

The original documents are located in Box 2, folder “The War Cradle” - Drafts and Notes” of the Shirley Peck Barnes Papers at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

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e-mail - babylift@aol.com

June 3, 2002

ph; 303 973-0450

Dear Karen and Bebe:

Just checking in. Hope all is well with you both.

Thought I would bring you up to date on "The War Cradle" in the hopes that you haven't quite given up on me yet.

Sales have been brisk on Amazon. Additionally, I have been picked up by Baker/Taylor, Barnes & Noble, and others, including Quality Books, who is the largest distributor to libraries. Most importantly, the books seems to be going the academic route.

In April I was invited to a panel on Babylift at Texas Tech University's symposium on Vietnam. They include many dignitaries in the US as well as Vietnam. On my panel was Ross Meador (the then kid who placed the first 57 kids on Daly's flight) Ken Healy, the pilot of that first flight, and myself, who recieved those kids in Denver. Since the symposium is attended by academics, book sales were great and several told me that they would be using it in classroom studies. I have since received a note from a teacher at Brown U. in R.I. informing me that they will be using it as a text book next year, the same with a University in NY and have a request from an editor at Cal. State University to do an academic review. Who would have ever thought?

Texas was especially interesting and a feather in my cap. Sat next to a Vietnam ambassador at the book signing. He kept informing me that "he was a communist." I kept patting him on the knee responding, "you'll get over it." We then went into a lengthy disucssion regarding the war and I flatly told him that they made one big mistake that covers it all. "Look into the history of America," I informed him. "We conquer but never stay...we rebuild the countries we conquer... look at Japan/Germany! You should have sat back.. let us take over, rebuild, then come back in politically." He thought about it for a minute..."you're right." Then he proceeded to talk about how bad the country was and the trouble with the farmers/peasants...that they are hard to motivate. "Well...I said "bring back your royal family! Look at the British...they know how to get tourists...look how it brings a sense of culture and binds the people (who are far more educated than your farmers.) A royal family brings a sense of unity to a country." He told me they would probably cut his throat in Hanoi if he suggested it...I told him to call me, I'd come and argue his case.

Children's Hospital of Denver came through and had the plaque made for the building at 22nd and Downing Street. We placed it on the building April 27th. Although we couldn't get Ford to attend, we had a nice crowd and got the job done. I have since received e-mail from all over the globe thanking me for getting the plaque to commemorate Babylift, since it is the only one in the world, anywhere. There are three small commemorative plaques to those who died in the C-5A crash, but none to Babylift.

Babylift is surfacing again. A couple of documentaries are out. One recieved the award at Sundance, 2002... "Daughter from Danang" and is making the rounds on PBS. The seond is "Precious Cargo."

Further, I have just received a packet from Okland Museum in Okaland, Cal. They will be doing a "Next Stop...Vietnam" exhibit in 2004 that will be in Oakland for 6 months, then tour the U.S. They are interested in my artifacts, the President's quilt (I hope I told you that I made a quilt for President Ford from the remnants of the orphans clothing and will become a part of his library exhibit when I make my deposit) and the Oakland Museum said that they will take the book along for sales when they tour.

I have also be invited to the World Airways Reunion in Oakland in October and have been invited to the Vietnam Education Center in N.Y. on November 23rd to do a presentation. (They are covering all expenses as well).

Additionally, I have been speaking at schools, book clubs and small groups regarding Babylift. It's fun. but not the route I want to take on a permanant scale.

I am also enclosing a copy of a review I just received from Writer's Digest. They told me I can use it for promotion and I am awaiting the reviewers name. Also, when I spoke with the Editor, she herself was reading the book and remarked.."this would make a great movie. I can just see Daly...the plane crash....Ross..." I told her I had a few attempts, but to date nothing jelled. It was a warm glow, though, to hear those words from a stranger.

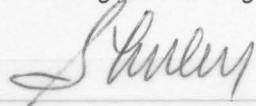
We are getting down on the first inventory and it's getting time to think of a second printing. I do have some corrections to make...errors always slip through, but and hoping that I can still get a major publisher interested.

Oh yes,....through all this, I slipped in April and broke my leg in two places. I have been to surgery, have plates, screws and all that and finally got out of the wheelchair and onto crutches. Just when I was doing well, I fell down a flight of steps and a couple of more times that set me back. But, hopefully I will be out of this brace and crutches and ambulate better. It has certainly slowed me down and has been an experience. Seeing the world from a wheelchair is an altogether different perspective. And not good. I made it to Texas under these conditions and all went well.

I have not heard a word from Steve...sent me a Christmas card with a note promising that he will send me the script in January...and explain. To date no word and I think this applies: "Some people fail because they don't start...others fail because they don't finish." Undoubtedly he is in there somewhere."

Sorry for the length of this, but didn't want to take up your time via telephone.. I just wanted to keep you up to date on the events and hope you keep the faith that this will make a difference in the lives of the orphans, for which it was intended.

All good things and best regards to you both.



Oh yes...I did send a copy of my book to Prime Minister Tony Blair's wife, Cheri. I had a 2 week turn-around response. She finds the book and concept of "a war cradle of sorts" interesting and was then accompanying her husband to Afghanistan. I propose a war cradle..a protective environment, medical care, education, teach them a trade.. they would be the future leaders of the country. (1 in 5 is an orphan) My experience to date is that many of the Vietnamese orphans feel a strong loss of culture and it has taken control of their lives...they are searching for answers, when often there are none. I am not convinced that taking children from their birth environment is the proper thing to do.

In writing non-fiction, facts should be ~~re~~arranged into a plot.

Each chapter needs a beginning, middle and end - plus a hook to pull you on thru the book. Whole book needs same structure.

vivid anecdote; suspense expansion

Chap. 1 - There is wonderful drama and excitement and color in here. I'd move one of the dramatized events up to the beginning of the chapter to get the reader involved immediately. I was confused in the middle - lost order of events - it seemed a mass of unsorted data - needs smoother transitions. Good thump! ending.

Chap. 2 - Incident with Brown & Child would make a good beginning. Then explain why GIs were suspicious of children. *or a generic incident of a child as agent of death* Good place to explain American soldier's historic concern for children. This chapter flowed more smoothly for me. Overall, I'd like to see you use more quotes, if possible, from the people you interviewed.

Chap. 3 - Another weak beginning - needs a dramatic incident to get it off the ground.

re-done

Father in heaven who lovest all,
Oh, help thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Rudyard Kipling
The Children's Song.

Do right to the widow, judge for the fatherless, give to
the poor, defend the orphan, clothe the naked The Aprocrypha

And he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom come,

The Eferlasting Mercy John
Masefield

Bitter are the tears of a child:
Sweeten them.
Deep are the thoughts of a child:
Quiet them.
Sharp is the grief of a child;
Take it from him.
Soft is the heart of a child;
Do not harden it.

A child Lady Pamela Wyndham
Glendonner

The culture shock of the children is followed from the presidio in California to Denver, where the last of the orphans await final adoption procedures. In dealing with the media and press, the organization's paranoia emerges as it has been suggested by the press that some of the children are not orphans. Accusations are made that the airlift has been used to the advantage of opportunists within the organizations and Vietnamese officials.

Some children have been misplaced or have been kidnapped during the operation and getting the organizations to confirm or deny these allegations has met with embarrassment. During the airlift children were found to be "swapping" name wrist tags; one child embarking in San Francisco was found to be wearing six identification tags. Speculation indicates that many of the children have been misidentified.

After all the children have been placed in adoptive homes the legal entanglements and political investigations begin. Mothers who have escaped from Southeast Asia appear and attempt to find and repossess their offspring, often taking them from well-adjusted families and homes. Some foster parents relinquish them quietly while others challenge the claims in sensational court battles. The organizations are forced to spend more than \$200,000 in legal fees to defend the adoption procedures. During the litigation action some children fail to recognize their natural mothers after brief periods of separation amounting from six months to two years. As a result, questions arise regarding identity.

