The original documents are located in Box 6, folder "Clippings: 1980-1984" of the Shirley Peck Barnes Papers at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

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LIBRARY FILE/United Press International

Veterans salute Vietnam Veterans Memorial statue after its 1984 unveiling.

Vietnam was a war without winners

Editor: The mention of Vietnam stirs many memories of the unpleasant variety. I'm thankful to be one of the lucky few who

cannot find at least one or two names upon the wall of people we knew.

The three soldiers who now face the me-

The most cited reason for the dro
fatalities is the 55-mph speed limit.
unreported comparison between our w
year, 1981, and 1985 reveals the follow

In 1981, what is called the "unadjus
number of 49.7 percent of our veh
were exceeding the 55-mph speed lim
our highways. In 1985, an "unadjusted"
percent were exceeding the 55.

In 1981, our average rural in
speed was 56.9 mph. In 1985, it
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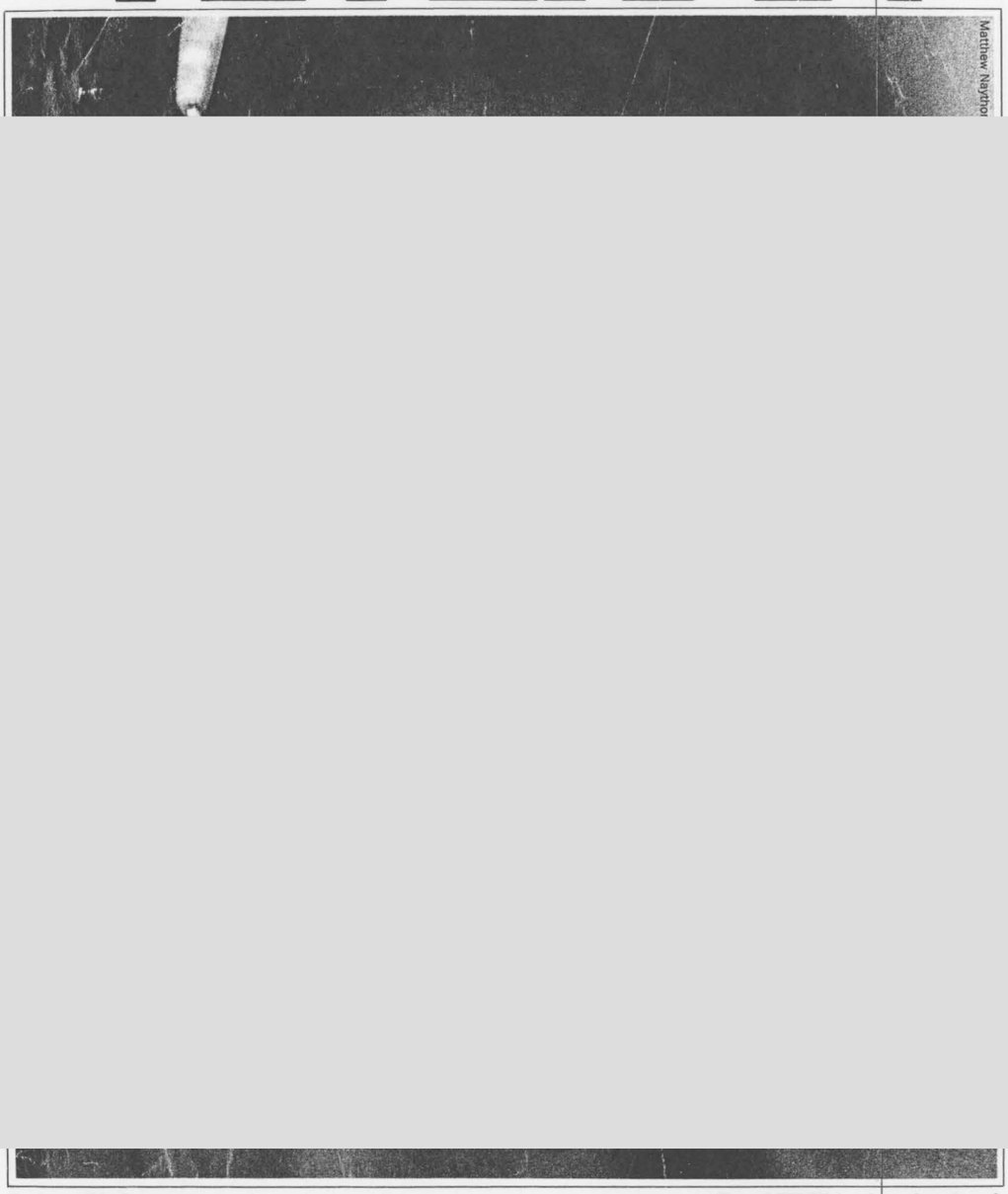
speed was 55.7 mph. In 1985,
mph.

From the "reduction" of 49.
62.1 percent exceeding the 5
limit, and our 1985 reductio
deaths, it is difficult to con
does what the media wou

Rocky Mtn Post
1/8/80

GREGORY G. BURDICK
Arvada

VETERAN



To her, life is war.
At 8, she has already survived horrors that most of us will never see. And there are millions of other children like her. TIME looked at their suffering and their strength to examine how war is affecting those who will soon shape our world. Week after week, TIME gives you more than news and information. It brings insight and understanding to subjects that matter to you.

Read TIME and understand.

TIME

Time
11/8/82

Open Forum

Amerasian children need our help

AS THE House and Senate rush to clear the legislative docket before the Oct. 8 election recess many important pieces of legislation remain tied up in subcommit-

It is time that we Americans admit some responsibility for these unfortunate children. For us to continue to turn our backs on them is cruel and morally unjustified. If we are at least somewhat responsible for

U.S. Congress.

I have written many senators and representatives asking for their support for this bill. Some responses have been very positive. But most responses have read some-

DR. DOUGLAS LEE SHAMES
Yongsan Health Clinic
Yongsan Army Garrison
Seoul, Korea APO SF 96301

the communist takeover of South Vietnam, about 2,000 Vietnamese children from orphanages reached the United States through the haphazard airlift organized by several service agencies and ad hoc groups. Amidst this effort of surprising and heartening success came one great tragedy, the crash of the C5A transport on April 4, 1975, killing 135 of 330 persons on board including 76 of 226 orphans.

Most of the surviving babies and children appeared at first to have suffered no permanent injuries, but as they began their American lives, their adoptive parents began to notice many of them could not stop crying for long spells, could not sit still and could not concentrate on school lessons for more than a few minutes.

Eventually, lawyers for 45 of the children filed suit against the U.S. government and the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. charging that the children had suffered brain damage from decompression and oxygen deprivation when a door of the aircraft blew out, and from the force of the crash itself. After a long series of legal maneuvers, a tentative $13.5 million settlement was filed in U.S. District Court.

