

GALANG

I am Patrick Reilly and this is a summary of my trip to Tanjung Pinang, Indonesia. On October 4, 1995, Mr. Nguyen Tung Thanh (Bang) and myself departed from Austin on Continental flight 499 at 6:35 p.m. for Indonesia. We arrived in Jakarta aboard Eva Airways flight 237 at 1:05 p.m. on October 6. From the airport we went directly to the U.S. Embassy. The purpose of the visit was to obtain information on how we could obtain permission to visit Tran Thi Nang and her nine year old son Tran Hoang Tuan at Galang Island, Site 2 Refugee Camp. Ms. Tran is a sister-in-law to Mr. Nguyen Tung Thanh. On May 6, 1995 I called the Indonesian Embassy in Washington D.C. to obtain this information. I was informed by Embassy personnel to write a letter to the Indonesian Political Office at 2020 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington D.C. My letter was never answered and I could not obtain information over the telephone.

At the American Embassy in Jakarta, I was advised to call the office of the UNHCR in Jakarta. We could not reach anybody at this office because it was an Indonesian holiday and all available personnel were in a meeting. This was a Friday. I told Mr. Nguyen that I felt we would be wasting our time if we stayed in Jakarta over the weekend. I suggested that we should go to Tanjung Pinang because I felt that would be the place to obtain permission. I wasn't sure; it was a gamble.

After spending the night at the Cipta Hotel we departed the next day, October 7, at 4:00 p.m. on a boat named Sumudra Jaya No. 406 GGA, for Tanjung Pinang. We spent two horrible nights on this over crowded vessel, full of stink and fleas. We arrived at Tanjung Pinang about 6:00 a.m. on October 9, and checked in at the Sumpurna Jaya Hotel. After an hour of waiting we were taken to Room 132. After a badly needed shower I noticed that a skin graft on one of my wounds from Vietnam had completely broken down from that terrible voyage. Around 8:30 a.m. the hotel clerk called a driver for us and instructed him to take us to the UNHCR office. We were met by a very polite young Indonesian man who informed us that we needed to get permission from the Indonesian camp authorities and instructed our driver to take us to the appropriate office. The compound was located on a hill with a beautiful view of the city and sea. There was nobody present in the front building of the compound so we went to the back of the building and entered a hallway that led to the living quarters. The driver guided us to this room occupied by two military-looking Indonesians. Both seemed to have just woken up which struck me as odd for soldiers. It was 9:00 a.m. and I thought maybe it's a lazy army. I began to talk to one of the soldiers who introduced himself as Bambang. He asked us to have a seat while he finished dressing. While waiting I noticed a white bulletin board on the wall with black figures listing people at Galang. It listed 5,142 people in the camp. Under this figure was a breakdown of the people. One figure stated that 26 people in the camp had the authorization to leave Galang and return. Another figure listed over four hundred Laos and other ethnic groups. Then there was the figure of 300 people in prison. There were other figures but I cannot remember them. They were two digit figures. After Bambang finished dressing I asked him about the numbers and he explained, in poor English, that they represented the number of people in the refugee camp. One number was an exception. It represented those that were bad. "They no want back to Viet Nam. They fight us." After this Bambang wanted to know what we wanted. I told him that I had some papers to give to a woman in the camp from Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison. He didn't understand what I was saying. He then asked if we were looking for money. Mr. Nguyen (Bang) and I said no, acting as if we were surprised by the question, even though four thousand U.S. dollars was missing. Bambang apologized for his limited English and said that we would go back to the UNHCR office and have the young Indonesian man we met earlier translate for us. We rode back in his military jeep while our driver followed us. When Bambang entered the UNHCR building ahead of us I turned to Mr. Nguyen and said, "I think the little monkey wants money." At that point Mr. Nguyen looked at me and said, "Sure."

I have been to forty countries and my experience with third world officials is that they don't accommodate unless money is involved.

