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May 15, 1973

Hi, Leesanne! I'm not quite sure where you are right now - we've heard the outcome of the turmoil, but not all the feelings leading up to it - I'm just hoping that things are not only superficially resolved ~~for~~ by your resignation, both for you + for the group, but that everyone will be enabled to function better. You know, I felt that the big tragedy of what seemed to be going on was that no one would bring up the doubts they harbored about Wendy to her - really seems that ~~the~~ ^{whatever} is valid in them can only be dealt with if Wendy is recognizing it - otherwise, it's pretty hard for someone in her position to feel other than she is right, ~~she~~ ^{not} being aware of what might be a failing or what is thought to be. I guess I've found so far that, if posed in a spirit of care, the truth never can shatter one but only bring closer

a true reconciliation - or knowing Wendy
I sure think this would be the case,
~~It~~ I don't know - & perhaps my com-
ments aren't, even in keeping with
what's going on now - sorry about that.

I hope that you're finding
being out of the president's chair
a freedom & not a loss to your
own life - irrespective of the
change it will produce in the group,
you're just a person I care
about & don't want to lose any
contact with through all of this.

I think in some ways, Lesanne,
you did almost define yourself
by FCVN, just in the personal way
you did your work, which was
great as I knew FCVN. But of
course you don't need that to
define you - so maybe it's good
for you to choose what functions
you're going to retain, etc., without
being the one it all comes to!

3

Things have eased up here - energy that was going around in circles - now more free to be directed towards the kids and business at hand, our legality no longer allowed to be always on our minds. We don't yet have a contract - we must honestly realize that we might not be here in two months - yet, it seems we've done what we can - that blind prejudice might show itself for what it is - its different than constantly worrying through what we can do next - but you see how many kids have been leaving in this 3 month period of grace + think how tragic it could be...

Ah, but the kids are as beautiful as ever! We just got a few "disturbed" ones from ^{an orphanage} nurseries in the provinces - but in 2 weeks they've come along so much - its all in environment. But the ones left behind... My works been cut out for me since they came!

Phu's little girl was here when I came

back - didn't realize it was her until yesterday, however! She's neat, makes a lot of noise - partly my influence - hope Phu can stand her!

Well, Leesanne, do write back when you have a spare minute.

I'll be seeing you again -

Peace

Karin

AND GREAT COURAGE!

Dear Karen-

I want to write now while I've just re-read your letter. It is so very hard to be so completely mis-understood. Not only by you, but since I have not divulged the reasons for my resignation to the other chapter, or indeed even to many in Denver, I am constantly being mis-read.

I decided that for the good of FCUN, I would keep quiet about Wendy. Further divisiveness is not in order. But, of course, Wendy has spied far + wide a lot of malicious + totally false lies about me + indeed anyone who disajces...

When will people realize the truth??

I used to love Wendy - but you were wrong when you said you felt I had no animosity toward Wendy. I have a great deal now.

Much much bitterness, Karen. I have been totally + completely misled for a job I loved very much. David + Katherine have resigned.

Judy + Larry plan to resign. Cheryl Markson, Mick Markson, Nancy Dezel, Joe + Betty Hunt all ^{all over the} will be unable to continue as long as Wendy's immoral behavior continues. And it is immoral, Karen. Wendy has been questioned sometimes gently + sometimes not so gently about

every item - except I have never confronted
her with the hot water heater crap - as
it is her place to accuse of the behavior
nothing being done. We are preparing a
complete defense as to what & will enter
it in Mary N. books as a precaution.

also I have never publicly told about a late
night nearly insane phone call from Beverly -
when she cried & sobbed & maligned David
& John C., also to a lesser extent, Mick M.

Since my true reason for resigning was
the fact that I cannot remain true to
my own self & am responsible for the
actions of W.G. (as I was as president)
I felt that for the good of F.C.H. ... if
it is to have any chance of survival ... these
reasons must be kept quiet. I can't
believe that two people - W & D can totally
ruin such a fine group.

We do want you to be aware of the fact
that all picking, sorting & shipping of supplies
is handled through the Judy, Cheryl, Mary H &
Ledaune bunch. No person on the adoption
committee has ever shown an interest
in supplies or in fund raising. I feel
both adoption & money/supplies are necessary.
Adoption is the answer for a certain time

number of pills, but FCUN hoped to help more than just these. And we were right on the brink of really going somewhere.

I cannot personally forgive Wendy for telling us in public + in private that Rosemary was suicidal. I cannot forgive her for trying to family after family. I cannot forgive her for pushing + pinning destroying David + Catherine, John, myself + Mary Hegel - and now the children + the Linda B. - who was helping Wendy at Wendy's request + who brought her doubts + questions to Wendy months ago. Wendy either laughed them off or raved at Linda. So Linda brought her problem to the board. which was correct.

I have gone through several stages in this thing. It's been like a death. At first I grieved - literally for all that had been + all that could have been. I knew I wasn't going to explain it to Rosemary + I felt so bad that she was going to probably believe a lot of erroneous stuff about me. John assures me that ~~my~~ the only person I am answerable to is to God + he knows the truth of it all. I have received a lot of strength through all this. I am somewhat

prepare ground - backgrounds on Karen

letter + somewhat angry + now just want to forget it. I can't mark with FCVN at all as long as Wendy is there. Perhaps I shall mark with AFSC (American Friends Service Comm.) In fact most of FCVN here is old and branch off I guess.

As Rosemary gets more + more hysterical + accusing letters from Wendy. I hope + pray ^{she} she will realize how unstable ^{very} she is. It is a tragedy to see someone just crack up. If there were only my opinion I might think I was wrong - but ~~too~~ too many people with too much experience with people or medicine truly believe she is mentally unbalanced. Every single memo she says has been going on about her have been begun by her herself. There has been no character assassination of anyone. Every single one of us consider Wendy sick ~~not~~ and not to be attacked. Not that I could plainly say I have any love for her - but as a suffering human ~~being~~ ^{being} I have sympathy for her.

Dear Margaret-

I understand you have been approached by Dr. Merritt Stark of USAID. I am enclosing a copy of the carbon of the letter I sent to Dr. Stark shortly after we received the urgent request for \$34,000.

Two points I wish to make are:

1) ~~I~~ I have never heard back from Dr. Stark - and assumed I had just hit a 'dead end'. He, on the other hand, probably thought, 'why diddle around with a local Denver fund raising effort when I have it within my ability to see that Rgt. gets the whole amount. This his offer to you. (which I only heard about ^{recently} via your letter to Cheryl.)

2) Our response, & specifically my response, to Rosemary's request for \$34,000 can only be understood in the context of the absolute blind faith we have always had in her. If she asked for anything the people here would have worked their ~~best~~ ^{best} behinds off - with no questions asked, no assurances needed. We received a lot of criticism from other chapters, and people we approached for donations - saying how do you know what it will go for? How do you know it

is needed? we assured them - if Rosemary asked for it... it is needed. How naive this all seems in the light of the events of October.

Now that both you & Rosemary have endorsed each other's vote of no-confidence in us, perhaps we all need to do some re-evaluating of where we are and what our priorities are.

Believe it or not, we still have a commitment to helping Vietnamese children. Part of our motivation surely comes from the fact that we have Vietnamese children - but we are concerned, caring people before we ever heard of Vietnam - and when we no longer work for orphaned children I'll bet most of us will put our concern, care & considerable know-how to work somewhere else.

If I may speak on behalf of all those who would raise funds, ~~we~~ please tell us more about the AID offer. What strings were attached? how much paper work would be involved? etc. etc. Has it been totally rejected? and by whom? \$35,000 is a drop in the bucket to AID - when we get this transportation thing going with them I am sure we will receive

many times over that amount in any ^{given} year.

We hope to clear up with Rosemary how much financial aid and/or supplies are needed from FUCH here in Colorado, bearing in mind that all that comes through (either in money or supplies) was not necessarily given or packed by a Colorado family. It was only after the co-ordination efforts grew to their present level that the amount of aid has so dramatically increased. No shipping has been done for a month - due to the trauma of that great farce, FUCH week.

We are in full agreement with both of you that the Board should move to being a policy-making board. In an orderly and logical way we shall develop

Dear Cherie -

I enjoyed hearing you at the Board meeting tonight (Sunday) ~~It~~ you are much thinner & have changed a lot. I really feel it un-wise in many ways to put down my thoughts on paper. I know how far spread these things often become. I am examining ~~then~~ my own motives for doing so - and the ^{the} best of my knowledge - I want to tell you these things because despite all that has been said & done - I do care ~~of~~ about FCU - and I do care about the LUL. I realize that all sorts of mail, mayhem & other things ~~to~~ have been committed in the name of viet warer LUL - you will have to make your own judgement.

Just of all it was amazing how similar you seemed to Rosemary. ~~you~~ Even your mannerisms are similar. I see you as Rosemary must have been 5 years ago before so much heat & war & bitterness & knowledge changed her. In 3 months you have re-evaluated your position on many things. It is a mark of your maturity & ability, I believe, ~~that~~ you can say "I thought I must do it this way - but I found I had to do it another." I admire you for that very much.

The similarities are also interesting in that we always accused Wendy of playing paravotes in her adoptions - ^{among} the first ~~two~~ bills passed are Markson & Westlake. To us outsiders - who is to tell the difference?

I see that you see things through Charles
eyes - ~~as~~ there seems to be the left, marxist
+ Marxist "camp" on the Board + then the
other camp. I say in all honesty that the only
hope for FCUN is if the F, M + W camp is
kept from being too powerful. I can't say that
a year from now another power-hungry group
might not emerge - but Charlie, your only chance
of succeeding in U.K. (I'd pray you succeed)
is if FCUN in the U.S. holds up. You can't know
how much sheer, raw talent has gone down
the drain because of the F, M, W group.
Some are absolutely un-reachable, some are incorruptibles
+ some run rough-shod over people every time they
turn around.

In the beginning a volunteer usually stayed
with FCUN at least 2 years. Now people
are quitting in absolute disgust in 6 months.
What will happen when no one will even try?
And I think ~~the~~ FCUN is very near that point
now. Judy + I + Jim Burgess have had to remove
ourselves completely. Once in a while Judy or I
makes it to a board meet. Mostly to see if what
we have heard via the grapevine is really all
true. ~~None of us do any work for~~ I know of
several more people in key positions who
will be totally gone in a matter of months or less.

And the tragedy of it all seems to me that the response, as people fall away, is not a sadness at the loss - but a sigh of relief that now a little more power can be concentrated in a smaller group of hands.

I would ~~sure~~ advise that you not channel all your communication through one source - no matter how close you may be. Open up with the treasurer & for instance. The hard part holds the presiding should not be an adversary.

Had known where the split will come from next. FCU seems to attract a certain kind of person. ^{Someone} remarked that we can't mark for FCU - but we can go over a year & vote out some of the worst ones (of the Board.)

I stand in awe of what you are doing in Vietnam, cherie. I am so glad I heard about it. I hope to see the slides some day. But if the "holders of the string" here feel that any means justifies the end - as ~~the~~ some do; and if good, decent people - ~~Leontey, Biburkey,~~ ~~Monty, Buzas,~~ ~~to~~ ~~can~~ must be cruelly hurt & used to accomplish ~~some~~ certain goals - what have we all gained? Can the pain of children we eased in one part of the world by causing it in another?

I hope you take my remarks kindly - if I didn't care for you I wouldn't make them. I have no axe to grind anymore - maybe I never did. I couldn't & wouldn't fight fire with fire -

not much money + not much that who emerged
in FCCN. ~~the~~

FCCN deserves to go on + grow + support
what needs to be done. But I can't believe
that the Denver group can reach from crisis
to crisis and survive.

written to?
AL westlake?

