cheo Reo

Gene EVANS

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

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JUNGLE FRONTIERS



The woman pictured above is a Jarai tribeswoman from the Cheo Reo district. The solid ivory ear plugs she is wearing are typical of this tribe and many other tribes in Viet-Nam. Her blouse, skirt, and blanket (predominantly black with red and white stripes) are hand-woven from thread that the tribespeople themselves have spun.

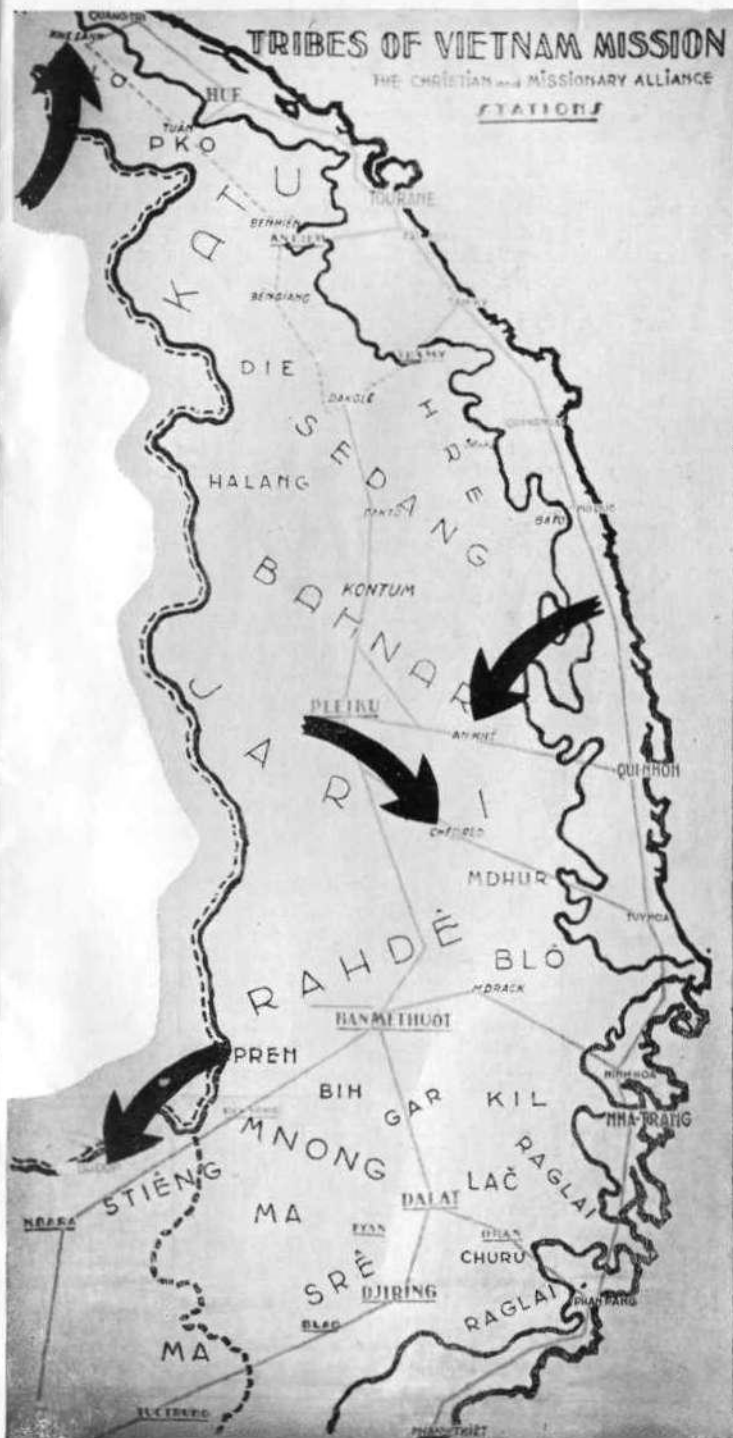
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PUSHING BACK FRONTIERS