Finally, when the fires turn to ashes, a smoldering continues. An aftermath of the moment in history deals with cultural shock from which some children never recover. Families are traumatized by disruptive, incorrigible temperamental children who are eventually abandoned into the American Social Service system, and the question arises if they may not have survived better in Vietnam. The controversy continues as to whether "Operation Babylift" was an act of humanity or the greatest "babyheist" of the century. The reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away- Thoreau

CHAPTER IV

A late afternoon shower had passed over the airfield. The lingering raindrops caught the reflection of the departing sun, glistening like tiny rainbows before they slithered into the puddles below the Pan American Jet. Like a dancing accompaniment to a silent symphony, the rainbeams were playing a prelude in their fall, the introduction of the drama that was about to unfold. The crescendo would soon follow in the build-up of young voices heard now in the far distance. A busload of excited children raced across the flight line toward the huge wings of the silver lady, who beckoned to them like a mother's outstretched arms, waiting to take her young to her bosom. Yes, once they were in her arms they would be safe. Safe from hunger and despair, abandonment and even perhaps death itself.

Ross Meador heaved a sigh of relief as he edged the vehicle, bearing the U.S. Embassy seal, closer to the cluster of people gathered at the ramp.

"Next stop, America," he shouted above the noise coming from the huddled masses peering, and some half-hanging, out the open windows.

One by one the anxious children jumped down from the bottom step of the bus, each trying to outdo the youngster who jumped before him. It was a gigantic leap, both feet hitting the ground.....a game they repeated whenever the occasion provided for it. This time for sure the last jump had a more definite significance.

Insert

There were surgical teams in the Delta from Australia, Iran, The Phillipines, and Turkey, The Koreans aea also in the country and the Germans arrived with a hospital ship the Hegoland, very fancy, painted white, with a staff of 7 doctors, which is prked on the waterfront in Saigon.

Surgiacal wounds herea are 100 % infected. The Phillipinos are apparently closi all their wounds tight at the skin where it would- be much better to leave the skin open anticipating infection.

The philipino team consited of four doctors, five nurses two anesthetist and half dozen elninsted men running x ray dept and doing tother tings. Well trained people and happy to be working with them howe-er medical surgical rpoglmn exist.

The entrance to Tan Son Nhut was littered with abandoned American cars and motorcycles. American evacuees were turned away back at the gates by resentful Vietnamese guards firing into the air and shouting, "we want to go too." The desperate civilians had to retreat back into Saigon to find open evacuation assembly points, which were dwindling down because of the heavy attack. With firefight in the streets, it was a life threatening attempt to move about the city. A bus plan had been put into effect to get Americans to evacuation points but that too broke down whereby forcing 8 busloads of evacuees to abandoned attempts to reach the defense attaché office at Tan Son Nhut Air Base. These 8 busloads eventually ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ sought haven in the embassy compound. Evidence of further lack of realistic planning was repeated throughout the crisis. Vietnamese personnel who had been employed by the U.S. Embassy had been instructed to move to "safe houses" and remained ^{tele-} in phone contact with officials at the embassy regarding their whereabouts, but they were subsequently abandoned when events at the embassy became hectic and telephones were no longer answered. It was apparent that the American embassy staff was not prepared for such an evacuation especially one requiring helilift of thousands of persons from the embassy.

The scene outside the embassy compound was reaching riotous proportions as hundreds of Vietnamese tried to claw their way over the 14 foot wall surrounding the compound in their desperate attempts to reach the American evacuation helicopters.

Many evacuees moved in vehicle convoys to the pick up points at the embassy and at Tan Son Nhut, harassed by mobs and armed South Vietn troops. Air America UH-1's lifted some individuals from scattered locations in the city.

U.S. Navy and US Air Force fighters, including "Wild Weasel" anti SAM aircraft deployed shortly before to Korat, Thailand, circled overhead. Two F-4s took out an enemy 57 mm anti aircraft sit 10 mile (16km) northeast of Saigon in late afternoon.

Ross had been going strong for several days trying to get rid of the thousands of dollars worth of supplies in Saigon and to get out an additional 66 Vietnamese. Monday he was told by USAID that it didn't look like the evacuation would come up for several days. That evening Sr. Warte came by with a truck to pick up supplies. As they were loading, Tan Son Nhut came under bombing attack. The men freaked out as the public address system drove up the streets declaring a 24 hour curfew. Ross had considered heading in for USAID housing when sounds of a huge fire fight came from downtown. He decided to stay home, that he was probably safer there. He went up to the roof of the villa to watch the war. Saw considerable smoke over the air base and 10 F5's all took off in one direction flew over his head. All the staff left the compound except for Hong and Bac. Hong made him a nice supper. He borrowed a radio from next door. News was watery. very noisy all night. Hong was afraid and Ross promised to take care of her. Paid guards around the compound. Ross

TED GLEICHMAN —

FCVN was established in 1967 by a group of Denver area physicians.

FCVN was started in Denver by ^{Lee SANUVE} Lisan Buchanan, a Quaker, dedicated to saving children.

The purpose was to hal~~ve~~ the appalling death rate of infants and children in Vietnam by providing food, clothing and medicine as well as trained personnel.

The group that started FCVN was a very unique group of people in that they represented all social levels, religion, cultures and economic backgrounds. They had the common cause of protecting and saving the children of Vietnam. The group grew ~~xxxxx~~ at a phenomenal rate of approximately 75 people in the original organization.

Early FCVN - defunct.

domino theory-

Throughout the years of the Second Vietnam War there was impassioned argument as to what would happen when the war was over...especially if the Communists were to win. The "domino theory" generally att

Seats in cargo hold? 305 aboard -

We have to realize that public opinion &
public enthusiasm can set wheels in motion -
and provide momentum that is hard to stop -

From council

The most significant obstacle facing the housing industry
is a general public disillusionment."

MIA

Among U.S. agencies handling the adoption of South Vietnamese children are: Friends for All Children, Boulder, Colo; Holt Adoption Program, Eugene, Ore; Travelers Aid-international Social Service of America, New York; Catholic Relief Services, New York, Migration and Refugees Services, New York and World Vision International, Monrovia, Calif. Friends of the Children of Vietnam, Denver, Col..

Charles Judman

Only - former boxer + A. Army Staff Sgt

*He's religious, philanthropic, humanitarian
& generous -*

AIM

143
42

62

185

93

243
-
150

243 - 149

62

308

172

133

Handwritten scribbles and numbers, including a large '0' and '2'.

57

150 =

243
-
149
= 94

172
-
81
= 91

62

243
-
62
= 181

222

"THIS BOAT IS GOING TO ITALY!"

deep impression. American and British bombs had created havoc with all the buildings fronting the water. B-17's (Flying Fortresses) had made a mess of Naples' docks. Some warehouses were reduced to total rubble. Every windowpane had been smashed. Walls gaped with holes. Doors hung askew. Squashed trucks still littered the ground.

To many mountaineers, it was a first look at war.

The *West Point* had to navigate with great care through the port. In several places masts of half-sunken Italian boats stuck out of the water. Ships' bridges were upside down. Loading ramps floated near collapsed water towers. The coastal section of Kiska had been untouched by comparison with Naples.

War-torn Italy offered other scenes. In the streets of Naples, the Mountain Troopers saw flocks of ragged, starving children. Despite winter, most of them were barefooted, or wore old, shabby, oversized shoes. After spending Christmas at Bagnoli, north of Naples, the men of the 86th had seen what war could do to youngsters. There were no children's clothes at all; the young people had to wear cast-off adult jackets and coats and shirts that hung like sacks. Everywhere hordes of children begged for food. Italian adults rummaged through Army garbage for potato peelings, old bread crusts, and other "leftovers." Used coffee grounds had become precious and the Italians clamored for salt, sugar, indeed for anything edible. Candy bars had disappeared from the country altogether.

In the northern part of Italy, still occupied by Hitler's troops, even a harvest of apples had to be shipped to

"THIS BOAT IS GOING TO ITALY!"

Germany. In January 1945 reduced to virtual slavery. Most of the Italian army, which with Hitler's, had long been generals shot or imprisoned. Since the dictator, the proud, flamboyant, had been a German puppet, held the region, north of the Po Plain.

The cities and farms of the occupiers' hard knuckles. They turned out weapons and ammunition machine. Because agricultural and sent out of Italy, most of the off. No Italian could keep so many bureaucrats counted every of. Thanks to the long war, southern food, either.