Robert DeBolt, a Piedmont, Calif., civil engineer who numbers seven Vietnamese refugees (including Twe and her fellow air crash survivor Ly Vo) among his 20 children, said, "These kids have now got another chance. I think our two kids are going to become contributing members of society."

The vast majority of babylift adoptions have been "an overwhelming success," said Cheryl Markson, director of the Denver-based Friends of Children of Vietnam, which brought 419 children to the United States. Some older adoptees have sent her their high school graduation notices.

Associated Press

Pamella Morrill of Bronxville, N.Y., with adopted son Dirk, and daughter Michelle. Dirk was abandoned in a Vietnamese hospital.

Racial differences between adoptive parents and children have created few if any troubles, she said. Many parents have followed the agency's recommendation that they teach their children as much as possible about their Vietnamese heritage. As a result, Markson said, "a lot of adoptive kids know more about their culture than some of the refugee kids coming over with their parents."

Under the proposed terms of the air crash settlement, lawyers and parents said, each child would be entitled to about $10,000 to treat learning problems, speech disabilities and coordination difficulties which some doctors blame on the crash. Each child also could draw on a $50,000 trust fund for medical emergencies.

Although Oberdorfer may change the proposal, at least 50 percent of the total award would go to the children, one source said. One third would pay attorneys' fees and one-sixth would pay for medical experts and a court-appointed guardian during several years of preliminaries leading up to the decision not to go to trial. Lawsuits for five other surviving young victims were settled earlier for an average of about $723,000 each.

Carroll Dubuc, an attorney representing the C5A manufacturer, Lockheed, said the company had argued that some children have no injuries and that the medical problems of others were due to poor health care in Vietnam. Dubuc said the proposed settlement meant the company was "giving them the benefit of the doubt" while accepting no responsibility for the accident.

The award money from the proposed settlement would be dispensed by local courts.

Lawyers still are arguing if surviving children in Europe may have their lawsuits heard in the United States. Mark A. Dombroff of the Justice Department said the government agreed to settle so that children who need help could get it without the "tortuous process" of a prolonged trial.

Pamella Morrill of Bronxville, N.Y., said she would use the money to finance special education for her son Dirk, now 8. Dirk was abandoned in a maternity hospital in Vietnam shortly after his birth.

While waiting for his arrival from Vietnam in 1975, Pamella and her husband Tom heard the news of the plane crash "in absolute disbelief." They were overjoyed when they heard that Dirk had survived, she said, and Tom Morrill found nothing physically wrong with the baby he picked up in California.

But, she said, "Dirk had problems from the beginning." He would cry whenever left alone. As he grew older he picked fights at school and became uncontrollably upset at any change in his routine.

She said she may move Dirk into a private school with smaller classes if he continues to have trouble in the larger classes of his public school. He has been tutored this summer, she said, "and is doing amazingly well." He knows about the crash, "and feels badly about the children who didn't make it," she said.

In the rural setting of Colville, Wash., Lori Carnie, 8, has a horse that she adores, but her own nervous disorder makes it difficult for her to sit still on the animal. Her twin brother Landon excels at mathematics, but their mother Deanna Carnie said he "really needs help with reading."

Their father, George Carnie, a leader of the group of parents involved in the suit, first saw the twins in Vietnam. He was told their mother had died and their father was in the army, unable to care for them.

The twins' natural father has never been located, but the natural parents of a few other babylift children have been discovered still alive. Most of them remain in Vietnam.

In a few cases, natural parents have reached the United States and sought custody from the adoptive parents, Markson said. In a Connecticut case, she said, the adoptive parent retained custody. In an Iowa case, a child was returned to its natural mother.

Markson said some Vietnamese mothers gave their children to orphanages to get them out of the country and they have established contact with the U.S. parents who adopted their children. But, she said, "I know of not one who has ex-

ceedings, her father said, sh
agitated during the takeoff
to be held down.

DeBolt, 50, and his wife
58, have another daughter,
21, who also survived the c
suffered severe physical inju
broken bones in her legs a
internal injuries. Childho
had long before crippled h
the waist and she had mov
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traption, wearing mittens t
her hands as they propelled

Twe was rescued from
paddy and put on the next
California. But Ly had to
to a hospital near Saigon
and put in a full body ca
the communists took Saigo
DeBolts heard nothing fron
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WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

ED PIERATT/BLACK STAR

Nhanny—then and now. Above, as an infant with her brother in Vietnam. At right, as a rambunctious 11-year-old with her adopted mother, Evelyn Heil, at home in Ohio.

TRUE-LIFE DRAMA

THE RESCUE OF NHANNY HEIL

She was found in a box on a street in Saigon, a begging bowl beside her. This is the unforgettable story of how she's been transformed into a healthy, happy American child. By BONNIE REMSBERG

11-year-old bundle of energy bursts into an Ohio kitchen and announces, "I'm hungry."

Between those two scenes are half a world and more than a few miracles. For the baby in the box is not only alive, she is thriving. Life is a precious gift to Nhan Martha Frances Heil, called "Nhanny." So many times she came close to losing it. Keeping her alive took someone with boundless love and faith and incredible determination.

cup of coffee and the newspaper.

A photo she saw in her paper turned her world upside down. It was the "baby in the box" she remembered from the famous Saigon photo. The infant had been found, transported to a Vietnamese orphanage, then flown to Houston, where Dr. Denton Cooley had agreed to operate on a hole in her heart. There she was, newly arrived at the hospital, peering out, in the photo, from a nurse's arms.

...hale Oil Co. and Occidental Oil Shale Inc., is in Rio

... by several companies, including Southern California Edison.