1

In lieu of the letter which was to have been sent to those who resigned I would like to send a letter to you to clarify a few points. ^{just to be call} At no time during the 4 months of the office's operation has anyone from the office called me to ask me if I would carry up boxes or even to tell me they were there.

Dee & Helen perceived the box problem as 1) Not mine 2) Not a woman's work as they were heavy 3) Since they do happen to be my friends & also happen to feel I put in quite a bit of time as it was, they would hardly have chosen that way to cement our friendship. To imply that they ran to me to lug boxes is to somehow imply ~~what a~~ that carrying boxes, or cleaning the supply room is ~~somehow~~ a great honor. It is not.

Secondly, the note on my box which ~~to~~ inspired Al & Jim Pitt to proclaim "disgusting" the night of the last board meeting ~~which~~ stated, "Please do not waste \$f on sending stuff to me as I am in here ~~there~~ nearly every day." was meant to save money. I can assure you I did not seek to the office to get my daily kicks in pretending to administrate this gigantic corporation. I went in to staple, fold, address & sort newsletters, copy calendars; zerox clippings; ^{meet with people; talk with} and a myriad of ^{volunteers} other details that I did in my feeble attempts to carry out my duties as chair person of P.P. + Fund raising.

Since the office is close to my house I chose to carry
on most of my FOUN activities here instead of here. 3 years
has been quite long to have an office in my dining room.
If in the course of a visit to 600 Gilpin I chose to carry
up boxes, I am sure it is no less than you would
have done, although your ~~is~~ eagerness to assist in
this area was nowhere to be seen the evening of the
previous Board meeting when many people carried boxes
from Gilpin to Emerson St. Garage.

I wish FOUN well, I wish you well
in your attempts to keep it going. Most of all I
wish the children of Vietnam well and hope ~~that~~
~~all can mesh together~~ that FOUN will become
the best way of helping Vietnamese children.

Judy Danielson -
Long time Quaker
member of Mountain
view Friends meeting.

John + Lee-Sandy Buchanan
are also members
of MVFM

Dear LeeSanne,

I am grateful that you love Viet Nam and that you have put action behind your caring words. I love Viet Nam - both the countryside and the people - with all my heart. In fact I believe that a small part of my heart is Vietnamese. I want to go back soon to rejoice with old friends, to ride the bus from North to South, to work on a farm for a short time with my dear friend Manh Tuong. It was our dream.

If you know anything about the Vietnamese people, the thoughts behind their faces (and perhaps I'm leaving out some of the small numbers of rich who worked for foreign masters) you know they are creatures with a strong sense of their own history. They have lost many battles, but never lost a war. It leaves them with great pride for the fatherland. And they are humane. When the defeated Chinese left, the Vietnamese gave them ships to leave on, food for the journey, and helped them on their way with everything they needed. After the French surrendered, Ho Chi Minh signed an agreement for temporary military division(!) of his motherland in 1954 so the French could leave in an orderly way, which they did. The Vietnamese signed the Paris Agreement in 1973 so we could get back our POW's and depart in pride, leaving a coalition government with members of our own Vietnamese sympathizers in power. But we were too foolish to do it and had to leave in defeat.

The Vietnamese are also, like the Chinese, an extremely literary people with cherished traditions of the old styles of music, opera, folktales, prose, and poetry. One person told me once, "If you have never read and understood the deep literary puns and meanings of our epic poem, Kim Van Kieu, then you know nothing about the Vietnamese soul." Even illiterate farmers recite that poetic work of art from memory. They are people with great soul and learning.

If you fear the effects of Communism on their culture, then you know little of what has happened in the North, have read no Vietnamese interpretation of their own revolution in the North, and have, perhaps, small appreciation of the strength of their culture. It was the Saigon administration that decimated the Vietnamese culture. There was little resemblance between lifestyles in Saigon and in the Vietnamese countryside, to which I can attest. A Southerner, Third Force, Vietnamese friend of mine visited Hanoi a year ago and was amazed at their respect for his culture.

LeeSanne, my love for the Vietnamese people is rooted in Profound respect for their humanized civilization. Lifestyles may be simpler, values may be more human oriented and less material oriented, they may display a cautious distrust of aliens, but once it was known that I sincerely cared about their motherland, the people made me feel so much at home. I have left the most beautiful part of my life in that nation with my friends.

LeeSanne, I want you to know where I come from as I approach questions such as U.S. material "aid" to foreign nations, options to assist refugees and orphans, U.S. foreign trade barriers and policies, national recovery of "U.S. multi-national industries" by other governments, and everything relating to foreign policy in general. I have learned in my life (I have travelled in Europe and Asia and lived in Tanzania, East Africa, for 4 years also.) that I have never met any such thing as a primitive culture on the globe, unless primitive is translated "uncluttered" rather than "ignorant, barbaric, shameful". Cultures I have gotten to know, no matter how poor or unmechanized, have all been rich with traditions. It is in this context of planetary respect and with a sense of global citizenship that I share AFSC's realization of our world's interdependence and complete abhorance of U.S. domination of peoples anywhere. I have given my life to work to increase justice in the world and thereby peace, in the ways that I see are right for me, and presently I feel I can share AFSC's global analysis.

In Viet Nam I saw U.S. money, sent as "aid", commit what could only be called cultural genocide. It went to a few people usually, making them "better off" and increasing their standard of consumption. Automatically this widened a gap between those who received aid and those who didn't, and the poor became poorer. The poor ~~had~~ ^{had} forsok their deep cultural prohibitions and became prostitutes of foreigners, to their lasting shame. This isolated them from their own people, perhaps forever. Babies had to be abandoned to orphanages by despairing mothers who were too poor to feed them (while ~~the~~ the Saigon government outlawed family planning). People from countryside farms were mass-herded into prisons during military operations and held as "suspects" for years without trial, while their children were taken away and put into orphanages. The pain of this destruction of the Vietnamese family and what it meant for the culture goes deep inside me. Aid was given in American ways to do the things we thought would help Viet Nam, and it was harmful all along the way. Though I feel a deep sympathy for the Americans who did not understand what they were doing, I am very cautious when I approach any aid scheme now. In our arrogance and ignorance about ~~the~~ other peoples, the U.S. has done great damage in many countries, as you know.

So. Back to me. I went to Viet Nam because I am a PT and wanted to ease the suffering of injuries and deformities caused by our war. I had some skills to use and share. I worked with ordinary folks, especially young people and old people and found the wounds were not only in their bodies. Their homes had often been destroyed, their entire towns were gone, they had nowhere to be RE-habilitated to as I'd been taught to define it. I realized there would ~~always~~ be broken bodies forever unless the insane war machine ended, and felt the best thing I could do for us all would be to go home and help try to stop the war. We spoke to people, spread information, worked on Congress, stopped the funding, and the day after the Americans left the war was over. Now people can know that when they get an artificial limb, it won't be blown off again the next day, that they can go to a home, that they can rebuild their lives. Rehabilitation is now-for the first time-really possible.

My feelings about orphans come from the same roots. Adoption of small babies is legitimate when no living relatives (true orphans as defined by the Vietnamese society) can be found, IF it is not possible to place children in foster homes with the help of outside assistance (money). Many children in orphanages DID die, but it was a rarity that in-country solutions were ever tried. Such alternatives were crucial because I believe many parents WILL come looking for their children when they get out of prison or regain their livelihood. I suffer great pain for the mothers and fathers in Viet Nam who have lost their beloved children in so many ways. When I was there the daily papers carried ads every day by parents searching for lost children: "Have you seen Pham Thi Dung, 9 years old?", for instance. Frantic parents. Loving parents. I would not want to cause them more pain.

LeeSanne, you have had your children for years. The agency did as much professional checking for you as possible. You have provided them with a wonderful home. There are good homes in this country for children, there are bad homes. It is the same in any country. Any culture can make you feel secure, loved, wanted, good about yourself - great treasures.

There was a time in this latest babylift when the government and some people started talking about mass airlifts of Vietnamese children. They needed saving from war, they needed saving from Vietnamese people of another political persuasion with which we did not happen to agree, they needed saving from Viet Nam. I would have felt I was betraying every mother and father and child in Viet Nam if I had not spoken out to say WAIT! Are you to give those original mothers and fathers no chance? Are you using tiny children to stir up sympathy money to wage war on their own country? Are you sure they have no one there in Viet Nam who loves them? Is there another solution which will STOP the pain rather than spread any more? Viet Nam does need its children, as does every country. We should never do anything so radical without intense soul-searching. I was proud that AFSC also tried to be the voice of the Vietnamese who have no voice. It was a time for great caution. It was a time to speak.

I don't know what else to say, LeeSanne. I know you share many of my concerns. I know the love you have invested in your children. I admire your loving family and the energy you are giving to them very much. I have no criticism for you whatsoever, rather a great respect. I did feel in your letter (John I write to you too) the setting up of a dichotomy: either adoptions or no adoptions. I am opposed to any such policy, yes or no, on a mass basis. It leaves out all the important alternatives in between and gives no individual consideration to the children and their families. I think the government and many people ignored those middle options simply because of their own interests and fears, and I consider that another example of how much America ever really cared about people in Viet Nam. Hopefully this will help you to understand a little bit how I feel, and I believe how AFSC feels, about the questions around adoptions on a mass basis at the end of a war. Those questions were so important to raise, I felt. I think the whole discussion has been a very good one for us in the United States. I would very much like to keep talking. Please send me your thoughts! Many thanks!

cc. Nelder Medrud

Judy

Be it Resolved that:

The Board of the Denver AFSC investigate the matter of foreign adoptions and the baby-lift prior to the adoption of a position on this matter and that until the Board has stated a position the ~~staff~~ staff of AFSC be enjoined from making any public statement representing AFSC or from committing the time and money of AFSC in co-operation with legal actions relating to foreign adoption agencies.

Be it Resolved that:

Recognizing the importance of foreign adoptions and the recent air-lift and, further, recognizing the existence of divergent opinions the Board of the Denver AFSC commits itself to a thorough investigation of this ~~matter~~ matter preparatory to the establishment of a position. Prior to the acceptance of such a position the ~~staff~~ staff of AFSC shall make no public statement ^{representing AFSC} nor ~~commit~~ commit the time and financial resources of AFSC to co-operate with any legal action relating to foreign adoptions.

Dear Judy;

We want to thank you for your letter and for your expressions of concern. After reading your letter and re-reading our original memorandum we are somewhat perplexed. As an expression of your ~~own~~ perspective your letter is well written but it seems to bear only a tangential relationship to the concerns which we expressed. ~~We would like to respond to some of the~~

You are full of praise for the culture of Vietnam. We can agree that there is much that is good in Vietnamese culture as there is in all societies but let us not idealize anyone's culture beyond the bounds of reality. You state "If you fear the effects of Communism on their culture, then you know little of what has happened in the North, have read no Vietnamese interpretation of their own ~~the~~ revolution in the North, and have, perhaps, small appreciation of the strength of their culture."

~~We~~ Find no place in our ~~letter~~ remarks any statement that would indicate ~~any~~ fear of Communism. As for our knowledge of what has happened in the North, you are hardly in a position to assess the extent or nature of our knowledge. Your statement is as

Superfluous as it is gratuitous.

For whatever it is worth, we can certainly agree that U.S. aid has been misused for years and that aid has been a means of seeking to dominate societies. In Vietnam it has been precisely that economic and military assistance which has helped to produce such tragic results.

Finally, ~~we~~ ^{we} cannot find in our letter any position which would establish a dichotomy of adoption or no adoption. It is our position that when a child is truly an orphan

John Buchanan

April 5th

Dear Lee Sonne,

Hello to you and your brood!
I was especially inspired to write you in that (1) my first FCVN meeting was tonight - went quite well, and (2) a couple of things I've been working on have been making progress on behalf of Binh Trieu Center, V.N.

