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I wrote this 3 years ago - when I first came

"Home for the Hopeless"

to Phu My

From Rosemary Taylor,
Saigon. 1967

Phu My Hospital, about 1½ miles from the centre of Saigon, is a hospital with a difference. There are no doctors here, for the 1500 inmates of Phu My are mostly beyond the reach of available medical assistance. Here, in this asylum for all that is pitiful in the human condition, there is no struggle for the miracle, the impossible cure. There is companionship and shelter and simple care... and the comfort of an undemanding routine, with its sameness day after day, with scarcely a ripple as death claims her annual 25% of the inmates.

The hospital is made up of large hut-type buildings, sometimes housing up to 120 patients in a single room. The board beds are often no more than 12 inches apart, and the neat pile at the end of each, may represent all the worldly goods of its occupant... perhaps a small tin box, some tin bowls and utensils, a fan, a grass mat. Sometimes there is nothing. Many patients never leave the comfortless gloom of their beds ... the totally paralysed, the helplessly spastic, the limbless ... the problem is too vast and the means too limited for sophisticated treatment or therapy. One 14 year old lad, paralysed from the waist down and unable to move for three years, was leading his companions in prayer with great cheerfulness and vitality, as I walked thru his hut for the first time. I recognised the "confiteor" in Vietnamese... for whose sins was this lad confessing his guilt?

Any hour of the day from 5 in the morning until 9 at night, the chanting of community prayers may be heard, drifting endlessly out into the hot sodden stillness. Probably about half the inmates would be christian, a small percentage of Buddhists, and the others would adhere vaguely to some form of ancestor worship or nothing at all.

The T.B. huts house some of the most seriously ill of Phu My's inmates. An Alsatian Sister, a true "mulier fortis" in Vietnam for 30 years, looks after the 170 male patients, most of them in the last stages of the disease. Death is a daily visitor. A T.B. sufferer will arrive at Phu My a few days or a few months from death. Yesterday a lad of 22 died, and the same day a 27 year old widower with 5 children, was admitted with death already on him. Daily there are new arrivals come only to die... I mention 2 cases, there are 250 others.

The daily "shots", with what available drugs they have, are administered by a fellow T.B. patient, dressed in a white jacket for added prestige as well as for reasons of hygiene. (Incidentally, the Vietnamese have enormous confidence in shots. Even for the simplest type of ailment, never prescribe orally what can be given intramuscularly, even in the matter of vitamins. They feel cheated with tablet form medication!)

Most of this still applies - it will give you some idea of Phu My. But I do not work here now - though I still live here.

Several more huts house the 180 blind at Phu My... from a small abandoned child of three to the stooped and wizened old folk whose age can only be guessed at. Strangely enough, a large percentage of the blind are refugees from the north, where trachoma seems more prevalent. Some of the young men are war victims, like 26 year old Phu, whose vision was destroyed in a bombardment of Hanoi. In other instances, sight could be partly restored were the specialists available.

It is touching to see the blind filing into church at 5-30 every morning, shuffling uncertainly in small groups and chains. Some come in on crutches.. another drags himself along the ground with his arms. Only a couple of the paralysed have the luxury of a donated wheelchair. One can only be grateful that some of these people at least, have the belief in a better world beyond, to lighten the burden of this existence.

Scattered amongst the various adult huts, the infirm, the crippled, the defective, the grossly abnormal, are the children unable to live in the creche section. They are the little T.B. victims, who ought not to be kept in with the chronic adult sufferers. There are the spastic children who need special attention, who must be fed and changed like babies, and who loll helplessly on their boxed-in wooden beds all day, or perhaps lie on the ground outside, tied by a string around the foot to a verandah post, and at the mercy of the flies and other insects. Each of these youngsters is given into the charge of another patient, who, for some monthly pocket money, feeds and looks after this charge to the best of his or her very limited ability.

For each of the patients, the hospital receives government support to the extent of 18ps a day (12 ps buys a small stick of bread). Up until last year the allowance had been 6ps. Of course, this allowance is totally inadequate, and the hospital relies almost entirely on donations and charitable aid. They have no income to invest in equipment. Happily a water pump has been given, and some sewing machines. However, the water pump services the laundry only, and a couple of outlets of vaguely potable water. The other wells in the grounds of Phu My, yield a red-brown opaque liquid that one would hesitate to use even on the garden. This water is hand-drawn. My daily quota I collect in a jug, and I sike it out to cover my simplified needs. The laundry for the 1500 people is done by hand, on stone slabs with bar soap and cold water.

