

Vietnamese Man Looking for His Foster Father

In 1966, 1967, when I was 8 years old (I was born in 1958) in Ky Huong commune, Tam Ky district, Quang Tin province (Now it is Quang Nam province). One day, I was walking by the road, I saw some American soldiers on a Jeep car, they dropped by a roadside tea shop, they saw me and one man took me to the Jeep then they took me to their base, after that they took me back home and asked my parents to adopt me. According to my memory, that unit is engineer troop and they are the people who built Tam Ky hospital, the unit stationed there to protect the former Quang Tin province, next to the unit is an artillery of South Vietnamese government and in front of the unit is a combat airport.

My foster father named me Friday and took care of me as his son, I remember his name is Audom or something like that as I was so small then so I don't remember his name exactly. He is tall, I am pretty sure that he worked in the headquarters as his room is just next to the radio transmitter shelter of the unit headquarters.

My foster father took me to school where I learned both Vietnamese and English, he also hired a teacher to give me private tuition and I remember the tutor is a son of a colonel who is the governor of the former Quang Tin province. My school was Tin Duc school, now it is Le Quy Don school in Tam Ky town. On Sundays he often drove me to Chu Lai airport to do shopping and swim in the beach.

His family sent me a lot of clothes, toys, he took many pictures of me but I lost almost of them, now I only have the picture that was taken at the power station of the unit.

In early 1972, my foster father pro-

ceeded with the paperwork to bring me to US together with him, one day he and some Americans plus a translator namely Dung went to my house by a Jeep car to talk with my family to proceed the paperwork. I don't know why he could not take me with him, he cried a lot and so did I. He left a lot of devices such as 1 Television, 1 fan, 1 radio, 1 watch and many other devices to me and my family.

After he got home, in 1973 he sent me a box with devices and toys together with a letter that the translator brought directly to my family. I don't remember the content of the letter as I was so small then but we still kept that letter until 1975 when the war was over, my family moved to another place so we lost the letter and other papers and we don't know any news from him anymore.

It has been 46 years since 1966, now I am an adult, a teacher in Dak Lak in the central highlands of Vietnam, the image of my foster father engraved upon my mind, I wish some day I can meet him, kiss on his cheeks and thank you for all the good things he has done to me. If you know anything about him or anyone who has the same story about me, please let me know. I really appreciate your help.

If you have any information that will help this man please contact Andrew Nguyen -

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Hein also known as Friday - Age 8 or 9