The Tenth Mountaineers of helping the local population well off. They received plenty of Naples for the long journey not be heated on portable stoves. They transformed the rusty old freight cars, and even "sleeping cars," into a bedroll along. In the daytime became an "observation train, foreign sights—"two-wheel hor upper windows with balconies bundles on their heads—" as he remarked. In Pisa the troopers Tower. The 86th dug its foxho

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Mary Jack Wald

Wald-Hardy Associates, Inc.
Suite 325
799 Broadway
New York, N. Y. 10003

April 4th - McCarr -
Hawaii -

Arrival - receipt - policy destroyed.
Alphay receipts - envelope ^{being also stored up}
at airport + kids
smells

Soldie + Sains - found inside to
States + got stuck - clearing up kids
Plans full of names + food -
Pilot - said when I need name I
did a little dig + she said work.

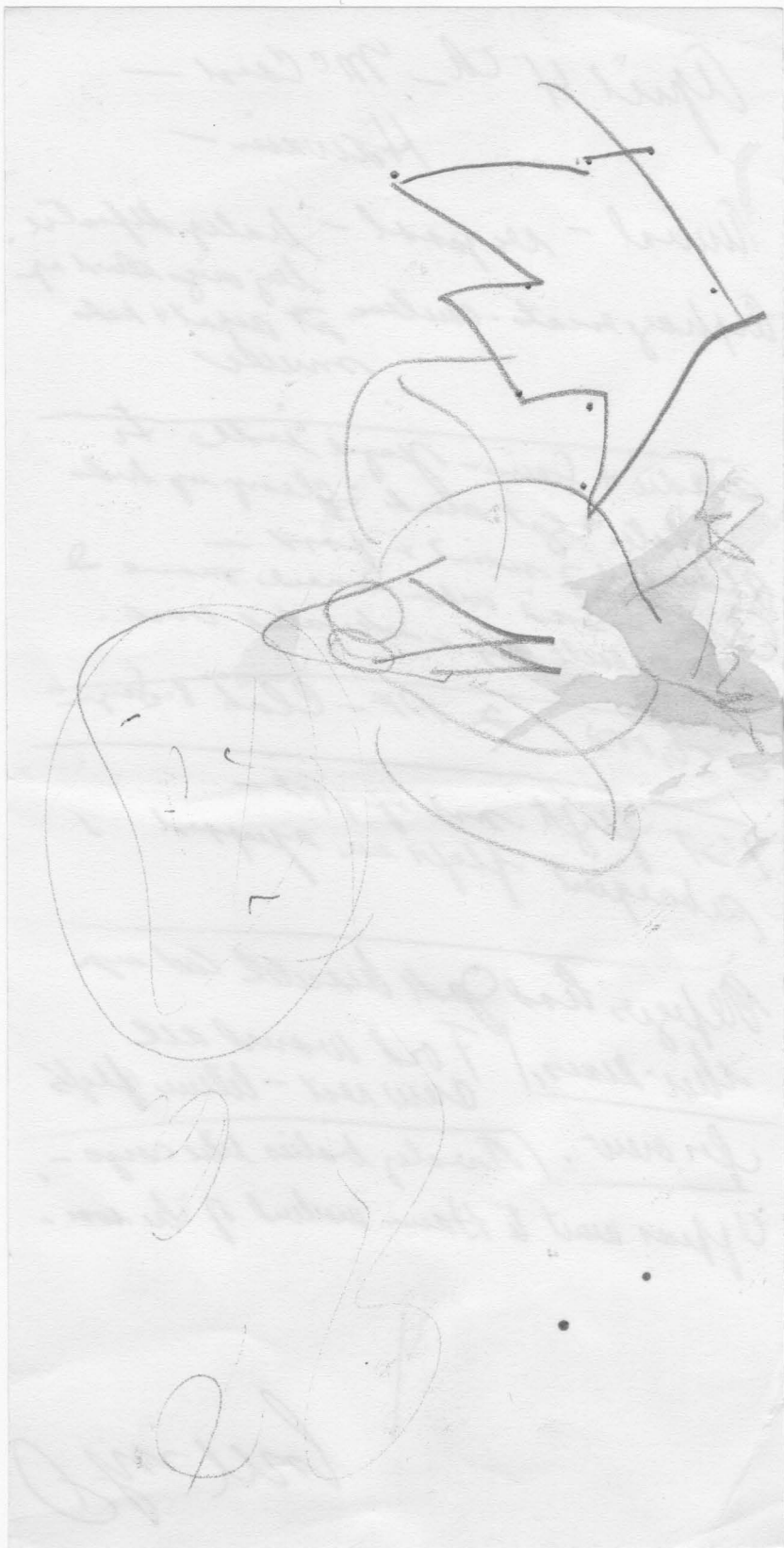
250,000 - 2 AF - Clark + Sain

1st flight not equipped -
subsequent flights are equipped

Alphay had just brought out up
their names. Ford worked all
crew rest - little flights

for crew. (Nasty babies like cargo -
Alphay went to Hawaii instead of the war -

4
Fly me



As the US. made plans to resettle the 147,000 Sout Vietnamese in their lnew land therw wasn an outpouring of g ugly protest across the nations, marring an otherwise honorable exit and demonstrating that the us was nt yet free of the rancor that the war had spawned.

Ervery war scars nations as well as people. But only one conflict in American history the Civil War ever divided the United States more brutally than Vietnam or imprinted such an zlbun of nighmarish images' on the national psyche. The war has been ghe saddest chapter in the past century of American history-, and it will take years for the U.S. to come to grips with what it did to Vietnam and what Vietnam did to America.

The faith of Americans in thier leadershi was practially destroyed and many were left convince d that they had been both seduced and ecir brf by their government. bben decieved.

I Hope this
BOOK BRINGS
PEACE to the world

Newsweek Pg 7-8
wind-up -

It will not be easy. The war has been the saddes5t chapter in the past century of American historyk and it will tke years for the US to come to grips withwhat it did to Vietnam...and what Vietnam did t o America. The faith of Americans in their leadership was practially destroyed and many were left confvinced that they had been both seduced and deceived by their government. The war added a cynical new vocabulary to the American idionm..."light a t the end of the tunnel" "protective reaction, smart obombs, peace with honor" an d it eroded the legitimacy of authority throughtout the country . Times were chancing. Vietna brought incalculable changes to AMericna life The society had already been shaken by the revolt of the black;s Vitetman accelrated the transformation.Out of the protests and mass movements grew a life-style that came to be calle the counter-culture. Some of the manifestations were as evanescent as Day Glot paitnt, but others seeped into the soutl of the nations young. Protest over the war led to a whole new plitics that ultimately involved the rights of women, homosexuals and every other alientated sector of society.

C. I on garb - Viet on lute - what is he saying there?
117.42

~~C. I on lute - what is he~~

over

Operation Frequent wind began and ended before Congress ever got around to granting Ford the authority to use US troops to evacuate the South Vietnamese but that did not deter the President. Pressed to defend his action, he replied:
"I took them out because they would be killed. I am proud of it."

Handwritten scribbles

*Texas
MAY-75*

①
About 4 am Tuesday the Communists launched a massive rocket and artillery assault on already beleaguered Tan Son Nhut airbase. Some 150 rockets and 130 mm shells whined in forcing an immediate halt in the ongoing evacuation of Americans and Viets. From the San The ICCs International Commission For Control & Supervision compound is ;burning...The back end of the Gymnasium has been hit.... Two marines were killed. Doctors were called for, firefighting equipment was requested and then told to stay away because of the shelling. A large secondary explosion was reported across the runway. The ammo storage area was hit. Worse, yet communist troops were pushing into some of the city's suburbs. The coordinated attacks turned out to be the last of the war.
The shelling of Tan Son Nhut was reported to Washington. President Ford and his top advisers led to the decision to evacuate all remaining Americans.

Re-write

use newly constructed
consolidated 2 wing building

(A)

Must have
Completed

Continental Care Center was to be occupied in June as a psychiatric care unit, accommodating 120 patients. Opening a new medical facility was not without its challenges; each employee had to be selected and trained, each piece of equipment purchased, policies and procedures written for each department along with formalizing the ^{numerous} requirements for licensing, ~~acceptance~~. It was a momentous task and I looked forward to it; opening ^{a new facility} ~~one~~ put you into an exclusive "club" of administrators.