I now have
running
water

There are only 25 sisters caring for the diverse needs of the hospital, playing "doctor" with a daring born of necessity and a competence ripened by experience. Where possible, the inmates help with the daily chores of food preparation, water carrying, and cleaning up... but any "regular job" must be rewarded with a monthly "allowance".

Receiving no government help at all, the creche section has at the moment 130 children, from abandoned babies of a few days, to older teenagers. These 130 children must be

supported by donations. Seventy of them are children of leper parents, but many of them have simply been abandoned as babies in the street, or at the gates of Phu My.

*This was
when I
worked
full-time
in Phu My
- now I
do not
work in
the creche
but still
live here*

For the past 8 months I have been working at Phu My, occupied mainly in the creche section.. looking after the children and the babies, dressing wounds, giving medication and shots to the undernourished and the sick, preparing formula,, and all the other daily chores that can be associated with the care and well-being of 130 children, with the added complications of tropical fungus, sores and boils, diarrhea and dehydration caused by a contaminated water supply, and the myriad evils that rise up from the reeking heaps of undisposed of sewerage, that ornament every street in the city. Living in common, sharing clothing and bedding which is never sterilised, infections spread like wildfire. There is scarcely a child who does not sport somewhere on his anatomy, a bandage or a bright red patch of mercurochrome. "Clinic" each day in the creche can last for several hours.. and then there are the "domiciliary" visits, to my room in the wall, where I keep a medical kit on hand. My favourite and most regular patient is 4 year old Hoa, an epileptic whose forehead is a massive sore from repeated contact with the ground in her momentary seizures. It takes three weeks to heal up, and after two more weeks its worse than ever.

Every odd moment, I practise my vietnamese, while Sr. Angel, the sister in charge of the creche, practises English with an exhausting tenacity. We communicate always in French, and as her French would not be many degrees superior to my own, we understand each other perfectly, despite our personal circumlocutions. (The infinitive is a friendly versatile form and the subjunctive is taboo!) However, trying to explain english grammatical intricacies in French is sometimes a strain on my limited talents.

At present, I am the only member of the hospital staff who speaks English, and as we frequently have dealings with non-French speaking visitors and benefactors, I am called on to interpret. I am sometimes embarrassed to find myself in charge of a situation about which I know nothing... like the time I was transported, without previous briefing, to the Saigon Children's Hospital and a telephone was thrust into my hand and a number ... I dialled as ordered. I had no idea of what I was to say nor to whom I was talking. The conversation floundered immediately.. the voice at the other end was obviously impatient at this Sunday morning interruption.. and I began with a "Hullo, who is that? I'm sorry, but would you mind hanging on for a moment while I find out what I'm supposed to say to you?". Another time I was transported to one of the U.S. civil aid installations, where I gathered my role was to ask for monetary aid for the new building that the hospital was about to construct. A confusing half hour later, I discovered I was supposed to be asking for cement and steel, not money.

Months later, after an epic struggle with red tape and with U.S. and V.N. bureaucracy the cement arrived.... The steel has been promised and approved in all quarters, but has never arrived, because I made the foolish mistake of trying to use the correct hierarchically constituted channels for the steel requisition.

now
finished

I have a
room in
this new
building

This building is the most important project on hand.. It means taking the roof off the present building and adding a second floor, so that the crippled children can move into half of the lower floor, and their present tiny building be enlarged to accomodate the babies from the creche. The building is simple in the extreme, with no note of luxury or the unessential... unadorned brick walls, open windows and wooden shutters, a tiled roof and a brick floor... yet this operation is costing the incredible sum of \$65,000, so disproportionately high is the cost of living in Vietnam in recent times. The labour is of course, all manual... there are no machines involved, and curiously enough, many of the labourers are women. About one third of the money has yet to be found, the rest was donated by a foreign charitable organisation.

In all of Saigon and its environs, Phu My is the only refuge of its kind, and sadly we are having to turn away many people seeking help and somewhere to live, handicapped and homeless, young and old, simply because there is not available space for even one more bed. Yet the need here in Saigon is urgent, and we are anxious to complete the new building, which will enable us to accomodate about one hundred more patients.

Altho the standard of living is only at Asian subsistence level, the institute could not survive without this outside help. Every odd piece of wood, every tin can has value. Troops will sometimes come in with a load of captured rice, or a load of empty gas or ammunition cans, or timber from broken crates. A use is found for everything. Even a load of empty beer-bottles was received with gratitude and sold to earn a few more piastres. What I would have classed as the biggest white-elephant of all, was the supply of tape we were given.. many tea-chests filled with mile on mile of "pyjama cord" tape.... There were a few startling scenes when the very old and the very young were buried in massive heaps of tangled tape, untangling it and winding it into balls. The next stage, (and here my credulity was strained), the tape itself was unravelled and the thread wound into balls. Next, I was dumbfounded to see the cotton being knitted into articles of clothing. What enterprising genius is born from real need!

