

THE PIONEER

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THE HARVEST HORN

This Makassar boy expresses his harvest joy, blowing his harvest horn made from a rice straw with a palm leaf wound round and round.

"The harvest truly is plentiful — pray ye".

By Elizabeth Jackson

THE INDONESIAN MISSION

of the

CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

Ladjangiruweg 81, Makassar, Celebes, United States of Indonesia

EDITORIAL

"The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth laborers into His harvest." Regardless of how many years or centuries the reaping is carried on, the Lord's words ever remain true and applicable. It is, therefore, a unique privilege to welcome new missionaries to the field. Since the last Pioneer was published it has been our joy to welcome to the field Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Rudes from America and Rev. and Mrs. Marion Allen and son, David, from China, where they have already served nearly three years. They are temporarily residing at Benteng Tinggi and are busy studying the Indonesian language. Already they have made excellent progress.

Three of our missionary homes have been blessed with the arrival of potential future recruits for the work in Indonesia. Kenneth Warren Schisler made his appearance at Sintang, West Borneo, on April 1st. Vance Charles Olenhouse was born at Sintang, West Borneo, on May 17th. Patricia Lou Whetzel was born in Tarakan, East Borneo, on October 6th. May God's richest blessing rest upon these precious lives and upon the parents who are eager to guide them in the way of the Lord.

NEW GUINEA

God has been blessing our work in New Guinea and recently there have been a number of baptisms in the Wissel Lakes area. Also, the Lord has been blessing the ministry of Brother Troutman as he has gone into the Kemendora valley which lies to the East of the Wissel Lakes. During his first visit there was much opposition because the people thought that he and the government official and policemen had come for the same purpose as the Japanese. Now, however, that opposition has been broken down and a new spirit of friendliness has taken its place. Brother Troutman writes that late in July in a meeting he held, he felt there had come a definite moving of the Spirit which was a turning point in the work and it is expected that soon there will be people among these Monis who have put their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Further good word has come from the area in the vicinity of the Wissel Lakes. Excellent progress is being made in the civilization schools and our missionaries are finding it amazing how quickly the Kapauku people are learning to read their own language. The Gospel stories and the simple message of salvation, which are being given to them in the class room, are taken out to the villages over the week end. The testimony of these young students is bearing fruit and people are turning to the Lord Jesus Christ.

WEST BORNEO BIBLE SCHOOL OPENED

The Bible School in West Borneo was opened in July with an enrollment of thirty-three students. In fact the first semester's work is already completed and they are back in their villages for their vacation period giving forth some of that which they have been enabled to take in during the school year. We believe that God is going to prepare many of them to be His chosen vessels in West Borneo.

Recently it has come to our attention that the rubber plantation upon which our West Borneo Bible School is situated, is up for sale. It is not known if we will be able to continue using that property or if we will have to seek a new location. We request your prayer help that God will direct and keep the school in operation.

PUBLICATION WORK

The Publication work has been going forward under the leadership of Brother Meltzer and already some books are ready for printing. Our main difficulty is securing enough paper to do our printing work. It is also difficult to find printers who are in a position to take on the work that we have to do. We feel that this is an extremely important ministry and ask your continued prayer help that God will enable us to prepare much Christian literature to put in the hands of these people.

EAST BORNEO

God has been richly blessing in the interior of East Borneo and we find that the churches are becoming more established in the Lord and strides are being made toward self-support in the Bulongan area which reaches from the coast way up into the Apo Kajan where Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dixon are stationed.

Since our plane is now being repaired they are entirely cut off from supplies and we are trusting God to meet their every need. In January the Dixons are expecting to tour the lower part of their area beginning to wend their way down stream toward the coast and then on to Makassar for Conference in April.

SCHOOL AT LONG BIA

The Bible School at Long Bia has just completed another very profitable year, one student being graduated. The Lord has been answering prayer in supplying property with coffee trees, banana trees and other property where crops may be grown to help meet the needs of the students in the school. The operation of the school as well as keeping the small plantation properly worked is no small job but God has been blessing the ministry of our missionaries working in the school and He has been greatly blessing the students as they share the

cost of their support by working in the fields. This school now has the largest enrollment of any of our Bible Schools and indications are that it will have to be enlarged if we are to adequately prepare Dyaks for the work in East Borneo.

TWIN ENGINE PLANE

A cable has just come to us announcing that the New York Board has approved the purchase of a Short Sealand twin engine amphibious plane for Indonesia. We greatly rejoice because of this decision. Our present plane is very inadequate for the work of this field. It cannot make a flight into the Wissel Lakes and even in the work in Borneo it is limited to carrying a small load. The new plane will be able to carry a much greater load for a longer distance and we believe it will adequately meet the needs in New Guinea and in Borneo as well as being a tremendous help and saving in bringing our missionaries to Conference.

