The original documents are located in Box 8, folder "Newspaper and Magazine Clippings" of the Shirley Peck Barnes Papers at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

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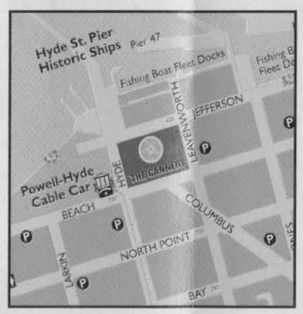

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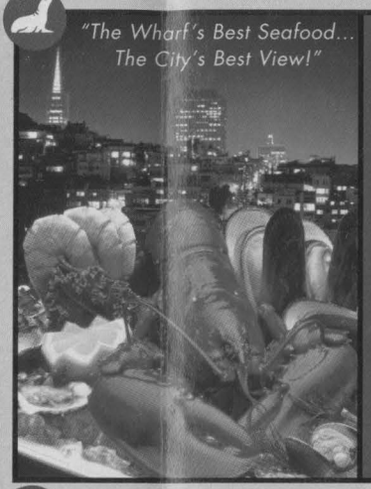
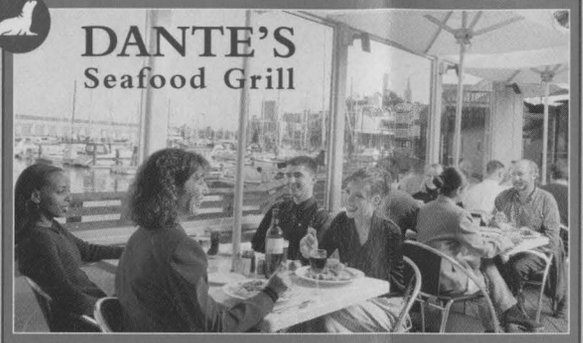
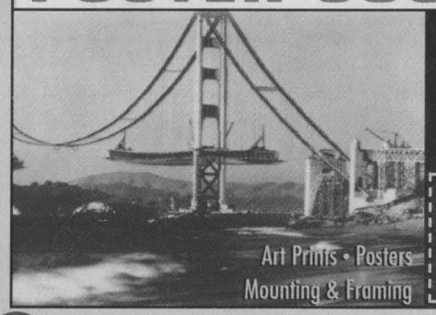
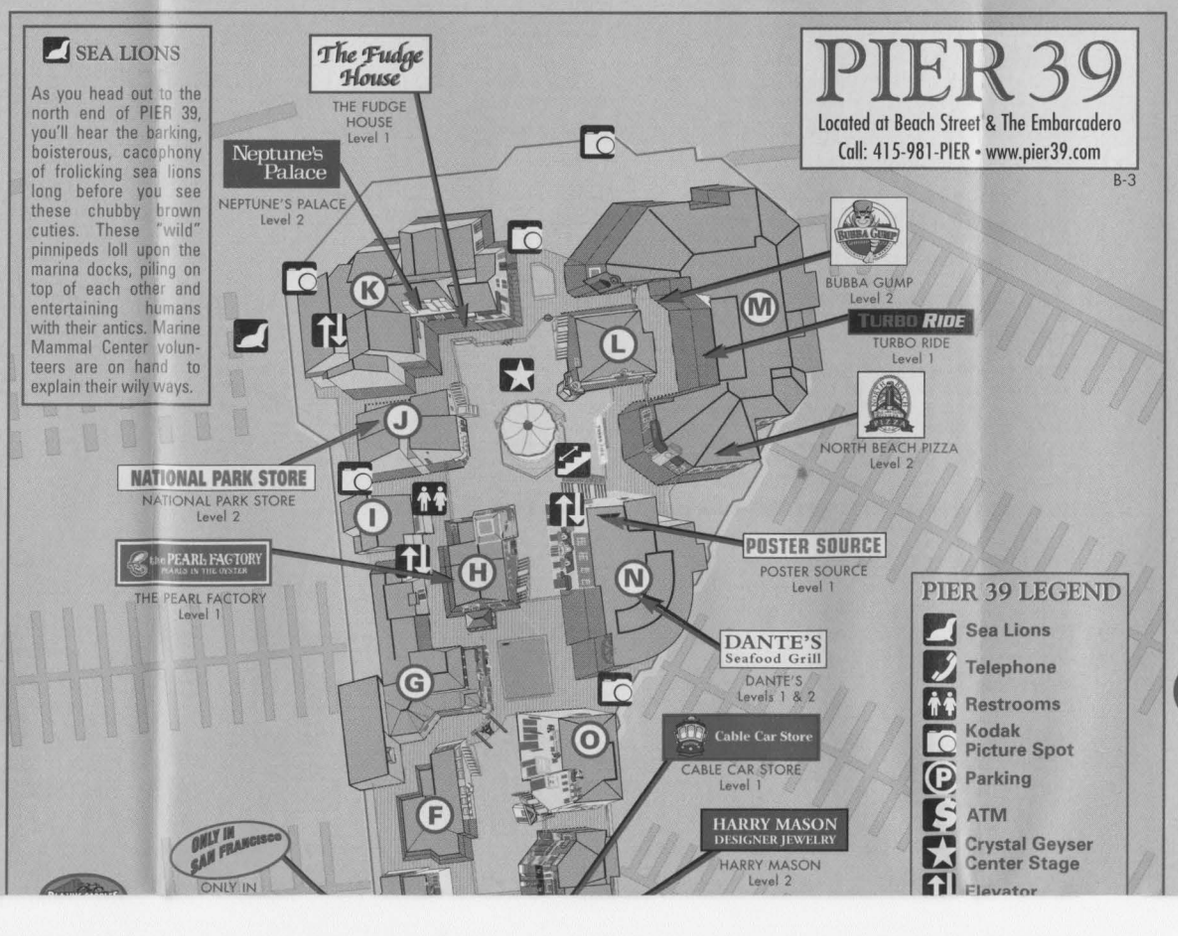


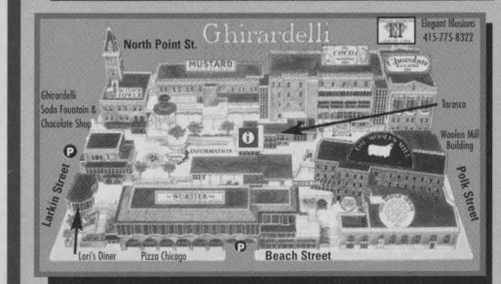


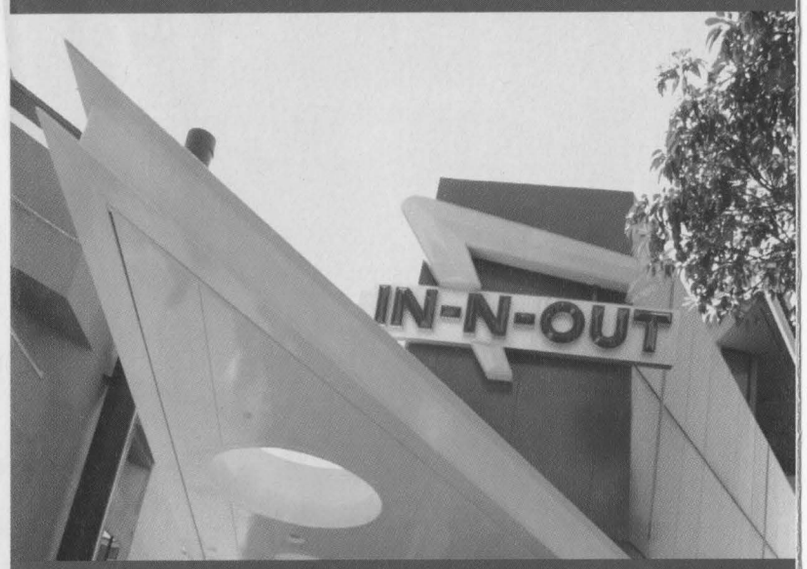


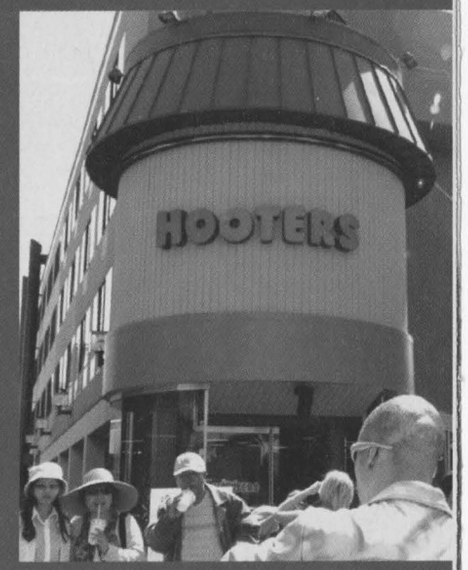
SEA LIONS

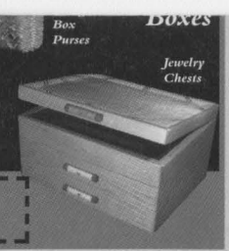
As you head out to the north end of PIER 39, you'll hear the barking, boisterous, cacophony of frolicking sea lions long before you see these chubby brown cuties. These "wild" pinnipeds loll upon the marina docks, piling on top of each other and entertaining humans with their antics. Marine Mammal Center volunteers are on hand to explain their wily ways.

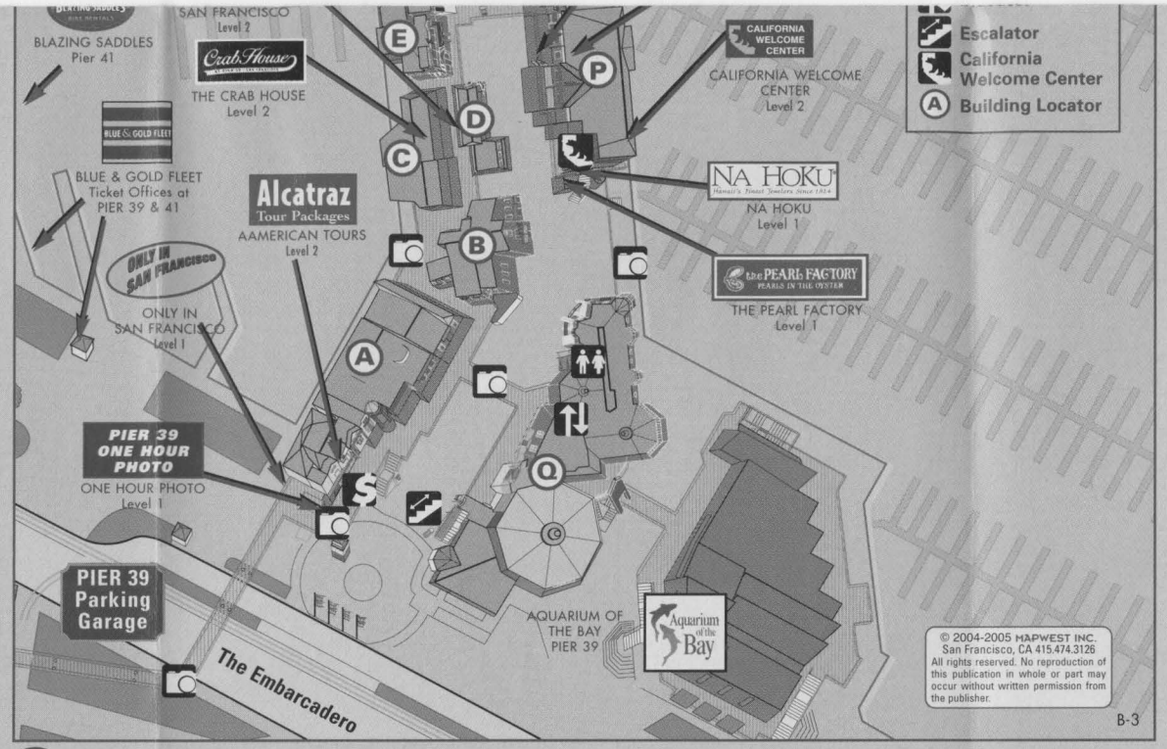




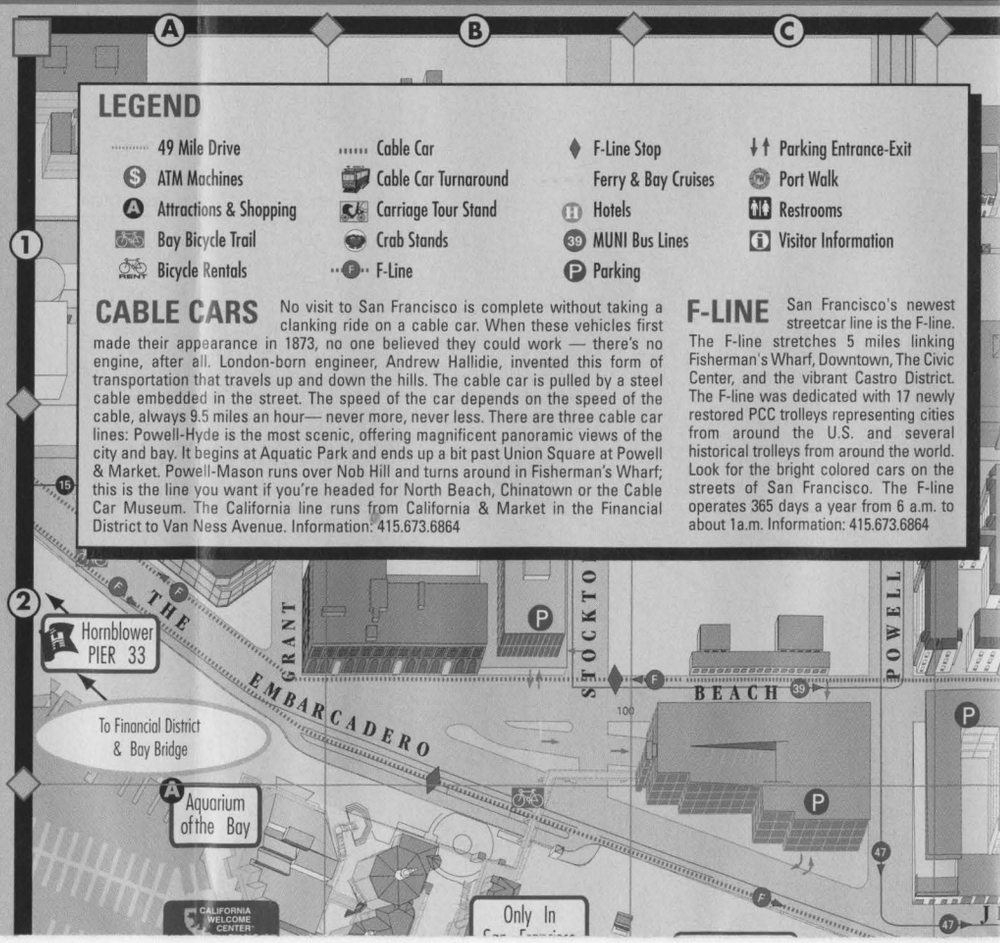








Dining at Fish



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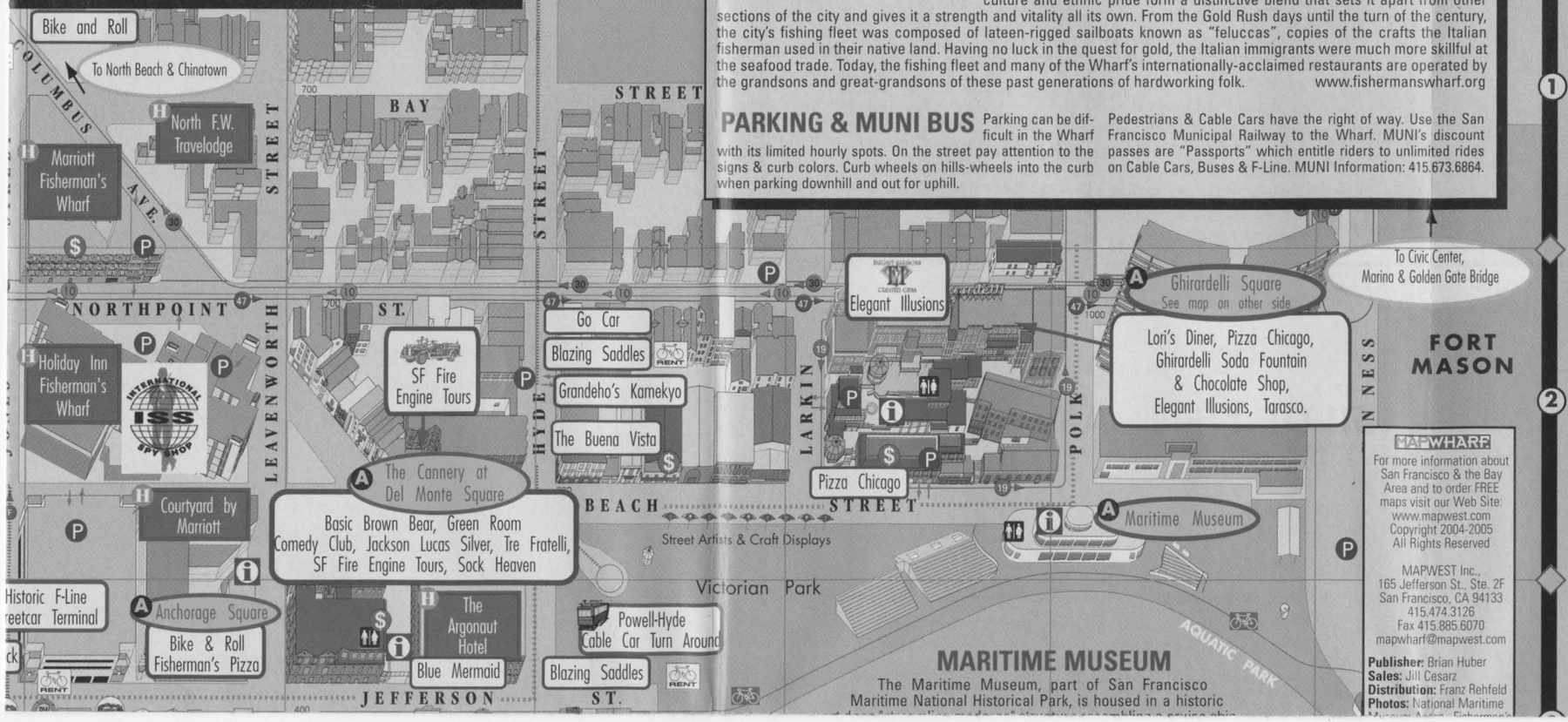

FISHERMAN'S WHARF San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf is one of those rare places where history, culture and ethnic pride form a distinctive blend that sets it apart from other sections of the city and gives it a strength and vitality all its own. From the Gold Rush days until the turn of the century, the city's fishing fleet was composed of lateen-rigged sailboats known as "feluccas", copies of the crafts the Italian fisherman used in their native land. Having no luck in the quest for gold, the Italian immigrants were much more skillful at the seafood trade. Today, the fishing fleet and many of the Wharf's internationally-acclaimed restaurants are operated by the grandsons and great-grandsons of these past generations of hardworking folk. www.fishermanswharf.org

PARKING & MUNI BUS Parking can be difficult in the Wharf with its limited hourly spots. On the street pay attention to the signs & curb colors. Curb wheels on hills-wheels into the curb when parking downhill and out for uphill.

Pedestrians & Cable Cars have the right of way. Use the San Francisco Municipal Railway to the Wharf. MUNI's discount passes are "Passports" which entitle riders to unlimited rides on Cable Cars, Buses & F-Line. MUNI Information: 415.673.6864.

MAPWHARF

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MARITIME MUSEUM

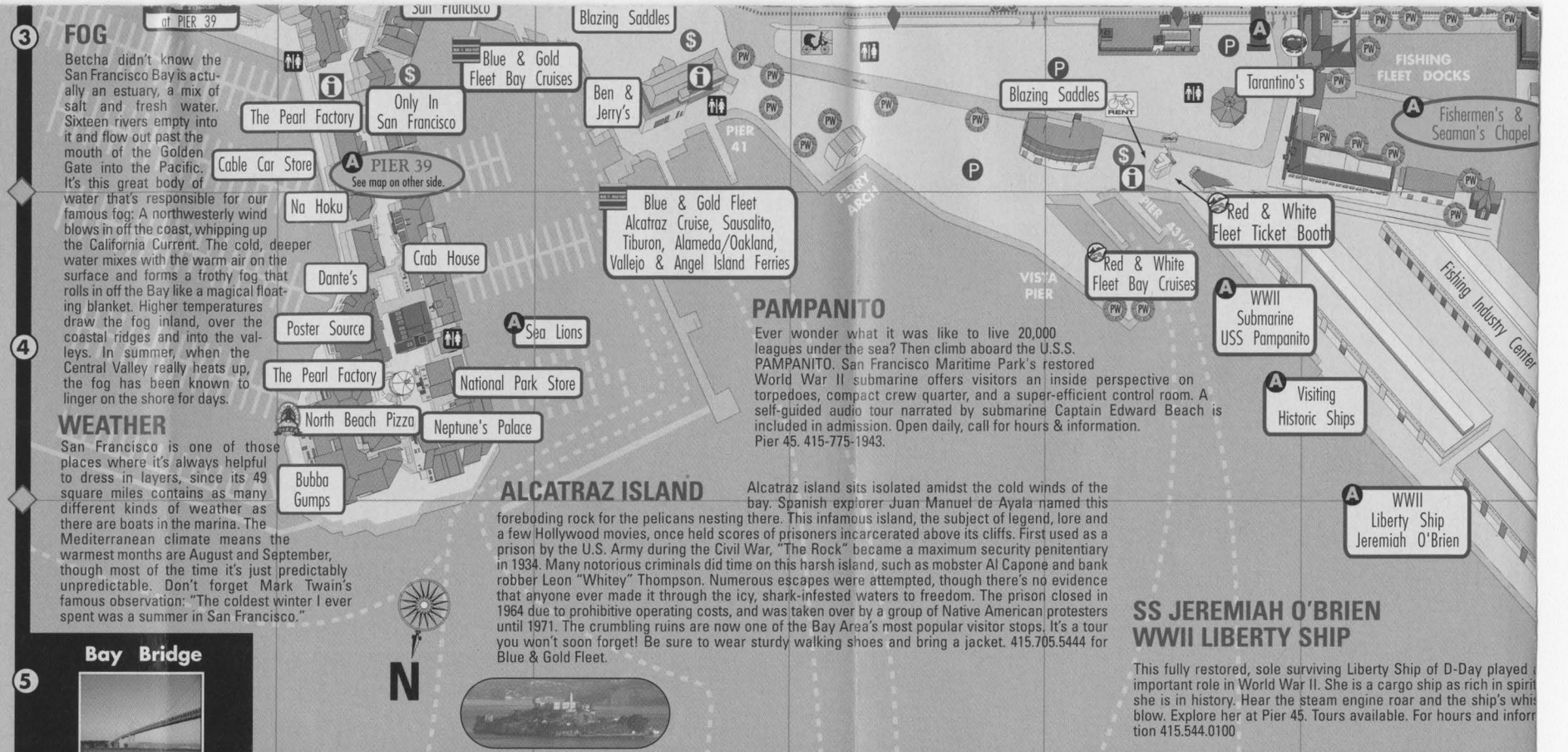
The Maritime Museum, part of San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park, is housed in a historic

FOG

Betcha didn't know the San Francisco Bay is actually an estuary, a mix of salt and fresh water. Sixteen rivers empty into it and flow out past the mouth of the Golden Gate into the Pacific. It's this great body of water that's responsible for our famous fog: A northwesterly wind blows in off the coast, whipping up the California Current. The cold, deeper water mixes with the warm air on the surface and forms a frothy fog that rolls in off the Bay like a magical floating blanket. Higher temperatures draw the fog inland, over the coastal ridges and into the valleys. In summer, when the Central Valley really heats up, the fog has been known to linger on the shore for days.

WEATHER

San Francisco is one of those places where it's always helpful to dress in layers, since its 49 square miles contains as many different kinds of weather as there are boats in the marina. The Mediterranean climate means the warmest months are August and September, though most of the time it's just predictably unpredictable. Don't forget Mark Twain's famous observation: "The coldest winter I ever spent was a summer in San Francisco."



PAMPANITO

Ever wonder what it was like to live 20,000 leagues under the sea? Then climb aboard the U.S.S. PAMPANITO. San Francisco Maritime Park's restored World War II submarine offers visitors an inside perspective on torpedoes, compact crew quarter, and a super-efficient control room. A self-guided audio tour narrated by submarine Captain Edward Beach is included in admission. Open daily, call for hours & information. Pier 45. 415-775-1943.

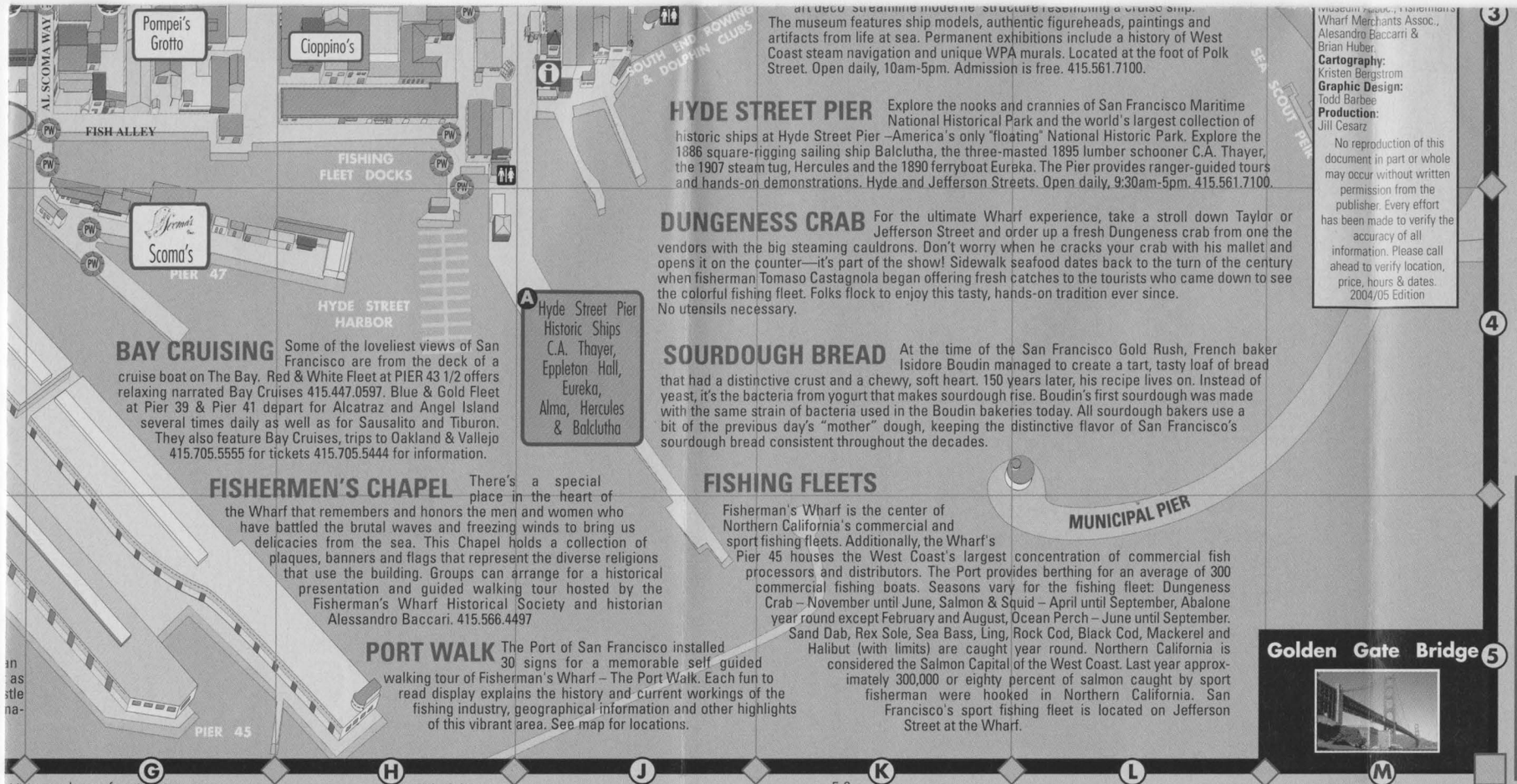
ALCATRAZ ISLAND

Alcatraz island sits isolated amidst the cold winds of the bay. Spanish explorer Juan Manuel de Ayala named this foreboding rock for the pelicans nesting there. This infamous island, the subject of legend, lore and a few Hollywood movies, once held scores of prisoners incarcerated above its cliffs. First used as a prison by the U.S. Army during the Civil War, "The Rock" became a maximum security penitentiary in 1934. Many notorious criminals did time on this harsh island, such as mobster Al Capone and bank robber Leon "Whitey" Thompson. Numerous escapes were attempted, though there's no evidence that anyone ever made it through the icy, shark-infested waters to freedom. The prison closed in 1964 due to prohibitive operating costs, and was taken over by a group of Native American protesters until 1971. The crumbling ruins are now one of the Bay Area's most popular visitor stops. It's a tour you won't soon forget! Be sure to wear sturdy walking shoes and bring a jacket. 415.705.5444 for Blue & Gold Fleet.

SS JEREMIAH O'BRIEN WWII LIBERTY SHIP

This fully restored, sole surviving Liberty Ship of D-Day played a important role in World War II. She is a cargo ship as rich in spirit she is in history. Hear the steam engine roar and the ship's whis blow. Explore her at Pier 45. Tours available. For hours and inform tion 415.544.0100

Bay Bridge



art deco "streamline moderne" structure resembling a cruise ship. The museum features ship models, authentic figureheads, paintings and artifacts from life at sea. Permanent exhibitions include a history of West Coast steam navigation and unique WPA murals. Located at the foot of Polk Street. Open daily, 10am-5pm. Admission is free. 415.561.7100.

HYDE STREET PIER

Explore the nooks and crannies of San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park and the world's largest collection of historic ships at Hyde Street Pier –America's only "floating" National Historic Park. Explore the 1886 square-rigging sailing ship Balclutha, the three-masted 1895 lumber schooner C.A. Thayer, the 1907 steam tug, Hercules and the 1890 ferryboat Eureka. The Pier provides ranger-guided tours and hands-on demonstrations. Hyde and Jefferson Streets. Open daily, 9:30am-5pm. 415.561.7100.

DUNGENESS CRAB

For the ultimate Wharf experience, take a stroll down Taylor or Jefferson Street and order up a fresh Dungeness crab from one the vendors with the big steaming cauldrons. Don't worry when he cracks your crab with his mallet and opens it on the counter—it's part of the show! Sidewalk seafood dates back to the turn of the century when fisherman Tomaso Castagnola began offering fresh catches to the tourists who came down to see the colorful fishing fleet. Folks flock to enjoy this tasty, hands-on tradition ever since. No utensils necessary.

SOURDOUGH BREAD

At the time of the San Francisco Gold Rush, French baker Isidore Boudin managed to create a tart, tasty loaf of bread that had a distinctive crust and a chewy, soft heart. 150 years later, his recipe lives on. Instead of yeast, it's the bacteria from yogurt that makes sourdough rise. Boudin's first sourdough was made with the same strain of bacteria used in the Boudin bakeries today. All sourdough bakers use a bit of the previous day's "mother" dough, keeping the distinctive flavor of San Francisco's sourdough bread consistent throughout the decades.

BAY CRUISING

Some of the loveliest views of San Francisco are from the deck of a cruise boat on The Bay. Red & White Fleet at PIER 43 1/2 offers relaxing narrated Bay Cruises 415.447.0597. Blue & Gold Fleet at Pier 39 & Pier 41 depart for Alcatraz and Angel Island several times daily as well as for Sausalito and Tiburon. They also feature Bay Cruises, trips to Oakland & Vallejo 415.705.5555 for tickets 415.705.5444 for information.

FISHERMEN'S CHAPEL

There's a special place in the heart of the Wharf that remembers and honors the men and women who have battled the brutal waves and freezing winds to bring us delicacies from the sea. This Chapel holds a collection of plaques, banners and flags that represent the diverse religions that use the building. Groups can arrange for a historical presentation and guided walking tour hosted by the Fisherman's Wharf Historical Society and historian Alessandro Baccari. 415.566.4497

FISHING FLEETS

Fisherman's Wharf is the center of Northern California's commercial and sport fishing fleets. Additionally, the Wharf's Pier 45 houses the West Coast's largest concentration of commercial fish processors and distributors. The Port provides berthing for an average of 300 commercial fishing boats. Seasons vary for the fishing fleet: Dungeness Crab – November until June, Salmon & Squid – April until September, Abalone year round except February and August, Ocean Perch – June until September. Sand Dab, Rex Sole, Sea Bass, Ling, Rock Cod, Black Cod, Mackerel and Halibut (with limits) are caught year round. Northern California is considered the Salmon Capital of the West Coast. Last year approximately 300,000 or eighty percent of salmon caught by sport fisherman were hooked in Northern California. San Francisco's sport fishing fleet is located on Jefferson Street at the Wharf.

PORT WALK

The Port of San Francisco installed 30 signs for a memorable self guided walking tour of Fisherman's Wharf – The Port Walk. Each fun to read display explains the history and current workings of the fishing industry, geographical information and other highlights of this vibrant area. See map for locations.