The Synfuels Corp., established

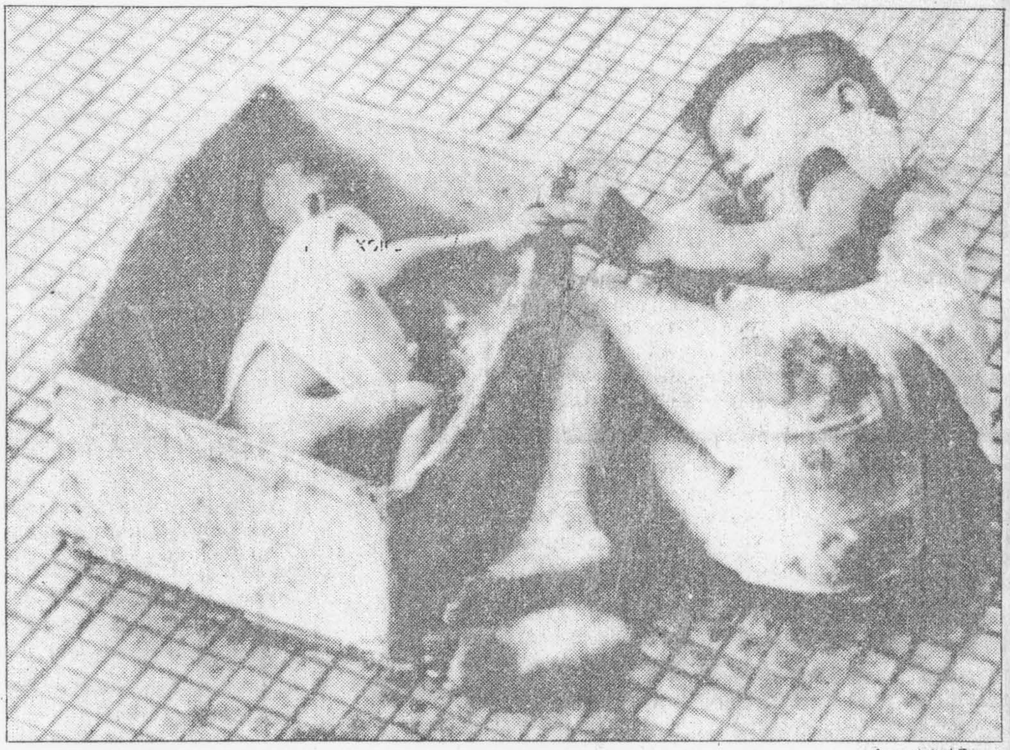
had been gearing up for a major synthetic energy industry, suffered a stunning blow when the giant

Please See SYNFUELS on 15-A

tion of the Reagan administration policy in Central America, is expected to have only symbolic impact because the Republican-run Senate is unlikely to take it up.

Nhanny today, age 12.

Nhanny's story began in 1973 in a box on a Saigon street . . .



Associated Press

Nhanny in the famous 1973 photograph with her brother, later killed in Danang.

Now Happy Preteen, She Meets President

By MICHAEL PUTZEL
Associated Press

WASHINGTON — Ten years after a photographer snapped a picture of a tiny, half-naked child crammed in a box on a Saigon street, President Reagan welcomed the girl and the American woman who adopted her to the White House on Thursday. The same photographer who changed their lives looked on.

The girl, Nhan Martha Frances Heil, now a cheerful 12-year-old, handed a white carnation to Mrs. Reagan and gave the president a big hug before they went into the Oval Office for a brief private meeting.

Nhanny, as she's now called, was accompanied up the White House driveway by her mother, Evelyn Warren Heil of Springfield, Ohio.

Standing in the crowd of reporters and photographers recording the scene was Charles "Chick" Harrity, whose Associated Press picture of Nhanny's disease-wracked body appeared on newspaper front pages around the world in 1973.

White House officials arranged for Nhanny and her mother to meet Harrity, who now covers the White House for U.S. News & World Report magazine.

Please See GIRL on 11-A

Associated Press

Meeting the president, with her mother, right, and Mrs. Reagan.

Denver Post
7/29/83

THE LONG WAY HOME

By George Lurie

Once in a while, maybe driving down the road or parked along a street, an unusual license plate on a car with catch your eye. It's a Colorado plate but the numbers are smaller and are all pushed over on the right side. To the left, there is a short phrase written sideways and in script. It reads: "POW — Lest they be forgotten."

This year marks the 10th anniversary of the signing of the Paris Peace Pact and the release of nearly 590 Americans held prisoner during the Vietnam War. Captured between 1965 and 1972, they returned to the U.S. in February and March of 1973 to a tumultuous, heroes' welcome. But after the banners came down and the parades ended, they were left with the formidable task of reconstructing their lives. Some have done a remarkable job. Others have not fared so well.

The snowy white decor of Dave Winn's suburban Colorado Spring's home is a stark contrast to the filthy hovel in which he spent 5½ years of his life. Sitting buoyantly on the ivory cushion of the couch in his living room, the gray smoke from a filterless cigarette wafting in lazy spirals above his head, a pet poodle, also white, sprawling comfortably in his lap, the 60-year-old retired brigadier general reflects on the meaning of freedom.

"Free people," he says, "just don't understand what it feels like to be unfree."

Winn quotes Lenin, Churchill, Solzhenitsyn to reinforce his point — his perspective more scholarly than soldierly. There was a time when such lofty principles were of little interest to the career military man.

"But," Winn says as he rubs his forehead with the flat of his palm, an ethereal glimmer in his eyes, "kneeling all day and all night on the stone floor of a prison cell gives a guy an extended opportunity to become pretty introspective."

On August 8, 1968, the F-105 fighter jet Winn, then a colonel, was piloting was blasted out of the sky above North Vietnam.

"I went down in a very open area. I hid behind a bush to cover myself but a few minutes later, an old man with an oily, antique gun and a young woman with a Russian-made rifle appeared. I had my revolver pointed right at them and really didn't know whether or not I was going to have to shoot them. I was squeezing the trigger when I felt the cold steel of a rifle barrel against my temple. I never even saw the North Vietnamese soldier who'd snuck up behind me."

"Everything happened very fast, almost like a dream." — Art Elliot

Winn was manacled, blindfolded and driven by midnight convoy to the Hoa Lo prison in Hanoi, an old French movie lot converted into a POW camp by the North Vietnamese. Nicknamed the "Hanoi Hilton" by American prisoners, it would be Dave Winn's home for the next 5½ years.

"At the first interrogation," Winn recalls, "they were after just one thing — an answer to the fifth question. I told them my name, rank, serial number and date of birth — everything required under the terms of the Geneva Convention. After that, the torture began. It didn't stop until I answered their fifth question. It didn't really matter what the question was, or how I answered it. All they wanted to do was to get me to talk, to break the code of conduct..."

Winn spent his first 22 months at the Hanoi Hilton in isolation. "After constant interrogations and six months in solitary," he says, "I was as nutty as a fruit cake."

Bill Baugh, 49, retired from the Air Force in 1981 with the rank of colonel. His military decorations and awards included the Purple Heart, Silver Star and Distinguished Flying Cross; although he now dons the business garb of civilian life instead of his old Air Force "blues," there still is a military posture to him. It's apparent in the upright way he carries his 200-pound frame, the way his square jaw juts proudly forward as he responds to questions in concise, snappy replies.

In January 1967, he was flying his 51st mission over North Vietnam when his F-4 jet was pummeled with a barrage of anti-aircraft fire. "When the plane started getting sloppy, I banked out of the formation and pulled the ejection lever. I blacked out when I hit the air stream."

Baugh was mangled when his parachute became entangled in a grove of jagged trees. "When I woke up," he says, "I was covered from head to toe with blood. My face looked like Mr. Half and Half from Dick Tracy. One side was a gory mess and the other side was fine." The injury left Baugh blind in one eye and with a 7-inch scar running from the base of his neck to the middle of his cheek. "I was loose for about 15 minutes before they caught up with me. I was so weak from the pain that I didn't resist. They just tied me up and dragged me away. It was the beginning of a very bad day..."