It is expected that later our present plane will be sold here in Indonesia thus helping to cover the cost of the new plane. May God enable all His saints to truly pray in faith believing that the Lord will supply money for the purchase of this plane in the near future. It is true that this is not what might be considered an opportune time for such a project as this, nevertheless, our trust is in God, who supplies all of our needs.

In case, by the time this reaches you, the Lord has already met the need and the plane is purchased, please follow Mr. Lewis, our pilot, and the plane in prayer that God will protect it and our missionaries, making Brother Lewis and the plane a great blessing.

On Thursday, the 22nd of December, the telephone rang and to our surprise Mr. Jerry Rose was speaking from Batavia. He had had to return to America for medical treatment and we rejoice that God has brought him safely back to Indonesia, but to further cause rejoicing the Lord arranged it that he could board a navy plane making a special flight into New Guinea and the Wissel Lakes on December 27th. Surely God makes a way when there is no way.

It is expected that before this issue of the Pioneer reaches you that our Chairman, Rev. Walter Post and Mrs. Post will be back again in Makassar and that four new missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Bliss, from America, and Rev. and Mrs. Neigenfind, from China, will likewise be here.

KEEP THE GOSPEL DOORS OPEN

It is hoped that upon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Post more attention can be given to the field and more frequent visits made than

have been possible during this year. May God enable us to arrange the work and build up the church in a truly indigenous fashion realizing that night cometh when no man can work. The world today is in turmoil. The hearts of even great men are failing them for fear of those things which shall come upon the earth. May God raise up a band of faithful prayer-warriors for this eleventh hour witnessing. Gospel doors can only be kept open by prayer. We trust that you will pray to this effect for Indonesia.

The Conversion of Petanyan

By Mr. & Mrs. H. A. Dixon, Apo Kajan, East Borneo.

Adversity was used of the Lord during the Japanese occupation to bring about the conversion of Petanyan, and make him one of the outstanding Christian leaders in the Apo Kajan.

His regeneration took place while he and the chief of the village of Leka Kidau spent three months in the jail at Long Nawang. During their incarceration, two Christian Dyak police continually witnessed to them, urging them to believe on Christ for salvation. The heathen chief was adamant in his refusal, but Petanyan was gloriously and soundly converted.

Upon their release, Petanyan returned home and declared his faith in Christ before all his people. The result was that his immediate family, relatives, and many fellow-villagers became Christians. Bold, faithful witnessing, and the irrefutable testimony of a godly life has continued to bear fruit, consequently there is a small congregation of approximately 90, who assemble regularly to worship the true and living God, in this most remote village of the Apo Kajan. Petanyan is one of the deacons, and the principal church leader.

So far, we have not been able to place a national worker at Leka Kidau, as we have only 5 for more than 20 widely-scattered villages. Furthermore, not one member of the congregation knows how to read the Word of God. Still, Petanyan says, "We meet regularly to pray, and praise our God in song. We also give our testimonies, and exhort one another to always remain true to Christ, our Saviour. We are trying to live up to all the light we have. But won't you pray that God will give us a resident guru (teacher)?"

First Impressions

By Rev. & Mrs. R. R. Rudes.

What could turn out to be more of a "ghost in the closet" than a new missionary writing his first impressions of Makassar? The answer is probably in not writing at all, so this is what happened to us.

First of all we had two "first impressions". One was about two weeks ahead of the other. It so happened that our ship the S. S. Riouw came just close enough to our "Promised Land" to let us look longingly at yonder mountains and to have a few minutes visit with Brother Brill. Then we went on to Batavia to transship and return on August 4, 1949.

We first gazed through the haze for those who would be there to meet us. Eventually we saw them. With the gang plank on solid earth once more we left the Chichilengka and proceeded to follow our baggage down the pier to customs. Here we found Brother Meltzer, Jack, Vonnie and Margaret waiting to greet us. It was good to speak a word in English after trying to speak Dutch and Malay unsuccessfully. Then came that ride up Makassar's busy streets over to Ladjangruweg. We wondered at the time if we would ever find our way 'down town' again. Arriving at Ladjangruweg 81 we were greeted by the students of the Bible School singing in Malay, 'Constantly Abiding'. Our eyes were not dry and some of the others joined in on the sobs. We met the others at headquarters and once alone in our room we could hardly believe that all that we had hoped for was finally true. Thoughts like, 'can it be true', 'what do we do next', 'how long will we be here', 'don't forget to send the cable home', and 'what was that man's name', all went through our heads at once. With all the jumble of thoughts and strangeness of place and people we found the Lord precious and abiding to assure us that this was His place and in His time. So whatever lieth ahead we know, "He leadeth me, oh blessed thought".