First, the L.A. chapter of FCVN had its 2nd meeting tonight and - although the group is obviously just starting, I see definite possibilities. The dozen or so members in attendance are mainly couples waiting for the adoption of V.N.ese children. The major thrust presently seems to be establishing a community base (ie. public relations). In L.A. I see plenty of potential for growth. I've canvassed one V.N.ese student thus far about cooking for a "Tet"-type dinner (à la your group). She sounded quite enthusiastic in her offer to help in that way, and to put me in contact with the 30 or so Viet Namese students at USC. I think L.A. will have quite a lot of Viet Namese students scattered at various colleges. That, also has a large potential here.

I would think the group here

would be ready to undertake the dinner by late summer or fall. Other fund-raising ideas of a less grandiose scale are being undertaken now.

I think if you were to send us very specific suggestions on how to begin planning such a dinner as your "Tet celebration", I think we could do it for next Tet.

The other idea I have done some correspondence with Sister Mary Hayden that was mentioned in your Jan. issue of FCV Newsletter. She's since written 3 times since I got her address thru your office. I also got a constructive word from Rev. Smith, coordinator for the S. Calif. region of Heifer Project, Inc., ... the group through which animals (pigs & poultry) may be obtained for the Binh Trieu Center. You see, my optimism stems from the fact that (1) HP will be able to buy ample supplies of pigs in V.N., treat them & help in the education process of the recipient family or organization, (2) and due to the nature of pigs & poultry (prolific breeding) the Center can soon become self-supporting, able to 'export' itself, animals to other orphanages & refugee centers, etc.

I got a letter today from a

group in Georgia who is working @ the Binh Trieu Center. Known as "Friends of Children, Inc." this group I understand was spawned out of FCVN to work on specific projects there.

The letter inquired as to my progress in working on the farm idea, and they offered to work with me on this. Anyway, I presented the 'farm' to FCVN, LA Chapter tonight ... and the group was very warm to the whole idea. yet they were tentative in that they werent sure to what extent this ~~is~~ should be cleared thru ya'll in Denver, ie. for our chapter to work on this idea with Friends of Children, Inc. x Heifer Project, Inc. Any input fr. you?

The interrelations between groups somewhat confuses me — yet I understand it in the context of working in Viet Nam. I would so much like to help effect the starting of this program in Binh Trieu! Im not sure of the channels, but Id like to do things as kosher as possible, ie. finding proper channels. The Heifer Project has had a bright back ground in VN. using Christian Relief Services as a liason. Speaking

of channels & organizations, the Sisters at Binh Thieu Center work thru Catholic Relief Services & work with Friends of Children, Inc. So if I seem a bit confused, please understand!

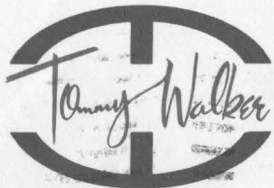
Anyway, I'd like to find the right combination: how the groups can work together, and what part the FCVN chapter here can take.

In itself the farm is very possible w.i. a few months! I propose that perhaps Friends of Children & FCVN can work to raise \$ to cover part of the cost to Heifer Project of animals. That would stretch their own ability to help & commit us to the idea. I think adding an aspect of self-help will build on itself & benefit not only their Center. Such as been the experience with HP projects in other parts of the world.

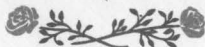
Well, I wish you health & happiness & much success with the group up there. Tell your family 'hi!' for me.

Peace,

Steve



Productions
PRESENTS

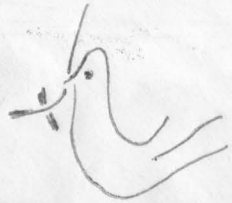


★★ P.O. BOX 1776 - PASADENA, CALIF. 91109 ★★

STEVEN M. AKERS
1962 Plywood Drive
Altadena, Calif. 91001



Lee Sanne Buchanan
400 S. Emerson
Denver, Co. 80209



Nov. 13, 1974

Dear Lee Sanne,

Howdy from So Calif! How's the Buchanan clan doing? I've often thought about the pleasant visit with ya'll in Denver; and now it looks as though I'll be coming there for a short visit.

I'm meeting a young lady I am quite fond of there, over the Thanksgiving holiday. She's from Japan, and presently on a scholarship at Chadron State (in N.W. Nebr.) It'll most likely be a very busy time for you, but I thought I'd at least write to see if we could drop by for a visit. I love those kids of yours; and my friend Yukiko is most interested in the successes of multi-racial, multi-national adoptions.

I also have another motive for coming to Denver which relates to the work of FCVN. The chapter in L.A. has become quite active now... and my wish is to contribute to it the planning for a Tet dinner à la Denver's great ones. Thru a VietNameese student friend I've contacted the USC "VNese Student Club", and we've talked of the possibility for a Tet dinner in passing. Recently a fund-raising VN film was given at U.S.C. to which about 400 of the VietNameese community in L.A. showed up for. Quite a pool from which to work from, given ample preparation!

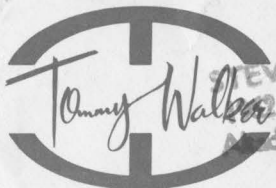
At any rate I thought perhaps you might be able to tell me someone I might interview concerning the intricacies of planning such a dinner. I'd like to come back to L.A. with a more-definite idea^{of} what planning is involved in such an undertaking, wh. to present to our FCVN chapter in L.A. I must say we have some mighty enthusiastic members for a medium-sized group.

Im assuming work & family affairs have kept your activities with FCVN near 0 for some months now, but I'd welcome any & all info. & referrals concerning FCVN during my 3½ days in Denver. Im most curious to see those kids again if that's possible. But Im pretty much playing the rendezvous with Yukiko by Ear like another trip back in 1973. If you're free for a visit between Wed. before Thanksgiving to the Sun. after, we'd love to drop in for a visit.

In any event tell your wonderful family "hi!" for me.

Peace,

Steve



STEVEN M. AKERS
292 Placentia Drive
Pasadena, Calif. 91001

Productions
PRESENTS



★★ ~~P.O. BOX 1776 - PASADENA, CALIF. 91109~~ ★★



Lee Sanne Buchanan
400 S. Emerson
Denver, Co. 80209







S.A.
1962 PINECREST DR.
ALTADENA, CA.
91001

Akers

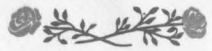


Discontinued

PRESENTS



LeeSanne Buchanan
600 Gilpin
Denver, Co. 80218



★★ ~~P.O. BOX 1776 PASADENA, CALIF. 91109~~ ★★

Handwritten signature in black ink, possibly reading "محمد" (Muhammad).

FEB. 4

DEAR LEE SANNE,

HI! SAY, TODAY I WAS TALKING TO MRS. MCKAY A DEAR FRIEND AND A DEVOTED MEMBER OF THE HEIFER PROJECT. I MENTIONED THE WISH OF THE SISTER OF BINH TRIEU ORPHANAGE (ESTABLISHING A PIG & POULTRY FARM THERE), AND SHE SUGGESTED I PRESENT THE IDEA TO AN UPCOMING REGIONAL MEETING OF HEIFER PROJECT. IT IS CONCERNABLE THAT A SHIPMENT OF ANIMALS TO VN BY HP, WOULD PUT THE ORPHANAGE WELL ON THEIR WAY TO HER DREAM. PLEASE SEND ME AN ADDRESS I MAY ~~REACH~~ REACH HER AT BINH TRIEU. AS THERE ARE MANY REQUESTS FOR ANIMAL SHIPMENTS WITH ONLY LIMITED RESOURCES, SO I WANT TO PRESENT AS GOOD A CASE AS POSSIBLE (SINCE MANY COUNTRIES REQUEST SHIPMENTS)

FEB. 1

DEAR LEE SANNI,

THANKS FOR THE ADDRESS.

I HOPE THIS YEAR IS A GOOD ONE FOR YOU AND ALL YOUR FAMILY. TELL THEM ALL "HI!" FOR ME.

LOVE,

~~Steve~~

April 28th

Dear Lee Sanne,

It was most pleasureable to read your letter today, typing & all!

Although working during the day & school at night has prevented me thusfar from folling thru on the idea at Binh Trieu "Pig & Poultry Farm" I'm very optimistic of whats going to come from this. I prevailed upon my Econ. prof. to allow 1 unit of credit in Independent Study, under the general heading of "development project." That means I go 2 nights a wk. instead of 4, & work on the Binh Trieu idea (raising funds, p.r., contacting people) in my spare time. The sister I am in contact with there seems to 've given great vision to the idea of the farm, meaning the best results from the Heifer Project self-help premise.

I agree that "band aid" measures must be high priority until the more-lasting measures can take root. I find it important to try & share this hope of looking beyond the immediate, with the Viet Nameese. It may take a 100 yrs. but I'd think the ideal "maturing" of the "pig & poultry farm" would be the sending of a sincere peace offering of some animals to the North. But of course that is yet to be. I will spend some measure of time soliciting for donations to under right the expenses of Heifer Proj., and in so

April 28

Dear Lee James,

It was most pleasurable to read your letter today, typing & all!

Although working during the day & school at night has prevented me from following thru on the idea of "Poultry Farm" I'm very optimistic of what's going to come from this. I prevailed upon my Econ. prof. to allow 1 unit of credit in independent study, under the general heading of "development project". That way I do 5 nights a wk. instead of 4 & work on the Poultry Farm idea (raising funds, etc.) contacting people) in my spare time. The sister I am in contact with there seems to've given great vision to the idea of the farm, meaning the best results from the Hefter project self-help premise. I agree that "band aid" measures must be high priority until the more-lasting measures can take root. I find it important to try & share this hope of looking beyond the immediate, with the Vietnamese. It may take a 100 yrs. but I think the ideal "measuring" of the "band aid" measures would be the sending of a sincere peace offering of some animals to the North. But of course that is yet to be. I will spend some measure of time soliciting for donations to underwrite the expenses of Hefter Proj. I send in 20

doing, try to further their cause & that of FCVN in this area.

I understand that with 5 kids all of them great (enmasse they can be quite a challenge !!) ... you'd have to devote some time to work & family. What type of writing do you do? I will always remember my brief visit to the Buchanan family - a veritable beehive of activity. I send all my love & best wishes to you & family. And perhaps I'll stop by again some day... or vice versa.

Peace,

Steve

(ps.) Our FCVN will have a "Crating Party" in the not-too-distant future to send off quite a few tons of medicine clothes & other items. So we'll be among those mentioned in your Chapter News in an upcoming issue.

(pps.) yes, I'm growing a garden, too. Its very therapeutic to go out & talk to the plants.

STEVEN M. AKERS
1962 Pinecrest Drive
Altadena, Calif. 91001



MARINER 10
FIRST CLASS
TO MERCURY



Lee Sanne Buchanan
400 S. Emerson
Denver, Co. 80209

DEMA



GERALD R. FORD LIBRARY

ITEM TRANSFER FORM

The item described below has been transferred from this file to:

- Audiovisual Unit
 Book Collection
 Ford Museum in Grand Rapids

Item: 3x photos of orphans

The item was transferred from:

Shirley Peck Barnes Papers
Box 7

Folder Buchanan Correspondence (misc) 1968-75

Initials/Date TMH 3/25/14



2/3

September 4

Hi, Leesanne! Thanks so for
your letter - it helps
me to know that
you've found a certain
peace again, that's good.
I can't talk all that
much about what's
been going on here - it's
enough to know that
there are incredibly
deep parallels to what
we went on ~~in~~ Colorado,
and that when we're
putting energy into
these problems between
us ^{it} takes it away

from the kids. Knowing
 the personalities involved
 i.e. Else + Rosemary - I'm
 not sure where it
 could be avoided, unless
 one were willing to lay
 down all defenses, ^{which I} ^{am}
 people are most resistant
 to doing. Lately I've been
 in the middle perhaps
 more than Margaret, just
 because this house is
 the focal point - I see
 so much waste ^{ie of persons} going
 on, but certainly do it
 resist the position I'm in
 because I couldn't - some-
 times it seems to be my
~~strongest~~ biggest function.
 I'm complicated by a deep
 caring for Else - and by

3

an understanding, very basic
of how ^{why} she triggers off Rose.
Mary - I can deal with it,
Rosemarys beyond that point
one can always keep him-
self outside a situation
enough to keep a clear
perception. But when
genuine feeling for another
person enters in, one
can't keep a distance -
just because he does
care. That's where I
am right now.