There were several people in the UNHCR office at this time. One was a young woman with blond hair, having a conversation with a young white male. They were talking about dating and meeting someone and paid very little attention to our presence. They were more concerned about their private affairs. These two individuals were separated from us by a partial wall. When Mr. Nguyen (Bang) and I sat down in front of a small table I began to explain to the translator what I had said before to Bambang. After all was said Bambang, through the UNHCR translator, told us that he and his superior would meet us at our hotel at 4:00 p.m. that day. The purpose of this, we were told, was to fill out some forms. Mr. Nguyen and I consented and departed for our hotel. At the hotel I made arrangements with the English speaking clerk to assist me in getting a small boat so that I could travel up the Snake River and visit an old Chinese temple with gory murals of Hell. I also wanted to go to the Island of Pulau Penyengat and photograph an old mosque and from there to Senggarang to visit some of Chinese temples. The clerk called the driver that took me to the military compound earlier and told him to drive us to the main pier. I was already suspicious of this driver because he was too familiar with the military compound and greeted one of the soldiers in the hallway with familiarity. I went upstairs and gathered my camera equipment and then proceeded to the main pier. The desk clerk secured a boat and the driver insisted that he come along. I told the driver to carry my equipment. I could tell he didn't like the idea of carrying my bag. After going to the Chinese temple up the Snake River we proceeded on to Pulau Penyengat. My camera bag was heavy so I had no problem in getting rid of the driver there. While at the mosque I met an Indonesian who spoke fluent English. Together we went to the ruins of an old fort and it was there that I learned about a Vietnamese child whose body washed up on the island. The Indonesian told me that terrible things happen in Galang and he felt sorry for the people there. I thought to myself at the time that he could be a good source for a boat to Galang if we couldn't get Ms. Tran out to visit us. It was made clear to us at UNHCR that no visitors were allowed on Galang. Mr. Nguyen (Bang) was ready to sneak into the camp, if necessary, posing as a refugee. In Vietnam Mr. Nguyen (Bang) was a member of a special military team in Dalat. In any event, we were not going to leave until we saw Ms. Tran and her son. While on this island I noticed an abundance of bauxite. I wondered if the soil there was similar to that of Galang. When I came back to the boat I could tell the driver wanted to get back to Tanjung Pinang. But I had other plans. I told the English speaking Indonesian that my tour wasn't over and that I wanted to visit Senggarang. After photographing some Chinese temples the driver again thought I was going back to Tanjung Pinang. Again I said no. There was another temple that was completely covered with tree roots and I wanted to find it. The driver was mad at this point but I didn't care. I was going to make him carry that bag for several hours and see that I was a curious tourist and nothing more.

At 9:00 p.m. we were notified that our guests were waiting downstairs. There were three men, all Indonesian. Bambang introduced his superior as Papa and the other man as Mr. Jiaenuri who worked in the Galang camp. Drinks were ordered: three Heineken beers for the Indonesians, one Tiger beer for Mr. Nguyen (Bang) and a Coke for me. After being served I began to explain to Papa that I had some papers from Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison's office in Dallas, Texas. Papa then said, "Oh, Senator Kay Bailey, Texas, Yes," as if he knew of her, which I doubted. Papa then told us that we could not enter the camp. Mr. Nguyen and I both acted as if we were relieved to hear this. I told Papa about the boat trip from Jakarta and that I didn't want anymore boat rides. This pleased the Indonesians. Papa then said that by bringing her here we could all go out to a restaurant and celebrate. Mr. Nguyen and I acted very delighted about his suggestion. Then I went on to say that I wanted to make a video of Ms. Tran talking to her little girl in Vietnam. I told him that six years was a very long time for a child not to see her mother. Papa agreed and then wanted to know who I was. I explained that I was a friend of the family for many years and that I fought in Vietnam. I then pulled out my wallet and showed him my military identification card.

Papa read out loud, "United States Marine Corps, Retired," and then said, "Very good." Papa requested some paper from the hotel clerk and instructed me to write down our purpose for visiting Ms. Tran. I was also told that he needed three copies of my statement. While I was writing Mr. Nguyen and Bambang left the lobby. After about fifteen minutes Mr. Nguyen (Bang) and Bambang returned. My statement was given to the hotel clerk to be typed and copied. During all of this Mr. Jiaenuri said very little. He sat in a chair away from us and just watched. When all was said and done Papa said that they would bring Ms. Tran and her son tomorrow to the hotel at 12:00 p.m.. We were also told to have copies of our passports.

When the Indonesians left Mr. Nguyen and I went to our room. "How much did Bambang hit you for?" Bang told me that he asked for \$350.00 for the boat ride from Galang to Tanjung Pinang. Then Bambang said, "Not enough. \$450.00." I asked Bang if he paid. Bang said that he gave Bambang one hundred dollars deposit and that he would pay him the rest tomorrow.