Since Continental was lacking in luxurious surroundings, the inner

Jun 10-1944 - 4 days

P-47 - Grand support →

Rosell, France -

Plane on fire - ejected
4:00 pm -

Break left leg - (hit ground)

Traced company around -

Tank direct hit & flak -

Unconscious - 8-9 Hitler
Guns

3-400 yards from Canadian Troops

Woke up down trail & Hitler guard
my Part hit ejected - Ammon.

Had 3 little sisters home same age
(5-4-7-14-17) age. Can't get they go -

~~FORGET ABOUT
JUST THE GRAND
FORWARD~~

31-14-15 year old

8-9 HITZ ERGANO 12TH PANZER DIVISION

1 month before I was camp -
Medical Student - did you at person
Camp - put leg in cast -

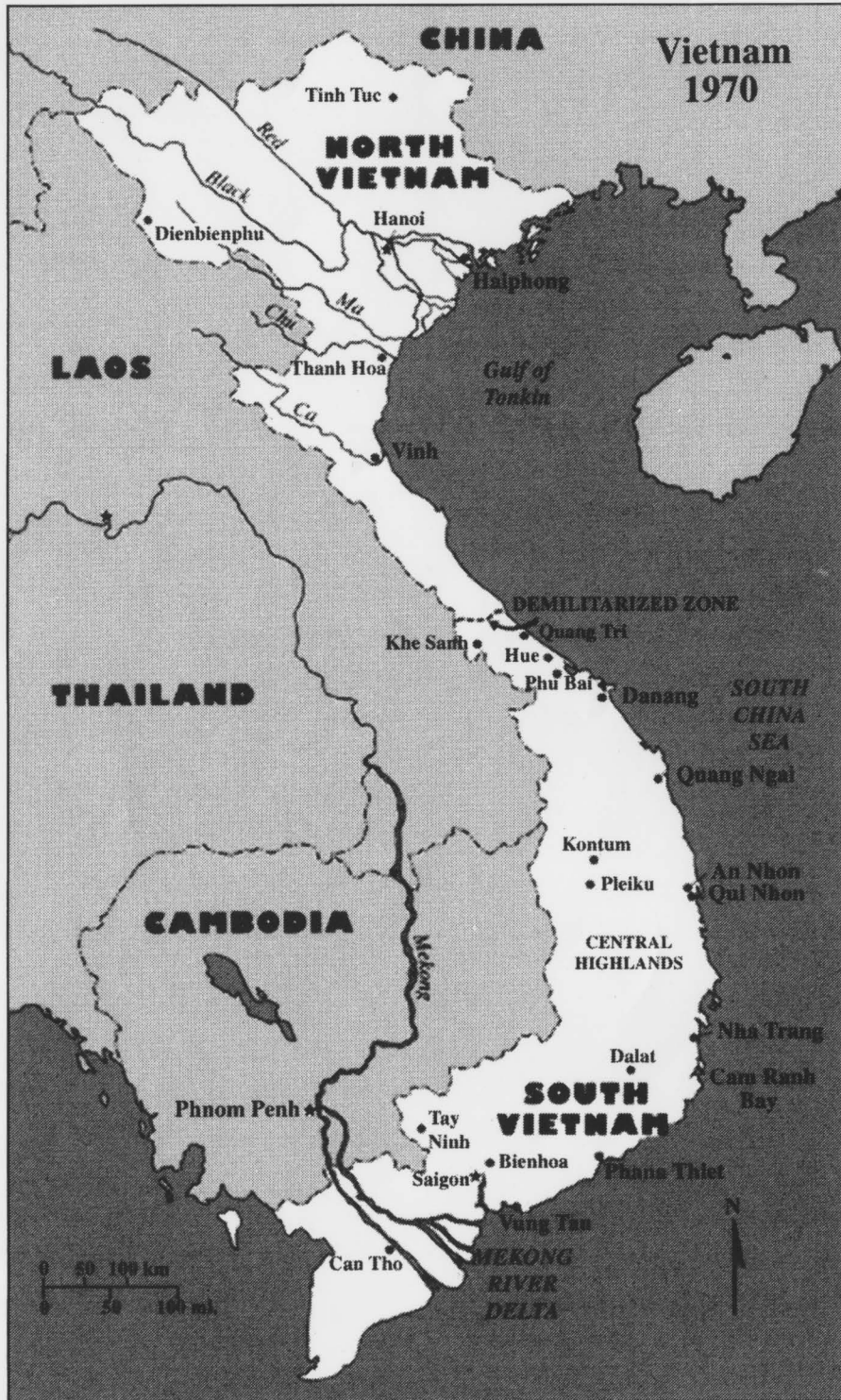
Stalag Luft (3) -

Immerling 7A - 1945 -
Noy Munich



Sheraton
HOTEL
Colorado Springs





THE WIND AND ANNE

THE WAR CRADLE

**VIETNAM'S
CHILDREN OF WAR**

**OPERATION BABYLIFT-
THE UNTOLD STORY**

Shirley Peck-Barnes

Shirley Peck-Barnes



Shirley Peck-Barnes

Shirley Peck-Barnes was born in Edwardsville, Pennsylvania, and was raised in Hamtramck, Michigan. A degree in business was her springboard to adventure. Following jobs in Hollywood, she was assigned to the Far East as a secretary with the Department of Defense during the Korean War years, then to Europe and spent seven years in the Washington area as the wife of a career Air Force Officer with NSA. Retirement to Denver, with four children, was interrupted by her husband's illness and she returned to the job market as a licensed healthcare administrator. It was during these years that she encountered the crisis of the Vietnamese War orphans. Home is now a small ranch in Littleton, Colorado, where she is involved in corporate management and currently writing two books: "Where Have All The Roses Gone?", a light, humorous parody on nursing homes, and "APO 239", her experiences in the Pacific. For side-bar, she quilts and writes screen treatments.

Non-Fiction

LOST . . . STARVING . . . UNWANTED . . .

they were the tens of thousands of children in Vietnam left to wander the country aimlessly. It was Vietnam's greatest tragedy . . . children caught in the crossfire of war . . . too incidental for the concerns of generals, and all uncertain of their fate under the advancing North Vietnamese Army.

"THE WAR CRADLE" tells of the events leading up to the last days of the Vietnam War and of the search and rescue of the oppressed orphans. The American soldier was confronted with the misery of the children at every turn. Sometimes they were his friend . . . sometimes the enemy. Stalwart nuns sheltered sick and dying babies in poverty-ridden orphanages and looked to the West for salvation and safe homes.

NOT ALL WARRIORS CARRY GUNS . . . there are some who fight an equally fierce battle without them. This is the true, untold story of not only the orphans, but of the camaraderie and courage of people who were obsessed with saving the children. People like Ross Meador, a 20-year-old college dropout in search of adventure, only to find himself in the Delta driving a beat-up VW van, rescuing babies. Or Ed Daly, President of World Airways, who defied the U. S. Embassy in a daring rescue attempt of refugees from the beleaguered Danang. Berated, he later did it again in an unauthorized flight of 57 orphans to the United States. Dr. Ted Gleichman saw enough misery for a lifetime in a My Tho orphanage and founded the Friends of the Children of Vietnam. There were hundreds of other volunteers like Australian Rosemary Taylor and American nurse Cherie Clark . . . all of whom lived the tense moments of what some have called "the greatest rescue mission of the century" . . . Operation Babylift.