Enough said. Rosemary
& I are keeping at a
distance (right now - or
R. is more at a distance from
our house & probably all
the houses. Whis quite busy -
~~the~~ things) are semi-pro-
gressing on the clinic, getting
a new house for Allambie,

etc. I don't know, Lesanne
a lot of the spirit of
this work has died for
me - I am somewhat beaten
down by what we've all
recently gone through, but
it's more that this just
the level on which decisions
are reached, even supplies
are gained' has somehow
lost its ground for me.
I don't mind organization
but somehow we seem
to be strutting in our
prowess (or lack of it right
now) - a certain human-
ness is missing for me.
I see & I share similar feelings
(I hope we haven't reinforced
each other too much). Though
this more of a fighter, to
restore what's missing, I'm
more of a realist, to even-

usually

5

leave and say the work
was good, but it's changed
& others can work in
~~on~~ ^{it} now much more
readily than I. Not thinking
to leave at the moment
but I can see it coming—
somehow we seem to have
lost touch with the
basics, ^{when} my own faith
draws me closer to them.
Articulating feelings that
have been growing in me
for a while, not yet
clear yet (so they're
certainly not to be quoted
in the NyTimes! Anyway.)

Well, I do hope to be
taking a convey, West Coast
or East, home soon. Your garden
& domesticity sound neat!!
(I'd like a little of that
myself — don't even wash

6
my own clothes anymore^{t.})
Don't know what's doing
with Richard. I saw him
in Louisville (unexpectedly
took a conveyance that hardly
qualified as a rest), since
Allambie hasn't moved out
yet, it's ^{better} good she hasn't
come earlier.

Write when you can
my love to all...

Karen

Karen

To Am Nursery

FPO SF 96620

Leesanne

400 S. Emerson

Denver, Colo. 80209

JR ANICET'S BEEN BY
+ WONDERS WHY YOU
NO LONGER WRITE?
UNLESS YOU HAVE ALREADY
SHE SOUNDED BAD.

GERALD R. FORD LIBRARY

ITEM TRANSFER FORM

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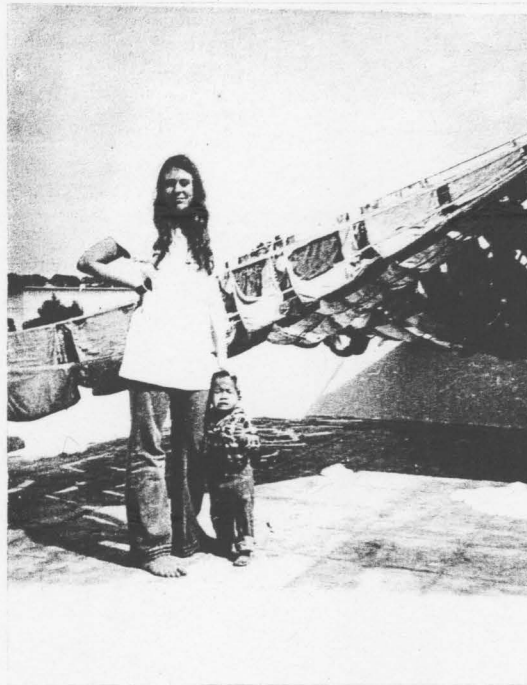
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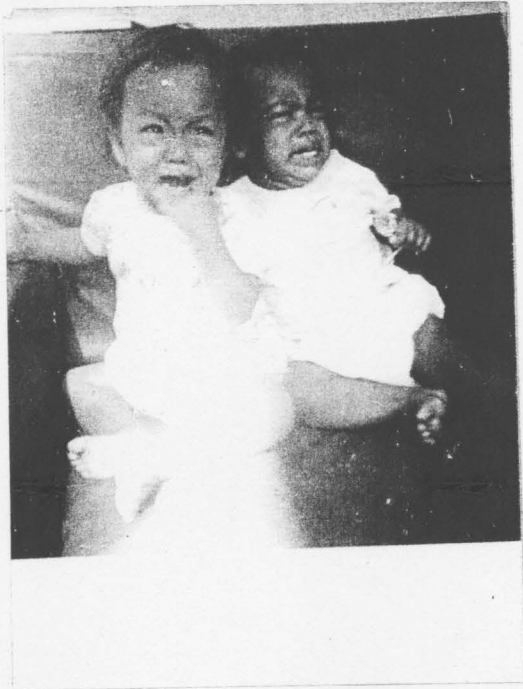
Folder: Buchanan Correspondence (misc) 1968-75

Initials/Date TMH 3/25/14



Thought you
might enjoy
this.

Peter + me



Yes, we keep them
happy!

(Girl is Clark of
III - she went through
Denver with Mag.)

FROM:

Karen



To. Leesanne



VIA AIR MAIL PAR AVION



Bat

June 8
Hi, Leesanne! I just wanted to know if you've received a letter from me recently. I wrote it to answer yours - which I really appreciated, thanks - It means a lot to me for you to know how I feel, but I haven't the time or energy to write another letter - and I can't remember if I addressed it when I sent it, or which address I used if I did send it - so, if you could send a note if you didn't - or write me if you did, perhaps after Rose has been there... Leesanne, I'm really praying that the truth of your situation there presents itself while she's in Colorado - it must come out soon, all these unresolved feelings, occurrences, situations can't go on. However things go... I'm wishing you all well. We've had enough turmoil + confusion here in the last week - don't know if anything would come as a shock to Rose at this point!

Peace
Kama

Newsletter from Nancy Ewald, VISA/Vietnam

Box 863, Saigon, Vietnam
Tuesday, February 6, 1968

Dear Family & Friends,

It's pre-dawn; awakened by the shrieking of jets and the booming of bombs or rockets again at 4:20, we can't sleep even with pillows over our heads, so get up and write a letter to you. A week ago at 2:50 a.m. was the first awakening, that time by NLF mortars hitting the 9 military & U.S. gov't installations that marked the beginning of this horrible week in an awful war. It wasn't until 9:30, 6½ hours later, that the AMVN (1) radio said that U.S. troops had finally re-taken the U.S. Embassy, and were clearing out remaining NLF troops within the building. Several hours later an "official" version contradicted this, saying the NLF had never gotten inside the heavily fortified building. We wonder which version got out to you in the States. The Embassy is very new, surrounded by a high thick stone wall, has no visible windows but an outer shell of pierced stonework that lets in light and air but presumably not grenades or bullets. Thought impregnable. No news about the other targets -- U.S. officers billets, GVN (2) naval headquarters, etc. Unusual, since they usually quote statistics of "enemy killed" in order to keep up morale. Not till much later did we get sketchy reports of cities elsewhere. Finally we found out the situation via BBC (3), and heard interesting and highly detailed accounts via Radio Peking on short-wave. Peking, besides giving their version, quoted several international news services. Since Saigon airport, a U.S. base, was heavily hit, they announced at noon that the whole area around it would be bombed at 6 p.m. Masako was out there when the refugees started trying to get out; she said all the roads were blocked and U.S. & GVN soldiers & police were turning people back. Panic & agony among the refugees. GVN planes diving low overhead, U.S. helicopters chopping in coveys and strafing the streets. Mark was driving a truck for a Catholic group trying to organize refugee evacuation & relief. He said everyone was talking about the fact that the NLF had hit only military targets, and that NLF snipers were shooting only soldiers & GVN police, concentrating on Americans as much as possible; while the U.S. and GVN planes were showering bombs, rockets, & bullets from planes onto wide areas of civilian population wherever they thought NLF might be taking refuge.

Wednesday night was horrible to see. From our roof we watched as the planes rained destruction; huge orange fireballs and billows of black smoke, tracer bullets streaming like red-hot wires from each helicopter in four streams (that's the most sinister sight of them all, like a space-fiction movie, the eerie crimson spewing from a dark sky). What you see, in tracer bullets, is only one bullet in four; if the stream of visible ones looks solid to the eye, think of all those quadrupled hailing on the people below.

Thursday morning the market was almost empty of food -- the areas bombed had included the small farms on the outskirts of the city which feed us, and what little there was left

couldn't get through the gov't roadblocks into the city. People were milling about the market, angry and muttering. Sighting my American face, one woman hurled angry words which I only partly understood; I got several dirty looks. Naturally they assumed that I had access to the American PX commissary, whose bounty would not be affected by what happened to the Vietnamese. We could all see the helicopters air-lifting supplies into all the U.S. billets, from which U.S. personnel dared not emerge. Americans in the hotels downtown were being given C-rations, too. We are very fortunate in having a landlady who is helping us out, having laid in a large quantity of food before Tet. So we won't starve -- at least, not until everyone else in the city does too. Thursday afternoon the AMVN news said the NLF had taken the Childrens Hospital in Cholon, accompanying the announcement with a vehement commentary about the shameful and deceitfulness of such an action. Cathie & Rovin were at work there at the time. We were worried. Thursday night was more worrying, watching, wondering what would happen next, and heartache. Small arms firing a block away. The landlady moved her family into our office upstairs for the night, declining to sleep on the ground floor. We took sleeping pills. Mark stayed overnight with us, and slept downstairs at the landlady's request. He speaks fluent French, looks like and could pass as a Frenchman, but is an American, also has our Quaker identification which is a real asset in dealing with those Vietnamese who know of the voyages of the Phoenix to deliver medical supplies to Haiphong (N.VN) and Danang (S.VN) and appreciate deeply the significance of this neutrality demonstrated. So no matter who might come knocking at the door in the night, he stood some chance of handling the situation...we hoped. Fortunately, no one came knocking.

Friday morning brought Cathie & Rovin to our door! The AMVN news we'd heard was wrong. The NLF had not taken, or tried to take, the hospital. They had been in the neighborhood, and so the ARVN (4) troops had stationed themselves in the hospital, using it as a refuge from which they fired at the NLF snipers. It was the ARVN, not the NLF, who crouched at the windows of Cathie's ward on the top floor and drew firing onto the hospital. By noon, said Rovin, word was out that the area would be bombed and refugees were streaming into the hospital compound. Families bearing whatever they could carry -- bedding, food, sewing machines, chicken coops, and children, children, and more children. Many children were wounded, and couldn't find their parents. Many didn't have parents by that time. By evening there were a thousand refugees there. Cathie & Rovin couldn't leave that night, and were only able to go out the next morning with some of the British staff under British Embassy escort. The An Quang Pagoda (Buddhist) a block away had been bombed when what were thought to be NLF troops were sited in the compound, so monks were also among the refugees seeking the shelter of the hospital. By Friday afternoon the whole area of tightly-packed housing around the hospital and pagoda was billowing smoke and flames visible from our window. Rovin said that one of the Vietnamese doctors at the hospital, whose home was only a block away, became almost hysterical as he witnessed its destruction.

