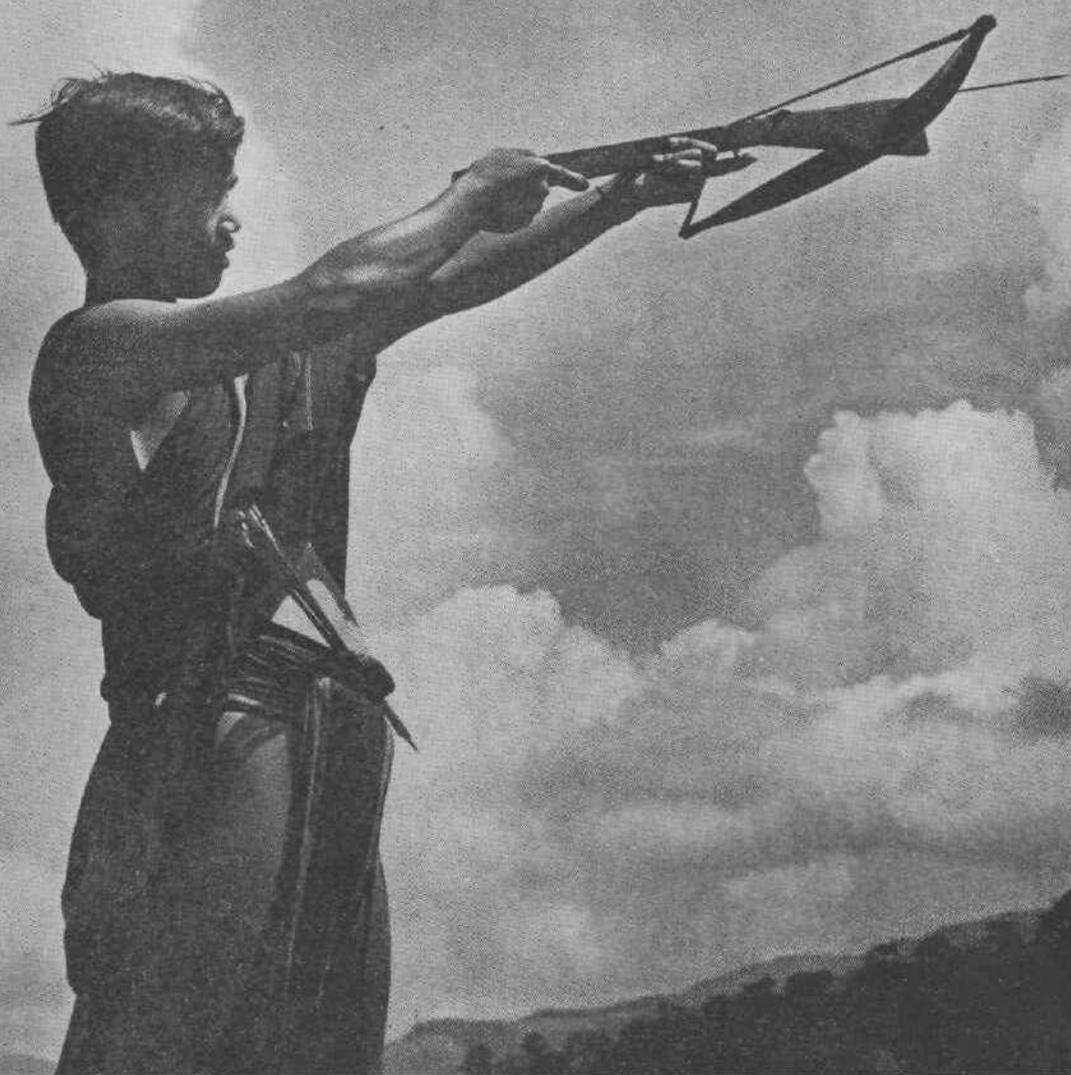


Jungle

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

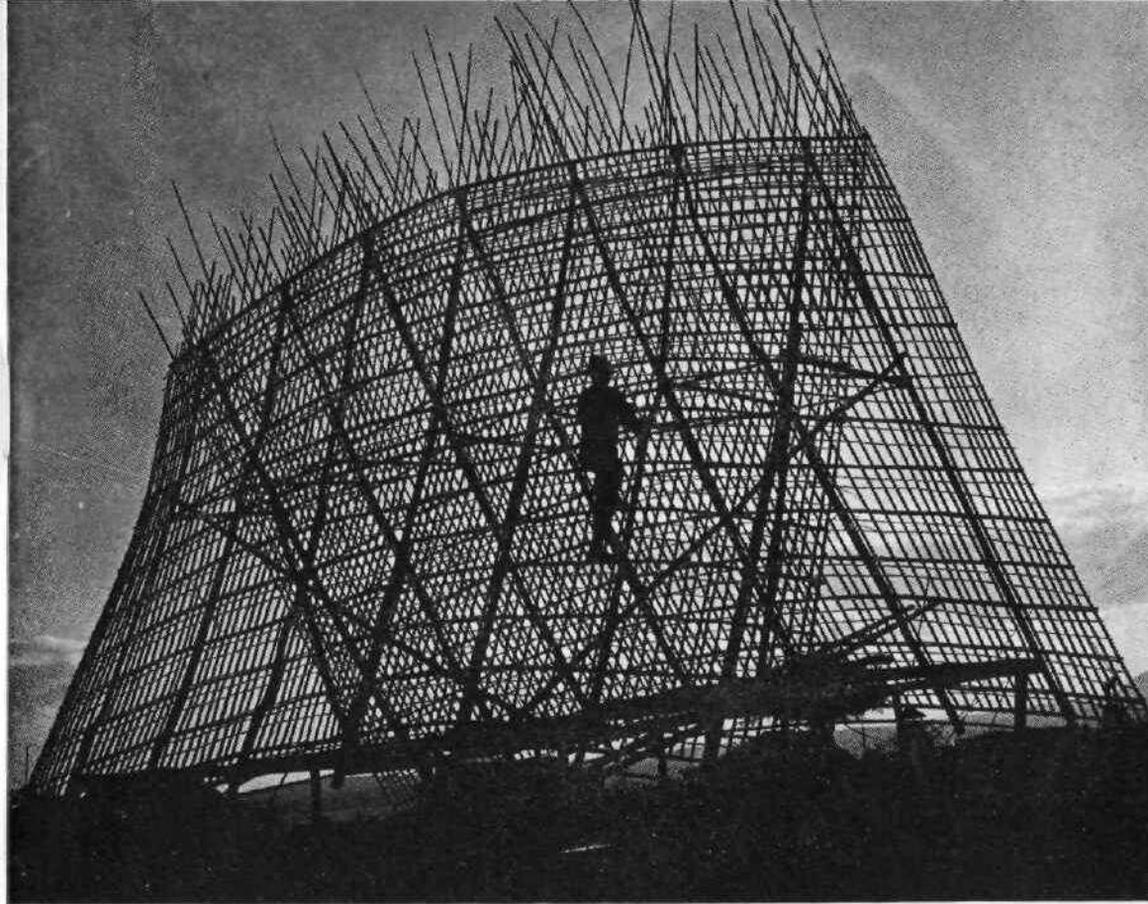
SUMMER 1966

NUMBER 23

Photo by FRAZIER



*With spare arrows
tucked into his loincloth,
this Bahnar tribesman
lifts his crossbow
to take deadly aim at his prey.*



FRAZIER

MASTER BUILDER

A U.S. building expert had reached his conclusion. After carefully studying the houses built by the tribal groups of Viet Nam he was convinced that these «backward» people were producing the very finest construction possible with the materials and tools available to them. The notched and fitted joints provide maximum strength. Joists, beams and rafters are lashed securely with «rope» made from flexible but tough jungle vines. The thatch-grass roof sheds the torrents of rain and gives good insulation against the withering rays of the tropical sun. One can learn much from

the ingenuity and skill of the tribal builder.

The missionary, too, is a builder. Upon the foundation that has already been laid, it is his task under the direction of Christ, the Master Builder, to fit together the living stones. Gold? Silver? Precious stones? At first the materials may not appear too promising. But, by the skill of the Spirit's enabling and the processes of spiritual development, the hidden beauties are brought to light. The building may proceed slowly; but as soon as even one «piece» is in place, God, the Eternal Spirit is pleased to there take up His abode.