U.S. \$17.95

ISBN 0-9662147-2-2



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THE WAR CRADLE

CHERRY L. BORN BARRIS



Shirley Peck-Barnes

Shirley ^{Peck} Barnes was born in Edwardsville, Pennsylvania, and was raised in Hamtramck, Michigan. A degree in business was her springboard to adventure. Following jobs in Hollywood, she was assigned to the Far East as a secretary with the Department of Defense, *during the Korean War years,* then to Europe and spent seven years in the Washington area as the wife of a career Air Force Officer with NSA. Retirement to Denver, with four children, was interrupted by her husband's illness and she returned to the job market as a licensed healthcare administrator. It was during these years that she encountered the crisis of the Vietnamese War orphans. Home is now a small ranch in Littleton, Colorado, where she is involved in corporate management and currently writing two books: "Where Have All The Roses Gone?", a spoof on nursing homes, and "APO 239", her experiences in the Pacific. For side-bar, she quilts and writes screen treatments. *light humorous parodies*



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Cover bio

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*accepted
a trace
of...*

Business Degree

with

Humorous comedy

Humorous parody

*a light
humorous parody
on nursing homes*

took a leave of duty

Shirley Barnes was born in Edwardsville, Pennsylvania, and was raised in Hamtramck, Michigan. A degree in business was her springboard to adventure. Following jobs in Hollywood, she was assigned to the Far East as a secretary with the Department of Defense, then to Europe and spent seven years in the Washington area as the wife of a career Air Force Officer with NSA. Retirement to Denver, with four children, was interrupted by her husband's illness and she returned to the job market as a licensed healthcare administrator. It was during these years that she encountered the crisis of the Vietnamese War orphans. Home is now a small ranch in Littleton, Colorado, where she is involved in corporate management and currently writing two books: "Where Have All The Roses Gone?", a spoof on nursing homes, and "APO 239", her experiences in the Pacific. For side-bar, she quilts and writes screen treatments.

assigned to

light humorous parody

“The War Cradle”

The untold story of “Operation Babylift”

CHAPTER BY CHAPTER OUTLINE

PROLOGUE: An overview of Operation Babylift, the mass evacuation of orphans during the final days of the Vietnam War. Sick, dying, left to wander alone, these tiny victims were too incidental for the concerns of the military strategists. Their fate was left in the hands of volunteers—ordinary people who were excited into action, despite an unpopular war, to seek out these orphans, give them new life, fresh hope, and find homes for them in the United States and abroad. Their efforts provided the only protection these children would have—a virtual “war cradle”. Still perceived nearly 25 years later as one of the most noteworthy humanitarian gestures of the 20th century, “Babylift” remains a triumph in a war otherwise riddled with political upheaval, failure, and defeat. It also remains a virtually untold story.

CHAPTER I “The Maverick Flight” - Millionaire Ed Daly of World Airways attempts to evacuate 1,500 war orphans at his own expense, but he is met with opposition from USAID on grounds they declare his cargo plane unsafe for transporting children to the U.S. Daly suspects retaliations for his unauthorized action-packed rescue of refugees from Danang days earlier. Defying regulations and red tape once more, Daly begins the first mass evacuation of orphans from Vietnam without sanction from either the Vietnamese or U.S. governments and emerges a hero. President Ford responds to an outcry from America and authorizes “Operation Babylift,” the evacuation of orphans from Vietnam.

CHAPTER II “The Soldier’s Ballad” - Described is the American soldier’s role in Vietnam as rescuer, surrogate father and Santa Claus, as well as specific events in which children are both victims and the aggressor. Although the generosity of “GI Joe” did not surface until the 20th century, history reveals that the American soldier had a long standing record of rescuing children. When he left Vietnam, the children of that country endured a great loss.

CHAPTER III “Orphanages of Vietnam” - As a direct result of American support, orphanages sprout-up all over Vietnam in a massive effort to provide for the homeless children of war. Each facility is unique and the French nuns who run them fought a day-to-day struggle for survival. Stories revealing search and rescue efforts by

volunteers, as well as the tragedies of individual children, are revealed. It is a never ending battle of cutting through red tape and facing the daily challenge of keeping the children alive until they can be sent to homes that welcome them in America

CHAPTER IV "The Friends of the Children of Vietnam—The Beginning"- FCVN comes into existence after a Denver physician, Dr. Ted Gleichman, returns from a tour of duty in the Delta. Appalled at the death rate of infants (80%), Gleichman is determined to do something about the tragedy half a world away and organizes the relief effort. FCVN expands to 60 chapters worldwide, survives internal political struggles, and emerges as a forerunner in the effort to save the children of Vietnam.

CHAPTER V "Mister Ross" - Ross Meador, a 19-year-old college dropout, ventures to Vietnam to become FCVN's supply coordinator. Driving a Volkswagen bus without air-conditioning, he journeys daily into remote areas of the oppressively hot Delta to rescue sick and dying babies from abandonment in foundling homes, villages, and even trash heaps. The race back to Saigon through VC infested territory is precarious and often arrival at the orphanage is a race against death with little lives slipping away along the route. The Gia Dinh critical care center unit is over-crowded, epidemics erupt and take lives while a desperate staff labor day and night to bring dying babies back from the brink of death. Ross faces a multitude of problems during the last days before the fall of Vietnam.

CHAPTER VI "The Plane Crash" - Daly's rescue of the orphans grips all of America; it is seen as the one positive thing of the Vietnam War. President Ford implements "Operation Babylift" and sends a C5A Galaxy from the Philippines to Saigon to begin the evacuation of hundreds of abandoned children. Then fate intervenes and tragedy strikes. Soon after takeoff from Tan Son Nhut Airport, the rear cargo doors are blown off and the plane crashes, killing 172 orphans and escorts aboard. The crash scene is chaotic and sabotage is suspected, but the tragedy is not a deterrent and Babylift continues.

CHAPTER VII "The Airlift" - As the Communists thrust deeper into South Vietnam, the attempts to save the children become an hour-by-hour agony for the agencies. Finally, the Vietnamese government reverses its previous position and approves the emigration of orphans processed for adoption to the West. Children are hurriedly shuttled to the Philippines, then to the West Coast of the United States. Exhausted volunteers staff the 46 flights, transporting 2,547 orphans; nine infant deaths are reported, adding a sad note to the rescue

Print

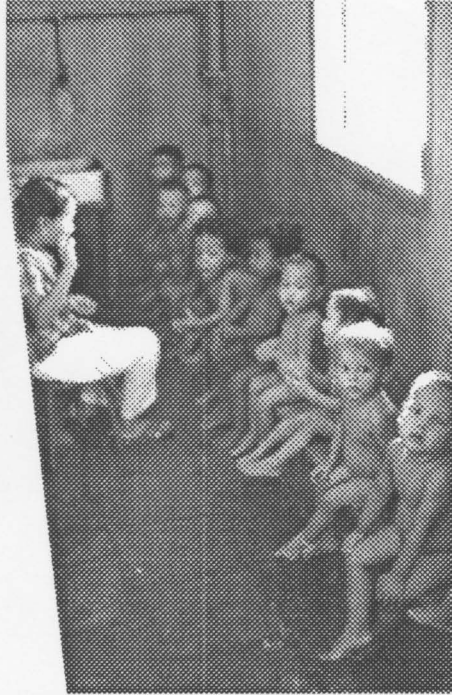
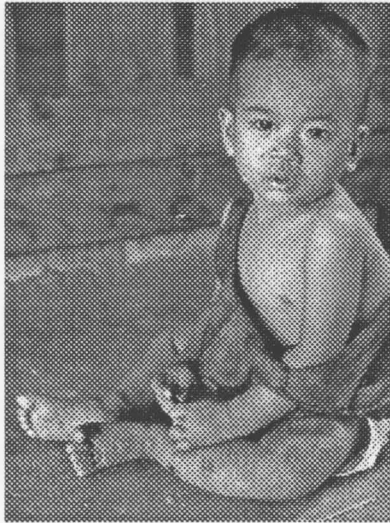
CHAPTER VIII "The Last Days" - It is the last day of a hot war and Ross Meador accidentally learns of total evacuation. The orphanages are emptied, but when the volunteers return from the airport, they find them overflowing with abandoned children. Panic grips all of Saigon, and Meador weaves his way through a maze of blockades to the American Embassy. After hours of standing in line to the helicopter evacuation pad, Meador leaves his coveted spot and returns to the end of the line to help Fr. McVeigh, a catholic prist, with a group of frightened children. With firefights blasting away outside the compound, it is late into the night before Meador races across the Embassy rooftop with a child in his arms. His last memory of Vietnam is seen through the rear opening of the chopper as he witnesses tracers whizzing by and sees a city below in flames. He realizes that Vietnam will be the event of his life.