At the time of his capture in the central highlands of South Vietnam on April 26, 1970, Art Elliott was an infantry major serving as senior advisor to a Vietnamese army battalion. His second tour of duty in southeast Asia was four days from completion. Born in Bowie, Texas, Elliott joined the Texas National Guard at the age of 17, did a stint as a highway patrolman and then joined the regular Army in 1961. Although the walls of his Colorado Springs home are lined with military photographs, citations and medals, Elliott is reluctant to discuss his experiences as a POW. The 55-year-old retired colonel prefers to talk about golf or his plans to improve the landscaping in his spacious backyard. His dress is casual — a colorful sport shirt and plaid slacks — quite a contrast to flimsy pajamas and rubber sandals that were his POW uniform for three years.

Reticent, Elliott pulls a scrapbook of newspaper clippings from one of the shelves. It is brimming with press clippings and photographs. He leafs through the pages, singles out the articles and photos he likes best, grimaces at others. When he closes the book again, his eyes are unfocused, his expression faraway.

"I was leading a group of South Vietnamese infantry on a diversionary counterattack so that the rest of the company could get out of there," he begins. "But it didn't come off the way we had it planned. The enemy was closing in too fast."

He pushes the scrapbook aside. "Everything after that happened very fast, almost like a dream. I was hit in the leg by a round of mortar fire and crawled down a creek bed to try to escape. The South Vietnamese soldiers all around me

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE LURIE

SHELTER FROM THE STORM

Since the end of the Vietnam War, more than 200,000 Indochinese refugees have been granted asylum in the U.S. As they settle into unexpected niches, these newcomers, quietly and permanently, are altering the pattern of the American landscape. On the bustling street corners of New York City, Cambodian green-grocers use abacuses to compute their customers' bills. In New Orleans, Vietnamese immigrants have converted their housing project lawns into lush vegetable gardens, irrigating them with the same long-handled wooden buckets they used to dip in the Mekong River.

In Denver, more than 12,000 Southeast Asian refugees also are carving out a place for themselves as they struggle to make the most of their new lives. They are proving themselves an enterprising lot. Some of the most profitable residential landscaping and lawn care companies are now refugee-owned-and-operated. Firms that have hired refugees rave about their loyalty and efficiency.

The Thang Long Grocery Store is one of the growing number of Indochinese specialty shops that have sprung up along Denver's South Federal Boulevard in the past few years. Its proprietor, Mrs. Thang, fled Vietnam in the final days of the war, forced to close her small shop there in just a few hours. Since then, her life has been a roller coaster ride; from an overflowing, squalid tent camp in Thailand, across the Pacific and through a scattered and hectic resettlement program in Arkansas and, finally, to a new life in Colorado. Mrs. Thang's has been an epic journey — one that epitomizes her resiliency and overwhelming determination to survive.

Besides the grocery store, the Thang family also run a jewelry business just down the block. Mrs. Thang reports that business in both of her shops is growing, but her expression remains forlorn. "You see," she says, punching up another sale on the cash register, "life here is just so much different than it was in Vietnam. . . In America, we do the best we can. If I could, I'd close up this store in a minute, profit or no profit, and go back to my country. That will always be my dream. I miss my home. . . very, very much."

Some refugees have even named their children in honor of their new homes. One 38-year-old factory worker named his newborn son Denver Nguyen; another, Arkansas Bo after the resettlement camp at Fort Chaffee, Ark. But perhaps the most heartfelt name is the one a 31-year-old sewer worker, Tran Van Kinh, bestowed upon his child: Tran Pilot. One day, Tran Kinh hopes, his son will be a pilot and fly him back to Vietnam.

A guerrilla fighter in the jungles during his youth, later a political strategist and emmissary for the most powerful men in his country, Nhi Lang fled Vietnam just 30 minutes before the fall of Saigon. He made it out on a rickety cargo boat with 2,500 other terrified people.

A Colorado resident for the past eight years and an American citizen since 1981, the 55-year-old Lang now serves on the Colorado Refugee Advisory Council and works as an electronics inspector for Storage Technology Corp.

Lang's conversation, flavored by a French accent, is a slow-motion explosion of static, emotional bursts. He dresses in three-piece suits, smokes imported cigarettes and wears a gold ring on his finger with the Chinese character for "happiness" engraved upon it. He lives with his wife and elderly mother-in-law in the cellar of a suburban home. "Living down here in the basement is a new experience for us," Lang says as strains of rock music filter down from the stereo of the college students living upstairs. "In Vietnam, there are no basements..."

"Most of us work two jobs here." Lang goes on. His wife is employed as a librarian during the days and a company clerk most evenings. "After I pay the bills here," Lang says, drawing hungrily on another cigarette, "I send anything I can — cash, material things, anything — back to relatives still in Vietnam. Since the U.S. does not have formal relations with the Communist regime, I have to go through a Canadian middleman.

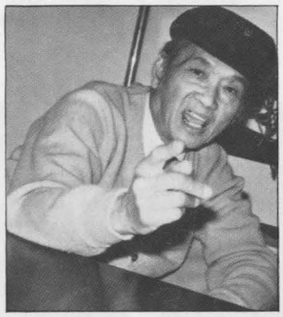
"Life," Lang says, "may not always be easy here, but believe me, it's much more difficult for those still in Vietnam...Now I have a nice home, a good job, my own transportation. But most important, I have my freedom."

As another of the 6,000 members of this city's Vietnamese refugee community, Dinh Van's odyssey brought him to Denver in 1977 when he was recruited by the Denver Public Schools as a special consultant to their growing bilingual education program.

"Coming from a tiny agricultural country like Vietnam to a highly industrialized, advanced nation like America was a big shock," Van says. "People here take things like television and cars and automatic dishwashers for granted. In Vietnam, most people consider themselves very fortunate if they have a bicycle or an ox."

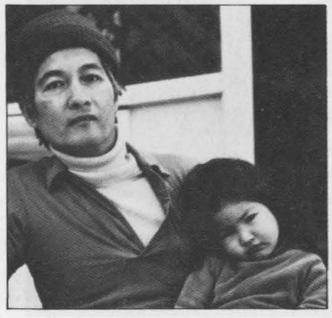
"For most of us," he says, "life as a refugee has meant starting over again, socially and economically. I know a man named Binh. He used to be a colonel in the South Vietnamese army. He lives in Denver now too. You know what he has to do for work? He's a janitor. He makes his living sweeping the floors at the Aurora Mall."