Tribes woman returns
with palm branches
to re-roof her longhouse

Woman what is she ?

by BOBBIE REED



FRAZIER

« A Lovely, gentle, compassionate being, by nature the weaker of the sexes, and therefore to be cherished and protected »... this is the image of Woman standing on the pedestal upon which civilization and Christianity have placed her.

Industry designs new equipment and modifies old in a never ceasing attempt to make life more convenient and pleasant for the Woman. Fashion designers dedicate themselves to the task of forever devising new modes of

attire to further enhance her God-given beauty and grace. Men of science work tirelessly developing new and better drugs and techniques to insure that her child grows to manhood in health and vigor. She is loved and respected by the man who chose her for his wife, and her personal happiness as well as her physical welfare is a matter of vital importance to him.

This is Woman as we in America know her, but what is the image of



Matriarch in reverie

The rich girls in town



*Sway-back pigs feed at trough
made from log*

Hulling rice - a daily chore



Woman in a heathen land? Lovely?... she is often a dusky beauty in her youth, for physical loveliness is bestowed impartially regardless of racial or cultural background. However, the flower of womanhood is a fragile thing, and fades quickly in a Christless culture. No one concerns himself with devising ways to make life easier for the woman here. Fields must be hoed, planted, weeded and harvested in the scorching sun. Water must be carried from the river and

wood gathered to cook the rice that must each day be brought from the rice house and hulled, polished and winnowed for the family's meals. Her legs are often covered with sores from wading in parasite infested muck holes in search of tiny crabs and shrimp to roast for her children. Her slender hands are blackened and ugly from making the dye she will use for her hand-spun thread. She is her own courtier, and weaves by hand the

rough cloth for her ankle-length wrap-around skirt and pull-over blouse.

Compassionate?... The weight of her own problems keeps her from becoming more than just passively aware of the trouble and sorrow around her. However, even if in her heart she felt moved with pity for someone in distress, she would not dare interfere on his behalf. To do so would be to tamper with the will of the evil spirits, and would surely result in misfortune for herself and her loved ones.

She is seldom respected, and not necessarily loved by the man to whom she is married, for marriage here is primarily a matter of mutual convenience and benefit between families and is arranged accordingly. Even where no love exists, a husband is interested in the physical welfare of his wife, for health and strength are needed to work the fields, cook the rice and bear the children. However, her personal happiness is not his concern.

Her face is early lined from hardship and her eyes often show the shadows of grief and despair. She has not the comfort of an Eternal hope and there's no one to help her lead her little ones safely through the perilous valley from infancy to manhood. It is not uncommon for a woman to give birth to ten children, but raise only one or two or three. Having once heard, one can never forget the anguished cries of a mother whose child has just died in her arms... « Give him back! Oh, don't take my child away! » She pleads with the spirits, but they have no ears to hear, and no heart to be moved with compassion for her suffering.

Her worn face should stir us, who possess so much, to help raise her to a better life. But more than that her despair shadowed eyes should challenge us to share with her, Christ, who is our Hope and our Life.

The END

Miss Ade RN, medical director writes, « the week of surgery was a long cool drought of cold water to me. All patients are doing well - no complications. »

THOSE

It was not a wounded GI whom the doctors were carrying on the stretcher from the operating room to the ward. It was a little leper lady who had just been given a gift — surgery that would make her life easier. Her two legs and small deformed feet were encased in casts which must be worn until the wounds of the operation healed. This was the second operation performed that morning by the team of American military doctors, as part of their service to the people of Viet Nam.

One of the first things the medical team had done when they arrived in Banmethuot was to let people know that their services were available to those who needed help. This gave the Christian and Missionary Alliance leprosarium the opportunity to schedule twenty much needed operations for its patients. Desks and files were moved from the office and replaced with floodlights, operating tables and instrument carts. A ward was set up to care for the patients until they



SKILLFUL HANDS

could return to the leprosarium fourteen miles from town.

Tuesday morning arrived. Everything was in readiness when the army trucks pulled up and discharged their load of doctors, nurses, technicians and equipment. In a few minutes they were all hard at work in the «operating room» with its open windows acting as air conditioners. It was the responsibility of one to attack any flying insect he saw with a bottle of Raid. As the doctors performed the operations they carefully explained each procedure to the group of interested spectators standing both inside and outside the windows. Each patient, quiet but conscious under the spinal anesthetic, was very grateful for the treatment only a trained orthopedic surgeon could give.