Museum Assoc., Fisherman's Wharf Merchants Assoc., Alesandro Baccarri & Brian Huber
Cartography: Kristen Bergstrom
Graphic Design: Todd Barbee
Production: Jill Cesarz

PARENTS' MAGAZINE
52 VANDERBILT AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

April, 1971

HOW NGOC-LAN BECAME MELISSA

It took us many, many months to adopt this beautiful Vietnamese orphan, but at last she's our own little girl.

by Susan Cummings
as told to Elizabeth Mulligan

One of the millions of war casualties, Ngoc-Lan had never known a home or family of her own before we adopted her.

Going through her papers helped Ngoc-Lan develop a sense of identity and a feeling of belonging.

The little girl who will be your daughter is just under three years old, with black hair, olive skin, and attentive black eyes. She is a quiet child but likes to dance. She feeds herself, and wants to be changed when wet. No one has visited her since she has been with us at the orphanage."

Two years passed from the time we received that description of the little Vietnamese girl we were adopting before our new daughter actually joined our family here in the United States.

Adopting a Vietnamese child is not an easy thing to do. We went through what seemed like endless proceedings before the adoption was completed. One step forward was often followed by two steps back. And then there were the frustrating months when nothing seemed to be happening at all.

Much of the difficulty lay in the policy—or rather, the lack of one—of the Vietnamese government. But I also found little enthusiasm for such adoptions on the part of the agencies I contacted here. "Why don't you adopt an American child?" I was asked by our local child welfare agency. "If you want a racially integrated family, there are many American-Indian and Afro-American youngsters who need homes. Why do you have to have a Vietnamese child?"

When I'm asked how the idea of adopting a Vietnamese child first occurred to us, I think of a particular

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIZABETH MULLIGAN

night when my husband Roy and I were watching a TV news program. Toby and Shawn, our two boys, aged seven and five, were asleep. Roy is a newsman and we often spend our evenings together watching the news and discussing what's going on in the world. The news that night concerned the Tet Offensive. The films we saw showed long lines of children—some of them injured, some so young they were being carried by older ones—being herded to shelters. I don't remember whether Roy or I spoke first, but when our eyes met, each knew what the other was thinking. We wanted to give one of those children a home.

Vietnam is a land of lost children. There are no statewide agencies there to look after the many thousands of homeless youngsters; only about 80 impromptu shelters where Buddhists and Catholics try to do what they can for children of their faith.

Still we didn't jump into action immediately. For almost a month we discussed the idea objectively. Finally we made our decision, and since we already had two boys, we decided our third child should be a girl. So on September 10, 1968, I made my first move. I contacted our local child welfare agency for information. That was when I ran into the first in a long series of disappointments.

I was told there were innumerable children in our own country in need of adoption, but that if I was determined to have an Oriental child, I could probably arrange to adopt one from Korea. To get a child from Vietnam was impossible.

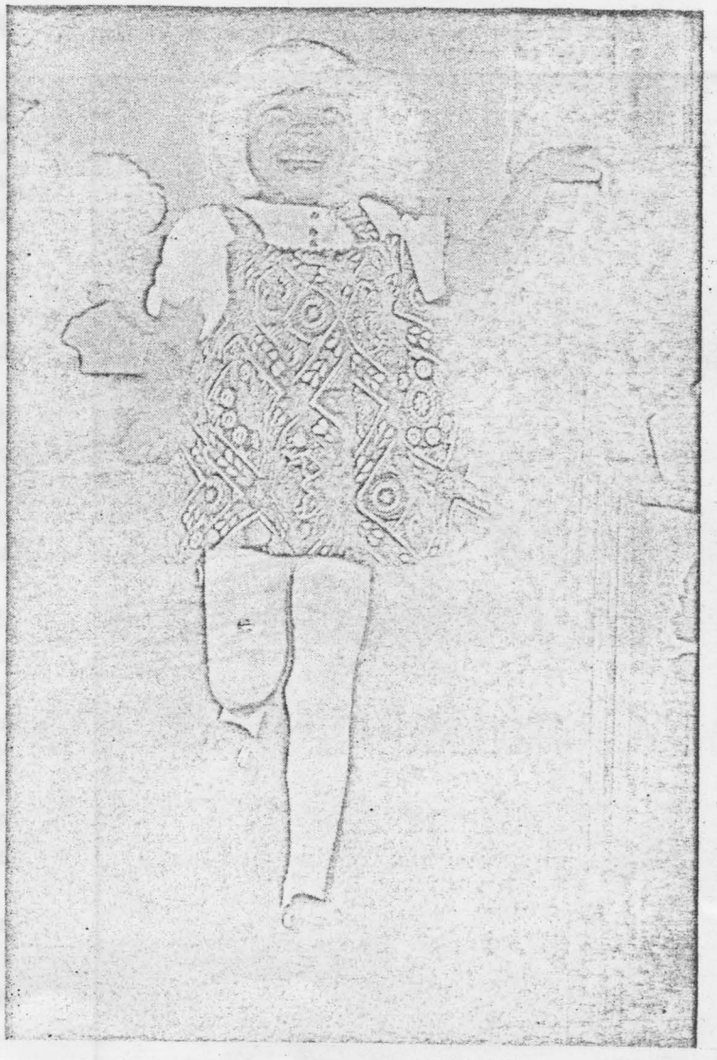
I was also informed that all state laws governing adoptions had to be met before a child would be issued a visa by the United States Immigration Service permitting his entry into our country. Laws regulating adoptions vary from state to state; in Missouri, where we live, a licensed adoption agency must assume responsibility for any child brought into the country and must approve all adoption proceedings.

In spite of the discouragement we received, we didn't give up hope. I got in touch with several religious organizations involved in foreign relief in Vietnam and found that they too used the word "impossible." Yet I knew it wasn't impossible because I'd heard of a few Vietnamese children who had been adopted by American servicemen and brought to this country.

The whole concept of adoption, as we know it, is new in Vietnam, as in most Asian countries. Until very recently the Vietnamese didn't recognize adoptions and had no governmental structure to provide for them. Because of the way their society was organized, there was always "family" to look after any Vietnamese child in need of care. It wasn't until 1960 that the first legislation permitting adoptions was passed.

The Ministry of Interior also requires that Vietna-

A little old-fashioned spoiling (at first) helped our daughter gain the self-confidence and curiosity children should have.



HOW NGOC-LAN BECAME MELISSA

(continued)

mese youngsters be adopted in Vietnamese courts before they're permitted to leave the country, which is why servicemen stationed in Vietnam are in a better position to negotiate adoptions than we are at home. But this ruling became a source of conflict between the Vietnamese government and the International Social Service (ISS) agency, which institutes most foreign adoptions. For though Vietnamese regulations specify that a child must be adopted in Vietnam, the policy of the ISS is that a child is not adoptable until he has lived for a probationary period with his adoptive parents.

This controversy was unresolved when I first contacted ISS. I wrote directly to their headquarters in New York City and learned that ISS operates only through local intermediaries. So back I went to the agency which had told me in the first place that adopting a Vietnamese child was impossible. But this time I was told that ISS would process a child for us—if we found one. What they couldn't do was locate one for us.

When you're involved in a crusade, it's surprising how much information you can pick up through magazines, newspapers, and especially from correspondence with people who have the same interests. It was from a correspondent that I learned of Rosemary Taylor, an Australian social worker active in child welfare in Vietnam, who had already placed more than 400 orphans in other countries.

Not knowing where else to turn, I wrote to Miss Taylor asking for her help. She replied by sending me the names and addresses of three Catholic orphanages, explaining that I'd have to work with the Catholic shelters because the Buddhists would not permit adoption. Two of the orphanages responded, saying they had children available. Soon after that, we received a delightful letter from Jean LeBer, a young American who had served in the armed forces in Vietnam and then returned to that country as a civilian worker with the Catholic Relief Agency. Enclosed in his letter were photographs of two little girls from the Providence Orphanage in Can-Tho, one of whom we could choose.

At this point I decided to tell Sister Anicet, the head of the Providence Orphanage, that we were not a Catholic family—just in case it might cause complications and delays. Months went by without an answer; then one day we received another letter from Jean LeBer. It contained photographs of adorable little Nguyen Ngoc-Lan. We learned that she was from the village of Tan-An, south of Saigon, that someone had found her alone and sick when she was only about six weeks old, and had taken her to a nearby hospital.

Nothing makes a child feel more secure and more at home than being part of the nightly bedtime-story hour.

A sweet and gentle little girl to cuddle is something no loving father is likely to resist.

The world over, small children love small animals; sharing this feeling helps them learn to love each other, too.

Observing how quickly our daughter fit into our family taught me how strong the human urge is to life and laughter.

When she recovered, she was placed in the orphanage at Can-Tho. And, as the letter told us, no one had ever come for her or even inquired about her. Since Ngoc-Lan had not been baptized a Catholic, Jean LeBer wrote, "They say you may have her."

We were elated. Now we had our daughter—almost. First our local agency had to be notified by ISS that Ngoc-Lan was available for adoption, then we had to be approved by the local agency as suitable adoptive parents. Another month passed.

Next, we received a request for information from ISS including a document granting them power of attorney, copies of our birth certificates, our marriage license, our fingerprints, a detailed financial statement, a police-clearance record, and $300 for the cost of processing the adoption. Did we feel we were making progress? Yes indeed—until we were shattered to receive a notice from ISS telling us that Vietnam "was reviewing its policy of adoption and no passports were currently being issued."

At this point, Roy decided it was time to seek a little governmental assistance, and he appealed to Missouri Senator Stuart Symington for help.

Senator Symington was great. He got on the phone right away and in about a week we received a telephone call from the Vietnamese Embassy in Washington asking for particulars about Ngoc-Lan. I rushed copies of all my correspondence to them, feeling hopeful that once again the wheels were rolling. Then the U.S. Immigration Service presented us with another problem.

Because many Vietnamese children suffer from a variety of infectious diseases, including tuberculosis, all must be examined, vaccinated, and treated for any infectious conditions before entry into the United States. It would be necessary, the Immigration Service told me, to get Ngoc-Lan to Saigon for an examination.

I was in St. Louis—and was asked to get my child to Saigon! I immediately wrote to Sister Anicet, who replied that she and Rosemary Taylor had anticipated the request and had already taken Ngoc-Lan to Saigon, and that everything was all right.

Some two months later the Immigration Service let us know that approval had been given for Ngoc-Lan to enter the U.S. At about the same time, ISS informed us they would act as proxy for the adoption proceedings in Vietnam. Had they not done so, I was prepared to go to Vietnam myself.

Another four months passed and at last we received a request from ISS for $411 to cover Ngoc-Lan's air-travel costs from Saigon to Chicago. The fee covered her fare and part of the expenses of an escort who was scheduled to stop off in Korea to pick up other children. Surely Ngoc-Lan was really on her way to us.

So we waited, and finally it came—the call from our local agency. Ngoc-Lan would arrive in Chicago on October 8, the day before my birthday.

We all flew to Chicago to meet the plane that was finally bringing her to us. After a long, two-day journey, a group of five travel-weary tots were assisted down the ramp. And miraculously, there she was, even sweeter and more beautiful than I had imagined. She was clinging to the Vietnamese so- (*Continued on page* 78)

FAMILY FORUM

(Continued from page 60)

brought to every meeting if the council is to function well. It can't succeed unless everyone is willing to cooperate and abide by the council's decisions.

Not every issue is appropriate for arbitration by the council; there are some matters which are best left alone, and some which should be resolved in private. I found this out one day long after we thought our council was successfully established. Our daughter was very upset about a party she hadn't been invited to. Because her mood was making everybody uncomfortable, I felt the council had a right to discuss it. I hoped that we would be able to help Cindy get a better perspective on her problem. Her reaction surprised me.

"I have a right to be in a bad mood," she declared indignantly, "and you can't legislate me out of it." With that, she stalked out of the room.

Thinking it over later, I realized I had unwittingly offended Cindy by trespassing on her rights as an individual; she did have a right to be upset. I had been more concerned with making the council serve the family than with considering her feelings. The council has a responsibility not just to the family as a whole, but to each individual member as well.

All in all, our council meetings have proven successful and enjoyable. If your family would like to set up such a system, perhaps you'd like to follow the seven guidelines we've worked out for productive meetings.

1. Decide ahead of time just where you want to draw the lines of authority and what your objectives are. Then explain the concept of the council to the whole family and involve everyone in setting it up. Agree on a convenient meeting schedule and rules of procedure; choose a moderator who'll keep order and take notes if necessary; provide a comfortable setting for meetings, and tell everyone to come prepared to discuss whatever is on his mind.

2. Make the atmosphere of the council as flexible as possible. Any subject should be open to discussion and everyone should have an opportunity to express his opinion fully. However, be honest with the children about their role in the council. Avoid giving them the illusion that they'll have more power than they will, and don't hesitate to provide firm leadership when it's necessary.

3. Isolate the problem. Don't let the council get bogged down in trivia. Instead, help the children learn to look for specific, central issues. At the same time, don't insist on complete seriousness—crazy ideas sometimes lead to practical solutions. Besides, the council should be fun.

4. Don't stop at the first idea or suggestion. One of the most important aspects of creative thinking is producing lots of different ideas, then selecting the most effective. Encourage everyone to keep trying to find new ways of looking at things.

5. Ask open-ended questions that invite the children to use their imagination. For example, instead of asking, "Do you like this idea?" say, "What kinds of things do you think might happen if we tried this idea?"

6. Encourage critical thinking. Help the children establish criteria for comparing and evaluating ideas; try to develop their ability to give and accept constructive criticism, to see how ideas can be improved, to look at their own suggestions critically.

7. As parents, let the children see how you solve problems creatively so that they can learn from your examples. Don't be afraid to disagree or to admit it when you're wrong.

If your experience is like ours, your children will come to value the open, honest communication a family council promotes. You'll find yourself happier, too, knowing that you're in touch with the way your youngsters' feelings and thoughts are developing. Some of the best aspects of the council may not always be apparent, but we hope you'll see them often enough to share our conviction that a council can enrich your family's way of life. ■

NGOC-LAN

(Continued from page 47)

cial worker who had escorted the children, and at first she would have nothing to do with us except to dare a few fearful peeks. But she fell asleep as soon as we boarded the plane to St. Louis and slept for 16 hours. When she awoke, she was as cheerful as the morning sun.

I would have liked to let Ngoc-Lan keep her true name (which means "magnolia" in Vietnamese), but we decided it might prove a burden to her in our society. She'll have enough problems to cope with as it is—learning a new language and new customs, getting used to a new environment, and probably having to learn to deal with prejudice, too. So we re-named our daughter Melissa, a name which, in its liquid grace, seems to suit her.

In time Melissa will want to know who she is and where she came from. Though we won't be able to give her specific information about her family, we can help her hold onto her past, to some extent, by encouraging her to learn all she can of the history and culture of the Vietnamese people.

Although our love for her will grow with the years, I'm resolved not to let the strings become too tight. One day Melissa may want to return to her people and we must be ready to let her go. But Melissa's future will depend on more than just our relationship with her; it will also depend on what happens to Vietnam. For her sake, and for the sake of all the battered victims of that war-ravaged country, we all pray the destruction will end soon—so that the enormous task of healing and rebuilding can soon begin. ■

The common concern of a dozen Colorado households is orphans from

Photography by George Crouter

THE FAMILY RELATED BY LOVE

By SHIRLEY OLDE

THE SCENE in the home of the Duane Grants of Boulder, Colo., resembles an Asian-American nursery school. Blonde and dark-haired children race up blue carpeted stairs, play hide and seek through the wide halls. An enormous dog wisely stays three steps in advance of an army of toddlers; a small girl coos to an unusually patient Siamese cat.

In a corner by the fireplace, 13-month-old Kim Anh Hammond holds court for a circle of admirers. Kim is the latest (and 14th) Vietnamese child to be adopted in Colorado. Only a few weeks earlier, she was an orphan living in Toh Am Nursery in Saigon. Now she not only possesses immediate family, the Bill Hammonds of Longmont, but numerous surrogate aunts, uncles and cousins.

The "relatives" gathered around Kim Anh clearly constitute a family, though none of the 12 mothers present are related by blood. As mothers of adopted Vietnamese

adopting a hard-to-place youngster, perhaps a handicapped or racially mixed child. On a televised program, they saw small Vietnamese children, laden with infant brothers and sisters, staggering through scenes of death and destruction. "In that film we felt we had seen the hard-to-place child we had discussed," Mrs. Bumpus recalls. "We stopped talking and took action."

The John Buchanans of Littleton were struck by the same kind of pictures on a deeply personal level: After a complicated pregnancy their third child had been born miraculously healthy and alert. But the attending physicians advised the Buchanans to risk no more children. "The forlorn faces of Vietnamese orphans seemed to haunt our own good fortune," Mrs. Buchanan says. "We became almost mystical about it—like we had been spared for a reason."

In those days there were no definite routes to Vietnamese adoptions.

12 months. Both suffered from constant diarrhea and painful skin conditions.

"Wendy Grant had seen her own child through the transition health problems," Mrs. Buchanan explains. "She assured us proper diet and medical attention would take care of the situation. She gave us practical tips too—like switching back to an infant formula because Vietnamese children have to build up a tolerance for whole milk."

Wendy's advice proved sound, and as the little boys thrived, so did the bond among the three families. Soon, they were besieged with questions from other families interested in Vietnamese adoption. Questions came from newlyweds, from parents of large families, from the well-to-do, from the modestly salaried. Many queries came from military men who could not easily forget the homeless and friendless children of Vietnam.

"I'm afraid our answers were not

seem reluctant, perhaps out of a sense of nationalism.

When a child reaches the Warm Nest, in many cases his health must be improved before he can travel to his adopting family. That family, meanwhile, has gone through the regular adoption formalities plus additional paperwork required by the United States Department of Immigration.

"It's really a wonder everything finally meshes," says Judy Silverberg, cuddling her small Vietnamese daughter, Lee Sanne (named for Mrs. Buchanan and pronounced like Lisa Ann.) "My husband, Larry, and I nearly gave up. If it hadn't been for the help and encouragement of the other families, we may well have done just that."

Actually, the Silverbergs' adoption had gone quickly, taking just one year. Mrs. Buchanan points out that the process was speeded up considerably because the Silverbergs laid down no restrictions—they were willing to take a child of any age, of either sex, handicapped or racially mixed.

Even so, Judy Silverberg recalls that year as living half in frustration, half in hope. Hope came in a brief note from Warm Nest acknowledging that Mrs. Jean Tuttle, director of foreign adoptions in the Colorado State Welfare Department, had forwarded all the necessary papers to grant adoption.

But when no further word was heard from Saigon, frustration set in once more. "Be patient," the other families advised.

Patience found its reward on a spring day in April 1970. Mrs. Tuttle telephoned: "I just received a picture from the Warm Nest. A baby

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The "relatives" gathered around Kim Anh clearly constitute a family, though none of the 12 mothers present are related by blood. As mothers of adopted Vietnamese children, the women are joined by a bond that transcends physical relationship. They are united by a purpose, too: to provide material aid for Toh Am Nursery.

"Toh Am is special to us," says Mrs. John Buchanan, mother of two Vietnamese children. "All but one of our adopted children came to us from there. Toh Am translated means *Warm Nest,* and without that Warm Nest it is likely our Vietnamese children would be dead." Her eyes linger on the fair-haired, the dark-eyed, the skins that range from freckled pale to smooth black. "Without the Warm Nest, we would all be losers."

The tie between the Saigon orphanage and the Colorado families began in the early months of 1968 when two families, strangers to each other, were mutually horrified by news pictures of suffering children in Vietnam.

James Bumpus of Denver and his wife Marcia often had talked about adopting a hard-to-place youngster, perhaps a handicapped or racially mixed child. On a televised program, they saw small Vietnamese children, laden with infant brothers and sisters, staggering through scenes of death and destruction. "In that film we felt we had seen the hard-to-place child we had discussed," Mrs. Bumpus recalls. "We stopped talking and took action."

The John Buchanans of Littleton were struck by the same kind of pictures on a deeply personal level: After a complicated pregnancy their third child had been born miraculously healthy and alert. But the attending physicians advised the Buchanans to risk no more children. "The forlorn faces of Vietnamese orphans seemed to haunt our own good fortune," Mrs. Buchanan says. "We became almost mystical about it—like we had been spared for a reason."

In those days there were no definite routes to Vietnamese adoptions. After many inquiries, both families were referred to Dr. Theodore Gleichman, a Denver internist who had been in Vietnam on a medical mission and had become seriously concerned with the plight of the children.

He advised them to write to the Warm Nest Nursery. He also introduced them to Mr. and Mrs. Grant, recently moved to Boulder from California. The Grants had four adopted children, the youngest a 3-year-old Vietnamese girl adopted through a Saigon attorney.

Delighted to find others interested in Vietnamese orphans, the Grants guided their new friends along the legal twists and turns. All three families rejoiced when two little boys from Warm Nest Nursery arrived on a November day in 1968 at Denver's Stapleton Airport.

Joy soon mixed with trepidation for the new parents. The boys were exceedingly tiny. The Buchanan child weighed less than 10 pounds at 12 months. Both suffered from constant diarrhea and painful skin conditions.

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Wendy's advice proved sound, and as the little boys thrived, so did the bond among the three families. Soon, they were besieged with questions from other families interested in Vietnamese adoption. Questions came from newlyweds, from parents of large families, from the well-to-do, from the modestly salaried. Many queries came from military men who could not easily forget the homeless and friendless children of Vietnam.

"I'm afraid our answers were not very encouraging," Mrs. Buchanan says. "The obstacles to Vietnamese adoption are great."

The obstacles are ironical: Although the orphanages in Vietnam are overflowing with children, though the Warm Nest receives pleas from adoptive homes throughout the world, getting the two together is a formidable task for the small nursery staff.

First, proper birth certificates or papers proving abandonment must be obtained for the child before he can be considered for adoption. Birth certificates are a rarity, and proof of abandonment can be obtained only after cutting through a tangle of red tape.

Once a youngster is equipped with the proper papers, a release must be secured from the orphanage where he is living before he can be transferred to the Warm Nest. Buddhist orphanages are hesitant to sign releases for foreign adoption on religious grounds; other institutions the help and encouragement of the other families, we may well have done just that."

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But when no further word was heard from Saigon, frustration set in once more. "Be patient," the other families advised.

Patience found its reward on a spring day in April 1970. Mrs. Tuttle telephoned: "I just received a picture from the Warm Nest. A baby girl, 4 months old. Your little girl." Larry left his job at United Airlines, Judy left the family home at 4568 Beach Ct., and within 20 minutes they were in Mrs. Tuttle's office to claim the picture.

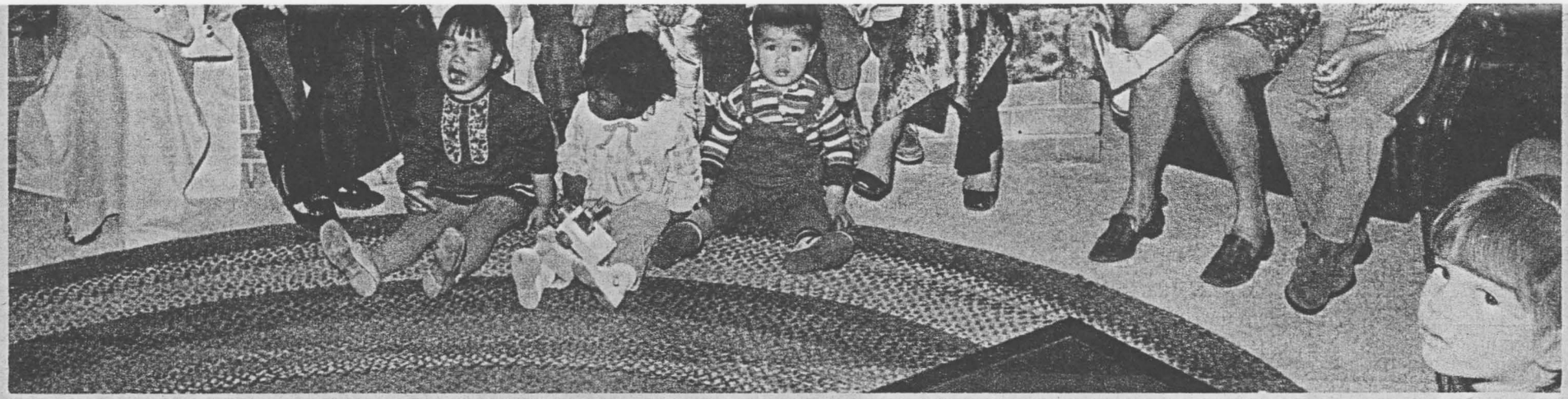
This was the hardest time—"To know the baby is yours, and not to be able to hold her in your arms." It grew particularly hard when the Silverbergs were notified their child would arrive as soon as an escort could be found for her. Escort service, they learned, was provided by volunteers, usually airline stewardesses or military nurses. But schedules were hard to arrange, and only practical when several children were ready to leave the country at once.

Six weeks went by and Judy's patience snapped. She flew to Saigon to bring her baby home. She obtained a pass since her husband was an airline employee. Other travel expenses were taken from the slim family budget.

Vietnam—14 lovable children adopted into a new life of warmth and security

Above is a group of adopted and natural children, and Vietnamese friends of The Family Related by Love. Below is Mrs. Judy Silverberg with her Lee Sanne, 1½, and right are Thi Hansberry, 3½, adopted daughter of Gary and Elise Hansberry of Brighton, at left, and Lara Grant, 3, adopted daughter

Mrs. Grant recalls, "Until Judy went to Saigon, we were an unorganized group. We met socially from time to time, talked on the phone, and occasionally someone would collect clothing to send to the Warm



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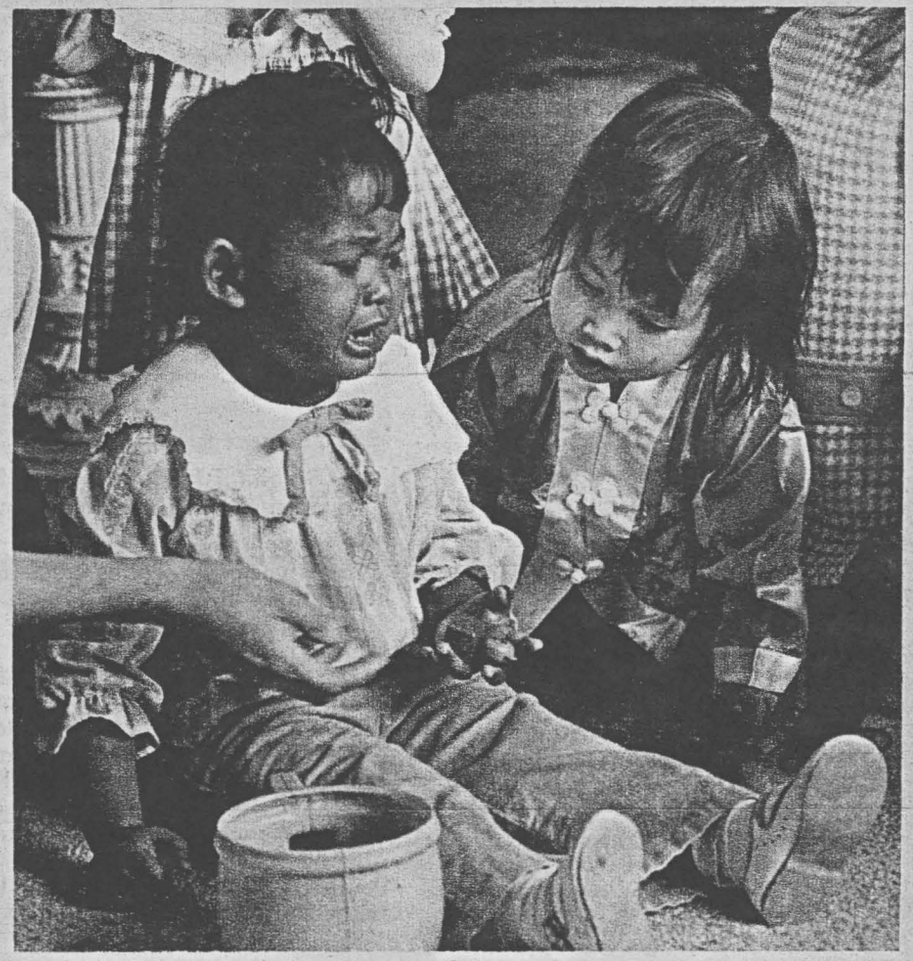

Mrs. Grant recalls, "Until Judy went to Saigon, we were an unorganized group. We met socially from time to time, talked on the phone, and occasionally someone would collect clothing to send to the Warm Nest. But when Judy came back with an eyewitness account, with pictures of the nursery, we knew we had to do more. We felt a commitment to all the children there, not just to the little boys and girls who had joined our families."

Judy's account of her four-day stay in the old, white, three-story structure that houses Warm Nest was not a horror tale of dying children. It was a story of the struggle of an Australian woman, a German nurse, and a few Vietnamese aides to restore the health of 50 children. Medical supplies were minimal. Clothing and bedding were in such short supply that the ancient washing machine churned constantly. Each morning brought the cliff-hanging question: Will there be enough infant formula to last through the day? (An organization called World Vision International valiantly tried to supply an adequate amount of powdered formula.) And it took 24-hour vigilance on the part →

A Warm Nest in Saigon—with huge problems

FAMILY *continued*

of the exhausted staff to shoo away the fierce flies and insects.

In Saigon Judy talked with Sister Ainesette, directress of a Catholic orphanage. Judy learned the needs of the orphanages that sent children to the Warm Nest were even more urgent. "Dispenseries" were often stocked with no more than aspirin and a cherished bottle of cough syrup. Formula was an unheard of luxury. Many children suffered from *noma*, a condition of severe malnutrition that leaves gaping holes in the face. Mortality rates of 80 per cent were not unusual.

Even at the Warm Nest, Judy witnessed the specter of acute malnutrition. She will never forget the small faces that seemed to be perpetually asleep. Standing, sitting, or flat in their cribs, the children could not open their eyes. Vitamin deficiency, she learned, made it painfully impossible for the children to view the world through anything but closed lids.

The debilitated children she saw increased Judy's awareness of the good health of her own baby. Unidentified persons had brought little Lee Sanne to the Warm Nest when she was a newborn, and the child had escaped the effects of total abandonment.

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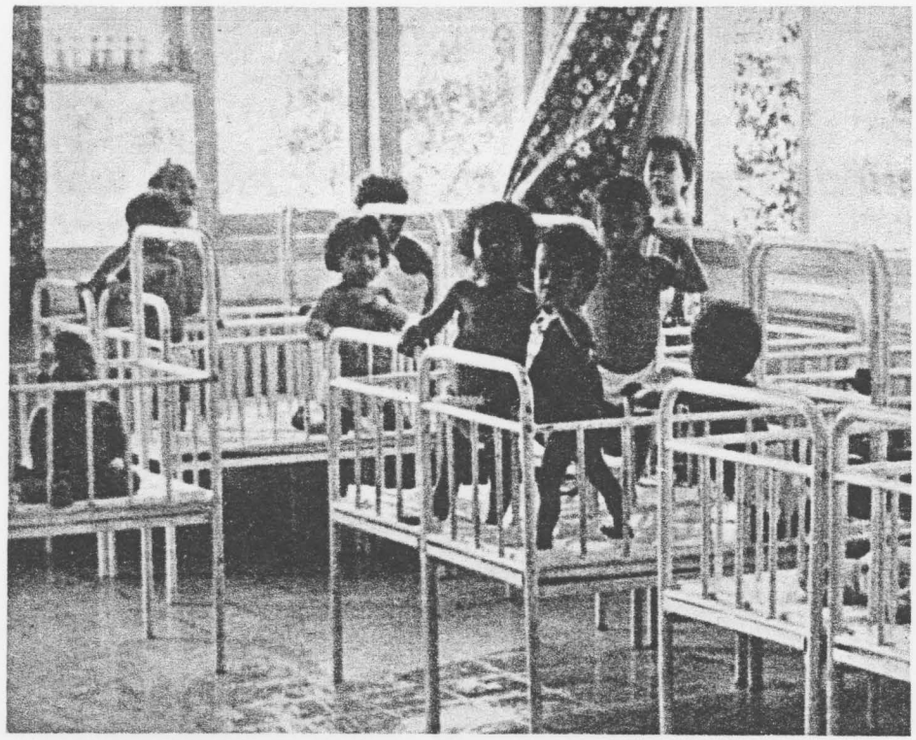
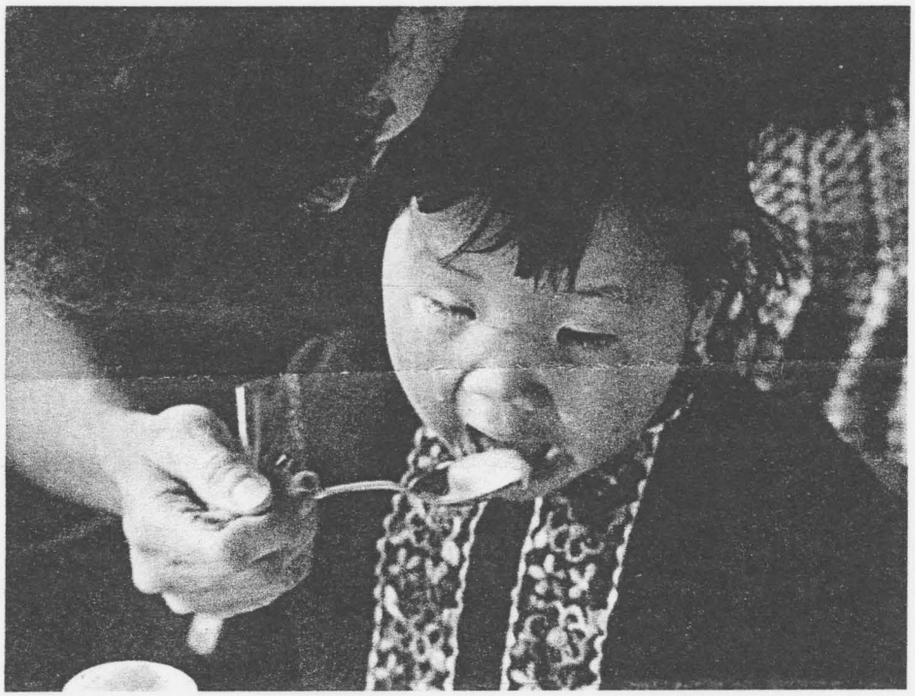


Here is a corner of the Warm Nest Nursery in Saigon, where the frail victims of war get a slender chance for new life.