NEIGENFINDS ARRIVE IN MAKASSAR

Early on January 18th, aboard the Chichilengka, Rev. & Mrs. Vernon Neigenfind and son, Lyle, arrived in Makassar from China. They have been transferred from the South China field to Indonesia, and even though they have been studying Chinese for the past two years, they must now begin to study the Indonesian language (Malay).

A Glimpse at the Kemandora Valley New Guinea

By K. E. Troutman.

Geographically as you cross the water table between the northern and southern parts of New Guinea and then travel directly north you descend into a deep and majestic valley called the Kemandora. From the Kemaboe River the walls of the valley rise rapidly to a height of more than five thousand feet. On the north side the valley rises straight to the top of the mountain, but on the south side there are many small plateaus between the river and the crest of the mountain. It is a beautiful sight and especially so at sunset.

Geologically the valley is composed of a black shale texture and there are numerous landslides which expose black shale and a black muck. There are also numerous deposits of pyrite "fool's gold".

Agriculturally this area appears to be very productive with rich black topsoil. There is an abundance of sweet potatoes which is the main diet of the people. There is also an abundance of lemons, bananas and djambu.

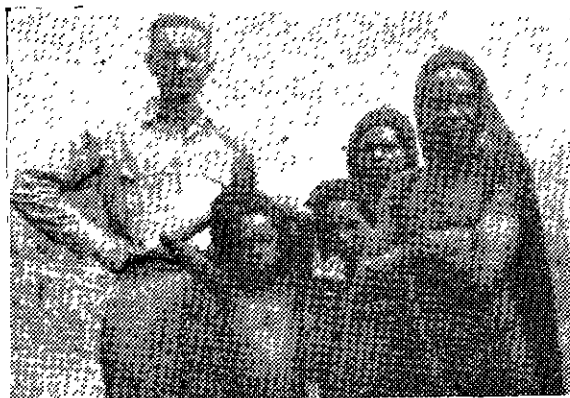
Anthropologically the area is inhabited by the Migani or Moni people who are dark skinned as the Kapaukus but larger in stature. They seem to be a braver race of people than the Kapaukus and also very quick tempered. For instance they will travel alone in a foreign territory which is something a Kapauku is less likely to do.

As an example of fiery temper I want to relate an incident which occurred at a pig feast. The native worker and I attended this feast which seemed to progress smoothly until two brothers began to quarrel over a pig. In a few seconds the place was a riot with us in the center. They were jumping on each other, clubbing each other, hitting each other over the head with bows and arrows and on the outside was a huge circle of men ready with bows and arrows drawn. I will admit I was afraid as we stood in the midst of this outbreak and would have been a good target for flying arrows. We began to try to quiet the people and as we did I prayed asking God to rebuke this direct manifestation of the devil. In a few minutes we were much relieved to have peace and quiet again.

The Monis are a hospitable people. On the trail or in the village they always offer you a baked sweet potato or a portion of one. A test of friendship is to eat from the hand of one after he has eaten from the sweet potato. This appears unsanitary, but we feel that friendship here is more valuable than sanitation and trust God to kill the germs. The

other week we visited a village and the chief quickly told us we must stay and feast with him since we were now his friends. He was now sure that he wanted to befriend us so he said he absolutely must have a feast. It was a great privilege to fellowship with them and to tell them of Christ at the same time. Even though we cannot speak the language very well these people have shown their confidence and are eager listeners. It is not an easy thing to give the appearance of relishing baked keladi (a bulb like root) and sweet potato leaves, but we are more than willing to do this for Christ.

Today, Sunday August 28th, we again returned to this same village to find the chief very sick. We were sorry to find our friend in this condition and immediately asked him to gather his family and we would pray asking God to heal him. He first wanted to kill a pig and rub the blood on the afflicted members, but we told him that now we were trusting in the blood of Jesus. We prayed in the Indonesian language and claimed the promises of God for him. We feel so helpless being at a great loss for words in this language, but in our weakness we are trusting God to make us strong so that His name may be exalted and glorified among the Moni people.



By Kenneth Troutman

Mr. Troutman and Kapauku tribespeople of the Wissel Lakes, New Guinea. Some day the last tribe will be won and Jesus will come.

The Baptism of the Unholy Spirit

By William W. Conley.

"The Spirit of Satan has now entered the water", explained the young Christian Dyak, the village chief, standing by my side. We were witnessing a demonstration of the "rulers of the darkness of this world" and the submission and obedience thereto by the score or so of Dyaks gathered under the roof of this house.

I had reached Kampung Dingin that afternoon, on my way to visit some distant churches on another river. Here in Dingin I was warmly greeted by the Christians and their pastor, a recent graduate of the Makassar Bible School. The machine gun-like exhaust of the small one cylinder diesel in the mission motorboat brought them to the banks of the river cheering and waving in the manner that always warms the visiting missionary's heart. By the way, our heart is all that we care to have warmed, living here on the equator! Before I could shut off the engine, dozens of hands were being thrust at me from all directions. There are no more enthusiastic hand shakers than Dyak Christians!