Van receives occasional letters from his father who is still in Vietnam. "There is very strong censorship of all personal letters coming in and out of the country." he explains. "When my father writes, he has to use a special code. I got a letter from him just the other day saying that things were fine under the Communists. He told me not to worry — everyone was as fat and healthy as Uncle Duk. And the lime tree in the yard had finally blossom-



"The kids seem to adjust the best."
— Vic Chinsomboon

"In just a split second, I'd been transformed from diplomat to refugee..."
— Lo Poc



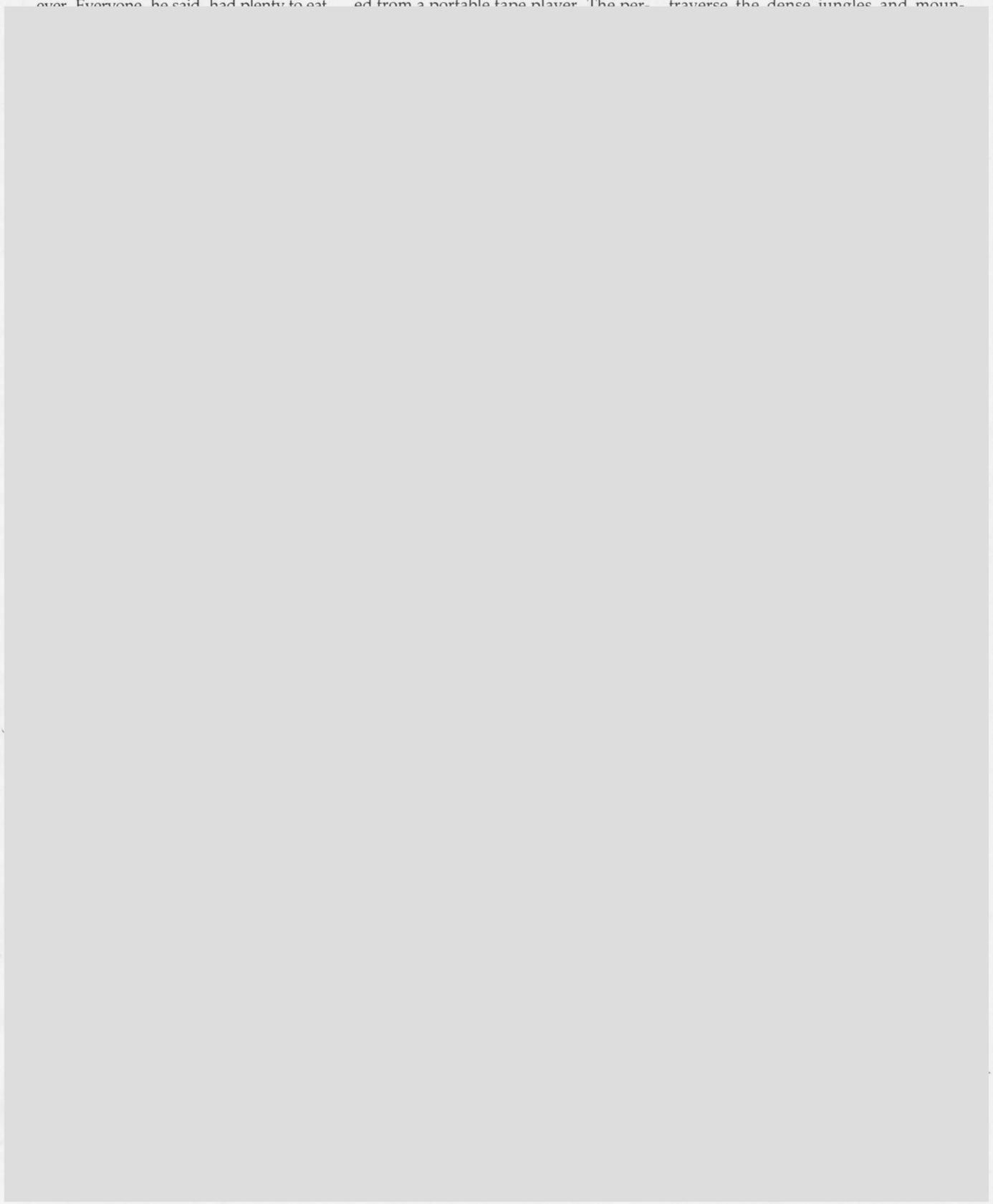
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE LURIE

By George Lurie

ed and was full of the biggest, best fruit ever. Everyone, he said, had plenty to eat

tribal dance. Entrancing melodies pulsed from a portable tape player. The per-

public housing projects. Their abilities to traverse the dense jungles and moun-



BOB BROWN, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

BY BILL HOSOKAWA

The time is 1974 and your name is Bob Brown. You are 42, the wild years are about over, and life seems to be passing you by. Your skills have limited market value and consist mostly of a master's degree in political science

people *Soldier of Fortune* writes about by running daily and occasional parachuting and scuba diving.

No desk-bound editor, this mini-tycoon of the publishing business heads frequently for the locale of some distant

commission in the Air Force Reserve. But he knew his poor eyesight would prevent him from flying. He enlisted in the Army, was accepted for Officer Candidate School, won his commission and was assigned to counter-intelligence

'Babylift' Lawyers Probed

The Justice Department is investigating possible misconduct by government lawyers in connection with a lawsuit seeking damages for orphans injured in the 1975 "Operation Babylift" crash near Saigon.

Rep. Timothy Wirth (D-Colo.) requested the probe following disclosures that a department lawyer allegedly failed to tell a judge for several years that many photographs of the plane crash had been destroyed by the Air Force.

The probe is being conducted by the department's Office of Professional Responsibility, the agency's