"The Vietnamese children need to be with each other now and then," says Mrs. Grant as she surveys the activity in her large, comfortable family room. " "We want to preserve a sense of identity, a sense of heritage for them. The weekly meetings are a great help."

"It helps the other children, too," says Mrs. Bumpus as she divided a peanut butter sandwich between blonde, 6-year-old Kay and her Vietnamese brother. "In too many situations the adopted child gets all the attention. But here, that child is no novelty. Here, everybody has fun."

In the kitchen, the aroma of seasoned pork and frying onions rose from the stove as Phu Immel, a Vietnamese woman married to an American serviceman, experimented with frying *cha gio*, an egg roll wrapped in rice paper. *Cha gio* was to be the feature of a benefit dinner at Tet, the Vietnamese lunar new year in February, and Phu was determined the dish would be absolutely perfect. "I scared a little bit," she confided as she carefully dipped the fragile rice paper in water to soften it. "I never cook for 200 people before."

Phu's feelings were echoed by the four pretty young Vietnamese women who had volunteered to assist her. All wives of ex-servicemen, newcomers to the United States, they were anxious to produce a Tet feast as true to Tet tradition as possible.

"I think we are all scared a little bit," Mrs. Buchanan sympathized. As president of The Friends of Children of Vietnam, she was well aware of the work and organization this fund raising event would require. The impetus behind the dinner had been the news that World Vision International could no longer supply the Warm Nest with infant formula, their own needs having become too great.

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Judy flew back with her own baby and a little boy being adopted by a family in South Dakota. She also brought home a determination to aid the less fortunate children she had seen and heard about. The other adopting Colorado families were in total agreement that they needed to organize to step up their efforts.

Dr. Gleichman asked the parents to reactivate the Friends of Children of Vietnam that he had incorporated in 1966. Working through an already existing organization proved a boon to the families. They solicited contributions through a flyer sent to 500 Colorado families and sent 10 cases of formula. Before 1970 funds were exhausted, the orphanages had received dozens of pillowcases (valued as crib sheets), small infant "stretch suits," supplies of aspirin, soap, skin ointment, vitamins, and disposable diapers. "The diapers are not a luxury," Judy Silverberg is quick to point out. "With parasitic infections rampant, and only cold water for laundry purposes, they are a medical necessity."

the frail victims of war get a slender chance for new life.

Stephani Hilderman, 3, adopted daughter of Robert and Marlene Hilderman of Aurora, gets a taste of something good.

Heartwarming replies came from orphanages at Can Tho, Saigon, and an isolated orphanage among the Montagnards, currently under the direction of Sister Ainesette. Strengthening the determination of the reactivated Friends of Children of Vietnam was a paragraph in the thank-you letter from Warm Nest: "We dare not think too much about our babies who are dying in the orphanages before their papers are complete. Last month we lost 12 of them. They are dying of measles and simple things like that. Had we room for them at Warm Nest, it is probable they all could have lived."

Despite the busy tempo of their own lives—nearly all of the families have at least two children in addition to their adopted ones—weekly meetings were held to sort through donated items and pack and mail boxes to the orphanages. The meetings had an unexpected dividend: the children who accompanied their mothers were obviously benefiting by being with each other.

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"Formula is the life line for those babies," Mrs. Buchanan explains. "The Warm Nest operates entirely on contributions, and there is never enough money to cover expenses. Even if they had the funds, it's doubtful they could find the formula to buy. We must keep at least ten cases a week going to the nursery."

The Tet dinner was a resounding success aided by many contributions. A linen company provided tablecloths, a church offered their kitchen and dining rooms, a waitress volunteered to oversee the serving, an artist made decorations, a wholesale florist contributed flowers, students provided musical entertainment.

One mother remarked, "Isn't it great how many people wanted to help? So many people must love children!"

Loving children is the tie that has united more than a dozen Denver area families of varying backgrounds, families who believe every child deserves a "Warm Nest." ■

Understanding Vietnam

A CITIZEN'S PRIMER

CENTER FOR WAR/PEACE STUDIES
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

TRADITIONALISM AND THE FRENCH INTERLUDE

The beginnings of American involvement in Vietnam date back to 1819, when Captain John White sailed up the Dong Nai River to Saigon in search of trade. This first American in Vietnam failed in his venture, but found, as Americans were to find out more than a hundred years later, that the Vietnamese are overly fond of paperwork. The Imperial inspectors who looked over his ship drew up 13 copies of the crew list and similarly recorded all arms on the vessel in a methodical manner.

Little was heard from this faraway country, however, until the closing days of WWII, when, the defeat of the Japanese occupying forces in the area seemed near. It was then that Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the U.S. military found themselves involved in the shadowy fight for control of a post-war Vietnam.

Vietnam: Land and People

In America we catch only television glimpses of Vietnam—jungles, swamps, scattered villages, small huts. United States forces are fighting there, but the land seems strange and remote to us at home.

Vietnam stretches along the eastern coast of the Indochinese peninsula, southeast of China's border, for 1200 miles—about the same distance as the coastline from New York to Florida. Long stretches of the coastline are straight, sandy beaches. Near the middle, Vietnam is less than twenty-five miles across, but it widens irregularly to about 300 miles in the North and 130 miles in the South. The center of Vietnam is highlands: tall mountains, plateaus, and narrow coastal plains. Sparsely populated, the mountainous land is traditionally feared by Vietnamese as the land of "bad waters and evil spirits." The climate is hot and humid throughout the country, though the North experiences more varieties of weather than the South. The summer monsoon winds bring most of the heavy annual rainfall.

The bulk of the Vietnamese population of 35 million lives in villages scattered throughout the flat, fertile deltas of the Mekong River in the South, and of the Red River in the North. Only 10% of the population live in urban areas. The Mekong and Red River deltas, and small river basins in the Central lowlands, which are the areas best suited for rice, make up only 13% of Vietnam's total land mass. Consequently, parts of the Mekong delta country have a population density of over 2,000 per square mile. The heavy rainfall and intense cultivation make Vietnam one of the world's greatest rice-growing areas.

The life of the Vietnamese peasant has changed little over the last thousand years. He cultivates his crop according to age-old patterns and traditions. He understands his role and position in the social structure of this rice-producing culture: landowner, tenant, laborer, rice miller, merchant, or gleaner. Rituals, deities, and sacred holidays are connected with the cultivation of rice, and collective rituals ensure a good crop to the village or family. Life is unchanging, rooted in the endless cycle of preparing fields, planting, tending, irrigating, and harvesting.

Late in April or early in May, the southwest winds bring rain to the Mekong delta, signaling the beginning of the planting season. The seedbeds are meticulously prepared, harrowed and planted. Transplanting to the fields and harvesting are done by hand and involve long, monotonous hours. Hand-held scoops or foot-operated waterwheels are the tools of irrigation—technology comes very slowly to a traditionally rural society.

Ancient Vietnam

Ancient Vietnam (until 1000 A.D.) encompassed only a portion of the area that is now North Vietnam. Most of its population was clustered in the Red River delta, and along the seacoast. To the south and west dwelled the Indianized civilizations of the Chams, who inhabited most of present-day central and southern Vietnam, and the Khmers (Cambodians) who farmed and lived in the Mekong delta.

Before the arrival of Westerners, Vietnam consisted of a loose confederation of self-sufficient villages. Life was extremely harsh in the famine-prone Red River delta. The land was overpopulated, the climate poor, floods frequent, and disaster always imminent. For common protection, village life was tightly organized in a paramilitary fashion, as in China. Great emphasis was placed on cooperation, and little on privacy or the rights of the individual. The villagers' code was group responsibility and self-sacrifice. These values were strengthened by a cultural tradition of family loyalty, respect for authority, and adherence to ancient custom.

Vietnamese social, cultural, and political institutions, unlike those of other Southeast Asian nations, bear the stamp of long and intensive Chinese influence. While most of Indochina was "Indianized"—i.e., affected by Indian culture, religion, and forms of political organization—natural territorial boundaries caused Vietnam to be "Sinicized." Vietnam was actually conquered by the Chinese and was ruled for over a millenium (111 B.C. to 939 A.D.) as a Chinese province, Giao Chi. Under Chinese rule the Vietnamese people learned improved methods of growing rice; increased food supplies led to population growth, and this, together with the problems of poor soil and floods, caused Vietnamese expansion along the Indochina coast.

Years of Chinese domination did not destroy but rather fostered the Vietnamese feeling of separate identity and desire for "Doc Lap" (independence). From the Chinese came the very ideas of racial pride and manifest destiny which led to Vietnamese hostility, rebellion, and finally winning of independence from the Chinese in 939 A.D. China continued to exert considerable influence over the Vietnamese royalty, however, who fashioned themselves on Chinese models, paid tribute to China, and occasionally called in Chinese armies for help when rebellion threatened.

With independence from Chinese rule came Vietnamese expansion to the south and west, which was to continue intermittently for the next 800 years. The Vietnamese were feared by their neighbors, and fairly early got the reputation of being aggressive and expansionistic. In their march to the south, they defeated and totally absorbed the Chams, an Indianized culture that governed parts of what today is central and Southern Vietnam. Their conquest of the Khmers' territory in the south was halted only by the arrival of the French in the nineteenth century. The effects of ancient Vietnamese expansionism are still noticeable today, in the hostility between Vietnamese and the Laotians and Cambodians.

The Arrival of the West

Western influence and colonial rule came in 1859 when the French moved into Saigon. It took the French twelve years to pacify the central and northern regions of Vietnam, though armed resistance from certain sects did not die out for over fifty years. For administrative reasons the French divided Vietnam into three colonies: Tonkin (North), Annam (Central), and Cochinchina (South). They brought much that was beneficial to Vietnam in the way of roads and economic techniques, but their Western ideas about the place of the individual, the nature of government, and the necessity for progress struck at the roots of the authoritarian and traditional society of Vietnam. French-trained administrators replaced the Vietnamese mandarinate; French justice replaced the more flexible and paternalistic attitudes of the village elders. The Emperors and their bureaucracies, having become only ornaments of the French-run government, lost the respect of their people, thus weakening the Confucian structure of authority.

Where a framework of traditional loyalties is in collapse, new ideologies can find adherents and mass movements usually thrive. Vietnam was no exception. As French influence pervaded Vietnam, young people flocked to the cities, eager to learn modern ideas and ways of life, in order to assuage the feeling of cultural and national inferiority Vietnam suffered under French domination. Religious sects and political groupings—Christianity, Socialism, Communism, Buddhism, Nationalism—gained members by offering hopes for the reassertion of Vietnamese identity. The underlying mood of the times was anti-colonial, anti-Western, and nationalistic. This was particularly true in the North, where the tradition of nationalistic revolt against a foreign overlord was strongest.

In the 1920's, several nationalist groups emerged in opposition to the French. Some of these, moderate Western-style reform groups, demanded improvements and liberalization of French rule. Their pressure was ignored by the conservative and fearful French colonials, who often could not see the difference between reformists, socialists, and communists. The failure of the moderates led to organizations more in the traditional Vietnamese political pattern: militant and clandestine. Vietnamese royalty had never trifled with rebels: captured rebel leaders had been traditionally tortured, dismembered, boiled in oil, and their families subject to frightful reprisals. Clandestine activity

was the rule, not the exception . . . neither in ancient times nor under the French was a loyal opposition permitted. All opposition in an authoritarian, communally-based society such as Vietnam had to be secret, and a rebel had to hide his power until he was ready to strike. The result was a Vietnamese affinity for political action via secret organizations. These organizations, apparently innocent and conventional, often concealed a tightly-knit apparatus engaged in intrigue, assassination, and power-building.

Opposition to French policy resulted in a whole new grouping of clandestine organizations, political and nationalistic, operating in deep secrecy, staging apparently leaderless mass demonstrations, disseminating anti-French propaganda, and sometimes indulging in violence. When the French suppressed the main group of non-communist nationalists (the VNQDD) in 1930, and executed its leaders, the Communists were the only group sufficiently well organized to take over the field. The Indochinese Communist Party was officially formed in 1930. The Communist credo of united action, toughness, and discipline, appealed to the divided and demoralized nationalists. Uniquely in Vietnam, communism came to be identified with the anti-colonial struggle for freedom.

The End of WW II in Vietnam

During World War II, the French were forced to let Japan occupy Indochina, and in March 1945, were removed from all positions of power by the Japanese. All male Frenchmen were confined to concentration camps, and the Japanese announced to the Vietnamese Emperor Bao Dai that his country was independent. In actuality, Japanese "advisors" took the place of French governors. Bao Dai's government floundered, lacking power and control; more than one million peasants died of famine while the Japanese were struggling against defeat in the World War.

In August 1945 after the Japanese defeat, with the Bao Dai administration disintegrating, and the French imprisoned, the job of taking over Vietnam was an easy one for the VietMinh, a National Front group consisting of various nationalist groupings and led by the Indochinese Communist Party. Their plan was to take power in the name of the Vietnamese people, before the Allies arrived to disarm the Japanese troops. Communist agitators inside Hanoi staged a brief uprising on August 17-18, and on the following day Viet Minh forces entered the capital city without firing a shot.[1] On August 25 Bao Dai handed over the Imperial Seal to the new regime, setting the stage for the rise of a new dynasty in Vietnam. In Hanoi on September 2 a crowd of 500,000 heard the declaration of independence of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. Its President was Nguyen Ai Quoc, long-time nationalist, member of the Indochinese Communist Party, and agent for the Communist International, now the new head of the DRV under the name of Ho Chi Minh (the Enlightened One).

To the average peasant in that time of famine and despair, Ho Chi Minh symbolized hope for a better future, and the return of Vietnamese independence, order, and dignity after sixty-odd years of humiliation under the French and the Japanese. Through inspiring legends and good propaganda, Ho became a living idol to the villagers. In contrast to the pretentious mandarins with their robes, luxuries, and long well-kept fingernails, Ho lived the life of an ascetic, dressing as a peasant, wearing sandals made from a discarded rubber tire, and living in an unpretentious house in Hanoi.

Ho Chi Minh tried to get official American recognition and support for his government, but was unsuccessful. He turned to his arch-enemy, France, and on March 6, 1946, Ho signed a treaty whereby France recognized Vietnam as a Free State, having its own government, Parliament, army and treasury, and belonging to the Indochinese Federation (including Cambodia and Laos) and the French Union. Independence seemed to require only negotiations to dissolve the remaining links between Vietnam and the French colonial network. On May 30, however, it became clear that the French intended to retain at least part of Vietnam as a colony. France's Viceroy-General in Saigon, *without authorization from Paris,* recognized the Republic of Cochinchina (Vietnam's southernmost province) as a "Free State" under a puppet government, in exactly the same terms as the Republic of Vietnam had been recognized on March 6.[2] Negotiations between the Viet Minh government and France proved fruitless. Mounting tensions led the French to bombard the port of Haiphong on November 23, beginning the long war between the French Union forces and the Viet Minh that ended at Dien Bien Phu eight years later. The conflict cost French Union forces a total of 172,000 casualties, and ended a French presence that had never managed to prepare Vietnam for self-government on the Western pattern. What Vietnamese forces there were for evolution, peaceful change, and democratic development were discredited by the French themselves in the prewar years. What defeated the French, in the end, was not so much Western communism as the power of a proud, authoritarian Vietnamese tradition which resented foreign control and domination.

The United States' Involvement Until 1954

During World War II, the United States government was generally opposed to the continuation of French control over Indochina. Secretary of State Cordell Hull quoted President Franklin Roosevelt as advocating an international trusteeship over the area once the war was over. On January 24, 1944, Roosevelt said in a memorandum: "The case of Indochina is perfectly clear. . . . France has milked it for one hundred years. The people of Indochina are entitled to something better than that."[3]

The Japanese occupied Indochina in 1941, using French officers under the Vichy regime to administer the French colonies. The U.S. government under FDR refused help to the French Resistance movement which was trying to reassert Free French authority in the colonies, for FDR maintained that he was "going to do everything possible to give the people in that area their independence."[4]

In Vietnam there was resistance to the Japanese from other quarters than the French. In the Viet-Minh, nationalist and Communist guerrilla fighters who were opposed to either Japanese or French occupation of their country, the U.S. had a potentially useful ally. During the winter of 1944-45 Colonel Paul Helliwell, head of the intelligence operations of the U.S. Office of Strategic Services (OSS) in South China, had a frequent visitor—Ho Chi Minh. The Viet Minh offered intelligence work, sabotage against the Japanese in Indochina, and assistance in rescuing downed American flyers. Bernard Fall, expert on Vietnamese affairs, reported that "although according to Colonel Helliwell, 'the only arms or ammunition which were ever given by OSS/China to Ho were six .38 caliber revolvers,' the fact remains that Ho and his guerrillas were soon reinforced by several OSS teams that also provided the Viet-Minh guerrillas with American arms and ammunition. . . . Soon the OSS missions operating in North Vietnam and even China had acquired a number of Vietnamese aides, many of whom turned out to be good Vietnamese communists."[5]

The sympathy of the American military for the nationalist regime that the Viet Minh set up, after the defeat of Japan, aroused resentment among the French officers involved in Indochina—some of whom (General de Gaulle included) are still in office today. Such things as OSS help for the Viet Minh guerrillas, American neglect of French officers jailed by the Japanese, the establishment in October 1945 of a "Vietnam-American Friendship Association" in Hanoi (at whose inaugural meeting U.S. Major General Philip Gallagher sang over the Viet-Minh-controlled radio), and the presence of high-ranking U.S. officers at Viet Minh ceremonies not only affronted the French, but also gave Bao Dai and other noncommunist nationalists the impression that the U.S. had recognized the Viet-Minh government (the Democratic Republic of Vietnam).[6]

U.S. recognition never came, however. When the war between the Viet-Minh and the French began, the United States at first remained neutral, limiting its action to mild suggestions that the French take steps toward granting independence to Indochina. In what seemed to be a struggle between a colonial power and nationalists, the American people's attachment to the principle of self-determination dictated against overt U.S. support of France.

Communist victory on mainland China in 1949 shattered the neutral position of the United States and ended U.S. aloofness toward the Vietnam issue. On February 9, 1950, Senator Joseph McCarthy stepped into the national spotlight by accusing the State Department of harboring Communists and fellow-travelers. In the American public, who wanted to know why China had been "lost," he found a ready audience. Had the U.S. helped to liberate China from the Japanese during World War II, and spent over $2 billion since then to keep the Chinese Nationalist regime afloat, only to loose all to the Communists? The State Department was on the defensive. What had seemed like a logical move in 1944—aiding Vietnamese communists and nationalists to fight Japan—became an Achilles heel to the U.S. government from 1950 on.

In May, 1950, President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson reversed the FDR policy toward Indochina, and adopted a policy supporting the French effort. France at that time was arguing that its armed struggle, and the stability of the French-supported "Associated States" under Bao Dai, were the first line of defense against a militant, expansionist, Chinese communism. This made sense to the State Department. Economic and military assistance programs began on May 8.

EXTENSION OF MILITARY AND ECONOMIC AID:

Statement by the Secretary of State, May 8, 1950

The [French] Foreign Minister and I have just had an exchange of views on the situation in Indochina and are in general agreement both as to the urgency of the situation in that area and as to the necessity for remedial action. We have noted the fact that the problem of meeting the threat to the security of Viet Nam, Cambodia, and Laos which now enjoy independence within the French Union is primarily the responsibility of France and the Governments and peoples of Indochina. The United States recognizes that the solution of the Indochina problem depends both upon the restoration of security and upon the development of genuine nationalism and that United States assistance can and should contribute to these major objectives.

The United States Government, convinced that neither national independence nor democratic evolution exist in any area dominated by Soviet imperialism, considers the situation to be such as to warrant its

according economic aid and military equipment to the Associated States of Indochina and to France in order to assist them in restoring stability and permitting these states to pursue their peaceful and democratic development.[7]

U.S. backing of the French military campaign grew from about $150 million per year in 1950, to over $1 billion in 1954, when the U.S. bore 80% of the war costs.[8]

Despite our massive investment in arms and aid, the French were not winning the war. The government of Vietnam as a Free State under Bao Dai had little popular backing, while the popular support given to the Viet Minh's struggle for independence allowed the Viet Minh regime to extend its control over increasing areas of Vietnam. U.S. efforts to persuade the French to grant genuine independence to the French Union States of Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam went unheeded. Nevertheless the State Department manifested optimism about the progress of the war and the viability of Bao Dai's government. In 1953 a Department of State background paper had an optimistic ring:

> At home, where until recently the fighting was by and large limited to Viet-Nam, the young, almost fledgling, Vietnamese State is making undeniable progress in gaining the confidence and support of its own people.[9]

Throughout this period, however, several liberal Senators, including John F. Kennedy, dissented from the State Department's analysis:

> In Indo-China we have allied ourselves to the desperate effort of the French regime to hang on to the remnants of empire. There is not broad general support of the native (Bao Dai) government among the people of that area.[10]
>
> John F. Kennedy, Nov. 1951

In September, 1953, France mobilized 350,000 men in her final attempt to gain a position of strength from which to negotiate with the Viet Minh. Though the French had superior numbers, artillery, planes and fortresses, they were always on the defensive, harassed and attacked by the invisible guerrillas. But the American commitment to the French cause had grown stronger; according to Robert Scigliano:

> The American commitment to the French military struggle in Indochina had become so strong by 1953 that American spokesmen were urging Vietnamese nationalists to moderate their demands for independence; Vice-President Nixon, who visited Saigon in the fall of that year, went so far as to preach the necessity of Vietnamese cooperation with the French. Indeed, as the French showed signs of willingness to end the war by negotiation, American officials redoubled their efforts to keep the fight going. In February, 1954, Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson stated optimistically that military victory over the Viet Minh remained "possible and probable."[11]

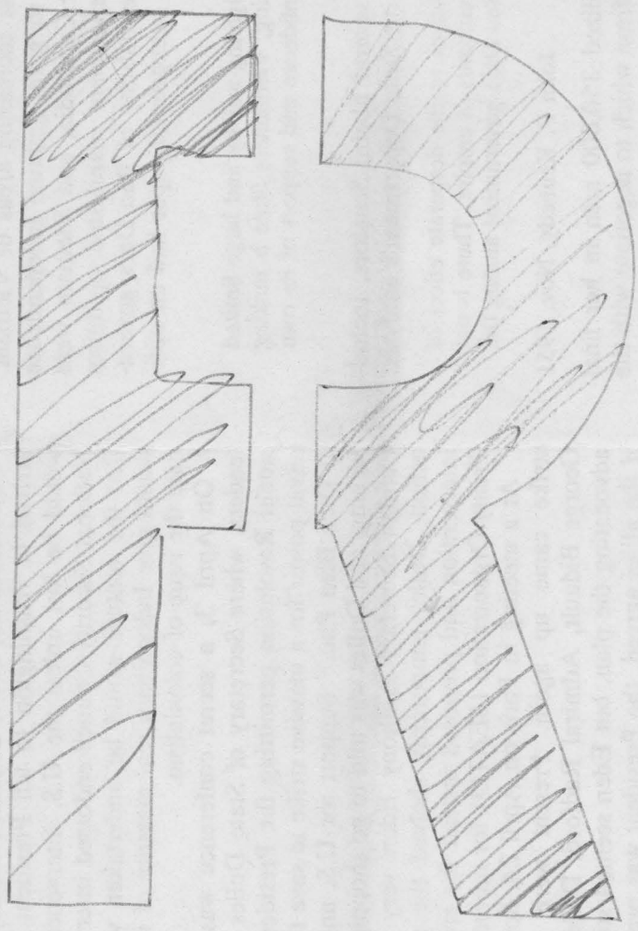
In the spring of 1954, the U.S. announced aid to the French totalling $1.33 billion—over one-third of the total U.S. foreign aid investment.[12] At Dien Bien Phu in April 1954, the French got the set-piece battle with the Viet-Minh on which they had placed their hopes. Believing their artillery could destroy the Viet-Minh, they invited attack on their heavily fortified base. Unexpectedly they were surrunded by an enemy that had suddenly acquired substantial artillery. The French situation grew desperate.

On March 20, 1954, General Paul Ely, then French Chief of Staff arrived in Washington to tell President Eisenhower that Indochina would be lost unless the U.S. intervened. On March 25, the U.S. National Security Council endorsed intervention, with the conditions that the venture would be undertaken with allies, and that France would give Indochina a real measure of independence so as to eliminate the issue of colonialism.

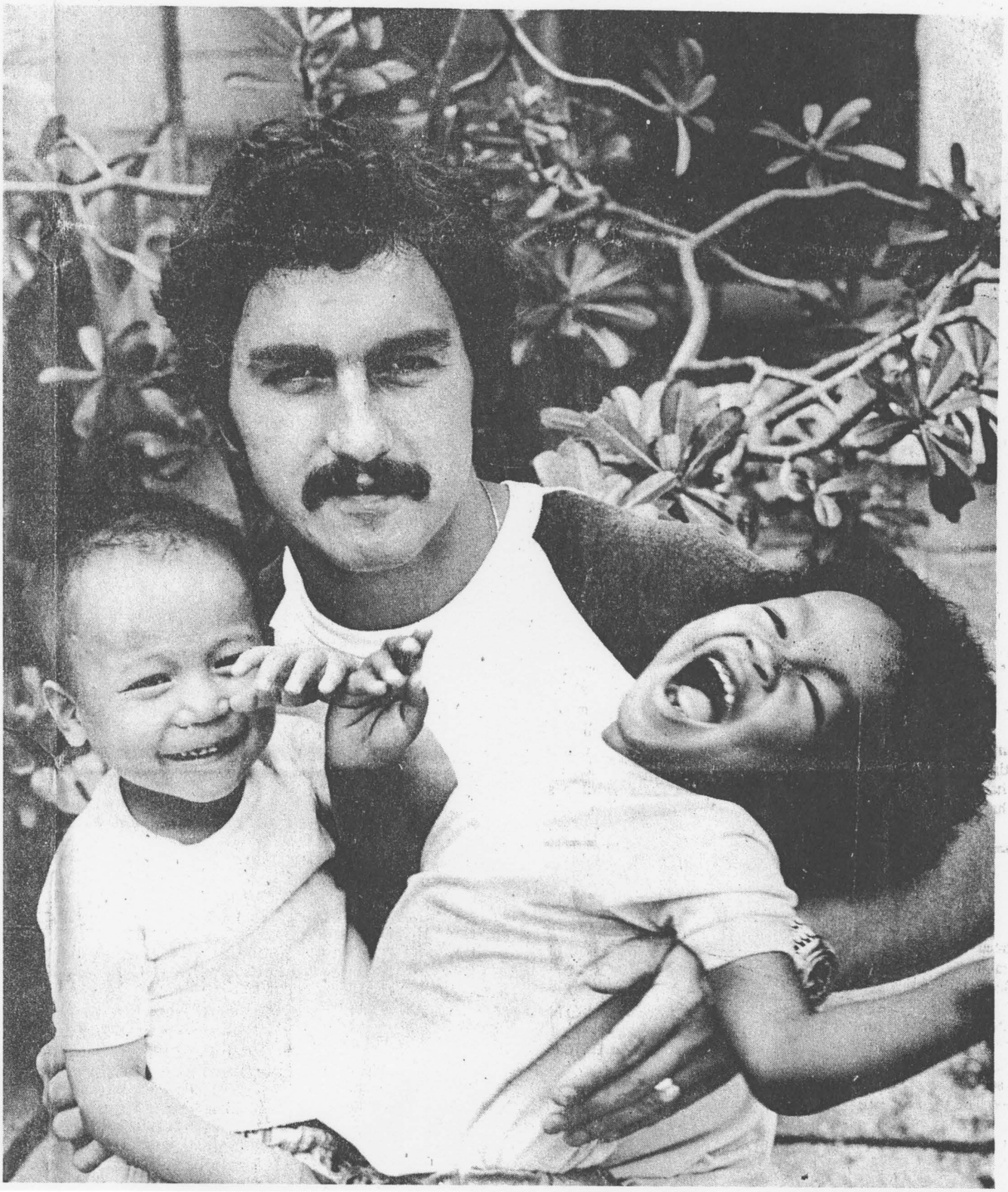
On April 3, a secret conference was called with Congressional leaders, where Secretary of State Dulles called for a joint Congressional Resolution permitting the President to use American air and naval power for a massive strike to save the beleagured French forces at Dien Bien Phu.[13] Support for U.S. unilateral action seemed to be lacking, and Dulles was told to go shopping for allies. Finding British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden very much opposed to military action, Dulles temporarily shelved the plan of immediate military intervention and proposed instead the creation of a Southeast Asian Treaty Organization (SEATO) for mutual security in the area.

At a meeting in Paris on April 24, however, the subject of an air strike came up again. Present were France's Foreign Minister George Bidault, Admiral Radford, Dulles, and Eden. Radford was advocating the plan, but Eden seemed still opposed. Dulles said that if the allies agreed, the President was prepared to go to Congress on the following Monday, April 26, to ask for a joint Congressional resolution authorizing such action[14]

On Sunday, however, final word came back from London, and the word was no. England was not willing to join such an action, just before the Geneva conference was to convene to negotiate an end to the war. In a speech the next day President Eisenhower announced that a "modus-vivendi" with the Communists was to be sought at the Geneva Conference. The push for U.S. military intervention in the crisis was over. Eleven days later, Dien Bien Phu fell, and talk of settlement began at Geneva.



'A lot of job is drying tears'



'The Supers and friends . . .'

Editor's note: Terre and John Super left on Labor Day of this year to go to South Vietnam for six months and help with an orphanage sponsored bythe Denver-based Friends of the Children of Viet Nam. St. Joseph parish in Golden and other interested residents helped them finance their plane fare.

Nov. 4, 1974

Dear Msgr. Barry, our parish family and neighbors,

This letter is long overdue. But the days here are short and it is hard to believe we have been here two months. You all have not been forgotten. Each smile, each dried tear, each sick child made well, reminds us of the good people that made our trip possible.

Maybe we could tell you a bit about our lives here. No day is typical. Each one holds its own joys and frustrations. We find it difficult to work within another culture, but it is at the same time enlightening. The children are the same everywhere. We have grown to love them all dearly and as each departs for the states, our joy is mixed with a slight sorrow.

The center is serving as a halfway house for the child between orphanage and placement with an American family. We house close to 130 children from infants to early teens. We also receive supplies and money here to be distributed to some 20 other orphanages we support. So John and I have been able to travel to other parts of the country, which we really enjoy. Saigon is like other big cities and it is a relief to get "in the country." In fact, we soon may be moving to a house about 10 miles from Saigon. We find our toddlers and older children need more running room than this urban setting can provide. So sometime this month we will pack up 30 two, three and four-year olds and 10 older children and head for the country. We are very excited about this as it will finally give us an appropriate yard for John's dream playground. Time is running out and he wants to complete the project before he departs. Up until now, he has become expert plumber, electrician, carpenter and ambulance driver. He's also help set up an oxygen unit so badly needed by our babies. It seems the orphanages give us the weakest, most premature children and we battle for their each breath.

"My" children are more fortunate. They have passed that first year struggle and grow stronger each day. Besides an occasional case of measles, my battle is mainly making them happy, playful children. They are generally very curious and eager to develop if I can find the tools. Mrs. Anderson's suggestions (Evelyn Anderson works with the Jaycee Preschool in Golden) have proved invaluable in making do with practically nothing. Each day I find another bright-eyed child who has gotten over the depression of separation from mother or the stagnation of three years of institutional living.

We counsel mothers daily not to give up children, but the orphanages still seem to have many. The child who is half-American seems to be disappearing slightly but they are still obvious. Adoptions are going well but could be better, especially for our loveable boys. Seems no one requests these little devils as we have a good 10

or 15 here now that don't have a home in the states. I'm sure if anyone could come here, they would fall in love with them immediately. I'll probably come home with a dozen. (I think John just fainted.)

So, my friends, as you can see, our spirits are high. We find ourselves capable of much more love than we ever thought possible. The problems are great; diseases we no longer even recognize in the states are killers here. The weather rarely cooperates when we need dry diapers and we've been without baby powder for weeks. There always seems to be one more child to sooth, one more fever to break and one more smile to acknowledge—but we go on. I am sure there is many a prayer being said back there to carry us on. For this and all you have done, we and the kids are forever grateful.

I will try to write again from our new home. Enjoy the pictures and the snow for us. Each time we talk of Golden, there is a warm feeling inside.