The children and the adults at Phu My readily accept my presence there, and are very friendly. Now that some of the older folk have discovered my "niche" in the wall, they make it their business to drop in, when I am "at home", and try to teach me a few words of Vietnamese, seemingly reaping amused satisfaction from my painstaking efforts. When I first appeared in "native dress", which is very practical, offering freedom

coolness, and protection from insects, the response was gratifying. They appeared to be in a transport of delight, grinning from ear to ear. The women stopped wheeling their barrow or their cart-load of bricks; even the little spastic children had their heads turned in my direction with uncomprehended instructions to compliment with a "dep qua" (very pretty) which I duly accepted in the right spirit with a "cam on" and a return grin. When I appeared in the creche, the children were transfixed in a state between awe and hilarity, then as they came running and surrounded me from all sides, I rewarded them with the only song that we all knew, "We shall overcome".. and they joined in! The arrival of my guitar, after straying for three months with a shipment of apples (turned to cider en route) complements our singing efforts, the both the instrumental and the vocal leave much to be desired !

Phu My has nothing in common with hospitals as we know them. There is nothing streamlined here, and there is no sophistication, no V.I.P. treatment, no privacy at all, even bathing, squatting on the floor with a can of water, is done in common. There are hard wooden beds without mattresses without bedlinen, and there are flies and mosquitoes to contend with... the thrice daily rice with perhaps some fish or vegetables... in every sense the scene is unutterably drab. One would not have far to go along the highways and byways, looking for the wedding guests of the parable... they are all at Phu My, ready and waiting.

-O-O-O-O-O-

~~cf Catholic Relief Service~~
~~APD San Francisco~~
~~96243~~

The NURSERY

"Warm Nest"

Publication : September

1970

For years now the orphanages have been flooded with abandoned babies that they are mostly so ill-equipped to care for. The mortality has been pitiful. It was in an effort to save a few more of these tiny creatures that we opened the first nursery. Since that is long since filled to capacity, and the need more desperate than ever, we have been planning for some time to open a second nursery.

Death comes too easily in the orphanages, where the fragile constitutions of the babies succumb to the least malady or change of atmosphere. Lately some of the orphanages have been ravaged by epidemics of meningitis and encephalitis.. one orphanage lost a third of its population in a week. Before that there was measles, ~~a killer~~ in this country, and always there is the common bronchopneumonia, dehydration, typhoid, polio and a host of other maladies and congenital weaknesses... often nameless because of poor pathological facilities available. A devoted French pediatrician offered to do an autopsy when one of the babies died after a long-drawn-out effort to save her. Specimens had to be sent to France and the results revealed that Bich Van had an unusual form of parasitical pneumonia, against which there is no specific antibiotic. A pneumonia rare in Europe, but probably only too common here in the orphanages.

Even in the nursery, we realise there will be children who will not respond to our greatest efforts, but we hope to create an ambience where-in the babies will be better equipped to resist the nameless plagues lurking in every breath of wind. The little mites that come from the Maternity hospital, may have spent the first three months of their lives in the incubator before they reach the weight of 2 Kgm (4.4 lb) which is considered sufficient for their debut into the world and independent living. Other babies, weighing perhaps less than 3 lb at birth, may not even have these few weeks of respite in the incubator before having to pit their meagre strength against a world of infection. Their chances of survival

are slim.

On July 23rd, after weeks of aggravating delay, we were finally able to sign the lease and move into the new nursery. We could see through the grease and grime to the splendid potential of such a house:

Situated in a quiet residential area at the end of a private lane the entrance of which is guarded day and night by chinese guards... We still do not know exactly who amongst the residents of the lane is important enough to merit the guards, but we are happy to share the benefits.

The main building is three stories, and the third floor, once a large airy conference room, has become the nursery with a pharmacy attached. A staircase leads to the roof-top, where the babies sun themselves every morning before the heat becomes too fierce.

On the second floor we have three rooms serving as our bedrooms and isolation rooms for premature and new-born babies, and sick babies. Down below is a large living or reception room, and servery.

Behind the main building is another block with 5 rooms upstairs, now occupied by the resident vietnamese staff. Downstairs is the kitchen, laundry, garages, and a bedroom for older children. The house is surrounded by a small garden.. A Treasure here!