In a conference with the elders of the congregation later, I heard of a problem that struck me so funny I could not restrain from a roar of laughter. On a recent short absence of the pastor, one of the Christian young men became somewhat enmeshed with an unbelieving family of the village. The parents had a certain daughter that they thought they could convince the young fellow would make a fine wife. They were doing their best to cajole, coax and threaten him into this marriage. He is a good intelligent boy and the girl's parents knew she could do far worse. However the boy was not too easily convinced and had not yielded to their plan of attack. Still, an elderly Dyak is always heard with respect by the younger folks. This news came to the attention of one of the church elders, and he became highly indignant that "one of the heathen should try to steal one of the Christians." He forthwith told the parents in no uncertain terms to stop such treachery, and moreover he was going to levy a fine of 20 guilders upon them. The elder's wrath was too much for the parents. They gave up their ambitions, and were even ready to pay the fine. Such a fine was the usual manner of the Dyaks' old customs, and they did not question the right of the Christians to fine an offender in religion.

However, the other elder and pastor had some serious doubts as to the propriety of the fine. I soon had them understand that we do not settle matters in such a fashion when we accept Christ, but the zeal and initiative of the elder was amusing. At least he was concerned for the flock of God.

During our meeting with the Dyaks that evening, I heard the gongs, drums and chanting of heathen worship continuously nearby. After the service, the chief of the village, Lukas, a fine young Christian, told me of the extremities being carried on by the witch doctors recently. His description of some of the antics of the worshippers implied demon-possessed individuals. I asked the chief to take me to the particular house where the sorcerers were holding forth, and together we walked about 100 yards or so and climbed the notched log into the dark but deafeningly noisy interior. A few pitch torches gave smoky, shadowy illumination to the activities of the occupants. Seated on the floor here and there were men and women, some with bark loin-cloths, some with clothing in various stages of repair, witnessing the activities of the principals. The "musicians" were beating on the brass gongs and goat-skin drums with all their power, yet holding to a certain, definite musical harmony. Near them were four men squatting closely together. Standing beside these four were the two witch doctors, performing their rites. From the time we entered, no one paid us the least attention, all eyes were fastened on the sorcerers. That in itself was highly unusual for the missionary is generally a source of curiosity among the unbelievers, if nothing else.

The two sorcerers were standing together, facing the open door of the house. On the floor by their feet were half a dozen bowls of water on a tray, with a flickering oil lamp made from a tin can and cloth wick. The two sorcerers were swaying and dancing together in cadence with the gongs and drums, chanting steadily while they gazed out into the blackness of the door.

Lukas, the chief, began to explain things to me. Before his conversion he had studied and become an accomplished witch doctor himself, and he understood all that these were saying and praying. They were actually calling out to Satan, whom they know as "Iblis" inviting him to come into the house and enter into the water in the bowls. Steadily and monotonously they chanted while the music became a heavy pressure inside my head.

The four seated on the floor did nothing. Finally, after a change in the chanting, Lukas told me Satan had revealed his presence to the sorcerers, and his spirit had entered into the water in the bowls. The head sorcerer picked up a bowl, and using a large leaf as a trough he poured water on the heads of each of the four candidates. Continuing the music and chanting, all the bowls were finally poured out upon their heads. Lukas said that was the baptism of Satan, that was the firm belief of these sin-darkened souls gathered in this house!

Suddenly one of the four men who had received the water rose to his feet, quivering and shaking in every muscle. Beginning to leap with short jerks he moved in our direction. Believe me, I took a firm grip on the large flashlight I held behind my back. However, three or four men and women grasped him and directed him past us toward a strong rattan vine suspended from the ceiling. Now he was jerking and leaping with more power, and when he reached the vine he grasped it and began to jump and leap in a large circle as the vine permitted.

I must admit my heart was hammering and my breath was somewhat quickened by the evident force of spiritual darkness being demonstrated in this house. I did not know what I would do if the man's frenzied leaping would free him from the rattan and he came toward me. I moved to one of the supporting pillars of the house, behind which I could move in such an event. Soon, however, the man's frantic gyrations came to a climax. He fell limply to the floor and lay squirming and quivering. Someone threw a cloth sarong over his body. We left the house.

Later Lukas told me that several times in the past days men had become possessed of Satan or a demon, and ran about threatening with a sword. The Indonesian police in the village downstream were being informed of these excesses and Lukas warned the Christians to beware of these who had any connections with this unholy worshipping of the spirit of Evil.