Here are men who are leaving behind them a legacy of love — manifested by the giving of their time and talent that men and women *crippled by disease might once more* have a chance to walk, not hobble.

AND

WARM HEARTS

by Doris Irwin



Grandma thinks

Young People! Who can know what they'll be doing next? It's just not the same as when I was a girl! I am an old lady who should be home tending the fire and looking after the grandchildren in the longhouse — instead here I am out following the family cow! In my day the children watched the animals, but now they're all hiking off to school every day!

And those boys — just get so they can work almost as good as a man,

and off they go in the army — packing knives and guns and hanging those «exploding fruit» from their belts! And don't they think they're independant now! Why, take that young soldier in the village down the road. He cost his parents a cow and a whole lot of shame by going off and getting himself a wife when his elders had him promised to that widow with the five children.

The girls are no better; instead of

Soliloquy & picture

by BOBBIE REED

outloud

staying home to help their folks make a rice field and tend to the weaving, they're following their soldier husbands all over the country, coming back with their fancy blouses and hair all cut off and curled up. When I was young we were satisfied just to comb our hair smooth, and now and then treat ourselves to a good rice-water rinse to help keep it that way.

Everything's changing these days until it makes a body's head dizzy.

There's even some talk about changing the way we worship, of leaving all the spirits of the water, the mountain, the rice house and the forest, and only praying to the « Grandfather of the Skies ». Just the other day those folks were here again telling us about the Chief of the Spirits and His Son. They showed pictures, but I couldn't seem to make out just what they were with these old eyes. I tried to listen to what they were telling us, but sometimes my mind wandered, and I thought about the pot of rice on boiling, and sometimes about taking the gourds down to the river for water — and sometimes I just sort of dozed. But as near as I could figure out they were saying that this Grandfather of the Skies loves us so strongly that He used His Son to make a sacrifice to pay for our sins, and that now we don't need to sacrifice our cows and buffalo any more if we believe and worship this Son who lives again in the « Good Village in the Sky. »

After they finished, several young people said they wanted to follow this new way to worship. I was glad to see that, and called to the others to follow too. As I said, I didn't understand it all, but if what I did hear is true, then it makes sense that these young people should believe it.

When I was younger I sometimes wondered about all these evil spirits who harm us, and thought surely there must be a spirit somewhere who loved us and would help us. I think I would have changed and followed Him myself if I'd heard about Him then. But now? No, it's too hard for me to understand, and I've worshipped the same spirits all my life. No, I'm too old to change now, even though what these people say is pleasant to the ears. But let the young people believe. They're so eager to change the world, the wise place to start is with their hearts.

E. G. Long shares an exciting episode in her busy life as missionary wife, mother and nurse.

ABANDONED baby

«**M**ommy, Mommy, come see,» Eddy, our five year old called excitedly, «a baby all by hisself on the floor!» My heart skipped a beat... surely not, I thought. I had heard a faint but persistent cry, but presuming it was our helper's baby, I decided to finish getting supper before investigating. But with this call, I sped to the door. There in a bundle of dirty blankets lay a tiny Vietnamese baby girl. She weighed about four pounds and was apparently about eight days old. What does one do with a baby who has been abandoned on the front porch? Her lusty cry seemed to say, «hurry up and get a bottle ready!» That accomplished, we decided to keep her for a few days, hoping her mother would return or that we would be able to find a good Christian home for

her soon.

We asked several people if they knew anyone who would like to adopt a baby but the answer was always no. A few days later while visiting in the home of one of the Jarai Tribal Christians, I mentioned the new addition to our family. Immediately her reaction was, «Oh, may I have her?» She had an only child, a boy ten years old, and the prospect of a baby girl seemed too good to be true. After further discussion she decided that if her husband would agree, they would take the child. The following day she came to say they would be happy to adopt the baby. Sad though it was to find an unwanted child, it was a thrill to place this precious little life in a home where she will be loved and brought up to follow the Lord Jesus.