As I write this we have 45 children in the house, and 37 of these are babies .. more are arriving each week. The logistics involved have been absorbing all our time this last month.. hiring staff, food-marketing, acquisition of more furniture, exploration of possible sources of babyfood, milk and other necessities.

Until a few days ago we had been going to market every couple of days and hauling vegetables back on the motorcycle (then our only means of transport) One morning I taxied to Saigon market, instead of the local market, armed with bigger bags, and more money, hoping for better bargains. I reached for my purse to pay for a pumpkin, and was stunned to find the nylon bag had been slashed open and the purse gone. The loss paralysed me for the rest of the

morning... but the world had not come to an end, and the babies still had to be fed. The loss had been substantial, and I was only grateful that I had already purchased the mosquito netting before going to the food market. After that I kept to the local markets. Now we have acquired a car, a bright blue Renault sent to us by TERRE DES HOMMES, France, and released to us from the port after one month of frustrating conflict with local bureaucracy and inter-ministerial lack of cooperation. The credit for the release of the car belongs entirely to Yvette. She was desperate from months of "starving" from orphanage to hospitals with sick babies.. from standing in the filthy noon-day heat waiting for "cyclos", with a dying baby on one arm and a bottle of intravenous fluid supported by the other... from carrying babies on the back of my motorcycle... from endless arguments with unscrupulous cab-drivers over fares. Then with her outspoken, no-nonsense approach, she had to succeed. But at what cost! As she was shuffled from Ministry to Ministry, her last vestiges of belief in the integrity of Governments, dissolved. Each Ministry concerned, Foreign, Interior, Health, Social Affairs, Finance, and Public Works, seemed bent on a policy of mutual misinterpretation and asinine conclusions, and in most cases the Director would be absent, either "in conference", at Dalat, or in Japan. (Those are the three standard excuses for absence amongst higher strata personnel. On a lower level "fatigue" is the common excuse). Only today did she complete the formalities of registering the car, and that not without bitter conflict. The Ministry of Public Works refused yesterday to register it, under the series desired, because they suspected the car was for her "personal" use. It is beyond my imagination to conjure up any "personal" use one might have for a car in this country at the present moment. "Driving for pleasure" is a ludicrous concept.

With the present population of the nursery at 45, plus 5 live-in staff, 3 "dailies", Yvette and myself, we have almost reached temporary saturation. My room, which I had never really appropriated, but considered myself as a "camper" there-in, has been gradually turned into an isolation unit for the premature and new-borns.

I have 6 with me at the moment, and although I am out most of the day, I consider the babies my responsibility from the evening now until after baths next morning. Yvette lavishes her special talent on the sick babies isolated in the room next door. So our nights seem to be broken into half-hour doses. If our babies on the 2nd floor happen to be sleeping all together, there is a sweet nocturnal music drifting down from the 30 babies on the floor above, where vietnamese staff are on duty.. This regime seems to be producing a certain fuzziness both physical and mental. Today we are just wondering if we shall ever have the chance to sleep for even five continuous hours... even three hours seem remote. Still we feel it is worth any amount of vigilance to catch the first sign of loss of appetite, or dehydration. The equilibrium once upset, is almost impossible to regain in such fragile constitutions. The cure for one malady is likely to plunge the system into a new crisis.

Initially I did not intend to become so involved in the daily management of the house, as I was thinking in terms of the first nursery. But the project seems to have vast ramifications and requires the constant attention of both Yvette and myself. She is responsible for the daily routine and the care of the babies while I'm especially concerned with sources of supplies and income. All decision making is shared.

The house at its present capacity, is costing us about 1500 dollars a month, including rent, staff salaries, utilities, fresh vegetables, rice, nursery and kitchen equipment. For milk, baby cereal, toilet articles, clothes, linen and disposable diapers, we have been completely dependent on donations and we hope to be able to continue without having to add these extra costs to our budget.

Financially we are dependent on no one organisation. This helps us to retain our independence and to keep the nursery on a completely international basis. It also enables us to live simply and to eliminate most "operational" costs.