On my return from the area upstream. I stopped for a service again, with the Christians in Dingin, and Lukas told me that three native police had come and warned the witch doctors not to practice their arts in like manner again, that is, inviting Satan to possess the body of a person. True, the orders of the police might block the sorcerers and unbelieving followers from such excesses, but the load of sin, the burden of unpardoned souls, was not in any way relieved. These Dyaks deliberately chose the way of sin and Satan, for in their midst was the witness of the saving Gospel of Jesus Christ. They had but to listen and they could hear the Way of Life. They had but to believe, and salvation was theirs. They had but to receive, and Christ would come into their hearts and banish the fears and darkness established by the worship of the Devil. But no, these lost creatures sought a baptism, and infilling, by the ruler of the spiritual darkness of this world, Satan himself.

Have you ever wondered as to the meaning of "spiritual warfare"? Just what does it mean to refer to a conflict between the forces of good and evil? Here in this small Dyak village is an example of the

mighty conflict Satan wages against the work and ministry of those who call upon the name of the Son of God. Here Satan would reveal his power and inflict his hellish influence upon unregenerate souls. Praise God for the promise that the Spirit of God within the Christian's heart is **greater** than the power of Satan, though he be called the Prince of this world.

I trust that the Spirit of God can melt the hardness of those sin-chained hearts in that village. I pray that the faithful, continuing witness of the Christians there will bear fruit among those still without the fold. Pray for Kampung Dingin.



By W. W. Conley

Dyak children of the Mahakam district, East Borneo. They too must hear about Jesus.

DIXONS TRAVELING DOWN STREAM

Word has just come that Rev. & Mrs. Herman Dixon left Long Nawang on January 7th to start down stream. They intend to visit ten churches on the way holding some meetings in each. They have asked us to pray that God will keep the unpredictable Kayan River under control.

Fuss and Shells

By Alice F. Mickelson.

"Fuss and Roses" was the title of a paragraph I read recently in a weekly magazine concerning a wedding. There was a great deal of fuss around here sometime ago but there were no roses. No, no roses, just shells! Cowrie shells are far more important to a wedding here than roses are to a wedding in America. No cowrie shells, no wedding! We hear of nothing else save shells for many weeks prior to a wedding. "How many shells do you need?" I asked Jacob one day as he sat counting his shells. "Oh, I need over three hundred, I am expecting you to give me ten nice big ones!" This nearly took my breath away as we are having a hard time finding enough which are large enough in size to buy potatoes and vegetables. Jacob is a faithful friend and has been of great value to us. He is one of our Bible School boys. We are much interested in him and all that concerns him.

We soon learned that Antonia, one of our school girls, was to be the bride. We were happy because we felt that she was a fine girl. The wedding was to take place in a month. In the meantime the shells were counted over and over again, my floor being covered with strings of very large cowries and medium size ones as well. Each time they were counted in hopes that by some mysterious act there might be one more. Gifts were given to Antonia including a lovely roll of "beb!" which was to be used in making her a nice new grass skirt!

A few days before the date of the "pig-feast" which was to be held in honor of the engaged couple, Jacob and Antonia were called in to be questioned concerning baptism for Antonia. For many long minutes we waited for her to answer the questions concerning her readiness to follow the Lord Jesus into the waters of baptism. It seemed as though her mouth had been shut and she could not open it. Finally, she spoke and said that she wanted to follow the Lord Jesus, but that she did not wish to be baptized, and what was more she did not want to marry Jacob! This was like a bomb shell dropped right in our midst. She was reminded of the many gifts she received from Jacob and of how happy she had seemed all during those weeks. She answered not a word.

The "pig-feast" was to be held in some distant village. Jacob and his friends had to go regardless of Antonia's decision. The missionary thought it wise to make the trip with them. Perhaps he could solve this mystery concerning this very sudden change of Antonia's heart. While at the village both families as well as Antonia herself seemed happy about the marriage. She even said that now she was ready to marry

Jacob. The party arrived back at the mission station happy and of one accord. Antonia answered the questions regarding her baptism well; and plans for a Christian wedding were made. Sunday morning came with many people coming to witness the wedding ceremony. An expectant crowd indeed! The time came for the ceremony, but where was the bride? Where was the bridegroom? "Oh, Antonia has run away and hidden in the jungles", we were told. "Jacob is weeping because she is not here!" Poor Jacob, jilted at the altar!

In a few days Antonia went back to her village. We have learned that a Catholic priest is teaching her now. Antonia, one of our best students, has left us. We feel sure that due to pressure from some unknown source she was not willing to follow the Lord Jesus in baptism thus taking her stand for the Lord openly. God is still able to bring her back to us and to the work. Will you remember to pray for Antonia?



By Mary McIlrath

Miss McIlrath and Kapauku women and children. The Gospel always puts a smile on the faces of the women.

A. Soul Winner

By J. L. Van Patter, Long Bia Bible School.