CHAPTER IX "On Course With Destiny" - The author brings herself into the story, revealing how, by chance, she became involved in the Babylift. While driving home late during a Denver snowstorm, she listens to a newscast making an appeal from FCVN on behalf of the orphans and her conscience stirs. She recalls her own experiences as a secretary in the South Pacific during the Korean War years and the plight of the children during that engagement. Accepting that she must become involved, she places a call to FCVN offering the use of her healthcare facility to house the 600 orphans coming to Denver.

CHAPTER X "Rainbow" - The Vietnam War is over and all the children that are ever going to get out have arrived on the shores of the land of the free. Several thousand are sent directly to their adoptive homes, but the remaining FCVN orphans arrive at the Denver facility to await processing. Some 3500 volunteers emerge to staff the crisis. A caring Denver community donates food, clothing, and supplies. Then homesickness becomes an epidemic, a child is stolen, and interaction with the orphans is often traumatic. Press and political accusations emerge charging that many of the children are not orphans after all but allegedly the offspring of influential Vietnamese officials. After six hectic weeks of daily involvement, accompanied by a never-ending stream of confusion and threatening calls, the last child departs and the author finds herself alone in the building surrounded by remnants of the airlift. Along about noon on a Saturday in May, it is all over. Then comes the realization, the grasping and understanding it clearly...that this newly erected building, in which orphans found refuge, is on the very site of the first Children's Hospital of Denver, founded in 1910. That this ground should be a sanctuary for children in desperate need, twice within this century, is not without coincidence. It is seen as a visible act of destiny.

CHAPTER XI "Aftermath" - The 25th Anniversary of Operation Babylift in April 2000, brings a resurgence of interest from the adoptees themselves. Along with reunions and the implementation of a web-network, tours are scheduled to Vietnam for those in search of answers. For some there are none. Many adoptees come to realize their place in history and share their experiences. Six adoptees discuss their lives, their feelings, and what it was like for them growing up in America.

EPILOGUE: When "Operation Babylift" is placed in the proper perspective, it will go down in history as one of the most noteworthy humanitarian gestures in our lifetime. Critics called it a "babyheist," Vietnamese mothers surfaced to reclaim children they had abandoned in Vietnam, and hearts were broken on both sides of the courtroom. Most of the players in the drama returned to a normal life, while others remained traumatized by their involvement. The author's attempt to get into Vietnam in 1984 was almost successful; preliminary approval came from Hanoi, then the trip was cancelled. A visit to the Vietnam Mission of the United Nations is described and reveals the feelings of the Communist government. The author sees the lesson of this moment in history unheeded as the children of the world continue to pay the price of getting caught in the crossfire of war. But there is hope... "With the birth of each child, comes the message that God has not yet tired of man."



Orphans of Vietnam
Photos by Ross Meador



Their crib was their world

Children were placed
in these repository
playpens for long
periods of time.



Non-Fiction

LOST . . . STARVING . . . UNWANTED . . .

they were the tens of thousands of children in Vietnam left to wander the country aimlessly. It was Vietnam's greatest tragedy . . . children caught in the crossfire of war . . . too incidental for the concerns of generals, and all uncertain of their fate under the advancing North Vietnamese Army.

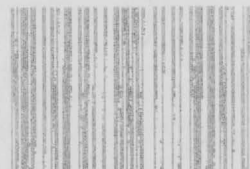
"**THE WAR CRADLE**" tells of the events leading up to the last days of the Vietnam War and of the search and rescue of the oppressed orphans. The American soldier was confronted with the misery of the children at every turn. Sometimes they were his friend . . . sometimes the enemy. Stalwart nuns sheltered sick and dying babies in poverty-ridden orphanages and looked to the West for salvation and safe homes.

NOT ALL WARRIORS CARRY GUNS . . . there are some who fight an equally fierce battle without them. This is the true, untold story of not only the orphans, but of the camaraderie and courage of people who were obsessed with saving the children. People like Ross Meador, a 20-year-old college dropout in search of adventure, only to find himself in the Delta driving a beat-up VW van, rescuing babies. Or Ed Daly, President of World Airways, who defied the U. S. Embassy in a daring rescue attempt of refugees from the beleaguered Danang. Berated, he later did it again in an unauthorized flight of 57 orphans to the United States. Dr. Ted Gleichman saw enough misery for a lifetime in a My Tho orphanage and founded the Friends of the Children of Vietnam. There were hundreds of other volunteers like Australian Rosemary Taylor and American nurse Cherie Clark . . . all of whom lived the tense moments of what some have called "the greatest rescue mission of the century" . . . Operation Babylift.

THE WAR CRADLE

Shirley Peck-Barnes

ISBN 0-9706884-0-7



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THE WAR CRADLE

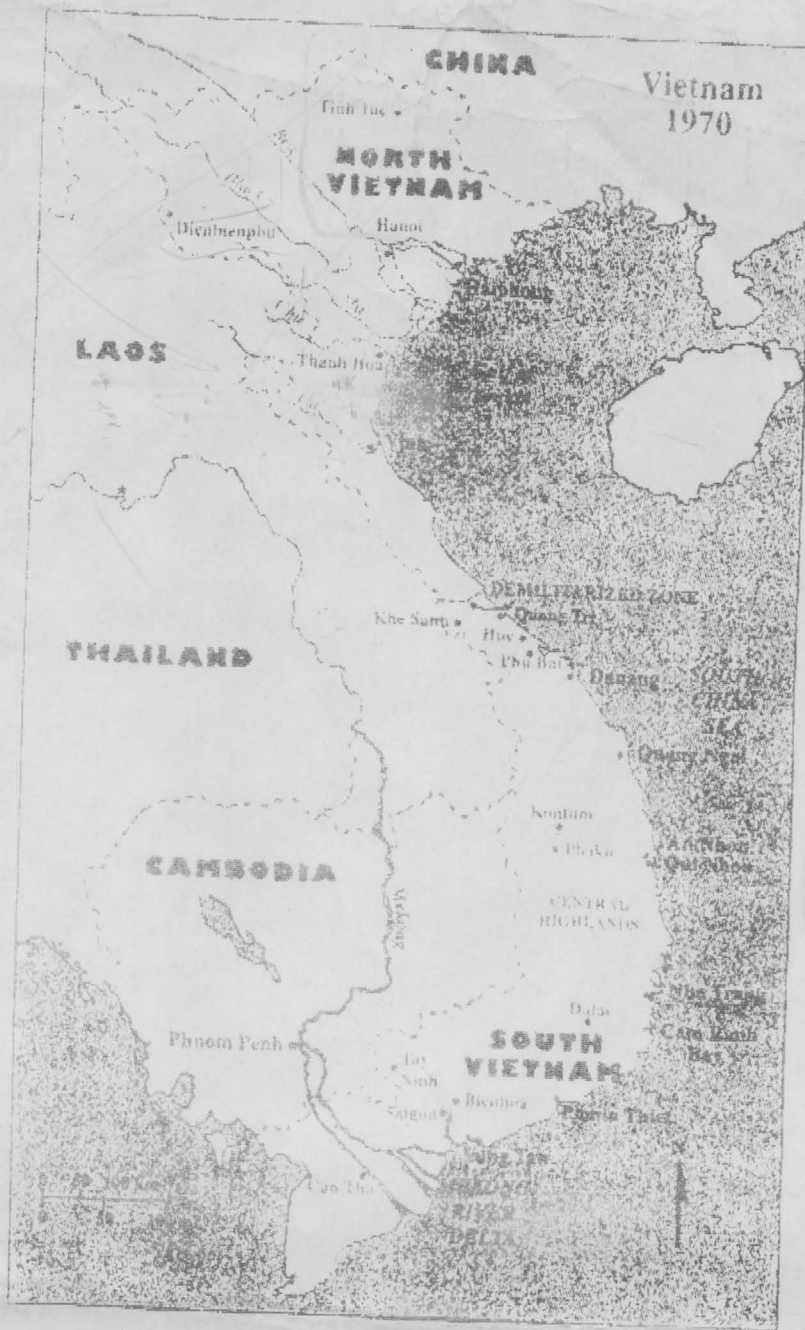
VIETNAM'S
CHILDREN OF WAR

OPERATION BABYLIFT-
THE UNTOLD STORY

Shirley Peck-Barnes

19,95
U.S. \$17.95

*Inside
F/Cover*



Shirley Peck Barnes

Shirley Peck-Barnes was born in Edwardsville, Pennsylvania, and was raised in Hamtramck, Michigan. A degree in business was her springboard to adventure. Following jobs in Hollywood, she was assigned to the Far East as a secretary with the Department of Defense during the Korean War years, then to Europe and spent seven years in the Washington area as the wife of a career Air Force Officer with NSA. Retirement to Denver, with four children, was interrupted by her husband's illness and she returned to the job market as a licensed healthcare administrator. It was during these years that she encountered the crisis of the Vietnamese War orphans. Home is now a small ranch in Littleton, Colorado, where she is involved in corporate management and currently writing two books: "Where Have All The Roses Gone?", a light, humorous parody on nursing homes, and "APO 239", her experiences in the Pacific. For side-bar, she quilts and writes screen treatments.