Since its inception, the emphasis of the Christian and Missionary Alliance has been on pioneer work. Its policy is one of continual expansion to unreached areas of the earth. Although the Society is operating in 22 foreign countries, there are still vast areas within those countries that have yet to feel the impact of the gospel. This year the Tribes of Viet-Nam Mission is pushing back the frontiers of heathendom and pressing forth into new territory where Satan has long held sway. John Wesley said, "I must have a whole Christ for my salvation. I must have a whole church for my fellowship. I MUST HAVE A WHOLE WORLD FOR MY PARISH". We must preach this gospel of the kingdom in all the world for a witness to all nations, and particularly where Christ is not named, thus hastening unto the coming of the Lord. The arrows on the map point to those areas which will be opened this year.

CHALLENGE OF CHEO REO

To those who are familiar with the tribal territory of Viet-Nam, the name „Cheo Reo” is synonymous with the Jarai tribespeople. Though it is not on the main national road running up through the center of the tribes areas, it is nevertheless recognized as one of the important centers of culture and influence. Though the town of Cheo Reo is small, its importance is in no way dependent upon its size. Indeed, those who visit it for the first time may remark. "Have we arrived yet, or have we passed it?"

Why, then, so much ado about this isolated crossroads? Wherein is to be found its significance? Cheo Reo is more than a town or a point on the map, it is an entire region or area in the minds of all Jarai speaking people. It exerts a great influence over a very large area.

There is a concentration of population at Cheo Reo. Many of the tribal regions are sparsely populated, and villages are widely scattered. This is not true of Cheo Reo. A look from the air reveals villages located in close proximity to each other, many of them accessible by secondary roads. This concentration offers opportunity for spiritual impact upon larger numbers of people than is often possible in work among the tribes.

For years it has been recognized that the Jarai from Cheo Reo rate very high among all tribal groups where mental capability is concerned. In military training and scholastic attainment they have in many cases surpassed those from other tribes. From them have come the school teachers, nurses, and government administrators, not only to fill such positions in their own district, but in many surrounding areas as well. The renown of their judges is almost legendary. Their tribal melodies are used throughout Jarai country and in some neighboring tribes. From them have come many tribal legends, some of which run strikingly parallel to Old Testament history.

Here heathenism has held undisputed sway. The sorcerer is the most influential, most feared man in the community. On every occasion of illness or misfortune he demands the individual involved make a sacrifice to appease the spirits. His instructions are obeyed, even though it may leave the family impoverished, and even enslaved, as is sometimes the case. Though some in their grasping after knowledge have questioned the superstitions that bind their people, to whom can they turn? Christ alone has "the words of eternal life," and a knowledge of Him has been denied them.

This then is the challenge of Cheo Reo — a populous tribal area, inhabited by those who have exceptional mental aptitude and a wide sphere of influence, held in Satan's grasp. This is a frontier where hearts have been found receptive to the Gospel. May God enable us to move in without further delay.

GRADY MANGHAM

NOTE. — Ground has already been broken for the erection of a missionary residence. The Jarai pastor who was overseeing this work witnessed to a number of the students in the public school, and 11 expressed their desire to accept Christ. Others eagerly received the gospel tracts that were distributed and asked for more.

2 FOR 200,000

One fifth of the 1,000,000 tribespeople in Free Viet-Nam belong to the Bahnar tribe, the largest of the minority groups in this country. This tribe is situated in an area of 240 square miles. With the exception of those living near the borders of the Jarai tribe, these people have never had an evangelical witness. Not a single church or chapel dots the landscape where these tribesmen live. The villages of those living on the plateau are accessible by Jeep, but narrow trails are the only entrances to the mountain villages. There is still some unsurveyed territory where additional Bahnar tribespeople are thought to be located.