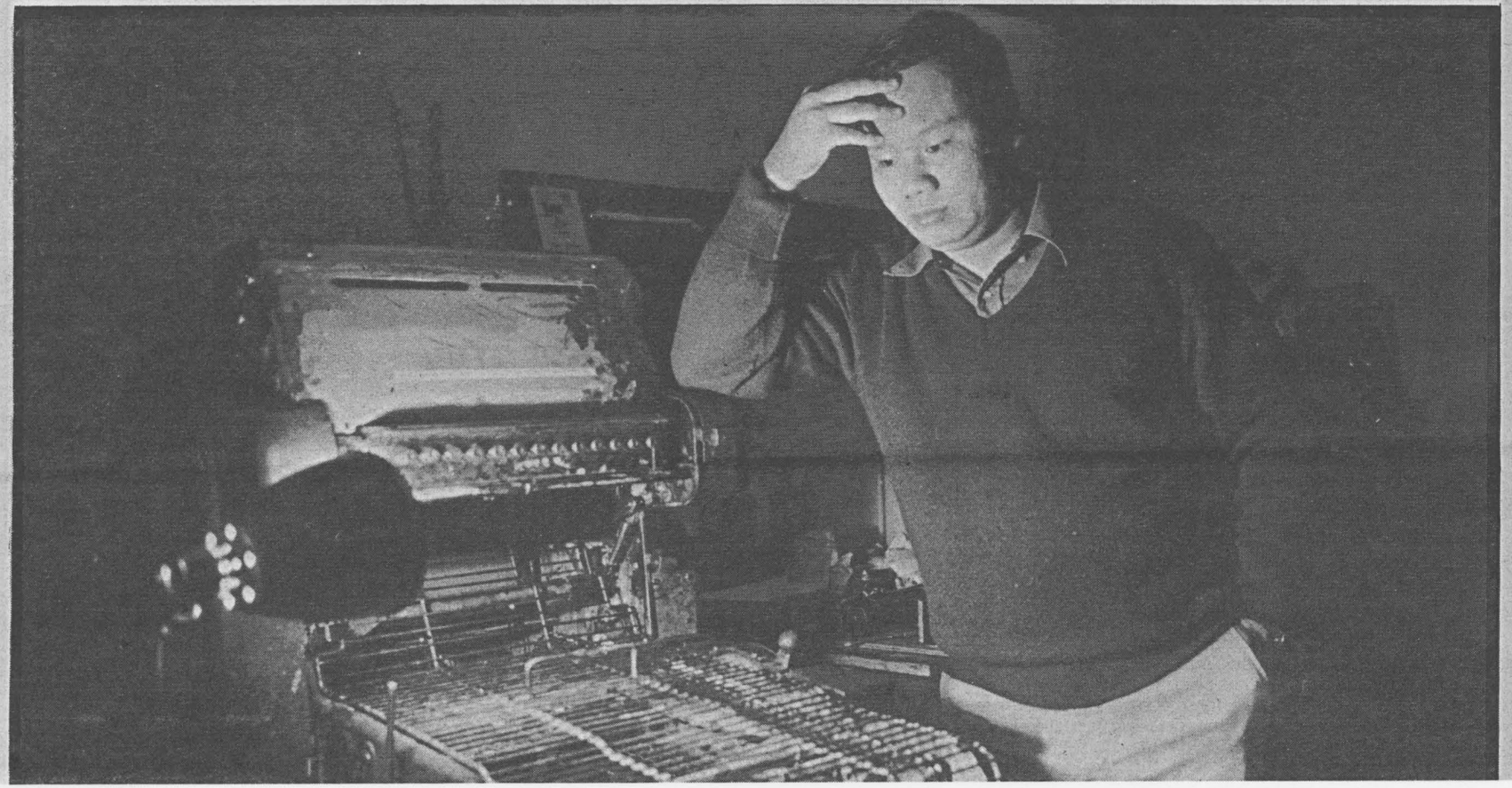
June 18, 1984 Washington Post

'Babylift' Lawyers Probed

The Justice Department is investigating possible misconduct by government lawyers in connection with a lawsuit seeking damages for

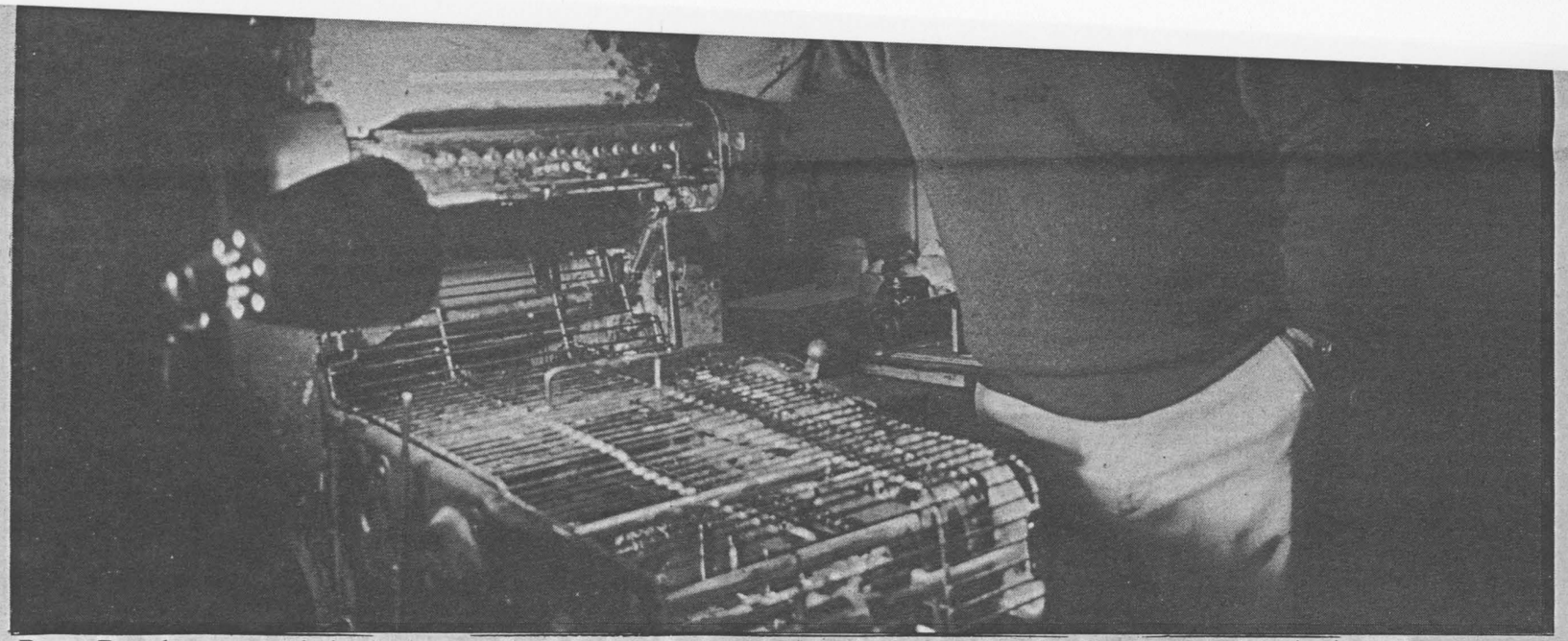
BECOMING AMERICAN

Stories By David McQuay • Photography By Eric Bakke



Denver Post 4/8/84

The Sunday Denver Post / Contemporary / April 8, 1984



Dzung Do, who owns a printing business on South Federal Boulevard, is thankful to be alive after his sojourn to America in 1977.

WHEN THE Communists arrived in Danang in April 1975, a 26-year-old medical student named Dzung Do started walking south. With him were two physicians, two South Vietnamese officers, and a law student. They walked for 11 days through jungle and abandoned towns, meeting children so thirsty that they sucked the moisture out of bamboo. The sun was ruthless. Measuring an inch between his thumb and forefinger, Do said, "People would have killed for this much water."

They walked more than 600 miles to Saigon. The morning after they arrived, the Communists came. Do waited two years to see what would happen to his country. When he saw that South Vietnam was without hope, he bought a 60-foot boat and left with his wife, whom he had married after the fall of Saigon, and 13 other people. His wife was nine months pregnant. Do's blind father, almost 80, stayed.