All day the city had echoed to the screaming of jets, zooming of GVN bombers, thwacking of U.S. helicopters, booming of bombs, whaa-booming of rockets, rattle of helicoptored machine-guns, and crack of rifles. We kept our heads indoors. Some pretty nervous GVN troops with itchy trigger fingers were stalking our neighborhood. We prayed that no one would give them cause for alarm; some little boys had been setting off post-Tet fire-crackers occasionally, and they sound just like guns. What if something like that were mis-interpreted as NLF sniper fire and they called in the air strikes on our block? By the weekend, large areas of Cholon were smoking rubble, electric power and water were gone throughout the city (they returned intermittently but no one knows when they're off for good), and food was getting scarcer and costlier. There were, by Sunday, 20,000 refugees from Saigon's suburbs and Cholon pouring into the city. By Monday the figure was 47,000, and now it's 93,000. What will it be tomorrow? Ninety-three thousand tragic people, mostly women and children. Yesterday morning the fires billowed from a pagoda in just the same block we used to live in last spring -- a crowded block filled with flimsy wooden houses; just a few blocks from Cholon. Block by block, the destruction moves across the city. Anti-American sentiment is palpable, it is everywhere. An American news bureau chief said to Pete yesterday that NLF recruitment will be far easier, more successful, as a result of this week's events. He said, as also did Sen. Eugene McCarthy recently, that the U.S. is engaged in utter self-deception. He said that the GVN corruption was so gross and all-pervading that now even the police who sieze Vietnamese out after cuffew (2:00 in the afternoon) take all their money, and then take their vehicles and refuse to give receipts. He has been all over Vietnam in recent weeks and has talked to a lot of people. Sec. of Defense McNamara said that the killing and destruction of this past week has been "repugnant" to the Vietnamese people. Oh, how it has! But what Mr. McNamara seems not to realize is that the people now more than ever identify the source of the mass killing and destruction as the U.S. and GVN. People on the streets, people at the market, our neighbors looking out their windows, look up at the skies bristling with aircraft and shake their heads sadly or their fists angrily.

Where will it stop? When will it end? Yesterday's news said that a group of Concerned Clergymen & Laymen were going to demonstrate in protest against the war, in Washington. A ray of hope. But many more rays are necessary to dispell the pall of gloom and doom that hangs over us. Please, all of you who receive this letter, add the lights of your own candles. Please don't quietly curse the darkness, hide your candles under a bushel, and go on about your daily business as usual. Raise your lights, your voices, and your votes. Please.

Pete & Nancy

- (1) AMVN = American Military Vietnam Network
- (2) GVN = Government of Viet Nam (the Saigon government, that is)
- (3) BBC = British Broadcasting Company
- (4) ARVN = Army of the Republic of Viet Nam (Saigon government's army)

NLF = National Liberation Front. Former Premier Diem coined the term "Viet Cong", meaning "Vietnamese Communists", and popular American slang has shortened it to "VC". We use the original name, NLF, because we feel it more accurately signifies this organization of whom only a portion are Communists; of whom the great majority are people who simply could no longer tolerate life under the Saigon government and the American military presence, and so joined the only effective opposition.

Pete & Nancy

Saigon

Friday, November 26, 1971

Dear Stephen and Faith,

Midst exhaustion and tidal waves of new images, it's taken me two days to get down to the business of writing. I landed Wednesday at Saigon airport, my first flash of a country at war being the rows of Viet Nameese Air Force planes there in the mottled colors of the jungle. The big fat planes with flipped up back ends, which I thought were bombers (my imagination already at work . . .) turned out to be cargo transports. We didn't break out of the clouds until just before landing, so I had only a few glimpses of the country -- it's absolutely flat in the lush green of the jungle with its very rich and fought-after soils, and, on the outskirts of Saigon, clumps of ugly corrugated tin houses.

Believe me, I have been leading a charmed life on this trip! One incredible thing after another has happened every place I've been, and it has just awed me. Viet Nam is no exception. I was flashed through customs and immigrations after the American businessman behind me rather cynically and wearily warned me that it would be a long and wearing wait. Outside the airport, readying myself to do battle with a taxidriver over the fare into town, this same man came up and offered me a ride in his chauffeured car to wherever I needed to go. Lucky again! Sometimes things seem too easy. Of course, I didn't know where to go, but I decided World Vision might be a good place to begin. As we drove into town I turned journalist and asked him a few questions. He was D. L. Melton, single, and the manager of Sea-Land Service here, which, I guess, does a lot of containerized cargo business. I was a little embarrassed to be doing as Americans are expected to do in Viet Nam, riding in a big, gleaming American car, with a chauffeur. I asked him if most Americans here had chauffeurs for their cars and he said yes. One reason being the peculiarity of driving laws here (there seem to be none) and number of accidents that land people in jail. (He also lives in a villa here. All Americans I have met have luxurious quarters by the standards here). Denton said Saigon had changed even in the last month (he's been living here almost a year and is ready to leave) -- there are hardly any American soldiers here any more. The winding down (as they call de-escalation here) is really happening. He also said it was much cleaner. He was, too, really bitter about the anti-Americanism here, for he seemed to think the U.S. presence had really done some good. He was most bitter about Viet-Nameese graft and corruption -- stealing of U.S. goods for re-sale -- the latest scandal being the huge quantities of brass stolen and pounded into plates ready for shipment out of the country, a story which the U.S. Embassy has tried to keep the lid on. He also cited the sale of U.S. tanks and trucks (which were to be given back to the U.S. when it began pulling out) by the Viet-Nameese to other countries. It is true -- the black market is EVERYWHERE -- goods you can't get in the PX -- because they've been stolen -- Kodak film, Tide, Tang, are for sale on every street corner, in every little shop. I went into one shop, and when asked what nationality I was, said Canadian only because I wanted some information. I said, these are all black market goods, aren't they? He just laughed and said yes. There is no problem speaking English here. I might also add it is quite safe, very quiet now. I feel no fear. People say there is an occasional fire bomb thrown now and then but it is really quiet in the city. I did hear of a GI getting killed two weeks ago when the jeep he was sitting in, with explosives in the back end, was struck by a fire bomb. I heard that because I was sitting on a bench on the very corner that it happened.

Well, on to World Vision, which is in a little compound right across from the American Embassy. I finally found a frail looking Australian lady (wearing the traditional and absolutely lovely national dress of Vietnamese women, "ao dai," a tunic slit up both sides to the waist, with silk trousers underneath) named Barbara Ferguson, who trains teachers for VietNameese schools.

She has lived here 4 years and speaks fluent Vietnamese. Anyway, she seemed a bit hassled and tired (this city takes its toll on everyone) and said there was no room there to stay. But she did let me use her phone to make some calls. My first was to Rosemary Taylor, whom I couldn't reach, but I talked to a very helpful lady named Margaret Moses. First, she told me that Sarah was in a foster home, placed through Children's Medical Relief International. Kim Hammond, David Anderson, and Prieu (or Thieu?) Westlake are all in Rosemary Taylor's orphanage at 64A Doan Thi Diem, Saigon (in case you need the address). The other Westlake boy is still in Da-Nang and won't be brought down until his official papers are further along. Both Sarah and David Anderson had their adoption contracts and dispensation signed 6 weeks ago (which must have been just when I left). Their final Viet Nameese papers (I'm not 'sure what those are -- the "decree") will be signed at the end of December, and Miss Moses estimates they'll reach you in late January! Kim Hammond is further along the bureaucratic line, as all her papers are finished, and her visa should take only 2 or 3 more weeks. The two Westlake boys have had no official paper work completed yet.

I apologize for not getting immediately to Sarah. She is well known at Children's Medical Relief International (also called the Barsky Unit after the plastic surgeon who started it). I'll give you the address, though I think you have it.

42 Thuam Kieu
Biên Vien Cho Ray, Bldg #52
Cholon, Saigon

(Biên Vien means hospital)

The people there have just been wonderful to me, and I am staying with the administrator of the unit, Mrs. Elizabeth Ferrer, a hefty Italian lady who speaks Brooklynese and is pretty gruff.

Anyway, yesterday, Thanksgiving Day, I visited the hospital and met Mrs. Kim (this beautiful Vietnamese woman who looks 20, but is 40, as is typical of most the women here). She had placed Sarah with a nurse's aid in the Barsky unit, a Mrs. Chi (they always give me abbreviated names), a small very delicate looking woman of about 40, who if I understand correctly, has 7 children of her own (which is not at all untypical here). Mrs. Chi is really kind -- Mrs. Kim told me she had placed Sarah with her because "Mrs. Chi was a nurse and would treat her well." So yesterday afternoon Mrs. Chi took me home with her (she speaks only Vietnamese and I had no translator, so my impressions are mainly visual) -- it was pouring down rain and the alley ways were ankle deep in water! She lives in a very small, typically Vietnamese home, very clean. The major display in the living room (very tiny -- but's that the way all Asians live -- crowded) was a beautifully stacked display of Similac and Nestlé's condensed milk nutrient -- all of which were for Sarah. She brought Sarah out in one of those plastic jobs just like the one you used to keep Geoffrey in. She is very pretty, very tiny, with enormous black-brown eyes & curly hair -- she looked very clean and smelled delicious -- they perfume her with Avon! (This was nothing special for me, because they didn't know I was coming). She seemed very healthy -- no respiratory problems, no cholic, no skin problems. She had had chicken pox just before the orphanage got her (some months ago now) & there were a few marks -- not scars -- but the sort of thing I had when I was a kid, that go away. She was very quiet, she did not cry at all and did not seem shy. She wouldn't smile for me, but she certainly did for Mrs. Chi -- you can tell she is well loved. (I might also add that she may have been smiling at the 50 plus people -- neighbor kids and their mother -- who crowded into the room from all over the neighborhood to observe this blond-haired stranger. I don't think they see many, if any Westerners in their neighborhood. Sarah seemed well stocked in clothes

(some, I bet, sent by you) and disposable diapers. I'm sorry I couldn't ask if there was anything she needed, but it looked as if she were well taken care of. Your money probably helps immensely if they have 7 kids, too. The full Viet Nameese nurses in the Barsky unit get only something like \$20 to \$30 (American) a month (all the VietNameese gov't will allow them to be paid) so she probably gets paid very little for her aid job. I also talked with Jean Carlin, who has been overwhelmingly friendly to me. She's a volunteer doctor here with CMRI, a flirtatious bachelor-lady crowding forty-five at least, who looks gypsy-ish à la Southern California. She examined Sarah when she first came in and said she was quite healthy. Sarah is still brought into the Barsky unit for check-ups, so if you want medical information, you could probably write either Dr. Carlin or Mrs. Ferrer. I also met Morine Sousesti, a bubbly little nurse from Connecticut, my age, who's been over here a year with the Barsky unit, who cared for Sarah when she first came in & I can assure you she was well-loved by that loveable girl. I unfortunately had only black & white film in my camera (freshly put in & it was rainy & there wasn't much room to take pictures in, & I felt I was there more to visit Sarah than to take pictures, which they don't seem that wild to have taken anyway, so I only took about 10 pictures -- the rest of the roll is Saigon & hopefully Rosemary Taylor's orphanage, which I'll visit tomorrow. I'll send the roll to you & hope they turn out. So you won't have color -- Sarah is Asian in color, which might translate to light mulatto in the States, a lovely exotic color of skin.

To wrap up my trip to her house, I tramped down twisting muddy alley ways to find a taxi cab (Mrs. Chi leading & at least 50 kids following) & once I got in the taxicab, was surrounded by a sea of shy/smiling faces. I haven't run across the least bit of anti-Americanism in my as yet brief stay here -- and that's true of the hospital too, where some kids' faces have been melted off by grenades or phosphorus bombs or they've had more than one limb blown off in this wretched war.

Back to Wednesday -- I ended up having tea & a long chat with Barbara Ferguson who had had a very bad day, disciplining her schools by cutting off funds because they had violated some of the rules of World Vision -- it's one of those really worthwhile organizations that's doing something creative for the world. Though I certainly couldn't take on the responsibility of actually adopting a child at this point in my life, I intend to shell out \$12 a month to help support a child here -- God, it not only educates him, but helps feed him. In the face of the material abundance I come from, it's the least I can do. If you find anyone (or can encourage anyone) in Boulder interested in this, they can write World Vision International, P.O. Box 0, Pasadena, Cal. 91109 --I'm proselytizing already!!) Barbara told me about the Tet Offensive here in 1967, how the people in World Vision had striders firing bullets over their quarters while attacking the Embassy. She said people here were really tense before the election this year, fearing a coup and utter turmoil, and that she had tickets for Bangkok in case it happened. That it all turned out so quietly, she feels, indicates a turning point in the war, that the people, for one thing, are getting tired of fighting. She too, feels the Americans have done some good here. She predicts there is the "possibility" that there will be a coalition by the next election. Mrs. Ferrer, with whom I am staying (her husband left here in May & she's dieting, which may explain some of her brusqueness) says anyone who predicts anything, clearly doesn't know what he's talking about.