For a number of years the Tribes Mission has wanted to place a missionary couple at Ankhe (An-kay), an excellent center from which to reach the Bahnar; but a lack of personnel and finances and the uncertainty of the political situation have made it impossible to establish a mission station in that area. The Vietnamese missionary working in the Pleiku district has been able to visit a few nearby villages, but the majority of the people have yet to hear the glorious message of God's love.

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reed were appointed to Pleiku for a period of Vietnamese language study, after which they will go to Ankhe to open a work among the Bahnar. The Bahnar language has long since been reduced to writing, and the Gospel of Mark has been translated and is in printed form. But the task before the Reeds is herculean. Two missionaries for two hundred thousand people! What can two people do? Very little in their own strength. However they are not going in their own strength or power but in the power of the Holy Spirit. It is He who will endue them with power to combat the forces of evil and trample the enemy underfoot. It is He and He alone who can break down the barriers of sin and bring deliverance to those who have been captive to Satan's will so long. It is He who will raise up a church from among these people to bring everlasting glory to His name.

Two missionaries for 200,000 primitive tribesmen may sound preposterous, but God's promise of His ever-abiding presence and help is our assurance. Let us claim this land as the Lord's possession knowing that He "will never leave thee nor forsake thee... go in this thy might... one shall chase a thousand, two put ten to flight."



Bahnar tribesman from Ankhe

MIRACLE IN THE MOUNTAINS

The miracle of re-birth among any race of peoples is a never ceasing wonder. Often there are only a few believers in any one village. A recent trip was made through mountainous regions between Dalat and Nha Trang to encourage these believers scattered through the mountain villages. The missionary party was amazed to find that entire Christian villages had sprung up since the last trip was made in this area. This is a result of the faithful witnessing of the native pastors and Christians. The following are excerpts from Miss Evans' diary kept on the trip.

Monday — This first day had its thrills... Grady (Mangham) was thrown from his horse when the stirrup broke — no injuries sustained... spent the first night along the trail as no village was within walking distance.

Tuesday — Caravan including missionary party, carriers, and Christians, stretches out for almost a mile... met by gong-players near village, then by a choir of young people carrying orchids singing, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow"... village is on top of mountains... church is on highest point... There are about 35 houses and 325 people in the village... all Christians... it's amazing. After supper they gave us a repeat of their Christmas program... Some of the carols were learned wrong and sung perfectly wrong, if you get what I mean; but it was thrilling to see their enthusiasm.

Sunday — The village has been celebrating ever since we arrived... have roasted a pig for our dinner.

Monday — Have only a two-hour walk today, so Lynn vaccinated the people this morning... hit the trail after lunch... the first thing we saw in the next village was the church... the roof is made of 180 pieces of corrugated metal — all of which were carried on the backs of the Christians from Dalat... given the usual enthusiastic reception, gifts of eggs, rice, bananas, beads, and bracelets. These aren't the dirty, backward tribespeople we have thought them to be. Surely the grace of God has wrought a miracle in these mountains. The Vietnamese officials who accompanied us on the trip are dumbfounded!

Tuesday — On our way at 8:10 and what a trail! Straight up for half an hour, then down, only to climb an even steeper mountain farther on... It is steep on both sides of the trail, falling off hundreds of feet to cloud-choked valleys below.. Going down that steep, muddy trail was a nightmare... Finally the village came into view on top of a knoll.

Wednesday — Most of these Tring tribespeople are still pretty wild. They have the custom of burying their dead with the feet exposed. Only those who are Christians live in villages... the others live in isolated houses along the steep slopes. They plant only small rice fields... at harvest time they make a sacrifice, have a big feast, and eat the whole crop, saving only enough for seed the following year... the spirits would be angry if they saved some for use during the year... The church in this village is a testimony to the hard work the people have put into it... 32 benches made from slabs hewn with a native axe.

Thursday — About 300 people live in this village, but 500-600 are here for Conference... singing here is the best we've heard... and they said reams of Bible verses... this is only the second time a missionary has ever visited this area.