They were picked up by a Greek freighter and taken to Yokohama, Japan, where Do persuaded immigration officials to take them in, even though the country was not accepting any refugees. My wife, Do told them, is going to have a baby any day. The Japanese softened and granted an emergency landing. Their papers were stamped: Stateless. Three days later, their baby was born without a country.

Do and his family arrived in the United States Nov. 3, 1977 — the date is branded on his memory. It was some place called Denver. He had $27; a Lutheran Social Services worker gave each of them $10, bringing the family's total income to $57.

Do was able to land three jobs — caretaker during the day, janitor in the evening, delivery man on weekends — and his wife had two. By 1981, he had saved enough money to buy an old offset press for $1,500 and start a printing company in his garage, making cards and newsletters. Do knew very little about printing, but he saw that the service was needed on South Federal Boulevard, and in the following year, with a couple thousand dollars borrowed from his wife's cousin, Lion Press was born, joining dozens of Asian businesses — grocery stores, seafood markets, restaurants, doctors' offices, an insurance company, a video shop, and an auto-repair garage — that have sprouted up within a half-mile stretch (between the 600 and 1100 blocks) of South Federal Boulevard in the last nine years.

The small office cubicle at Lion Press is festooned with business cards and restaurant menus as colorful as Japanese lanterns, and Do's copying prices are modest — 2 to 8 cents per page. But he's doing well enough to expand his inventory to include office equip-

Lone Vietnamese is like driftwood

IN VIETNAM, Buddhist monks protested the war by self-immolation. But it was years after the war when a refugee who had lived in Colorado and moved to Ohio poured gasoline over himself and lit a match. A Denver refugee deliberately walked in front of a truck. One Vietnamese perched on the roof of a Denver housing project with a sword and waited for the Viet Cong to invade Denver.

They were single Vietnamese men who couldn't cope with being separated from their families. The American family has unraveled in the past 25 years, but the Vietnamese tradition is strong as redwood. As a family, the Vietnamese are very adaptable to new culture; but without family support, the lone Vietnamese is like driftwood.

"THEY LOST their families. They get a letter from them and they get depressed," said Chuong Nguyen, a 27-year-old counselor at the Asian Pacific Development Corp., a mental-health center funded by the state with about 200 Asian out-patients. He believes that 10 percent to 20 percent of the Indochinese in Denver are chronically depressed, and more than 50 percent are experiencing culture shock.

"I think the American public as a whole doesn't understand the importance of family in these cultures," said Karalyn Smythe, who resettles refugees through Ecumenical Refugee Services.

Most of the clients at Asian Pacific are separated from their families. Psychiatry is still an exotic concept in Southeast Asia: The family or the Buddhist temple handles problems. America has as many hills and valleys of psychiatric treatments as you want to climb.

The Denver Post/Thursday, Dec. 6, 1984

U.S. congressmen to visit Indochina for first

By Agence France-Presse

HANOI, Vietnam — Senior U.S. congressmen will visit Indochina shortly for the first time since the end of the Vietnam War nearly a decade ago, diplomatic sources in Hanoi said Wednesday.

They said two U.S. congressional teams would make fact-finding missions to Indochina, with the first arriving Sunday.

Washington and Hanoi have no diplomatic links, but the tours would follow visits by unofficial U.S. teams that have been increasing in recent months as Hanoi reaffirms its readiness to begin normalization talks with Washington.

The two congressional delegations will successively tour Vietnam and its two Indochinese allies, Cambodia and Laos, the sources said.

The first team, headed by Rep. Gillespie V. Montgomery, D-Miss., is expected in Vietnam on Sunday, while the second, headed by Rep. Stephen J. Solarz, D-N.Y., is to take place before the end of the month.

Montgomery is a member of the House Armed Services Committee and chairman of the Veterans' Affairs Committee.

Diplomatic sources said he

time since end of war

would head a team

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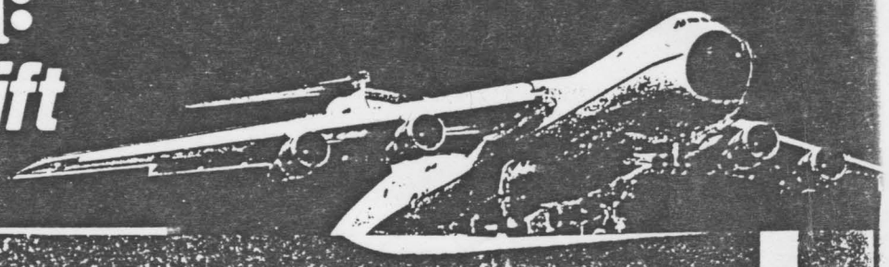
VIETNAM: The Babylift Aftermath



PLUS:

The Untold Story of Operation Babylift

By Danny Schechter

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF OPERATION BABYLIFT

by Danny Schechter

Plane crashes invariably make splashy news. So when the world's largest plane crash-landed in Vietnam — during a war that ended nine years ago this week — with a cargo of Vietnamese orphans destined for new homes the West, it was front-page copy, and was featured on all the network newscasts. The incident became one more symbol of failure in Vietnam.

"The disaster was almost too unbearable to believe. It was laden with a sense that Americans were somehow cursed in Vietnam, fated to bring only tragedy even when trying to do good," writes Arnold Isaacs of the *Baltimore Sun* in *Without Honor*, a new history of the war. Ninety-eight of the children who were being "saved" perished, and now there are claims that most of the 150 tiny survivors were brain-damaged as a result of a horrifying mid-air disaster and catastrophic landing that has since faded from public memory.

This tragedy has ended up in the courts with law suits filed on behalf of the surviving children. Their attorneys assert the young crash victims are being victimized again in what they characterize as a deliberately protracted legal "war of attrition" against the children by the company that built the plane (Burbank-based Lockheed Aircraft Company) and the Air Force that flew it. (The U.S. government is a third party.) Lockheed and the government deny the charges.

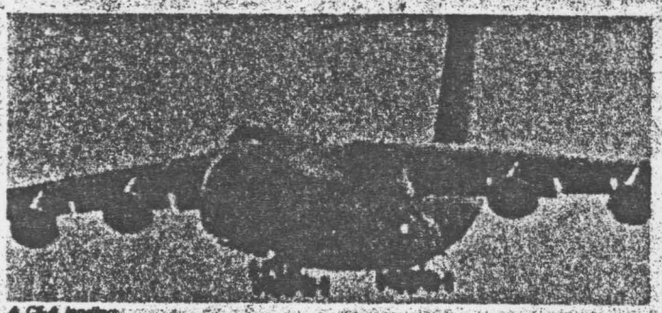
Court records now fill in many untold details of a shocking episode of the Vietnam war. They have raised new questions about the accident and its aftermath, about relationships between military contractors and the Air Force, about the legal system's ability to adjudicate.