Ministring to the Jarai Tribe — Charlie & EG, Susie, Nathan & Eddy

Now, secure and happy





Dr. W. C. Newburn of Hongkong & Dr. Oswald J. Sanders of Singapore

SINCE THE LAST ISSUE

SPIRITUAL LIFE CONFERENCE - Present were practically all the official workers of the Church, including a number of retired pastors, upper classmen from the Bible School and the missionary men - a total of 380. The speakers, Messrs Newburn and Sanders came prepared of the Lord and ministered under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. The joint determination to meet God brought rich fellowship and unity between missionary and national. It is our earnest prayer that the Spirit of God will be pleased to work through freshly prepared channels to bring gracious revival throughout His Church.

A **HEARTY WELCOME** to Miss Jean Laing, elementary teacher at the Dalat School, and Miss Eunice Boschult RN who has come to assist in the Leprosarium program in Banmethuot. We are happy to have them both join our Viet Nam family.

WE REMIND YOU to keep praying earnestly for Dr. Ardel Vietti, Rev. Archie Mitchell and Mr. Dan Gerber. They are still held by the Viet Cong, and are, we are sure, leaning heavily upon the Lord and counting on your intercession in their behalf. Ardel, being a lady, needs extra grace for each day - days that have grown into months and years. Yes, four years!

THANK YOU and a **FOND FAREWELL** to those of the Dalat School staff who are leaving for furlough, Gene and Cleo Evans - director, Ruth Wehr - Principal, and Lois Chandler - school nurse, as well as Ralph and Dorothy Bressler and Normadine Luckenbill - teachers. We are deeply grateful for your dedicated devotion to the tremendous task of caring for our children. Have a good rest, and of course, hurry back!

OPERATION AIR DROP. Plans for a big celebration with the patients of the Plei Tomak Leprosy Segregation Village had to be cancelled when a serious rebellion broke out in the near-by district headquarters. Travel through the area was temporarily stopped. Not wanting to disappoint the Christians, who had long looked forward to the Grandfather's visit, Bob Reed - missionary, took the problem to a Captain of the U.S. Air Force who offered to fly Bob on an air drop for the village.

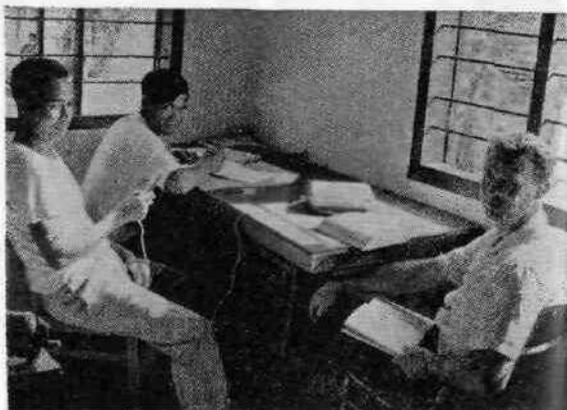
Plastic toys and candy packets were loaded into the tiny plane, along with bandage and medicine, specially packed to withstand a fifty foot drop. Diving low over the village time after time, the plane showered the gifts on the surprised villagers whose broad smiles displayed their great pleasure at the unique visitation.



Gene and Cleo



*Dave Frazier (far right)
in village evangelism*



*Zealous preachers join Gail Fleming
in translating scripture*

STEADFAST UNDER

Who stirred up all the trouble in this Bahnar village? The Young People! Village elders accuse them of various things, but the fact is the young people have become believers in Christ and have abandoned the heathen practices of their tribe. A psychologist might have told them to please conform and stop « rocking the boat ». But they have a different plan: they want to win their village to Christ.

It all started when the missionary's informant, Mr. Yong, accepted Christ as his Savior, and his life gave testimony to the truth long proclaimed by a believer in a neighboring village. At the time, he worked in Pleiku and started bringing many of his friends from the government boarding school to the missionaries' home for weekly