Peace,
Terre
& John

Photos by Ross Meador

A letter to the people of Golden

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Peace,
Terre
& John

'Don't know if they can publish this --
but it's presently our only form of recreation'

4/25/74

THE DENVER POST

Viet Beggars Eke Out Life

A LINE OF BEGGING WOMEN SIT WITH TIN CANS AND CONICAL HATS OU

Upside-down conical hat is symbol of the beggar in South Vietnam. Here woman and daughter beg in downtown Saigon park.

SAIGON—(AP)—They wait on Saigon's seedy streets, their conical hats or cups outstretched for a few piasters that will tide them through the day.

They're a pathetic collection—entire families, crippled war veterans, the mentally retarded, begging, displaying dirty-faced raggedly clothed children to win the sympathy of the rich foreigners and Vietnamese.

Some have been on the same downtown corner for years, generally taking up positions where many Americans pass.

Many beg because they can't do anything else, crippled, blinded, or unemployed because of poor health.

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OF BEGGING WOMEN SIT WITH TIN CANS AND CONICAL HATS OUTSIDE BUDHIST TEMPLE AS THEY WAIT FOR DONOR.

N—(AP)—They wait on Saigon's seedy streets, l hats or cups outstretched for a few piasters e them through the day.

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nave been on the same downtown corner for rally taking up positions where many Amer-

beg because they can't do anything else,

But among them are some con artists, begging out of laziness. Accustomed to city life, they don't want to leave for a job in the country even if one is available. They normally pose as cripples or carry shabby children borrowed somewhere to fake a poignant scene.

The beggars ply their trade along the city's sidewalks, at markets, pagodas, in front of the Roman Catholic cathedral before and after the Sunday Masses.

Government officials estimate there are about 20,000 beggars all across South Vietnam. There is no firm figure. The government runs about 40 homes for the poor and homeless. They are given about 20 cents worth of food a day, far below normal standards, and some clothing.

An amputee war veteran holds out hat to beg from passerby outside temple in Saigon. Although government runs centers for indigent, they can earn more by begging on the streets.

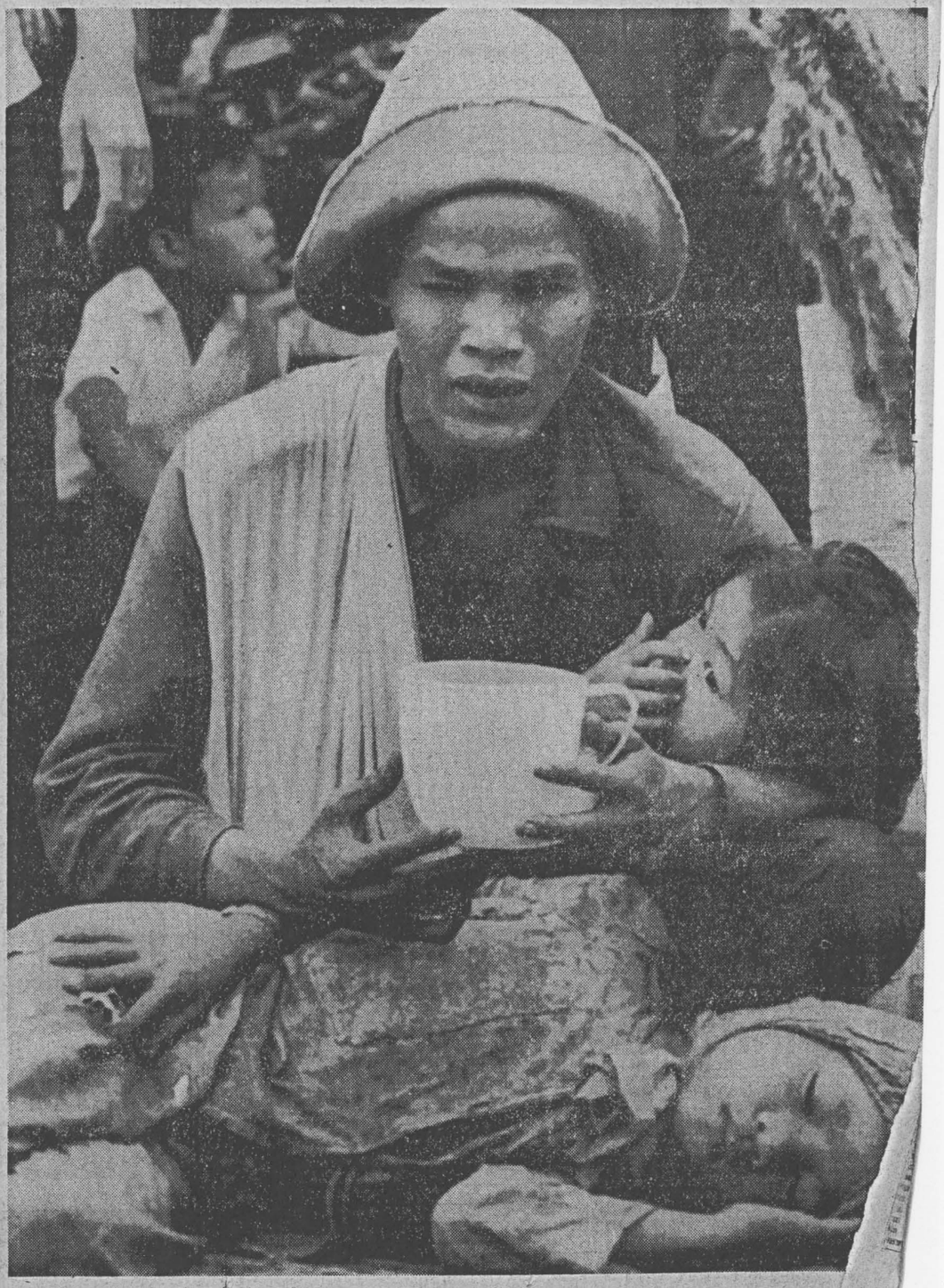
AP Newspictures

Blinded man baby-sits with his children as he begs in Saigon's Central Market. Beggars can earn from 20 cents up to $2 a day.

thus tacitly accepted.

Also, the majority of the beggars prefer the streets to the government homes—they earn anywhere from 20 cents to $2 a day.

"It is prohibited, but the law is not strictly enforced," sighs a government official. "We have other priorities. And also begging is encouraged by many, especially foreigners, whose hearts always overflow with sympathy."



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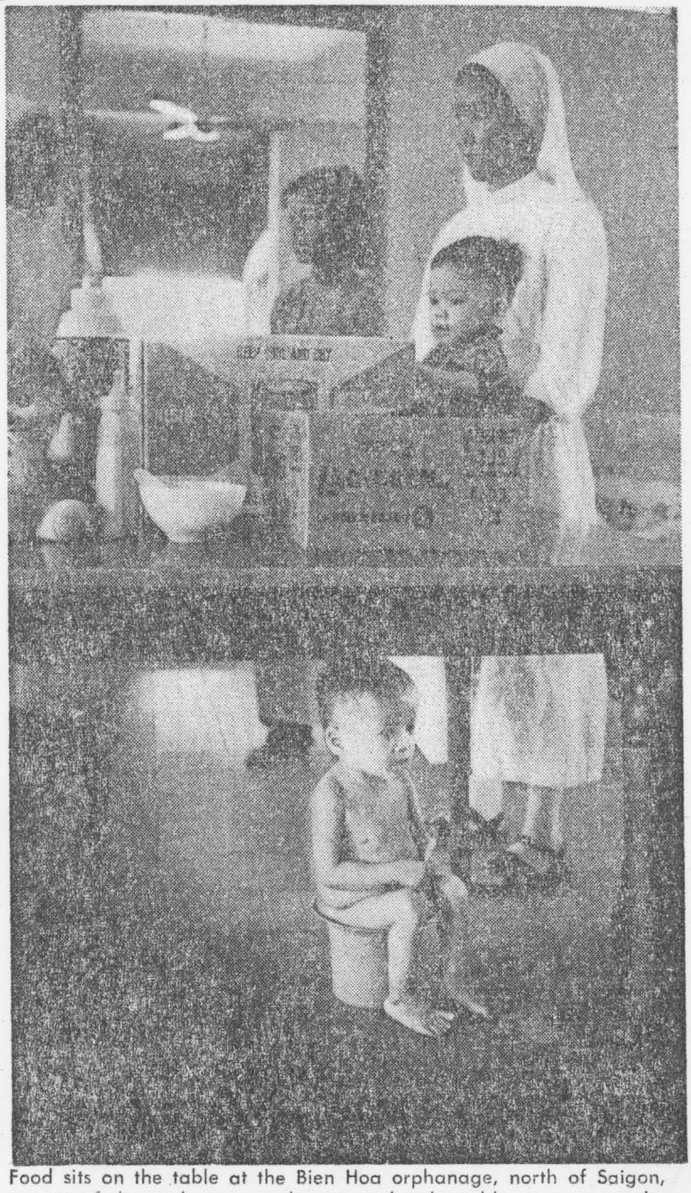
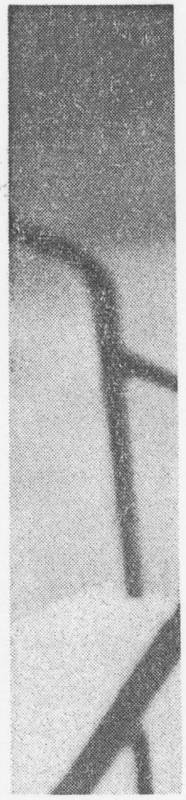


Food sits on the table at the Bien Hoa orphanage, north of Saigon, as one of the orphans uses the pot under the table as a commode.



'Every child deserves a name,

even if it's just to be buried with . . ."

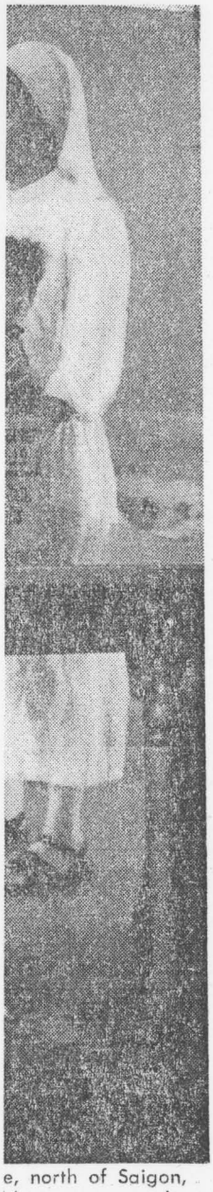
The person talking was Miss Margaret Moses, of the To Am Nursery in Saigon. (To Am is a medical facility and nursery supported by Friends of Children of Vietnam, a Denver-based organization).

That morning Miss Moses had buried a baby . . . a Vietnamese orphan. It was the fourth child who had died in six days.

With her head buried in her hands, she explained how she had written on the death certificate after the words deceased, "baby, anonymous." These were the same words she had written many times.

'Deserve a Name'

Lee Sanne



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'Deserve a Name'

She continued: "These babies don't have anything . . . even life. But they deserve a name. No human being should die and be buried without a name. . ."

Death is a way of life in Vietnamese orphanages, but for the first three months, life is especially fragile. So fragile that the Vietnamese won't even issue a birth certificate to an orphan or even give him a name until he is at least 3 months old.

After the child dies, he is placed in a cardboard box, frequently the same box which had brought a life-saving formula weeks, or even days, before. The box is taped shut and sent to the cemetery.

With no name, or even a record of having been born, the anonymous baby is buried.

At least half the newborn orphans—especially in the provinces—die before they reach 3 months of age, said Ilse Ewald, a nurse for Terre Des Homme, a European philanthropic organization.

Among the newborn, death comes suddenly, from dehydration or pneumonia. For children up to a year of age it comes from diseases such as measles and chickenpox.

Not Just Medical

Problems aren't just medical.

For more than a decade, GIs have been giving their time and effort to orphanages, but now the soldiers are gone. Buildings they built are in need of repair. Helicopters no longer fly children on missions of mercy to military hospitals in Saigon. GIs no longer play ball with the kids.

A new era is dawning.

U.S. troops are no longer in Vietnam to watch over and aid the orphans. An estimated 20,000 orphans are half American.

The Vietnamese government cares about the children, but in the inflation and "peace-torn" country, the caring is translated into approximately $2 per month per child from the government.

In the new era, much of the support falls onto the shoulders of such organizations as Terre Des Homme in Europe and Friends of Children of Vietnam in the United States.

Many of the people who work in the orphanages hope that some of the energy and money put into the war can be channelled into the orphans.

For additional information, write Friends of Children of Vietnam, 4568 Beech Court, Denver, Colo. 80211 or call 778-6144.

Denver Post Photos and Story by DAVID CUPP

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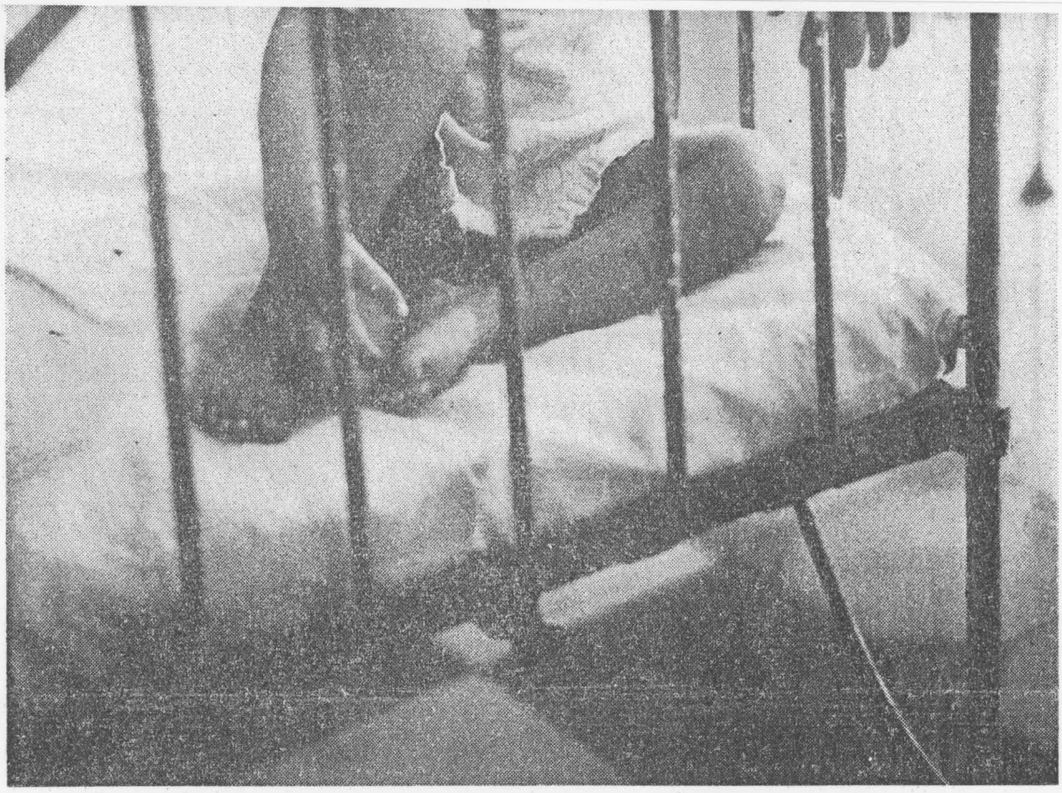
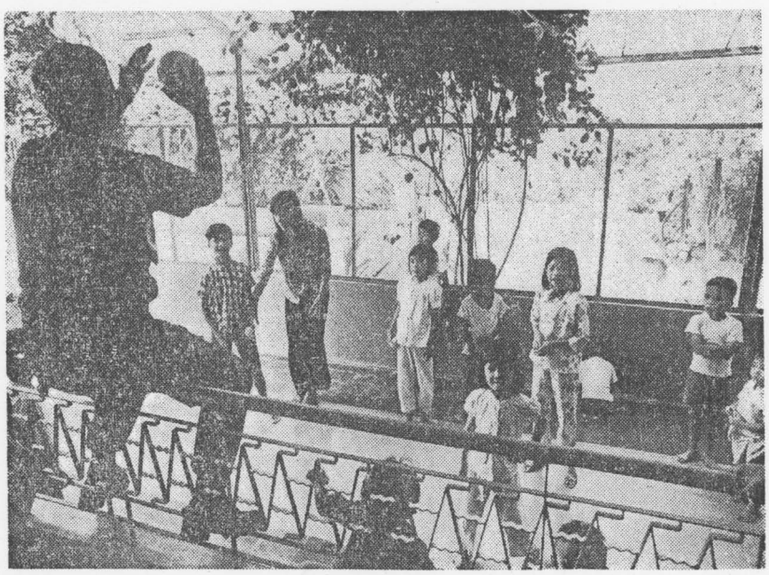
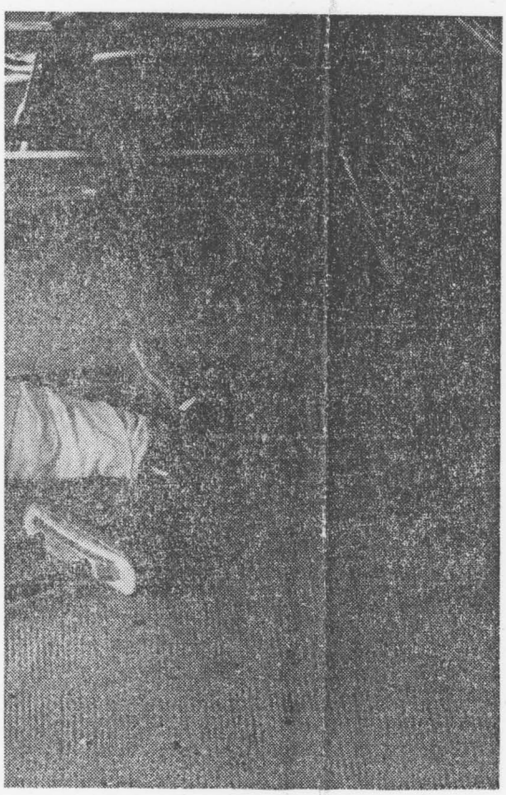
AVID CUPP



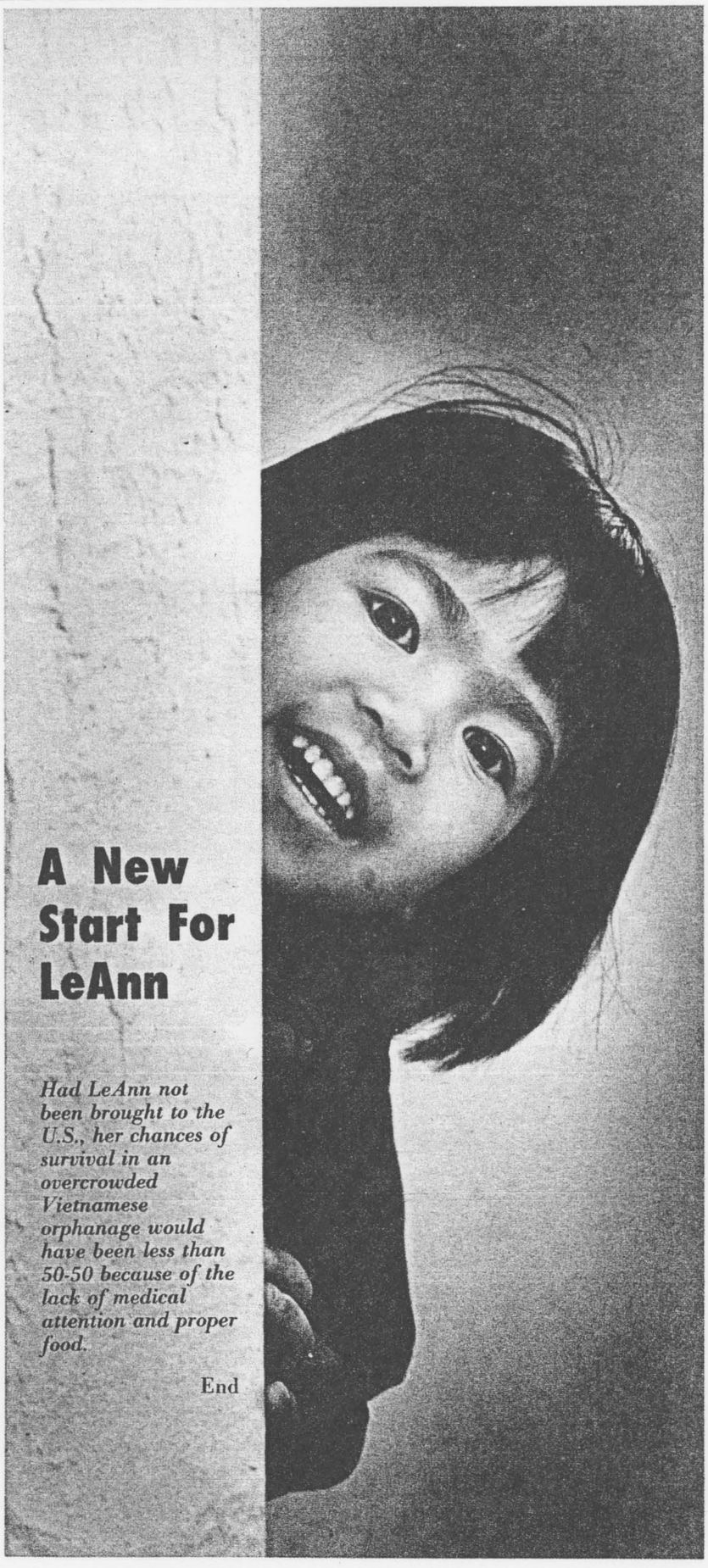
A sick child at the Phu My orphanage near Saigon waits in a bed for treatment. For children in orphanages of South Vietnam, diseases such as measles and chickenpox can often bring death.



An American GI throws a ball around with children at the Can Tho provincial orphanage in the Mekong Delta. It was his last day in Vietnam.



A polio child at Phu My sits sadly on the floor. The South Vietnamese government cares about the children but can do little.



A New Start For LeAnn

Had LeAnn not been brought to the U.S., her chances of survival in an overcrowded Vietnamese orphanage would have been less than 50-50 because of the lack of medical attention and proper food.

End

St. Louis Post-Dispatch
3/3/74

Denver Post Photo by Duane Howell

She Has Home, Family

Lisa Coddington is 3 and until a week ago was named Nguyen-thi-Luom. She is an orphan whose home was in an orphanage in Saigon, South Viet Nam. Now she is being adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Dean Coddington, 6612 S. Ogden St. in Arapahoe County.

★ THE DENVER POST® HOME EDITION

The Voice of the Rocky Mountain Empire®

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DENVERITES ADOPT VIET GIRL

Nguyen-thi-Luom, 3½, Is Just Lisa Now

By ZOE VON ENDE
Denver Post Staff Writer

Lisa Coddington is strictly a meat and potatoes child. She won't touch milk but she likes to take vitamins and she shakes hands like a politician. What's more, she'll give you a kiss at almost any provocation. She rarely cries.

And the person who doesn't fall in love with her must have a hard heart, indeed, for 3½-year-old Lisa just looks as though she needs love. She has it — now.

Lisa is a Vietnamese orphan who until less than a week ago was named Nguyen-thi-Luom. Now she is Lisa Coddington, has two brothers and asister, parents and a house in a Denver suburb.

Not too long ago, she lived in an orphanage with 600 other children, slept on a straw mat and had no hair.

Lisa's new parents are the Dean Coddingtons, who live in Arapahoe County. Coddington, 32, is an industrial economist at Denver Research Institute at the University of Denver. His wife, Judy, is 29, and their other children are David, 8, Susan, 6, and Mike, 4.

Lisa arrived at Stapleton International Airport about 5 p. m. last Saturday, three months after the Coddingtons began to work on adopting her. Her arrival was probably about two months sooner than it would have been if U.S. civilians had not been ordered out of South Viet Nam.

The adoption process, still incomplete, is a complicated affair.

It is entangled in red tape, communications breakdowns and war, to say nothing of the half a world between Denver and Saigon. But Lisa and her new parents seem to have surmounted all that with surprisingly little trouble, thanks to a couple of U.S. soldiers in Saigon, one of whom the Coddingtons never have seen or talked to.

The Coddingtons actually began to think about adopting an Asian orphan a couple of years ago when their church group studied that continent.

"So when my brother-in-law, Capt. Joel Severson of Inwood, Iowa, was stationed in Saigon, we asked him to look around for us," Coddington said.

"He visited many orphanages, taking pictures. About last Thanksgiving he sent us color slides of four children. Lisa was one of them and in her picture, she had no hair."

"Lisa was first choice," Mrs. Coddington said. "She was small and pathetic and seemed to say, 'I need somebody to love me.'"

The only information about Lisa's background that Severson came up with was that she was found in the street in Saigon when she was a baby. Her visa lists May 15, 1961, as her birth date.

After the Coddingtons let Severson know Lisa was the one, he frequently took her out of the orphanage to clean her up and buy her clothes.

One day in early December he took her to the USO, where a grandmotherly American, Mrs. William Johnson of St. Louis, Mo., suggested that Severson take Lisa out of the orphanage permanently and let Mrs. Johnson take care of her until Lisa could go to Denver. Mrs. Johnson's husband was a civilian construction worker in Saigon.

Severson bribed the orphanage and Lisa was allowed to live with Mrs. Johnson. The very day she went to Mrs. Johnson, the captain was shipped back to the United States. His friend, Maj. George Fries, took over the adoption process with the help of an attorney.

Fries has five children of his own in Georgia. He is the man the Coddingtons have never seen. But they can't say enough in praise of his efforts in getting Lisa to Denver.

Last week, though, the Coddingtons didn't hear from Fries. And by the end of the week, when orders were given for evacuation of civilians from South Viet Nam, the Coddingtons began cutting red tape themselves. They wrote letters to Sen. Karl E. Mundt, R-S.D., a friend of Mrs. Coddington's family, and Rep. Roy McVicker, D-Colo., in hopes they could help. The letters never were sent.

What the Coddingtons didn't know was that Fries was "sort of camped" at the U.S. Embassy in Saigon, not budging until Lisa, who was still with Mrs. Johnson, could leave Saigon. He had telephoned Mrs. Johnson, telling her to pack Lisa's clothes along with her own.

"Finally — we're not sure exactly what happened — Major Fries cut the red tape just at the last minute, and Lisa was allowed to leave with Mrs. Johnson," Coddington said. "He even paid her $300 plane fare."

That was last Thursday (Feb. 11). The Coddingtons knew nothing about all that until Saturday afternoon, when their telephone rang. It was Mrs. Anna Gartrell in Idaho Springs, Colo., reporting that her daughter, Mrs. Glen Fenicle, was returning from Saigon on the plane with Mrs. Johnson and Lisa and that they'd arrive at Stapleton in an hour or so.

A trip to the airport was organized and Lisa and Mrs. Johnson arrived about 5 p.m. Mrs. Johnson stayed until Monday, leaving Lisa with her new family. The Coddingtons will complete the adoption proceedings, but they foresee no more bottlenecks.

Lisa seems to fit in well, Mrs. Coddington said. "She's never had milk and now she won't drink it. She loves to eat, though — especially meat and potatoes. She'll soon go to the doctor and the dentist. Her teeth are decayed and she has scars all over her body, the result of malnutrition sores."

Her straight black hair is growing back after it was shaved for health reasons at the orphanage. A fungus on her hands and feet seems to be clearing up. She weighs 24 pounds.

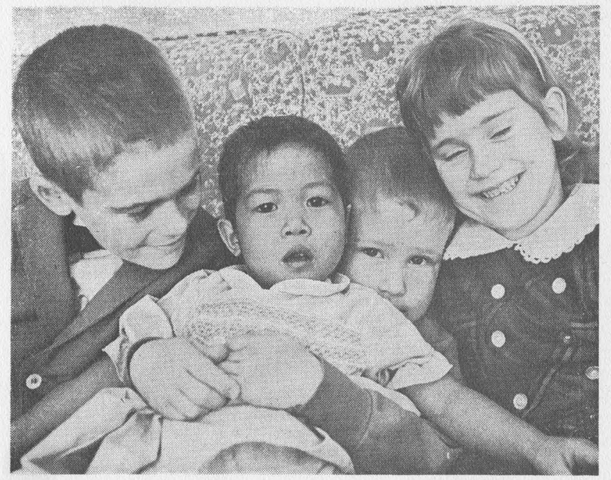
"You should see her take vitamins," her mother said. "I wish the other three would do it so well."

At first, the Coddington children were impressed with the novelty of Lisa's dark skin and what they called her "squishy" nose. But their parents reminded them that the way people look doesn't have much bearing on what's inside them and now they seem to have forgotten the racial difference.

The older two tote Lisa around like a big doll and Lisa loves it. She knows only a few English words, but she mimics her family. She also sings Vietnamese songs and clasps her hands and delights in her new patent leather shoes.

And when she saw snow for the first time, she put it on her hand and then wrinkled her nose.

LISA'S NEW PARENTS SENT ALL THE WAY TO SAIGON FOR HER
Dean and Judy Coddington knew that adopting the 3½-year-old was one sure way of getting another daughter. Also, Mrs. Coddington herself was adopted when she was 4.



Denver Post Photos by Duane Howell

WHEN YOU HAVE A NEW SISTER, IT'S HARD NOT TO HUG HER ALL THE TIME
Lisa Coddington, second from left, gets plenty of attention from brothers David, 8, left, Mike, 4, and sister, Susan, 6. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Dean Coddington.

Vol. 77, No. 102 DENV

The Voice of the Rocky Mountain Empire®

Recalls Those Lost in War

By FRED GILLIES
Denver Post Staff Writer

With drums sounding man's deep heartbeat for peace, an estimated 3,200 representatives of military units, veterans groups and schools marched Monday morning in Denver's 50th annual Veterans Day Parade in downtown Denver.

Favored by sunny skies, the parade was viewed by an estimated 30,000 persons, according to Police Lt. Jerry Mangan.

Parade viewers generally were quiet, mindful of the tribute that was being paid to the dead of four wars — World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam.

At 11 a.m., the parade was halted in front of the reviewing stand to mark the 50th anniversary of the World War I armistice. A Lowry Air Force Base honor guard fired three rounds, and taps were played by Clay Davis.

Marshal of the parade was United Veterans Council, represented by John F. Volk, 1938 S. Logan St., who was in one of the lead cars. Representing Gov. John Love was Byron Anderson, secretary of state. Denver Mayor Tom Currigan, also unable to attend, sent a representative.

In the line of march were military units from Lowry Air Force Base, Fitzsimons General Hospital, the National Guard and reserve units from various branches of the armed services.

Stepping out smartly were bands and ROTC groups from Manual, North and West High Schools. Some suburban bands also participated.

Officials of the parade were LaVerne C. Sellers, parade committee chairman; Verne Olson, parade director, and Bob Becker, his assistant.

Parade photos on page 3; Armistice anniversary story, page 14.

Nixon, J
On Vietn

They'll Be Known as Timothy and Steve

Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan, of 7276 S. Birch St., Arapahoe County, left, welcome their newest family member, Timothy—formerly Nguyen—and Mr. and Mrs. James Bumpus, right photo, of 13968 W. 23rd Ave., Golden, greet their new son, Steven—formerly Pham—Sunday at Stap

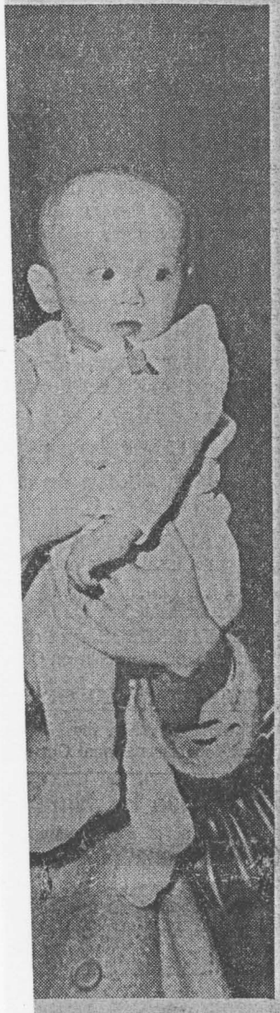
THE
DENVER POST®

★★ HOME EDITION

7, No. 102 — 10 Cents, 48 Pages

Voice of the Rocky Mountain Empire® Denver, Colo.—Climate Capital of the World—Monday, November 11, 1968

Nixon, Johnson Meet On Vietnam Question



Denver Post Photos by John Prieto

Timothy and Steven, Now

r. and Mrs. James Bumpus, right photo, Golden, greet their new son, Steven— formerly Pham—as Vietnamese children they adopted arrived Sunday at Stapleton International Airport. (STORY PAGE 24).

Peace Roles For Scranton, Lodge Hinted

WASHINGTON — (AP) — Richard M. Nixon flew to Washington Monday to discuss the Vietnam war and other issues with the man he will succeed Jan. 20, President Johnson.

President and Mrs. Johnson hosted President-elect and Mrs. Nixon at a luncheon. Later the men discussed problems of government in their first meeting since the election, while the women toured the executive mansion.

Arriving from Key Biscayne, Fla., without a topcoat despite the chill in the Washington air, Nixon declined to discuss the meeting he was to have with the President, including whether he will send a representative to the Paris peace talks.

"We're going to discuss all those things," he said, "and I'd rather not go into those things."

Nixon told newsmen Saturday he might send personal representatives abroad — presumably to the Paris peace talks or to Saigon — if Johnson and Secretary of State Dean Rusk think such a move would be helpful in the peace quest.