I spent the entire afternoon hiking around Saigon -- it's laid out like a Western city & as a result of the French colonialization, they use Roman characters, so it's pretty easy to navigate. It's sticky hot (they consider this to be the cold of winter & wear sweaters in the mornings!) & lush with bougainvillea & palm trees -- a really pretty city -- marred mainly, in my

estimation, by the exhaust fumes of 80 million Hondas & Vespas -- everyone drives them, including the women in their delicate fluttering ao dai & mod-western sunglasses. There are also little 3 wheeled mini-pickup trucks that the people pack into & use as public transportation. Everywhere are these tiny battered blue & yellow taxis -- with no meters -- the method, I've discovered is to be firm -- pay them what you think they deserve & get out, slam the door, saying that's all. There are palatial homes of the still very rich and government buildings of the French era -- (à la 1880) lacey-neo Renaissance. Saigon Basilica, with its two redstone bell towers - (in the style of Notre Dame, says a guide booklet) is the city's major landmark. It's mind-blowing in its incongruity. The first thing I noticed were Vietnamese women -- they are beautiful! Really, the prettiest women I've seen in the Orient so far. Exquisite hair & eyes. . . they are tiny in diameter, just slips of women, well-proportioned, gracefully sculpted -- their ao dai set off the beauty of their bodies & long graceful legs. Every now and then you'll see a girl with a blond-haired child. The city is a bit dirty. It reminds me of Taipei -- there is a lot of new building going on. It was hard to miss where President Thieu lives, the Independence Palace -- it looks like a big American insurance building, a real bastion, set inside a park around which there are periodically sandbag fortresses & men with big guns, a few tanks, & beyond the regular wall, bales of barbed wire. It's about the only place in Saigon where there's barbed wire now (excepting all the military installations, of course) There are a lot of people toting guns around, but for obvious reasons I didn't take any picture of them or the Independence Palace. There is, too, a small windowless Bank of America & Chase/Manhattan Bank. The monetary situation is very interesting for Americans. You can cash dollars into piastres but not back into dollars, nor can you cash piastres back into dollars once outside the country -- but then, you can only take out 500 p. In other words, if you don't plan wisely, or are over cautious & get more piastres than you need, as I did, you end up with a big bundle of worthless paper. The piastre just underwent another massive devaluation, now 410 p. = \$1 (my 1968 guide book said 118p = \$1, and until a few weeks ago it was 275p = \$1) The two standards of living here are just incredible -- Americans live not unlike they do at home salary-wise, and Viet Nameese seem to make \$20-40 for jobs (and they all have massive families). I cannot understand how they do it.

There are a lot of little shops selling peace-symbol patches (with things like Peace-Hell-Bomb Hanoi around them) or "Vietnam Veteran against the War" or "Viet Nam-Cambodia War Games Participant." It's somehow mind-blowing to see the Viet Nameese selling these. Too, there are green khaki army shirts for little kids, with a colorfully embroidered map of Viet Nam on the back and shirts with the words "Don't Tell Me About Viet Nam Because I've Been There"

This Thanksgiving was one of the most profound-soul-wrenching, awesome days of my life. I'm not sure I can write about it, nor am I sure I want to. I visited the Children's Medical Relief International Hospital where there are 50 kids, and then the International Relief Committee Hospital, where another 120 kids are. I am sending you a NY Times article which I'd like you to keep -- wish I could Xerox some others for you -- more eloquent & descriptive than I could possibly be because of what it did to me. The three boys in the back of the picture are still there. I went on the rounds with Dr. Carlin and saw all the children -- she says about only 20% of the kids there now have wounds from the war -- though many kids were so horribly mangled years ago -- whole faces, ears, hands, and on & on melted off -- that it takes many years of surgery to make them operable humans again. Thank God for CMRI -- it is the only thing of its kind in the whole war-ridden country & if it closes or deteriorates because U.S.A.I.D funds are cut down or off, it will be one of the great tragedies of all time. A great many of the "domestic" accidents are war-related in that kids, on their way to school find a funny looking object

that turns out to be an old phosphorus bomb from some years ago offensive. Or else they are burned when an alcohol or gasoline stove overturns -- wood has become such a scarcity in the last few years that people have begun using these kinds of stoves. And then there is noma, the most horrible thing of all -- it is the result of malnutrition & creates gaping holes in the faces -- something you cannot possibly imagine unless you have seen it. Many, many young children come in now with cleft palates & lips -- the most severe cases I have ever seen in my life-- and they will continue to, I suppose, because it's hereditary, and this is a small country so there's lots of inbreeding. A large number of the babies with these deformities are orphans. Reconstructive surgery is astounding. Tubes of human flesh are made on the childrens' bodies, then connected from, say, an arm or leg, where it's made, to the face, where the noma has eaten away all the flesh. The medical staff is optimistic -- they are so good to those kids, who come in, barely alive. It is hard to marshall into the words the complexity of my own reaction to a visit there, let alone theirs, working 7 days a week there. There was a letter from a doctor in Saigon, Dr. Mark Gooney, a surgeon who had come out from San Francisco, that was published in the Sept. 71 Bulletin of the San Francisco Medical Society & also the Sunday S.F. Examiner & Chronicle for Oct. 24, 71 (This World Section)-- that catches some of the feelings -- "Anyone who allows rage or revulsion to consume him loses his objectivity and thus his effectiveness. Beyond rage or revulsion, what? Wonder I suppose. Incredulity, if you wish. Wonder how anyone can come out of this with anything other than a profound sense of cynicism. Wonder at the tenacity of human life. Disbelief at the depravity of man in general. Wonder and disbelief that we go on, and on . . . and on compounding the calamity out of some misguided sense of chivalry. . ." It is a letter worth reading.

There is a twinkly little Canadian-turned-American nurse here who told me the kids tell her, because they think she's not American, if the Americans have hurt them when they come in. It must be baffling to have Americans come in & bomb their villages & wound them & then have those same people take them to the hospital.

The kids play & talk quietly, and have a social life of their own on the wards -- that will be quite something else when they get outside & are taunted as freaks. They are beautiful -- in some incongruous way they give me hope in humanity. Dr. Carlin and I took ten of them to a Thanksgiving service at the Protestant Church here -- limping, blinded, and mangled, in their pajamas -- it was a long boring irrelative talk by some zealot American about gratitude to God for his grace. The kids who understand not a word of English were so thrilled to get out of the hospital -- they are like adults in many ways -- they sat absolutely still through that whole unending service, but I suppose they are used to sitting or laying for hours upon end in the hospital. The little boy next to me was blind -- he has not new eyes yet, but he loves music and came to hear the singing & to pray for his parents. I really fell in love with him. They are such patient, gentle children -- that they can smile made me able to smile.

The benefits of children being brought to CMRI extend beyond reconstructive plastic surgery -- pre-operatively (in medical jargon) every child is treated for worms (which they all have), is checked for t.b. (there's a good bit of that, too) and is thoroughly immunized for the first time in his life.

It's now Saturday in Saigon and the predictable 4:30 torrent has begun; it's great for cooling down the tropical heat & languor it causes in me. I was able to visit, for a while today the nursery run by Rosemary Taylor -- the children and building (in the pretty residential section of Saigon)

are documented in my haphazard way on the roll of Fuji film I'm sending you.

David Anderson especially, is fat by Viet Nameese standards & very healthy. Kim Hammond and Thieu Westlake are small, dark-haired and pretty -- they have no skin problems or anything I could detect visually. Which is fortunate, for some of the kids there did have sores or just-ended cases of chicken pox. The nursery is in a cheery white three-story building -- there are about 50 kids and a staff of 12 that rotates. I only saw 5 Viet-Nameese ladies there, in addition to Margaret Moses & Rosemary, who are more overseers. That's a skeletal crew, when you consider some of those babies are premature or sick. Rosemary seemed very high pressured & tense & I really did not get to talk to her either time I came (the first time, I got turned away -- understandable, I guess, she was quite busy & just didn't want anyone around -- too, as I said before, this city seems to take its toll on people.) I did have a few hurried words with Margaret Moses, who, in low depressed tones, gave me a little idea about what was going on. They have only one RN for this nursery -- I think she covers their other nursery too in Jardin -- a suburb of Saigon. She said they just try to keep the babies they get alive -- they don't even want to know about worms or t.b. -- their more immediate worries are meningitis and pneumonia. Many Viet Nameese orphanages won't even release children for adoption -- one of the problems being that they are Catholic or Buddhist & don't want kids placed in non-Catholic or non-Buddhist homes. Sadly, too, a lot (most) of Viet Nameese can't afford to adopt kids. A few orphanages, one in Da Nang and one in the South, do release kids to them. Kids in the southern one are "dying off like flies," but they can accommodate only so many here & the lady down there can only bring up 10 at a time. It must be tough, too, for when any of the kids get something infectious it's sure to spread like wildfire. I'd say maybe 25-30% of the babies in Rosemary's nursery are part Negro. Margaret said there are 50 parents applying for every child there is to be adopted. Funding is entirely private -- and, that they somehow get by each month. A lot of the money comes from Canada, Colorado, & Australia. That's about as much as I could get before Rosemary walked in -- whom I think doesn't like a lot of information to be given out -- that's just my guess -- they both looked a bit haggard to me.

The thought of all the kids who will never get adopted, who will be doomed to only a fraction of somebody's time (for feeding them & changing their diapers) or to death by something that could be cleared up in a day if they had medical treatment, makes me terribly terribly sad. I'm sure this happens every place in the world, but this is the first place I've gotten involved in it & seen it, and the fact that so much of it is caused by something as inane as war makes it all the more tragic. The amazing thing is the number of people who give up their personal lives -- families, homeland, well-paying jobs -- & come over here to work -- around-the-clock, to help these kids, to try to train the Viet Nameese in medicine or agriculture or community-planning -- and take on all the psychic burdens too -- and sometimes threat to their lives, travelling & working in outer provinces, for humanity. I am impressed.

From here I will be travelling through Indonesia & Malaysia -- not at all tired yet, but continually fascinated, enticed by Asia, everywhere on the brink of the twentieth century, in some ways sadly.

I'm sending you a couple of rolls of undeveloped film One is black & white Pan X -- which has pictures of Saigon -- Sarah & her foster mother -- it might have some underexposed shots of Thieu Westlake on the very end, though I think there wasn't any space left.