Saturday — 84 people were baptized today... we've been trying to teach "He Leadeth Me." and there are a few places where they always sing it wrong. It's the last thing we hear at night and the first thing in the black hours of the morning.

Monday — Left Da Blah at 7:30... it was beautiful, clear and warm. The trail didn't seem like the one we slid down last week... crossed a shallow stream... the horse lay down in the water and began to roll. I yelled and got off his back in nothing flat! We finally reached the village.

Tuesday — It was really cold last night... The church in this village has huge pillars holding up the roof, made from trees that grow several mountains from here. It took thirty men to drag each log up the hill to the village.

Wednesday — We left Da Blah with great anticipation as the people have been talking for days about how difficult this trip would be from Da Blah to Datobar, the center of the Adlai work... we found that the first part wasn't nearly so bad as they had said — but they couldn't exaggerate the last part!... this is virgin forest and a brand new trail... as we continued on we marvelled at the ingenuity and engineering skill of the tribespeople... they made a trail where there was none — building it upon almost nothing in some places. No wonder they insist on having time to prepare for our visits. We'd never be able to make it if they

didn't make the trails... a choir was singing, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood"... I keep thinking back to April, 1951, when La Yoan was saved — the very first Adlai Christian... and to see what the Lord has done in this short time is marvelous!



Saturday — We left the last mountain village and started to the river where we are going to board bamboo rafts for the last leg of the journey to Nhatrang. These rafts which are made from 60 to 80 pieces of bamboo will be used to construct a chapel at Dong Trang. In the center of the raft is a little raised platform. That's where we sit!... it was 11:45 when we finally waved goodbye to the Adlais and started down stream. A bit farther

down the river we came to some of the other rafts and lots of excitement. One of the tribesmen had thrown a grenade into the water and stunned about 60 fishes. Then some of the Adlais dived in and came to the surface with the fish in their mouths... fresh fish for supper — good flavor but so full of bones... spent the night on the beach sleeping on the rafts... before we went to bed, La Yoan asked us to pray because tomorrow we'll pass 9 places in the river where people have drowned. (We passed 3 today).

Sunday — Got awake at 5 a.m... it's a beautiful morning... the tribesmen saw a 7 ft. python draped over a limb above the water... they killed it and ate it for dinner... we are going through some turbulent water... some spots are very dangerous but the polers have done a magnificent job in maneuvering these rafts. About 3:30 p.m. a local Vietnamese official came upstream in a canoe to meet us and welcome us. A few moments later we drifted around the bend and saw the folks who had come out to meet us... It's back home to Dalat tomorrow.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The sun was high as we climbed into the truck and waved good-bye to our new friends in Saigon. Slowly we edged out into the noisy, rushing stream of traffic and with a feeling of mounting anticipation began the long drive to "tribes country" and our new home in Pleiku.

Hardly had the confusion and noise of the city faded away, before the oppressive heat began to lift and the air took on a new freshness. The honking taxis gave place to lumbering bullock carts, and the countryside was transformed from buzzing activity to the quiet serenity of rice paddies and cane fields.

Just as the sun was setting, we saw our first tribespeople — a group of three men in loinclothes with baskets strapped to their backs. As darkness fell, the frequent small fires which could be seen in the growth along the road reminded us that we were at last in the midst of tribes country; and with this knowledge came a feeling of satisfaction that we already felt at home here. It was after midnight when we reached Ban-methuot, 350 kilometers from Saigon where we were to spend the next few days before continuing north to Pleiku.

The sun was again high in the sky as we set out by Jeep for Pleiku. The fragrance of coffee blossoms filled the air, and ahead of us the road stretched like a red ribbon over the low, rolling hills until it met the deep blue of the sky. A poisonous, green banana snake slithered lazily across the road, and monkeys swung from the vine-covered trees. Water buffalo roamed through the grass completely ignoring us as we passed.