A source close to the president-elect said likely representatives would be Henry Cabot Lodge, U.S. ambassador to West Germany and former envoy to Saigon, or William Scranton, former GOP governor of Pennsylvania who recently toured Western Europe on a fact-finding mission for Nixon.

Lodge, the Republican vice presidential candidate eight years ago, conferred with Nixon in Florida. The president-elect said he will give Lodge special assignments in the administration which takes office Jan. 20.

Nixon has said repeatedly that he would

2 Saigon Infants Given Denver Homes

Nguyen Tan Thanh and Pham Tan Hue probably don't realize it, but they finally have homes.

Nguyen, age 9 months, and Pham, 5 months old, arrived in Denver Sunday night after a jet plane carried them halfway around the world. Greeting them in the busy concourse at Stapleton International Airport were their new Colorado parents.

The infants are Vietnamese orphans.

Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan, 7276 S. Birch St., Arapahoe County, have adopted Nguyen, and Mr. and Mrs. James N. Bumpus, 13968 W. 23rd Ave., Golden, have adopted Pham.

Both boys came from an orphanage in Saigon, operated by Miss Rosemary Taylor, an Australian mathematics teacher. The adoptions were arranged by a Denver group, the Friends of Children of Vietnam.

Nguyen, whose American name will be Timothy, was abandoned by his mother shortly after birth, Buchanan said, and was housed at an orphanage near Saigon before being transferred to Miss Taylor's home.

Buchanan said he and his wife, LeeSanne, decided several months ago to adopt a Vietnamese child, after reading a story in The Denver Post about such possibilities. Last June they received a photograph of Nguyen, with word that he would become their son.

"He's going to make a wonderful addition to the family," Buchanan, a teacher at Cherry Creek High School, said at the airport.

The Buchanans have three other children, Karen, 5, Kristin, 4, and Scott, 1.

U.S. INITIATION

Buchanan said that as soon as Nguyen arrived at his new home, he was initiated as a typical American boy—Mrs. Buchanan gave him a bath. "Other than a skin rash, he seems to be in very good health. He's a very alert boy," Buchanan said.

The orphans have to pass a rigid health examination before they are eligible for adoption.

Bumpus said he and his wife, Marcia, decided last April to adopt an orphan from the war-torn country.

"We wanted another child, and we felt that rather than having another one of our own, it just made more sense to us to adopt a child that might not otherwise have a home," Bumpus said.

They also have three other children, Paige 9, Greg, 6, and Kay, 1.

LONG CONSIDERED

"We have some friends who adopted a child from Vietnam," Bumpus said, "and it had been in the back of our minds for a long time."

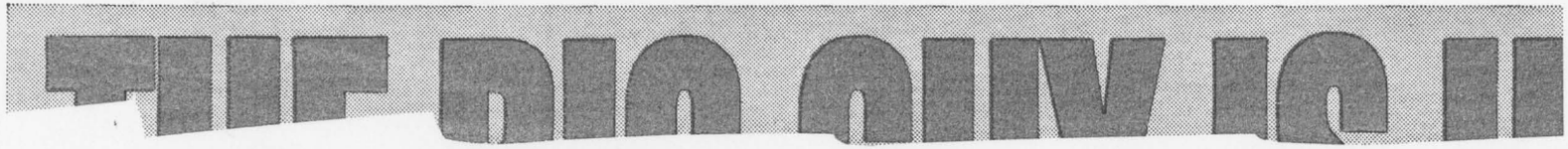
The Bumpuses learned in August that Pham, who will be known as Steven, would be their child.

Bumpus, staff assistant to the vice president of finances for Public Service Co. of Colo., said the adoptions "are really a story of a number of individual efforts. There's a lot of red tape, but the process doesn't take very long, and there are many people who offer their help."

The infants were accompanied from Saigon to Los Angeles, Calif., by the U.S. consul general in Saigon, Robert Bishton, Bumpus said.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Booker, 1700 S. Shoshone St., accompanied the boys on the flight from Los Angeles to Denver. Booker, manager of district sales for Continental Airlines in Denver, said he made the trip on his own time to Los Angeles to pick up the orphans.

Hatlo's They'



NEWSLETTER

THE COMMITTEE OF RESPONSIBILITY, INC.
P. O. Box 10432
Denver, Colorado 80210
757-8750

GENERAL MEETING Date: September 4, 1968
Time: 8 p.m.
Place: Washington Park United Church of Christ
400 So. Williams, Fellowship Hall

Come learn of the Committee of Responsibility's progress to date in Denver. Our film, The Survivors, will be shown. Following an informal discussion, working committees will gather briefly to outline our 1968-69 program. Please come and bring your friends.

George Roth Visits Denver For those of you whom we were unable to contact or who could not attend, George Roth's visit was both informative and enthusiastic. George is a member of the national board of COR. He reassured us that we definitely will have children here, but that we are responsible for the cost of hospitalization. He noted that evacuation from South Vietnam is now greatly simplified, a factor which will speed the children's arrival in Denver.

The Recruitment of Doctors has been of prime importance in preparing Denver to receive and to care for war-injured Vietnamese children. As of now, 20 medical specialists, including pediatricians, orthopods, and surgeons as well as a urologist, a neurologist, an anaesthesiologist, and a psychiatrist have volunteered to care for the medical needs of the two Vietnamese children to be sent here. Unfortunately the Committee has been unable to procure free beds at Children's Hospital, but we still plan to admit the children as private patients at a minimal daily rate since this institution is best equipped to deal with the problems of the seriously ill child. We shall raise sufficient funds to handle the high costs of hospitalization. We feel ready and able to care for two Vietnamese children whose suffering will be made less by their stay in Denver.

Foster Homes We have several offers and welcome more. Although we will initially only have two or three children in Denver, all interested families will be able to participate. Legal guardianship will be separate from the foster family and is currently being finalized.

Fund Raising Arts in the Square was both delightful and successful. We raised between $800 and $900. The Catholics Concerned About Vietnam have raised $1065. Just a reminder: all donations are tax deductible and will happily be taken out of P. O. Box 10432, Denver, Colorado 80210.

Current and Coming (or we need your help)
A benefit showing of a "controversial" film is probable for November. We need your help with the following: tickets, mailings, posters, and publicity. Phone for details.

Ben Buffano, a famed San Francisco artist, has donated a mosaic to COR valued at $15,000. The mosaic is being raffled-off with chances costing only $1. Please take a book of 25 tickets to sell to your friends and neighbors. We also have posters which might be set up at tables in churches, shipping centers, etc.

We need to intensify the showing of our film, The Survivors, in churches, service organizations, etc. Any suggestions?

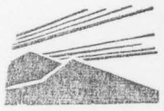
Literature is always available for distribution.

Steering Committee meetings are open to all. Phone for date and location.

Please call 757-8750 and volunteer your time, ideas and energy.

COR

Denver Post
9/9/68



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s. Dorothy Paxton,
b., and 10 grand-

TREATMENT PLANNED

Two Viet Boys Arrive Here

Photo on page 1.

By BILL MYERS
Denver Post Staff Writer

Two South Vietnamese boys who were seriously disabled by injuries received in combat areas arrived in Denver Sunday to begin long programs of medical treatment aimed at giving them new hope.

Although other handicapped Vietnamese children have been brought to the United States for treatment, these are the first to come to Colorado.

AIRLIFT PLANE

The boys were flown here by the Air Force's Military Airlift Command after arrangements were made by the national Committee of Responsibility (COR) and its Denver branch.

Also on the plane, which arrived at Buckley Air National Guard Base in Aurora, were 10 U.S. fighting men who had been seriously wounded in action in Vietnam. They were bound for Fitzsimons General Hospital or other military hospitals in the East.

The Vietnamese boys were taken by ambulance to Children's Hospital, where they will be treated as private patients.

NAMES GIVEN

They are Doan Quang Truong, 13, who lives in the South Vietnamese village of Quang Ngai, and Nguyen Hoang Em, 15, Saigon.

Mrs. Diana Silverberg, a member of the Denver COR branch steering committee, said Doan suffered third-degree burns on the chest, abdomen, arms and face when a phosphorous flare ignited accidentally while he was handling it.

His face and arms are a mass of red scar tissue that has contracted.

MORTAR ATTACK

Mrs. Silverberg said Nguyen suffered a "massive injury" of the left elbow from shrapnel during a mortar attack on Saigon May 28.

He lost a lot of bone, and the arm is unusable.

But the general physical condition of the boys reportedly is good.

The money to pay for their treatment in Denver will come from donations to the Denver COR branch.

NEED GREAT

Mrs. Silverberg and another member of the branch's steering committee, Dr. Hans Schapire of Denver, said the treatment will be expensive and that the need for donations is great.

Money may be sent to Committee of Responsibility, Inc., Post Office Box 10432, Denver 80210.

Dr. Schapire, a national COR sponsor and chief of the Mental Health Division of the Colorado Department of Institutions, said the length of the boys' treatment periods won't be known until Children's Hospital specialists examine them thoroughly.

LONG TIME

But, after looking at the boys' disabilities, it doesn't take an expert to know that they'll be at the hospital a long time.

When they reach the stage at which they can live outside the hospital and return periodically for treatment, they will live in private foster homes, Mrs. Silverberg said.

COR, a private organization whose full name is the Committee of Responsibility to Save War-Burned and War-Injured Vietnamese Children, has started a campaign to bring hundreds of the children to the United States to receive expert treatment they can't get in Vietnam.

SAD STATE

COR literature cites the sad state of civilian medical facilities in Vietnam. Many of the injured children have been treated in U.S. military hospitals there.

The flight to Denver was made by the 11th Aeromedical Squadron, 375th Aeromedical Wing, Military Airlift Command (MAC).

The coordination was done by Mrs. Silverberg, Dr. Schapire and CWO Daniel Potashnick, commander of the 375th's Detachment 3 at Buckley.

The boys began their long flight Saturday at Tan Son Nhut Air Force Base in Vietnam and had stops in Yokota Air Force Base, Japan, and Travis Air Force Base near San Francisco, Calif., before the final flight leg to Denver.

With them were other injured Vietnamese children going to other parts of the United States for extensive treatment.

Before this flight, COR has arranged for 36 other Vietnamese children to be flown to this country for care, Mrs. Silverberg said.

Accompanying the boys to Denver was a Vietnamese interpreter, Miss Huong Nguyen Thi Xuan, who will stay with them as long as necessary.

After the boys have been rehabilitated, they will be flown back to Vietnam.

...igned at ... been awa... ...S. Sgt. Ri...

Edgewater Couple to Mee... Adopted Vietnamese Tot

After a seven-month wait, an Edgewater couple with two children of their own are planning to meet a 3-year-old Vietnamese orphan girl they have adopted.

The couple, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Bryant, 2433 Newland St., is seeking a little help, however, in providing transportation for Hieu Thi from Seattle, Wash., to Denver.

The Bryants have spent about $700 so far to arrange the adoption and pay their new daughter's air fare from Saigon to Seattle, Wash., where she will be landing in about two weeks, they hope.

Bryant is project director at Oberon Junior High School, 7300 Quail St., Arvada.

Hieu's adoption was arranged through Welcome House, Media, Pa., which is operated by the Pearl S. Buck Foundation.

Mrs. Bryant said they began the adoption procedure 13 months ago and decided on Hieu, the first child they were offered, seven months ago.

The couple's other two children, Laurie Beth, 7, and Joel Scott, 5, are anxious to meet their new sister, Mrs. Bryant said.

Hieu will arrive in Seattle with two other Vietnamese orphans being adopted by American parents. The children will be traveling with a representative of Welcome House.

Trial Set for Pointers

The Junior German Shorthair Pointer Club has scheduled a trial at noon Sunday at the club grounds off Parker Road southeast of Cherry Creek Reservoir.

To The COLORS

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John D. Cole, 19, Delta, Colo.
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Dennis E. Devlin, 18, Sterling, Col...
Richard L. Dresen, 20, Yuma, C...
Robert J. Heersin...
Donald W. How...
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WHEN YOU ADOPT A CHILD FROM ABROAD

WAIF ADOPTION DIVISION
INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL SERVICE
AMERICAN BRANCH

WAIF is the Adoption Division of the American Branch of International Social Service, a nonsectarian family and children's agency with headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland. ISS was founded in 1921, now has branches and offices in 20 countries, and cooperating agencies in 80 others.

The WAIF program is two-fold: (1) To provide adoption for foreign orphans who have no hope for home or future in their own countries and (2) To assist ISS offices and cooperating agencies in foreign countries and in the United States to strengthen and extend child care services, including the adoption of children within their own countries.

Since 1953, the WAIF Division has assisted in the adoption of over 13,000 foreign children by American families in the United States and abroad. Most of these intercountry adoptions have been successful, largely because the families who adopted these children have a remarkable capacity for love and patience and understanding. For people with such qualities, intercountry adoption can be deeply satisfying and rewarding.

If you have been thinking about adoption, to begin a family or enlarge the one you already have, and if you have become interested in the plight of orphaned or abandoned children in other parts of the world, this booklet will give you information to answer the first questions you may have about:

1. What foreign children need American adoptive homes?
2. What are the procedures for an intercountry adoption?
3. What legal requirements must be met?
4. What does it cost to adopt a child from abroad?
5. How long does it take?

What Foreign Children Need American Homes?

There are many children abroad needing adoptive homes, but the numbers of such children available for adoption and eligible to emigrate to the U.S.A. are sometimes exaggerated. As in the United States, many children throughout the world are placed in institutions without being relinquished for adoption by their parents. Others cannot meet the requirements of the United States Orphan Immigration Law. In addition a basic principle of WAIF and ISS throughout the world is that children should not be moved from their own country for

adoption in another unless there are no possibilities for homes for them in their own country.

The Far East

Homes are very much needed for children in **Korea,** as the number becoming available for adoption is increasing. Most of these children are of mixed racial origin: Korean-Caucasian and Korean-Negro. The age range is 1 to 14 years. Korean children most in need of adoption are the racially mixed children over 5, who are facing severe prejudice in the Korean community.

All children available from **Hong Kong** are Chinese and almost all are girls. Most have been abandoned and are being cared for in orphanages. The age range is 2 to 14 years. The number of American families applying for the younger children often exceeds the number immediately available, while the older children have the greatest need.

There are now only a few children in **Japan** who cannot be cared for in that country. However, some racially mixed children and some older children are now being placed through WAIF.

Europe

The number of children in Europe needing adoptive homes has greatly diminished in recent years because of improved conditions and increasing social services for children.

WAIF is asked to place some children from **Greece** with families of the Christian faith, preferably Greek Orthodox.

In **Italy** some children are in need of placement in Roman Catholic homes.

The child welfare authorities in **Germany** are able to place almost all the Caucasian children with either German families or foreign families, mostly American, who are living temporarily in Germany. A small number of children of Negro fathers and Caucasian mothers need placement abroad.

International Social Service is a non-sectarian agency, and serves people of all religious faiths. However, an intercountry adoption, just as the adoption of an American child, must be carried out in conformity with any religious requirements of the state where the adopting family resides. In the child's own country, there may also be specific requirements concerning the religious faith of the adopting parents. Many children from Korea, Japan and Hong Kong are not affiliated with any religion, and have been successfully placed with families of Protestant, Catholic or Jewish faith.

Given a choice of several equally good homes for one child, preference is given to the adoptive parents whose national origin and racial background most closely resemble that of the child.

Procedures

The procedures for an intercountry adoption are basically the same as for adoption of an American child. However, because of differences in laws, cultural concepts, and technical methods between countries, there are additional requirements. WAIF procedures have been developed in cooperation with state and local adoption agencies, the

U.S. Immigration authorities, and ISS offices and other cooperating agencies abroad.

The first step is to get in touch with your local adoption agency or the child welfare division of your state welfare department.

You will be interviewed by an agency caseworker. Then, if you both agree to proceed with the intercountry adoption, the agency will secure information about your family composition, circumstances, interests and plans and, essentially, what your home will offer to meet the special needs of a homeless, foreign child. Some of the children most in need of adoption have undergone extreme deprivation and may present difficult problems to adopting parents.

When the local adoption agency recommends you for the placement of a foreign child, your "home study" serves as the basis for selection of the child. The child's picture, physical description, social history and medical report are sent to the agency for your consideration. If you accept the child, your next step is to apply to the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service to arrange for the child's entry into the United States. Then your agency will assist you in completing the documents required by the government of the country from which the child is emigrating, particularly for issuance of the passport and departure approval.

Immigration and other Legal Requirements

If the child comes from a country whose regular immigration quota is oversubscribed (such as Korea, Japan, Hong Kong, Greece and Italy), you must file a petition with the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service for the child to enter the United States on a special non-quota visa for the purpose of later adoption according to the laws and regulations of your state of residence. Your local agency will help you file this petition.

The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service requires that at least one of the prospective parents be a United States citizen. You must provide the following documents to accompany your petition:

Birth certificate or naturalization certificate-number of American citizen spouse.

Marriage certificate and proof of termination of any prior marriage.

Employment statement or, if self-employed, Federal income tax return.

Current bank statements.

Fingerprint chart.

In brief, Section 101 (b) of the U.S. Immigration and Nationality Act provides for non-quota visas to be issued to:

Children, orphaned, abandoned or deserted or separated from both parents, or whose remaining parent is incapable of caring for them; who are:

Under 14 years of age;

Born in countries where the quota for United States immigration is oversubscribed;

Released in writing for emigration and adoption;

Adopted abroad by parents both of whom established personal acquaintance with the child, *or*

Coming to the United States for adoption by a married couple, one of whom is a U.S. citizen, who give assurance that:

They will provide proper care; Pre-adoption requirements have been met in the proposed state of residence.

No more than two visas can be issued to children to be adopted by one family except to prevent separation of brothers and sisters.

Travel

WAIF and ISS offices abroad take responsibility for travel plans, arranging for your child to be properly escorted and cared for enroute to the United States, and assisted through immigration procedures upon arrival.

Full instructions are sent to your local agency and to you, including the travel schedule and the time and place of arrival. You may meet your child at ports of entry on the West Coast, New York, or in Chicago, whichever is nearest to your home.

You will be expected to pay the cost of your child's transportation, which is approximately $300 for children under 12 from most countries.

What Does Intercountry Adoption Cost?

The major portion of the costs of the intercountry adoption program is covered by funds contributed to WAIF — International Social Service by individuals and organizations interested in helping to provide permanent homes for foreign orphans.

The services for which costs are incurred in the average intercountry adoption placement are:

Staff transportation and living expenses incurred in making the social investigation of the child, often requiring extensive cross-country travel.

Transportation and living expenses for child and escort for preliminary

medical and psychological observation and examination; for travel to the U.S. Consulate for examination in connection with visa issuance and medical appointments; for journey to point of departure for the U.S.; for meeting child upon arrival.

Cables and long-distance calls.

Documentation, translations, and legal fees.

Passport, exit permit, U.S. visa fee, and photographs.

Foster care pending placement for purpose of physical build-up, medical treatment, and observation of development.

Medical treatment, sometimes for a prolonged period.

Clothing for the child.

The cost of these services to WAIF-ISS for each child coming to an American family for adoption averages $1,000. The amount of the reimbursement to be paid by the adopting parents is $300.

Both the reimbursement for service costs and the payment for the child's travel to the United States are paid to the WAIF Adoption Division of International Social Service in advance.

How Long Does An Intercountry Adoption Take?

The time required for an intercountry adoption, from your original application to your local agency to the arrival of your child, varies from one to two years. In general, families requesting a very specific kind of child are likely to have a longer wait.

As you begin the process of intercountry adoption, try to approach it with realistic expectations and patience. Remember that the laws and cultural patterns of two different countries are involved. And this does complicate adoption procedures. Intercountry adoption procedures have been carefully worked out to provide you and your child with the essential safeguards; and to insure that the adoption becomes valid both in the country of your child's origin and in your home state.

After Arrival

After your child arrives, you and your local agency will complete the adoption requirements in your state. This usually takes about a year, during which your local agency is available to assist you in the adjustment process and to give help if special problems arise. During this period, too, you and your agency have access to the resources of WAIF for social service, for completing all required legal procedures in the country of origin, and for the naturalization of your child as an American citizen.

The WAIF Adoption Division of ISS also offers intercountry services to families who wish to adopt the child of a relative or a child they have located themselves or through friends.

For further information, please contact:

WAIF Adoption Division

International Social Service, American Branch, Inc.

345 East 46th Street

New York, N. Y. 10017

Printed in U.S.A.

Rev. 6/64

Special Last Minute News

Doan Quang Truong and Nguyen Hoang Em are enroute to Denver! Doan is a thirteen-year-old boy from Quang Ngai; he suffered a third-degree burn of the chest, abdomen, arms, and face. His treatment will mostly be plastic surgery followed by physical therapy. Nguyen, a sixteen-year-old from Saigon, is the victim of a mortar attack on May 28th. His elbow was so severely injured that he will require orthopedic surgery and rehabilitation in order to restore the use of his arm. The boys will be admitted to Children's Hospital as private patients immediately following their arrival in Denver. Watch your newspapers and television for coverage.

We must no longer simply try to raise the funds needed for hospitalization; we must do it. Therefore, PLEASE

(1) Send a check
(2) Call to volunteer your time to help
(3) Tell others about COR and urge them to participate
(4) Come to the meeting September 4th.

Edgewater New Home for 'Thi'

By CAROL WILCOX
Denver Post Staff Writer

Huynh Thi Hieu stared at the red tennis shoes that were twice as long as her feet.

Yesterday, the shy 3-year-old was a Vietnamese orphan. Today she belongs to the Gerald Bryants, 2433 Newland St., Edgewater. Bryant, a Title 3 project director for Jefferson County Schools, and his wife, Janet, had waited 14 months for the little girl they call "Thi" pronounced "tie").

One of the first things Mrs. Bryant did after the couple took Thi from Stapleton International Airport to their home Tuesday was to rush out alone to buy her some clothes. And the red tennis shoes.

"The shoes are so big, I guess I'll have to exchange them," Mrs. Bryant said.

Thi's new father looked down at the floppy tennis shoes.

"She looks like Donald Duck," he said.

Bryant bounced Thi on his knee.

The little girl with the searching dark eyes was sleepy and bewildered after the long trip from Saigon via Hong Kong, 9,000 miles away.

Her chaperone was Mrs. Carol Simons, a former Denver Post reporter and wife of an Associated Press newsman stationed in Saigon. Mrs. Simons left Denver Tuesday with three other orphans. Destination: adoptive homes in Ann Arbor, Mich.; Chapel Hill, N.C.; Belle Mead, N.J.

Found by Friends

The four children bring to 11 the number of orphans taken to the United States by the Quaker group known as Friends Meeting for Sufferings of Vietnamese Children. The Friends, whose U.S. address is Box 38, Media, Pa., found Thi for the Bryants. An organization called Welcome House, of which author Pearl Buck is chairman of the board, did legal work for the adoption. Its American office is in Doylestown, Pa.

The Bryants will adopt Thi permanently as soon as possible, they said.

Arrangements for her arrival included a home study by the Jefferson County Welfare Department, clearance by the U.S. Immigration Service, a physical examination and numerous shots.

"Thi's been an orphan since she was three months old. Her father was a soldier, and her mother was too poor and too sick to take care of her," Mrs. Bryant said.

Saigon Bloodshed

The orphanage where Thi spent her babyhood is in one of the worst war-scarred sections of Saigon.

"During the Tet offensive, we weren't even sure she was still alive," her new mother said.

Of the agencies involved in Thi's trip to the United States, the Immigration Service probably was the most particular.

"At least financially," said Mrs. Bryant.

"They ask questions like, 'What's the cash value of your life insurance, the blue book value of your cars and the balance you owe on your house," she explained.

Answering the government agency's questions may have been tough, but now the Bryants are faced with a bigger challenge: Thi.

She backs away from women, including Mrs. Bryant. Her new parents don't know why.

"She'll let me give her a glass of water or wipe her nose. But otherwise . . ." said Mrs. Bryant.

Tears on Arrival

The orphans were the last passengers to deplane Tuesday morning.

"Thi was crying, and Mrs. Simons said, 'Bend down and pick her up. She just loves men.' And it worked," Mrs. Bryant said.

Bryant took a day off from work and the couple's daughter, Laurie, 7, stayed home from school to meet her new sister at the airport. The Bryants also have a son, Joel, 5.

"I don't know what I'm going to do when Gerald's at work Wednesday," Mrs. Bryant said.

Another of the Bryants' problems, besides the language barrier, is Thi's transition to American food, especially to milk and its products.

"Her teeth are terrible, and she's got the pot belly which means a protein deficiency," said Mrs. Bryant.

Thi's mother says she'll begin giving the little girl skimmed milk and then richer dairy products such as whole milk, cottage cheese and ice cream.

For her first meal at the Bryants' Tuesday noon, Thi was served chicken rice soup.

"She didn't want to eat much. She just kind of sat there," said Mrs. Bryant, "and stared at us."

"She's laughed a couple of times already. There's a chance," Mrs. Bryant said, "that we can give her a normal life."

Not to mention a pair of red shoes.

Balenciaga Ends Career

PARIS—(UPI)—Master couturier Cristobal Balenciaga has closed his famous haute couture salon, his official spokesman said Wednesday. He is 73 and in ill health.

The famous designer, who has outfitted many of the world's best-dressed women for three decades, will discontinue his work, the spokesman said.

She said reports that Balenciaga would still produce a haute couture line were false.

The fashion world had speculated for several months that the Spanish-born couturier would retire, but his press representatives had denied all such reports.

Des Moines Sunday Register

May 12, 1968

Iowa Girl Works to Ease Suffering of Vietnamese

By Frances Craig

IN the Quang Ngai province of Vietnam, almost every family has its amputee — as often as not a child.

These civilians are victims of artillery bombardments, land mines, grenades, rockets, booby traps and all the implements of war.

In such a place, " 'rehabilitation' seems a hopeless word," says Sallie Squires, a physical therapist from Ames. "But it's an effort with rewards."

From last July until early February, this daughter of an Iowa State University professor served with a team which set up and operated the Quaker Rehabilitation Center of Quang Ngai Provincial Hospital in the city of Quang Ngai, about 300 miles north of Saigon. A massive Tet offensive halted the center's program for civilians, but the sponsoring American Friends Service Committee plans to resume activities this summer.

Sallie, 28 and a graduate in physical therapy at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., is the daughter of Mr.

Sallie Squires

and Mrs. Richard Squires of Ames, where Mr. Squires is a professor of industrial engineering at Iowa State University.

Miss Squires describes one of the "rewards" of the Quaker effort to alleviate suffering in Vietnam:

"His name was Huynh Phan, but I called him 'Huck Finn' and you'd know why if you saw him. But Huck was scared to death when some American medics saw him herding cows and picked him up by helicopter. They'd heard we were doing something for amputees at the center and thought maybe we could help this appealing boy."

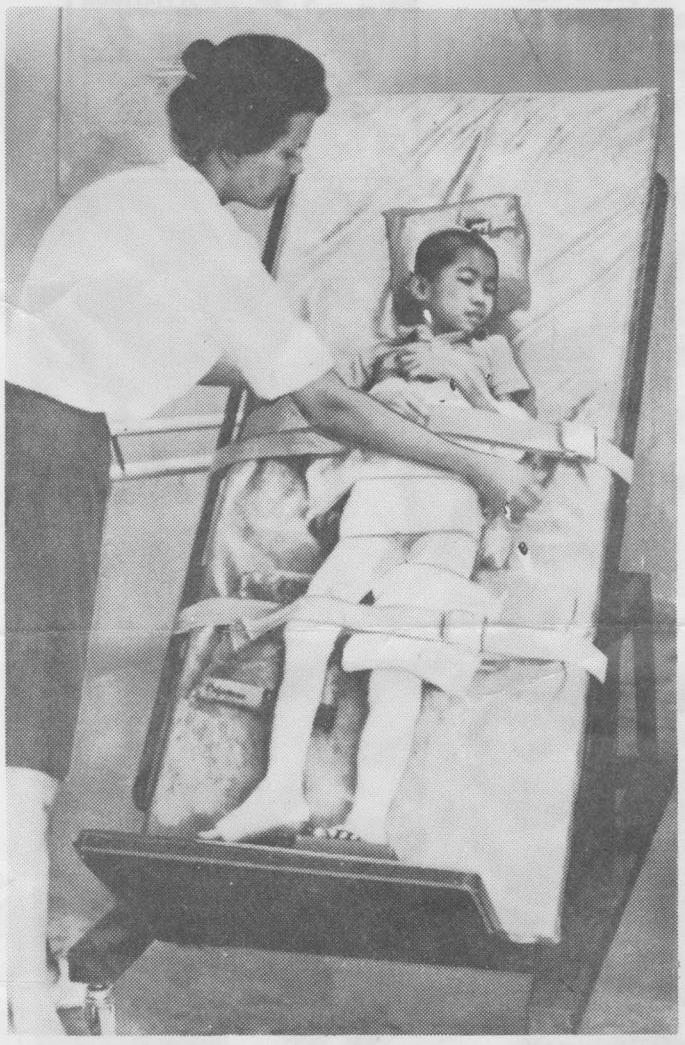
HUCK had lost his left leg above the knee in an artillery blast some months before.

The first time Sallie saw the 12-year-old, he was hobbling around on a "walking stick," a forked branch with his leg in the crotch and the stick's top held against his side.

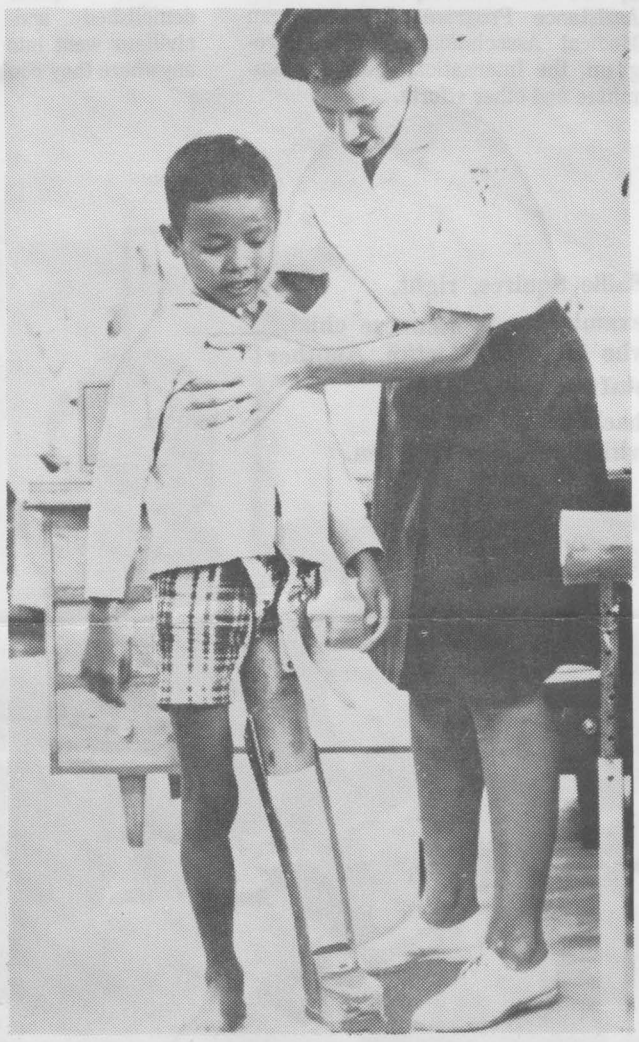
"These are common devices in the province," says the therapist.

The boy didn't need extensive surgery before he could have an artificial limb, and Sallie says "this was highly unusual." It's commonplace to see bones sticking through the flesh — often of civilians who come for treatment of "immediate" injuries such as severe burns or infections.

A naturally merry child — "incredibly, in such constant trauma" — Huck lost his fear as soon as he was reassured that his parents knew where he was.



War's agonies were a daily sight: Sallie cares for an orphan nobody visited. Her parents killed, the child was found crying from hunger and pain, her fractured hip infected from the filth in which she was lying.



Huynh Phan — Sallie called him Huck Finn — has a temporary artificial leg made from "scrounged" parts including metal strips from a shot-down airplane and wood from a crate that held bombs.

ARTIFICIAL limbs were in short supply because there hadn't been a shipment in for five months, so Huck was fitted with a temporary limb fashioned by the center's ingenious prosthetist from metal parts taken from a wrecked airplane and bits of scrap wood from bomb crates.

Sallie helped the boy strengthen his muscles, toughen up the stump of his leg (which needed a callus to accept the artificial leg), regain balance and again learn the feel of two feet.

But "within weeks, he could walk faster than I can," she says. There was just one disappointment: "His leg wouldn't bend at the knee and let him squat at rest or work in the Vietnamese manner."

It was the preponderance of amputees among civilians treated at the hospital that brought an invitation from the Quang Ngai Provincial Hospital for the Quakers to set up their center.

The Quaker organization emphasizes that it does not support the United States military action in Vietnam and that its civilian rehabilitation work there is simply in keeping with the historic efforts of the American Friends Service Committee to help the suffering in the world wherever the opportunity presents itself.

Directing the province hospital is a chief physician appointed by Saigon's minister of health. A half-dozen other physicians — Vietnamese, American and Canadian — give varying amounts of time. There also are three laboratory technicians, a few American nurses and 26 Vietnamese nurses — many of these with only a few weeks' training.

