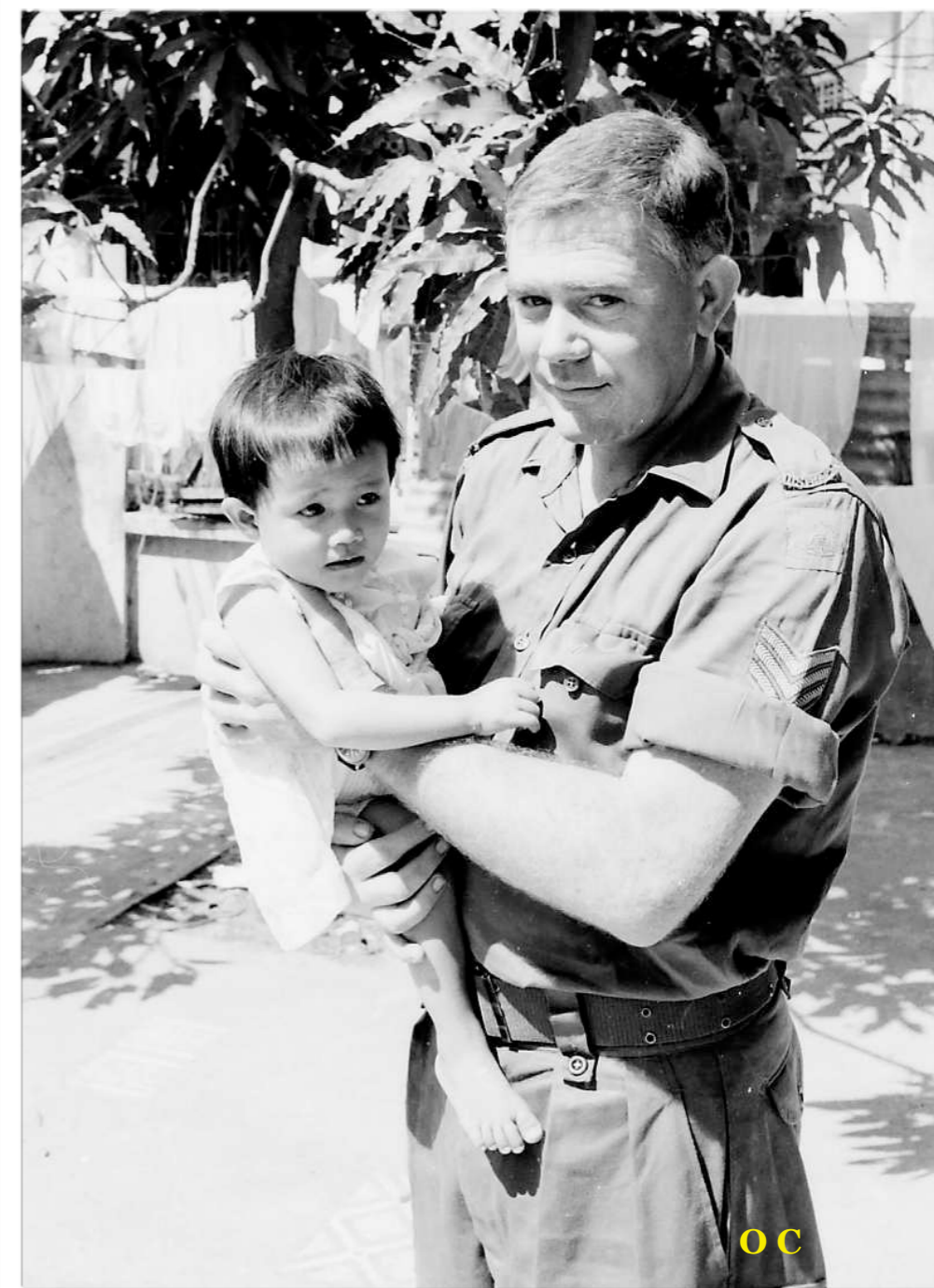


*Following the lead from one of our guys, who was fluent in Vietnamese, we often visited a Catholic Orphanage in Vung Tau. The kids would be crowded on the steps when we arrived. Then as the vehicle stopped, it was a mad rush and according to their pecking order the number one kids would grab someones right wrist, number twos the left, number threes the right forearm and so on.*

*We played soccer and other games and did various jobs such as revamping their rat infested shower block with concrete floors. The grateful Nuns usually mustered up some cold cans of Budweiser to quench our thirst afterwards. As we left the kids would again crowd the steps waving goodbye, your heart would weep for their poor little souls.*

*The orphanage also ran a piggery which would be one of the cleanest I have seen and I gather there was some support from Australia. That would have been part of the "Winning Hearts and Minds" strategy which ran parallel to relocating and burning villages.*

*Being shown through the building one day we noticed four tiny babies covered in rashes. "They were born with syphilis, their Mums are bar girls" explained one of the Nuns. The so called "collateral damage" of war, women prostituting (and abandoning their babies) because their fathers and brothers had been killed and they had to somehow support their families. Other orphans would have also lost their families in the war. War has far reaching, gut wrenching consequences.*





General orphanage scenes