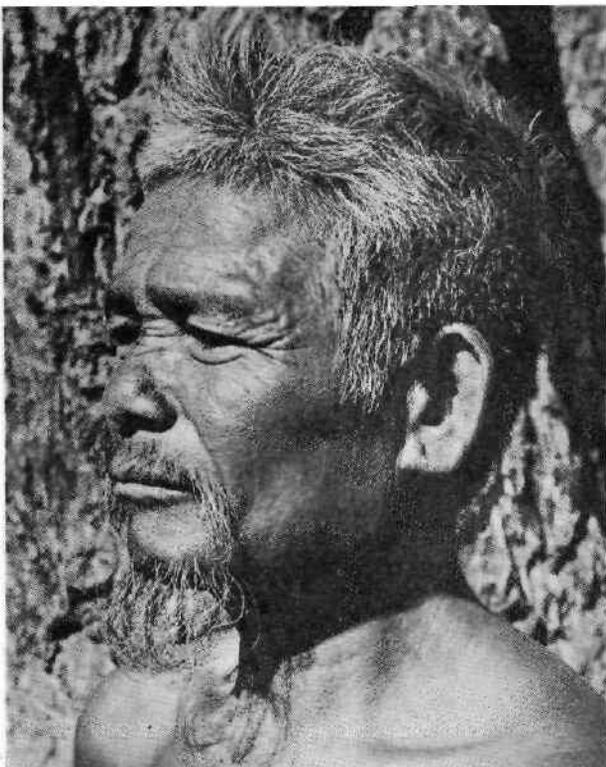
gatherings. These informal meetings developed into regular Sunday and mid-week church services for the Bahnar. Several believed, and the trouble began. Each time these Christians return to their village they meet much antagonism. Their obvious joy and zealous witnessing stir up much conflict in the hearts of the unbelievers, causing them to taunt the Christians with threats such as these:

- You believe in Christ, let us put you into the fire and see if you will burn.
- Let us shoot you with a gun and see if you will die.
- If you believe in Christ we won't bury you when you die.
- If you meet in our house again, I'll burn it down (said an angry relative).

Story and pictures by
Dave and Jeanny Frazier



Yong offers a smile and a tract



THREAT

Several of these new believers recently attended a two-week short term Bible School in Pleiku. Real growth was evidenced in many lives. What is the outcome of this story? It hasn't ended yet, and the result could well depend on you. These new Christians are apt to stumble, for they meet stiff opposition. These young people can be the key to open up their whole Tribe to the Gospel. Will you uphold them as they leave the relative security of fellowship and instruction of the weekly services and return to their village? The battle is not yet won; it has only begun.

*Jeanny Frazier and Irene Fleming
prepare Bahnar tracts for distribution*

*Davy Frazier and playmates give
Danny Fleming his turn in the jeep.*



God Chose Daddy

by BECKIE MITCHELL

These past four years have been full of mixed emotion and anxious waiting. On May 30, 1962 three missionaries were taken captive when the V.C. staged a raid on the Banmethuot Leprosarium. My Daddy was one of them.

The first year was one in which my father's absence seemed extremely acute. Our family is a closely-knit one. Doing things as a family, was one of the first things we all missed. We still do things together, but someone is missing — Dad. Several times I thought that surely Dad would come that year! But the Lord willed differently. There were many nights in which I dreamed that Daddy came back to us. No one will ever understand the terrible disappointment when I awoke to find that my wonderful dreams had vanished. Gerry was a constant joy to all of us. I don't think she really understood all that was happening. She knew the sadness we all shared, but she also had a special joy which she spread over our whole household.

The second and third years passed terribly slowly. Whenever I saw the other kids with their parents, it really hurt me. I was especially close to Daddy and really missed the wonderful times together. The Lord was near in these times. God gave me peace that I can't really explain. God seemed to say that out of all the available missionaries, He chose Daddy to do His highly specialized work. Daddy had the qualities God wanted. He is now serving God where no other missionary can.

The third year Gerry left home to begin first grade here at Dalat. Mom was left completely alone. Completely? No, God was there! Many mornings during vacation when I'd get up early, Mom would already be up and on her knees praying. She'll never know what that did to me. My mother's faith and courage has continued to help and guide me. There were many times she especially wished for Daddy to help Glen. He needs a father to help him in a way only a father can. Loretta, who looks so much like Daddy, found it hard, as we all did, to adjust to home life without Daddy. Mom has done a wonderful job in many ways being both Mom and «Dad» to us.

This fourth year has been the hardest for me. Satan brought many doubts, but I can say now that with my Lord's help, my faith is renewed and strengthened. I praise the Lord for the victories He has given me. Now I can only trust him and wait with the rest of my family, for that glorious day when our missing three will return to us.



Dalat School, Malaysia

DATELINE DALAT

WHETHER THE DALAT SCHOOL
FOR MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN
SETTLES IN VIET NAM,
THAILAND OR MALAYSIA,
IT IMMEDIATELY ENHANCES
AND ENLIVENS THE
SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE !

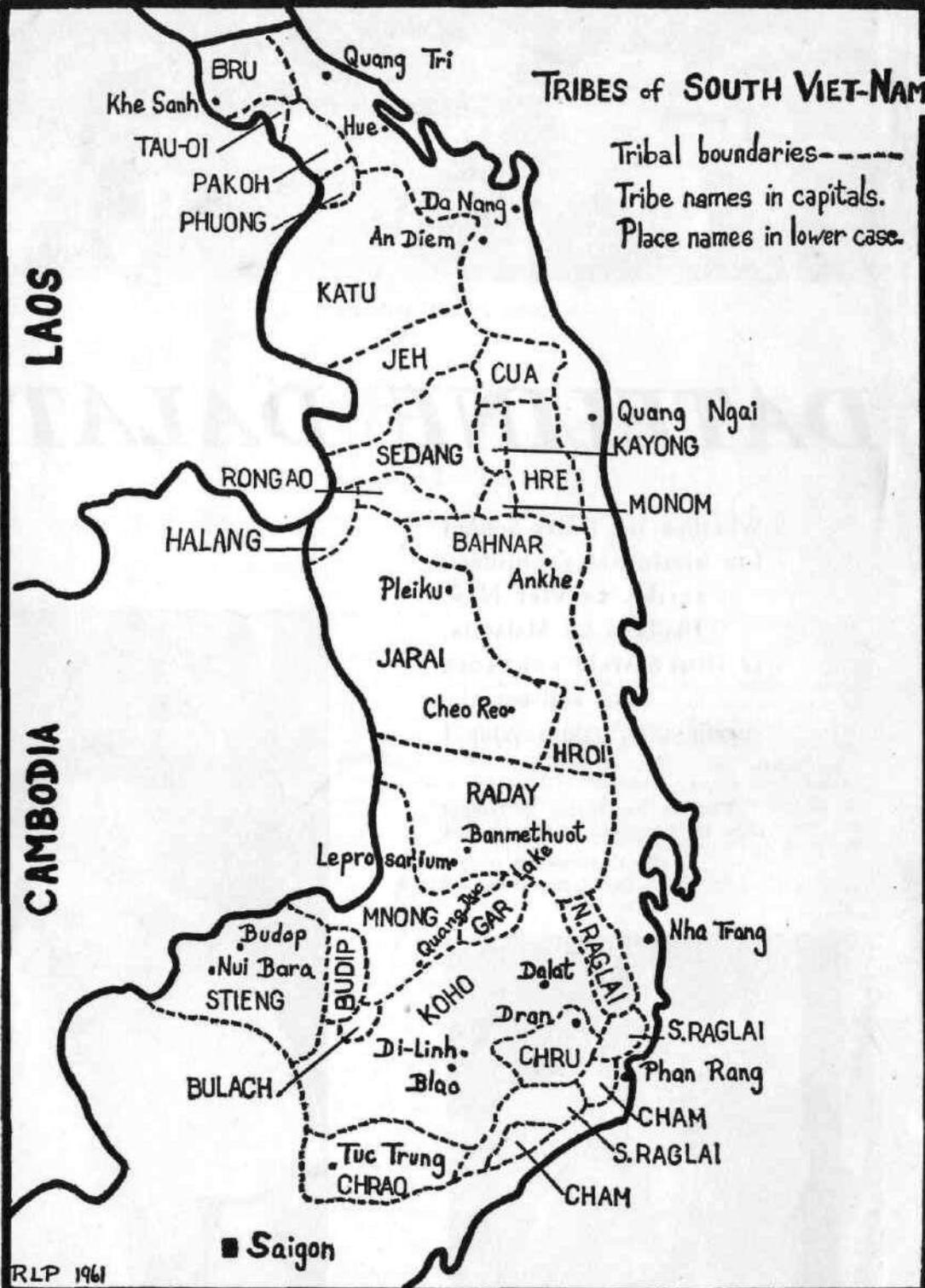
*Pictures by George E. HARKIN
show the happiness of this reunion*

Heidi STEINKAMP (right)
Debbie REED (below)



TRIBES of SOUTH VIET-NAM

Tribal boundaries-----
 Tribe names in capitals.
 Place names in lower case.



RLP 1961