Help has come to us from many quarters. France, who are "sponsoring" us in our official documents, have sent us the car, and a regular

supply of an excellent baby formula. Germany have been sending us shipments of valuable medication and instruments. Groups in Australia and New Zealand have been keeping us supplied with baby-food, cereal, linen, and toiletries. Occasional or regular money contributions have been coming from Australia and America. Here in the country we have friends both military and civilian, who will shop for us at the P.X., or "appropriate" for our use "surplus commodities", cleaning equipment, paint, refrigerators, parachutes (for shade), and a regular supply of fresh whole-milk for the older children. The Australian Signals corps. deliver packages regularly from the AFPO; barter an occasional sack of captured rice for us, from the Thai forces, in exchange for a case of beer; and in our electrical problems, they at least provide us with a sympathetic ear, and an occasional diagnosis! Then we have one American Sergeant Major.. indispensable to any nursery.. who comes almost every night to empty the garbage, unclogg drains, paint, saw, hammer, haul, wire, and find a solution or the appropriate equipment for every need. "Miles will fix it" is a refrain with which we mutually encourage each other in the daily disasters. Dr. McK., who spends himself in the service of the Saigon orphans, provides us with daily medical supervision. He has a talent for "appropriating" any emergency medical supplies we may need, as well as nursery and food supplies. Thanks to him, our older children have at present a choice of three luxurious desserts to supplement their unvarying rice.. butterscotch pudding, plum-pudding, and date-roll. At any hour of the day or night he will be around on his motor-bike to check on a very sick baby.. no effort wearies him if it will save another life.

In between the lines, I have been to the provinces and collected 7 more orphans, several of them in need of special treatment. Thanh, a chubby one year old, with both feet clubbed.. Fiona, a very disturb- 2 year old who refused to eat and would only take the bottle (now she eats solid food from the spoon like all the other children at the nursery). Saddest of all is little Sanh, 5 years old, and dest-

ined for a family in Switzerland. He was due to leave this month, but now he will never leave Vietnam. We have discovered he has a blood disease, Thalassemia, that is always fatal. He may live a few years more with constant transfusions but little else can be done for him. He is an angel of a child, and suffered the ordeal of examination and blood transfusion without a murmur. It would be too cruel to the parents to let them take such a child, so we shall keep him at the nursery for as long as we are here, and take him to the hospital regularly for treatment. We are specially thankful for the newly acquired car, in such circumstances.

I must end here, because the babies are waiting to be fed

Romy Taylor

The NURSERY

"Warm Nest"

Saigon : September

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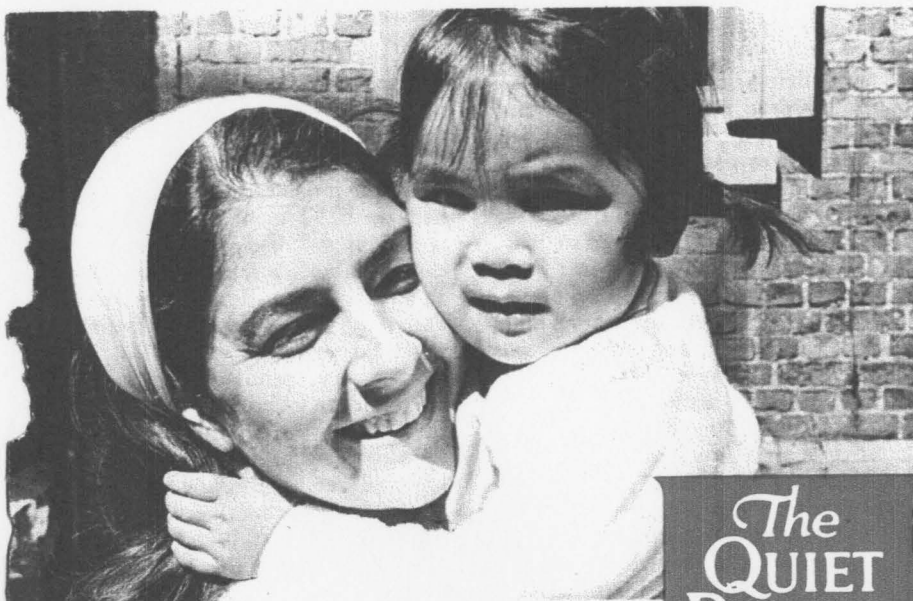
Dr. McK., who spends himself in the service of the Saigon orphans, provides us with daily medical supervision. He has a talent for "appropriating" any emergency medical supplies we may need, as well as nursery and food supplies. Thanks to him, our older children have at present a choice of three luxurious desserts to supplement their unvarying rice.. butterscotch pudding, plum-pudding, and date-roll. At any hour of the day or night he will be around on his motor-bike to check on a very sick baby.. no effort wearies him if it will save another life.

In between the lines, I have been to the provinces and collected 7 more orphans, several of them in need of special treatment. Thanh, a chubby one year old, with both feet clubbed.. Fiona, a very disturb- 2 year old who refused to eat and would only take the bottle (now she eats solid food from the spoon like all the other children at the nursery). Saddest of all is little Sanh, 5 years old, and dest-

ined for a family in Switzerland. He was due to leave this month, but now he will never leave Vietnam. We have discovered he has a blood disease, Thalassemia, that is always fatal. He may live a few years more with constant transfusions but little else can be done for him. He is an angel of a child, and suffered the ordeal of examination and blood transfusion without a murmur. It would be too cruel to the parents to let them take such a child, so we shall keep him at the nursery for as long as we are here, and take him to the hospital regularly for treatment. We are specially thankful for the newly acquired car, in such circumstances.