*Inside back
cover*

The War Cradle

several times. Efforts to get a commemorative plaque on its cornerstone have not been successful—sad, considering a pioneer effort to save children happened there twice in the same century. Philbert Martinez, a Continental employee who worked for me after Babylift, embedded my name in the concrete sidewalk, a gesture that both surprised and pleased me. After all these years, it's nice to know it's still there.

As for myself, after the children left Continental, I continued as a healthcare administrator for several more years, and while the work was rewarding, nothing changed in a system severely lacking in progress and attitudes, and my career was often complicated by old "politics" that kept resurfacing. For example, when my name was submitted, with endorsement, for three official positions, my candidacy was rejected. "It's the 'Babylift' thing," a well-respected peer cautioned. "When you're active in a controversial cause and outspoken, you will always draw criticism. It's the nature of the beast...there's nothing you do that doesn't have a price attached to it."

Discouraged with the lack of change in policy, along with haggling 45,000 regulations, I left Continental in November, 1977. Within a few years, after I completely divorced myself from the healthcare system, I encountered an unrelenting state surveyor in a mall. He was enthusiastic in his greeting: "Hi Barnes. You look great... where are you now?"

"Where you can't get me!" I replied...and kept on walking. My own response was a final insult to those years of dedication that came up short...as I can only remember them being filled with conflict, rivalry and discredit.

I looked for another challenge and found it after meeting Dr. Clifford Bennett. He convinced me that the story of Operation Babylift needed to be told and insisted that I write about the human experience rather than compile pages of statistics. To date, hundreds of books have been written about the Vietnam War, and there will undoubtedly be countless more. In contrast, only a few personal experiences address the subject of Babylift, which is all but extinct in the historical record. Operation Babylift was an important part of the war, and the loss of so many young lives may, perhaps, even be its greatest tragedy. Assuring that it does not happen again can only come in documentation and taking a stand for children in war. There is no place for privacy here. Some experiences run deep and pain is not always

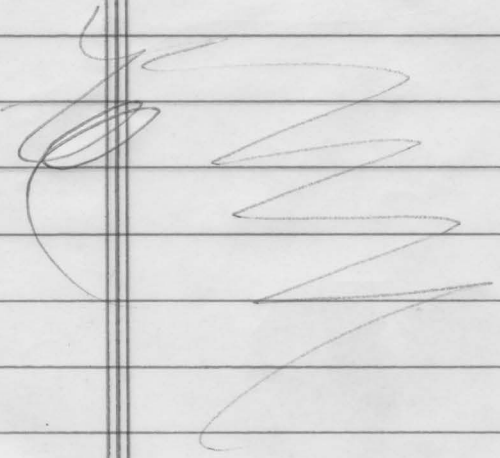
Smyth Communist onslaught

one last symbolic gesture of goodwill
turned into a catastrophe when a
merry flight eventually ran into the
capitals of the U.S. - crashed & burned only
minutes after leaving Oregon

~~And remained ^{appressed} optimism in~~
appealed to Congress for aid to the
Shun government. "I still think there is
an opportunity to merge the situation in
China."

Majorin Canyon said no aid would
help. I at war I needed.

"I think ~~between~~ it will be up to
America



Outraged USAID officials considered
the Au Sang escape as an ~~important~~
"abysmally inhuman and heartless
act of savagery". Only one ~~man~~
opened their office as a humanitarian
gesture. Which one it was, it
remains a mystery. This was the ~~one~~

Without Honor pg 368 — NW

Accounting that was clearly
about to fail.

After his departure he had leave that I
became severely ill

After his departure I became severely ill
and ~~hospitalized~~ hospitalized

Several weeks after his departure I became
seriously ill and hospitalized at the
Navy Army Hospital, which at that time
was a mix of quarters completely
^{under military supervision} ~~the~~ - a half acre field hospital
from W.W.I. Learning my husband was
dead, I ^{sent a letter} ~~sent~~ to the island and
instructed me to Stogin as soon as I was well.

~~Handwritten notes, possibly a letter or document, crossed out with a large X.~~

from

58 replies. Daily plane

7 agencies
applied
replies
in return

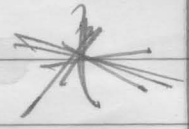
(203) F-104's?

Check hospital (260-

Collapsing
country

Big Mink 6'2 - Pg 253 -

Halt's Children Services -



Notes on Nixon papers - Pg 252 -



Footnote Vernon Lyons - USAID - Pg 20?

Stans +
Shure's
April 5, 1978

Ambassador Graham Greene in Time?
"Moulton Propaganda. ---" (Pg 207)

When Father Olmstead -
Langley -

Hut



Peter Arnett
abroad
Dulip
1 Plamre

Homeworks violated the law by entering the
sewer to put flow - whether they emerge
~~that way~~ you know. I did honorable duty
still does not show the part of men's
dedication.

If you make love to somebody, the
way you make love to somebody
is a private, personal matter.

If you want to put your big toe in
somebody's that nation the
two parts. Making it public is the
mess. People are committed are
entire in people, and it is as much
a violation of their rights as it is
an abuse to injure they are ^{depressed} popular
or soot because they have the
~~to~~ countries they were made with.

The ~~idea~~ ^{idea} ^{is} ^{gone} ²
Dred & had - murder & crime have
been eliminated from our reasoning
because there are excuses for
not believe - a defunct cluster -
a drag faith, etc.

Not only was the FCVN office and Continental ^{Case Center} deluged with threatening letters and phone calls, but extreme critical comments emerged in ^{the} ~~Denver~~ newspapers as well. It was unbelievable that the rescue of the orphans ^{who were} caught in a cross fire of political upheaval and war, should be a target for fault finding and hate. ^{Further} Applicants for adoptees did not like what they heard, "that America was on a 'guilt trip' and ^{acting} acting out of guilt and selfish concern." Article after article provided statistics ^{of} ~~of~~ disadvantaged American children that were available for adoption ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ opposition of flooding the adoption market with foreign children. Repeated ^{of} ~~of~~ grew in proportions and the rescue effort was being presented in black and white. In truth, what happened during the "Babylift" ^{is} ~~is~~ a many colored picture. ^{Further} ~~Further~~ although the criticism was mounting in proportion to the fact that thousands of lives were saved, no one produced a solution to these children or the thousands still remaining in Vietnam. They continued to be homeless and abandoned.

The issue

unfortunate

of minority and racial Babylift issue

*The fact that thousands of lives were saved
presented no solution to the crisis. No one produced any
alternative solution to Babylift - The children
left behind and ~~many~~ homeless & abandoned.*

(A)

Not only was the FCVN office and Continental Care Center deluged with threatening letters and phone calls, but extreme critical comments emerged in the newspapers as well. It was unbelievable that the rescue of the orphans, who were unfortunate children caught in a cross fire of political upheaval and war, should be the target for fault finding and hate. Further, applicants for adoptees did not like what they heard, " that America was ~~on~~ a 'guilt trip' and insinuated that they were acting out of guilt and a selfish concern." Article after article provided statistics of minority and disadvantaged American children that were already available for adoption, ^{accusing} ~~and accused~~ "Babylift" of flooding the adoption market with foreign children. The issue grew in proportions and the rescue effort was being presented in black and white. In truth, what happened during "Babylift" was a many colored picture. The fact that thousands of lives were saved seemed irrelevant to the critics. No one produced an alternative solution ^{the crisis} ~~to Babylift~~ ^{amercian} and the children left behind ~~also~~ remained homeless and abandoned.

only a fraction
of the needy children
got out under Babylift -

Quote
Chicago Tribune 4/21/85

This was evident with all the ~~Belly~~
Pre-annual ~~W~~ coverage

Always planning TV coverage that was a

This was evident in all the pre-annual Belly
university + daily reports of the experience
that was underway.