As darkness blotted out the beauty of the country about us, we became increasingly and painfully conscious of the bumps in the narrow, rutted road and of the thick red dust which billowed up around us. The moon came up an immense silver ball to console us; suddenly our aching limbs were forgotten as the lithe, dark form of a clouded panther sprang from the tall grass, loped gracefully ahead of the car, then disappeared silently into the grass. We sat marveling silently that this country, so indescribably lovely, could harbor such deadly animals.

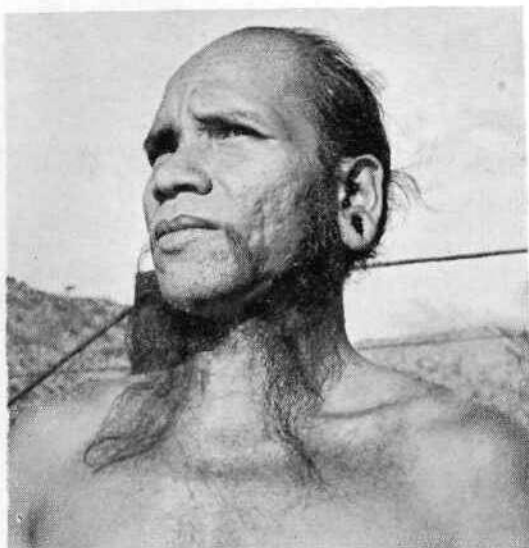
Later that evening as we made preparation to settle down for the night in our new home on the Pleiku station, the sound of gongs and low chanting came to us from the Buddhist Pagoda on the adjoining property. As we listened to the weird sound, we recalled the spirit houses and other places of heathen worship which we had seen along the way. The stark realization came to us that our beautiful adopted land was not only the stronghold of deadly animals but of deadly religions.

ROBERT REED



WHAT IS A SOUL WORTH ?

A soul is worth enough for God to die. So frequently have we heard the statement made that one soul is worth more than the entire world, that it has become trite. But this fact is absolutely true. Jesus Himself sought to impress this truth upon mankind when He asked the question recorded by Matthew, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"



As far as God is concerned, a human soul is of inestimable value. A lost soul is so lost that its redemption could only be realized by the agonizing death of its Creator. Man values a soul by whose it is, what its accomplishments are, or what it possesses. There is prevalent a practice even among Christians, to count one soul of more value than another according to the human accomplishments of the body in which it resides. But let us remember it cost our Saviour just as much to redeem the soul of a diseased, vermin-ridden, repulsive, and ignorant man of the jungle as to redeem one that is well educated, smartly dressed, highly cultured, and desirable from every standpoint of man's measurement.

Human souls are God's product by creation. Disobedience to God's law has distorted, twisted, and debased them until they are no longer glorifying to Him. To restore the soul to its lost glory, God sacrificed Himself in the person of His Son. There are people, however, who spurn this teaching. They believe man can repair his distorted soul by teaching, or lift it by culture, training, or ornamentation. But all of this is of no avail. Let us see a man's soul as God sees it. God has already paid the awesome price. We are now urged to make this fact known to lost souls whether in jungle places or in large populated cities. To see souls saved we may be called on to sacrifice, but no sacrifice of ours can compare with Christ's sacrifice. We may be called upon to give our time, but Christ has already spent nearly two millenniums preparing a place for redeemed souls. Perhaps the winning of a soul demands patience; God has already borne with mankind for nearly 6,000 years. A soul may cost us money; Christ left the glories of heaven to be born in a stable and die on a criminal's cross. It may cost us hard work and sweat; His sweat was as it were great drops of blood. What then, is a soul worth?

ROBERT ZIEMER



The Dalat Missionary Children's School has recently added to its faculty. MISS MARY FORBES from Bend, Oregon. Miss Forbes taught in the Alliance Mission School in Mamou, French West Africa, and more recently at the Bend-Redmond Christian Day School in Oregon.