Much of this personnel is provided by the U.S. Military Public Health Assistance Program, the American Medical Association's Vietnam program, the International Rescue Committee and other efforts.

She calls it a "woefully inadequate staff" for the crowded hospital "intended to be a 350-bed hospital but actually serving from 600 to 700 who crowd together two or three to a single bed." There are several times as many outpatients.

INFECTION, "a consequence of filth in all this human suffering," takes a terrible toll, she says. "Many who suffer fractures must have amputations later because of infections that set in." Patients often appear at the hospital with casts applied over raw and dirty wounds — "cages for infection."

It's hard to maintain any kind of sanitary standards, even in the hospital. She says, "There are toilets on every ward, but they don't work and elimination takes place on the floor or in fields just outside the hospi al."

But therapy and "rehabilitation education" proceeded in spite of handicaps. Under the direction of the six-member team at the center, 18 young Vietnamese men learned to make, apply and direct therapy for artificial limbs. They were encouraged to use the same ingenuity as workers who scrounged for airplane wings and other scrap parts.

These trainees and other Vietnamese were a vital part of the center's activity. During the Tet offensive, they became unavailable, and it was their loss as much as the lack of prosthetic materials which closed down the Quakers' activity.

IN Quang Ngai, the Viet Cong offensive began at 4 a.m., Jan. 31. Sunrise was lost in a sky lighted by flames from the burning homes. Fighting centered around a compound for political prisoners, not far from the hospital. As the prison was demolished and homes leveled, civilians went into caves or crouched anywhere they could behind sandbags.

Because the hospital was considered "fairly safe," some civilians came crowding into the compound with the sick and injured. A medical technician brought his cow for protection, and "all this made for yet more sanitation problems."

The hospital became a massive first-aid station and the therapists helped care for the hundreds of severely wounded and lacerated. Many who were brought needed no care — they were beyond it.

On Feb. 11, the therapists made their reluctant exodus. With their supplies shut off and no workers, they closed the center and went first to Hong Kong and then to Philadelphia and the American Friends Service Committee headquarters. There, the summer return was planned.

One day, says the Iowa therapist, "word will get around that the Quakers are back and our friends will be on the doorstep saying, 'I want a leg.'"

She hopes Huck will be there for his "permanent" leg.

Sallie Squires, right, examines a Vietnamese child, who is a burn victim. Another staff member, in the background, works with two other children.

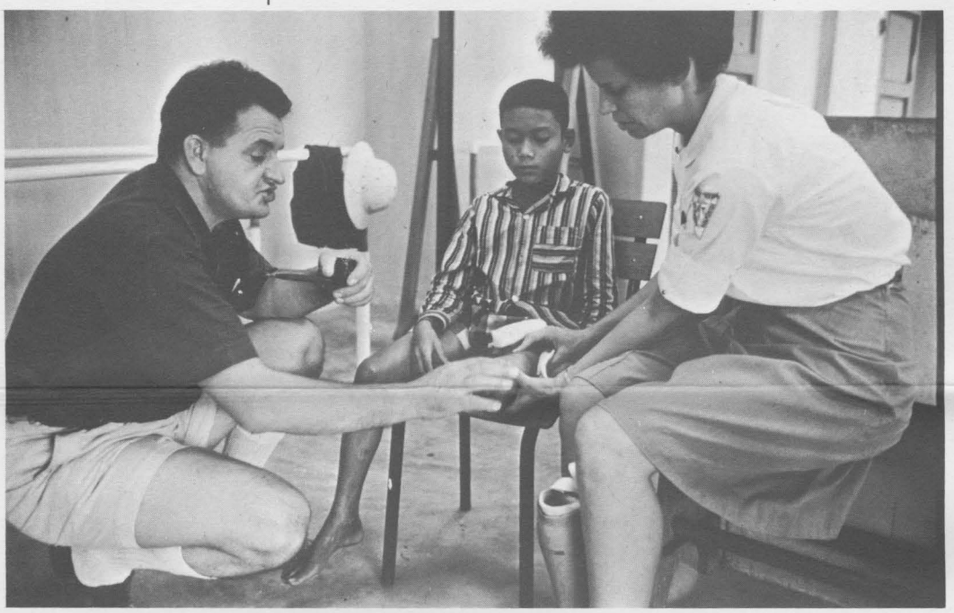
NCRO 5/68

Reprinted from the July 23, 1968 issue of LOOK

TO MAKE CHILDREN WHOLE AGAIN

In a northern province of South Vietnam, a band of tireless Quakers toil at their self-imposed task

TO MAKE CHILDREN WHOLE AGAIN



Brace maker Joe Clark and physical therapist Sallie Squires (above) discuss the difficulties 14-year-old Nguyen Dang has walking with his new artificial leg. Five-year-old Luong Chi (right) concentrates on regaining his balance while waiting for a new leg to replace the one blown off by an artillery shell. Sallie painted the footprints on the floor to help children measure the length of their steps.

"IMPROVISE" BECAME the way of life for workers at the Quaker Rehabilitation Center last August from the moment they started treating patients in a vacant building on the grounds of the Quang Ngai Provincial Hospital. Lacking wheelchairs, the Center's nurse and physical therapists toted patients piggyback, or cradled them in their arms, or hauled them on homemade litters. And when the metal for making braces and artificial limbs failed to arrive, the staff discovered that the wings and struts of shot-down American aircraft made admirable substitutes.

Quang Ngai Hospital is in South Vietnam's coastal plain, 325 miles northeast of Saigon. It is short of everything a hospital needs, including doctors, nurses, beds. Worse, it is the only civilian hospital in the province, whose considerable population has been swelled by more than 200,000 refugees, many of them with bodies torn by shrapnel and bombs. Half of the wanderers are children.

Some of the wounded refugees are lucky enough to reach the hospital. There, they must share a bed with one or two other patients. The 450-bed institution always has more than 700 patients, who wait days for the few overworked doctors and nurses to attend them. They subsist on scraps of food brought by relatives or friends, who cook the skimpy meals on the unswept floors of the wards and corridors.

Before the Quaker American Friends Service Committee opened the Center, Quang Ngai Hospital had no facilities for rehabilitating patients who had lost limbs or suffered deformities. Less than a year later, the Center is manned by 18 American, British, Dutch and Australian nationals, plus 55 South Vietnamese, most of whom have been trained on the spot. Unfortunately, this increase cannot match the swelling number of patients.

The staff designs and builds nearly 200 braces and artificial limbs a month, daily provides physical and occupational therapy to more than 70 patients, most of them children, who are in the hospital or who camp outside the grounds.

Nobody at the rehab center receives a salary; each, however, gets full maintenance—such as it is—and a $10-a-month allowance. It is no way to get rich.

Who dares say what thoughts are in the mind of a 12-year-old girl as she watches her own artificial leg being made?

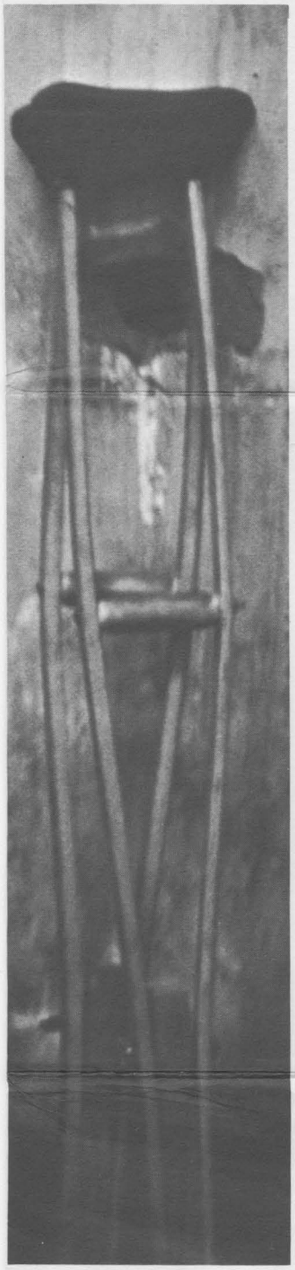
WORDS BY ROLAND H. BERG
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILLIP JONES-GRIFFITH

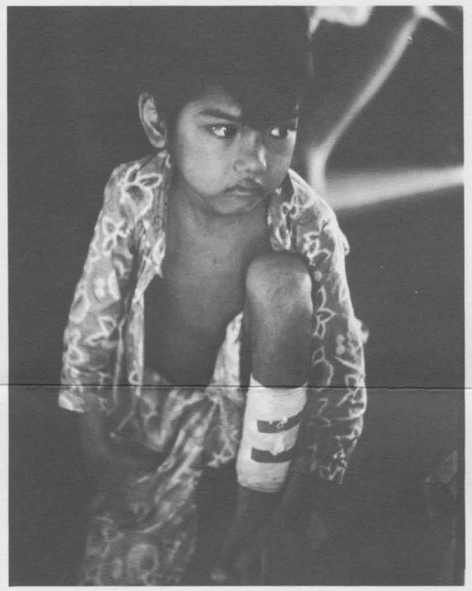
A bath at the rehab center is a treat for this ten-year-old refugee who lost his right foot to a land mine. Now, he wears splints and bandage to correct the deformity caused by previous neglect.

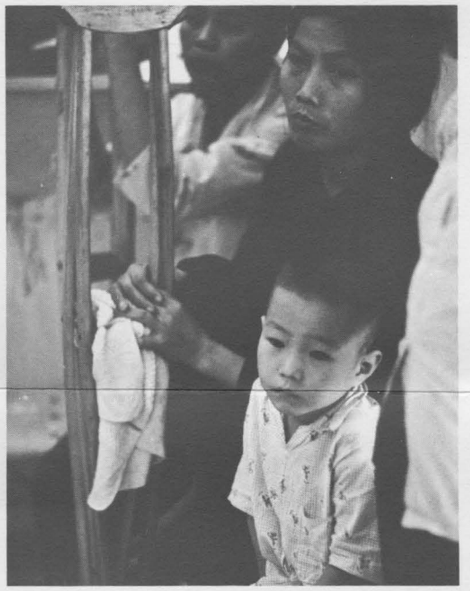
Why are the Quakers so deeply involved in Vietnam? Perhaps because their abhorrence of war is equaled only by their compassion for humans in need. The Quang Ngai Center is a response to the plight of innocent men, women and children trapped in a political and military cross fire they cannot understand.

Maybe the story of the "nameless one" (pictured at top left on the opposite page) will explain why the Quakers are in Vietnam. He appeared at the Center along with a straggling group of refugees from the hills to the west. The seven-year-old boy from a montagnard village and his younger brother were carried in on a blanket suspended from a pole and dropped on the dirt in front of the Center. No one knew their names. Those who brought them in said the brothers

Daily, dozens of children come, needing more help than the staff can give







Suffering endured with patience marks the face of the "nameless one" (middle left), a seven-year-old montagnard lad with a painfully infected fractured leg, and two women and a child who need lessons in crutch-walking.

With determination and delight, a ten-year-old boy whose two middle fingers were blown off succeeds in following Sallie's instructions to "pinch and grasp" with his remaining fingers.

were survivors of an air strike that had killed their family and obliterated their village.

The seven-year-old's left leg had been shattered by shrapnel and was badly infected. His younger brother was uninjured but starving; he lay huddled and mute at the older one's feet. In a few days, still silent, he died.

Kate Maendel, the rehab nurse at the Center, befriended the nameless one. She cleansed his wounds, fed and bathed him, held him in her arms and spoke softly in English and hesitant Vietnamese, neither of which he understood. Touched by Katie's tenderness, the other workers jokingly dubbed him Mozart Maendel, Mozart being Katie's favorite composer.

The nameless one's story has no ending. His fractured leg has not healed, the infection has turned into chronic osteomyelitis—a bone disease that can be fatal. To recover, he needs the care of an orthopedic surgeon, but there is none at Quang Ngai.

Problems mount for the staff at the rehab center. During the Tet offensive, operations ceased, but were resumed in June. Still, desperately needed supplies never arrive—lost, strayed or stolen in transit. Patients have to be discharged too soon, to make room for others. Many refugees without arms or legs cannot be helped because they need reconstructive surgery before being fitted with an artificial limb. But there is seldom a surgeon with the time to do all that needs to be done. Yet each day, wounded refugees camp outside the Center. They wait, quietly, for whatever comes.

American Friends Service Committee

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Comedian and good will ambassador Bob Hope chats with Spec. 5 Kenneth Armstrong, right, and Thach Ri, during USO visit to hospital in South Vietnam. Armstrong hopes to adopt the nine-year-old orphan and bring him to live in Denver within the next few weeks.

Viet waif waits to join his friend Ken in Denver

By WILLIAM GALLO
Rocky Mountain News Writer

A small boy sits waiting in an orphanage in Cho Lan, South Vietnam. He no longer has to fear the exploding shells and burning jungle that took the lives of his whole family. He is relatively safe at Cho Lan. His new fear is mixed with hope, for nine-year-old Thach Ri is waiting for the day when he can come to America and live with his friend Ken.

Kenneth Armstrong, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emil R. Armstrong of 1205 S. Osceola St., was an Army medic with the 12th Evacuation Hospital Company in Vietnam from January 1969 until last week, when he came home. In April of last year Thach was brought to Armstrong's hospital at Cu Chi, 25 miles north of Saigon.

The boy's left leg was nearly severed below the knee as a result of a Viet Cong rocket attack in Hong Yih province. His mother, brother and two sisters were killed. Thach's father and stepfather had died earlier in the war.

Child's leg is amputated

Thach's leg was surgically amputated and he remained under the care of Armstrong. Ken began to teach the frightened boy English, breaking down barriers of fear and silence. Together they went to the National Rehabilitation Center in Saigon where Thach was fitted with an artificial leg. As admiration and friendship grew between the two, Armstrong decided he wanted to adopt Thach and bring him to America.

After keeping the boy nine months at the hospital, Armstrong's tour ended and he came home to Denver. Since he is not married, his parents agreed to undertake the adoption proceedings. Working through the U.S. Immigration Service and the International Social Service they hope to have the boy released by the South Vietnamese government. Within several weeks Thach may join the Armstrong household, which already has six children between the ages of 8 and 22.

The elder Armstrongs are just as eager as Ken for the boy to arrive. Emil Armstrong, Ken's father, said: "We're very anxious for him to get here. We have six kids of our own, but when an opportunity like this arises we are glad that we can do something."

20 adopted each year

Ken, who graduated from Lincoln High School and worked at the Climax Molybdenum Mines before he entered the Army in October, 1967, said about 20 Vietnamese children are adopted by American soldiers each year, in many cases through their parents.

He said, however, that stiffening government restrictions are making adoption more difficult. The Armstrongs expect to hear within several weeks whether Thach will be released. But if the boy "is not here or on his way within a month," Ken said, "I'm going back to Vietnam."

Instead of spending his eight months of remaining service at Ft. Ord on California's Monterey Peninsula, Armstrong would serve as a medic in Saigon, where he could "work closely with the Immigration Service and the International Social Service to have Thach released."

And so Thach Ri waits, 10,000 miles away from his friend Ken Armstrong, who is living proof that compassion and kindness still live.

Commerce City elects 21 to charter unit

Postmaster Floyd L. Templeton received 565 votes Tuesday to lead the list of 21 persons elected to the Commerce City Charter Convention.

Others elected were former Mayor Ivan R. Jergensen, 527; Councilman Allen L. Williams, 518; Mayor Harold E. Kite, 496; Councilman Leo Younger, 483; LaVern Franzen, 453; Mrs.

Six R... are order...

By WILLIAM LOGAN
and JAMES CRAWFORD
Rocky Mountain News Writers

Six dormitories for retarded children completed at a cost of more than $1 million in 1963 were ordered evacuated Tuesday by state officials as a safety precaution because of huge cracks in walls and other damage caused by shifting ground beneath them.

State Institutions Director Hilbert Schauer, meanwhile, expressed concern "there are a lot of very old buildings" at the Ridge School and some other state institutions being used which fail to meet present fire safety standards.

"Many of them don't meet the standards," Schauer declared. "I'm not trying to excuse anything—it's just that this is a first class problem."

Gov. Love, at a press conference, confirmed that two of six dormitory buildings at the Ridge School were being evacuated Tuesday.

Love said plans are to move retarded children from four similar buildings within about two weeks, unless shifting bentonite soil under the buildings requires evacuation sooner.

Seek other facilities

Love said the state now is looking for other facilities to house some of the children residents of Ridge, mentioning as possibilities Fort Logan and nursing homes.

Both Love and Schauer said the engineering problems of the crumbling structures at Ridge are being investigated to see if repairs are possible. Large cracks first began to show up about two years ago.

Schauer said it may turn out that repairing the buildings would not be economically feasible. Construction began in 1962 during the administration of former Gov. Steve McNichols.

Love said he was not aware that fire dangers might exist in more than one state institution.

Schauer, however, said fire codes have been tightened up and that many buildings now used in state institutions do not measure up to them.

The institutions director said part of the problem is the slow process under which the state's budgeting is appropriated through the legislative process and the competition for capital construction funding.

Schauer, who was named state institutions director by Love less than a year ago, said 250 children have been housed in the six circular dormitories at Ridge which will be evacuated.

No children injured

He said 72 children housed in two units which have suffered the heaviest damage were being moved to other quarters Tuesday.

Schauer said none of the children had been injured.

Schauer said the buildings apparently are structurally sound thus far but that the cracking has caused doors to stick and poses the danger that tile or another object might fall.

Schauer said some of the buildings occupied at the Grand Junction State Training School and the Colorado Youth Center at 2035 S. Washington St. fall short of meeting fire safety codes.

He said since he's been institutions director, all 500 persons housed in the Mental Retardation Center in the Colorado State Hospital in Pueblo have been moved to other facilities. He also said the Forensic Psychiatry Building at the hospital has been a major problem in the question of fire safety.

Four legislators toured the Ridge campus

Kiwanians launch antidrug

Denver Post
9/11/68

ɔt. 11, 1968

MERCY GROUP PROJECT

Two Maimed Viet Children in Denver Hospital

By DONNA LOGAN
Denver Post Staff Writer

"Trung" is 13 years old, weighs 50 pounds, wears blue pajamas and tries to smile under a grown-out crewcut.

Next to him sits "Em," 15, slender, a brown-haired youth in a long-sleeved white blouse, black trousers and sandals.

In their room at Children's Hospital, a television plays cartoons. A Coke bottle sits on the table, next to a rose floating in a vase.

"Number one," Trung chants in his only English words as he twirls a clown stick toy.

The two Vietnamese children are the first in Denver brought here by the national Committee of Responsibility (COR).

It doesn't take much study to see they'll be here a long time.

"Em," whose ame is Nguyen Hoang Em, is missing most of his left elbow after he was hit by shrapnel during a mortar attack on Saigon.

Doan Quang Trung lost his eyelids and much of the skin of his face, arms, chest and stomach when a phosphorous flare blew up while he was handling it.

The boys, despite their hurts, are settling into the medical routines at Children's, where they arrived Sunday.

Tuesday they were introduced to the public at a press conference in their room.

"I just want to stay with them as long as they need of me," says their COR interpreter, a Saigon beauty named Nguyin Thi Xuan Huong, 21.

"I go back when they do," Miss Huong told reporters.

Hers and the boys' hospital and travel expenses are being paid by donations to COR, according to Mrs. Diana Silverberg, the organization's Denver chairman.

COR, a private organization whose stated purpose is to "save war-burned and war-injured Vietnamese children," has brought 40 war-injured children to medical centers in the United States.

They need money to do it, and because it's a charitable organization donations are tax-exempt.

Contributions to COR, to help rehabilitate children like Em and Trung, may be made to the Committee of Responsibility, Inc., P.O. Box 10432, Denver, 80210.

Teachers Summer Program Aids Many

About 150 Denver area teachers spent part of their summer in volunteer work among Denver teen-agers and in poor parts of the city.

The program was sponsored by the Colorado Education Association (CEA) and is described in the latest issue of its newspaper.

The teachers were recruited by local education associations when Dr. Elbie L. Gann, the CEA executive secretary, issued a call in the spring.

Teachers were needed to help in health centers, recreation programs, neighborhood action centers and elsewhere.

Volunteers Matched

John Bates, a Manual High School teacher, coordinated the summer effort for the CEA, matching volunteers with the agencies needing help.

Some teachers worked with Mainstream, Inc., a lawn-care business formed by 28 Cole Junior High School students aged 13 to 16.

Others helped conduct "speak out" sessions for teen-agers at the East Denver YMCA. An Englewood teacher worked with mentally retarded children at the Auraria Community Center, 1212 Mariposa St.

Teachers helped chaperon dances at Smiley Junior High School in northeast Denver. And about 17 teachers helped conduct attitude surveys in the Model City Project area.

A questionnaire distributed to the teachers indicated practically everyone liked his assignment and most would volunteer again.

Aug. 19, 1968

Adopted Viet Girl Happy in Colorado

By ZOE VON ENDE
Denver Post Staff Writer

You may remember Lisa Coddington.

She was a Vietnamese orphan who was adopted by a Littleton family, the Dean Coddingtons, in February 1965. She was a lovable little thing — 3½ years old, weighing only 24 pounds. She made friends with everyone she met.

Lisa was one of the first Vietnamese orphans to be adopted by an American family.

The Denver Post noted her arrival with a picture and a feature story of her.

Now, Lisa's 7 years old and weighs 45 pounds and, as she did when she first came, she has a terrific appetite. Her favorite food is still meat — steak, to be exact — plus salad.

She's as outgoing and as dear as she ever was.

"I like to pick flowers," she said, "and wear a red dress. I want to be a nurse or a stewardess (she pronounces it "stewarsiss") or a teacher or a doctor or a officer — a police officer."

She also likes to wear party shoes, and, if she could, would put on a new dress a dozen times a day. She's especially fond of a pink flowered muumuu her mother brought her from Hawaii.

The Coddingtons live at 6571 S. Marion St. in Littleton, a few blocks from the house on Ogden Street in which they lived when Lisa came 3½ years ago. Lisa has a sister, Susan, 10; two brothers, Michael, 8, and David, 11. The family has a black cat named Shadow, and Gypsy, part German shepherd and part basset hound. Coddington is a research economist with Denver Research Institute (DRI), part of the University of Denver.

Thrives on U.S. Life

It's easy to see that Lisa has thrived on her American way of life. And her parents say they're delighted with their Asian daughter, and that they wish many other families would adopt Vietnamese

department because it's essential to secure its approval.

It's possible that local welfare people will try to talk potential adoptive parents into an American orphan instead of a Vietnamese one. "That was our experience," Mrs. Coddington said. "But here's how we feel: Anyone born in the United States has so much going for him to begin with. But these Asian orphans have nothing. Large numbers of them die before they're 5 years old. Besides that, we felt a sort of moral obligation — about the war and such.

"I wish more people would do it—save just one child. It's a great experience, just watching her change and grow."

How Did Lisa Adjust?

Coddington said the most common question is "How did Lisa adjust?"

"Almost from the day she came, she was the best adjusted member of the family," he said. "The family is more important to her than to any of the other kids. Her life revolves around the family. We fully expected emotional problems, too. So far -- not a thing. She's disgustingly good natured, I often said. She's happy all the time.

Lisa apparently has little conscious recollection of Vietnam, and she knows only one word. It sounds like "chewy" and it means banana, Mrs. Coddington said.

"She insists she remembers a color television set in the orphanage in Saigon," her father said. "But we doubt that."

Sometimes Lisa talks about adopting another Vietnamese. "Then we'd have five," she said.

Though her coarse black hair is cut short, there's nothing Lisa would like more than long hair. Her mother attributes that to a memory of having her head shaved in Saigon, an apparently dreadful experience.

Lisa has had some medical problems. She's partly deaf, the apparent result of allergies. But her parents expect that can be corrected. She's had dental surgery. She has a difficulty, her parents said, common to Asians: her teeth are too large for her small jaw. Permanent teeth have had to be pulled. Shortly after she arrived, tape worms were discovered in her body, but modern medicine took care of that.

Lisa is quite aware that she's different from her parents and the other children. One day a boy in Sunday School called her Japanese and Lisa quickly set him straight. She sometimes teases her mother by saying, "Oh, you're so white!" And because Lisa's so outgoing and different looking, she gets more attention than the other children. That was a problem for a while, her father said, but they corrected it by making sure the others get their share.

Then there was the matter of eyes. One day recently, Lisa gave her mother a puzzled look.

"Your eyes are different from mine," she declared.

"Oh," her mother said, "My lids just have an extra wrinkle."

Citizenship Day Was Big

It's apparent that Lisa Jane Coddington is one of those children who will get along in about any situation. Every day is likely to be a big one for her.

One of the very biggest days for Lisa was last June 21 when she became a U.S. citizen. She was eligible two years after her adoption was complete, and her parents just filled out papers and had witnesses attest to their good character. Lisa was one of many persons who became citizens simultaneously.

dozen times a day. She's especially fond of a pink flowered muumuu her mother brought her from Hawaii.

The Coddingtons live at 6571 S. Marion St. in Littleton, a few blocks from the house on Ogden Street in which they lived when Lisa came 3½ years ago. Lisa has a sister, Susan, 10; two brothers, Michael, 8, and David, 11. The family has a black cat named Shadow, and Gypsy, part German shepherd and part basset hound. Coddington is a research economist with Denver Research Institute (DRI), part of the University of Denver.

Thrives on U.S. Life

It's easy to see that Lisa has thrived on her American way of life. And her parents say they're delighted with their Asian daughter, and that they wish many other families would adopt Vietnamese orphans.

Adopting a Vietnamese child can be difficult. The Coddingtons worked through his brother-in-law, a serviceman stationed in Saigon. He photographed orphans, and the Coddingtons selected one—Lisa, (then Nguyen-thi-Luom) — from the pictures. After much red tape, she was brought to the United States by an American, the wife of a civilian employed in Saigon. The Coddingtons knew the child was coming eventually, but were astonished when she arrived unannounced except for a telephone call about an hour before her plane arrived.

The Coddingtons said they'd urge anyone who is thinking about such an adoption to work through their county welfare

happy all the time.

Lisa apparently has little conscious re-

from her parents and the other children. One day a boy in Sunday School called

Lisa was one of many persons who became citizens simultaneously.

Denver Post Photo by Bill Wunsch

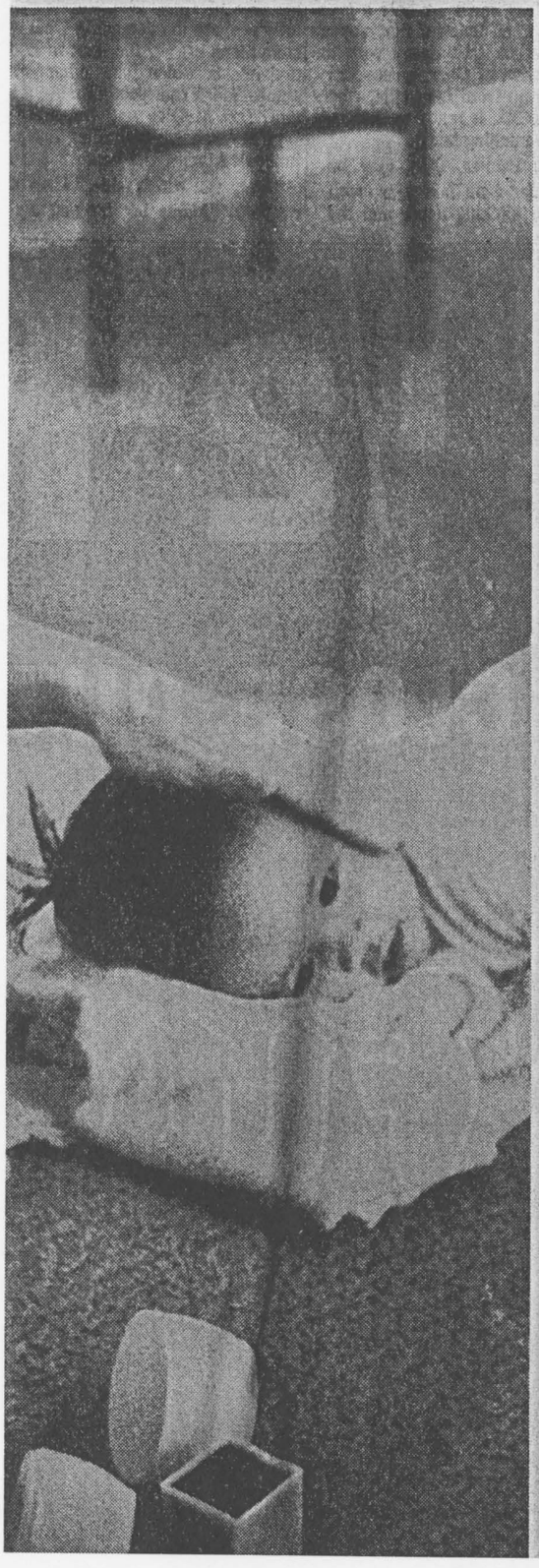
LISA CODDINGTON, SISTER, TWO BROTHERS, LIVE IN LITTLETON WITH PARENTS, CAT NAMED SHADOW, DOG, GYPSY

The Dean Coddingtons say they're delighted with Asian daughter, Lisa. Son, Michael, 8, is pictured at left.

Ann Answers

Women Continuing

Work to Aid Husband Turned



Kellie Thi Cochran, 15 months old, who was Nguyen Thi Thoa when she joined the Cochran family last July. She was from a Saigon orphanage.

...About War, Orphans And Family Solidarity

Paul Cochran, of 5740 E. 67th Ave., remembers little boys left to run around African streets during World War II—abandoned to fend for themselves in the war zone.

"They would steal or do anything to survive," he said.

He has worried over Vietnamese orphans, alone because of the Vietnam war.

"I feel that since the United States is involved in the Vietnam war, we are partly responsible for the orphan children there," he said.

Cochran transformed his thoughts into action.

In January 1968, he and his wife, Molly, contacted a Saigon orphanage with the help of the Denver and Adams County Welfare Departments. They wrote that they would like to adopt a little girl.

At the orphange, Nguyen Thi Thoa, then 2 months old, was being kept alive on about two jars of baby food a week. She was found abandoned at birth.

After seven months of corresponding with Vietnamese officials and being interviewed several times by officials from adoption agencies and the Immigration Authority, the Cochrans were awarded custody of Nguyen last July.

The Cochrans had prepared their four children for the girl's arrival by discussing war, orphans and family solidarity with them.

When the little girl arrived, she didn't smile. Mrs. Cochran recalled that

IT'S NAP TIME, AND MRS. COCHRAN GENTLY CARESSES HER NEW DAUGHTER. "I KNEW OUR LOVE HAD REACHED HER," SHE SAID.

"You have to get up on your knees to move like me," Stephen, 2, seems to be saying to his new little sister. Before the girl arrived, family discussed war and orphans.

Kellie Thi observes as Co
From left are Jean, 3; K

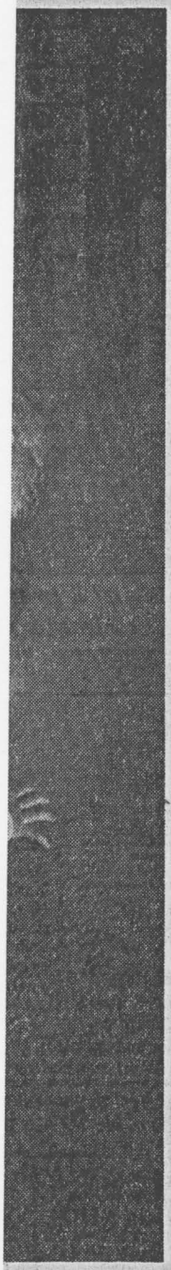
Denver Post Photos
by DAVID CUPP

No longer will this Vietnam war orphan be hungry or cold. She is warmed by a father's arms and nourished by a bottle of milk.

KNEW OUR LOVE HAD REACHED HER," SHE SAID.

Nguyen Thi Thoa is now a Cochran family member, renamed Kellie Thi Cochran. The Thi (pronounced tie) means daughter of the family.

Kellie Thi observes as Cochran family prays before dinner. From left are Jean, 3; Kathleen, 7; Kellie Thi; Mrs. Cochran; Jeffery, 5, and Paul Cochran. Stephen, 2, isn't in the photo. Kellie Thi had little strength one year ago.



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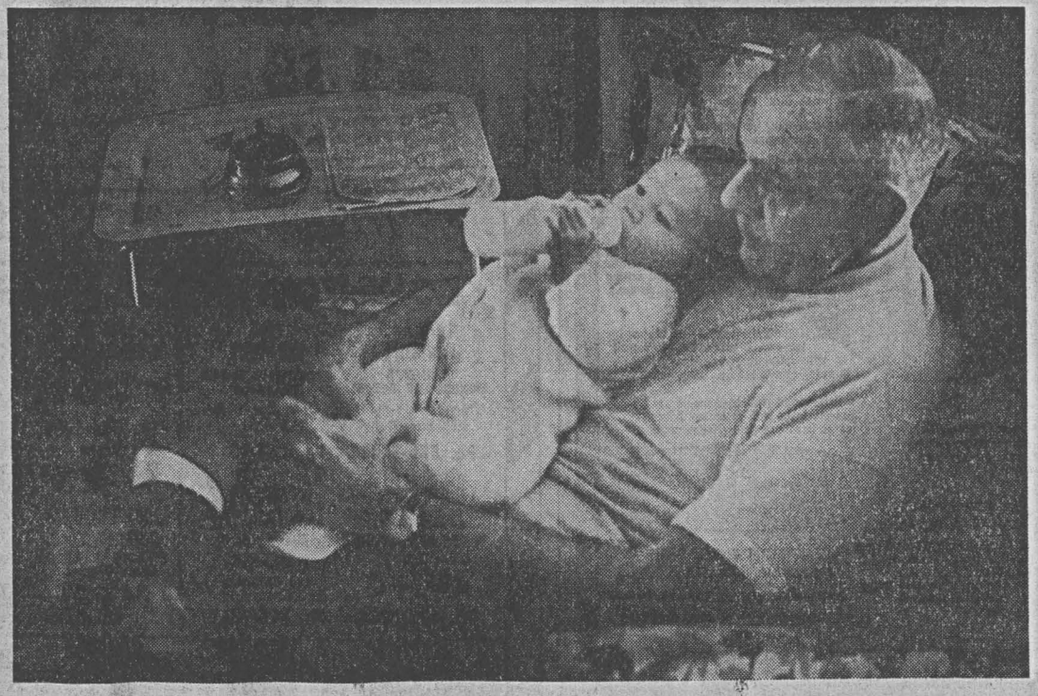

this Vietnam war orphan be
ld. She is warmed by a fa-
nd nourished by a bottle of
milk.