The following day, October 10, Bang decided to hire a driver and tour Bintan Island. We had all morning to kill. After we arrived back at the hotel the desk clerk said that two men came by and said that our guests would not arrive until 4:00 p.m. We went to our room and Bang started to go through his karate routine. I could see he was under stress. I told him to come with me because I had something to show him. We went back to the main pier and I hired a boat for Senggarang. I told Bang that I found a beautiful pond with hundreds of koi fish at this Chinese temple compound. There were four temples and it seemed more relaxing than a hotel room. We stayed there until it was time for the reunion.

At 7:30 p.m. we received a call from the hotel clerk. Our guests had finally arrived. Bang showed me the money he was to pay. I went down first and met Ms. Tran and her little boy. With them was Papa, Bambang, Jiaenuri, a young Vietnamese man and an Indonesian woman. Bang soon followed and that was when Ms. Tran broke down and cried. Her crying was painful to hear and it broke my heart. Bang tried to put on a strong act but I knew he was hurting inside. This was the first time in eighteen years that they were able to meet. I will never forget it.

We all sat down after Ms. Tran was able to gain some composure. It was not long after this that Bambang signaled Bang to follow him. The young Vietnamese followed and I got up to watch. Bambang pointed to the young Vietnamese man and I saw Bang hand him the money. Everybody moved toward the front desk. While walking toward the hotel clerk I took Ms. Tran's hand and quickly slipped a heavy gold ring into her palm. The ring was given to me by Mai Mahdonna Tuyet, Ms. Tran's sister. Bang, Ms. Tran and her son, Jiaenuri, and myself got into the same taxi. The driver was the same fool that followed me the day before. Papa, Bambang, the Indonesian woman and the young Vietnamese man were in a military jeep. We followed the military jeep to a restaurant called Sea Food Restaurant, Karaoke. After dinner Bang went to pay but they would not accept his credit card. Bang asked me for one hundred dollars because he didn't have enough money. The cost of the meal was \$382.00 U.S. dollars. No receipt was given. Before leaving the young Vietnamese man collected all the leftover food from the table.

We followed the military jeep to this long building with a wall around it. Several Vietnamese women ran out calling to Papa after the young Vietnamese man took the leftover food inside. The women seemed desperate to talk to Papa. After a brief conversation the women went back into the long building. I saw one guard standing in the doorway. On the way back to the hotel the Indonesian woman was dropped off. I have no idea what her role was except to get a free meal. She never said a word to us. After arriving at the hotel Bang went upstairs to get \$120.00 U.S. dollars for Bambang. After this Papa, Bambang and the young Vietnamese man left. Bang paid for Jiaenuri's room. I don't know why Bang gave the other money but I suspect it was for the right to be alone with Ms. Tran and her son. I could hear Ms. Tran crying and she cried for hours. I heard years and years of pain pouring out. Why Bang and Ms. Tran's brothers and sisters never tried to see her before this I'll never understand. Bang talked to her all night and

when I saw him the next morning he looked exhausted. I told him to sit down and asked him what she said. He spoke of rape, beatings, killings, everything ugly about mankind. He told me that the authorities had just cut down all the gardens. A lot of pressure was being put on the refugee population to volunteer to go back to Vietnam. I am afraid the situation is going to get worse. Bang spoke about young girls as young as twelve years being raped by the Indonesian guards. The refugee in Galang has no rights at all. They are prisoners because they wanted freedom.

I also learned that Ms. Tran was brought to Tanjung Pinang early in the morning and was held in the compound, where I first met Bambang, all that time.

After breakfast I went to Tran's room (#134). This time there were two more people I hadn't seen before. The two women were Vietnamese. The older one introduced herself as Kim and the younger one as Suong. I do not know if they gave their real names. They were there as translators for Bambang and Jiaenuri. Kim spoke English and claimed she worked for the U.S. PX in Saigon. She was denied refugee status. Kim claimed she had no family to go back to and was afraid of what is going to happen to her. Kim's husband is in the United States but he has not written to her and her son in over a year. I had to act not sympathetic and told her that it is obvious her husband has abandoned her and his son, probably for another woman in America. I hurt her because I could not give her hope. Suong spoke Indonesian and was there to translate for Bambang and Jiaenuri. Kim told me that Bambang did not trust her. While in conversation with Jiaenuri I learned that Galang Island was contracted to be developed by some corporation.