This was evident in all the pre-annual
coverage that was ~~planned~~ by the ~~media~~ media.

Lost: Having wandered from, or unable to find the way. no longer visible. No longer to be found. Missing; having gone astray, or lost the way, bewildered as to place, direction, perplexed. No longer seen, heard or known; as a person lost in a crowd.

Lost, it's like no other feeling.

"~~TO BE~~ TO BE lost." It's like no other feeling. The abandoned children of Vietnam were engulfed with the emotion.

(overcome) sense of abandonment, discard.

TITLES -

"WHIMPERS ABOVE THE MORTARS -"
STORY OF OPERATION BABYLIFT

"CHILD LAND" - STAFF - - -

"NOT ALL WARRIORS CARRY GUNS"
STAFF - - - -

"LOST" - STAFF - - -

city location would not lend itself to the affluent patient. It was going to be a no-nonsense operation and I could use all the positive public relations that is generally needed with a new business endeavor. The timing of "Operation Babylift" was perfect and when it fell into my lap I must admit the notoriety it was to bring was the farthest thing from my mind. Conversely, nor was I prepared for the negative repercussions that were to stem as ^{the} a result of my involvement.

Further, the fact that a new building was erected on the same site did not diminish the recollection of what was there before. Without any stretch of the imagination it was an improvement over the old dilapidated Downing Nursing Home, the tired edifice that had deteriorated over the years and had been demolished months earlier to yield to the construction of the new building.

Ambulance

On a sunny Saturday in mid-May the few remaining children were readied for departure to their adoptive homes. Along about noon they were gone. ^{Along the way we saw some 600 children passed thru this door no they were all gone.} Operation Babylift was over.

Suddenly, I found myself alone in the building. It was both euphoria and an erie feeling, a sense of/desertion. I wanted to run somewhere.

Instead, I went upstairs ~~to the unit one last time to be sure~~

THE UNIT WAS LEFT SECURE. LIGHTS WERE OUT AND EXITS SECURE.
~~nothing was overlooked.~~

Toys were scattered everywhere, rooms looked occupied, but no one was in them. The nursing station seemed normal, as if the staff had just stepped away for a moment; charts were neatly stacked beside a silent phone.

I went down to ^{DOIT} secure the basement door and noticed the obvious silence of the washers and dryers for the first time. Then, after locking the elevator into position, stepped back into the deserted lobby.

It was an abrupt halt....a calm that you often find following a devastating storm. Like sitting in an empty stadium after the home team lost a big one, the let-down. Or solitude, like being the last person to leave a church.

It was over.

The volunteer's roster at the security desk revealed the date, May 17, 1975. The last signature was "T.C. Ning." I picked up the pen to sign out, then realized there would be no more entries. Then, ~~it~~ scrawled the word, "Rainbow." I don't remember why.

Now "Operation Babylift" was a part of history and thousands of orphans were scattered around the world, miles from their heritage, but finally "home".....to where ever home was to be for their lifetime.

This story does not have an ending. Remember what I wrote earlier, "that fate often brings people together in the most unusual places and circumstances, and when they part something of each remains with the other...though only a thread, it endures and sometimes strengthens."...I think that must hold true with "Operation Babylift" as well. Most assuredly the children would remember something of their days in the building at the corner of 22nd and Downing Streets in Denver, Colorado.

Maybe they would recall a special person...a toy...the confusion and crying....or just that they had found their very own peaceful corner. Or maybe ~~they would~~ ^{just} remember that they had been someplace warm, cozy and safe. ~~Or just that they were~~ ^{and} ~~wanted~~ ^{loved} "for the first time in their lives, ~~when they were uncertain how they fitted into this big universe,~~

The 3500 volunteers that staffed Babylift in Denver would remember the frightened babes they tried to communicate love to. Who could forget those terrified little faces upon arrival, and how they struggled to stay awake the first night, afraid to go to sleep. There would be a certain child to recall...and the ~~wondering~~ ^{never ending} *community* "if they made it, somehow."

Denver, the western cow-town that was finally growing into a proud metropolis, would remember too.

And in the powers to be, that are supposed to determine the outcome of events, it appeared that it was in the natural order of things for this acre of land at 22nd and Downing Streets to become ordained for a second time in this century, to hear the sound of little voices, to witness their pain and temper their confusion, ^{to be} _a haven.

The chances of such an occurrence happening twice within this period was indeed not without odds. It was a highly visible act of destiny.

I often wonder, if in the years to come, there will be a "third coming" of children in that very special spot....and ^{at 2nd + Day} wished I could be there again.

#####

As the weeks wore on and the excitement of the ~~end of the~~ the airlift began to taper, a quiet routine of boredom seem to overtake the volunteers. Initally there hadn't been time to have meetings, ^{to do any training} or to meet all the key people of the organization. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and ~~even thier~~ Roles changed daily. It was difficult sometimes to estalish continuity. ~~and few~~ ^{cross-section} volunteers were skilled in even the basic management concepts, Therefore, often times leadership and supervision was minimal for the many child care givers who appeared each day to donate their time, Voluntters ~~xxx~~ as wonderful as they may seem, could pick and choose and you always risked the chance of losing their involvement if you "ruffle" them, ~~and~~ so it was with the voluntters at Continental who came because they were intersted in handling children. The cleanup each day was awesome and consequently left ^{a very degree to} the three staff members I had ~~previously~~ hired to assist me in opening the building. Very often I became exasperated with the coordinators who were oblivious to the ^{aspect of} surroundings ~~of~~ ^{the physical part} the building, the trash consistenly ignored and the neglect of the physical plan. One coordinator in particular, who seemed to have been conscentious and dedicated, Nancy Hegel, worked many late night shifts and had a grasp of the magnitude of ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ our ^{frustrations} ~~problems~~.

The only problem was, she called me all the time to interest you in - and many other students were illuic to our involvement -

(A)

In my attempt to admonish her behavior, I was given a counter offer. If I would cooperate in providing her with information regarding the orphans, /whom^{those} she thought were children of the elite, the reporter promised unlimited/^{future}media coverage for my facility when I was to begin my psychiatric program.

The timing of "Operation Babylift" was perfect and when it fell into my lap I must admit I became aware of the positive public relations it could generate; though in making the initial offer to FCVN, the notoriety and publicity~~rate~~ was the farthest thing from my mind. Now the reporter was resurrecting an administrator's dream, the opportunity for favorable press in an industry that gets very little. I could relish the opportunity of having an opportunity to get out those good human interest stories that promote positive public relations.

What an opportunity! Instead, I declined. Old habits die hard. Play fair, hold hands and stick together....it's what we learn in kindergarten.

* * *

~~Just when~~

They are the innocent victims of the whole tragedy of Vietnam. There is no foreseeable change in their future.

In October 1982
Congress eventually passed legislation allowing Amerasian children to enter the United States under the sponsorship of their natural fathers. Too few benefitted from the law and their reunions were both awkward and heartbreaking, ^Lhurried or inept explanations were made to American families who were not aware of their existence.

The ^Cunclaimed children must spend a lifetime wondering who their fathers were. They have only to look into a reflection to be reminded of the drama they are living. *OK*

Most Vietnamese refugees made the transition into American life and heads no longer turn with curiosity, ~~We are, after all, the melting pot of the world;~~ they are just one of the crowd. Yet, one can't help but ^{ponder}~~deliberate~~ if they weigh ^{Wonder} a sense of loss or displacement in a country so geographically different than the one of their origin. There is a longing for roots in all of us.

To date, a multitude of subjects regarding Vietnam still appear in the papers, though they are now on a lesser page. Agent orange surfaces, the never-ending quest for the MIA's and the occasional family reunion is seen in a tearful picture. It's all ^Cthere to remind us there was a war.

Most recently, in a humanitarian effort to curtail further tragedy, some veterans returned to Vietnam to clear a mine field