Lockheed's lawyers no longer contest the role that defects in the plane may have played in the accident, even though they have contended that Air Force maintenance practices were the immediate cause of the crash. They have already stipulated before the court that liability per se is no longer an issue, in effect conceding the point.

But two questions are still hotly contested. Were the surviving children really hurt in the crash? And if so, what price tag should be placed on their injuries?

And there is another issue: that of collusion and cover-up. Lawyers for the children believe there has been a conspiracy between Lockheed and the government to suppress evidence, conceal the causes of the crash, cover up legal misconduct. To explore this issue it is necessary to review a time many Americans would prefer to forget.

Vietnamese children strapped in for flight at "Operation Babylift."



A C5-A landing.

The aftermath of the crash.

TV Photos, courtesy ABC News 20/20

SAIGON, 1975. Suddenly it seemed as if there was a small child to lead the U.S. out of Vietnam. In Saigon, a number of childcare agencies were scrambling to find planes to fly the orphans in their care out of the country. The U.S. embassy initially was of no help, because Ambassador Graham Martin reportedly feared any official evacuation would stir panic. Enter Ed Daley, the late pistol-packing, sometimes sober president of World Airways, who offered the agencies a free ride out on one of his planes.

But Daley's requirements turned his would-be benefactors off. "Among his indiscreet conditions," they revealed in a book published later, "was the obnoxious demand that the evacuation be 'performed' in an 'action-packed' manner for effective television coverage." Sadly, conforming to these egomaniac demands was to be the only option after Pan Am and Air France showed no initial interest in providing airplanes, even as pre-paid charters.

In desperation, officials of the childcare agencies agreed to Daley's offer. But the U.S. government declared Daley's plane unsafe, and prevailed on the women organizing the flights to let the Air Force fly the kids out. A bitter Daley denounced the women — "broads" he called them — for being ignorant about his safety record. Referring to both the embassy and the childcare workers, he thundered, "Let it be on their conscience," prophetically as it turned out.

But if Daley had ulterior motives for staging the airlift, so did the agency that cut him out of the action. A highly publicized, officially backed airlift might stimulate a wave of renewed sympathy for the plight of South Vietnam, or so some U.S. policymakers hoped. The Ford Administration seized on the idea, christening it "Operation Babylift," a program that would bring the orphans to America and in the process dramatize and humanize the attempt to save Saigon. "Marvelous propaganda" is how Ambassador Martin reportedly described it to an aide.

Several of the orphanages accepted Daley's offer despite the government's warning. Ironically, Daley's orphan flight

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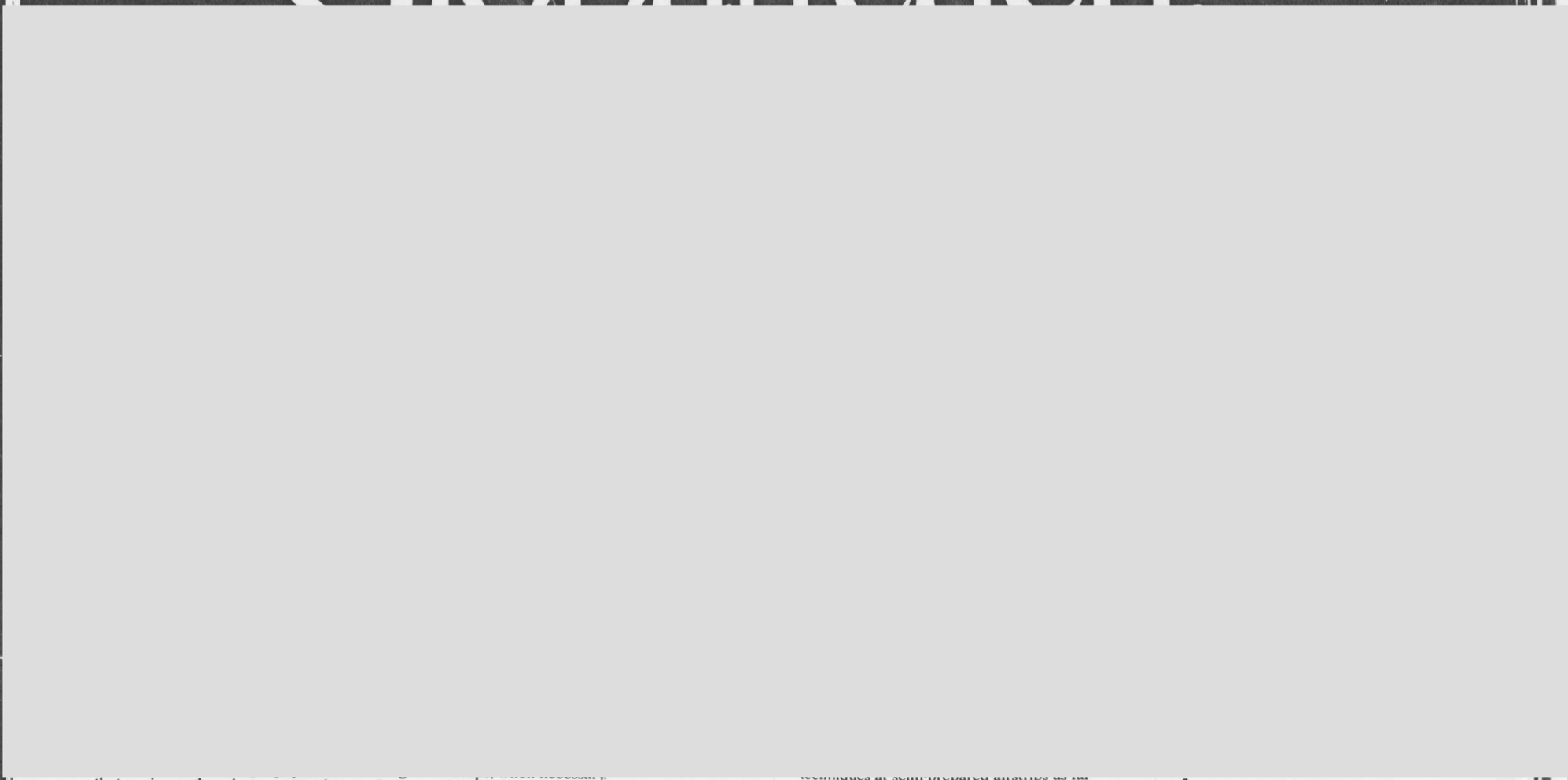
Global reach



that equipment's maintenance and operating personnel.

The C-5 has these capabilities that usually are found only in tactical airlifters because the

forward as the tactical situation requires."

The Lockheed C-5. It has the strategic

Lockheed C-5