Wang is a Dyak boy from the far interior of Borneo who entered nurses' training in the government hospital near the coast. In age and experience we look upon him as a high school student. But most important of all Wang is a true Christian, a witnessing Christian. He has never attended a Bible School and as far as I know his spiritual training has been under the leadership of native pastors in Dyak churches.

The one of whom I write was one of the first Dyaks I met as we first entered our work in Borneo. Frequent trips to the coast have given me times of fine fellowship with him and opportunity to observe his life in the midst of a predominantly Moslem group at the hospital. What I have seen inspires me with hope that the Dyak church will become a missionary church.

Wang met a Chinese family who came often to the hospital to visit a son who was insane. In their deep sorrow our Dyak boy pointed them to the One who loves to heal the broken hearted. Later on he was often invited to the Chinese home where he always witnessed for Christ. The hunger in the hearts of this family of four increased but there was a barrier. The Chinese knew only very broken Malay. Wang could lead them just so far while many facts vital to a firm faith still were not clear.

Rev. Chue, a Chinese pastor and close friend of the late Dr. Jaffray, who lives in Tarakan, came at our request for meetings especially for the Chinese. Through him this Chinese family, father, mother and daughter, came to understand clearly in their own tongue the wonderful provisions of God's grace in Christ Jesus. The day they were baptized Wang was on duty so could not be present but there was abundant evidence of the soul winner's joy in his heart.

Now this Dyak friend has been appointed to the dispensary at Long Nawang in the Apo Kajan. We miss his fellowship but we also expect further news of soul winning exploits by this Dyak Christian as he goes about his noble work, binding up the wounds of his needy people.

Life at the Lakes

By Karel, translated by Marion Doble.

This is a free translation of the story Karel told me when I asked him for a story about Kapauku life at the Lakes.

This is the way the Kapaukus work. When they make a garden first they destroy the weeds. Second they prepare the ground. Third they plant the sweet potato seedlings. Fourth they weed it. Fifth they begin to harvest the mature sweet potatoes. Sixth they dig all the potatoes. Then there is nothing left but the small ones. The garden is finished and a new one must be made. The fence of the old garden is opened.

A new garden is made and the woman goes to the lake to hunt crayfish. She boards her canoe, mends her net, and builds her shelter in the canoe. The next day she takes crayfish from the net. The next day she cooks the crayfish. The third day she goes home. Then having divided the crayfish among the people of the house they eat them. The next morning she goes to work in the garden.

The man goes into the forest. He takes an axe, bow and arrows, sweet potatoes; everything he carries. He chops down a big tree. He splits it, strips off the branches, and makes walls of it. He has a smoke. Having smoked he seeks another tree, only a good straight tree. He looks on the other side of the mountain for a good kind of tree. In the afternoon he goes home. On the trail he hears the noise of locusts. When he arrives home the woman has cooked sweet potatoes, crayfish, pork, and greens. She has cut sugar cane, found taro, and has made a big cooking mound. When the man arrives home he thinks "the woman is fine", and he doesn't beat her.

He makes the fire very hot with a good log, so that he isn't able to move near it. At night he sleeps, and in the middle of the night he blows up the fire. In the morning sweet potatoes are put in the ashes, in the good coals. In a few moments they are cooked. He eats some and puts some away in his bag. Then he takes his bow and goes out.

He decides he will go and kill his peka nipo. (A debt is owed him and he is free to collect thus, or by this he will become indebted.) So he goes and climbs the mountain. When he is tired he stops on the hill and smokes. Then he goes on and arrives at the house of his friend. Arriving there he kills a pig worth twenty shells. The arrow goes into the heart of the pig. In a moment the owner of the pig sees what is done.

"What do you mean by killing my pig?" he yells.

"Take it easy. I'm taking my peka nipo."

"If that's the case, OK. Take it along."

So he ties up the pig and carries it. He arrives home and says, "My son, get greens; I have just killed my peka nipo."

So the child gathers greens, leaves, everything to be cooked with pork; he brings it all. Later in the afternoon he arrives home. His father says, "My little child, thank you."

Then he scrapes the hair off the pig. Having scraped it he cuts it open. He takes out the heart, liver, fat and all the inwards. Then he cuts the bones. Having cut the bones he calls the people.

"Friends, there's a pig. A shell for a portion!"

All the people come and buy pork. The shells are taken and strung together. The pig is finished. The head, inwards and fat remain for the owner. Having strung his shells he counts them, "One, two, three....." until twenty good shells are counted. Then he thinks he is rich.



By Polly Roseberry

Missionaries children at the Benteng Tinggi School. Left to right, Carol Schisler, Thais Whetzel, Diana Conley, Jacqueline Mickelson, Mary Jean Post. Gordon Post is in front.

Simon

By E. H. Mickelson.