Karen
Rambo

Lesanne - please share with
Judy, + with Nancy if she's
interested!! ☺

March 18
Howdy, friends! How be you all? I'm
amazed at how at home I felt
even my 1st day back here - as
though I'd never been away at
all. Saigon's much the same
prices higher at the peasant's
down, bombing level ~~up~~ up from
what it was after the
peace accords, perhaps higher
than it was when I was
here before. I hear that the
reports we get in our papers
here play down what's going on -
can you tell me the truth?
Though, especially, reading between
the lines it sounds like
ARVN's getting a beating. I don't
know what's going to happen.
Life in the ~~old~~ nurseries has
changed, though, + also my reaction
to it. We're such a big
operation now, everything
in a way much more organized
(each house having an administra-
tor for example) - it takes a
lot of the burden of work off
but a bit of the excitement
gone too. The same old growing pains,
or maybe they've gone (though
them already + I haven't quite
stretched to them. Don't get me
wrong, I'm quite happy to be
here right now, but I'll also
be quite happy leaving in 6
months, methinks, being here
now; coming back again seems

Lesson - please share with
2014 + 10/10/14
10/10/14

to be serving to quell (the fire)
that's been driving me - will
free me to do something more
political when I come back, per-
haps (I see more of the urgency
for this now had to be working
with those talking about the
Commie's (thick) life at Allambie
never could be as intense as
10 Am was - no else, #1, 10
boxes to unpack, conveyances to
house, sick or dying babies, ...
etc. - in a way just fun,
though I sure keep on my feet
enough too. There's just been a
changeover in ^{western} staff here, so I'm
kind of picking up the pieces
that have been ^{overlooked} missed. We had
a preschool + elementary school, for
example, but our kindergartners were
wandering around all days... reorganizing
that work some with the school she
keep wanting ^{me} them to teach English
songs - instead I've, no we've already
translated 1, 2, 3 Little Indians + Where's
is Thumbkin? to Vietnamese. I'm
working with our 3 older blends
kids while trying to get them into
school a while each day. They
are neat (Cuong + Truong were
features in FFA's last newsletter, if
you saw it). Sucha spirit, spunk,
get around so well you forget they're
handicapped... keeping me a lot.
And of course our "special" kids.
A few have moved out of the
special category, kids I knew before

who are now beautiful + being placed, its so gratifying, others have made incredible progress. Van Gogh (love of my life, is ~~go~~ doing so much more now starting to ~~speak~~ I can see now that he definitely is retarded + yet would be hard for me to adopt him such an endearing person though, I really want to try to find a family. would have to be pretty special - better equipped to handle him than I. A special ed. person from J.F. set up quite a good program for many of the kids here, with one of the UN women who's doing an excellent job... she only works mornings, + since my time is after scattered, I'll fill in + do work with these kids in their rooms (used to be so easy, had all my problem kids in one room. You can really get lost in this house, though its huge). Got a swimming program going for the physically handicapped or motor retarded kids, + its really bringing some of them out, too - a lot of its just plain fun, being with the older kids - I do miss having babies + bottles around, though ours go down to one year or a little more. (C)

Havent seen Rosemary much when I have she's seemed pretty tense (her busy tense) so havent really communicated with her. Margaret was working here while our administrator was away which

4

was good - I guess - "Same old Marg".
So odd to be with Ilse when she's
not working, working. Must have
been such a struggle for her to get
out - in some ways she's glad to get
out - but I wonder, at what
price?? Naomi Bronstein had started
a house in Cambodia & we helped
them evacuate it this week - the
big news of the day - haven't seen
much of Ilse or anybody lately
because of a lot of energies gone into
that by people not working in
the houses.

Visited FCVP. Most of their babies
are now in V.N. foster homes & that's
~~conf.~~ working quite well says Sheri.
Didn't get any weird feelings from
them, didn't see their toddlers' house
either, but am glad I'm working here.
They remind me of earlier days with
Rose's operation ~~the~~ doing a little
bit of everything, smaller scale you
know - the good old days, I won't
go back to, I guess.

Phu's family was neat, really,
really liked them (I wrote to tell
them that!) So what else is new?
Not much to say. I'd love to
hear from any or all of you
I thought probably will be back
in August - go to school for 6
months & then???

Bye for now

Peace to all

Karen

maybe written by
"Karen" a volunteer
maybe last name
Rambo

|

Saigon
Friday, November 26, 1971

Dear Stephen and Faith,

Midst exhaustion and tidal waves of new images, it's taken me two days to get down to the business of writing. I landed Wednesday at Saigon airport, my first flash of a country at war being the rows of Viet Nameese Air Force planes there in the mottled colors of the jungle. The big fat planes with flipped up back ends, which I thought were bombers (my imagination already at work . . .) turned out to be cargo transports. We didn't break out of the clouds until just before landing, so I had only a few glimpses of the country -- it's absolutely flat in the lush green of the jungle with its very rich and fought-after soils, and, on the outskirts of Saigon, clumps of ugly corrugated tin houses.

Believe me, I have been leading a charmed life on this trip! One incredible thing after another has happened every place I've been, and it has just awed me. Viet Nam is no exception. I was flashed through customs and immigrations after the American businessman behind me rather cynically and wearily warned me that it would be a long and wearing wait. Outside the airport, readying myself to do battle with a taxidriver over the fare into town, this same man came up and offered me a ride in his chauffeured car to wherever I needed to go. Lucky again! Sometimes things seem too easy. Of course, I didn't know where to go, but I decided World Vision might be a good place to begin. As we drove into town I turned journalist and asked him a few questions. He was D. L. Melton, single, and the manager of Sea-Land Service here, which, I guess, does a lot of containerized cargo business. I was a little embarrassed to be doing as Americans are expected to do in Viet Nam, riding in a big, gleaming American car, with a chauffeur. I asked him if most Americans here had chauffeurs for their cars and he said yes. One reason being the peculiarity of driving laws here (there seem to be none) and number of accidents that land people in jail. (He also lives in a villa here. All Americans I have met have luxurious quarters by the standards here). Denton said Saigon had changed even in the last month (he's been living here almost a year and is ready to leave) -- there are hardly any American soldiers here any more. The winding down (as they call de-escalation here) is really happening. He also said it was much cleaner. He was, too, really bitter about the anti-Americanism here, for he seemed to think the U.S. presence had really done some good. He was most bitter about Viet-Nameese graft and corruption -- stealing of U.S. goods for re-sale -- the latest scandal being the huge quantities of brass stolen and pounded into plates ready for shipment out of the country, a story which the U.S. Embassy has tried to keep the lid on. He also cited the sale of U.S. tanks and trucks (which were to be given back to the U.S. when it began pulling out) by the Viet-Nameese to other countries. It is true -- the black market is EVERYWHERE -- goods you can't get in the PX -- because they've been stolen -- Kodak film, Tide, Tang, are for sale on every street corner, in every little shop. I went into one shop, and when asked what nationality I was, said Canadian only because I wanted some information. I said, these are all black market goods, aren't they? He just laughed and said yes. There is no problem speaking English here. I might also add it is quite safe, very quiet now. I feel no fear. People say there is an occasional fire bomb thrown now and then but it is really quiet in the city. I did hear of a GI getting killed two weeks ago when the jeep he was sitting in, with explosives in the back end, was struck by a fire bomb. I heard that because I was sitting on a bench on the very corner that it happened.

Well, on to World Vision, which is in a little compound right across from the American Embassy. I finally found a frail looking Australian lady (wearing the traditional and absolutely lovely national dress of Vietnamese women, "ao dai," a tunic slit up both sides to the waist, with silk trousers underneath) named Barbara Ferguson, who trains teachers for VietNameese schools.

She has lived here 4 years and speaks fluent Vietnamese. Anyway, she seemed a bit hassled and tired (this city takes its toll on everyone) and said there was no room there to stay. But she did let me use her phone to make some calls. My first was to Rosemary Taylor, whom I couldn't reach, but I talked to a very helpful lady named Margaret Moses. First, she told me that Sarah was in a foster home, placed through Children's Medical Relief International. Kim Hammond, David Anderson, and Prieu (or Thieu?) Westlake are all in Rosemary Taylor's orphanage at 64A Doan Thi Diem, Saigon (in case you need the address). The other Westlake boy is still in Da-Nang and won't be brought down until his official papers are further along. Both Sarah and David Anderson had their adoption contracts and dispensation signed 6 weeks ago (which must have been just when I left). Their final Viet Nameese papers (I'm not 'sure what those are -- the "decree") will be signed at the end of December, and Miss Moses estimates they'll reach you in late January! Kim Hammond is further along the bureaucratic line, as all her papers are finished, and her visa should take only 2 or 3 more weeks. The two Westlake boys have had no official paper work completed yet.

I apologize for not getting immediately to Sarah. She is well known at Children's Medical Relief International (also called the Barsky Unit after the plastic surgeon who started it). I'll give you the address, though I think you have it.

42 Thuam Kieu
Biên Vien Cho Ray, Bldg #52
Cholon, Saigon

(Biên Vien means hospital)

The people there have just been wonderful to me, and I am staying with the administrator of the unit, Mrs. Elizabeth Ferrer, a hefty Italian lady who speaks Brooklynese and is pretty gruff.

Anyway, yesterday, Thanksgiving Day, I visited the hospital and met Mrs. Kim (this beautiful Vietnamese woman who looks 20, but is 40, as is typical of most the women here). She had placed Sarah with a nurse's aid in the Barsky unit, a Mrs. Chi (they always give me abbreviated names), a small very delicate looking woman of about 40, who if I understand correctly, has 7 children of her own (which is not at all untypical here). Mrs. Chi is really kind -- Mrs. Kim told me she had placed Sarah with her because "Mrs. Chi was a nurse and would treat her well." So yesterday afternoon Mrs. Chi took me home with her (she speaks only Vietnamese and I had no translator, so my impressions are mainly visual) -- it was pouring down rain and the alley ways were ankle deep in water! She lives in a very small, typically Vietnamese home, very clean. The major display in the living room (very tiny -- but's that the way all Asians live -- crowded) was a beautifully stacked display of Similac and Nestlé's condensed milk nutrient -- all of which were for Sarah. She brought Sarah out in one of those plastic jobs just like the one you used to keep Geoffrey in. She is very pretty, very tiny, with enormous black-brown eyes & curly hair -- she looked very clean and smelled delicious -- they perfume her with Avon! (This was nothing special for me, because they didn't know I was coming). She seemed very healthy -- no respiratory problems, no cholic, no skin problems. She had had chicken pox just before the orphanage got her (some months ago now) & there were a few marks -- not scars -- but the sort of thing I had when I was a kid, that go away. She was very quiet, she did not cry at all and did not seem shy. She wouldn't smile for me, but she certainly did for Mrs. Chi -- you can tell she is well loved. (I might also add that she may have been smiling at the 50 plus people -- neighbor kids and their mother -- who crowded into the room from all over the neighborhood to observe this blond-haired stranger. I don't think they see many, if any Westerners in their neighborhood. Sarah seemed well stocked in clothes

(some, I bet, sent by you) and disposable diapers. I'm sorry I couldn't ask if there was anything she needed, but it looked as if she were well taken care of. Your money probably helps immensely if they have 7 kids, too. The full Viet Nameese nurses in the Barsky unit get only something like \$20 to \$30 (American) a month (all the VietNameese gov't will allow them to be paid) so she probably gets paid very little for her aid job. I also talked with Jean Carlin, who has been overwhelmingly friendly to me. She's a volunteer doctor here with CMRI, a flirtatious bachelor-lady crowding forty-five at least, who looks gypsy-ish à la Southern California. She examined Sarah when she first came in and said she was quite healthy. Sarah is still brought into the Barsky unit for check-ups, so if you want medical information, you could probably write either Dr. Carlin or Mrs. Ferrer. I also met Morine Sousesti, a bubbly little nurse from Connecticut, my age, who's been over here a year with the Barsky unit, who cared for Sarah when she first came in & I can assure you she was well-loved by that loveable girl. I unfortunately had only black & white film in my camera (freshly put in & it was rainy & there wasn't much room to take pictures in, & I felt I was there more to visit Sarah than to take pictures, which they don't seem that wild to have taken anyway, so I only took about 10 pictures -- the rest of the roll is Saigon & hopefully Rosemary Taylor's orphanage, which I'll visit tomorrow. I'll send the roll to you & hope they turn out. So you won't have color -- Sarah is Asian in color, which might translate to light mulatto in the States, a lovely exotic color of skin.

To wrap up my trip to her house, I tramped down twisting muddy alley ways to find a taxi cab (Mrs. Chi leading & at least 50 kids following) & once I got in the taxicab, was surrounded by a sea of shy/smiling faces. I haven't run across the least bit of anti-Americanism in my as yet brief stay here -- and that's true of the hospital too, where some kids' faces have been melted off by grenades or phosphorus bombs or they've had more than one limb blown off in this wretched war.