I started to set up my video equipment to record a message from Ms. Tran to her daughter and mother in Vietnam. Bambang protested against this. He informed me that he was an Indonesian official and he must first approve of this. He was looking for more money. I reminded him of the statement I wrote earlier, which was approved by Papa. I told Ms. Tran to look strong for her daughter. This was an impossible request and I should have known better. Ms. Tran and her son immediately began to cry. She could not speak.

At this moment my mind flashed back to April of 1994, when I visited Camau, the village of Ms. Tran, in the Mekong Delta. I remembered the first night there when communist Vietnamese threw rocks at the house. I remembered the desperate look of Bang, Mai and her brothers when they held me back when I wanted to confront the attackers. I will never forget the dead look when I looked into their eyes and touched the stumps of the wounded soldiers left behind. I will never forget the day the police came to the house of Ms. Tran's mother and complained about me buying ice cream for the village children. I will never forget the stories of oppression by the communist Vietnamese government that I heard from the people I met in Vietnam. These stories were told without the presence of a communist official and I will never forget the shocked look on Bang's face when he ran out of the King's Palace in the Citadel of Hue City, after I screamed out a profanity against Ho Chi Minh. I cannot forget the anger I felt when I told Bang that my friends died here in this ancient city. It was there that I told Bang that I owe my defiance to this dictatorship in honor of those who died in Hue City and in respect for their sacrifice and courage. My soul will never be at a complete peace until that communist rag no longer flies over Vietnam; a rag whose color of red represents the blood of its victims and yellow for the cowardice of the criminal communist leadership. On that day, May 5, 1994, the constipation flag was not flying over the Citadel. Peace without freedom is just another level of Hell.

Yes, the pain of Ms. Tran and her son reopened my wounds. I do not owe anybody an apology for this. It is those who created Galang and camps like it that owe an apology.

We were only allowed seventeen hours to visit Ms. Tran. The amount of money paid to the Indonesian was \$882.00 U.S. dollars. I made arrangements for transportation to Singapore. Our boat was to leave at 2:30 p.m. With the remaining time before departure Bang and I took Ms. Tran's son, Tuan, shopping. We wanted to buy things little boys love. Tuan at first refused our

efforts because he was afraid. We were able to talk him into accepting a pair of sneakers and a computer game. I wanted so much to hold that little boy. After returning it was Ms. Tran's turn to go shopping. She had a list of things other people in the camp needed. I wanted to go but Bambang insisted I stay at the hotel. I knew something was up. After they returned I asked Bang what happened. Bang said that Bambang wanted him to buy a video camera similar to mine. Bang refused, using limited funds as an excuse, and bought Bambang a Bic lighter instead. I had to laugh at this. I told Bang that I hope the damn thing blows up in his face.

It was time to leave so we all departed for the main pier. While we were loading our luggage into a taxi, Bambang gave Bang his address. (Bambang S., Jalan Kesatrian 2, Nol, Mess Samadikon, TANJUNG PINANG, RIAU, INDONESIA). Under address he wrote DEC 1995 STOP. I told Bambang to come to Texas and we'll shoot my guns; then I gave him my address. Bang and I were still making the impression that everything was okay and that we appreciated everything they did.

At the pier entrance we said good-bye to Papa and Bambang and then proceeded to our boat. There was still a little time left so we took pictures together before going through customs. While in the duty free lobby I took nine year old Tuan to the duty free store and told him to pick out whatever he wanted. The child wanted candy so I loaded him up. Soon after this Jiaenuri told me that if I wanted to send money, he could give me a bank account number. (Mr. Jiaenuri, NO REKENING 512-10-21593-5, LIPPO BANK, TANJUNG, PINANG). Jiaenuri also gave his address (MALAHAYATA No. 19, TANJUNG, PINANG 29111, INDONESIA). Then Jiaenuri asked me if I could do him a favor and showed me his address book. Jiaenuri wanted me to contact a Vietnamese man named Tuan Kennedy and tell Mr. Kennedy that he wanted to speak to him (TRAN KENNEDY, 336 BROAD ST., PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND 02907).

It was time to leave. I hugged Ms. Tran and she trembled. I felt as if I was abandoning her and the little boy. Bang and I went aboard the Jet Raider and departed for Singapore on October 11, at 2:30 p.m.