I must end here, because the babies are waiting to be fed

Romy Taylor



The QUIET PEOPLE

THE WARM NEST

Rosemary Taylor, an attractive, dark-eyed young schoolteacher, wanted a job where she could help people. She taught at a high school in her home town of Adelaide, Australia, then at a remote Eskimo mission in Alaska, later at a Canadian junior college.

But she felt she could be doing more. Three years ago, while visiting her parents in Australia, she began wondering if there was some way she might help the war-ravaged people of South Vietnam. She decided she would go to Saigon to see.

When she arrived, Rosemary went first to visit the hospitals and orphanages, inquiring about the children. She was deeply moved by

what she discovered. "The children are brought in a constant flood into hospitals and orphanages by people who find them abandoned in streets, or by their own mothers, who beg to have their babies placed in a home where they can survive," Rosemary told friends. "Hospital registers are filled with names of children and a one-word entry next to them—'died.' In some orphanages, four out of every five children die."

She immediately went to work at Phu My, a large hospital near Saigon, overflowing with sick and maimed adults and children. She felt the children drawing her to them and she set about tending the sick ones, lavishing attention on the smaller ones and teaching the older

ones. Before her arrival, many of the children would lie listless and pathetic on their cots all day. When she tried to lift some of the two-year-olds to their feet, she discovered they couldn't stand because their muscles had been used so little.

At Phu My Rosemary met Rosa Tintore, a nurse from Barcelona, Spain, who shared Rosemary's concern for the children and who, like Rosemary, was disturbed about how little was being done for them. "We were trying to keep children alive with a bowl of rice a day," Rosemary explained. "It was all we had. But it wasn't enough. They needed so much more."

Then Rosa managed to get rent-free two rooms in a house outside Saigon, and the two young women started their own orphanage. "We moved in," Rosemary said, "with as many children as we could get." Rosemary and Rosa called their orphanage Toh Am, the Warm Nest.

They began scrounging what they needed—as they still do—from

anyone who had it. The \$100 a month Rosemary was able to get from the Australian Council of Churches is spent mostly for medicine and milk. Other contributors help them. "The inflation in Saigon is merciless," Rosemary said. "A can of baby formula costs a dollar and forty cents. But even so, one dollar can keep an infant alive for several days."

Rosemary spends each day with the children. And besides running the Warm Nest, she makes regular visits to 15 other orphanages, teaching and reading to the children, playing with them, giving them love and attention.

In the evenings she besieges the various embassies, trying to unsnarl red tape so the children can be adopted. So far Rosemary has found new parents for 240 children, sending them to homes all over the world.

By nature Rosemary is reserved and doesn't talk much about herself. She takes the words of Proverbs 21:21 to express the faith that guides her: *He that followeth after mercy findeth life.*

When asked, she explains her motives by telling the story of a family in Colorado who adopted a two-year-old boy from the Warm Nest. A few weeks after the youngster arrived in Colorado, Rosemary received from his new mother a picture of her own three children with their new brother, and a letter which read: "I hope someday you can get us two more like him. We don't ever want to have any luxury while children starve anywhere."

That's how Rosemary feels, too.

SIDNEY FIELDS

Prayer Fellowship . . . If you need help, or if you know of another person who does, write us (Guideposts, Carmel, N.Y.). We will include you as we gather each Monday at 9:45 a.m. in Carmel and New York City to pray for our work, friends, families, our nation and our world.

Inspiration by Telephone . . . Anyone who feels discouraged, frustrated or defeated or just needs a helpful thought for the day can listen to Norman Vincent Peale's recorded voice with a 90-second "spirit lifter." *Dial Guideposts for Inspiration* anytime, day or night: 212-889-7155. (A reminder: reduced long-distance rates, 7 p.m. until 7 a.m. weekdays and all day Saturday and Sunday.)