Back to Wednesday -- I ended up having tea & a long chat with Barbara Ferguson who had had a very bad day, disciplining her schools by cutting off funds because they had violated some of the rules of World Vision -- it's one of those really worthwhile organizations that's doing something creative for the world. Though I certainly couldn't take on the responsibility of actually adopting a child at this point in my life, I intend to shell out \$12 a month to help support a child here -- God, it not only educates him, but helps feed him. In the face of the material abundance I come from, it's the least I can do. If you find anyone (or can encourage anyone) in Boulder interested in this, they can write World Vision International, P.O. Box 0, Pasadena, Cal. 91109 --I'm proselytizing already!!) Barbara told me about the Tet Offensive here in 1967, how the people in World Vision had strafers firing bullets over their quarters while attacking the Embassy. She said people here were really tense before the election this year, fearing a coup and utter turmoil, and that she had tickets for Bangkok in case it happened. That it all turned out so quietly, she feels, indicates a turning point in the war, that the people, for one thing, are getting tired of fighting. She too, feels the Americans have done some good here. She predicts there is the "possibility" that there will be a coalition by the next election. Mrs. Ferrer, with whom I am staying (her husband left here in May & she's dieting, which may explain some of her brusqueness) says anyone who predicts anything, clearly doesn't know what he's talking about.

I spent the entire afternoon hiking around Saigon -- it's laid out like a Western city & as a result of the French colonialization, they use Roman characters, so it's pretty easy to navigate. It's sticky hot (they consider this to be the cold of winter & wear sweaters in the mornings!) & lush with bougainvillea & palm trees -- a really pretty city -- marred mainly, in my

estimation, by the exhaust fumes of 80 million Hondas & Vespas -- everyone drives them, including the women in their delicate fluttering ao dai & mod-western sunglasses. There are also little 3 wheeled mini-pickup trucks that the people pack into & use as public transportation. Everywhere are these tiny battered blue & yellow taxis -- with no meters -- the method, I've discovered is to be firm -- pay them what you think they deserve & get out, slam the door, saying that's all. There are palatial homes of the still very rich and government buildings of the French era -- (à la 1880) lacey-neo Renaissance. Saigon Basilica, with its two redstone bell towers - (in the style of Notre Dame, says a guide booklet) is the city's major landmark. It's mind-blowing in its incongruity. The first thing I noticed were Vietnamese women -- they are beautiful! Really, the prettiest women I've seen in the Orient so far. Exquisite hair & eyes. . . they are tiny in diameter, just slips of women, well-proportioned, gracefully sculpted -- their ao dai set off the beauty of their bodies & long graceful legs. Every now and then you'll see a girl with a blond-haired child. The city is a bit dirty. It reminds me of Taipei -- there is a lot of new building going on. It was hard to miss where President Thieu lives, the Independence Palace -- it looks like a big American insurance building, a real bastion, set inside a park around which there are periodically sandbag fortresses & men with big guns, a few tanks, & beyond the regular wall, bales of barbed wire. It's about the only place in Saigon where there's barbed wire now (excepting all the military installations, of course) There are a lot of people toting guns around, but for obvious reasons I didn't take any picture of them or the Independence Palace. There is, too, a small windowless Bank of America & Chase/Manhattan Bank. The monetary situation is very interesting for Americans. You can cash dollars into piastres but not back into dollars, nor can you cash piastres back into dollars once outside the country -- but then, you can only take out 500 p. In other words, if you don't plan wisely, or are over cautious & get more piastres than you need, as I did, you end up with a big bundle of worthless paper. The piastre just underwent another massive devaluation, now 410 p. = \$1 (my 1968 guide book said 118p = \$1, and until a few weeks ago it was 275p = \$1) The two standards of living here are just incredible -- Americans live not unlike they do at home salary-wise, and Viet Namese seem to make \$20-40 for jobs (and they all have massive families). I cannot understand how they do it.

There are a lot of little shops selling peace-symbol patches (with things like Peace-Hell-Bomb Hanoi around them) or "Vietnam Veteran against the War" or "Viet Nam-Cambodia War Games Participant." It's somehow mind-blowing to see the Viet Namese selling these. Too, there are green khaki army shirts for little kids, with a colorfully embroidered map of Viet Nam on the back and shirts with the words "Don't Tell Me About Viet Nam Because I've Been There"

This Thanksgiving was one of the most profound-soul-wrenching, awesome days of my life. I'm not sure I can write about it, nor am I sure I want to. I visited the Children's Medical Relief International Hospital where there are 50 kids, and then the International Relief Committee Hospital, where another 120 kids are. I am sending you a NY Times article which I'd like you to keep -- wish I could Zerox some others for you -- more eloquent & descriptive than I could possibly be because of what it did to me. The three boys in the back of the picture are still there. I went on the rounds with Dr. Carlin and saw all the children -- she says about only 20% of the kids there now have wounds from the war -- though many kids were so horribly mangled years ago -- whole faces, ears, hands, and on & on melted off -- that it takes many years of surgery to make them operable humans again. Thank God for CMRI -- it is the only thing of its kind in the whole war-ridden country & if it closes or deteriorates because U.S.A.I.D funds are cut down or off, it will be one of the great tragedies of all time. A great many of the "domestic" accidents are war-related in that kids, on their way to school find a funny looking object

that turns out to be an old phosphorus bomb from some years ago offensive. Or else they are burned when an alcohol or gasoline stove overturns -- wood has become such a scarcity in the last few years that people have begun using these kinds of stoves. And then there is noma, the most horrible thing of all -- it is the result of malnutrition & creates gaping holes in the faces -- something you cannot possibly imagine unless you have seen it. Many, many young children come in now with cleft palates & lips -- the most severe cases I have ever seen in my life-- and they will continue to, I suppose, because it's hereditary, and this is a small country so there's lots of inbreeding. A large number of the babies with these deformities are orphans. Reconstructive surgery is astounding. Tubes of human flesh are made on the childrens' bodies, then connected from, say, an arm or leg, where it's made, to the face, where the noma has eaten away all the flesh. The medical staff is optimistic -- they are so good to those kids, who come in, barely alive. It is hard to marshall into the words the complexity of my own reaction to a visit there, let alone theirs, working 7 days a week there. There was a letter from a doctor in Saigon, Dr. Mark Gorney, a surgeon who had come out from San Francisco, that was published in the Sept. 71 Bulletin of the San Francisco Medical Society & also the Sunday S.F. Examiner & Chronicle for Oct. 24, 71 (This World Section)-- that catches some of the feelings -- "Anyone who allows rage or revulsion to consume him loses his objectivity and thus his effectiveness. Beyond rage or revulsion, what? Wonder I suppose. Incredulity, if you wish. Wonder how anyone can come out of this with anything other than a profound sense of cynicism. Wonder at the tenacity of human life. Disbelief at the depravity of man in general. Wonder and disbelief that we go on, and on . . . and on compounding the calamity out of some misguided sense of chivalry. . ." It is a letter worth reading.

There is a twinkly little Canadian-turned-American nurse here who told me the kids tell her, because they think she's not American, if the Americans have hurt them when they come in. It must be baffling to have Americans come in & bomb their villages & wound them & then have those same people take them to the hospital.

The kids play & talk quietly, and have a social life of their own on the wards -- that will be quite something else when they get outside & are taunted as freaks. They are beautiful -- in some incongruous way they give me hope in humanity. Dr. Carlin and I took ten of them to a Thanksgiving service at the Protestant Church here -- limping, blinded, and mangled, in their pajamas -- it was a long boring irrelative talk by some zealot American about gratitude to God for his grace. The kids who understand not a word of English were so thrilled to get out of the hospital -- they are like adults in many ways -- they sat absolutely still through that whole unending service, but I suppose they are used to sitting or laying for hours upon end in the hospital. The little boy next to me was blind -- he has not new eyes yet, but he loves music and came to hear the singing & to pray for his parents. I really fell in love with him. They are such patient, gentle children -- that they can smile made me able to smile.

The benefits of children being brought to CMRI extend beyond reconstructive plastic surgery -- pre-operatively (in medical jargon) every child is treated for worms (which they all have), is checked for t.b. (there's a good bit of that, too) and is thoroughly immunized for the first time in his life.

It's now Saturday in Saigon and the predictable 4:30 torrent has begun; it's great for cooling down the tropical heat & languor it causes in me. I was able to visit, for a while today the nursery run by Rosemary Taylor -- the children and building (in the pretty residential section of Saigon)

are documented in my haphazard way on the roll of Fuji film I'm sending you.

David Anderson especially, is fat by Viet Nameese standards & very healthy. Kim Hammond and Thieu Westlake are small, dark-haired and pretty -- they have no skin problems or anything I could detect visually. Which is fortunate, for some of the kids there did have sores or just-ended cases of chicken pox. The nursery is in a cheery white three-story building -- there are about 50 kids and a staff of 12 that rotates. I only saw 5 Viet-Nameese ladies there, in addition to Margaret Moses & Rosemary, who are more overseers. That's a skeletal crew, when you consider some of those babies are premature or sick. Rosemary seemed very high pressured & tense & I really did not get to talk to her either time I came (the first time, I got turned away -- understandable, I guess, she was quite busy & just didn't want anyone around -- too, as I said before, this city seems to take its toll on people.) I did have a few hurried words with Margaret Moses, who, in low depressed tones, gave me a little idea about what was going on. They have only one RN for this nursery -- I think she covers their other nursery too in Jardin -- a suburb of Saigon. She said they just try to keep the babies they get alive -- they don't even want to know about worms or t.b. -- their more immediate worries are meningitis and pneumonia. Many Viet Nameese orphanages won't even release children for adoption -- one of the problems being that they are Catholic or Buddhist & don't want kids placed in non-Catholic or non-Buddhist homes. Sadly, too, a lot (most) of Viet Nameese can't afford to adopt kids. A few orphanages, one in Da Nang and one in the South, do release kids to them. Kids in the southern one are "dying off like flies," but they can accommodate only so many here & the lady down there can only bring up 10 at a time. It must be tough, too, for when any of the kids get something infectious it's sure to spread like wildfire. I'd say maybe 25-30% of the babies in Rosemary's nursery are part Negro. Margaret said there are 50 parents applying for every child there is to be adopted. Funding is entirely private -- and, that they somehow get by each month. A lot of the money comes from Canada, Colorado, & Australia. That's about as much as I could get before Rosemary walked in -- whom I think doesn't like a lot of information to be given out -- that's just my guess -- they both looked a bit haggard to me.

The thought of all the kids who will never get adopted, who will be doomed to only a fraction of somebody's time (for feeding them & changing their diapers) or to death by something that could be cleared up in a day if they had medical treatment, makes me terribly terribly sad. I'm sure this happens every place in the world, but this is the first place I've gotten involved in it & seen it, and the fact that so much of it is caused by something as inane as war makes it all the more tragic. The amazing thing is the number of people who give up their personal lives -- families, homeland, well-paying jobs -- & come over here to work -- around-the-clock, to help these kids, to try to train the Viet Nameese in medicine or agriculture or community-planning -- and take on all the psychic burdens too -- and sometimes threat to their lives, travelling & working in outer provinces, for humanity. I am impressed.

From here I will be travelling through Indonesia & Malaysia -- not at all tired yet, but continually fascinated, enticed by Asia, everywhere on the brink of the twentieth century, in some ways sadly.

I'm sending you a couple of rolls of undeveloped film One is black & white Pan X -- which has pictures of Saigon -- Sarah & her foster mother -- it might have some underexposed shots of Thieu Westlake on the very end, though I think there wasn't any space left.



picnic at home of Duane + Wende Grant in Boulder - probably summer '72