When we arrived in Singapore and went through customs Bang was the only one who was stopped and had his luggage searched. He was asked many questions about where he was from, the whereabouts of his wife and children, where he lived, and why he was coming to Singapore. No one else was subjected to this. We arrived around 4:00 a.m. and departed for Kuala Lumpur aboard the Grassland Express and Tour bus line at 7:00 p.m.

When we came to the border of Malaysia, Bang was once again asked many questions by the Malaysian customs officer. I had enough of this. Bang was carrying an American passport and he was being treated as something other than an American citizen. I yelled out loudly, "What the hell is going on?" At this point Bang was allowed to pass through. When we got back on the bus I asked Bang what was going on. He told me that the customs official wanted to know all kinds of personal information. Where was his wife, his children, what were their names, where did they live and work, what he did for a living, etc.

We arrived in Kuala Lumpur at 4:00 a.m. on October 12. We checked in at the Katari Hotel and at 11:00 a.m. we headed for the U.S. Embassy. After checking through security we were directed to a lady sitting behind a glass booth. I informed her that we wanted to talk to someone who worked with the refugee camps. After about twenty minutes we were informed that nobody was in the office and that the entire staff was at the refugee camp. The lady then asked if I had an appointment. I said no and told her that I came all the way from Texas and wanted to speak to an American working at the Embassy. After another phone call we were directed to the visa office and told to talk to Mr. Philip E. French. I approached the window we were directed to and told Mr. French that we needed some information about Bang's sister-in-law. Mr. French asked us to have a seat because he was in the middle of doing some work and needed a little more time.

After about twenty minutes Mr. French told me to go through the door on the right a few feet from his window. We sat down in front of a large glass partition that separated us from Mr. French. I wanted to know how much longer Ms. Tran had to wait before she can come to America. Mr. French took the Form I-797 I received from Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison to run a check. After five minutes he returned and said that this particular category is the most used and it would be years, maybe even as long as eight years. Mr. French said that he could not be specific about how long because they really don't know. He told me that the numbers change, some people change their minds and decide not to come and other categories are added to the authorized number allowed to enter which sets Ms. Tran's category of F41 (Brother or Sister of an American citizen) back. Therefore it was hard to say which is why they don't give a specific time. Mr. French then told me that all camps will be closed in December and the people will be sent back. I asked Mr. French if by going back to Vietnam her status would be affected he told me it would not. I informed Mr. French that our government's word doesn't mean much to these people because of what happened in Vietnam. To this he said, "If that is the case it doesn't matter what we say." I said nothing to this because what he said was true. Our word has constantly been broken to those political refugees in Galang, Thailand, the Philippines, Malaysia, and Hong Kong. The proof of this is in the fact that they are still there. I told Mr. French that I was in Vietnam last year. He asked if I knew of any returned refugees that were being persecuted. I said no, an answer he seemed happy to hear. I gave that answer because we didn't meet any returned refugees in Vietnam. This doesn't mean they weren't being harassed, intimidated, and persecuted. I told Mr. French that Bang had to pay over \$800.00 to visit Ms. Tran and her son in Indonesia. He said nothing but just gave the look that it was not unusual and it disgusted him. I looked at Bang and said there is no hope. Tell her to go back to Vietnam. Bang replied, "I already have." I told Mr. French thank you and we left.

This whole thing didn't seem right to me. I first became suspicious at the American Embassy in Jakarta. Go to the U.N.! We are Americans wanting to help someone who was given approval to come to America. Where is the United States government in all of this? What does the U.N. have to do with who comes to America? This is a job for the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Foreigners do not decide who comes into my country. Or do they?

At this time I did not know Ms. Tran was not classified as a refugee. I just assumed she was. Her father, Tran Van Chia, was a village chief under the Saigon government and an officer in the South Vietnamese government. Her older brother, Ma Van Nguyen, was a member of the Special Forces known as "Mike Force" in the Mekong Delta near Camau. Ms. Tran's other brother, Ma Van Suong, was a member of the South Vietnamese Army Reconnaissance force, an elite military organization stationed at Rach Gia on the Cambodian border. He was wounded many times and is now disabled. He lives in Galveston, Texas. Ms. Tran's family was anti-communist and everybody in the village knows this. That is why her brothers and sisters left. Her family was persecuted by the communists. Ma Van Nguyen's house was completely torn down in Camau by the communists. His wife and little girl were forced to live in the street. The communists turned his house into a parking lot for buses. Even Ms. Tran's mother feared reprisal by the communist authorities. I learned all of this when Bang, Mai and I went to Camau. Bang became very angry when he saw how Ma Van Nguyen, his wife and child, were living. He told his wife's mother, Chau Thi Dung, and the remaining brothers and sisters that they should be ashamed of themselves for not helping Ma Van Nguyen. Of course it was easy for Bang to talk. He didn't have to live there. I reminded Bang of this but he was still angry.