THE DENVER POST
Wed., May 22, 1968 43

Saigon to Edgewaer: N

GERALD BRYANT WAITED 14 MONTHS TO HUG HIS NEW DAUGHTER, TH WHO WAS BOR
Waiting turns are Mrs. Bryant, Laurie, 7, Joel, 5. "There's a chance we can give her a norma

ver Post Photos on This Page by Dave Buresh
THI OPENS DOOR TO LOVE
e-year-old orphan explored
nts' Edgewater home Tuesday.

"WHO AM I AND WHAT AM I DOING HERE?" THI SEEMS TO ASK HERSELF AT THE BR
Mrs. Bryant uses doll to establish rapport. Next step one of four Vietnamese children
is a drin of water. Dress was sister Laurie's. Thi's East to an a ptive home in Unite

Edgewater: New Home for Little 'Thi'

Little Huynh Thi Hieu, 3, arrived in Denver Tuesday to start a new life. She had been in a Saigon orphanage since she was three months old. At the Gerald Bryant home in Edgewater, the little girl they call "Thi" has begun to explore everything. Her new parents theorize she missed the usual exploratory stage because orphanage women packed her on their hips and went about their business. Thi's new playmates are Laurie, 7, and Joel Bryant, 5. Story, p. 47.

AP Wirephoto

O HUG HIS NEW DAUGHTER, THI, WHO WAS BORN IN BINH HOA
el, 5. "There's a chance we can give her a normal life," mother said.

Denver Post Photo

RE?" THI SEEMS TO ASK HERSELF AT THE BRYANTS' HOUSE
ext step one of four Vietnamese children flown from the Far 's. Thi's East to an a ptive home in United States.

Denver Post Photo

INTRODUCTION TO AMERICA INCLUDES A PAIR OF RED SHOES
Bryant and daughter, Laurie, help Thi with tennis shoes. If she could speak English, she'd probably tell her new daddy, "They're too big."

Saturday Review

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Christmas in a Happy Place

LIFE in an orphanage is seldom joyous. But life in a South Vietnamese orphanage in wartime is at best harrowing and at worst unimaginable—at least, unimaginable to an American girl of comfortable background.

When Betty Moul first visited Saigon's An Lac orphanage, during a vacation tour of Asia in 1961, she found the place at once appalling and inspiring. She was appalled, particularly, by the fearful emotional and physical attrition evident among the babies at the 400-child institution.

"Where a two-month-old American baby would have been alert and smiling," Miss Moul says, "the underfed An Lac foundlings just lay there. They didn't smile, hold up their hands, or kick off the covers. And, of course, a high percentage of them died. Ironically, I was told by one of the youngsters that the name An Lac means 'Happy Place'."

What Betty Moul found inspiring was the high morale among An Lac's severely underfed but vivacious older children—a morale evidenced in the way the bigger ones looked after the toddlers and pitched in to keep the orphanage buildings bright and clean.

Almost without willing it, Miss Moul found herself being drawn into the daily routine of the sparsely equipped institution: up at 4:30 a.m., down on her knees with the children scrubbing floors, doling out skimpy rations of watery rice-gruel, and bucketing back and forth perilously, in an ancient jeep, between the old orphanage buildings in Saigon and the equally woebegone orphanage annex in NLF-infiltrated farm country, 20 miles out of Saigon.

Betty Moul never did complete her leisurely tour of Asia. She stayed on at An Lac as long as she could, then went back to her job as an executive secretary in Manhattan, determined to spend all her spare time raising money and finding clothing and medical supplies for An Lac.

For six years now, she has given slide-lectures on An Lac to church and civic groups, and has spent all her vacations (two of them at Christmastime) working at the orphanage. "There," she says with a twinkle, "the children call me Co My ('Miss America') and Co Ngoan ('Miss Sweet')."

THE thousands of dollars she has raised over the years have played a major role in keeping the orphanage going. Meanwhile, American military doctors and other personnel have helped significantly by giving their off-duty hours to An Lac. One result is that infant deaths have been cut down sharply—in part, because the American doctors found that several of the orphanage's casual employees were disease carriers, and had for some time been innocently, but systematically, infecting the infants.

The founder and moving spirit of An Lac orphanage is, Miss Moul explains, Madame Vu Thi Ngai, a beautiful, brilliant North Vietnamese aristocrat who fled south when Vietnam was partitioned. The late, legendary Dr. Tom Dooley, who worked closely with her in setting up an earlier orphanage, wrote: "Madame Ngai was a proud Tonkinese woman who had been wealthy. She was lovely, with fine-textured skin, jet-black hair . . . and an olive coloring that was exquisite. . . . With women like this in a nation, faith and hope in it will persist, whatever the temporary chaos."

When Madame Ngai arrived in the South, she sold what remained of her jewelry and other valuables, set up An Lac, and began gathering up homeless children from Saigon's streets and countryside. There was no dearth of such children, then or now. Nor has there been any abundance of funds to care for them: The government gives An Lac (irregularly) an allowance of 26 cents per child per month. The rest of its $2,000-a-month running expenses must be made up from private sources—e.g., Miss Moul's contributions and service help from the New York chapter of the Tom Dooley Foundation.

Now in her sixties and in ill health, Madame Ngai refuses to close down the orphanage and surrender "her" 400 children to the mercies of street life in Saigon. Amid dirt and danger, Madame Ngai insists that the orphanage be kept clean, and that her children study hard and observe the highest standards of decorum. Many have won scholarships to local colleges.

Not all the children fare so well. During her last visit to An Lac, Betty Moul asked about one of her favorites, a pretty eleven-year-old girl named Le. The child had been, Madame Ngai grimly explained, suddenly reclaimed by her mother, then "sold" to a well-to-do Saigon businessman.

BUT is An Lac really all that important? After all, there are underfed children in orphanages all across the world. Why is An Lac so special? "Well," Miss Moul says, "because I think it's important that these otherwise homeless kids live under Madame Ngai's compassionate guidance. Unlike many people in similar work, she's highly educated and cultivated, encourages the children to adhere to the highest educational and personal standards imaginable, and is, in general, preparing them to be outstanding citizens of a stable future Vietnam."

In a month or so, Miss Moul will be leaving her Park Avenue office to go spend Christmas at An Lac. There she will present to Madame Ngai the contributions sent to her at The An Lac Orphanage, Inc., 185 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. There will be gifts for all the children from U.S. Army personnel. Though Santa Claus won't come floating down in a helicopter, as he did several Christmases ago at the now-abandoned farm annex, chances are that the spirit of Christmas will be very much in evidence this year at "The Happy Place." —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

case and cigarette holder. "Justice triumphs," is his conclusion. The message is: self-love is a disease beyond remedy. You cannot confess without strengthening your sense of invulnerability. "He who despises himself esteems himself as a self-despiser." The evil in me is beyond my capacity to name and know. From the trap of guilt there's no possibility of escape.

Or think of the insistence with which the same ground-theme sounds in the work of the literary masters of Involvedese—witness the central passages of Norman Mailer's *Armies of the Night*, wherein the writer details his guilt at not spending another night in jail:

> . . . a failure of nerve always presented the same kind of moral nausea. Probably he [Mailer] was feeling now like people who had gone to the Pentagon, but had chosen not to get arrested, just as such people, at their moment of decision, must have felt as sickened as all people who should have marched from Lincoln Memorial to the Pentagon, but didn't. The same set of emotions could be anticipated for all people who had been afraid to leave New York. One ejected oneself from guilt by climbing the ladder—the first step back, no matter where, offered nothing but immersion into nausea. No wonder people hated to disturb their balance of guilt. To become less guilty, then weaken long enough to return to guilt was worse than to remain cemented in your guilt.

"That passage," says Nat Hentoff, not only "draws you in," it "brings you the news about the rest of your life." And again the news is that "for the rest of our life" we must wear another man's dirty shirts.

NEWS of this kind resembles dogma more than things as they are, and some who are in close touch with their own full human complication are likely to resist it. Sustaining an uncomplacent, non-beamish resistance is impossible, however, without protection from cynicism about the person—and what protection can be found? I can mumble commonplaces and truisms at guilt-mongers. I can talk to myself about the connectedness of human parts, about the interdependency of self-love and self-criticism, about the intimate relation between human fantasy and human hope. I can remind myself that the common (and absurd) daydream of escape from conditioned existence into Absolute Integrity or Beauty or Guiltlessness is at the same time a force charging me to invent new models of life, and reinvigorating old standards of assessment. I can lay it down that men's dignifying severities of self-scrutiny have roots in indulgence, that responsibilities begin in irresponsibility, and that the compulsion to believe the worst of ourselves—the style of conscientious embitterment, dutiful self-hatred—is in fact a vanity, a fleece-lined hairshirt, bearing no relation to genuine humility or genuine pride, and invariably deflecting both understanding and the will to modify or recreate the conditions.

"The way you've always stressed diversification, you should be pleased having a son who is Republican, one in the New Left, and one a Hippie."

But, expressed thus, these truths are the merest chat, worthless until the meaning is known from the inside. And the case—coming at last to the point—is that there are few surer ways into that meaning than through imaginative writing. To say this, to say that fiction alone draws us out from the cage of self into caring, knowledgeable concern for the life that is not our own, isn't to claim that novelists and storytellers are untouched by high-fashion self-hatred. Neither is it to say that journalism by literary men never draws a person out in the fashion described. (There are hints of conscience-nagging in George Plimpton's *Paper Lion*; the writer once or twice damns himself as an interloper. But because his subject permits lightheartedness, and because he himself has virtually a lover's feeling for the charm of his own fantasy, he can bear to let his reader see beyond him.)

It is to say, though, that creating a story, whether as writer or reader, is an act capable of liberating people from the boring predictability of self-regard. That creation is a means of living in the interdependency of "best self" and "worst self," and of pushing beyond artificial borders, beyond official moral simplifications of human motivation, beyond this year's lit-establishment tone and style of self-assessment, into a clearer, denser, fresher world.

Reading or writing, I indulge my desire or need to be someone else, to be a different person in a better world—and am reminded that this desire is at once an indulgence and a moral distinction—and am lifted (briefly, that is true, very briefly) by this "literary" experience to a kind of behavior both as judge and as fantasist that possesses unfaked dignity. I oscillate between permissible identifications with other human beings and an attainable detachment. I sense the contrarieties pressing inside the next man. I'm elevated by the act of judging deeds that aren't mine, but that are yet known to me from within.

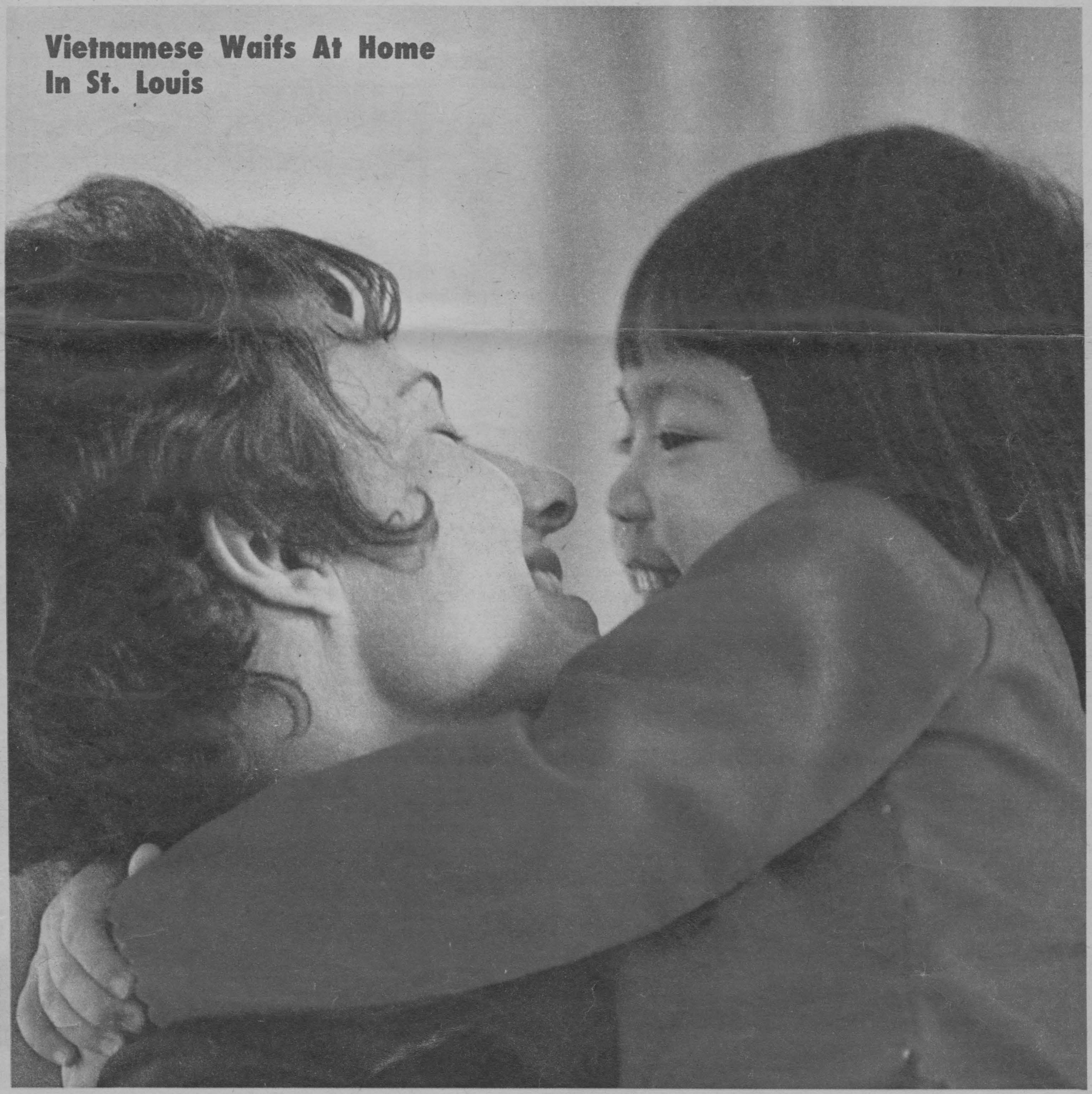
And it *is* the judgment—the act of judging—that is most exhilarating. Reading and writing fiction is far from a murky love-in or flower kiddies ball. It is an act requiring sympathy, since "understanding" is the goal – but not an extravagant sympathy of the kind that chokes the sense of justice. Reading *Anna Karenina* I'm not simply bewil-

(*Continued on page* 81)

sunday pictures

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
MARCH 3, 1974

Vietnamese Waifs At Home In St. Louis



index

ON THE COVER

A child of the East grasps her Western mother in loving embrace to set the scene for our lead article about Vietnam waifs of war who have been adopted by families in the St. Louis metropolitan area. LeAnn Paul and her new mother, Mrs. Marilyn Paul, symbolize the strength of the love that can transcend the bureaucratic red tape that American families must go through in adopting a child from South Vietnam. Because of the lack of medical attention and proper nutrition in Vietnamese orphanages, many children such as LeAnn might not survive to experience life in the world beyond their war-ravaged little country.

Next Week: Getting unhooked from heroin. Profile of a program by the Veterans Administration to help heroin addicts in the St. Louis area.

Sunday PICTURES

Vietnamese Orphans Find New Homes In St. Louis Area

By ELIZABETH MULLIGAN

EIGHTEEN families in the St. Louis area are bound together by a common cause — they have each taken a major step to help the children of Vietnam. Each of the families has adopted one or two of the war's casualties — children who were orphaned by the crossfire of guns or were left behind by American servicemen who have returned home.

The war is over, according to cease-fire agreements that have been signed. American guns are silent and our bombs no longer fall there. Our soldiers are home. But there are thousands and thousands of children still engaged in a battle for survival, and more than half of those brought in to Vietnamese orphanages lose the battle.

A nun in charge of one of the shelters said that "God is good — he lets these children die." But there are many concerned Americans who are doing what they can to see that these children live.

The adoptions by families who are actively involved as friends of Vietnamese children, however, can be recognized as only a drop in the bucket. About 600 children have been brought to this country out of a total of homeless and helpless estimated to number 20,000.

This month has been proclaimed by Gov. Christopher Bond as Vietnamese Children's Month in Missouri — a month set aside for recognition of efforts to help the

(Continued)

It's a new beginning for LeAnn Paul, a former Vietnamese orphan who has been adopted by the Rev. Jack and Marilyn Paul in Fairview Heights, Ill.

Photos by MICHAEL J. BALDRIDGE of the Post-Dispatch Staff

Children readily show friendship toward each other, as a classmate (right) does to LeAnn, but many people wonder whether society will grow enough to accept LeAnn when she is grown. Below, love goes round and round in the Paul family. LeAnn and Susan, both adopted, are eager to give and get affection.

Vietnamese Orphans

(Continued from Page 3)

needy children and of parents who have taken one or more of them into their homes.

Susan and Roy Cummings were the first couple in the St. Louis area to adopt a Vietnamese child.

"We adopted two little Vietnamese girls, and since they became a part of our family, we have become concerned for all Vietnamese children," Mrs. Cummings said.

Last summer she went to Vietnam and made a first-hand survey of orphanages and their needs. She also brought back six children to families whose adoptive procedures had been completed.

Why do Americans adopt Vietnamese children? Aside from the fact that there are now fewer adoptable American children, the reasons they give are much the same.

Kathy and Gene Violette welcomed a 9-month-old son in January. They are keeping the child's given name. Nguyen (pronounced Nwin) because "someone who loved him gave it to him — it's his name."

"Our decision to adopt a Vietnamese child was based on a consideration of need," Mrs. Violette explained. "American children are not in orphanages and their immediate needs are taken care of in foster homes. But Vietnamese children are destitute and are dying like flies.

LeAnn takes a swimming lesson. Most Vietnamese children take to water at an early age. In their homeland, swimming is considered a natural skill.

"In additon, my husband and I have always wanted a biracial family," she continued. "We think of it as one small gesture toward an understanding and acceptance of all races. Our natural son, for example, is not likely to grow up with racial prejudice since he has a brother with a different color of skin. And when our sons are grown, I hope our society will have grown, too."

She admits that there were problems of adjustment when Nguyen arrived. "Our Philippe was used to having it all." she said, "and suddenly he had competition, so of course he was jealous. I tried to put myself in his place and imagine what my own reactions would be if my husband brought home a second wife — not too good, I'm afraid. But our sons are now brothers."

The families often get together and sometimes discuss the reactions of other people to their adopted children. A question with considerable innuendo most frequently asked of the mothers is, "Was your husband in Vietnam?" Another is, "Were you married twice?"

Another of the couples, Marilyn and Jack Paul, had three sons of their own when they decided to try to adopt a little girl from local child welfare agencies. When told that such an adoption was next to impossible, they applied for a Vietnamese child.

"We kept seeing these children on television," Mrs. Paul said, "and they touched us deeply. We felt that we were somehow responsible for them, and that we who had not been tragically hurt by the war, should at least share with those who had suffered so much.

"It took a year and a half to get LeAnn," she continued, "because they kept telling us that she was ill and might not live. That's the hard part — waiting. We knew we had a child in a strange and faraway country, but couldn't do anything to help her. We couldn't watch her grow or guard her from the ravages of her surroundings.

"When a local agency notified us that they had miraculously found a little girl for us, we grabbed her, but we didn't give up on LeAnn. As a result we got two little girls of about the same age at about the same time."

One of Mrs. Paul's memories about the arrival of

(Continued)

Tim Paul, a big brother, often gives LeAnn a lift — whether for a piggyback ride or a boost for a drink of water. At right, LeAnn poses in a new outfit.

Vietnamese Orphans

(Continued from Page 5)

her Vietnamese daughter causes her to "itch." She explained: "LeAnn slept with me and Jack the first night, and by morning we were both going wild. We couldn't believe it, but had to accept the fact that we had lice. But if we have nothing bigger than lice to deal with, we'll be lucky."

She says that the question she gets that puzzles her most concerning her Vietnamese daughter is, "When she grows up, who in the world will she marry?"

"No one ever mentions marriage in regard to our other children," she said, "and the question implies that LeAnn will not be socially acceptable. I refuse to acknowledge any such thought because I believe that the upcoming generations will have outgrown the cramped social standards to which we were exposed."

Nancy and Fred Krauss have no children other than 1-year-old Rachel, who came to them when she was 4 months old. The Rev. Mr. Krauss is a minister in the United Church of Christ, and says that his concern with children lies in two areas — the abandoned youngsters in his own community and the deprived children in other countries.

(Continued)

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Vietnamese Orphans In New Homes

Church is over, but LeAnn continues her meditation. "She has many pensive moments," her mother says. "Sometimes I worry that the terror of war still clouds her mind."

(Continued from Page 7)

"I was in Okinawa on military duty," he said. "I had experiences with Oriental people and was familiar with the sickening condition of children there. I also knew that the Vietnam situation was worse. I had no trouble in persuading my wife that we should try Vietnam because she wanted a baby — period — regardless of sex, color or other considerations.

"Our application to Vietnamese orphanages left the racial aspect wide open," he said. "We were willing to take any combination of color. But I think it is to our advantage — and to Rachel's — that she is yellow. My wife and I have no personal prejudice against the black race, but we have to consider the social climate of our community. It would be unfair to any child to place it in a hostile environment.

"I feel that ministers are subject to more social pressures than any other profession," he continued, "and it's sad to have to say that congregations can prevent their ministers from fully practicing their own deeply-felt Christian prinicples of brotherhood."

His wife discussed an aspect of their adoption that frequently crops up during such proceedings. "We knew that most of the orphanages are run by Catholic nuns," she said, "and that it was the general policy to place children in Catholic homes. When we were notified that a 6-day-old baby had come to the orphanage whom we could adopt, we immediately wrote that we wanted her but pointed out that we were not Catholic. The nun's reply was, 'In that case, we will not have her baptized,' which we considered a very generous attitude."

When Terry and Kenny Buhr married, they decided to adopt their family. One-year-old Andy now "rules the roost." It all happened, Mrs. Buhr says, because she saw a letter from Susan Cummings in Martha Carr's column in the Post-Dispatch giving information on Vietnamese adoptions.

"Kenny and I were considering a Bangladesh child," she said, "but after I talked to Susan we changed course. We wrote to five orphanages in Vietnam and pounced on the first reply.

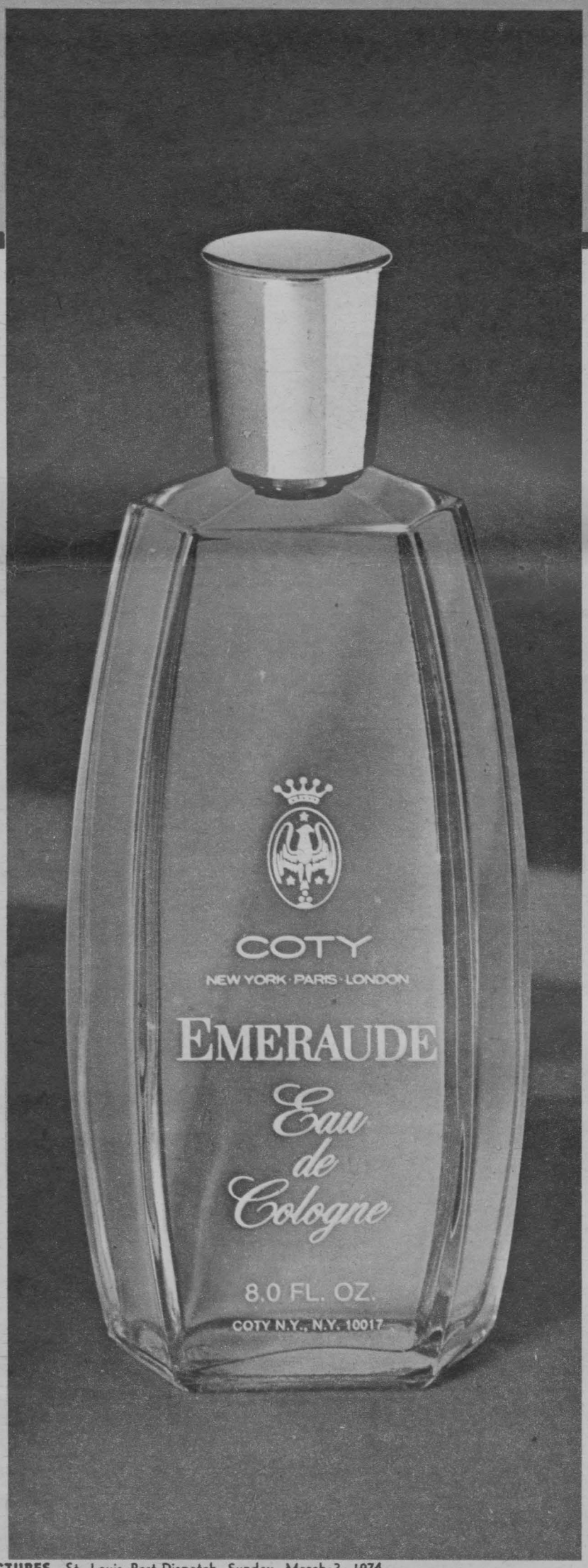
"Andy came to us in about six months — and he was a mess. He had a heavy cold, diarrhea, worms and conjunctivitis. It took more than a month to get him out of it, but there never was a healthier or happier baby than Andy is now."

The Buhrs have become so concerned about Vietnamese children that they considered going to Vietnam for a year of volunteer service. But such plans were abandoned when they learned that Andy was classified as an alien in this country and that some risk was involved in taking him out of the United States. Even though these children are adopted, they are not legal citizens until two years after their arrival when such applications may be made.

Susan Cummings described her efforts to get her

(Text Continued on Page 12)

After Sunday service, LeAnn and Susan help their dad, the Rev. Jack Paul, greet parishoners.



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Vietnamese Orphans In New Homes

(Continued from Page 8)

daughter. "It took more than two years to get Melissa," she said. "We worked through International Social Service and the whole experience was a drag until Senator Stuart Symington helped us through the maze of red tape. Three years ago, Vietnam had no adoption policy and it was a fight all the way. Each step we tried to make was met with 'You can't do that' or 'That's impossible.' We learned, the hard way, that it was easier and quicker to deal directly with the orphanages. As a result, our second Vietnamese daughter, Melani, arrived in 10 months."

Since that time, Mrs. Cummings has become something of an expert in Vietnamese adoptions and a crusader for all Vietnamese children. She organized Friends of Children of Vietnam in the St. Louis area, a branch of the original organization in Denver, which was established by a group of doctors upon their return from Vietnam.

That organization, recently licensed, now provides a "matching service" between Vietnamese orphanages and families in the United States who wish to adopt a child. However, their primary aim is to help support nurseries and orphanages in Vietnam through the contributions of money, clothes, food and medical supplies. Its address here is 1460 Forest Avenue, Kirkwood, Mo., 63122.

"We're new on the charity circuit," Mrs. Cummings said, "and every dollar we get, and all the supplies, go directly to Vietnam. We don't hire secretaries. Aspiring politicians don't head fund-raising drives, and leaders don't give each other awards to hang on their den walls. All the work is done on a volunteer basis, and we try to transcend any political inference by simply trying to help innocent victims of a long and devastating war.

"People who want to adopt Vietnamese children are sometimes critical of that country's policies," she continued, "but our country also has its hang-ups. Our child welfare agencies are reluctant to plow through the red tape, perhaps due to lack of staff, so each family literally fights its own battle. It's difficult to reconcile the fact that a child must be legally adopted before it leaves Vietnam, but when it arrives in this country, the child is not considered adopted until after court procedures. In the intervening period, each child hangs in some kind of limbo."

Prospective parents of Vietnamese children cannot be guaranteed any time-span that it will take these youngsters to arrive. Among the families in the St. Louis area, the longest period was two and a half years; the shortest, four months.

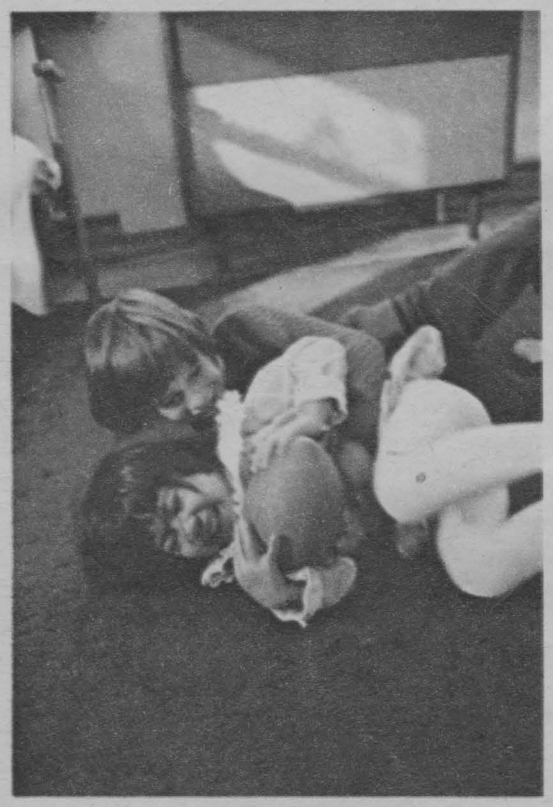
Most of the children here are spoken of as "Rosemary's babies" because of an Australian social worker, Rosemary Taylor, who picks up the reins in Vietnam and gets done what needs to be done.

Once a child is assigned, it must be adopted by proxy through Vietnamese courts with a Vietnamese lawyer representing the parents by power of attorney. He works from a dossier prepared by the parents that includes birth certificates, marriage certificate, a notarized financial statement, a local agency home study, police clearance and letter of recommendation.

When parents are notified that a child is ready, they must apply for an immigration visa, arrange for a physical examination, send money for transportation, and, finally, meet the child at the designated airport. The total cost, including local court procedures, averages about $1000.

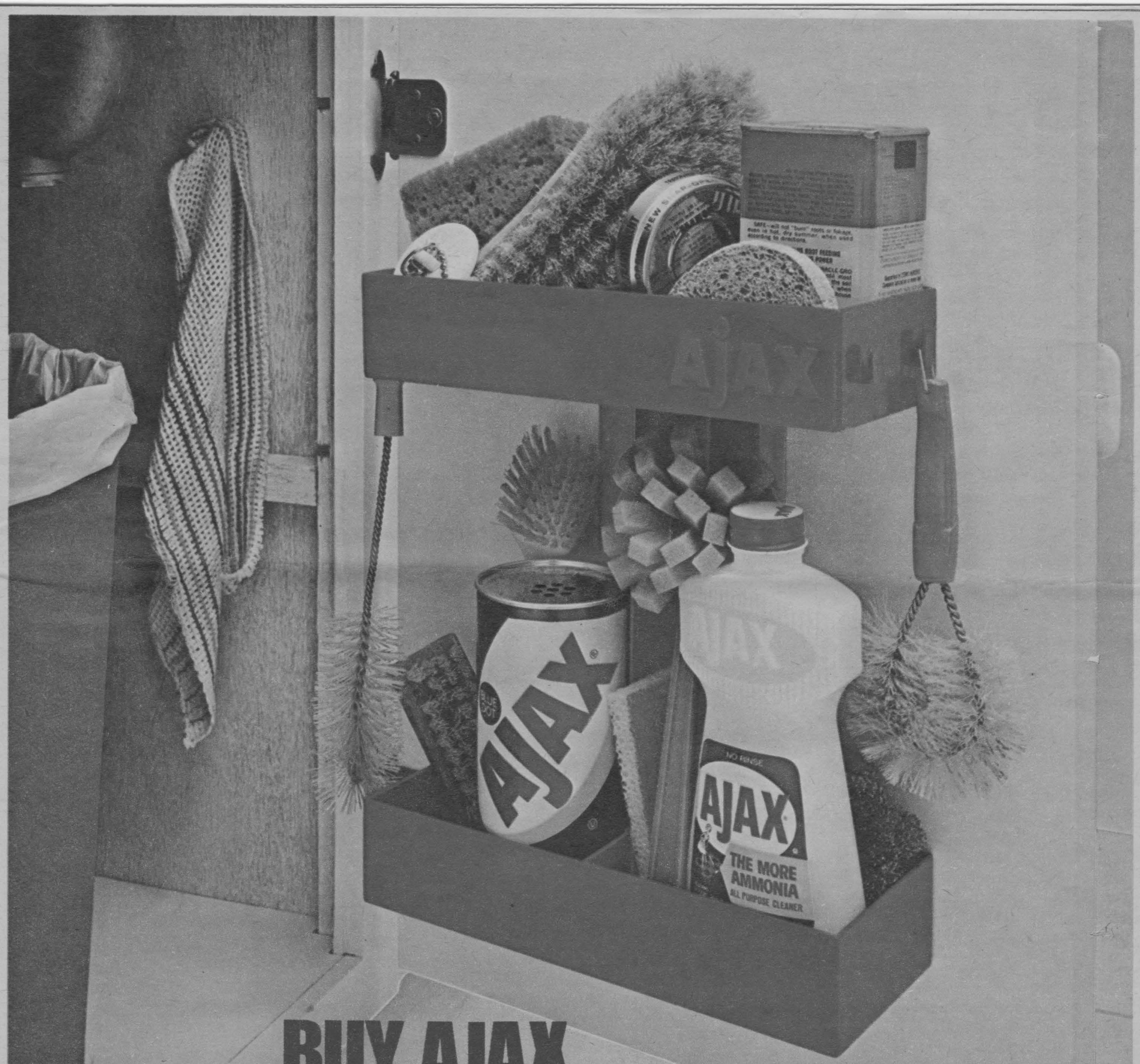
"If anyone says that it's impossible to get a child from Vietnam, they're wrong," Mrs. Cummings says, "but it takes a lot of doing and a lot of waiting. But all these pains are forgotten, as they are in actual birth, once the child arrives."