ONLY HUMAN

By Sidney Hillman

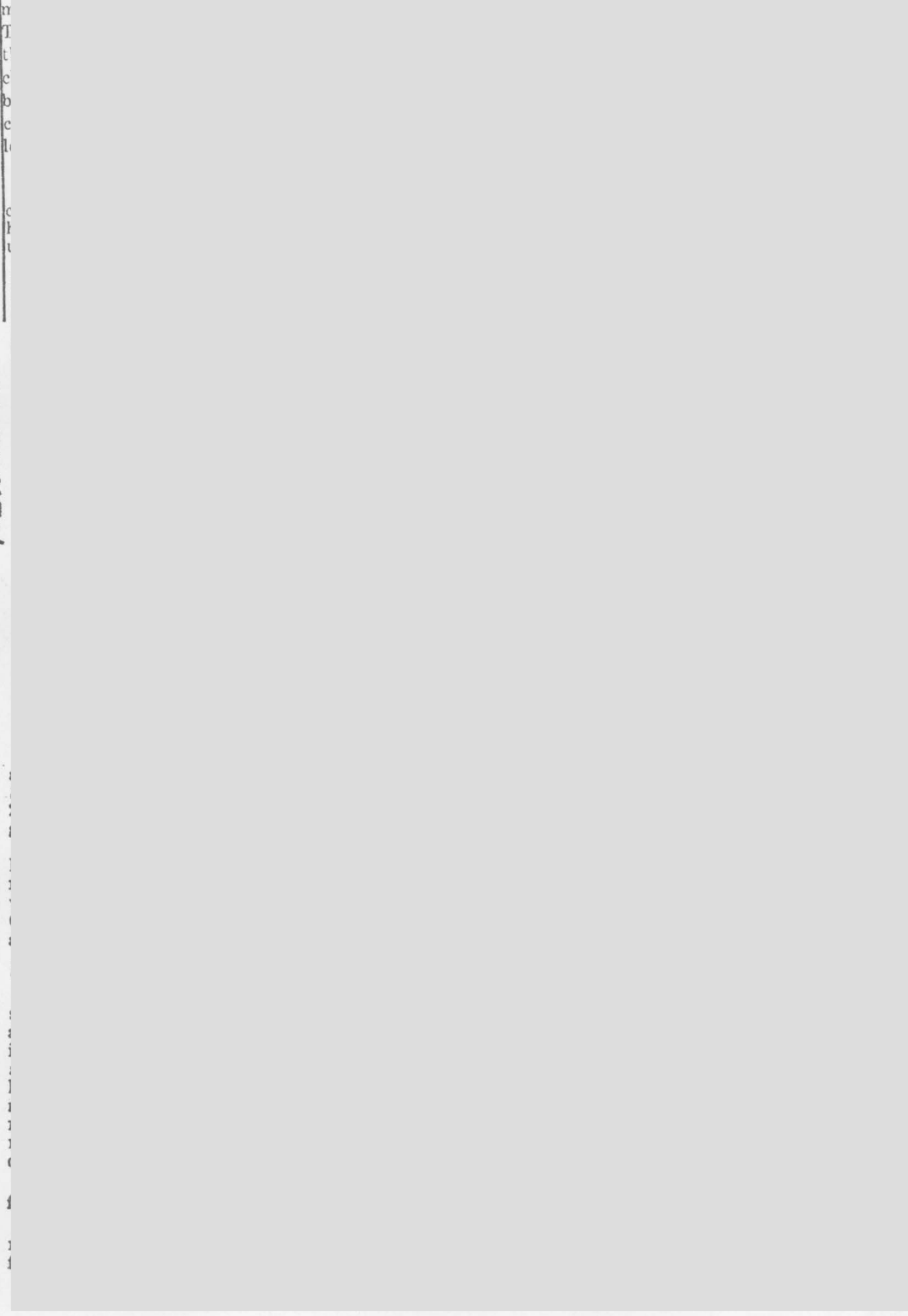
Rosemary's Babies

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1969

Rosemary Taylor told the story here a few months ago — about the children in South Vietnam mothered by sorrow and the streets, abandoned or orphaned.

A former high-school teacher in Adelaide, Australia, Rosemary, 29 and lovely, went to South Vietnam 30 months ago and worked in a hospital called Binh My near Saigon, full of sick and

who still weighs only six pounds. She is for a family in Colorado and I want to build her up for the journey. My first reaction on hearing about the money from your readers was: WHOOPEE! Now I can give Rosa some money to buy lots of that formula the babies need, this little one especially. Rosa hates to use bits and pieces and vary the milk from day to day as she often has to, according to what we have on hand. This is harmful for the babies. But now we can splurge. At the moment I am ready to



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Rosemary — Encore

11, 1969

DAILY NEWS, MONDAY, AUGUST

New York

Rosemary Taylor told the story here a few months ago — about the children in South Vietnam mothered by sorrow and the

"At the moment I have a 2-months-old baby who still weighs only six pounds. She is destined for a family in Colorado and I want to build her up for the journey. My first reaction on hearing about the money from your readers was: WHOOP! Now I can give Rosa some money to

New York Daily News
May 19, 1969

ONLY HUMAN

By Sidney Fields

The Neighbors



Rosemary's Babies

From the place just outside Saigon she calls Toh Am—the Warm Nest—Rosemary Taylor sent a 2-year-old boy to a family in Colorado. A few weeks later, the mother

"A can of baby formula is \$1.40. But only \$1 would keep one of the babies alive for a few days." (If you make out the checks to Rosemary, I'll see that she gets them).