MISS MILDRED ADE returned from furlough in December and is occupied with her many duties as station nurse in Banmethuot and work in the district. While on furlough she attended the Summer Institute of Linguistics at Wycliffe.

MISS ARMIA HEIKKINEN left for furlough the end of October and is at present residing in St. Paul, Minnesota. She has been principal and teacher in the Dalat Missionary Children's School for 27 years.

Also on furlough is MISS CAROLYN GRISWOLD who sailed from Saigon in February. She is a member of the Alliance Church in White Plains, New York. While home on furlough she will be living with her parents in Florida. Miss Griswold has been engaged in



Mildred Ade

young people's and district work in the Banmethuot area.

MISS HELEN EVANS rejoices to be back working with the Koho tribespeople, who so eagerly awaited her return. She is doing district work in the Dalat area and teaching in the Koho Tribes Bible School. Miss Evans returned from furlough in December. While at home she attended the Wycliffe Summer Institute of Linguistics.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT REED and their children, Becky, Mark and Debbie, arrived in Viet-Nam in February. The Reeds are at present studying the Vietnamese language at Pleiku and will eventually open a new station in Ankhe among the Bahnar Tribespeople.

In Vietnamese language study at Banmethuot are MR. AND MRS. KENNETH SWAIN from Omaha, Nebraska, who also arrived in February. After several months Vietnamese study the Swains expect to be working with the Stieng Tribe in the Budop district.



Carolyn Griswold

SINCE THE LAST ISSUE

GRADUATION... In December, 10 Koho students graduated from the Bible School at Dalat. Three Raday and two Jarai students graduated during commencement exercises at Banmethuot. Mr. Henry Holton was special speaker at Banmethuot. TO THE PHILIPPINES... Mr. Tin, president of the Vietnamese missionary group, has gone to the Philippines to take a two month course in linguistics and while there will assist the Summer Institute of Linguistics in setting up an intensive Vietnamese language course. SPECIAL VISITOR... Dr. R.R. Brown made a one day stopover at Banmethuot in his recent tour of the Far East. Though the visit was much too brief, his ministry was greatly appreciated by the tribes preachers and missionary staff. VICTIMS OF MAN EATERS... 350 tribespeople were killed in one section of the Pleiku district during the past year by man-eating tigers. These people are without any protection except for primitive weapons and are at the mercy of the man-eaters. WRIGGLING REPTILES... On a recent trip to Cheo Reo, Gene Evans saw a 11 1/2 ft. cobra sunning itself on the road. Before he could run over it the snake slithered to the side and disappeared into the tall grass. Not to be deprived of his quarry, Mr. Evans took warily after it and shot it. Agnes Kerr wanted a picture taken while calmly holding the cobra. (See cut.) Except for the crook of the little finger, one could almost believe she felt no revulsion while holding it. A few weeks before, Miss Kerr had seen a baby python (6 ft.) outside her bedroom window; not a scream rent the air. BRING 'EM BACK DEAD... On a recent village trip, George Irwin shot a tiger — and under the most comfortable circumstances. The big cat wandered into the village about 2 o'clock in the afternoon in search of some domestic animal to eat. Mr. Irwin stood on the veranda of a native hut, took careful aim and brought the beast down with one shot. Most cooperative of the animal! RUBEOLA... An epidemic broke out at the School for Missionaries' Children at Dalat in February. At the time of this writing there are 26 students or 1/2 of the M. K's down with the disease. The parents would have had difficulty recognizing their blotchy-cheeked children.