There was another brother, Tran Van Tan. He deserted from the communist Vietnamese army when it occupied Cambodia during the third Indo China war. I was there in 1988 and learned that the communist Vietnamese were forcing the sons of former South Vietnamese soldiers to serve on the front line. There was massive desertion from the army at that time. I talked to several of these young men when I was with Strike Force "A", along the Thai and Cambodian border. In one prison camp alone at Panatnikhom there were ten thousand. They were in a section

called Ho Chi Minh City. I was offered these men by Lt. Gen. Sevet Sikaow. The figure of ten thousand was confirmed to me by Col. Suvit ChareonchainaWong of I.S.O.C. (Internal Security Operation Command) and Governor Uthai of Chon Buri Province.

Tran Van Tan is the Petitioner for Ms. Tran Thi Nang. Ma Van Nguyen is a man with special courage. He wanted to be seen walking with me in the village. I put my arm around his shoulder and together we walked through town for all to see. He said he didn't care what would happen to him. The Americans are coming back and he was very happy about this. "America, Number One."

The following day, Friday the 13th, I took a flight from Kuala Lumpur to Bali, Indonesia. Bang gave me a Chinese God of Good Luck to carry. Aboard the flight I was reading a Malaysian English paper and saw an article about the refugees awaiting departure to Vietnam and Laos. The article claimed that some congressmen in Washington were causing problems because they were giving false hope to the refugees. The article claimed that no matter what the U.S. Congress does, the refugees were going back and that was that. This made me mad. Just who the Hell were they to be telling my people we were powerless? When I arrived back in Texas I contacted Congressman Lamar Smith to find out who these troublemakers were. I am now a member of that troublemaking team.

Nov. 25, 1995

Patrick Reilly
5626 Oak Blvd.
Austin, Texas 78613

Patrick Reilly
2510 Sabinal Trail
Cedar Park, Texas
78613

November 21, 1995

Dear DR. Thang,

Sending fax of bank account number and evidence I have. What I need from you is to type down everything you told me on the phone yesterday. I am talking about the 140 million Germany paid communist Viet Nam, the trust fund made by the Vietnamese to help refugees all that was said. This includes name of communist Vietnamese that informed the U.S. that it wants money. Tomorrow is a very important day. I want to present coalition with the facts you told me on the phone. I need to prepare myself today for tomorrows meeting. Please send any proof you might have such as article in paper or what ever to back up statements I will make. Any questions, please call.

Thank You,

Mr. Patrick

Patrick Reilly
2510 Sabinal Trail
Cedar Park, Texas
78613

November 21, 1995

Dear DR.Thang,

This is one of the corrupt officials we met. My statement will tell everything about him. He is very greedy and dumb as dirt. We can trick this man very easy. He was the money taker for Papa.

Thank you,

Mr. Patrick

TRAN THI MAID
MAYOR SASA CIPTA ADI
* BAMBANG
JALAN KESATRIAN 2
NO 1 GRESS SAMADKO
TANJUNG PINANG
RIAU INDONESIA
DES 1995 STOP //

November 21, 1995.

Patrick Reilly
2510 Sabinal Trail
Cedar Park, Texas
78613

Dear DR. Thang,

This is the bank account I told you about. It was given to me as we were leaving Tanjung Pinang for Singapore. Jiaenuri gave it to me. It is in his hand writing. The other address is of a Vietnamese he wanted to contact in America.

Thank You,

Mr. Patrick

(JIAENURI)
MR. DIAENURI
JL. MALAHAYATI NO.19
TANJUNG PINANG 29111
INDONESIA

21593-5

MR. DIAENURI
No. REKENING 512-10-~~21593-5~~
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David John Kennedy
336 Broad St.