Elizabeth Mulligan is a freelance writer in St. Louis County



Tim, Steve and James Paul (left) do their big-brother act with their new little sisters, both about 4 years old.

(Continued on Page 15)



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Boy Evangelist

(Continued from Page 20)

school, Michael loves to watch "Sesame Street" on television. His parents say that some people feel that Michael should not go to school but should be taught by his parents. "We think it's better for him to have a normal child life," his mother says.

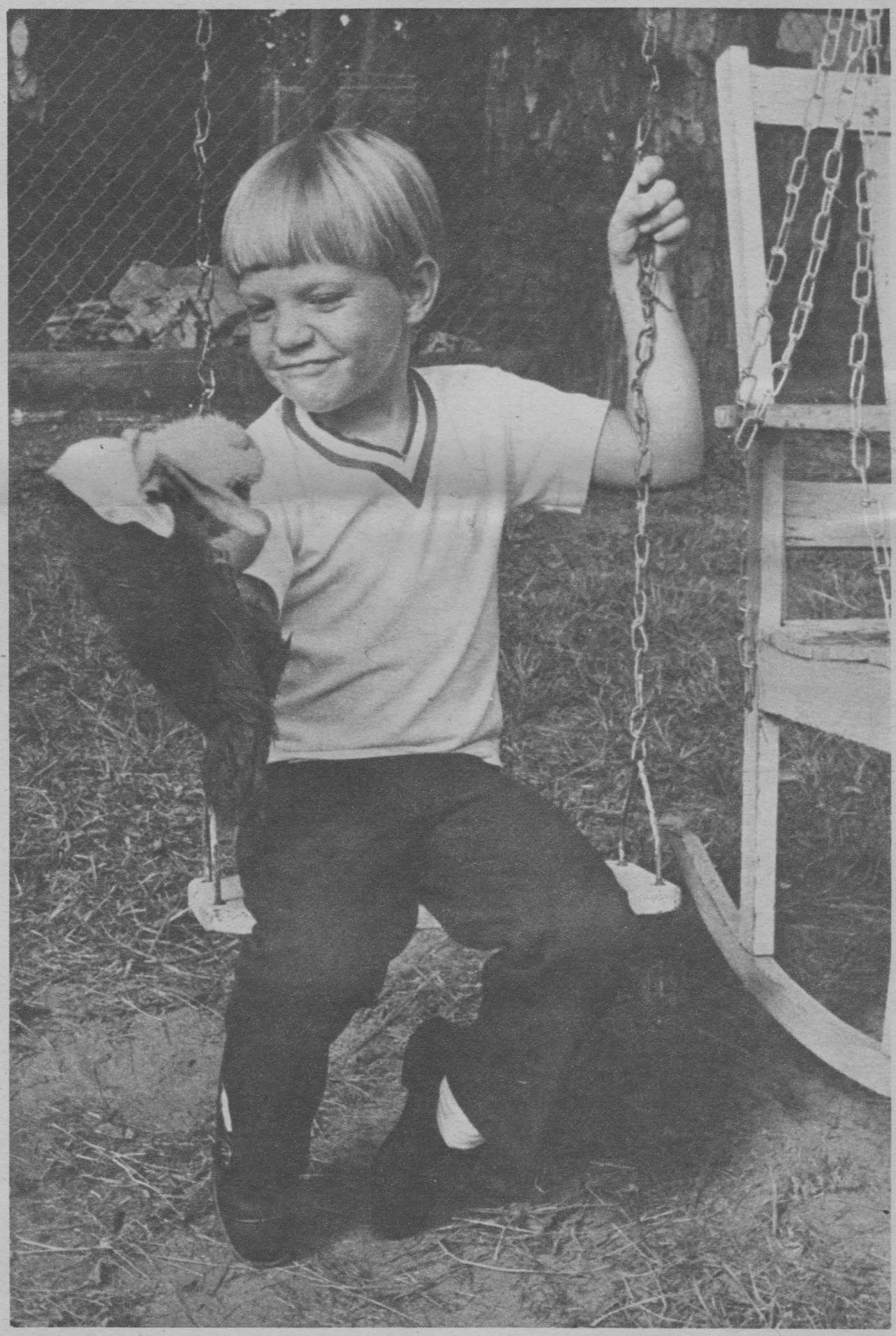
Most weekends, the family goes off on a singing and preaching trip. Sometimes there are week-night engagements closer to home.

How much are the Lords about the Lord's business, and how much about show business? Only the Lords know, of course. One skeptic's reaction: "It's a total rip-off. They're stealing that child's life . . ."

An old woman after attending a service: "I want you to pray for me, son. Glory, glory, I'm glad I'm a child of God today."

The accompanying pictures show highlights of a recent trip to North Carolina by the boy evangelist and his family. —UPI

End



Michael plays with a hand puppet in a backyard during his North Carolina visit. His father has said, "I felt all the time that God has His hand on Mike."

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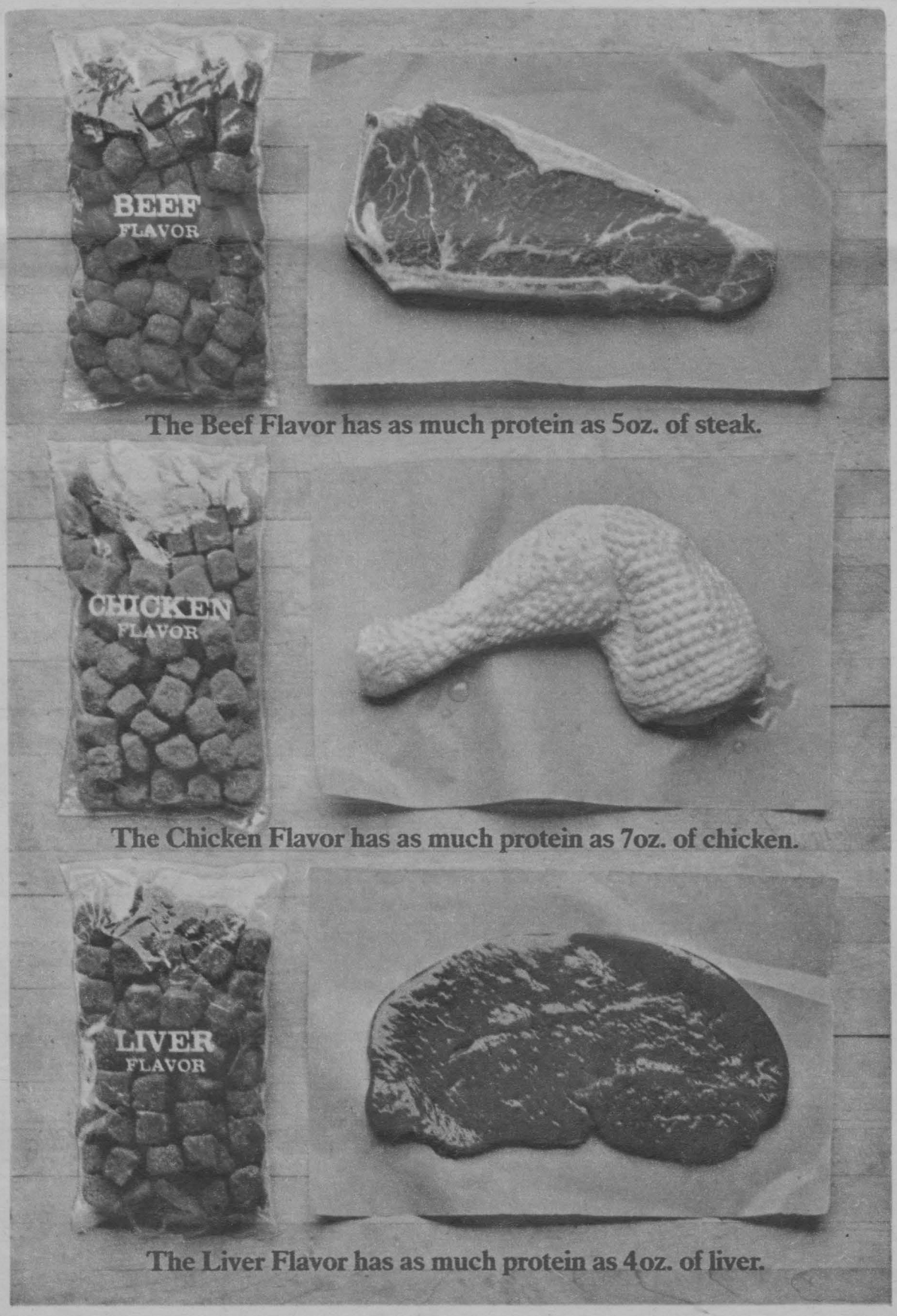

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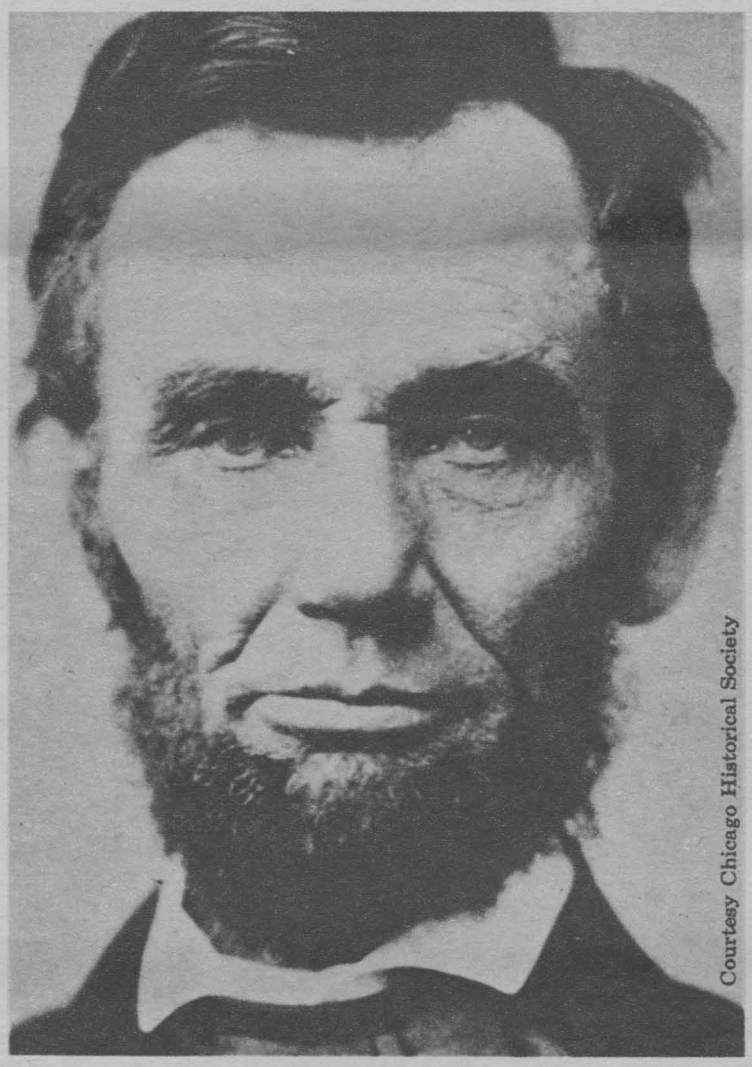

Courtesy Chicago Historical Society

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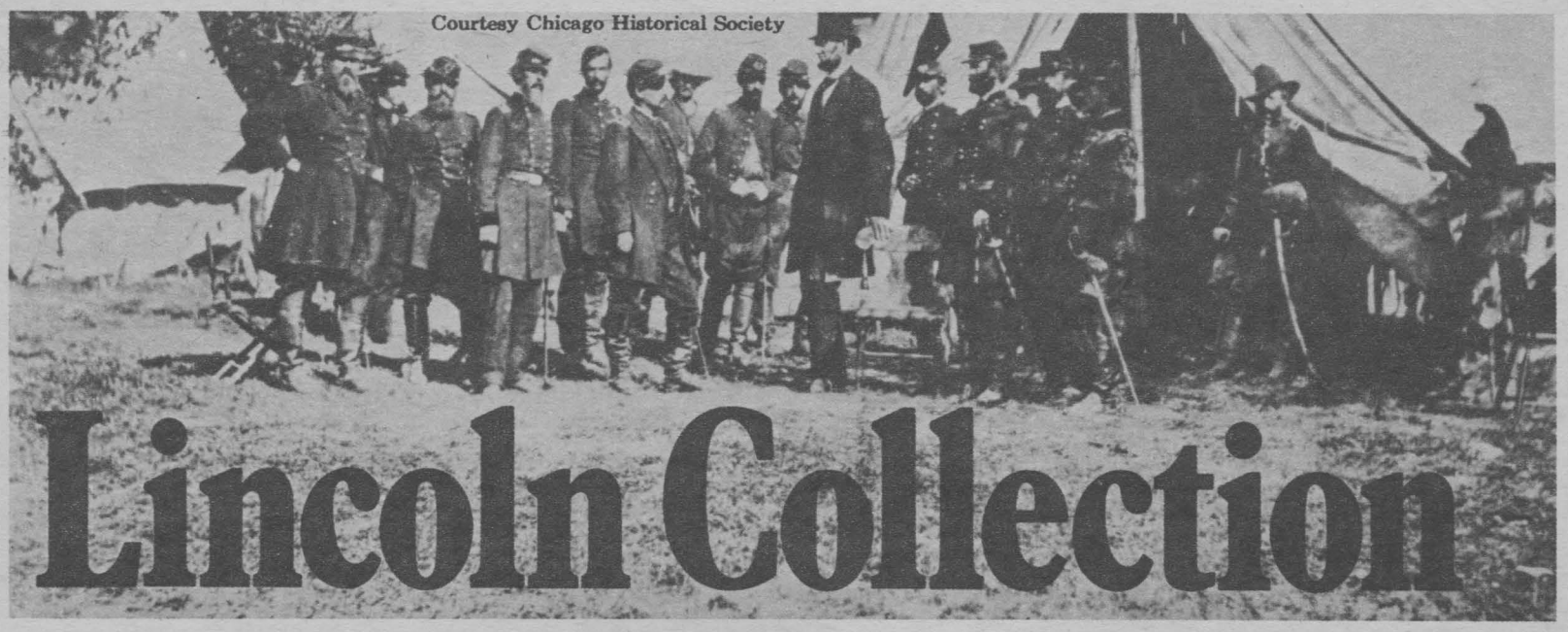

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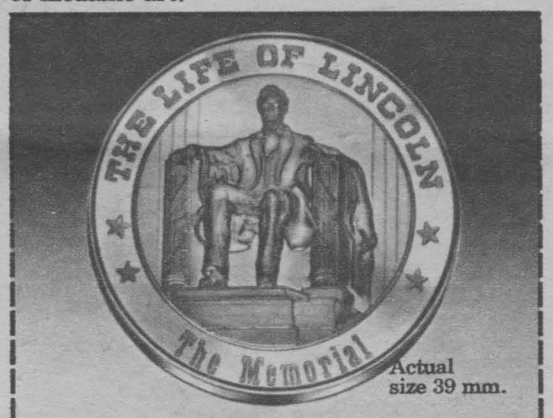

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The Strange Tale Of A Hobo And A Case Of Non-Murder

By TOM YARBROUGH of the PICTURES Staff

A GOOD many characters right out of William Faulkner's South have drifted north over the last generation or two and some of them have lingered in St. Louis for a while. One of them is an aging hobo, not from Mississippi but Arkansas, and although he has dropped out of sight now, acquaintances recall the times not so long ao when they used to see him on the riverfront here, had a drink or two or a bottle of wine with him when someone was in funds, and heard him tell about his part in one whale of a murder case about 45 years ago.

When he was first encountered by a Post-Dispatch photographer down by the river and willingly posed for pictures over the little fire he was tending alone one cold day, he was friendly enough but had little to say of his past. He said his name was Roy Albert Smith, was part Cherokee Indian, had at one time been in an acrobatic act in vaudeville with a brother and other members of his family, and had long since settled into the easy life of a hobo. That's what he said he was, a hobo.

He made a vague reference to his part in "an old murder case in Arkansas," but let the subject pass as nothing more than one episode in a crowded past. The photographer made a few pictures and put them away for possible future use if something more substantial about the old man could be turned up.

A fortuitous reference to him in a conversation with an attorney at Vienna, Ill., caused bells to ring in the lawyer's mind. The lawyer, as a boy in Mountain View, Ark., saw his father, an attorney, successfully defend four men charged with murder in a bizarre case in 1929. The central figure was a young man named Connie, who was supposed to have been the murder victim but turned up at the trial.

The photographer dug into Post-Dispatch files, found fascinating accounts of the trial, and went back to the river. His man was still there.

The photgrapher hit him cold: "How are you today, Connie?"

The man blinked.

Wasn't his name Connie, really?

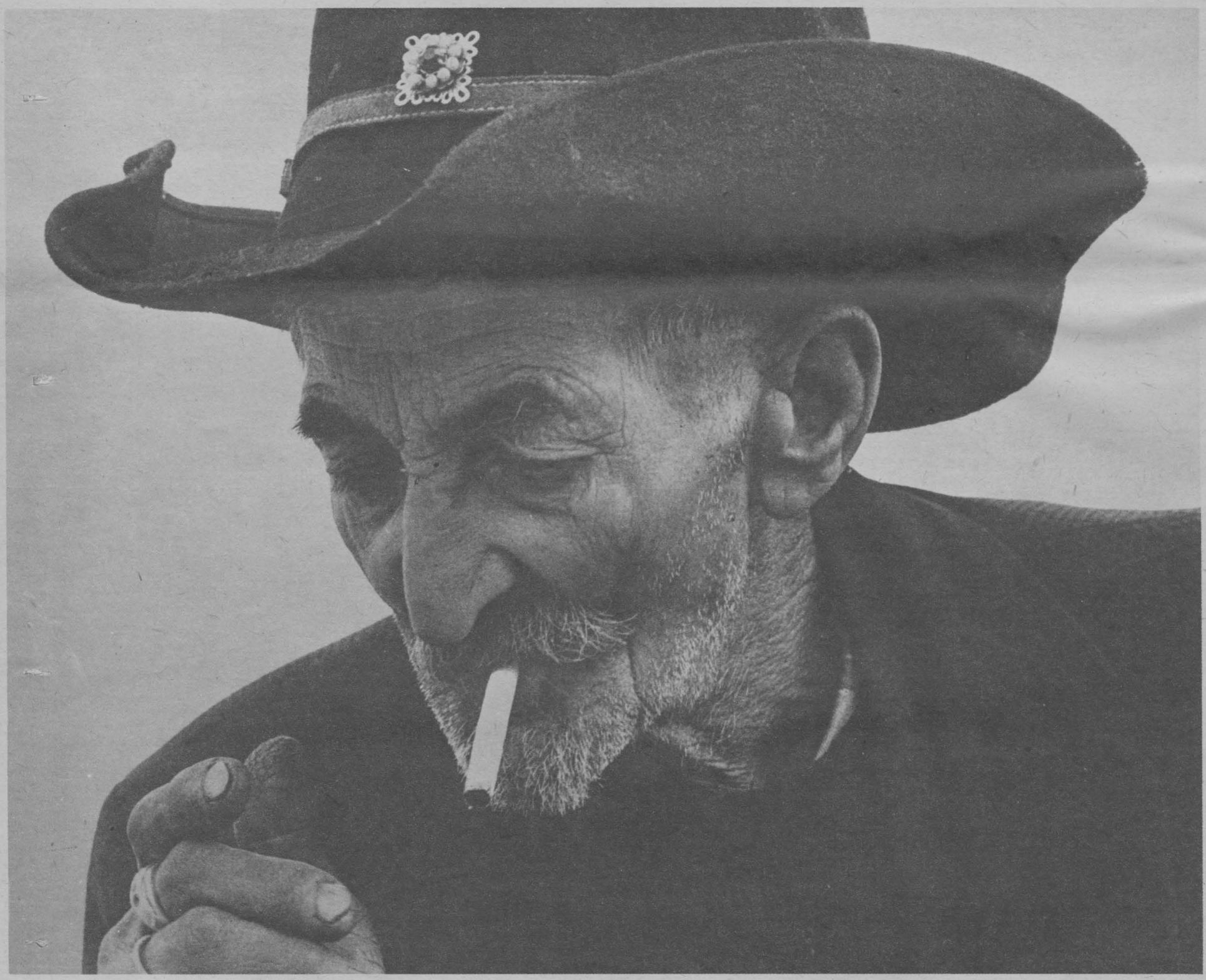
"I go by Connie," he replied hesitantly.

And wasn't he the Connie Franklin involved in the celebrated murder case at Mountain View, Ark., in December 1929, when a young man of 23 was believed to have been tortured and burned alive over his attention to a 17-year-old girl of the Ozark hills? The same youth who turned up alive and well just when four men charged with

(Text Continued on Page 29)

Photos by MICHAEL J. BALDRIDGE of the Post-Dispatch Staff

With clothes hung out to dry beside the Mississippi River where he washed them, a hobo from Arkansas whiles away the time with a harmonica, which he mutes with a tobacco can. One group of migrant Americans is sometimes divided into three types: tramps, who dream and wander: bums, who drink and wander, and hoboes, who work and wander. The hobo, further, might be an avowed optimist, who swears that when work becomes an art and a joy, he will take off his coat and go to work.



A face that has weathered many a storm and, shaven or not, is tough enough for many more. He says he is "Connie," and nods in affirmation of his role in a 1929 legal upheaval in Arkansas — a murder case in which no murder was proved.

A Tale About A Hobo

(Continued from Page 26)

the murder were being brought to trial?

"Yeah, that was me."

From that point it was back to the yellowed, crumbling clippings on the case that had shaken all northern Arkansas and points beyond, in the weeks that followed the great Wall Street Crash of Oct. 29, 1929 — the beginning of the Great Depression.

The Depression was nothing much new to the hill people in and around Mountain View. Hard times were normal. What did upset them — especially Sheriff Sam Johnson— was a recent reign of terror staged by young night riders along Cagin Creek and Dry Creek, with midnight whippings and other acts of violence.

The sheriff's persistent investigation indicated that a young farm hand, Connie Franklin, had been beaten, tortured and burned to death one night the previous March before the eyes of his sweetheart, Tillar Ruminer, 17, when they were on their way to be married.

The sheriff was rounding up witnesses for the grand jury when five young men of the community called on him and suggested that he call off his efforts to solve the crime.

"All right, men," he said. "You bring Connie Franklin to see me and I'll guarantee you won't be bothered any more."

The sheriff and his men never found a body, but they did find some charred bones believed to have been those of the victim, and the five men who had complained about the investigation were indicted and charged with the murder. The principal witness against them was the girl, called Tillie.

Another witness was a young deaf mute, who gave evidence that he had seen one of the accused men carrying what appeared to be Franklin's body the day after the alleged murder. For the defense, it was suggested that the deaf mute was mixed up on the day, and that what he had seen was the defendant carrying Franklin when the farmhand was only drunk.

Ten days before the day set for the trial, a man claiming to be the real Connie Franklin appeared at the county jail in nearby Batesville. A great argument over his identity soon developed, with the defense contending that the state's case was nullified, and the prosecution branding this "Connie" as an impostor.

There were fist fights in the streets, and the sheriff swore in a special force of deputies to maintain order.

Connie was brought face-to-face with Tillie and her father. The farmhand asked Tillie if she didn't remember the songs he had sung to her as they sat on the bank of a creek.

"Have him sing 'The Lonesome Pine'," she said, and he stepped up and sang it. Tillie cried and said, "If it's Connie, he's changed."

Sitting in the office of the defense attorney, "Connie" pointed to a man and said, "There's Charlie Ruminer" (the girl's father), and the father then said, "Bring in a French harp and let me hear him play 'Turkey in the Straw.'" A harp was brought in, and the young man played the requested number and others.

The father said he could not be certain of the man's identity, but others in the room questioned "Connie" and he gave detailed descriptions of the countryside. He recalled minor happenings to their satisfaction.

This "Connie" told of hav ing been sent to the state asylum at Little Rock because of some nervous ailment, and of having escaped several months later, in 1927. He said he had written a letter to the state hospital "about a Vitaphone they might be using." "I could hear somebody talking and I'd heard about Vitaphones in moving pictures and thought that might be what it was," he said. The hospital had received such a letter and sent it to Sheriff Johnson.

The trial went on, and Connie testified at length.

The little courtroom seated only about 200 persons but it was filled to overflowing by crowds that started arriving by daybreak over muddy mountain roads.

The controversial witness admitted that he had been married and had not been divorced when he was "sparking" Tillie. The testimony had been that he and Tillie were on their way to be married when the murder occurred.

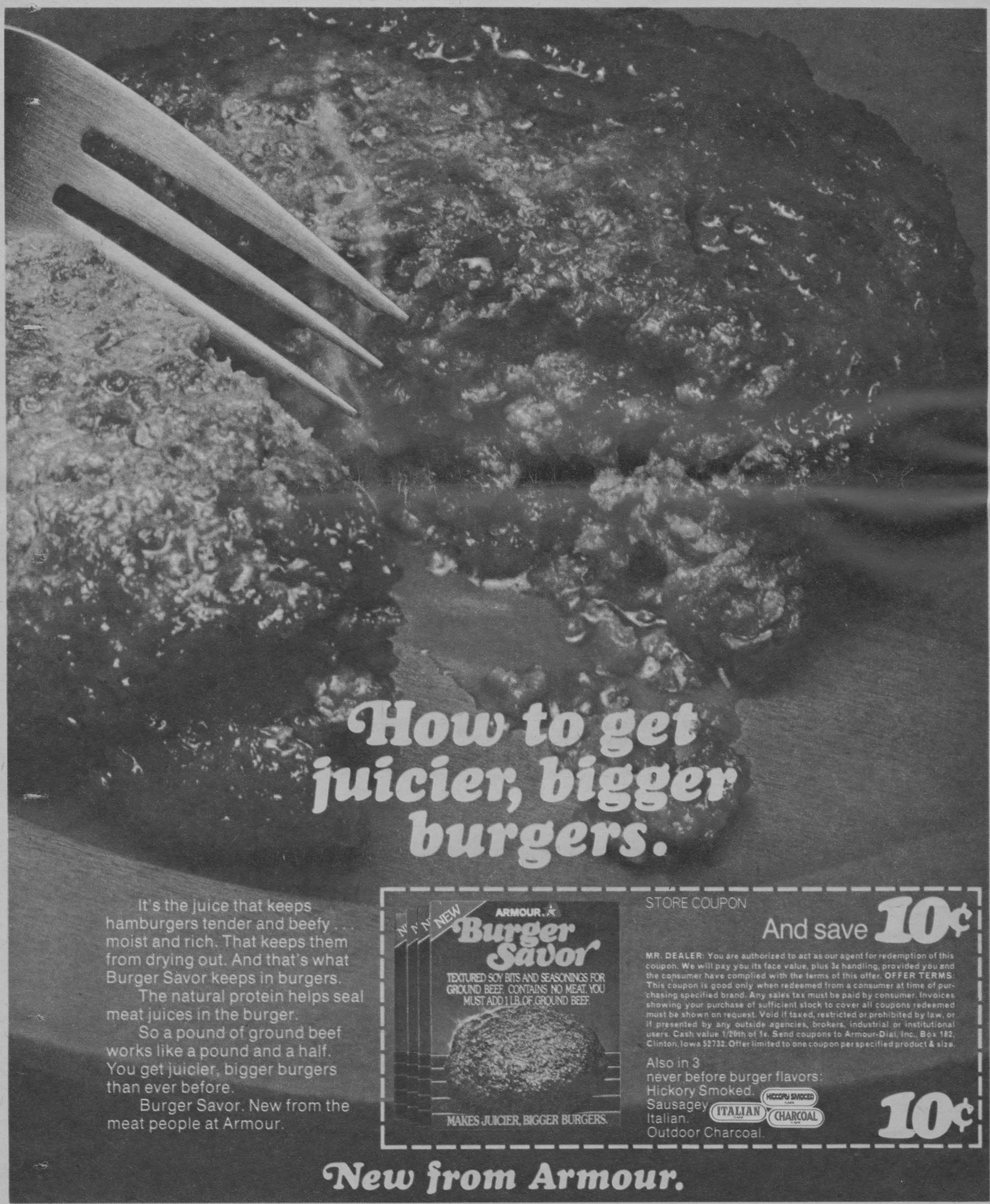
"Were you divorced? Why, then, were you planning to marry Tillie?" he was asked.

"How do you know I was aiming to marry her," he replied.

The defense attorney later asked, "You weren't beaten to death and burned last March, were you?" and the witness replied, "Well, I don't look like it and don't feel like it."

With no murder established and with the supposed victim as the star wintess for the defense, the jury of 12 men returned a verdict of acquittal after deliberating eight hours.

And so it was all over for two of the four defendants. The other two still had to face charges of sexually assaulting Tillie after the "murder" that never was. *End*



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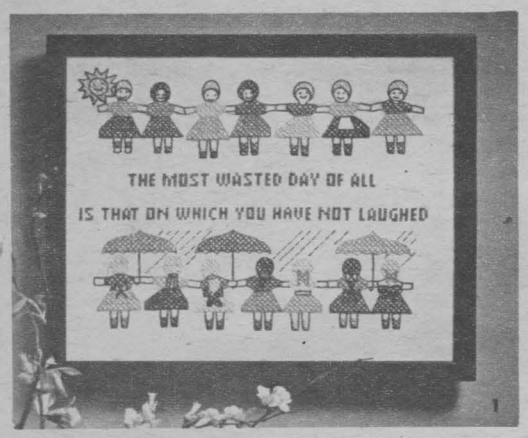

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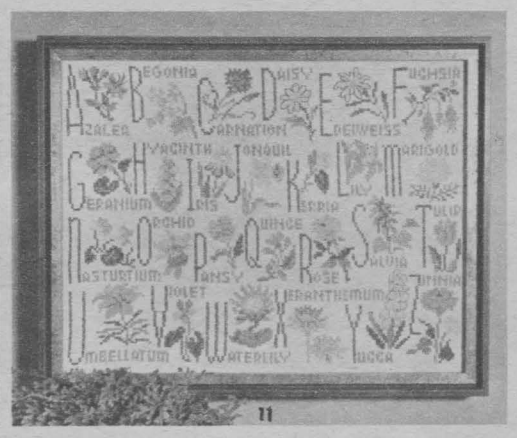
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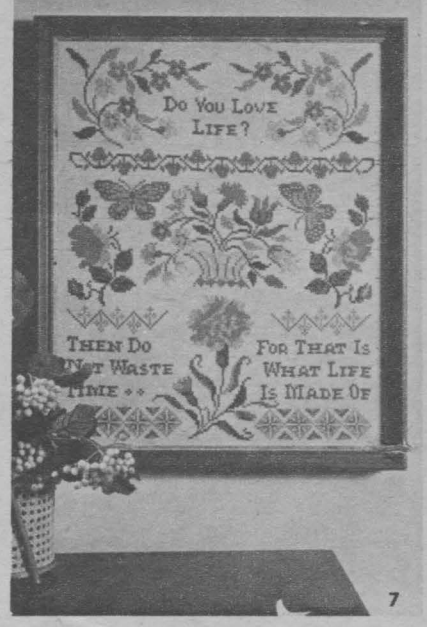

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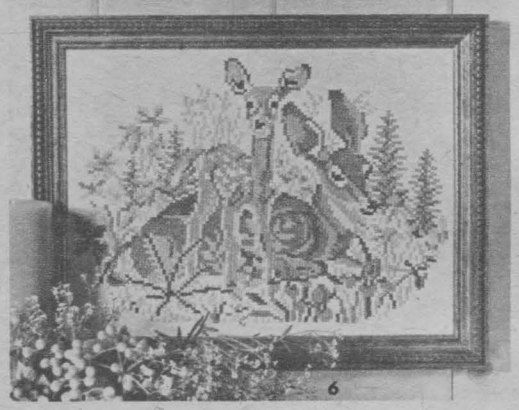
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