Agnes Kerr and her friend



A Vietnamese coastal scene



DALAT

Villa Alliance
Dalat, Vietnam

- Rev. and Mrs. Jean Fune
* Rev. and Mrs. H.A. Jackson
Miss B.M. Bowen
Miss H.E. Evans
Miss E.N. Holiday

HOME AND SCHOOL FOR MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN

Villa Alliance
Dalat, Vietnam

- Rev. and Mrs. A.E. Mitchell
Miss Lois Chandler
Miss Mary Forbes
* Miss A.A. Heikkinen
Miss A.M. Kerr
Miss E.M. Owens
Miss Ruth Wehr



DJIRING

Mission Evangelique
Djiring, Vietnam

Rev. and Mrs. G.E. Irwin

* on furlough



BANMETHUOT

Mission Evangelique
Banmethuot, Vietnam

Rev. and Mrs. T.G. Mangham
Rev. and Mrs. N.R. Ziemer
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Swain
Miss M.R. Ade

- * Miss C.R. Griswold
Miss H.C. Geisinger

LEPROSARIUM

Mission Evangelique
Banmethuot, Vietnam

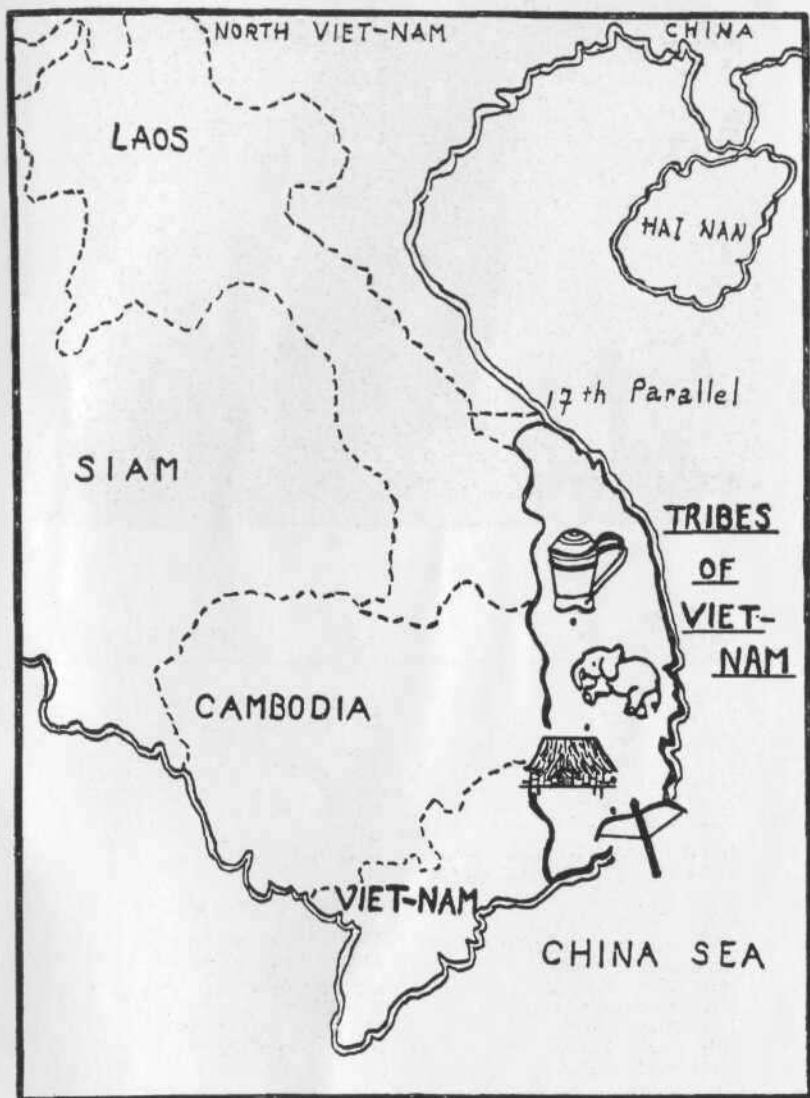
Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Powell
Miss Olive Kingsbury
Miss Dorothy Moos
Miss Ruth Wilting



PLEIKU

Mission Evangelique
Pleiku, Vietnam

Rev. and Mrs. W.E. Evans
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reed



PLEIKU



DALAT



BANMETHUOT



DJIRING



Maa tribesman