You should be introduced to Simon. He is the first Kapauku to confess Christ in public baptism. Simon is quite small even when compared to the general run of Kapaukus.

God has been blessing this boy from the time of his confession of Christ as his Saviour until the present. He is now attending the mission school for the preparation of Christian workers located at the Wissel Lakes. He is married and has one child. His wife, who is also a baptized believer, attends a class for women conducted by Mrs. Mickelson.

There is a true ring to his testimonies. He has convictions and is boldly living and witnessing for Christ day by day. After classes in the school have closed on Fridays, Simon leaves for his own village to hold a service on Sunday. He also ministers to a group of natives living in a nearby village. On Monday morning during chapel hour, he, together with the other potential pastors and evangelists attending our school is given an opportunity to relate the experiences that have come to them during the week-end. How blessed to hear the testimonies of these boys! As a usual thing these boys are sent out two by two. One of the boys relates a Bible story and the other gives a personal testimony.

Occasionally we have a large campfire somewhere and have a fine time of fellowship together in the Lord. After singing many songs the boys one by one get up and testify. Simon often relates how he was prior to believing in Christ. The scars on the back of his wife bear mute testimony to his having frequently beaten her with a pole.

A precious experience came to Simon and his wife at the time of the birth of their child some months ago. This had enriched the lives of these young folk and has been a means of strengthening their faith in the faithfulness of God in answering prayer.

According to Simon's testimony, their child was born with no evidence of it being alive. Friends were talking about preparing a place for the burial of the child. Simon, now a believer, could not believe that God would fail him. The missionary had emphasized that God answers prayer and that nothing was impossible with him. Simon poured out his heart to God. His cause and burden was presented to our compassionate Christ. Would the Lord be pleased to make the child live? God heard the cries wrung from this travailing heart. Samuel — the child in question — was made to live!

Here and There Around the Field

Shooting Sesajap Rapids

From Rev. Harry Post's letter of July 10th comes the following: "We praise the Lord for bringing us here safely. On the way up we were held up one day on account of flood waters, but the bivouac where we put up was more or less 'waterproof', so the delay wasn't too bad. The last two days of the trip we ran into frequent rains, some of which were quite heavy, and so we spent most of the day in thoroughly drenched clothing. There are really more pleasant sensations than that conveyed by the feeling that one is sitting on the river's 'surface' rather than on some boards. The last night along the way, a little shelter was put up for us with mat roofing and that with our camp cots afforded the night's lodging. Fortunately, it did not rain during the night, for the mat roofing above our mortal frames was not designed for heavy duty.

"Whatever these rapids are in comparison with others, I don't know, but they are 'something to write home about'. The roaring of the impetuous waters, the threatening whirlpools, the menacing waves, the shouts of the Dyaks, are not exactly what you would find in a 'Rest Home'. Also, I am not sure just how much insurance Lloyd's of London would put on the rattan by which the boat is pulled. Three long pieces of rattan were used to pull the boat, and one was used from the stern. I would put it this way, — as long as all goes according to plan, you don't mind so much, but let one fellow miss his footing, or miss the rattan, or let there be a failure in coordination — and the dugout canoe begins to be driven back, — you really hold on hard to the sides of the boat, — about the same feeling like sitting beside a driver in the front seat, and pushing one's feet down hard on the floorboards. We had one occasion when maneuvering the dugout canoe around some rocks, the boat stalled on some submerged boulders, and began to fill up with water from waves that were breaking over the sides. However, quick action in the emergency got the boat off the boulder into a safer position. How we do praise the Lord for His care. Finally, I would say, that with a child or children in the boat one's anxiety or nervousness is necessarily multiplied.

"We were surely glad to arrive here, because a trip of that kind is tiresome. Not having a servant, we found it a bit more inconvenient, but everything went all right. Henry and 'Tassie' Rankin and Jonathan gave us a royal welcome. Also, as we stepped out from the boat the local teacher had his bevy of flutes, on the blowing end of which were

Dyak juveniles. This collective swelling of cheeks with the consequent melodies that attacked our eardrums, was a nice diversion from the noise of rapids, large or small. The Indonesian Official and his wife were also on hand. Well, we walked through the brief and narrow confines of the 'town' to the suspension bridge, on which we crossed to the opposite banks, with the 'house that Presswood built' bursting in upon our vision. Let me say right here that no accolade could do sufficient justice to 'Ernie' for the wonderful house he built, and all the more so when one realizes the problems that had to be met and difficulties overcome in its building."

TRAINING WEST BORNEO DYAKS

Excerpts from the "Serandjin New; Letter" by Mr. and Mrs. Schisler, sent in July: "Connie Schisler is now able to walk longer distances but the parents need wisdom and guidance for the immediate future."