She's from Adelaide, Australia. Her mother is Lebanese; her father, Irish. One of her brothers

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Saigon May 15, 1972

Dear Friends (and LeeSanne & Judy in reply to your recent letters

Many thanks for warning us of the attitude of the Eastern States. Yes, we already know of it here in Saigon, because ultimately any problem gets dumped back on our doorstep. The message from the highest U.S. authorities trickles down until it reaches the vice-consul, who immediately notifies us and asks us what we suggest doing.

The present consul is working with us in a big effort to obtain passports before termination of procedure. This is a possibility which we are working on. We are preparing a batch of dossiers for the Min. of Interior, and they will be filed next week.... 27 of them according to my idea of priority... taking many things into account (eg. we didn't include on the list the adoptions that would soon be terminated, ^{normally} not could we include those where we do not yet have a birth certificate for the child, or the dossier of the parents). We had to make a choice for this pilot group... too many names on the list would have looked like a mass evacuation, which would have been very distasteful to the V.N... we settled for 27 at first. Included are the WESTLAKE boys, and Weston JOHNSON... But it is too early to raise anybody's hopes. What I want to stress is that we are doing all we can to get papers for the kids. It would be a disaster for our work if the kids left with no document at all. Moreover, the Eastern State adoptions strike me as being in a state of wild disorder. There are too many people with a finger in the pie... and I have had letters from several different people thinking they are adopting the same child. I would hate to think of what would happen were these kids to arrive in the U.S. without documents of any kind. Families would be screaming for possession.

received.

Your donation of 500 dollars is gratefully

Incidentally, we are receiving a steady stream of children from the northern orphanages, and are having to accomodate them in Saigon. They are for different countries, and not just for the Eastern States. We are concerned equally about them all.

Next Friday, Michelle (our Danang "contact ") says she will be bringing down 15 children on Air-america (who always transport us and the children ^{FREE of charge} from Danang, with no problem). We shall have to find accomodation for this 15. I expect that Thanh Tam Westlake will be amongst them, as well as LAMB child.

There is certainly no need for too much drama at present. No need to speak of military evacuation. We can bring the children to Saigon any time we have accomodation for them, by ordinary means.. using AIR AMERICA. Until now, I have considered it best to leave the children at Danang for as long as possible, as they had better hospital facilities available to them there, and the atmosphere seems to be much healthier. Here in Saigon we've had epidemics of measles, and a fever which I strongly suspect as typhoid.. but recent tests have proved negative... which means to me that the lab. is not much good. This persistent fever which has affected most of the kids in the nursery cannot be explained in terms of much else... if not typhoid, it is some related illness I think . We've caught our staff using un-boiled water for the babies.

As for the measles, we vaccinate the kids against it.. but we've had lots of newcomers, unvaccinated in the house. Some of the children who had two of the series of three shots, also succumbed. This malady is a killer amongst the babies. Ilse has been working day and night without a break. She is just all skin and nerves now. She will be taking a convoi to Europe and U.S. on Tuesday (she'll post this letter for me). Now we have Linda, our American nurse, back from the last convoy, she will take over the nursery.

Any parcels you send for Sr. Sylvie in particular, please mark clearly, inside the package, in BIG LETTERS, that it is for Sr. Sylvie, or I can't guarantee what will happen to it. I never open the packages now. They go to the Warm Nest directly, and Ilse opens them. She is in charge of opening parcels and recording contents!

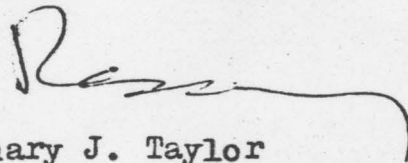
We shall certainly share what we can with Sister Sylvie.

3.

We are working closely with her and see her frequently. She asks for a helicopter at Soc Trang, every couple of weeks, to bring a batch of children to Saigon.

Do your best to keep people sane and prevent them from becoming hysterical.

gratitude from us all



Rosemary J. Taylor

all letters to:

Rosemary J. Taylor
P.O. Box 2762
GPO SAIGON
Vietnam