"You will recall after being under Bible schooling for three and a half years the eleven disciples were sent forth after a mighty infilling with the Holy Spirit. The whole world was their parish. Why didn't the Lord Jesus send out the 120 or the 500? No, the great commission was commanded upon these eleven disciples. God has shown us here very clearly that we are not to emulate the cry of the church today for numbers without the Spirit's regard for quality. West Borneo, with a population of 1,200,000 is the sphere of these 32 Dyaks. Their special responsibility is the 415,000 heathen Dyaks. The task of the eleven seemed impossible in the natural — until one reads the Acts of the Holy Spirit through them! The Lord's assignment and burden for the 'called-out ones' from these 32 is also stupendous. Yet the wonderful part is that the same Spirit wants to work in and with these dear Dyaks. Pray."

PRAY FOR REVIVAL

A letter from Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dixon, dated August 10th, includes this note: "We are getting away for week-end meetings. 151 have been baptized in the district this year, and we expect to baptize another 49 this coming Sunday. God is blessing, but we greatly need a revival. We are having our annual Deacon's Conference the end of this month, also another conference with the workers. Please remember us in prayer."

280 BAPTISMS

A report from Mr. Rankin received in September gives the following information:

"Baptisms: To date there is a total of 280 baptisms. Harry Post baptized 50 at the last Conference and I baptized 230 within the past six months.

"Spiritual growth and development: I believe there is definite spiritual progress in evidence. New churches are being built; children are being taught in Sunday Schools; many older ones are putting away their heathen customs, also drinking, smoking and chewing. Progress is not as rapid in the Mentarang District as in the Kerajan, but there are also more workers and works of longer standing in the Kerajan so more can be expected.

"One of the great needs at the present time is for New and Old Testaments and other Christian literature. Also many have requested a song book in the Dyak tongue. There is definitely a desire for more knowledge of the Word."

TEN FUNANS BAPTIZED

A very encouraging report was received in Mr. Whetzel's letter of September 14th;

"While in Kamuat, the Lord gave me opportunity to speak and witness to the Village Chief at great length. In all my experience (little enough), I have never seen such a hard and clever Dyak. It is no wonder he can wrap the average Dyak around his thumb. Please pray with us that the Lord will wrap him around His thumb, one way or another, because he is the obstacle to the progress of the Gospel in the Upper Bahau. Nevertheless, 22 members of the village of Kamuat asked to be baptized. They have been firm believers for some time, in spite of opposition and in spite of being expelled from the village. I baptized them.

"Another beautiful thing happened on my way down stream, as I was heading for home. Ten Punans were waiting for me at Long Metep. Somehow they had heard that I was in the Pudjungan, so they walked for four days over the mountains to Long Metep to intercept us. They arrived the day before I did. They were men who had first heard the Gospel from Brother Diebler. In later years, Brother Laeng has been visiting them in their remote mountainous retreat. Now they came for baptism. So we stopped right then and there and held a service, and baptized them. Praise God, one of the number was the chief."

ADVANGES IN DONGGO LAND

A little description of the Donggo work and people came in a letter from Rev. & Mrs. W. A. Cutts in Sumbawa. They write: "When we got to the end of a short trip into the mountains to see our Donggo

people, to the town called Sengari, we found the wife of our teacher, Mongan, to be a sweet, clean, gentle spoken woman. Mr. Mongan himself is a scholar. He knows English well enough to make good use of an English concordance and Schofield Bible. He asked us to order him a Thompson Chain Reference and an Alliance Weekly subscription.

"The people's homes are one room and built high on stilts to be reached by a ladder. Inside the house of bamboo is a large flat mat, woven of leaves where the whole family (often as many as ten) sleep. In one corner is a stone upon which a fire is built to cook the rice. In another corner unhusked rice is stored and also gourds of water are kept for the family's use. There you have the Bima apartment, kitchen, bath, dinette and boudoir all in one.

"The Donggo people's dress is black homespun cloth draped on top like a middy and the bottom part is draped like blousy pantaloons. Much jewelry is worn. String upon string of red beads and coins of various denominations make it a colorful picture. It looks so funny to see children skampering about stark-naked except for the jewelry galore around their necks and ankles.

"The church was full of people and others stood up all along the edges. The churches are only temporary shelters of bamboo but the Living Church is founded on the Rock, Christ Jesus. We ministered to these folk for a few days and then went to the village of Mbawa, which is pastor Nunuhitu's division. It is there that we found real joy in getting next to the people."

WEST BORNEO BIBLE SCHOOL MUST MOVE

Miss Marsh has witten that the property on which the West Borneo Bible School was situated has been sold and that they must seek a new location. Please pray that God will direct to the place of His choice and that all will be ready for the opening of the next term.

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|---|--|
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Soembawa	

„Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.” Jeremiah 33:3

„And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.” Isaiah 65:24